

THE GLIMPSE.

How often I have seen in city streets
Some woman's face, with eyes so like the sky
One looks to see a bird's wing brush the blue
With lips arched like the veriest bow of love...

-Boston Transcript.

MY LOST DIVINITY.

EVERYTHING seemed quite pleasant; it was a magnificent spring afternoon, the park was at its best and I had met Mrs. Ventry, who, it must be explained, was one of my oldest and most intelligent friends.

She had an elaborate French poodle with her, and both were attired with exquisite taste. The three of us were strolling quietly along.

"Joco and I walk every afternoon for the benefit of our health," she explained. "The victoria will pick us up in a few minutes, so you must just give me a full account of your doings. What an age you've been away! Tell me the scheme."

"Dear lady, I've been attempting to shoot the lion in his own country. I have been slaying the wild pig in Morocco. I have—"

"O, the usual kill expedition!" she interrupted. "That doesn't interest me in the least. You know, Hugh, it's almost preposterous! Here you are, an intelligent man of 32, more than comfortably rich, and you have never yet come to me with an interesting love episode!"

"I will make amends now," I said, gravely.

"Tell me," she cried, eagerly. "O, it happened on my way home. I was putting in a few days at Mrs. Carlo's. You know La Turbie, the little place on the hillside, behind the palace?"

"Yes, yes!" cried Mrs. Ventry, impatiently. "She was adorable, made a pretty picture; but please go on. There was something else?"

"Yes, there was something else," I said. "In moving quickly her foot slipped on the rocky surface and she fell. I went quickly to her assistance. It turned out to be a badly sprained ankle, and, as she couldn't walk, I helped her to the inn, escorted by mamma. There she fainted from the pain. I was again of assistance, and when she came to, I—well, you know, Adela, I studied for a doctor until an eccentric relative's will made me a professional loafer."

"How romantic! And you fell in love with her?"

"Head over ears! If you could have heard her voice, seen her—"

"Ah! put in Mrs. Ventry impatiently. "Her eyes!" I finished, with a severe glance. "O, her whole personality was charming!"

"And it was the beginning of an attachment? Do tell me how it progressed?"

"It didn't progress," I said gloomily. "In the excitement of the affair I forgot to give them my card, and, after thanking me and asking me to call, they drove off without leaving me their address. I spent an entire week searching, but without success. I had fallen in love with a divinity, but only to lose her the next moment!"

"Poor old Hugh!" said Mrs. Ventry, sympathetically.

Her victoria drew up close to the curb and she moved toward it.

"I have to go on to those tiresome Brabasons now," she said with a sigh. She got in, and I lifted the French poodle up on to the seat beside her.

I continued my stroll, and had not gone very far when I caught sight of a tall, handsome, bronzed young man hurrying toward me.

"Ah, here you are, Skeff, old man!" he cried, shaking me warmly by the hand. "I heard you were back, got round to your rooms, and your man told me I might find you in the park, so came along at once."

Lord Dennis Gorison was a nice young Irishman, lieutenant in a regiment lately returned from South Africa. He was another of my oldest friends.

"O, I'm in such a mess, Skeff—and I want your help!" he exclaimed, despondently.

"Go ahead—let's hear the latest!" I said, with a slight frown.

"Well, before I went to the front, two years ago, I was a younger man, he began, hesitatingly.

"The argument seems sound," I said, thoughtfully.

"O, you know what I mean, Skeff! I was much younger—a silly young man!" He paused. "Well, to cut the long story, I fell in love with an

actress—O, not the popular idea, Skeff! She was pretty and refined, and taking a small part in a comedy. I was very much in love, and if I hadn't been sent out at the time I should have married her."

"I have always held that even the war office occasionally betrays intelligence," I murmured.

"It saved me just in time. A marriage of that type is altogether impossible for me. You know the state of our family finances."

"But if the war office saved you, where's the trouble?" I asked.

"On my return the mater picked out a wealthy American girl for me. I was on the point of proposing, when suddenly I am threatened with the consequences of my early indiscretion."

"The little actress?"

"She wrote to me when I returned, but I could not see my way to answer, so didn't. This seems to have made her very angry, and she says she is going to bring a breach-of-promise action. And she'll win hands down!" he

added, with a groan. She has simply packed my letters, and all as loving as you can make em!"

