OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

A DUET.

I sang a song of things that are,
A little song of truths that be,
And tiptoe on a rosy star,
Love poised and mocked at me.

"Oh, bright," sang I, "are woman's eyes,
Clear as the sun to seek and see,
With knowledge keen, with wisdom wise?"
"Until she loves," said Love to me.

"Oh, sharp," sang I, "is woman's wit,
As any blade of chivalry,
Unfailing, sure, her grasp of it!"
"Until she loves," said Love to me.

"Oh, fine," sang I, "is woman's ear,
To know sweet truth from falsity,
When to be deaf and when to hear!"
"Until she loves," said Love to me.

"Oh, true," I sang, "is woman's heart—
From wrong, from guile, from falsehood free,
An unflawed jewel, stored apart!"
"Until she loves," said Love to me.

I sang a song of things that are,
A little song of truths that be,
And tiptoe on a rosy star
Love poised and mocked at me.
—John Winwood.

The other night I was a silent and interested listener to the conversation of two men who were ripe in years and experiences. They were both over 50. One was a business man of many years' standing, and the other's work had let him see enough of the seamy side of life to write a novel. The business man was telling of some of the funny experiences he had in business life.

"Not long ago," he said, "I went to a small town to wind up the affairs of a man there who had simply been living on our firm (a large Toronto wholesale) for two years. We hadn't stopped him before because the traveler whose customer he was had fewer bad debts to his credit than any other traveler in the house, and we thought the thing would turn out all right; but it was getting too much for us, so finally I went down to straighten things out a bit. I found it was absolutely impossible to do anything with the business. It was all gone to pieces, so I just had to close up the store and tell the man it would be better for him to take a position.

"He was an awfully nice fellow, and took me up to the house to see his wife, who was a perfect little lady. I said to her in the course of our conversation, 'You must find it very dull here in this small place.'

"'Well, yes,' she said, 'but in winter we just take the train and go up to the city whenever there is anything specially good at the theater. My husband and I are both so fond of music.'

"Well, I had to turn away to hide a smile. There were the two of them living at the expense of our firm, and yet she coolly talked of running up to the city for an opera as if it cost 5 cents instead of $5 for the whole trip. It's funny how even the nicest women have absolutely no idea of honor in things like that. I have come across so many women in my experience who would do their best to cheat me out of all they could, and would lie and wriggle out of things in the most dishonorable manner. In business affairs, give me a man to deal with every time. A woman will beat you down without the slightest compunction."

"I think you're right," said the other. "In any business transaction I've ever had with a woman, I've usually wished she could be changed into a man for a short time, so that I could tell her what I thought of the mercenary spirit she displayed."

"Yes, I know I'm right," said the business man, and then they talked of something else. It was a pretty hard character to give the woman in business, and a funny little verse came with an odd, whimsical force, into my mind. It referred to women, and ran as follows:

"Oh, the gladness of their gladness when they're glad,
And the sadness of their sadness when they're sad;
But the gladness of their gladness and the sadness of their sadness
Are as nothing to their badness when they're bad."

Talking about "beating down," one of the funniest instances of that I ever heard of occurred at the "Pan" last summer. There were four of them there together, a girl of 15, one of 21—these two were sisters—their American aunt from Detroit and another lady.

It was the last day of their stay, and "we were so dead broke," said one of the girls, "that it came to such a point with me that if I had breakfast I couldn't have dinner. We were going through one of the buildings, and just in the entrance was a man selling those long strings of coral beads. Well, auntie is so dark, you know, that these beads took her eye immediately, and she stopped in front of him. 'Oh, wouldn't I love a string of those,' she said. 'How much are they?' 'Two dollars and a half,' said the man. Her face fell. She knew she could never pay that, and she said, disappointedly, 'Well, I can't afford them.' The man said, 'I'll give them to you for two dollars.' She shook her head and went to move on. 'A dollar seventy-five,' he said, hopefully. 'No,' she said.

"'A dollar and a half, then'—I was getting positively ashamed, and when he said a dollar and a quarter we were all crimson, and we began going over all the things we had to pay for before we left Italo. 'There's our dinner,' said I. 'Our board bill,' said auntie. 'Oh, and my shoes,' said a small voice. 'Oh, yes, and Mary's shoes. Auntie; we can't get it.'

