SOMEWHERE.

Somewhere, out on the blue seas sailing
Where the winds dance and spin;
Beyond the reach of my eager hailing,
Over the breakers' din;
Out where the dark storm clouds are lifting,
Out where the blinding fog is drifting,
Out where the treacherous sand is shifting,
My ship is coming in.

Oh, I have watched till my eyes were aching,
Day after day;
Oh, I have hoped till my heart was breaking,
While the long nights ebbed away;
Could I but know where the waves had tossed her,
Coul I but know what storms had crossed her,
Could I but know where the wind had lost her,
Out in the twilight gray!

But, though the storms her course have altered,
Surely the port she'll win;
Never my faith in my ship has faltered,
I know she is coming in.
For through the restless ways of her roaming,
Through the mad rush of the wild waves foaming,
Through the white crest of the billows combing,
My ship is coming in.

Breasting the tides where the gulls are flying,
Swiftly she's coming in;
Shallows and deeps and rocks defying,
Bravely she's coming in.
Precious the love she will bring to bless me,
Snowy the arms she will bring to caress me,
In the proud purple of kings she will dress me,
My ship that is coming in.

While in the sunshine her sails will be gleaming,
See, where my ship comes in;
At masthead and peak her colors streaming,
Proudly she's sailing in;
Love, hope and joy on her decks are cheering,
Music will welcome her glad appearing,
And my heart will sing at her stately nearing,
When my ship comes in.
—Robert J. Bur[illegible]

GOOD MRS SIMPKINS

"If there's anything I do despise it's gossip," Mrs. Simpkins remarked, as she settled herself in the easiest chair. "I can't abide a woman who goes from house to house talking about her neighbors. I said to Mr. Simpkins, says I, 'I'm going to call on our new neighbor, Mrs Morrison, but she won't hear nothing from me to prejudice her against anybody,' and says he, 'I hope she won't.' 'Twan't so much what he said as the way he said it that nettled me. But you know men are dreadful aggravating sometimes, even the best of them, and though Mr. Simpkins is a tolerable good man if you debit and credit him, so to speak, he does say things that are dreadful trying. Our minister, Mr. Love, was talking about gossip one time, and he said, 'Talk about things and not people,' and them's my sentiments. I s'pose you've met the minister's folks?"

"Yes, they have been very kind," Mrs. Morrison answered. "Mr. Love seems to be a man of considerable talent."

"Yes, so he is, and he's tolerable spiritual too, though it ain't often the case that you get both in one man. He's pretty generally liked, I guess, but we heard some stories from the place where he preached last that might influence some people. You've heard 'em, I s'pose."

"I have heard nothing and I would rather——"

"Well, most likely there ain't no truth in 'em, but they said he kept a horse there and one night he came home late and hitched his horse to a post and left it there all night. To abuse them, said! It don't look well in a minister. And Mrs. Bradley's sister lives there and she said he didn't eat the under crust to his pie. You know Paul says ministers must be all things to all men, and it ain't right for a minister to be too spleeny. Though if Mrs. [illegible]'s sister's pies was as poor as [illegible] I'm sure I can't blame him much if he didn't eat the crust. She is a dreadful poor cook, Mrs Bradley is, and folks always hate to have her have the sewing society there, her victuals is so poor, but she is one of the kind that's always ready to have such things when no one else wants 'em. Nice woman enough, but so slack. S'pose you hav'n't got acquainted much yet."

"No, but people have been very kind to call. Mrs. Deems has been in several times. I have quite fallen in love with her," said Mrs. Morrison.

"She is a lovely woman and a great worker in the church. So was her husband. Everybody thought him such a nice, pious man. 'Twas dreadful how he come out; you've heard about it, of course. There's some folks sure to tell of such things."

"I hav'n't heard. Mrs. Simpkins, I want to show you my primroses. Mrs. Cook brought me two pots. I thought it was so kind of her; I am so very fond of flowers. Did you ever see finer specimens than these?"'

