

THE BEST DAY.

Some skies may be gloomy,
Some moments be sad,
But everywhere, always,
Some souls must be glad:
For true is the saying
Proclaimed by the seer—
"Each day is the best day
Of somebody's year!"

Each day finds a hero,
Each day helps a saint,
Each day brings to some one
A joy without a taint;
Though it may not be my turn
Or yours that is near—
"Each day is the best day
Of somebody's year!"

The calendar sparkles
With days that have brought
Some prize that was hoped for,
Some good that was sought;
High deeds happen daily,
Wide truths grow more clear—
"Each day is the best day
Of somebody's year!"

No sun ever rises
But brings joy behind;
No sorrow in fetters
The whole earth can bind;
How selfish our fretting,
How narrow our fear—
"Each day is the best day
Of somebody's year!"

—Priscilla Leonard.

HIGH STAKE.

I am a croupier. Always? Well,
no, perhaps not; but what I used to
be does not matter. I have been a
croupier long enough to forget other
things.

I watch the people and can always
tell just what they play and whether
they are used to it or not.

One day I saw a bride and bride-
groom, they looked to be. He was a
great, tall, dark fellow, a superb spec-
imen of physical strength, with a pas-
sionate mouth but a splendid chin,
which should have redeemed it. She
—well, she was what you would have
expected him to fancy—a tiny woman
with a tangle of golden curls and
wide-open blue eyes heavily fringed in
brown—the sort of dependent little
creature that a man worships all his
life: the kind that draws out all the
good in a fellow because she loves and
believes in him.

He persuaded her to play, and at
last she consented, though reluc-
tantly.

She clapped her tiny gloved hands
when she won, as she always did, and
soon had doubled all he gave her.
She poured her little pile of silver
into her portmanteau with a laugh
as clear as a silver bell, saying:

"I know when to stop."
He was still playing and he did not
stop until she drew his stapes away
and said:

"Come, Phil, we must go."
Then he yielded to her smile, and
they moved away. I smiled grimly to
myself. I knew he would return. The
man was bitten deeply. The gambler
fever was in his blood.

I was right. In half an hour they
were back, and he won steadily.
Once she snatched his twenty-franc
piece from the red and put it on the
star. It won, and she had her hundred
francs. He was like a madman, and
struck her on the back, not meaning
to hurt her, but because he was beside
himself with joy.

She shrank from him a little, and
grew pale at his loud laugh.

"Come away, Phil. Indeed, you've
played enough," I heard her whisper.

"In a minute," he said, shaking off
the little hand laid so gently on his
arm.

Her eyes flashed, and with a swift
movement she snatched his stake
and swept his money away from him.

"Hang it, I should have won!" he
cried fiercely.

"O, Phil!" was all she said; but
her tone, so hurt, so surprised, re-
called him to himself.

They walked away a few steps,
and I could hear them talking.

"Don't play any more, Phil, please
don't," I heard her say.

"Just once more," he urged, "and
then I will go."

"O, Phil, I'm so tired. Please take
me home. Don't leave me here alone,"
said the pleading voice.

"Just a minute, Dolly," and he came
back to play.

There she stood, alone. About her
surged the crowd—a motley one.
Curious looks were cast upon the
fair English girl. One man spoke
rudely to her, but she heeded not. She
did not hear him. She heard only
the beating of her heart. Across her
face swept every emotion. Such a
proud little face. I read it like a
book.

Cut to the quick she was that she
should neglect her. Wounded pride,
annoyance, affection, all were battling
within her.

But the woman's love, which is
stronger far than pride, conquered.
I saw her turn and look at him, and
the heart-break crept into her face.

Others were looking at him, too, for
he was playing high—100, 200, 300
franc stakes—and losing everything.

She murmured to herself, "Oh, Phil,
I didn't think you would have done
it!" Then she drew off her gloves and
upon her pretty, slender fingers

I saw a wedding ring. Perhaps
she remembered the "for better or
worse," with which that ring was
placed there, for she kissed it rever-
ently, then came swiftly to him.

