

THE GIFT ARBUTUS HATH
First to creep out under the snow.
Trailing, trailing 'mid the
sodden leaves.
Pushing the moss aside to grow
In humble beauty's tangled
wreaths.
To sweeten all the crisp spring
air.
To purify the softening breeze,
Arbutus blossoms, pink and fair,
God blessed thee with a gift to
please.
Down to the heart's most dreary
waste,
Creeping, creeping, a friendly
smile!
Findeth the spot where love is
placed.
And floods it for a little while.
To soften all the buried good,
Too long forgotten in our case,
A smile possesses, as it should,
The gift Arbutus hath to please.
—S. E. Hampton.

GOD'S SLEEP

She was watching him lying asleep
in the sunshine on a dirty piece of
carpet outside the boathouse, with a
tiny black-and-tan terrier curled up
asleep beside him. The "Two Times"
they were called and both were tired
out after their simple dinner and lulled
to rest by the blazing sun.

Her face was startling in its pallor
and lined by intense suffering, but it
softened as with curious intentness
she watched the boatman and his dog
at peace in the shadow, she longed for
such sleep as they were having, nat-
ural and health-giving. God's sleep
so different from the drug-begotten in-
sensitivity which was all the sleep she
knew.

That they were comrades she could
tell by the tender way in which the
man's rough hand lay caressingly on
the tiny form nestling up to him and
tears came into the lonely woman's
eyes—her kindest friend the tender
comrade for whose coming she prayed
and watched each day was brother to
the sleep that enfolded these simple
creatures, was it twin-brother, Death.

She had come for her boat but could
not find it in her heart to disturb the
man in his deep enjoyment of the
blessing which was never hers; so she
waited. And while she stood motion-
less a splendid figure in her perfect
simple gown, another woman watched
her intently as she watched these two.

Another woman sitting in a house-
boat opposite reading or pretending to
read and on her face was written the
tale one knows so well. From where
she sat she could see the marks of ill-
ness on the other woman's face but
bitterly, she thought how she would
barter her own loveliness and health
for the other's wealth and independ-
ence; how with just a very little mon-
ey of her own she could have spared
herself the houseboat and all it meant
to her; and then she began to cry soft-
ly as she saw the tears upon the other's face.

A footstep—or was it perhaps a sob—
roused the dog, and his awakening
woke his master. He sprang up and
touched his cap respectfully.

"I am sorry, ma'am," he said. "Have
I kept you waiting for your boat. I
won't be a moment."

"No, Tim," she said, and her voice
was so low and soft he wondered at it.
"I was glad you had your sleep—I
envied you and tiny Tim your hap-
piness. Yours is God's sleep."

"You envied me?"

Tim was astonished that any one
could envy him for being able to
sleep, but she repeated it.

"Yes, I envy you for your health.
You can sleep, Tim. God only knows
how I wish I could," and slowly she
sculled up the river leaving him vagu-
ely sorry for the beautiful, rich woman
who had been so kind to him.

The season was late this year, and
was a bad one for the boatmen as well,
but Tim looked forward daily to the
coming of this lady who lived in a lit-
tle cottage near the river and never
failed to give him a shilling for him-
self and a kindly pat to his dog. And
to-day she seemed to be a mascot to
him, for everyone seemed to want a
boat, and the lady on the houseboat
beckoned to him to bring a punt and
gave him another shilling for himself
as she, too, started up the stream.

Whether by accident or by design,
the punt was poled beneath the shady
tree where the boat was already lying,
while from the first woman, with a
sad look in her dark, passionate eyes,
was watching the launches with their
gayly dressed occupants.

To the shy question, "Shall I dis-
turb you if I come here too?" a gentle
answer was given, and soon the two
craft were fastened side by side.

"Are you alone, like me?"

The dark eyes were so kind, the
voice so soft, that something prompt-
ed the girl to reply impulsively.

"Yes, I am always alone, but—but I
have some one on the houseboat with
me."

The other understood.

"And I have many friends," she
said, "yet I am alone—shall always be
alone."