"You're a man of the world, Skeff, and—pardon my way of putting it—you've got the gift of gab. I want you to go to her and talk her out of it. Draw a picture of my being forced against my will into a hateful marriage, tell her that I've only considered so that the honor of the Southbrooks name may be saved. You can do it, Skeff—you will do it?" he finished, imploringly.

The Southbrook carriage had drawn up near us, and her ladyship was leaning forward.

"How do you do, Mr. Skeffington?" she said, distantly. A proper recognition of my sterling worth had never been a feature of her ladyship's attitude toward me.

"Dennis, I want you particularly to drive you back," she added, in a tone that admitted of no denial.

The young man turned to me for a second and slipped a hand into the inner pocket of his frock coat. The next moment he had smuggled to me a crumpled envelope.

"Her address—I rely on you!" he whispered. And, with a final approving glance, he sprang in beside his mother, and the carriage drove away.

I smoothed out the envelope, and glanced at the address. I read: "Miss Effie Brennan, 5 Westbury, Mansions, Hyde Park, West."

Another quarter of an hour, and I was standing before the door of No. 5 Westbury Mansions. A trim servant appeared on the threshold.

"Miss Brennan disengaged?" I asked, handing in my card. "I've called on a matter of business, and, if she could spare me a few minutes' conversation, I should feel grateful."

The door opened and a young lady entered.

I rose to my feet, and, as my eyes fell on her face, I dropped back a pace in amazement. She was the lady of La Turbie—my lost divinity!

"So you have actually found us out at last!" she exclaimed. "You can't think how sorry mother was that she forgot to give you our address. It was unpardonable!"

I pulled myself together with an effort.

"To be perfectly honest, it is a sheer accident. I had not the slightest idea that Miss Effie Brennan was you!"

I saw a slightly puzzled look creep over her face. I hesitated for a moment, then plunged into the object of my visit.

"It's rather a delicate matter, perhaps, I had better begin by explaining that I'm the oldest friend of Lord Dennis Gorison." I paused. "And I came at his request—well, shall we say, a mediator?"

"Some of you pleasure seekers," said Ray. Mr. Bosh, always seem to forget that there is such a day as Sunday."

"And a me of you'dly fellows," replied the hard case, "merely forget it on the other side of the street—Catholic school."

A political demonstration by your party is synonymous with a street riot when pulled off under the auspices of the other party.

"A mediator—is one...?" she said.

"We are hoping so. You see, Dennis has told me everything, poor boy! How he fell very much in love with you before he went out to the war?"

"Oh, he tell you that?" she said, quietly.

"Yes. And, by the way, he gave me a very accurate description of you." I continued, with a glance at her. "He said you were a charming, refined, talented young actress playing comedy parts in a highly artistic manner."

"His present attitude would seem to suggest that he has changed his mind."

I explained the sacrifice he was making, pleaded eloquently in his defense, drew a touching picture of his aged parents, to whom this marriage meant so much. She listened silently, with her face turned away from me.

"And the American girl—does he love her?" she asked, in a subdued voice, at the conclusion.

"He'll marry her, be good to her, but he can never love her! It is just the usual vulgar exchange of dollars for title, brutal but necessary, and vital to the honor of the Southbrook name. There, I've put the whole case before you. He has had to make his sacrifice, I ask you to be generous, make one yourself, give him back his letters, let him off!"

"But it was a very good chance for me," she said, doubtfully.

"O, you will save others; you simply can't help it," I said, eagerly.

"You think so?" she said, with a little blush. She looked perfectly ravishing, and for the moment I forgot myself.

"Why, to convince you," I cried, I'll—"

I just saved myself in time. She was utterly charming, and of course, my lost divinity, and I was as much in love with her as ever; but still, I hadn't quite accustomed myself to the breach-of-promise idea.

"Well, to convince me, what?" she asked with a smile.

I hedged.

"O, that before many years pass you will have one," I said vaguely. "Come, what do you say—will you be generous and let him off?"

She gave a little laugh and held out her hand. "Very well, I promise—no shall be quite free as far as I am concerned."

Her cool, firm little hand pressed mine, and I felt a thrill go through me. I drew up just in time again. You see, I had been looking into her eyes, and, as I had told Mrs. Ventry, they were wonderful. But again the breach-of-promise scheme loomed up before me.

"Well, now you have found us, you will come again, say, to-morrow, for tea? Mother does so want to thank you!"

