

THE LITTLE ANGEL

Sister, don't they wait for you?  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking?  
Dream of battleside to more,  
Days of danger, nights of waking,  
In our little angel's hall  
Hands unseen they are straining,  
Fairy strains of music fall.  
Every sense in slumber drowsing,  
Sister, rest thy weary head;  
Dream of battleside to more,  
Days of danger, nights of waking,  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,  
More of toil, more night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,  
Arms' clang, or war-cries clamorous;  
Trump nor pibroch summons here,  
Mustering clear, or squadrons tramping;  
Not the lark's shrill note may come  
At the daybreak from the fallow,  
And the soldier's drum,  
Beating from the rocky shallop,  
Ruder sounds shall none be near,  
Guards nor war-drum challenge here;  
Here no war-cries' neigh and clanging,  
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.  
—Sir Walter Scott.

ANTONIO'S MARY.

Dora England was standing in the garden, bareheaded, holding her baby in her arms. She leaned against the balustrade, and her little son kicked his feet against the pink blossoms of the passion-vine running a race up the side of the house with a climbing rose that was a wonder even among the roses of Santa Barbara. Dora looked at the little feet and at the rose flowers and then laughed, and pulling off the shoes and socks, held the bare feet up by the laces and watched the pink toes. Then, being a mother, she began to fondle the little things in a most unreasonable way, and it was then that she saw Mary for the first time—saw her come through the gate and into the garden, not walking, but running—running as though that, and not walking, were the natural human gait, a girl of seventeen, a Mexican, dark and tall, and with a tuneful voice when she began to speak.

"I am Mary, Antonio's Mary," she said, "not Maria, but Mary, just like American girls are named. I looked from the house there over to the house here, and I knew that you were the one I had to seek. I am happy, ah, happy, if this is the little angel I am to take care of. I have so many, many little brothers and sisters, and I beg my mother to let me stay and take care of them. But my mother says: 'Mary, you are a woman now, and must make money.' And so, as for me, until now it is in a laundry that I have worked. But how can one love a laundry? When Jose, the waiter in the big hotel, came to get me, I knew that you would let me come to you, for I will love the baby and when one loves one does well, it is not so?" And then, without waiting, "It is a good thing, dear lady, that you are not in the big hotel now. My mother is a careful woman—and she does not know what a careful woman—and the big hotel is a bad place for a girl like me."

"A prudent mother," was what Dora thought.

Mary had taken the baby and was looking hard at the mother with big, affectionate eyes. Dora's imagination was making a picture—"She shall wear a dark gown, a large white apron, and an enormous black hat, and there must be some red about her, and then on the beach with the baby, with his yellow hair, in her arms, she will be lovely."

"And so," Robert England said to the Sedgeleys next day, "the little Mexican is to become the caretaker of my son, because she has a skin like satin, a low brow, and a mouthful of glistening teeth." But he did not say this to his wife. He could not have said that he understood women, but he might have said that he understood one woman. He was never a better lawyer than when he was in his own house, and that high-strung little wife of his was as complex a body as twelve men ever were.

So Mary came, and Dora, and her husband, and the Sedgeleys watched her every morning when she sat in the sun on the sand with the baby on her lap. She would take a handful of sand, and, holding it as high as she could reach, she would let it slip through her fingers, and when the child laughed she would laugh, too, and show her hands. She became a feature of the beach life of Santa Barbara. Every one watched for the coming of the tall young savage and the fair-haired child. The young men from New York, who are the stars in the play-life that goes on in the place every winter—an existence that is no more like real life than the Santa Barbara winter is like real winter—and who are very pretty editions of the Mexican vaguero, with their broad sombreros, their silver-trimmed saddles, their sawhorse bridles and diabolical Mexican bits, and their spurs weighed down with silver chains—even they looked at her as they rode up and down on the beach.

"Niva and I have been looking at the most beautiful creature in Santa Barbara," said Dora, as her husband and Niva's came up to her high cart.

"Now, I know you are talking about Dora's maid," Robert said. "A month ago, the most beautiful thing would have been the most wonderful baby in the world, but now—the truth is, Dora enjoys being a pedestal. Perhaps she has never been on one before, except for the short time that she occupied one of my making a great many years ago, before we were married. But now she has become a sort of supernatural being in Mary's eyes. I assure you, she is father, mother and father-confessor all in one. There are no bounds to her devotion. I am sure she would play one of her small brothers without a pang if Dora ordered the sacrifice."

"An uncomfortable sort of responsibility," muttered Niva.

"Yes," Dora said, "and I hate that. I have responsibility and I abhor posing, and my part in this is a deadly pose."

"She is undeniably pretty," said Niva's quiet husband, "and that New York fellow, your friend Dulaney over there, seems to think so, too."