That was the beginning and after-
wards Tim used to wonder at his luck
for morning after morning the punt
and the boat were always to be seen
beneath the same tree; shillings were
plentiful, and Tim whistled as he worked
and tenderly stroked Little Tim's
glossy coat, for things were prospering
and the wife and children were com-
fortable at home.

Then he had another cause for won-
der, for the houseboat went away, but
the girl who lived on it stayed in the
little cottage; her prayer was an-
swered, her lot in life was changed,
and while Tim wondered if the lady
knew how the girl used to live, they
came together daily to the boathouse,
and although she only used the boat
he got two shillings just the same.

The season was nearly over, and one

day the girl passed looking very trou-
bled and unhappy, and by her side there
walked a hospital nurse. That was a
dark day for big Tim, and Little Tim
knew that there was something wrong,
and crept about dejectedly. At night,
because they had seen the hospital
nurse, the two Tims went to enquire
at the cottage, and there they learned
that the gentle lady was dying—dying
of cancer and only craving for sleep.
And the man remembered what she
had said to him. "Yours is God's sleep,"
and as he understood he cried for very
pity.

So the months crept slowly on; no
boats were on the river, and shillings
would have been very scarce with Tim
had it not been that so many things
were found for him to do at the cottage
by the river. But at last the blinds
were drawn, and, thereafter, the two
Tims walk on Sunday was always to
God's Acre to put wild flowers on the
stone on which was graven the name
they would always love, and under-
neath the name "He giveth His be-
loved sleep."

One day, just after she had fallen
asleep, the young girl came to the
boathouse.

"I am going away, Tom," she said,
"quite, quite away."

"Oh, ma'am," he answered, "we shall
miss you so, me and little Tim. Ever
since she died, we've got no pluck, it's
all gone now."

"She was kind to you, Tim, but to
me—she was all my world. She took
me out of darkness into light; she
gave me hope. And I could do so lit-
tle in return. Yet perhaps towards the
end I was able to show her how I loved
her, and how grateful I was for all she
had done for me."

Big Tim was silent, and Little Tim
stood with his tall drooping down,
looking pitifully in the girl's face.

"She has left you and little Tim a
legacy; just what she gave you for the
boats each week. You will have it al-
ways. I will send it to you, for she
has left me everything. She was alone
in the world, like me."

"Did she sleep in the end, ma'am?"
Tim asked in a broken voice. God's
sleep she called it, and I have never
forgotten her words."

The girl's eyes shone.

"Yes. Her prayer was answered, and
now mine is that I may live to be
worthy to touch her hand in the great
eternity."

"You'll do that, ma'am, you'll do
that. I see it in your face," and so
big Tim turned away to hide his tears.
Little Tim fawned upon the girl, who
kissed him and went away.

They only saw her once again, and
that not for many years. It was late
one evening and she came to see them
at the boathouse, patted Tim—such an
old dog now—and spoke kindly, cheer-
ing words to big Tim. He saw the
wedding ring upon her finger, and at-
ter on he left her in God's Acre where
she was joined by a tall man, who
stood bareheaded by the grave and
kissed his wife when she rose from her
knees. Then she passed him out of
sight, though never out of memory.

Cuba Has Much to Teach the United States about the concoction and use of drinks especially of summer drinks.

American soldiers in Cuba were
quick to appreciate the cooling bever-
ages peculiar to the island. The Cubans
are temperate. Many of their most
popular drinks are non-alcoholic. In
these many of them will probably
become common.

The native island rum and brandy
are practically the only intoxicating
beverages used. Light wines are
drunk but only with meals. The popu-
lar drinks however are the "refrescos"
which are long, soft and cooling. The
most popular is the "naranjada," com-
posed of slices of orange, a little lime,
seltzer, ice and sugar.

A popular variation consists of a
stew of cold fruits, containing sliced
pine, mango, orange, lime, pear, seltzer,
ice and sugar. Accustomed to drinks of
this nature the Cubans observe the
whiskey drinking of the Americans
with disgust.

In the interior of the island the popu-
lar drink is the "cebada," made of
sweetened barley water slightly fer-
mented. "Aguas," another drink com-
mon in large quantities, is made of the
juice of unripe grapes, sweetened
with honey and diluted with seltzer.
Drinks slightly fermented are used in
a great variety of flavors. "Coripena,"
which goes in this class, is a pungent
fermented mixture of pineapple and
sweetened with honey. "Yacumaya"
is a strong, heavy cider used in com-
paratively small quantities.