"They are very pretty. Mrs. Cook has quite a knack raising flowers. But it takes a great deal of time, and that is well enough if you don't neglect other things. Mrs. Cook don't have no time to go to missionary meetings or societies. Let me see, what was it you was asking about? O, yes, about Mr. Deems. He was county treasurer for a good many years, and everybody s'posed he was just about perfect when all of a sudden he run off with five thousand dollars. Mrs. Deems give up everything and her father made up the rest so the county didn't lose anything, but 'twas a great blow to 'em, for folks never forget such things. I've heard he was dead, and I'm sure I hope it's so for the children's sake. But folks no need to lay it up against the children or Mrs. Deems either. She wa'n't to blame, though some folks think she was extravagant and that's what drove him to it. But I guess, maybe, there wa'n't no truth in it. I knew somebody'd be sure to tell you and maybe exaggerate it, so you'd better be told the truth in the beginning. Has the Widow Snow been here? If I was in your place I wouldn't return her calls. She's such a busybody going from house to house a-telling tales. The less you have to do with such people the better. Maybe she can't help it; her folks wa'n't nothin' nor nobody before her. I believe in having charity where there is any charity to have. There is Mrs. Stowe going by. Pretty, ain't she? She is the head singer in our church. I hope there ain't anything in the stories about her and the tenor singer, Guy Grant. I don' believe a word of it, though they say he goes there pretty often when her husband's away. Being a doctor he's naturally off a good deal.

"Well, I must be going. I really don't know when I've enjoyed a call so much. It's because your conversation is so elevating. I ain't no great talker myself, but I can listen all day to anybody that's got something to say worth hearing. Come over at any time, Mrs. Morrison. You'll find me at home, for I don't go about much. I'm a great reader and spend a good deal of time reading books that will improve my mind. I s'pose that's one reason why I can't endure gossip. Why! If Mrs. Crane hasn't got her parlor windows open again. She does beat anybody for having company. I should think her friends would eat 'em out of house and home. No wonder her husband looks so discouraged. Some people think he's pretty near over the bay. There! I mustn't stay another minute; you really mustn't urge me, Mrs. Morrison. Do run in often." And with the complacent look of one who has done her whole duty, Mrs. Simpkins at last turned toward home.—Julia D. Peck.

Good Night! Good Night!"

There is a tender sweetness about some of our common phrases of affectionate greeting, simple and unobtrusive as they are, which falls like dew upon the heart. "Good night!" the little one lisps as, gowned in white, with shining face and hands and prayers said, she toddles off to bed. Sisters and brothers exchange the wish; parents and children; friends and friends. Familiar use has robbed it of its significance to some of us; we repeat it automatically, without much thought. But consider. We are as voyagers, putting off from time to time upon an unexplored sea. Our barques of life set sail and go onward into the darkness, and we, asleep on our pillows, take no such care as we do when awake and journeying by daylight. Of the perils of the night, whatever they may be, we take no heed. An unsleeping vigilance of one stronger and wiser than we, who is the eternal good. Good and God spring from the same root, and are the same in meaning. "Good bye" is only "God be with you." "Good night" is really "God night," or "God guard the night." It would be a churlish household in which these gentle forms of speech were ignored or did not exist. Alike, the happy and the sorrowful, day by day, may say: "Good night."—The Churchman.

What is Love?

Love is, to my mind, nothing but an enthusiastic congeniality of soul. It is a profound sense of a pervasive harmony of being.

Its first symptom is not a physical attraction, but a delicious realization on the part of each of a strange consonance of nature. More than half its joys consists in the feeling of being completely understood in one's noblest potentialities. The lover is for the time what his beloved believes him to be. What happy audacity of speech, what glorious heights of feeling, what rare flashes of insight as the two cords go sounding together in melodious embrace, reveling in each other's eloquence, charm and beauty!

To be thus tuned up an octave above one's ordinary self, to feel the resonance of one's speech in a noble woman's soul, to receive one's thought back enriched and beautified by having passed through her mind, is about the highest beatitude which earth has to offer. And the chances of it will be infinitely multiplied when mind and character, in the more exclusive sense, shall not be the rare attributes of a few exceptional women.

A soul relation can exist only where souls exist and have shed their embryonic swathings, having assumed their permanent type and quality. That by no means precludes growth, but rather insures it, and in a way points its direction.—H. H. Boyeson, in Lippincott's.

Body and Mind.

The mind is exercised while the body works. And this is especially true in all exercises which require skill, in which the mind has an object to gain through the skilful use of the body. This mental element comes in very early in a child's life—as, for instance, in learning to walk, to swim or to write. All through the years of childhood it accompanies motions in games, most mind being required in those games which require most skill.

So, those gymnastic exercises which call for combinations of muscles in action, and need quickness and exactness, are more useful for the majority of children and men than those requiring the use of strength alone. For, to attain success in games or exercises of skill, not only quickness of body is needed, but an alertness of the sense of sight and hearing. This mental element in certain athletic games explains, in a measure, their fascination. They furnish an exercise not for the body alone, but for the whole man—every part of his being, including his mind, his social nature, and even his moral nature, coming into play.—Popular Science Monthly.