"She is beautiful," insisted Dora.

"She is," muttered Niva again, "dangerously beautiful."

What Robert England said was all true. Mary gave Dora her worship, and there was jealousy in the adobe home of Mary's mother and hot battles for Mary.

"It is for the American woman and her one child that you desert your mother," stormed Carmen. "We are

not deserting her, but we are deserting the little angel that she has given us. Mary and Antonio, all the time that she did not like Antonio's mother, and brothers and sisters who were unpleasant and very dirty."

"Antonio," insisted Carmen to the Mexican, her husband, who sat smoking his pipe with great calmness, "tell the girl that she can not leave the house, that she shall never see the American woman's face again."

"I am young now," Mary said. "I shall never leave my sweet lady until she tells me to go. She needs me; she has told me that she needs me."

"She has taught my daughter to disobey her mother. You shall not go. It is my right, the obedience of my children," screamed Carmen.

But by this time Mary was running down the street, laughing. The big Antonio went on smoking, and the neighbors came out of their houses to see Carmen and her unruly child.

"Come back!" shouted the mother.

But Mary always turned her laughing head, and cried: "No, no!"

"May I tell you all about it?" Mary said one morning.

"All about what?" asked Dora, and Mary cried: "Oh, the most wonderful thing has happened, the most magnificent thing. My cousin, who is a widow, mourns no longer. Her house is a fine place, as big as these two rooms. The floor of her house is not like the earth floor of the house of my father. It is a floor of boards, all smooth planks. Last night my cousin came out of her mourning. A great dance she gave to us all. If you could see our Spanish dances! We have 'egg-shells—hollow, gilded egg-shells. And, you see, we are to break the shells on the head of the one that is most dear to us. The girls are to break them on the heads of the men, and the men on the heads of the girls. And all the men have broken their shells on my head. And the American man, he, too, has covered my hair with gold, see, see," and blushing cruelly, she held down her head, which sparkled with fine gilt-dust.

There were more dances, and this was not the last time that the gold glittered in the girl's hair.

"It is ominous," Dora said to her husband; "I am afraid that Mary has discovered that she is beautiful."

"What is she going to do when we go away?" asked Robert. "What is going to become of her?"

"How serious you are," laughed Dora. "I suppose she will go back to her laundry."

At the end of the season, when the Englands went North again, Dora gave Mary many pretty gifts. When she got into the train, she held the baby up for Mary to kiss, and was quite frightened at the look on the girl's face.

"It seems a pity," Robert said. "A good deal might have been done with her, poor little pitiful thing," and the train moved off, and Mary went out of the station. But she did not go back to the adobe home of Antonio and Carmen.

When Mrs. England heard of it, she cried a little, and she did not look in her husband's face that day, or the next day. Niva Sedgeley told her. Niva was not surprised. And, in the meantime, Horace Dulaney stayed on at the big hotel until the hot weather drove him away.—Ella Ramsdell Goodwin, in The Argonaut.

Babies and Music.

Babies are always young; that is one of their most delightful qualities; they have features. With a good microscope you can see a baby's nose. It has a high forehead—one that goes right over to the back of its neck. A baby's ears are put on for amusement, solely to relieve its great expanse of cheek. The places where its eyebrows ought to be are there, but the eyebrows have not arrived, which gives rise to a suspicion that babies are bare-faced creatures. It has eyes, which eyes it chiefly uses to express astonishment—evoked, no doubt, by the antics and language of those about it. It has a mouth, too, which it uses for putting its hands and feet into, together with keys, pencils, coins, pieces of coal and other odds and ends that it may find lying about. A baby's mouth is by far the most useful of its possessions. The baby has also a voice—one which papa speaks with a capital V in the dead hours of night. At that time it is an indication of colic or an uneasy mind. If the latter, science has found a way to hush it. A learned Frenchman says that music will soothe a baby's troubled breast. Animals are well known to be susceptible to the influence of music, and as the baby is an animal, the baby can be circumvented that way. Some people become ill on hearing the first notes of a musical instrument—notably the flute. Not so the baby. Take any ordinary baby at four o'clock in the morning. It wakens up, it is insulted by the silence, indignation succeeds, and it begins to cry. This is the time to bring out the musical box—at least, the chinksky says so, and the infant sleeps. A piano is the professor says, even better, but either leaves nothing syrupy far behind. One note neutralizes another.

AN ENCYCLOPEDIA

The great majority of fishes can change their colors to adapt themselves to their surroundings.

Omnibuses were originally started in Paris in 1662. They died out, however, and were not revived till 1827. Two years later they were adopted in London.

Bergen, Norway, boasts a paper church large enough to seat 1,000 persons. The building is rendered waterproof by a solution of quicklime, curdled milk and white of eggs.