"Phil," she said, one hand upon his
shoulder.

He turned not quite deaf to that
voice yet. He was like a man in a
dream, his ruddy face white and
drawn, his eyes like black coals. The
gambler's passion quivered in every
line of his figure.

"Phil!"—that sweet voice, full of

love and pleading, said again—"when
I show you this"—her finger, on her
wedding ring—"you will come with
me, won't you?"

He looked she caught my glance full
of pity. She drew up her proud little
head like a deer at bay. She was
game to the backbone and wouldn't
be pitted by me—a croupier.

"You never refused me anything be-
fore. It is I—Dolores—who asks you.
Come!"

Her eyes looked into his and her
great love forced him to yield.

"Just this once," he said hoarsely,
sinking down a 200-franc note.

I saw her lips move. She prayed he
would lose. She was right. It was
the turning point. Had he won then
he would have played on and on until
the end and then—who knows what
then?

"Come, Phil!" she said again.

And as if dazed he let her lead him
away.

Then the play stopped and as I
turned to go I saw them again. He
was seated upon a bench his head on
his hands totally unmanned. She
stood beside him with almost mother-
ly kindness.

"Poor old fellow! Never mind. You
have me still," she said.

He looked up at her, and if there
was ever worship in a man's eyes it
shone in his.

"Yes," he said tremulously, "Thank
heaven, I've got you still, my salva-
tion! I don't deserve your love, Dolly,
but, please heaven, I will."

Once afterward I saw them. He
looked well and better, somehow, and
she—well, I'm not good at expressing
things, but I think she never forgot
that half hour all alone. Some things
kill a woman. She loved him a la
mort, and forgave him all, but I think
the joy of loving him died within her
soul that day.

She seemed older, and had a look in
her face like a madonna.

That is all my story, but until I die
I shall admire that woman's pluck.
Why did I let him play? Mon Dieu!
How could I help it? I am only a
croupier.

Some Curious Rhymes.

It is related that at the wedding of
the Princess Mary, daughter of the
Duke of York (afterwards King James
II.) to the Prince of Orange (after-
wards King William III.), one of the
guests jestingly challenged another to
make a rhyme with the word "porri-
nger," and offered to bet that he could
do it. The challenge was accepted
and the bet was won by producing the
following lines:

"The Duke of York a daughter had,
He gave the Prince of Orange her;
And now, my lord, I claim the prize
For making rhyme to porri-nger."

Carlyle tells how a greater difficulty
was surmounted by an ingenious ver-
sifier who succeeded in finding a rhyme
to the word "perpendicular." Thus:

"The brave General Wolfe, without
dread or fear,
Marched up at the head of his bold
grenadiers.

And what was astonishing and very
particular,
They climbed up the rocks that were
quite perpendicular."

The Chicago Tribune dilates on the
trouble of one of its townsmen who
has been ransacking the vocabulary in
vain for a rhyme to the word
"month."

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy roll-
ing, swept the walls and ceiling of his
8 by 10 laboratory.

"It eludes me," he muttered.

Absent-mindedly he dipped his foun-
tain pen in the inkstand and started
his eye—same eye—on another fra-
zled roll.

It rested at last on his rhyming dic-
tionary.

He pounced upon the book as a
starving mariner on a raft in the open
sea might pounce upon a pate de foie
gras suddenly discovered dandling on
the waves within reach of his hand.

He opened it with trembling fingers
and scanned its pages.

A groan burst from his lips.

"No!" he exclaimed, dashing the
book from him and bowing his head
on his hands in despair. "There is no
rhyme for month."

It is suggested that by pronouncing
the word "once" with a lip, so as to
make the sound "wunth," it might an-
swer the purpose.

Luttrell made an amusing couplet on
the wife of "Anastatus" Hope, famous
for his own wealth and her own jew-
els.

"Of emerald, diamond and topaz,
Such as the charming Mrs. Hope has!"

