

WOOD SONG.

A sylvan path, a forest aisle, Romantic, dim retreat, Where a couple millo And best no passing feet.

A day in May, when sunbeams fall, All o'er the meadow green, When soothing airs, their faintly call, To dreams of bliss they've found.

A weary heart bowed down with care— Indifferent to see, Seeking a peaceful place where The sweet arabian bloom.

But not the breeze, the bloom, the birds, Confused his soul that day, A gentle maid of simple words His sorrow charmed away.

—Geo. E. Bowen, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE HAWORTHS' BABY.

Miss Nobles reached the station in ample time. With a deliberation which pleased her she selected a seat in the rear car of the morning train on the third side.

Miss Nobles' Christian name was Catherine, but then, everybody called her Miss Nobles. She was dressed so dignified, so severe, an erroneous inference, it is here vehemently pronounced, resultant from her eyebrows, which, though elegantly arched, were heavy, and from a singular habit she had tried to acquire of thinking before she spoke.

The child which presented itself was surely not one of still life, for its principal exhibit was a child in arms directly in front of her screaming its way to heaven in discordant wailing.

And yet it was a nice-looking little baby, too, in the intervals between spasms when its features momentarily lost their india-rubber properties, and which, with all that liveliness which proclaimed it a healthy and not a Benjamin, evidently the woman that held it was nurse and not mother, for she wore the cap and manner of monthly wages and found Miss Nobles regarded this personage with more curiosity than acuteness.

After a little both child and attendant subsided into fitful dozes, and then Miss Nobles glanced at the other occupants of the car. There was nothing fruitful for ethnological research; a cluster of yokels intent on euchre, two or three elderly couples with baskets, a lad with a strap of books.

Miss Nobles inverted her gaze to her inner consciousness, where she felt more at home. Would she ever be able to realize her ideals, which were just as wild as they had been a year ago at graduation?

The train slackened and stopped at a station. For some time its habit of so doing had gradually become apparent to Miss Nobles to such an extent that she had formulated the axiom that "a start is the shortest distance between two stops."

For once, Miss Nobles acted from an unphilosophic impulse; without even considering that she would not take such a risk for all the amobies of the most fruitful paleozoic period, she dashed headlong and heedless through the aisle, out the door, and off the steps into the whirling dust of the departing train.

That good angel whose duty it is to guide the feet of the woman in getting off cars must have been able just then to give his undivided attention perhaps the Amalgamated Union of Dress-Car Conductors had struck, for Miss Nobles alighted in safety.

Of course, Miss Nobles was mortally certain, if ever a poor girl felt like this in the wilderness with Jezabel, she was that poor girl. What a barren life she would lead! A new strategy entered her mind, a strategy through which she could find a kind woman who, for a moderate sum, would take charge of it and lucky—ah! her purse was not in her satchel, and the satchel on the train, and the train—no, she could not follow such a distressing train.

a dusty highway ran, like a yellow ribbon unravelling into a thread, until it twisted around the hills in the distance. But there was the station—a little brown box like a Noah's ark. Doubtless it had a master, and perhaps, like Noah, he would know a thing or two about coming in and out of the ark.

With some such agonizing clutch after the straw of the joke, Miss Nobles strove to keep her head above the waters of the public as she advanced. Yes, there was a man leaning against the doorpost and evincing from under a ragged straw hat, a tall, gaunt, cadaverous man whose battered trousers were bunched on the south by dirty boots and on the north by a dirty shirt.

There were shouts in the surrounding woods. Out from the copse rushed men and boys. They crowded towards the face of the cliff, they screamed in triumph, and shook their rude weapons in the air.

Then out from his post stepped the knightly sentinel, cool of manner, determined of gaze. "This Mr. Grant, the men exclaimed, and drew back respectfully. "Hurray for the professor!" yelled the boys.

"Well, friends," he began, "what is the trouble?" and he smiled as if encouraging children. "She's a witch, she's crazy," "She's stolen the child," "This Haworth's baby," "Drive her out!" "Lynch her!" an uproar as ruthless as when centuries ago pitiless voices cried "Crucify!"

"Order is the shortest road to explanation," he said. "Here you, Jim, you are the great news center; tell what is this all about?" and the telegraph operator told the story of the wire.

"So this is Haworth's baby," reflected the professor. "Then you can safely leave it in my charge. I am Haworth's dearest friend, you know, and the child's godfather."

"But the woman, the nurse," urged the rabble, demanding its victim. "She must be locked up, she must be committed."

"I am a magistrate, you know," replied the professor, solemnly. "I will examine the case, and do you disperse to your homes. The sun is shining brightly, what better time to make hay? And I, for my part, will get your pony cart, will you, and drive to the base of the hill? Away, then, good people!"

Once more Prof. Grant approached, and stood with head reverently bared. "My dear young lady," he said, "if you will permit me to escort you to my home at Grafton, not far distant, I have a motherly old aunt who will be delighted to minister unto you and your charge. And then you can confide to her what you like regarding the cruel misapprehension of those rough folk, and tell her how I may serve you. And really, she is the dearest old aunt in the world."