No list of Cuban drinks would be
complete without the mention of the
"pasilla." This drink was one of the
first adopted by the American soldiers.
It consists of the whites of egg beat-
en with sugar, dried and served in lit-
tle cakes or rolls. Every bakery shop
in Cuba displays a pile of these fragrant
little cakes. A glass of "pasilla" is
made by putting one or more of these
cakes in a glass of milk.

The best of the regular alcoholic
drinks made in Cuba is "Bocardi" rum.
It is a thick, pale, amber-colored liquor
and is claimed to be particularly
adapted to warm climates. It is drunk
with seltzer, and is said to leave no un-
pleasant after effects in the hottest
weather.

The Good Effects of Apple Eating.

The apple is such common fruit that
few are familiar with the remarkable
efficacious properties. Everybody
ought to know that the very best thing
they can do is to eat apples just before
retiring at night. The apple is an ex-
cellent brain food, because it has more
phosphoric acid in easily digested
shape than any other vegetable known.
It excites the action of the liver, pro-
motes sound and healthy sleep and
thoroughly disinfects the mouth. That
is not all. The apple agitates the
surplus acids of the stomach, helps the
kidney secretions and is one of the
best appetizers known of diseases of
the throat.

OUR FASHION LETTER

LONG COATS OR CLOAKS ARE NOW INDISPENSABLE.

Transparent Fabrics are Very Much in Demand—Princess Tails Gowns are Uncommonly Attractive—Light Weight Cloth Costumes.

A long coat or cloak is indispensable to every thorough outfit, and so convenient and useful are these garments that they are made in several different weights, to be in keeping for the different seasons of the year. The most useful are those of light weight cloth, made with interlining for the winter and with silk and satin lining



for the spring and summer. Gray, tan or black are considered the smartest colors, all made in the same style and trimmed with machine stitching or bands of the cloth. The full length coat is the favorite if to be used for an evening wrap, but for ordinary, every day use the three-quarter length is more generally popular.

Nun's veiling, grenadine and pique-ette, a name given to any of the new transparent fabrics, are very much in demand, and most charming gowns are made of them. Dark colors as well as light are in style, so that it is a matter for individual taste to decide what shall be the color. Tan is especially fashionable, and in a number of shades, and gray is still in favor, while dark blue, mauve and black are all considered immensely smart. While there is apparently no limit as to the extravagance of the trimmings em-
ployed this year, the whole effect of the veiling gowns is rather simple, and the trimming of the skirt is more often seen just around the foot, as though to keep the lines as long as possible. An especially charming gown is made of a dark blue veiling, not a bright blue. The skirt fits close around the hips (has a drop skirt of tulle, silk, with inverted box pleats at the back), and around the foot is finished with a band of tucked white silk and satin as of blue tulle.

The Princess tail gowns are uncommonly attractive this spring, and are made of both broad and plain materials combined with lace or chiffon. In one of the newest styles the material is a yellow and white brocade trimmed with a narrow ruffling of white lace. The front yoke and sleeves of the gown are of accordion pleated mousseline de sole, with broad lace collar and a band of the lace ruffling from the throat to the foot. The lines of this gown are a trifle severe, but it is a becoming style especially to a slender figure. When the model is copied in lace instead of brocade it is better to have only the sleeves and front of the mousseline de sole and to do away with the yoke.

Fashions for young girls are always more or less difficult to carry out very satisfactorily, for as a rule the lines of a young girl's figure are angular, but a model for a cloth frock was seen that is excellent, and that can be modified so as to be becoming either to a stout or slender figure. It will be noticed that the frock is apparently a succession of flounces, but of graduated widths and it is in this graduation that the different figures can be consulted. The jacket is in three sources to match the skirt, and is made so that the lowest hides the belt of the skirt, thus carrying out the effect of being all in one.