One of the most curious things about
rhyming is that it sometimes occurs
accidentally. In President Lincoln's
last inaugural address occurs the fol-
lowing instance of involuntary rhyme:

"Fondly do we hope,
Fervently do we pray,
That the mighty scourge of war
May speedily pass away;

Yet if it be God's will
That it continues until—"

And here the rhyme ceases. In some
passage of Cicero's prose there are
notable instances of poetic rhythm.

What Prehistoric Man Ate.

Our modern microscope has been
looking back some 5,000 years and ex-
amining the food of our savage ances-
tors when they were but little above
the beasts whose bones we find mixed
with theirs.

Mr. Charters White, of the Royal
Ontological Society of Great Britain
has recently placed under his micro-
scope teeth taken from human skulls
dating back to the stone age, and care-
fully examined the tartar on them.

After it had been dissolved in a weak
acid, hoping to find traces of the food
that they had masticated.

He was entirely successful, and found
corn husk particles, hairs from the out-
side of husks, spiral vessels from veg-
etables, particles of starch, point of a
fish tooth, oval cells from fruit, hair
belets of down, portions of wood and
pieces of quartz and flint.

SPRING FASHIONS.

THE STAGE THE KEYNOTE OF THE SEASON'S FASHIONS.

Some Ideas Regarding the Spring and
Summer Wardrobe—Pretty Way of Using
Lace Medallions—A Pretty French Dress—
There is Much Ornamentation.

The costumes worn on the stage in
Paris invariably give the key-note to
the fashions of each season, and dress-
makers, as well as society women, al-
ways make a point of attending all the
fashionable plays, for in this way they
soonest see the novelties, the model
gowns that are so jealously guarded
from the eyes of the rival dressmaking
establishment.

Small wonder is it that the stage
should be the best place to display the
fashions. The actresses are women of
fine presence, who understand to per-
fection the art of wearing their clothes.



—as they do posing for a photographer
—and it may be assumed there is not
the smallest detail of their gown that
is not exhibited to the best advantage.
A play lately produced in Paris—"En
Fete" is the name—is conceded to be
one of the best gowned plays of the
present time and the costumes are be-
lieved copied in every variety of texture
and coloring.

The gown worn by Mme. Valdey in
this play of "En Fete" is a most
charming example of coloring and
style. The model was designed by
Boué Soeurs, and is of the light drab
cloth so extremely fashionable for the
moment. The princess effect is to a
noticed, which the dressmakers call
the bodice effect, meaning that the
skirt instead of being finished at the
waist line is cut high enough to form
a bodice, the waist being worn inside.
Lines of tucks, or cords, hide the darts
that are necessary to insure the requi-
site perfect fit over the hips, and the
lines are arranged to be longer in
front than at the back, to preserve the
inevitable long pointed waist line. A
wide, attached flounce, headed with
soft folds of white liberty silk or
panne velvet, caught up at regular in-
tervals by rosettes or buckles and giv-
ing the effect of scallops, finishes the
skirt. The flounce is finished with
rows of stitching and has applique
designs of yellow lace. A bolero jacket
of tulle silk or cloth, with rows of
narrow tucks, is trimmed with bands
of black velvet and lace and is finished
around the shoulders with folds of
white to match the skirt and gathered
ruffle. The yoke, collar and front are
of stitched tulle, the stitching put on
in round lines. Novel elbow sleeves,
with full undersleeves of white chiffon,
complete this essentially smart cos-
tume.

Some of the sweet women one knows
have put in practice a good idea which
has to do with the making of the
spring and summer wardrobe. They
reason like this: While the shops al-
ready are filled with new and charm-
ing materials, the modes are not fixed.
It is time to start on the making of
fresh gowns, yet it would be little short
of a calamity to spend no end of money
and energy in the fashioning of cos-
tumes which may be out of date soon.
In the making of dressier than tailor
gowns women have much liberty.

They may choose any design and make
such personal changes in it as mark it
for their own. Herein is the secret of
building such frocks first. Every

woman has a gown of shallice or crepe
de chine, or one of the new soft woods,
which she wants to use for visiting
and churching later in the season.