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OUR FASHION LETTER

Some New Ideas In This Season's Fur Styles.

GRAY SQUIRREL A POPULAR FAD

How Common Skins Are Made Up In Smart Styles—Trimming For Tailor Made Gowns—The Postillon Coat.

The flat fur stoles fastened with handsome clasps are mostly of the short haired variety, and there are fewer tails employed on these than on the fur ties and coats. Mole skin is fashionable and looks well with a deep shade of Paris black and old silver or cut steel buttons.

Gray squirrel is another fad of the season, and flat stoles of this lined with ermine are fastened in front with pearl clasps. Hats bordered with the squirrel are considered very smart and are embellished with emerald green and

their appearance. Thus a dark gray hosiery is embellished by little but tons of scarlet silk; a dark blue cloth is trimmed with buttons of plaid, silk, waists of pale colored satins are embellished by tiny dark buttons of gun metal and brilliants.

Gored skirts, with the seamstrapped or trimmed at the foot with shaped straps or tabs of velvet, are fashionable and also very graceful, as the unbroken lines give height to the wearer.

The new wooleens are in subdued and broken tints, the solid colorings and full shades being used in silk and velvets for trimming.

The illustration shows the latest thing in postillon coats. It is of gray cloth, with the wide cuffs and collar of plaid and the vest of white cloth.

This model might also be carried out in shot velvet, with an all over lavender.

As to Sleeves. There is a great controversy about sleeves. Some French people are wearing theirs tight and others voluminous all the way down.

The Tador sleeve is making its appearance on velvet models slashed with various kinds of fur and silk. This, in some cases, is becoming, but more often not.

Coats of ermine and white carnal are elaborately trimmed with lace applique, the sleeves are slashed over linings of white satin and in some cases there are wide collars of lace tyings with jeweled ribbon ends.

Long, flat stoles of ermine or chinchilla are ornamented with jeweled clasps. Richness and even extravagance are characteristic of the new furs.

The furriers show good taste in their leading designs, for their sleeves are happy compromises—becomingly full from the elbow downward.

THE CLEVER PARSON.

My children, come tell me now if you have ever been told of the parson who was so clever; so clear, so clever, so clever was he that never a cleverer parson could be.

The parson loved children; he also loved walking. And off to the woods he was constantly walking. To see the sweet air, and to see the green trees.

Some children they went with him once to the woods. They loved the good parson because he was good. They followed him gaily for many a mile.

At length the children cried, "Oh dear—ME!" "We're tired, as tired as tired can be," "It is supper-time, too, while 'far we thud."

The children forgot they were dreadfully tired. They seized on the hobbles, with ardor inquired, "Dobbin, dobin! whoa, dobin! come up, Oh! Parson, dear Parson, won't you gallop too?"

Away went the children in frolicsome glee. Away went the parson, as pleased as could be. And when they got back to the village, they cried, "Oh, dear! and oh, dear! what a very short ride."

Laura E. Richards in St. Nicholas.

THE NEWLY MARRIED.

They were young married folk, and were making us a Sunday afternoon call. We were young married folk, too, and as we four were all but strangers in the city, we did considerable visiting among ourselves, says a writer in the St. Louis Republic.

"What followed I know only from hearsay. That has it that there were gathered around the table at noon five women; there were no men in the house."

"Well, what is it?" I asked, and then he told his story. His wife tried, at the beginning, to stop him, but he would not have it.

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THREE-QUARTER SEALSKIN COAT

pale pink velvet. The flat muffs are made jaunty by additions of lace and chiffon ruffles.

The latest evening decoration for the hair consists of a scarf of tulle wound in and out of the pompadour.

A smart gown recently seen was in a pale shade of grayish beaver cloth with broad insertions of Paris guipure.

The coat blouse had a basque at the back, but opened in bolero fashion in front over a pouched narrow vest of the guipure. Large silver buttons decorated the coat, and a big collar and revers of moleskin corresponded with the gauntlet cuffs which outlined the sleeves.

The cut shows a three-quarter length coat of sealskin lined with white satin. The wide lapels are appliqued with heavy guipure lace.

Stitching and Laces. Tailor made suits are very fancifully embellished with stitchings, and sometimes these are carried out in contrast in silks.

Japanese, Chinese and Bulgarian embroideries are the modish ones for trimming gowns and wraps. No loud color combinations are attempted, however, but a soft blending of shades.

The craze for heavy white and ecru laces still continues, and in some cases the laces are hand painted or embroidered.

Long coats of heavy lace divide pop-



THE NEWEST POSTILLON COAT

ered. Guipure, bruges, venetian and Irish put as well as the real cuney are first in choice.

Heavy raised chiffon appliques representing leaves and flowers are very handsome and when jeweled bring prices out of the reach of the ordinary purse.

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A DRESSY HAIR

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