NOONTIDE.

The high stars over at night Are under at noon; And the young soul's vision of •

heaven Passes how soon!

Is gone—ah! where? Whispers a voice from the Infinite-

"Climb! I am these!" -F. W. Bourdillon.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack- have a charming house in a suburban town. Mrs. Jack is from Boston, filled with the latest ideas, bright and aspiring. Jack -well, Jack is New Jersey "born and bred."

"This town," said Mrs. Jack, one evening, as they sat by the fire, "needs improving. I am shocked when I dine out, to hear nothing but nonsense permost. talked. There are some clever people dine out they leave their cleverness at home with their every-day clothes."

"Isn't that what some one was saying about some Christian Science belief? That you must change your clothes when you come in so as to leave the germs in your every-day clohes.'

Mrs. Jack is tinged with a little Christian Science, so she answered, shortly. "You never get things straight, dear, the germs are germs of thought, and----

'Well, never mind the germs, go on about 'improving dinner.' "I think," she went on, "that we should give some dinners, four anyway, and if we make the first one a So nicely regulated were all his mothorough success, we can be sure of the others. We must invite both young and elderly people, a few bright and a few ordinary ones, because there are not enough bright ones to go very far. Then we'll have the conversation up to a certain standard and keep it

there.' On the night of the first dinner party everything was in proper array. Not a speck of dust to gladden the eyes of the guests was visible. The wines were gaining the right temperatill an unlucky minute put a period to ture and Mrs. Jack, in a Bostonesque dinner gown, was ready for her guests. "I tell you, Mary," said poor Jack, "that I can never talk at a dinner. I don't know what to say. Who do I take out? Old Mrs. Bangs? I never spoke to her. I never knew what to

say to anyone." "Never mind, Jack dear. I know that you are positively no good at a dinner party. Now listen, I have written out a list of interesting subjects and pinned it on the table cloth. See?" And she led him up to the table. "Now don't fail me whenever it seems dull or people are not talking. look at this list and talk of some of the things. Even if you don't know them, appeal to me and I'll help you out. There is---'

Just then the door bell rang and first guest.

After they were seated at dinner nebular hypothesis. The answer to subject was so slight that she looked at Jack, and he came valiantly to the rescue. "It does not seem to me, Mary," he called out, "that the meat has been unusually tough lately."

"What do you mean, Jack?" This was with a true Boston intonation. Jack looked perplexed, but Mrs. Bangs was quite animated and she and the elderly man next her had a discussion as to butchers and meat that her bearings again.

The next subject she introduced was "The recent affair in South Africa." The interest in any thing but Oom Paul's excessive plainness was not from twenty-five to thirty daily, and marked, and after a few desultory that each person carries off a large views had been expressed the conver- basketful, this promiscious picking sation died out.

"Do or die," thought Jack, and lookwhat to say about Jane's aprons, but time, as the violet season is not long." things seem pretty dull, so I'll dash ahead as I was told to."

"I say, Mary, what is the matter thing.'

the matter with him? When she had recovered a little she heard the most elderly man saying to Mrs. Bangs: "Now can you imagine me in a check apron with a leather belt? I always wore them when I was youth and the younger ones laughed party. merrily. Mrs. Jack rather cleverly steered the conversation around to her ly, 'I order you up!' point again and asked generally, with a "don't-all-speak-at-once" air: "Who has read the 'History of papacy in the XIX century?" After expressing admiration for the work of Prof. Nippold, there was another silence, broken by one of the roung men who said: "What a thin old gentleman the pope is!"

Good-hearted old Jack rushed to the rescue and broke the deadly silence with: "Have any of you had trouble causing domestic discords." with getting good butter lately?"

The flood gates of conversation were opened and young and old sailed out on the stream. Boarding school, college club, summer hotel and "gilt edge" butter was discussed and talked of, and amid peals of laughter the dinmer ended.

The men smoked, going as they pleased conversationally, and the ladies in the drawing-room carried on the conversation on the lines laid down by their host at dianen.

After every one had gone, Jack said, with an air of conscious rectitude. "Well, Mary, that dinner went off pretty well, didn't it?"

"Jack," she said hysterically, "where did you put your list, and why did you talk of such awful things?"

"Awful things? Why, I talked about · every single thing you wrote down, He climbs; and the clear seen goal . and I thought I kept them going pretty well. Old Mrs. Bangs squeezed my hand when she left and said she wished she could always sit beside me at dinner. They all said it was a jolly dinner."