It Almost Hit Him.

The recent good natured chaffing of a well-known temperance advocate, because of the dropping of a milk bottle on Exchange street from his picnic basket, recalls the mishap to a ready witted merchant (now deceased) whose place of business was on the street named. He had just returned from a cruise on a yacht, and before and behind him were groups of passengers landed from an island steamer. Suddenly there slid from his pocket a good sized flask, which, breaking on the sidewalk, spread about what could be at once recognised as whiskey. Its owner stopped abruptly, looked up to the window of the second story of the building he was passing and exclaimed in great assumed indignation: "What in thunder do you mean by throwing bottles at the heads of peaceable passersby!" The ruse saved his reputation, as the impression was general that Mr. —— had had a narrow escape from being hit by a bottle thrown upon the street by some miscreant.—Portland Advertiser.

From Cloudless Skies.

Prof. Russell, who has made scientific inquiry into nearly 100 instances of rain and snow falls from the clear sky, says that he has found that in the majority of such instances the fall took place on the southwest side of an area of low barometer at a distance of about 500 miles from its centre. Two noted instances of the kind under consideration, one of snow and the other of rain, have received much attention from the meteorologists. The first was a snow storm from a clear sky at Bloomington, Ill., March 15, 1855, in which the ground was covered to the depth of an inch; the second, a heavy shower of rain at Vevay, Ind., June 20, 1877. In neither case was there a single cloud visible.

OUR FASHION LETTER

BIRDS WILL APPEAR ON MILLINERY FOR WINTER WEAR.

New Evening Dresses—Taffeta Renews Its Millinery Youth—The New "Gibson" Skirt—Chiffon for Wedding Costumes—Rough Cloths in Winter Colorings.

Two green paroquets, nestling, are the chief trimming of a latest hat in a high-class millinery shop. The hat is made from parrot-green changeable taffeta, the silk cut and gathered into ruffles an inch wide, which are then edged with green chenille. The frills (narrow enough for a doll's dress) are sewed to cover the entire hat, beginning at the centre of the top of the crown.

It is just at the front of the hat (which is low with sides upturned as high as the crown) that the birds' heads are placed, one neck across the

New Evening Bodice Made to Wear with Bare Throats

other. The green feathery bodies lie along the turned-up sides.

Nor is that all of the hat. Completely covering the ruffles, that they may not become disarranged, is a sheath of black tulle. It is placed so deftly that it is only visible on close inspection. But there is no denying that the cover of illusion is most effective in restraining the tendency of narrow ruffles to wander at the edges.

Such tulle sheathings were introduced in the summer for keeping in order the breasts of birds, with which otherwise, the wind made much too free. They offer a ready if expensive solution to several millinery difficulties; ready because only care and not especial skill is required for stretching the delicate material into a protecting web; and expensive because it must be renewed with the first break made by a hatpin.

The tulle shield also is used to protect the fraying edges of velvet flowers, of which it is expected that we are going to wear no end this winter. Of course the entire blossom is covered gently. The material afterward is gathered about the stem at the base of the flower. Yet a third device of the milliners who are showing the freshest things from Paris employs the illusion as a cover for the entire toque, which shape it happens in this case to be. The foundation material is ivory white panne felt, a fabric made from silk and wool. The long hairs which come from it irregularly, like the hairs on the surface of camel's-hair dress material, are silk.

A frowsy appearance in the wearing of the panne felt toque is prevented by the close application of white tulle. It follows exactly the folds in the felt, and you have to look sharp to see that it is applied at all. The only decoration of the panne felt toque is a sprawling blackbird at the left side.

I am glad to say that this was a "made" bird, and not one of nature's songsters. Nor did the paroquets of the green toque fail to suggest the factory rather than the fields.

Taffeta has renewed its millinery youth through fresh forms. The walking hat made from infinitesimal ruffles is one variety, a smallish picture hat done from applications of what we used to call "ruche ruffles" is another. This last hat is of white, too, turned up at the left side toward the front, with a black velvet pompon. The low crown and flat brim are a mass of pinked white taffeta ruchings, gathered in the middle so that both edges stand up. "This design was suggested by the summer hats which were made entirely from white roses," the obliging milliner told me.

Aside from the exceptional hat which is of red or green in solid color, fresh millinery is white or black and white. The vogue of these mourning colors is extraordinary. And without the least doubt it results from the visits in Europe of both designers and travelers and the impression made upon them by the half-mourning so commonly worn there. Our shopkeepers who lead in the display of fresh modes are making a feature of black and white windows.