The light weight cloth costumes, whether made in black or colors, are the most useful of any for spring and autumn and on cool days in summer are greatly in demand. There is not so marked a change in the fashions for these gowns this season as in any other materials, but there are many minor details that are most apparent to the one who knows what really are the prevailing styles. A smart cloth gown and a most practical model of tan cloth is the skirt with flaring flounces, trimmed with stitched panels put on in zigzag lines to head the flounces and in a band down the front of the skirt. The short fitted jacket is trimmed with the same rows of stitching and has rows of tiny gilt buttons. A white silk blouse with lace tie is worn with this costume. The same model is very satisfactorily made up in brilliantine or tulle silk, and with the stitching in white. A blue brilliantine with white or black tulle, gown made exactly on these lines is exceedingly smart.

white is used with all sorts of materials and the color does not make any marked difference. Blue with the black and white is effective, but red, so extremely popular for the moment, is no less so, and gray and tan are in the best contrast. A charming frock which I saw had just an edge of white strapped with black showing at the foot. The bolero jacket is finished in front with straps of black velvet, and there are straps of the velvet attaching it to the belt, while below the jacket is seen a white silk blouse. A long fitted waistcoat of red and white brocade is fastened with small gilt buttons, while a long white silk tie helps to tone down the rather vivid coloring. Cloth, silk or veiling can be used for this style of gown, or any one of the fashionable colors will make up well with the black and white trimmings.

Dinner gowns are now made rather more simply than was the fashion during the winter. The waists are cut higher in the neck and almost always have sleeves, elbow length or in a short puff. These are the gowns intended to wear at the informal dinners, not for formal entertainments or dances, where a regular low neck gown is the correct style. A charming gown which I noticed is made of silk and net, and is trimmed with long lines of lace applique. The points of the skirt sit a short distance below the waist, where there is a yoke of jet or embroidery. The waist is of tucked net, with points of the silk and lace applique and embroidery of jet over the shoulders and on the front of the waist.

In an embroidered crepe de Chine silk gown which I have seen the skirt is quite plain over the hips, and with the fullness at the back gathered into as little space as possible, but the beauty of the skirt is the wide band of embroidery which covers the skirt more than half way. An odd and rather trying fashion is the high cut low neck waist with sleeves falling off from the shoulders. Embroidery to match the skirt is seen on the lower part of the waist and the ruffles on the elbow sleeves. This model can be utilized for both lace and embroidered muslin robe gowns. Silk gowns are always most useful and attractive for summer wear, and it seems to be rather a fad of the moment to have them made up quite simply. A gray tulle gown is charmingly dainty with gathered flounce, headed with band of lace insertion and waist trimmed with a band of the insertion on either side of the chiffon front, and another band finishes the sleeves above the chiffon undersleeves.

Brown holland is again to be worn by the smart people of fashion. Made in regular tailor-form and trimmed with the new strappings of piped and scalloped at the edge, or with a very deep circular flounce graduated in width from front to back, and decorated with rows of wavy line lace insertion, with corresponding garlands on the waist, it forms a trim and stylish creation for day-wear on the beach



or in the mountains. But in an economical light it is hardly to be recommended. It creases easily—this is its greatest drawback—and loses in the hands of the laundress the delicate lawn-brown that lends holland all of its distinction. After its cleaning process, it looks a dull, lustreless clay, color that is anything but attractive.

Entire white or pale pink toilets of Chiffon over satin, tulle, crepe de Chine, white net or lace over soft old-rose silk, will be in marked favor, for toilet at June weddings. White crepe de Chine in Neo-Greek style are made in princess form, with the classic draperies of the gown of white mousseline de sole—Grecian, shoulder-length, set with real gems, holding the light draperies which go over the shoulders. Many of the very elegant pure white dresses of crepe de Chine or tulle de sole are garnished with real old-point lace, on the very effective Vandyke lace, newly imported from Vienna. These lace deprecate both skirt and bodice in charming style, bands of the design being applied directly to the deep circular flounce, which narrow to a width of about three-eighths of a yard, just in front. These two distinct styles, with other toilets which show historical features, appear in the harmony with gowns of the Directoire, and still others of an entirely but equally attractive modern type, the latter of unmistakable Parisian design, and forming a charming contrast to the first mentioned creations. Among textiles used for these gowns are the new transparent silks called sole de Paris, or crepe de sole. They are especially useful for evening wear, but the most elegant toilet they make is for the day, when they are in the glow of their freshness.