Ostrich plumes, as they arrive in the market, look like bedraggled turkey feathers, and they pass through a score of hands before they become the well-known fluffy and graceful adjunct to feminine attire.

English farmers, who know it is against the law to use ferrets to drive out rabbits, place in the burrow a rest for hobs with a tin horn on the end. In sorted then they blow the horn and bunny comes out in quick order.

The will of the late Henry Barnhart, one of the wealthiest pioneers of California, comprised of only eighteen words, and says simply: "I direct that my property shall be disposed of according to the laws of the State of California."



The very largest dots on walls are not worn by women at the best taste. The belt slightly pointed front and back gives a very much better figure than a perfectly round one.

The latest thing in hotel bills of fare is tatted to be an edible menu card. It is generally made of blawit, which the guest eats with his cheese.

Purses to match the color of gowns are one of fashion's newest whims, and are to be found in all colors.

In the way of new corsets, one good thing the dressmakers have taken, under their patronage, stays made of suede. A thicker unadorned skin, of course, is used than that for gloves; nevertheless all the soft, pliable warmth of a grant de suede is enjoyed in these new figure-makers that are regular plume fakes in the not too easy path of the distinctly plump ladies of fashion.

A charming gown is seen of lemon colored summer silk, with bunches of purple violets. The waist is made with full front of embroidered white mousseline de soie, stirred sleeves and a full ruche around the bottom of the skirt of mousseline de soie. Sash and collar are of white mousseline, with black stripes. This is an exceedingly handsome gown.

The most delicate embroideries of fine silver and gold, each inset with jewels, are applied to leather, and the acceptable gifts just at present is the jeweled or gold clasp attached to a plain white leather belt. The wide belt of black satin ribbon carefully fitted and boned, fastened on one side with two tassels with jet or white stone buttons in the centre, is another variety of belt very much worn.

An authority on physical training for women gives the following directions for securing the best results, which naturally must be modified by individual characteristics and circumstances: "Sleep nine hours out of the twenty-four, bathe in cold water, exercise five minutes daily with light dumb-bells, drink a cup of hot liquid before breakfast, spend half an hour every day in outdoor exercise, make the best of bad bargains, and always keep your temper."

A new idea is to contrast diaphanous materials with black velvet. Everything chiffon, ribbon, lace, is bound with velvet. What was vague in outline and merely ceased like drifting vapor has now as distinct an edge as a cow on a close horizon. The butterfly used on toques, even, have their wings all bound with velvet. It is not a tremendous invention, but ideas are so scarce this year that one makes the most of what there are, and really it is surprising how many new effects can be drawn from this seemingly little one. There is always the picture hat. A pretty head in a picturesque pose well calculated to display the last century curls in the maps of the neck looked charming at an afternoon reception yesterday, bearing as it did a drapery of eury lace hanging from bunches of wood violets at intervals about the edge of the brim. Above, this hat was a lining of deep violet velvet, and big black plumes waved at the back and at the left of the crown.

Gray Hairs.

The fact that some persons begin to show gray hairs while in their twenties does not indicate a premature decay of the constitution. It is purely a local phenomenon, and often co-exists with great physical vigor. A medical journal says:

"Many feeble persons, and others who have suffered extremely, both mentally and physically do not bleach a hair until past middle life; while others, without assignable cause, lose their capillary coloring matter rapidly, when about forty years of age."

"Race has a marked influence. The traveled Dr. Origny says that in many years he spent in South America he never saw a bald Indian, and scarcely ever a gray-headed one. The negroes turn more slowly than the whites."

"In this country sex appears to make little difference. Men and women grow gray about the same period of life. In men the hair and beard rarely change equally. The one is usually darker than the other for several years."

How an Empress Was Courted.

How princes make love is told in the "Reminiscences of the Marquis Custine." When the Czar Nikolaus was eighteen years old he spent two days in Berlin, where he saw the Princess Charlotte, two years younger, and of a delicate beauty which at once attracted him. She, however, showed no signs of reciprocating his affection. The evening before his departure he sat next the princess at dinner. "I shall leave to-morrow," he suddenly remarked. She did not show any surprise, but quickly answered, "We shall be sorry that you leave so soon. Cannot your departure be delayed?" "That depends on you," "How so?" asked the princess. The prince now declared his love, somewhat to her embarrassment, as she thought they would be overheard. As a pledge of her love he asked for the ring she wore, suggesting that no one would notice it if she took it off and pressing it into a piece of bread pushed it toward his plate. The ring, however, was not hers, but belonged to her governess, who had received it from the Empress of Russia. And in taking it off to give to the prince she read for the first time on the inside the inscription, "Empress of Russia."