"But what made you talk about meat, and Jane's aprons, and-Oh, Jack! It was too dreadful!"

"Great Scott, Mary, didn't you give me the list-here it is. See! It begins 'Speak about tough meat; speak about Jane's aprons; last butter from grocer's bad.' I talked about them all just as you asked me to, and if I hadn't I think your dinner party would have been pretty dull."

Mary took the list. It was her memorandum for the day. On the back of it she had written the list of subjects for Jack. Unfortunately, or fortunately (it depends upon the point of view), in pinning it on the tabletloth, the memorandum side was up-

Their guests are still talking of that here. I have met them, but when they delightful dinner of Mr. and Mrs.---'s. -New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Master Epitaph. This epitaph on a watchmaker may se seen in Lydford churchyard, on the borders of Dartmour, England: Here lies, in horizontal position,

the outside case of George Routleigh, watchmaker, whose abilities in that line were an honor to his profession. Integrity was the Mainspring, and Prudence the Regulator of all the Actions of his life. Humane, generous and liberal.

his Hand never stopped till he had relieved distress. tions. that he never went wrong, except when set going

by people who did not know his key; even then he was easily set right again. He had the art of disposing his time

so well that his hours giffled away in one continual round of pleasure and delight his existence. He departed this life Nov. 14, 1802, aged 57. wound up.

in hopes of being taken in hand by his Maker. of being thoroughly cleaned, repaired.

and set a-going in the world to come. -Christian Intelligencer.

Where Violets are More Than Plentiful, A remarkable display of violets can now be seen by the tourist in the Holv sights of Rome, and one comparatively little known to tourists, is now in the height of its perfection—the vio-Mrs. Jack hurried away to greet the lets of Hadrian's Villa," says a correspondent. "On ascending the long avenue one is conscious of a perfume Mrs. Jack asked the guest of honor if of violets which permeates the air. At he had seen the recent views on the one's feet, over the whole length and breadth of the enormous villa, is her question and the interest in the spread a perfumed carpet of this lovely flower-not monetonous purple in hue, but of many shades from the faintest red mauve-one would almost say white—down to the richest purple, and so thickly scattered that it is impossible to avoid stepping upon them. Besides this, the ruins are beautified in the loveliest way by the tiny blossoms; wherever is a cranny there will be one or more violets, until one can think of no simile was eager enough to let Mrs. Jack get more appropriate than a huge bouquet. Some idea can be gained of how many violets there are when it is considered that the visitors at the village at this time of the year average making not the least impression on the millions provided by prodigal Naed at his list. "Speak about Jane's ture. It is a sight worth any trouble aprons." came next. "I don't know to see, but, alks! it only lasts a short

"A darling youth with four blooms with Jane's aprons? Aren't they all ing damsels came aboard a North Side right? They look like the proper car," said the Curbstone Reporter. "He pulled out a bunch of five trans-Visions of the husband of her youth fers, arranged them as for a euchre at Morris Plains asylum danced before, hand, looked at them critically, and, Mrs. Jack's eyes. Aprons! What was turning to the lovely lady on the left.

inquired: "'What do you do?'

"'I pass,' she chirruped, gayly. "'So do I.' laughed another.

"A spinster, who looked as if she a boy." The elderly woman described supped on wormwood and gall, was black silk and other aprons of their hanging on the strap in front of the

"'Well, sir!' she exclaimed, sharp-

"And he was so dazed that he actually gave her his seat, and it is safe to say that he no longer pretends to play cards on the trolley."

The Universal Scapegoat. "They are trying to make out that the grip causes appendicitis." "Next thing we know they'll be accusing it of fomenting sedition and

A pensive maid she seemed to be. Shy, timid, meek and apprehensive, But in one year of wedlock he

Found she had lost timidity And meekness and was now ex-pensive.

Take everything you have had on your hats for the met three years, roll it into a wad, stand off, and when you say three-fire, and you have the of the daintiest Parisian novelties of the

- ONE.

Experimenting With Figskin-Oxford Tie in Russia Calf-Tan |Shoes for Wemen Walking Boots of Russia Leather-Novel Luxuries for Men Who Golf.