"The man who was a shrewd Yankee with little twinkling eyes, that had been taking us all in, struck in here, and said in the most fearful tones, 'Well, save a quarter for Mary's shoes and take it for a dollar.' We took it. On our way home that night, as we were laughing over it all, I said, 'Well, what's a dollar, anyway?' and Mary's little voice struck in, 'Well, it would have meant a good deal to any one of us if we'd had it today.' Everyone laughed, and the coral beads that cost a dollar have been a standing joke in the family ever since."

In Gilbert Parker's book, "The Translation of a Savage," which is, by the way, a most interesting and unusual story, the following little conversation occurs:

"Who can understand a woman?" said Lambert to his wife meaningly.

"Whoever will," she answered.

"How do you mean?"

"Whoever will wait like the saint upon the pillar, will suffer like the traveler in the desert; serve like a slave and demand like a king; have patience greater than Job; love ceaseless as a fountain in the hills; who sees in the darkness and is not afraid of light; who distrusts not, neither believes, but stands ready to be taught; who is prepared for a kiss this hour and a reproach the next; who turneth neither to right nor left at her words, but hath an unswerving eye—these shall understand a woman."

There are many more remarks on women throughout the book, a few of which are:

"There are some things that are hidden from the struggling mind of man and are revealed unto babes and the mothers of babes.

"Men do not understand women, because men's minds have been trained in the same school.

"When once a man has mastered the very alphabet of motherhood, then he shall have mastered the mind of woman.

"There is nothing more wearing to a woman than affectionate attentions from a man who has claims upon her, but whom she does not love. These same attentions from one who has no claims give her a thrill of pleasure.

"Romance is an incident to a man; he can even come through an affair with no ideals gone, with his mental fineness unimpaired; but it is different with a woman. She has more emotion than mind, and her standards are set by the rules of the heart, and when she has broken these rules she has lost her standard, too.

"Every woman—worth the knowing—is a missionary.

"It is trite to say that men are vain," says Mrs. Lambert. "I shall remark that they sit so much in their own light that they are surprised if another being crosses their disc."

The literary women of London have been having their annual women writers' dinner at the Criterion, at which two hundred were present, including some of the best-known women of the day. Mrs. W. K. Clifford presided, and made a mutually congratulatory speech on the subject, "Ourselves."

According to the British Weekly's account of the dinner, more eminent than any other writer in the room was Mrs. Humphrey Ward. It is only of recent years that Mrs. Ward has abandoned her original objection to a dinner at which women meet alone. Few literary women understand more thoroughly the art of dressing. In any company she would be recognized as a remarkable woman."

According to the same authority, Mrs. Ward wore a black gown trimmed with rare old lace and pale blue velvet.

The National Anthem was sung, but there were no speeches, except that of Mrs. Clifford, which included some interesting remarks about the happiness of women writers. Referring to them Mrs. Clifford said: "The happiest women of all are those who had the sheltered lives, and yet have capacity to reach beyond it. The wisest man I ever knew was a little French-Canadian trapper up in the Saskatchewan country. A priest asked him one day what was the best thing in life, and he answered, 'For a young man's mind to be old, and an old man's heart to be young.' The priest asked him how that could be. And he said, 'Good food, a good woman to teach him when he is young, and a child to teach him when he is old.' Then the priest said, 'What about the church and the love of God?' The little man thought a while and then said, 'Well, it is the same—the love of man and woman came first in the world, then the child, then God in the garden."—Gilbert Parker.

All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hard labor, there is something of divineness.—Carlyle.

She likes to be truly loved and to be told so.

She likes some noble, honorable man to be thoughtful of her, kind and considerate of her welfare.

When well and becomingly dressed, a quiet notice of it is always appreciated.

A word of praise for a nice dinner often more than compensates her for the worry and hard work of preparation.

She wants her husband not only to be her supporter, but her companion, remembering that it is the kind, thoughtful, appreciative word that often brings her greater happiness than a new set of dishes, though presents like the latter are always welcome.

She likes to be made to realize that she is good for something beside a mere household drudge and slavt.

No woman thinks another woman's baby quite up to the mark.

A man of strong will can make any woman do anything that she wants to do.