The new "Gibson" skirt was a "headliner," as the vaudeville people say, in one recent showing. The garment is silk-lined, and is made to wear without petticoats, that it may cling more effectively. A very fluffy flounce eighteen inches deep, from taffeta silk, lace and coquettish bows of black velvet, is arranged to button into the skirt, so that there may be plenty of swish and swirl at the feet. These delusive flounces (in that they are not attached to the petticoats, as they pretend) are sold separately and in a variety of colors. In a half-mourning window I saw one display, ed which was made from violet silk and black lace gatherings. Like other novelties, they cost a pretty penny. But the amateur dressmaker will see in them at once something for her prowess—if she wishes to garb herself sans underskirts. What a neat way to use up remnants of silk,too!

Immense ruches for the neck, made from plait upon plait of white tulle with black, have come over and taken a prominent place among the window and indoor openings of new things to wear. These ruches are no new fancy in England. Hitherto Americans have been inclined to avoid them as characteristic of such bad dressing as often is seen in London. Mrs. Astor brought across one of these misty neck shrouds and wore it in Newport in mid-summer. This may not have settled it, but at least it prophesied the vogue of the illusion neck ruche.

The wedding gown of a goddaughter of the late Queen Victoria, Lady Innes-Ker, is a frock of the latest genre (of satin in combination with chiffon and lace, rather than without satin). The skirt is of great length with deep plisse widths of chiffon. Higher than these is a depth of priceless Brussels lace festooned quite around the skirt with orange blossoms and foliage. The plainness of the upper portion of the skirt is relieved by some tiny tuckings which, meeting at the belt in front, curve down the front, spreading until they are two inches apart at the back of the skirt.

The bodice has the satin tucked in pin-head style to the yoke, where it meets the yoke of chiffon, which is plaited horizontally. The upper sleeves are from chiffon, not plaited. The elbow puff is satin infinitesimally tucked and finished with a fall of Brussels lace. The very close lower sleeve is of the tucked satin, while the veil is an heirloom of Brussels net, worn in royal fashion, away from the face.

The bride, whose brother is aide-de-camp to the Duke of Cornwall, carried pink roses, the gift of the bridegroom's squadron. Her husband is a captain in His Majesty's military service.

Chiffon for entire wedding costumes is used this autumn only by notably youthful brides. Satin, satin with lace and chiffon, satin brocade, moire, are fall favorites for those who go to the altar. Nor is there objection to crepe de chine other than its great use in the spring bridal gowns.

Autumn brides are not favoring the white orchid for their bouquet; rather is there a tendency to return to homlier, heartier flowers, such as lilies of the valley and white carnations.

Rough cloths in winter colorings are offered with rather surprising confidence in view of the fact that slenderness is still the appearance devoutly desired. Camel's hair, this year a material really quite shaggy, is put forth as smarter than most dress goods. You may find it in all the rich dark hues with which we are familiar for winter wear, though there is a notable absence of much navy blue. Rich greens and reds and the new shades of prune are praised behind the counters and in the reception rooms of those dressmakers who know.

Panne camel's hair, as the librettist said of the lady novelist, is a singular anomaly. We have been taught to think of panne as a material with considerable gloss. And so is the new camel's hair. By some secret process wool has been made to take on the shining look of velvet.

Satin cloth is just what its name implies, though you get from it no idea of the added polka dot which, under the name of "petits pois," or "wafer," has returned to gladden a large public who think that no other sort of material is so smart. The "peas" are in black or in white on any ground you desire, notably tobacco-brown, which hue bids for winter favor.

Satin prunella is a material commended for "best" dresses. It much

resembles old-fashioned, not figured, furniture damask, though it is far more pliable.

A new way of giving an appearance of height to the figure is by inserting a narrow white vest in the waist, and a slight panel corresponding on the skirt from belt to hem. To blend the whiteness to the dark background rows of the smallest black satin buttons outline the cloth insertion from neck to feet. Small black cords, resembling buttonholes are used around each button. This method of making tall women of diminutives is applied to otherwise quite severe cloth dresses.