The name of one new style in shoes this season is the Collegian, out of compliment to college students, who have a determining voice in fixing the modes of certain dealers in high-class shoes and boots. The Collegian's feminine running mate has no prouder title than Low Button. Even so, lowbutton shoes are distinctly a novelty for women's use. Although they were introduced shortly before Easter, they have "taken," positively, with young women of fashion who go in for athletics. Not that they are designed for actual golf or tennis use; rather are they built for walking. They are dress shoes (made from calfskin and patent leather) in the sense that a tailormade gown may be considered dressy. They are \$6 a pair. No attempt has been made yet to reproduce the low-



City. "One of the most characteristic button shoe in lighter-weight leathers. daintiness. These white ties are in-The Collegian comes in two styles- tended for the holiday use of any men calfskin and patent leather. With the who consider their appearance critiidea in mind that the preferences of cally in the country. They will flourcollege students have a marked influ- ish at Newport. White buckskin Orence on women's footwear also, one fords-rather mannish-are made for dealer has named all his walking boots woman, tee, and impart a fine finish to and shoes for women the Varsity. a morning tellet, of white duck or Critical overlooking of the new shoes pique. White camvas Oxfords, too, are for men and women shows them to be recommended for both men and wonearly alike in many instances. The men, but never for street wear in the Collegian and Low Button are exam- city. ples; but the likeness extends throughout a majority of the efferings of highest class walking and athletic shoes. That is the work of designers whose nette, a name given to any of the new goods are seld in shoeshops that deal transparent fabrics, are very much in fashion and college girls demand foot- made of them. Dark colors as well as -rather than "set" them. The average all considered immensely smart. While means for athletic does not take extravagance of the trimmings emletic sister with the same fervor that the veiling gowns is rather simple, she studies the modish women's selectiand the trimming of the skirt is more tions in millinery and neckwear.

> We are told that the Summer Girl. soon to be with us, is all kinds of girl in one. She thinks and feels, plans and does, and rides and walks, reads and writes—some even say she keeps her cash account correctly. At the least she will "golf" and "tennis" in mannish clothes in the morning, lunch and drive in sweetly feminine things, dine and dance in delirious "swifty" silken stuffs which overton the tiniest of satin or finest of kid slippers which could be tucked into the toes of her morning walking boots. Many have not time to develop all their capacities and costume them suitably from hour to hour There are heaps of us who have to put on a pair of shoes and wear them all day. It would be foolish, perhaps, for the woman who is not at all athletic to take up with extremly mannish shoes for all day use. A compromise between the thin soles and French heels of the Parisienne and the abolutely masculine walking shoes of the woman who summers at Newport probably will best suit the needs of ng end of women.

> Pigskin is a stout pebbly material which is offered in high 'grade low shoes for both men and women. The color is the familiar tawny yellow. It has been used much for saddles and purses, sometimes for belts. As a shoe material it is experimental. to be considered very smart by fash-

> ionable men and women. "You may say," said an undoubted authority, that as many Russia call shoes will be worn this year as ever, I have seen printed statements to the contrary, which may be true of chear

THE STYLE IN SHOES tion to critical trade, but it does not Russia calf for women are made on the same mannish lasts as those of her THE SUMMER GIRL IS ALL'KINDS IN brother, not always with the extension heel as well as mole, but as frequently as not, when the shoes are intended particularly for walking. The Blucher style is not confined to men's use only.

> For women who wish to wear tan shoes and who yet dislike the mannish shapes which are in the extreme of the present fashion there are Oxford ties from russet kid, made with thinnish sole and military heel. A rather high heel, so long as it is military, is within the bounds of style for street use. There is little disposition, however, to approve for any except carriage and house wear French taste in russet shoes, which admires Louis heels on walking shoes. There is, however, a difference in cities. The popular New York trade is inclined to show more tolerance for the Louis heel in common use than is the popular patronage of other cities. It is possible to buy a good tanned kid tie for \$3.50. Dealers of the old reliable sort, however, are inclined to discourage the possibility of turning out good low shoes of Russian calf, however, for less than \$5. The color of tan preferred for this season is a medium shade, a yellowish bronze. Boston's best shoe dealers lead the world in the development of the mannish shoe for women. There is comparatively little demand for walking boots of Russia leather, but they are kept in stock for knockabout use of women who want some support for the ankles or who think that much wearing of Oxford ties unduly enlarges the ankles. Storm boots of oil tan eight inches high and with straight tip are popular. There is no need to wear rubbers with them. Men's new golf shoes are of English tan with a profusion of brogue work. The soles have hobnails or rubber disks, as preferred. Six dollars is the average price for a good pair.