"Let us get that particular gown done
and out of the way before we have to
decide upon the plain and therefore
more puzzling and important tailor-
made," say and practice some women
who have introduced order into the
chaos of new clothes.

Medallions of lace and every man-
ner of pillow or neepoint inset will
be used on linen and cotton gowns.
Wash dresses we used to say, but there
are many chances to one nowadays
against frocks from cotton or linen
ever being plunged into the plebeian
water tub. Enterprising designers of
lace for women's making at home are
taking into account the medallion en-
thusiasm. So one with a little search-
ing may buy stamped designs to be
wrought as applique upon circular
pieces of the dress material. There is
much latitude for choice among lace
braids offered. A careful woman takes
her time in considering the weight and
texture of the various lace braids be-
fore making selections. Such are the
developments in the manufacture of
braids for lace making it is possible to
imitate nearly any of the popular real
laces. Proper stitches are found in
dictionaries of needlework and in the
many periodicals for the promotion of
stitchery at home.

A gown of sheer fine linen shows a
pretty way of using lace medallions.
The dress is lined throughout with

forget-me-not blue China silk of a
choice quality, without the usual cheap
stiffening in it. There are deep, fine
platings of the material on the skirt,
which serve to set out the flounce of
the linen overdress. This overdress it-
self is finely plaited at an angle which
forms a line down the skirt front as
far as the knees. An applique of a
round of Cluny lace medallions con-
ceals the joining of the plaited upper
portion of the skirt and the lower
flounce. These particular medallions
are in rose shape, made with light-
weight Cluny braid, only a few fanci-
ful stitches being required at the heart
of the rose, where is an inset of for-
get-me-not blue tulle. This material,
rather than China silk, is employed
at this place to give a bit of body to
the hang of the skirt. The flounce is
from ecru embroidered with polka dots
—black silk. Five bands of Cluny lace
inserting, narrowing toward the front,
are placed at intervals the width of
the skirt frill. The waist embodies
one of the principles of many success-
ful gowns; it has the upper portion
made to correspond with the lower
part of the skirt, leaving the portion
from the shoulders to the knees in an
unbroken design, except for a wisp of
forget-me-not blue chiffon at the
waistline. The yoke is from the black
polka-dotted linen, the bertha of plain
linen with appliques and medallions of
Cluny lace. The plastron is of all-over
Cluny lace, and narrow bars of forget-
me-not panne fasten it beneath tiny
enameled blue buttons. Sleeves, plaited
in clusters of three tucks, full at the
elbow, are tight to the wrist, and long
with lace to the knuckles. The fabric
for the body of the dress is the only
simple thing about it.

A French dress of raspberry-colored
crepon is a gratifying example of the
dressmakers' art, and an excellent
model to be copied in any color and
lightweight material. The inevitably
trained skirt and nearly as certain
flounce are from the crepon, decorated
with voullourines and bias stripes of
raspberry tulle. The blouse repeats
these methods of decorations, and has,
besides, a collar and gilet of applique
lace in large scroll pattern over founda-
tions of white tulle lace. Two tiny
revers are faced with white tulle,
tricked out with gold buttons and
loops of black satin. The same notion
is liked for the finish of the sleeves at
the wrists. Besides, there is a cravat
of plaited white chiffon, and the neck
has a band and bow of narrow black
velvet.

A new and chic shape in hats is of
recently trained raspberry colored straw
made into a broad-brimmed sailor,
with "tam" crown. It is trimmed

only with a band of stitched raspber-
ry panne velvet and a white quilt
painted with tints of black and rasp-
berry and the faintest suggestion of
gold.

The French, who inspire most of our
dress models, are not fond of cos-
tumes from unrelieved white, the fa-
vorite design of old-time novelists, and
of certain dressmakers, who, perhaps,
are not posted on what is most becom-
ing. White muslin is, however, a fa-
vorite material with Paris modistes.

They take this sheer material, give a
few whisks to it, and it comes forth
as saint's robe, but a witchery in white
with dashes of one dainty tint or an-
other.

The tendency to ornament even our
"tailor-made" gowns more highly is
shown in the making of a coat and
skirt from ciel dotted white pique.