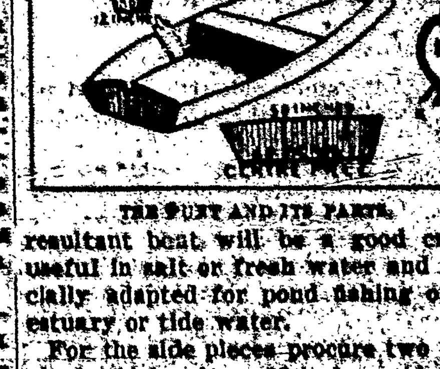
The incoming fashion of dressing the hair on a line with the collar is causing much concern. Ever so many women find their height shortened unbecomingly by a low coiffure. Some women observe that the train of a gown may be made to serve for height as well as a towering headdress. These women, to be in the fashion, will confine their low coiffure to evening hours. During the day, and while they wear the new walking skirts of ankle length, the hair and hat will be fairly high, and the hair smooth. The low dressing is capable of distressing [illegible]

IF YOU WANT A PUNT, BUILD IT YOURSELF.

This little article on building a boat is reproduced, with the accompanying diagrams, from Harper's Round Table. The writer says:

To build a seagoing boat requires much ingenuity, and when she is fully constructed by an amateur she is rarely satisfactory, and so far as expense goes it would be cheaper to buy. My idea is to help a young fellow of independent notions to build a boat of his own, in which he may explore the pond or lake generally near his house and in her to take lots of enjoyment, which might never be his chance if he depended on a craft hired at so much an hour.

The tools necessary for building a skiff or a punt are within the means of the average boy. A crosscut saw, a 1½ inch chisel, a smoothing plane, a hammer and a gimlet are about all the tools actually necessary toward starting as a shipwright. Besides, the



THE PUNT AND ITS PARTS.

resultant boat will be a good craft, useful in salt or fresh water and specially adapted for pond fishing or in estuary or tide water.

For the side pieces procure two pine planks 14 feet long, 10 inches wide and 1 inch thick. Use good judgment in their selection; choose well planed stuff, with clear grain and free from knots.

For the end pieces and center pieces use planks of the same wood two inches thick, also free from knots. Get these out first of the required dimensions, securing the boards, edge to edge, with temporary battens of lath. Stand these three pieces on end and make them fast. With two inch galvanised iron nails nail the side pieces together. After the sides are thus secured turn the boat bottom up and plank her crosswise with inch planks one-eighth of an inch apart. It is important that this operation should be observed, for nobody likes a leaky boat.

When this is done, your craft looks something like a boat. Plane off the rough edges and try to improve on her with coarse sandpaper. The next thing to do is to make your little ship water tight. A plentiful use of white lead where the side and end pieces join will, as a rule, prevent leaking. [illegible] to stop the seams in the bottom one-eighth of an inch apart you must use a certain amount of ingenuity. If you dwell in a maritime city, oakum is easily purchased. Elsewhere cotton batting is the alternative—more expensive, but just as good.

Using oakum or cotton, roll the end across your knee and make a moderately thick rope of it. When you have got a sufficient length ready, force it into the seams with a chisel or a screwdriver. Anything will do so long as care is taken that the seams are filled with solid oakum or cotton, rammed into the interstices between the planks and then their surfaces filled in with white lead.

For seats nail a plank across each end and one for the rower over the centerpiece.

The rowlocks are easily made of ordinary planking, and so are seats forward or aft, if such are required.

When completed, cover the craft with at least three thick coats of paint, any color you like so long as the base is white lead.

For the painter, buy about three fathoms of ratline stuff and make an eye splice around a screw bolt, as shown in the illustration. An eye splice is made by opening the ends of a rope and laying the strands E, F, G at the required distance to form cut A. The strand E, cut B, is pushed through the strand next to it, having been previously opened with a ratline spike. [illegible] strand is taken over the same strand and through the second and strand K through the third on the other side. Repeat the process, first halving the strands.—A. J. Kenealy, in Brooklyn Eagle.

Good For a Profit.

"Tommy, if you are not good I'll send you to bed without your supper," said his mother sternly.

Tommy's face assumed an aspect of ingenuous inquiry.

"What are you going to have for supper?" inquired the young rascal, who evidently wanted to see if it was worth being good for.

To Keep the Boys Off.

It was the first time Dorothy had seen a street sprinkler.

"Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, with wide open eyes, "just see what that man's got on his wagon to keep the boys from riding on behind!"

Elephant and Whale.

An elephant came to the sea, meaning to have a swim.
He spied a bather near the shore and then accosted him:
"Pray, can you tell, my little friend—I am so big, you see—
If there is any pool about that's deep enough for me?"
[illegible]

NEW YORK CENTRAL

THE FOUR TRACK [illegible]

EAST BY AUBURN ROAD

WEST BY MAIN LINE

WEST BY FALLS ROAD

CHARLOTTE AND ONTARIO

R. W. & O. DIVISION

[illegible]