> golf playing a man may or must go in for the new pistache green golf boots or shoes of undressed leather. They have thick soles of pink rubber, brown heels and pistache green shoestrings. The soles at the toes are set thickly with Hungarian hobnails. This sounds more like a description of something else than the outing shoes of a man of taste and fashion, but there can be no doubt of the desirability of green golf shoes because they are put forth by the dealers who lead the fashions. As I talked about them with the man in charge I saw a leading citizen buy a pair of ice-cream green shoes and a pair of green boots. Then he made inquiries about green Oxford ties for his wife. He found that they were made and sold and the look came into his face which you sometimes see on the countenance of man who success he would better talk it over at home first. Other novel luxuries for mem who "golf" are Oxford ties of white buckskin. They are pretty indeed, and are not to be despised on feminine grounds for their

To be really sensational in one's

Nun's veiling, grenadine and popliexclusively in foetwear. Wemen of demand, and most charming gowns are wear which is almost exaggeratedly light are in style, so that it is a matcomfertable. Se-called common-sense ter fer individual taste to decide what shoes are thin, frivolous and close, shall be the color. Tan is especially compared with women's 1901 summer fashionable, and in a number of shoes—that is, the shoes of women shades, and gray is still in favor, who lead the fashions, and "lead" while dark blue, mauve and black are woman who has not had time on there is apparently no limit as to the to the big golf boots of her ath- ployed this spring, the whole effect of often seen just around the foot, as



Dark Blue Nun's Veiling Gown.

though to keep the lines as long as The possible. An especially charming gown weight of it keeps it among walking is illustrated in Fig 2, and is made of shoes, for which purpose it promises a dark blue veiling, not a bright blue. The skirt fits close around the hips (has a drop skirt of taffeta silk, with inverted box pleats at the back), and around the foot is inished with a band of tucked white sik and two flat ruffes of blue taxes. Both on the band of white and the bine are strape

AT THE END After long digging, a quick-upont A long, long life, and a springpleasure, A year of the thorn and a day of

And then-all goes. Ah! but had never a treasure beckoned. Had life by its hopes been never reckoned. Had the thorns been blunted the rose not blown. What could atone?

The treasure, gold to the last thin coin in it— The rose, pure gold where the red leaves join in it. Do they not pay-once won, once

For labor and thorn?

The professor was young and he looked still younger. He was ashamed of his juvenile appearance. He felt that it consorted poorly with his serious calling. To be professor of English literature at an old and well endowed college at twenty-seven was a fact to be proud of, but the professor felt that his age was not a thing that should be flaunted in the faces of the undergraduates. He affected black garments of severe cut. He wore straight fully successful play, I am surpri band collars with narrow black ties, that the professor has not meations He decked his head with a stiff hat of you." unusual height of crown.

Added to this outward semblance of severity of temperament, the pro- burned and thrown us out of a the fessor cultivated an artifician manner nights' engagement couldn't be of speech and an angular gait, both | And just think of it! If it hadait be tending to convey the impression that for him I never would have thought of he was a person of mature contempt making the stage a profession. He led for the glibness and friskiness of me to it. Jim is the best amateur de youth.

he longed to throw off these artificial he gave me the first part lever learn shackles and be his true self again- in a little farce comedy he wrote his and this longing was especially atrong welf. Didn't your Jim?" when pretty Mabel Benham rallied him on his mournful air.

She was in the senior class at the laughed merrily. And William Gullaw women's college annex of the university laughed, too, and so did Mabel and be and the professor boarded with her mother. And then Mabel cause the mother. He had come to the city eminent actor's merry eye. with letters of introduction to this es. ' "I beg your pardon, professor," said timable lady, and she had promptly, Mrs. Benham, "but you don't mind of offered him a home.

"I wonder," said pretty Mabel to her mother after one unusually sie- feesor, with a cheerful grin. vating course of dinner talk, "how long it as a compliment to my actor fri it took Prof. Phillips to acquire that Its his business to make people is labored style of his?"

"It doesn't seem puite natural," said her mother, "But I think he enjoys left the table; I haven't enjoy

seemed about to venture. Just then He had been with them nearly four tiere I've been on the road to months, when one afternoon some months and haven't dared to maids were makebusy elsewhere, so Mabel opened, the article. I tell you it's a real door. She found the caller was a risible muscles in order again. handsome young man, very neatly. Then ensued a most delig dressed, and very correct in deport ning. Gibbert took personal ment.

'I beg your pardon,' he said as he remarkable resources. And the gracefully raised his hat, "but is this sor same some activishingly the home of Mr. Jim Phillips I should somes, for which Gilbert ple say Prof. James Phillips?"

fessor is out just at present. He has sor had a shrinking seewalk gone to the public library, but may re- setton in an awful German and turn soon. Will you come in and wait You didn't know you were for him?"