I tore myself away and walked back to my rooms. I had plenty of food for reflection on the way.

"After all, a divinity is a divinity, whether she threatens to bring breach-of-promise actions or not," I soliloquized. "And she didn't really mean it. Directly I pointed out the nature of the case she was generosity itself. It was perfectly natural, too, her being angry. Any girl would have done the same—yes, any girl!" I repeated, reassuringly.

I reached my rooms and found a telegram awaiting me. I tore it open. It was from Dennis.

"For heaven's sake, don't go in a hurry give you address of American instead of actress—Gorison."

"Love!" I gasped, as the whole significance of the thing dawned on me. She discovered the mistake almost immediately, and kept it up. What art!"

I thought hard for a few moments, then came to a decision. I hurried out, and in a few minutes was back at Westbury, Mansions.

I was again shown in, and the young person received me with her eyes twinkling with merriment.

"There has been a terrible mistake," I began lamely, showing her Dennis's wire. "You see, he was trying not to let his mother notice him giving me the address," I added, in explanation.

"Be merciful! I implore, humbly. There was a page. I wonder what you are going to do?"

"What I have done," she corrected. "I have kept my word. Directly you said I felt a 'tiff' to 'tiff' by word, I said I felt a 'tiff' to 'tiff' by word, she added, indignantly.

"Is there absolutely no help for him?" she said, with an attempt to repress the quiver of excitement in my tone.

"No, the actress, perhaps, has quite decided me. And, somehow, I feel that, as you said, I shall never regret it. I must just wait in patience until the other man comes along," she added, demurely.

For an example of sheer, base ingratitude, however, I would just mention the sad case of Lord Dennis, Gorison. He habitually refers to me as a "blundering idiot," and has expressed an opinion that he would not care two straws if he never saw me again.

And Lady Southbrook cuts me dead. But it doesn't matter, bless you! I have found my divinity, and the other evening she whispered to me, quite privately, that I might keep her altogether.—London Sketch.

Forgetfulness on Both Sides.

"Some of you pleasure seekers," said Ray. Mr. Bosh, always seem to forget that there is such a day as Sunday."

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SHADOWGRAPHY.

A most amusing entertainment is but yielded by the practice of the art of shadowgraphy.

And it is astonishing how half an hour of the long evenings may be made to fly quickly and comfortably with the aid of a pair of hands, a powerful lamp and a sheet.

The pictures selected form the simpler features of shadowgraphy, but those who take the trouble to become familiar with the various modes of reproducing on the sheet silhouettes of the heads, etc., of the living creatures with which even the youngest child is familiar may easily elaborate the performance at will, so as to illustrate such as professionals introduce at many of our entertainments.

Who has not succeeded in producing the form of a rabbit? This is the simplest, perhaps, of hand-and-finger manipulation. The accompanying photograph shows the best way of bringing a very lively specimen of Bunny—with eye complete—before the notice of an appreciative—of course—audience.

Another rather simple picture is that of the goat, with very striking horns and a delightful beard. The right hand is placed above the left, the first and second fingers forming the horns, the thumb the ear. The left hand forms



The lower part of the head with the fingers doubled up, the little one being extended to represent the beard. This figure is capable of the most laughable grimaces, and a little practice is all that is necessary to make this item a complete success.

The elephant's head is another of the simple figures. The right hand forms the top portion of the head, the left hand below makes up the needful bulk, the drooping fingers—which must not show too thickly on the sheet—the movable trunk, while the thumb makes a very movable tusk. A slight opening between the hands gives a good representation of an elephantine eye, with wrinkles complete.

Next we have the artistic figure of a swan. In which the performer's head helps the hands. The head forms the body, the right arm the neck, the hand and fingers the head and bill, and the fingers of the left hand, placed against the back of the head, a very satisfactory tail. This figure, moving along a straight line to represent the surface of a lake or river, can be made most life-like in every movement. Cleverly depicted, it never fails to produce thunders of applause.

The figure of a dog "going for" a rabbit are easily explained by a glance at the photograph.

The cat figure is formed by a combination of the right hand, fingers and hands. It is by no means difficult to perform. The hand is raised above the level of the cuff and shapes the head; the first and fourth fingers, bent, produce an excellent pair of ears, which may be twitched at pleasure. The forefinger of the left hand makes the tail, and bending gracefully at the joints, produces a movement as near as possible to that of the real thing.