Richard Le Gallienne has begun an interesting series of "Old Love Stories Retold" in the Cosmopolitan Magazine. The first of the series is the love story of Sir Philip Sidney and Lady Penelope Devereux. It has a quaint, old world atmosphere full of charm. Sidney is usually remembered by the famous anecdote of the cup of cold water, and as the type of all that was gallant and gentle in the Elizabethan gentleman. He met Lady Penelope when she was but 12 years old, but she was even then so strikingly beautiful that Sidney was strongly attracted by her and became a constant visitor at her father's house. Her father became so fond of him that on his death-bed he expressed the wish that Sidney should marry Lady Penelope.

It was soon common talk at court that the earl's wish was to be fulfilled, when everyone was startled by the marriage of Lady Penelope's mother to the Earl of Leicester, who was Sidney's uncle, and whose heir he had been. But the subsequent birth of his cousin, Philip, deposed him, and he was so poor that he was, in the mother's eyes, not a suitable match for Lady Penelope, so she was married, very much against her will, to Lord Rich, a man of a very different type, with whom she had a very unhappy life. Nevertheless, although she loved Sidney, she refused to leave her husband for him, and in 1583 Sidney married, for various worldly reasons, the daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, but three years afterwards he died.

For nine years after his death, in spite of her husband's brutality, Penelope remained a faithful wife, but then, apparently unable to stand her life, she fled with the Earl of Devonshire, and, procuring a divorce from her former husband, shared with the earl his honors and his ultimate disgrace.

Learn to Darn Well.

Children's stockings are an expensive item of dress, so that any plan which will make them last is welcomed by the economical mother. First of all, be willing to save money in the "long run" by spending it generously at the outset. Mark them well with the child's monogram. These initials can be had, in any combination of two letters, at the department stores. By offering her some slight incentive, the dear little owner may generally be induced to sew them neatly upon her own stockings.

Before beginning your "stitch in time," which is the most worthy and usually neglected of all housewifely arts, array yourself in your most attractive and restful house gown. Place your pretty work basket beside you. Be sure you have silver handled scissors, and everything dainty to tempt you often to sew. Put on your aristocratic gold thimble, for any woman can take finer, prettier stitches when wearing a pure gold thimble. Now take the blessed little stocking (and it is blessed, for it will not be long your privilee to darn little stockings, so fast do the baby feet stretch out), turn it wrong side out, and place it upon the darning gourd. Run the heels and toes up and down with good ball darning cotton. Be sure to take a long stitch and then a tiny stitch, putting the stitches side by side. Reinforced in this way, the heels will withstand many months of hard wearing and washing. And it might not be out of place, good mother, to remark that if you have many steps to take the same device will serve your own stockings as well as those of the little ones.

Could your great-grandmother look down upon you she would give you her smiling approval at this revival of one of the old-time lost arts.

Fancy Book Covers.

Fancy book covers and magazines are very useful as well as pretty. To the paper covers of magazines they give both strength and beauty.

Books with too delicate bindings may be protected from harm by the same attention. A small gift book, when encased in a neatly embroidered cover, wrought by the giver, has an added charm and it need not be laid away as too dainty for ordinary use.

A very pretty and simple linen cover, recently seen, was made from linen duck, with a graceful spray of feathery grasses stamped on the linen, and outlined with a single thread of liloselle.

A strip of linen 13 inches long and 7½ inches wide, was cut to fit the book like a paper cover, says the Ladies' World, with the ends folded neatly in place by an interlining of mull or wash silk hemmed down, allowing the covers of the book to slip between and fastening it to the book securely, thus permitting it to be removed at pleasure. As it was made from washing materials it could be easily laundered when necessary.

A second cover was made from the same materials, and of the same dimensions. It had a spray of forget-me-note worked in shades of blue, with a tiny speck of yellow and red in the center of each flower, the leaves being in the gray greens suitable for this purpose. This dainty cover held a book entitled "Fair Flowers," and the sentiment thus portrayed added much to its charm.

When a cover is made from very fine material it is better to give it an inner lining of muslin before putting it on the book.

Another pretty decoration for a linen cover is a wreath of small flowers with the owner's initial inside, or simply a monogram.

There are many other pretty fancies in designs which require little time to execute, such as quotations from favorite authors, written with a pencil on the cover outlined in cording or hemstitch. This work opens a field for many bright ideas. If one prefers no other decoration the titles of the books may be outlined in the same way.