"Thank you, I will," said the strang- said Gilbert, as he stanged of "I have come all the way from watch, "What! Way, it's mid-Chicago to see Jim. and I can't afford Here, this precious plan to miss him." He followed Mabel into be taken to bed. May good might be the parlor and took the seat she point- ladies." And they shoop hands ed out. "Jim and I are old chums," he round, went on. "We were quite inseparable | in college, but during the last few professor's she mettly said: "I years have drifted apart. In he well you are ever so much alcor

and happy?" "He is well, I'm sure," replied Mabel. "But I'm afraid he doesn't look quite breakfast the next meraling as happy as he might."

And the wicked girl indulged in an inward giggle. "That's strange," said the caller.

satisfaction?" "Oh, yes," replied Mabel: "everybody says he's a rising man. You know he's one of the very youngest professors in the country."

"It can't be financial difficulties," said the stranger. "Perhaps he's in love?" "Oh, no." said Mabel; he's much

too dignified to think of anything so triffing." "Jim Phillips dignified!" cried the

stranger. "Pardon me, but that's too good!" and he laughed merrily. 'Pray excuse me," said Mabel, as she backed toward the door. The stranger straightened his face and arose as she left the apartment. But as she ball and apparently from a passed down the hall she heard him. Attempts were made to use

softly laughing again. "Mother," said Mabel, as soon as she reached her parent, there's an elegant At the end of twenty-four house young man in the parior, and he's ever the sulmal showed sign come all the way from Chicago, and he and a little later it rule save knows everything about the professor, senses. It showed no trace to and calls him Jim, and laughs at his its surroundings and has been being dignified, and we must ask, him by the proprietor of the books to stay to dinner."

"But, really, dear," said the mother, "the professor might not axe it." "I'll take the chances." cried Mabel. "Don't you see? This is an opportunity for lifting the veil of the professor's past." And she deried back to the parlor.

"If you have no other engagement." she said, in her prettiest manner, "my mother would be pleased to have you remain to dinner."

"My only engagement is to meet my old friend," said the stranger. "Tray thank your mother, and tell her I socept her invitation with much pleas-

Just then a latchkey raitled in the door and the professor entered. He had to pass the parior on his way to the stairs, and hearing a night movement he looked in "Why Billy!" he cried, and forward.

Good old The!" realed he

Miles Bealths, Mr. (2015) Added Survey William Will dise at the both this see Sorty to the protect said the newcomer, The

ar engagement." "May I sak where?"

professor. "Here," replied the newer followed Mrs. Benham to the room. Then, when they were he turned to the hostess. Made said, am I to infer that you prejudice avainst the people stage!"

"Certainly not." the lady "But why do you ask such a sp 'Because Prof. Jim Patilips quite neglected to state my b said the newcomer with a curamile. "And, naturally, I are to he either is ashamed of his in profession, or else he vished to a your feelings. But I shall not use his. It is right for you to learn what company he keeps. Know th madam, that I am an actor and a play wright."

Mrs. Benham's eves brightened "You are not Mr. William Gilbert of 'Shurloy Hume' fame, are you?" she

"The same, madam." "This is an unexpected pleasure said the good lady. "We have been so much about you and your your

"So am I." said the newcomer. am grieved. If a theatre bedan tor our old alamater ever roofed, an

A smile struggled scross the y fessor's face. It despend and then

laughing, do you?"

"Not in the least, replied the you know. "I declare, said the actor, sa

dinner so much in I dont know

y Prof. James Phillips?"

[Paniments: And Gilbert: 1986]

"Yes," replied Mabel, "but the pro-dialect stories, and he and the

As Mabel let be

are your real seif." When the two men came ferent was wearing a colleccorners and a dark blue tie.

"Mr. Gilbert presented those," he said, when he What's the trouble? Isn't he giving ladies glanoss. "I'm wearing bis make."

> Cold storage is sensially A discovery made lately in & 2 vania quarry shows it to be east tura's own methods for prope animals. Workmen employed in the

at the back of Biverly strip earth from the tes of a big r uncovered a woodchuck in th tose state which preserves th albernating salmate (using the winter fast. When cakes come hole the woodchuot was saline

"Attempts were made to u ter it had been brought to neighboring hotel, but with THE CONTRACT OF STREET of the party than the second the