The skirt is laid in flat plaits at the
hips, below a saw-tooth band of the
dress material. There are two broad
plaits at the front and side gores,
which are emphasized by rows of but-
tons covered with pique. A distinctly
French touch to the gown is lent by
facing of the lapels, of ciel blue tulle.

Blue and white linen braid outline
the entire jacket, which has slashed
elbow sleeves, and is worn over a
blouse of fine white lawn. To Ameri-
canize the gown, the knowing woman
who makes it or who orders it made
would substitute blue linen or pique
for the silk on the revers. Likely,
most of us would think that a hat
from pure white rough straw, with a
swirl of China crepe and the wings
of a white quilt where the hat turns
up, is more practicable than the pic-
ture thing of pliable white felt, for
which the French model calls.

What ever the peculiar charm of a
white felt hat worn with gaiters to-
gether with a gown of white, which
one may wear on many occasions, this
crimsoned fancifully in summer is yet
a luxury for those who may buy many
more bonnets.

And it is equally idle, too, to pre-
tend that the woman of moderate in-
come may send her ordinary pique and
linen dresses to the cleaners. Hence
the frequent necessity for making
practical interpretation of the pretty
modes which the French send to us.

Chinese inventions are: Silk, paper,
printing, gunpowder, kites. The meth-
od of building that makes skyscrapers
possible—skelton first, walls last.

It is vulgar to make remarks about the
cost of things.

RESIGNATION.

Grandma's sitting,
Slowly knitting,
Musing, as is oft her way,
Autumn's coming.
Bees are humming
Homeward at the close of day.

Grandma listens;
Sunset glitens
Mid the fading, falling leaves;
Lists intently,
Reverently,
To the message she receives.

Brown eyes beaming;
Grandma's dreaming
Softly of the sorrows laid
By the sweetness
And completeness
Of the sunshine in the shade.

Grandma's growing
Old, and flowing
Swiftly is the constant stream,
Compensation—
Faith's elation—
Is the halo of her dream.

Autumn's coming,
Bees are humming
Mid the fading, falling leaves;
Sunset glitens,
Grandma listens
To the message she receives,
Lists intently,
Reverently,
To the sweetness
And completeness
Of the story of the sheaves!

IN DISGUISE.

A great many years have come and
passed away since the terrible struggle
between the aristocracy and democra-
cy of 1792 spread sorrow and desola-
tion through the length and breadth of
France, yet the old-told tale has lost
but little of its fascination.

Deeds of valour, heroism, and noble
sacrifice have been handed down
from one generation to another, and
taught us how even delicate, helpless
women, inspired by love, have shown
forth as brilliant instances of true-
hearted devotion.

The following story, in which the
names of the actors are omitted, is
true, and bears witness to the endur-
ance of which human nature is cap-
able, even when hope, happiness, and
life itself are trampling in the balance.

The sun had set—had sunk to rest
like a ball of fire, so red was the glare
that shone on the fair city of Paris.
It lay in crimson patches on the
stone flags and white walls, lighting
up all with a vivid coloring that
seemed to bathe each object in blood.

Upon the scaffold, which stood out
in horrible distinctness from its sur-
roundings, it lingered with a deeper
touch, as though the human hand
which claimed the wood was a black
and evil thing to look upon.

"See," said a woman, whose voice
rang above the din of human cries
and the tramp of many feet, "it is the
color of blood itself."

A laugh of fiendish intention
laughed her speech; and then, with a
smile on her face, she stepped forward
and took her place in a procession
which came swiftly by, raising her
voice with theirs as they pounded
forth that most glorious of all refrains,
the "Marseillaise," and her words
were forgotten—forgotten, save by
one.

The harsh voice had penetrated to a
window two stories above, and struck
terror into the hearts of its occupants,
man and woman who were stand-
ing beside the window.

"Did you hear her, Louis?" said the
latter, while a shudder of horror ran
through her frame. "Oh, how could
she laugh when there is such great
work going on?"