For more practical purposes in the household, as the covering of cook books, which are handled with soiled fingers while at work, use colored denims or oilcloth.

Scrap books also need dark, not readable soiled coverings.

STUNNING STYLES OF SUMMER ARE NOW IN THEIR FULL SWING

Great Variety of Wardrobe, Enhancing and Entrancing, Now Possible.

It is a question whether it is not really a duty on the part of women, especially those who have the means, to dress becomingly and attractively.

It would be just as intelligent for an artist to put his beautiful creation in an ugly frame as it would be for the handsome woman to frame her physical perfection in unsightly attire.

The garments which fit the occasion are the ideal ones, and give the greatest amount of pleasure to the observer, as well as the wearer.

For the stout woman the narrower the belt the better, and the blacker it is, the more becoming it will be.

The new hats grow flatter and flatter, until it is practically impossible to wear one's hair high, and one must of necessity wear it low at the nape of the neck.

It is better to fasten gowns intended to be "tubbed" with buttons, as the hooks and eyes are apt to rust in the washing

Many women are wearing, this summer, the lace mittens that were so much in favor in our grandmother's time. They are cool, pretty and very decorative, and they allow the fingers to be loaded with rings if one so desires it. With the elbow-sleeves that are so much worn this summer, silk mitts reaching to the elbow take away from the bare effect which, unless one has a very pretty arm, is so ugly, and yet show the pretty contour of the arm.

Dark blue and parrot green is to be the very swellest combination of colors when autumn shopping becomes necessary.

One of the prettiest of simple stocks is in white crepe de chene and a fine embroidery. It is slightly different and much more attractive than the other stocks. It is pointed in front and the lower part is formed of folds of the crepe de chene, each with a row of feather stitching joined with fagoting. Above the three folds is a single band, an inch or more wide, of fine embroidery, and above that is a single fold of the crepe de chene with the insertion set in.

To hear the fashionable woman ordering her summer hats, one would think she was giving her order to the green-grocer rather than the milliner. The lemon hat is the vogue, and hats of strawberries are among the very latest millinery creations.

Fruit hats are taking the place of flower hats, and bananas, grapes, apples and cherries all have a new significance to the woman of fashion.

French women are wearing with the fruit hat a bolero of white cloth, embroidered on cuffs and flat broad collar, in a design of fruit to match the hat.

It is said that Whittier was once sitting on a veranda with a number of ladies at a summer resort, when a girl who had just returned from Paris floated past in a gauzy cloud of rose and faint blue. The ladies exhausted all their adjectives, and then one of them appealed to Whittier for his opinion, laughingly saying that she supposed he disdained to have one on such a matter. "No," said the poet, looking benevolently after the radiant young beauty, and with a poetical reference to the flower-like face, he added: "Truly, I think that young lady's petals are exquisitely fringed and tinted."

For muslin gowns the latest foible is black lace, the muslin or race ruffles being edged with a tiny width of black lace.

White buckskin shoes are considered the proper finish to a white summer costume, and pipe-clay will keep them in their pristine freshness.

Black velvet ribbon is to be much used in trimming the gowns as well as the hats. A dimity that is covered with pale blue forget-me-nots has the skirt trimmed with four bands of black velvet ribbon.

Lace and net carry off the palm in the matter of evening dress. One of the latest modes is made in black net, the skirt flounced, each edged with a narrow black velvet ribbon, worked with white silk.

One of the features of the summer season is the revival of low-cut waists, and the wearing of flat fichus, lace berthas, etc., with this collarless bodice.

Traveling gowns this year are made of mohair or pongee; the pongee are the newer. The dark-colored pongees are the best, although the natural ecru color, for those women who can wear it, is always smart and attractive.

White watered silk is one of the favorite materials for bridal and reception dresses this season. The supple moires of today, however, show much smaller weaves, the watered surfaces are very richly flowered or otherwise figured, and when the foundation is simply moired it is usually veiled with lace, chiffon or tulle—softening the effect of the glinting background, the moire in turn imparting a particularly beautiful appearance to the airy textile which covers it.

