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[FOR THE CRITIC]

WE TWO.

Oh! Love, so sweet and tender is the day,
All-cradled deep in summer's dreamy hush;
Wee crickets chirp and linnets in the bush,
Warm, clover-scented, shadowed, meadow way;
Here, in this nook, with just a thought of blue,
Sky-peeping through the green of tender bloom,
Brought into being, thrilling strange and new
Into a grainer, fuller, truer noon.
Sweetheart, with my thoughts so full of thee,
Lulled with the music of the summer day
Fast fading, in the blueness of the sea
As if some magic power held the away.

Along a sandy stretch of snowy beach
Where waves, in all their created beauty play -
We two, had walked till, unbeknown to each,
A subtle witchery o'er our souls held away.
What was it made your face so sweetly tender,
Such earnest glances from your eyes to mine,
Passion sweet, in all their dreamy splendor?
Ah me, that balmy, moonlighted summertime -
The sea is silent in rhythmic rapture,
The beach awaits the coming of our feet;
Dear heart, can we ever more recapture
That June time, so perilously sweet?
Ah! yes, as long as our hearts are true, dear,
Such love as ours can never grow cold,
Half the sweet, forgetting all the rue, dear, -
The dross, the greys, have nothing but the gold.

Oct., 1893.

-SEAWEED.

LAST NIGHT.

Last night, within the little curtained room,
Where the gay music sounded faintly clear,
And silver lights came stealing through the gloom,
You told the tale that women love to hear;
You told it well, with firm hands clasping mine,
And deep eyes glowing with a tender light,
Mere acting? But your prayer was half divine,
Last night, - last night.

Ah! you had much to offer, wealth enough
To glid the future, and a path of ease
For one whose way is somewhat dark and rough.
New friends, life calm as summer seas,
And something (was it Love?) to keep us true
And make us precious in each other's sight.
Ah! then, indeed, my heart's resolve I knew,
Last night, - last night.

Let the world go, with all its dross and pelf!
Only for one, like Portia, could I say:
"I would be troubled twenty times myself."
Only for one, and he is far away;
His voice came back to me, distinct and dear,
And thrilled me with the pain of lost delight;
The present faded, but the past was clear,
Last night, - last night.

If others answered as I answered then,
We would hear less, perchance, of blighted lives;
There would be truer women, nobler men,
A fewer dreary homes and faithless wives,
Because I could not give you all my best
I gave you nothing. Judge me, was I right?
You may thank Heaven that I stood the test,
Last night, - last night.

[FOR THE CRITIC]

CHICAGO JOTTINGS.

So much has been written and so well written, in regard to the Fair, that it seems very presumptuous for any one not on the top rung of the literary ladder to attempt anything further. Not that the resources of the Fair are ever likely to be exhausted, for the oftener you go the more you find there is to see. The glorious beauty of it never palls upon you, quite the reverse, it grows upon you and impresses you more and more each visit, and to think that all this beauty emanated from materialistic Chicago. Even more beautiful is it by night than by day, with its brilliant illuminations, the MacMonnies and electric fountains, the gondolas and launches playing up and down the lagoon with their effective freight, all combine to make it such a sight as few indeed, if any, of our day and generation are ever likely to behold again. A thought came to us a week or two ago that it might be somewhat novel and interesting to write up "A Night at the Fair"; just at that time we felt we could not have done justice to the subject, as having repaired to the Fair late one intensely hot afternoon we were overtaken by a violent storm of thunder, lightning, wind and rain. This was about 8 o'clock, while taking a trip round in the "Intramural" in search of rest and