The "mother on a stick" will be found a slightly more difficult figure to form. The upper portion of the right hand, with bent fingers form the head, the thumb forming the "arm" and the first and second fingers the legs, which should be placed over a stick, as shown in the photograph.

The bat or butterfly figure is formed by the two thumbs being brought together, the palms of the hands facing outwards, the wing movement being well imitated by moving the fingers and hands as on a hinge.

You can make a really effective head of a rhinoceros by placing the ring fingers between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, the thumbs forming the ears, and the left hand the peculiar hooked snout of that ugly animal.

By placing the hollow of the right hand with upbent thumb across the lower portion of the left thumb and wrist, the top of a bull's head can be shaped on the screen. The fingers of the left hand, bent inwardly, as in the photograph, form the jaws of the beast, and a edgewise movement is then an easy matter.

Some very interesting combinations may be formed. It will suffice to give one here. The right hand is partially clenched, the three lower fingers forming the lips, mouth and chin; the fore-

finger clenched over the thumb makes an excellent Ally Sloper nasal organ; the left hand, with the fingers deftly arranged, will produce an old cap, and the comical effect is complete.

There are several other combinations which will readily occur to the operator as he progresses, but I think I have given our readers sufficient specimens of the art of shadowgraphy to keep the hands and fingers busy for a considerable time.—Montreal Star.

NEW FASHIONS IN GIRLS.

Many Diversions and Dissipation Obtrude Themselves.

We have, sir, within the past half century effected an enormous advance in many lines. We have women's colleges, we have kindergartens, we have flats, we have bridge whist and automobiles, we have clubs for the purpose of obviating the frightful necessity on the part of men and women to live at home. Countless diversions and dissipation obtrude upon lives which might be earnest, and render them frivolous and empty! Hired nurses rear the children of the opulent. Where, meanwhile, is the rod which in my youth the child was spoiled? Where is childish modesty, parental instruction, the salutary enforcement of obedience? Do we by erasing fear from our domestic systems insure for the future anything more promising than ungovernable, ungoverned and ungoverned maturity?

A female child approached me not long ago on the street. An air of refinement and good breeding attended her. I paused and pleasantly observed her.

"Hello, grandpa!" exclaimed the child. "Has anybody seen our cat?"

I made no reply.

"Speak up," said the child. "If you don't happen to have amputated your voice, I've lost kind of a tall cat, done off in a tortoise shell finish. Her feet don't track, but she's sound and kind, city broke, stands without hitching, and answers to the name of Laura Jean Libby. Where is she?"

"Young woman," said I, "I am not aware that I have the honor of your acquaintance."

"Don't let that cause you any insomnia, grandpa," said the female child. "I'm not trying to make a hit with you. Either you've seen my cat or you haven't." If you haven't, well part in a friendly way, with no clothes torn. If you have, I'd like you to produce it, dig up and relinquish the cat to its old home, is there anything doing in the feline way?"

"No," said I.

"Then so long," said the female child.

This, sir I presume is the result of our system of allowing children to develop along the lines of least resistance.—Minneapolis Times.

SPEAKING OF GRAFT.

What Would You Do in This Case if Your Name Was Clark?

A young man named Clark is the purchasing agent for a large corporation. Recently he has been making contracts for the winter's supply of coal. The contract is a large one, the corporation in question using some five hundred tons a month.

Some half a dozen firms of coal dealers have been trying to get the contract. After a week's figuring all but two of the firms in question have been eliminated from the deal, the rivalry between them being extremely close.

The other day when Mr. Clark reached his home on the west side his wife said: "John, I didn't know you were going to have the coal put in today."

"Neither did I," answered the astounded Clark.

"Well, there was ten tons put in this afternoon. I asked the driver, and he said all he knew about it was he was told to deliver the coal to John Clark's residence. There was nothing to pay, he said."

When Clark got down to his office the next day he found representatives of both the rival companies waiting to see him. Clark was pretty mad. He talked in one of the coal business men and said: "Did you send that coal out to my house yesterday?"

The coal salesman looked at Clark and said the "righteous indignation" in his eyes.

"Why, no, of course not," he said, with virtuous wrath; "we don't do business that way."

Then Clark called in the other coal man, and he also indignantly denied that he could be guilty of such an outrage. Mrs. Clark says there was no name painted on the wagons which delivered the coal; at least, she did not notice any.