Any appearance of swathing the throat in folds of heavy silk, satin or velvet is now quite unfashionable, and where there are high neckbands on summer gowns, they are of the lightest and daintiest description — often extremely decorative in effect, being formed of real lace or the most delicate of fancy lace, embroidered batiste, India mull, jeweled lisse or chiffon, plain, or wrought in soft Persian patterns. If folds are at all used they should be of the airiest and most diaphanous of nets, tulles, or silk muslins, and when these textiles are used at the throats there is with evening dress almost invariably seen an accompanying sash to match that is gracefully arranged about the waist.

Trained net skirts over foundations of taffeta or satin, white or black, with flounces of Chantilly, Venise or other handsome lace, are among the handsomest gowns of the season. If one is possessed of one, two or three lace flounces, the rest of a new summer costume can easily be made by the purchase of about eight yards of double width net. The net skirt should be tucked all around or with spaces left for insertions of lace, and the flounces should, if possible, cover one-third of the length of the skirt on the sides and about half its length at the back. Black Chantilly flounces with black figured net over white satin, finished with bodice accessories of white chiffon and black lace elbow frills, form one of the handsomest of the black and white gowns fashionable this season.

Mohair and alpaca—which is very much the same thing—are greatly favored for practical bathing-suits this year. Like other somewhat wiry woolens, these fabrics do not absorb or retain the water as much as some others, and consequently do not cling heavily to the figure when wet—which is a great advantage. A very satisfactory suit for a young girl is made of blue mohair with tucked skirt reaching just below the knees. The easy blouse has a large sailor collar, vest-piece, cuffs and knotted sash of braid-trimmed white Lansdowne. This is a pretty costume that has been copied in different colors. White mohair looks well with brown or old rose trimmings. There appear to be more gray, blue and white suits this year than those of darker shades. New costumes for older wearers, that should be called beach rather than surf gowns, are formed of white, fawn color, silver-gray, or black silk, with some sort of appropriate ornate decoration of guipure lace and "wash" ribbon strappings. Bathing-shoes are entirely out of date, and bathing stockings with a slender sole inside are almost universally worn. A heavy ribbed or wool stocking of the best quality keeps its shape and prevents the foot from spreading. Those not very elastic and a trifle snug are said to be the most satisfactory. A tam o' shanter made over rubber is a popular head covering, but it is more fashionable still to dress the hair very high on the head and wear nothing at all on it. The most satisfactory and sensible arrangement is to purchase one of the very wide-brimmed hats of good quality that are now sold for a song, merely band it, line the crown with oiled silk and add a strong elastic or ribbon strings to keep it firmly on the head. These are cool and light and a great shield to the complexion.

An attractive style for children is a white duck sailor suit, trimmed with bands of light blue linen stitched on, and a black silk scarf. A black scarf is the correct thing, no matter what color the sailor suit.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

RAINY-DAY FRIENDS.

One lonesome day I felt so bad,
Because it rained you see;
I couldn't go to see my friends,
Nor could they come to me.
Then mamma said, "I'll make some friends,
With whom you'll like to play";
And so she folded paper up,
A sort of fan-like way.

She snipped and snipped with scissors—then
The paper opened wide,
And such a lot of little girls
Before me then I spied!
They all took hold of hands, like this,
Just so they wouldn't fall,
And I made noses, eyes and mouths
(With pencil) for them all.

I gave them names, and set them in
A row on my footstool;
I played they were my company,
My sisters and my school.
I took them boating in a pan,
And riding on the train;
We "Ring Round Rosy" played a while,
And—I forgot the rain.

We "snapped the whip" and skipped the rope,
And played menagerie,
And mamma gave us pop-corn balls,
And frosted cake and tea.
Oh, dear! 'twas such a lovely time—
The hours just flew away!
I really hope 'fore long we'll have
Another rainy day.
—Youth's Companion.

"We may all learn a lesson from the busy bee," observed the teacher. "I've learned mine," replied little Tommie, who had been stung the day before.

A little London girl came running in Sunday and said, "Oh, daddie, daddie, I'm all over press—, press—; what do you call it when you're all hot and the water is running down your face?"

"Perspiration?" suggested her father.

"Oh yes, that's it," she exclaimed, and off she flew to tell the others that she was all over perspiration, and that was right, 'cause daddie said it was.

A LESSON IN ETIQUETTE.

The Caller—You are never naughty, are you?