broozes. We were utterly unprepared, as the sun was shining brightly when we left Van Buren St. We had been without any rain to speak of for upwards of one hundred days, and the conviction sank deep into our hearts that now it had come it meant business. To cap the climax, in the midst of this young Niagara, our train suddenly came to a standstill, and we were invited, nay, commanded by our stalwart motor men to get out, which we flatly refused to do, as there was not even apology for shelter. It was not any too dry in the car, but compared to the exterior, it suddenly appeared to our eyes as an arid waste. "Well," quoth our man, "I have been running ten minutes over time as it is, and I have to go back into the sheds." With alacrity we offered to accompany him, to which he demurred strongly at first, but after a time reluctantly consented, informing us, however, that he was very likely to get into trouble by it. Arriving at the sheds we had to jump some distance into the arms of a friendly conductor, who warned each one of us in succession to beware of the rails, as there was a finishing tendency about them. To be told this when rails seemed to be the order of the day was a trifle harrowing, but we managed to escape without any real injury, and had the pleasure of becoming much better acquainted with one end of the building in the next two or three hours. At one time our going home at all that night seemed doubtful, as the storm gave no evidence of abating, remembering probably how it had refrained for weeks before. Fortunately it did not require a very great effort on our part to be cheerful, and apparently quite enjoy the experience. Virtue hath its own reward, and o'er long we succeeded in touching the heart of one of the Intramural employees, who thought he saw a way out of some of our troubles, and invited us to follow him. Bearing aloft a lantern he gallantly led the way through what appeared to be a subterranean passage, and after a few flying leaps on some very watery land, we found ourselves in the Anthropological Building, where we beheld, amongst other things, some very gruesome objects in the shape of mummies, skeletons, etc. From the Anthropological it was but a step to an Intramural station, where we took passage for 57th street, thence by Illinois Central home, in a somewhat saturated condition, and thus ended what might have been "A Night at the Fair." So much is being crowded into these last few weeks of the Fair, that to begin to take even but a small portion of the good things offered shuts us off from anything approaching domestic life. In the theatres Irving and Helen Terry, Coquelin and Hading, and numerous smaller lights. In the World's Congresses Prof. Drummond, Lord Kinnaird, etc., and we would just like to say a word here in reference to the Parliament of Religions, which closed about two weeks ago. Opinions may differ widely in regard to this parliament, some thinking and asserting that there can be too much tolerance, others in their turn maintaining that it would be a means of propagating the Gospel, and that it is one way of learning to meet the objections of those of very opposite faiths. However all this may be, it was a unique and never to be forgotten spectacle to see gathered together on one platform men from East and West, North and South; Buddhists, Shintoists, Mohammedans, Protestants, etc etc. All nations and all creeds were there represented. At the farewell meeting only five minutes was allowed to each speaker, and each of the speeches had to be repeated in an adjoining hall to an overflowed meeting. The Hallelujah chorus, beautifully rendered by the Apollo Club, added greatly to the enjoyment of the occasion. One of the Orientalists told how he had puzzled his brain to get at the derivation of Chicago, but could get no clue to it. All he knew was it had *go* in it, and *go* at the end of it.

The Evangelical Alliance is meeting this week. On Wednesday evening we attended, and heard Prof. Stagg, Prof. Drummond and Lord Kinnaird speak; the subject for that evening being "Athletics in reaching young men," which probably does not impress you as attractive, but some very interesting facts were brought out. Prof. Stagg spoke of a babe's first interest being to eat, sticks everything into its mouth; the next thing he does is to play. The tendency to play native, therefore God-given. This tendency develops with the growth of the boy. Each day adds to his surplus energy which he must work off. He becomes more and more a man of the do or die quality, sees quickly and as quickly acts. Everything is for the team's sake, not for himself. What a limitless power athletics have over boys and young men. Given athletics, how shall we reach young men for Christ? We must have earnest Christians before this can be used effectively in winning souls to Christ. Prof. Drummond spoke of some of the evils of athletics, such as professionalism, botting, brutality; on the other hand when these evils are absent, the result is minliness, self control, unselfishness, etc. Lord Kinnaird dwelt on the strenuous efforts Christians should make to put down these evils, the good that had been accomplished by Christian athletes acting as umpires of boy's clubs, etc. He began his remarks with the prophecy from Isaiah, "And the boys and the girls shall be playing in the streets." The remarks of these men were doubly effective in that they have added athletics to their Christianity.

Moody and MacNeil (the latter aptly called the Scottish Spurgeon) are still holding mass meetings, having three services on Sunday and about a like number every day during the week. Some of the services on Sunday are held in the different theatres of the city; while on week days they preach in Central Music Hall from 11 to 1 o'clock, and in spite of other attractions and rush of business you would be surprised at the crowds of people that find time to drop in for these delightful noonday meetings. Moody has a large staff working with him, and they hold numerous services in different parts of the city, and are doing grand work.

Chicago day even went beyond the greatest expectations of the majority of people. Imagine a gathering of 750,000 people. We thought there were a few people out the fourth of July when the attendance reached over 300,000, but even on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week the numbers were a good deal larger. Chicago's aim is to have things on a bigger and grander scale than all the world besides, and she seems to be succeeding admirably.