Now, what is Clark to do about it?—Chicago Tribune.

New Story of Pius X.

The following story of the pope is told in the Italian papers. A deposition of the monks of some order had obtained an interview with him. According to the etiquette of the papal court, only cardinals are allowed to sit in the pope's presence, and an invitation from him to do so is deemed equivalent to the promise of a cardinalate. Pope Pius X is a plain man, utterly indifferent to the etiquette of the papal court. He, therefore, begged the monks to take their seats. They hardly knew whether they could venture to do so, and while they stood, hesitating he said to them—

"You do not, I suppose, expect me to draw your chairs forward for you?"

Hobbs—What makes you such an optimist?

Dobbs—It is pleasant to have people laugh with you than laugh at you.

Industry and prosperity are spelled differently but they mean about the same thing.

EPISODE OF REVOLUTION.

Where Is Oak Box Found by Earl of Buchan to Washington?

Our attention has been drawn to a very interesting episode in connection with Woodland and the great republic of the West, says the Scottish Patriot of Edinburgh. It seems that the Earl of Buchan, the friend and patron of Robert Burns, was so delighted with the heroic part that General Washington took in the American war of independence that he sent him a box made from the oak that sheltered Sir William Wallace after the battle of Falkirk. The letter which we subjoin from Lord Buchan will explain the story better than we can tell it. But we are left to solve an interesting problem, and we appeal to any of our American friends who can help us to solve it, and that is, to whom did General Washington give the box, and in whose possession is it now? The letter is as follows:

"Fryburgh Abbey, June 28, 1791—Sir: To use your own emphatic words: May that Almighty Being who rules over the universe, who presides in the councils of nations, and whose providential aids can supply every human defect consecrate to the liberties and happiness of the American people a government instituted by themselves, for public and private security, upon the basis of law and equal administration of justice, preserving to every individual as much civil and political freedom as is consistent with the safety of the nation, and may He be pleased to continue your life and strength as long as you may be in any way useful to your country."

"I have trusted this sheet, enclosed in a box made of the oak that sheltered our great Sir William Wallace after the battle of Falkirk, to Mr. Robertson of Aberdeen, with the hope of his saving the honor of delivering it into our hands and meeting with your protection as an honest man seeking for bread and for fame in the new world by the exercise of his talents."

"This box was presented to me by the Goldsmiths' Company of Edinburgh, from whom, feeling my own unworthiness to receive this magnificently expressive present, I requested and obtained permission to make it over to the man in the world to whom I thought it was most justly due."

"Into your excellency's hands I commit it, requesting of you to transmit it, on the event of your decease, to the man in your own country who shall appear to your judgment to deserve it best, and up in the same considerations that have induced me to send it to your excellency. With the highest esteem, I have the honor to be, sir, your excellency's most obedient humble servant. BUCHAN."

Sketch by a Soldier Artist.

The interest in the accompanying illustration, depicting a sergeant of the South African constabulary, lies more in its author than in the sketch itself, although the latter is a capital bit of work. The sketch from which the illustration was reproduced was made by no other than Major General H. S. Baden-Powell, whom the majority of Americans will remember for the part he played in the South African war. There seems little doubt that had General Baden-Powell elected to follow the profession of an artist he could have earned a tidy income, with pen, pencil and brush.

French Law for Travelers.

English speaking travelers are likely to be imposed upon by French tradesmen unless they are familiar with their rights and liabilities under the laws of France.

French dressmakers especially are very apt to try to make unwary travelers take ill-fitting garments. A case of this kind recently occurred in Paris, a certain Mme. Giannelli had ordered dresses to the amount of thirty-four hundred francs, and, after many trials and on numerous delays, she refused to receive them, as they still did not fit. The dressmaker nevertheless sent them on with the bill in full, and on refusal of payment, attached Mme. Giannelli's entire wardrobe. Mme. Giannelli, in order to save her wardrobe, was obliged to pay the three thousand three hundred and ninety-five francs over to the court officer. But when the case was heard in court, the judge not only ordered the three thousand three hundred and ninety-five francs refunded to Mme. Giannelli, but mulcted the dressmaker in a round sum for damages, and ordered upon her the court costs. He had the dressmaker who claims expertise, and has a right to demand well-fitting garments, within a reasonable time, made without tedious iterations.

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