Margery—Well, I shouldn't think you'd ask me that! Mamma says it isn't good manners to hurt people's feelings.—Puck.

Learning by Rhymes.

The trouble is, people won't believe that what is written in rhyme can really be learning. Of course, you have to learn poems and verses to recite on Friday, but then you don't learn them because they teach you anything—you learn them because you have to. But there really are some rhymes that teach you things. Here, for example, is a grammar in rhyme, and a very complete grammar, too, so far as it goes. Learn it thoroughly, and you'll find yourself pretty well up in what is called elementary grammar:

I.
Three little words you often see,
Are articles "a," "an" and "the."

II.
A noun's the name of anything,
As "school or "garden," "hoop" or "swing."

III.
Adjectives tell the kind of noun,
As "great, "small," "pretty," "white" or "brown."

IV.
Instead of nouns the pronouns stand—
"His" head, "her" face, "my" arm, "your" hand.

V.
Verbs tell of something to be done—
To "read," "count," "laugh," sing," "jump" or "run."

VI.
How things are done, the adverbs tell,
As "slowly," "quickly," "ill" or "well."

VII.
Conjunctions join the words together—
As man "and" woman, wind, "or" weather.

VIII.
The preposition stands before
The noun, as "in" or "through" the door.

IX.
The interjection shows surprise—
As "Oh!" how pretty; "Ah!" how wise!

X.
The whole are called nine parts of speech,
Which reading, writing, speaking teach.

BRITISH SOVEREIGNS.

In England they have a poem that gives the names of the kings and queens, but which needs to be brought down to date:

First, William the Noman, then William his son;
Henry, Stephen and Henry, then Richard and John;
Next Henry the Third, Edward one, two and three—
Again after Richard, three Henrys we see,
Two Edwards, third Richard, if rightly I guess;
Two Henrys, sixth Edward, Queens Mary and Bess;
Then Jamie the Scot, and Charles, whom they slew;
Again followed Cromwell, another Charles, too.
Then James, called the Second, ascended the throne,
Then William and Mary together came on;
Till Anne, Georges four and fourth William, all past,
God sent us Victoria, the youngest and last.

MAMMA'S STORY.

"Now, mamma, tell me a story, please."
"Well, what shall the story be?
The Three Little Bears?" "No, mamma, dear;
Please tell the story I love to hear,
'Bout when you was little like me."

"Very well. When I was less than four——"
"No, mamma; half-pas' three."
"Oh, yes! I went when the moon was bright——"
"Your papa tooked you—one starry night."
"You are right. He carried me.

"And he said——" "No, first he hugged you up."
"He hugged me up all tight,
And he said——" "Your little dog ran before,
An' he carried you straight to gran'ma's door,
An' said, 'Can she stay all night?' "

"Oh, yes! And so he left me there—"
"An' so you didn't go back;
An' next day when you saw your muvver,
You found the beau'fiest little bruvver,
An' he's my Uncle Jack!'"
—Mary L. Paine.

AN AWFUL THREAT.

I won't ever live in the house no more,
And I'm goin' away, 'way off somewhere
In the dark woods! And mebby a bear
Or something nobody ever saw before
Might come and eat one up! And there
I bet you, when
My pa has no little boy, he'll be
Sorry he punished me!

And I'm going to starve and not
Every eat anything again at all,
And when I'm up with God and got
Wings and can look at my pa, and he
Comes home and sees my coat in the hall
And looks all around everywhere,
And I ain't there,
I bet he'll be sorry he punished me!

And when I'm far away,
And nearly starved and can hardly stand,
There might be a big, bad man come along and say
He'd take me off to some strange land!
And then, when the people told my pa
How cruel he was, bet he'd be
The saddest person you ever saw,
And sorry he punished me!

And when they had no little boy no more,
Mamma would cry all day,
And when no little boy would open the door
For pa at night, and say:
"Hello!" I bet
That's when he'd be
The saddest yet—
And I'll stay this time, but
B-b-b-b-etter quit punishin' me!
—Chicago Times-Herald.

Icelandic Lyrics.

I.
Three things there be in the world, Yvonne;
And what do you guess they mean?
The stable land, the heaving sea,
And the tide that hangs between.

Three things there be in this life, Yvonne;
And what do you guess they mean?
Your sun-warm soul, my wind-swept soul,
And a current that draws between.