A COMPETENT ARTIST
Polly sat drawing at her little desk.
A thoughtful wrinkle on her baby brow.
She drew an animal of form grotesque.
And calmly stated, "Auntie that's a cow."
"It is indeed a charming cow," said;
"But cows have legs, and yours has none my pet."
"I know," said Polly, nodding her wise head;
"But, auntie, they are in the pencil yet."
—Carolyn Wells in Youth's Companion

The Painter's Angel

The painter sat in his square studio with his head bowed in his hands. The four walls of the room had each a window, relieved by dingy curtains, and the floor was bare. The man's face was drawn and gaunt, and when he raised his head his eyes were very bright.

"These years!" he cried to the silence. "Four of them, day after day, week after week, always striving, always laboring to express the thought which is in my brain, always impotent because of poverty, always tolling through three days that on the fourth I may have models and materials for my great work! I feel the power within me, but I am helpless. Others around me succeed. I envy them, and my envy strangles the lovely thing which I try to paint, and its features grow ghastly and hateful to me. If I could only finish this one picture! But I cannot without hours of work with costly models and many days of application which I must spend in earning my bread. And the inspiration will not wait. It fades, dimmer while I fight on. If it passes, I am lost."

He bowed his head in his hands again, and his shoulders moved as though with sobbing.

Just then a figure, white and shining, drifted down through the open skylight and stood beside him. The painter raised his head. He knew that the visitor was an angel, for he had seen angels in his dreams. He clasped his hands and knelt at the angel's feet, and the tears were still on his face.

The angel was looking at the canvases spread upon the easels. It was a jumble of huge forms for the painter was to represent upon it a great allegory of humanity entitled "The Triumph of Life." "Why are you not at work?" the stranger asked. "The painter stretched his arms wide with a despairing gesture. "It was hopeless and helpless. I meant vast, dusty poverty, agony, supplication, all beat into one."

The angel regarded him pityingly for a moment. "I have a master," he said. "In whose galleries are the models of all the greatest works of the world. Nothing is missing. I have come to give you his invitation to paint it. The painter lifted his head eagerly. There was a question upon his face. "It is a wide gallery," the angel went on, "with four wings. In these wings have sat all the great artists of all times to do their labor. If it they have received their last inspiration from the great art ideal of which they were the interpreters. There Michael Angelo brought his rough stone to set free its angelic forms; there came Vermeer, its harmonious of form and color, hymning themselves to him in splendid music. Thackeray came Raphael to gaze upon the glorious face and in the peace and beauty of its smile to paint the delicate loveliness of the Christ child. In its clover sat Keats and Shelley gazing till its various beauty rang from their souls into a full and fragile voice of song. There they framed those sweet harmonies which, unheard, were sweeter. All these men have learned in his great gallery. To-day the masters sit in it working and striving to interpret and in giving their all to the world, to show to those to whom admittance is forever denied, because they have not the souls to appreciate beauty of the collection."

"I have never heard of this gallery," said the painter.

"True," said the angel. "You have been too busy with great painting. He touched the angel as he spoke. The painter hung his head. "I am not fit," he said. "To sit with these great artists, I would better work longer, here."

"Not so," said the angel, gently. "You have the will to do. The temple is burning in your soul."

The painter's lips moved silently, but the angel understood him. "Take me with you to this gallery," he was saying.

The angel stepped to the window of the room and took it open wide. "The painter came and stood beside him. One vision after another he said to him. The angel nodded. "This is one of the four great wings of my master's gallery," he said. "Look!"

The painter's face followed him as he was saying. A little girl was in the garden below, a little boy was in the street beyond, a man was in the moon with darting beam about it. "There is nothing but people in this wing," said the angel. "The first colors are dear little which belong to the common man." He reached out his hand and drew in a shining robe that had reached the pavement. "Was anything more exultantly he said. "Then, sorry and graciously, let it should burn on its pale against the rose window below, he bent it back to its place against the gray wall."

"Close your eyes," the angel said, and with that he disappeared.

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