THE FASHIONABLE FASHION

Fashion is the name for the changeable and the transient, the thing that is always felt as being on the right side of both beauty and fashion. By wearing the latest hair, slightly rolled in pompadour effect, not brought back and rolled tightly and smoothly which gives a strained or severe and strained appearance, but loosely taken back from the face, slightly waved and combed over a low roll, leaving, if becoming, a little short, very short, curl or two to stray carelessly over the forehead, is sure to do credit to the plainest features, and lend a beauty which with any other mode of dressing the hair might be lacking. If, after being combed back, it is brought forward slightly before being combed, it will have a still prettier effect.

All the styles of hairdressing, as fashion says, admit the use of many fancy pins and combs, but while this may be admissible, it cannot be said to be the best of taste, unless upon a state occasion, or when an elaborate toilet is required; as otherwise it would be sure to lead to the most beautiful woman in the world a "dandy" appearance.

If a woman, young or a little more advanced in years, believes in her own beauty and womanliness, she needs to avoid too much ornamentation in the matter of dress, as the overdoing detracts from her natural physical endowments, and if she is plain of features, fussiness in dress is sure to emphasize her lack of physical charm. If a woman is not handsome, she can be to a certain degree, stately and imposing, even though short of stature, but this she can never be if she prostitutes elegance in dressing to mere fussiness and dandyism.

The combs of our grandmother are very much in vogue. Those in gold or old silver are highly prized by young ladies.

Crescent set with jewels are fashionable. Jet hair ornaments, and jet and rhinestones combined find much favor. Some of the newest hairpins have for a top a jet butterfly. The rhinestones are, of course, only suitable for evening wear.

Ruskin's Art Principles.

In truth, although Ruskin admitted that "art was not meant to teach science," nature, the scientific phenomenon that involves the whole world, absorbed his faculties even when, if half-unconscious of it, he reared upon it his theories of morality, says Scribner. His art is record rather than creation and his aim, broadly speaking, scientific in its essence rather than artistic. He has decried, in one of those moments of clear introspection which illumine his character with so bright and exquisite a light, "I am no poet—I have no imagination." A poet he was and is, but imagine his art or invention of the higher pictorial sort he has not.

He did not realize the truth at first, but sought to restrain much play of imagination in others as harmful. To Sir Edward Burne-Jones, who loved to realize his invention and ideals, not only in the figures in his pictures, but in every sort of accessory, he would say: "Ned, go to nature!" and only in later days did he regretfully recognize his limitation, as conveyed in the pathetic words spoken to me years ago: "I might have made such charming records of things."

What is left at the Jeweller's. "Yes," said a big jeweler the other day, "I often have articles left with me to be repaired, and their owners never come for them for years. I have a great safe, where I keep articles which I received over the counter ten and fifteen years ago. I can understand it with sailors. I have the jewelry belonging to several sailors, who bring in a watch to be cleaned, a chain to have a seal attached to it, and so on. They go away for eighteen months or a couple of years, and, on their return, pay me a visit and take away their repaired jewelry."

"I was much struck by an act such as this on the part of a sailor. He called here with a couple of rings and asked for them to be melted down and made into a nice pair of earrings each of which was to be studded with a diamond. He selected the stones and went away. The job was done in a fortnight, but he did not turn up for them. After two years he returned, and asked for the earrings, paid me the money, and was going out when I asked him how it was he had not come for them before."

"Oh!" he replied, "I promised my sister a pair of diamond earrings when I came home again. I let you say that for fear I might sell them, and I know should have my 'pay' when I returned to settle up for the diamonds—that accounts for it, sir."

"A curious case was that of a man who left a watch to be repaired—cleaned and a new mainspring. He came into my shop after a lapse of nearly four years to know if it was done. Of course it was. He actually said he would call again. That is more than six months ago, and he has not been yet."

Dress With Nearly Two Thousand Buttons.

A fashionable New York lady recently appeared in a somewhat sensational costume—at any rate so far as the buttons go, for there were 1,800 of them of varying shapes and sizes. Ten days were consumed in arranging and sewing on the buttons by a seamstress. On each sleeve there were 100 buttons; on the body and collar 630, and on the skirt 1,250. Those on the skirt were arranged in triangles, crosses, stars, and other curious shapes, on a foundation of black satin. The dress had a satiny appearance, and was very weighty—so much so that it would require a woman of considerable strength to wear it. The intention was to have 2,000 buttons on it, but the entire surface of the dress would then have been covered. The buttons were all black, some round and others flat, and many of them were expensive.



FIND A GIANT, A DEER AND A HUNT

PICTORIAL PUZZLE



FIND THREE HIDDEN FAIRIES

HIDDEN CITY PUZZLE



WHAT CITY IN MAINE IS REPRESENTED

HIDDEN CITY PUZZLE



WHAT MASSACHUSETTS