II.
I saw you in the gloaming, love,
When all the fleets were homing, love,
And under the large level moon the long gray seas were combing, love.

I saw you tall and splendid, love,
And all my griefs were ended, love,
When on me as I put to land your seaward eyes were bended, love.

The little boats were stranded, love,
And all their rich bales landed, love,
But all my wealth awaited me, low-voiced and gentle-handed, love.

III.
My love said, "What is the sea?"
I said, "The unmeasured sea
Is my heart, sweetheart,
That is stormy or still,
With its great wild will,
Glorying, stainless and free,
Or sad with a sorrow beyond man's speech to impart,
But forever calling to thee,
Heart of my heart."

My love said, "What is the tide?"
I said "The unshackled tide
Is my love, sweetheart,
The draft and sweep
Of the restless deep,
Made clean as the stars and wide,
That forever must yearn to the land above and apart,
Till the day when she sinks to his side
Heart of my heart."

My love said, "What is the land?"
I said, "The summer land
Is they face, sweetheart,
Dreaming and warm and glad,
In a benediction clad,
With sunshine sweetened and tanned;
And there is the set of the tide, the end and the start,
The sea's despair and demand
Heart of my heart!"
—Bliss Carman.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing, but a little talent is a fatal one.

"Rocks" are not always a firm foundation for domestic happiness.

TONY'S PICNIC.

They were all going to a picnic. Tony's mother, little sister Kitty, Tony's cousin Polly and Tony. They were to walk about half a mile to the station and then take the cars to the grounds.

As they were walking they came to a long mud puddle which covered the sidewalk. Tony's mother called him to turn out with her into the road.

"No," said Tony, I want to go along on the fence."

"You had better not," said his mother. But Tony thought he knew best, so he stepped on the lowest rail and walked sideways, holding on with both hands.

"I told you I could. Don't you see?" Mamma did see. There was a splash and she saw a small boy's feet go into the water. The rail had broken down with him.

"Can't I go to the picnic?" whimpered Tony, putting his hands to his eyes.

"Perhaps so," said his mother. "You must run home and put on clean stockings and your old shoes. The stockings are on the clothes-bars in the kitcher."

Tony ran with all his might. Bridget was gone out, but there was a long row of little stockings on the bars. Quick as a flash Tony pulled off his muddy ones and reached for the clean ones.

"They ain't mates!" he said, as his eye ran along the row.

"There's a striped one and a blue one, and a red one, and a brown one, and a and a black one, and a blue one, and a red one, and a striped one and a black one and a brown one—dear me! What's Bridget done with all my stockings that's got mates?"

His tone was very doleful as he tried the row backwards.

"There's a brown one and a black one and a striped one, and a red one and a ——" Tony's voice broke down before he got to the end. He would surely lose the picnic.

He put on the striped one and the blue one and held out his legs to see how they looked.

"Pooh! They look just like a circus." Tony sat on the floor and cried. He thought of the lake and the boats, and the grape swing and the sandwiches and cake and lemonade, and wished with all his heart he had turned out when mamma told him to.

One, two, struck the kitchen clock, and then Tony knew the train was gone.

"Tony," cried a cheery voice. Tony looked up and saw Cousin Polly's bright little face.

"Why didn't you come?" asked she.

"Why didn't you go?" asked he.

"Why, there's another train at half-past two, and I waited for you. What's the matter?

"I can't go, anyway, said Tony, with a big sob. "I can't find any stockings that's mates—not one! See!"

Polly looked at the striped leg and the blue leg, and laughed.

"You can see for yourself," he said, pointing to the row. "There's a red one and a brown one and a black one, ——"

"Yes, I see—two striped ones and two blue ones, and two red ones, and —here——" Polly snatched a blue one from the bars and whisked the striped one off Tony's leg. "There, now," she said, as in a moment both legs were blue.

"Polly," said Tony, looking solemnly at her, "I think you're the smartest girl in the world. Don't you?"

"Why, no," said Polly, "You're the only one who ever thought so, and perhaps you don't know much about smartness. Come quick, now."
SYDNEY DAYRE.

White is the color for excellence of the season for girls' wear, and white gowns, white coats, white hats of cloth, pique of silk, unrelieved by any color, are the height of vogue.