Her lover, for in such relationship
did the young man stand to her,
gladly drew the girl away from the
window.

"Marie, I have much to tell you, but
I know not how to say it while you
look so pale and troubled."

With a rapid gesture of her hands,
and eyes full of tears, Marie sat down
on the old sofa and looked at her
lover in silence.

"I have been told by one, who I
know would not deceive me, that I am
suspected," commenced the young
man. Then he continued in a hur-
ried voice, not daring to glance in the
pale face opposite, "And Marie, I
nearly scarce tell you that Robespierre
will—will—"

Hardly waiting to hear the end of
the sentence the girl sprang from her
seat and threw her arms round his
neck.

"Then it has come true, my mis-
erable dream, Louis! I dreamed
that they tore you from me, and cast
you into prison. Ah! I will beg at
his feet, and implore him, for the sake
of his own wife and child, to have
pity on us. He cannot refuse to
listen."

The young Count did not answer,
but as he gazed down into the lovely
face upturned to his, a groan burst
from his lips.

"Marie, my petite, I fear it would
be useless. What mercy can we expect
from a man who has slain hundreds?"

It was too true. With passionate
sorrow in her blue eyes, the girl gazed
into the handsome face that might as
soon be taken from her for ever. The
old story of two hearts sorrowing
day the parting, to-morrow perhaps
death.

As they thus stood, clinging to-
gether in their despair, a loud knock
sounded through the air, taken up by hundreds
far and near. Disconcerted almost,
the young man stepped to the window
and beckoned his waiting servant.

Through the door an old man, with
crowded white hair, entered.

Marie and Louis looked at each other
with a glance of surprise.

All at once there came a knock
loud cry of "Liberte!"

"Marie," exclaimed the Count,
his breath, it is Robespierre
who comes."

It was a slight north wind,
midst of the vast multitude,
favorite in his carriage, from the
horses had been later and
was dragged along by the
crowd.

There he sat, crowned with
land of oak leaves, while
every side there rose the women
hold the friend of the people, the
defender of liberty!"

"So did the folk mob now
who had gone past by the
Le Sans de Mirabeau."

But this stern-looking man, with
keen eyes and proud nose,
had not tumbled in vain. The
worked for the power is something
or death—had been won.

Yet there must be a few words
in plea for one who had fairly
himself notorious for his many
ties and faults. He was free
some of the greater vice of the
temperament. Contrary to Robes-
pierre, he did not court the dress of the
people, nor did he amuse himself
therefore, he may be considered plain.

As the triumphant procession passed
by, one of the crowd, who stood
Robespierre, glanced up at the window
where Count B— and his betrothed
stood. A smile crossed his lips,
which the unfortunate young man
knew only too well how to interpret.

His face was pale. At the prospect
of the people passed away in the
distance, a dullness seemed to fall on
deserted streets, and the morning
black and grim in a cloudless sky.

That night Marie's dream came
true, and the handsome, brave young
Count B— lay in prison, waiting
to go to his death.

To and fro along the Rue St. Honoré
to the place of execution, vast
carts containing the victims of the
Revolution, accompanied by the
close-packed mob.

Opposite and commanding a
view of the horrible human suffering
and was the Cafe de la Revolution,
where it was the fashion to drop in
a game of cards; but at this time
saw to make it a resort of amuse-
ment.

But one afternoon, while the guil-
line was doing its ceaseless work,
the room was empty, save for one
who sat at a table beside the
With an air of stern delibera-
and manner, he looked on

scene before him. An impassible
broke from his lips, and the
watcher turned his head,
Robespierre!

He had reached the highest
name of the people's driving force,
named as their leader and
sat alone in the upper room,
a frown on the high forehead,
deeper frown in the eyes.

As he turned from the door
door opened, and a tall
young man entered the room,
low bow of the salutation,
placed himself at the table,
plunged up the sword, the
play. Nothing but
seated, and the pale

There was a few minutes
broken only by the
passed slowly along by the
then the stranger rose. He
were dealt out, and as he
grew a strange pallor
strange face and now and
shoulder convulsed his frame.