

FROM DAY TO DAY.

BY MARY PEERY.

Only from day to day
We hold our way,
Uncertain over,
Though hope and gay desire
Touch with their fire
Each fresh endeavor.

Only from day to day
We grow our way
Through the trying hours;
But still our causeless fate
Lies to the air.

Their glistening towers,
And still from day to day
Along the way
Beaten as ever,
To go, over, follow,
Over hill and hollow,
With fresh endeavor.

Sometimes, triumphant gay,
The bugles play
And trumpet sound
From out the visiting towers,
And now shows

Leave the ground;
Then "sweet, oh, sweet the way,"
We smile gay.

And forward press
With swift, impatient feet
And hearts the beat
With eagerness.

Yet still beyond, the gay
Sweet bugles play,
The trumpets blow,
How we fly wing, waste,
Or lagging waste,
In those hours that go;

Still and for ever,
Till come the day

We gain that peak
In Dantes; then blind

No more we find,

Perseverance, what we do seek.

—Hopper's

TOLD IN THE SHADOWS.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN STEEL.

My dead had been buried two hours; I had returned home. The servants respectfully awaited my orders. I told them to open the shutters and draw back the curtain; they did so, and God's sweet sunshine came again into the desolate house. Surely, it was better so; when the heart is darkened with the unutterable woe of bereavement, let Nature console us if she can.

Within fifteen years three darling children had at long intervals been carried from this house to the cemetery. This day my husband had joined them. Kind friends had come back with me to my dwelling, offering to stay and comfort my crushed spirit. I sent them away, preferring to be alone with my thoughts. Luxury and comfort were around me, wealth was at my command; but my heart was heavy with its losses and wished to bear in solitude its aches.

There was another reason why I wanted to be alone. How it is with other widowed hearts, I know not; but I, in that hour felt an overpowering desire to commune with myself about him who had gone.

Had I loved him? Ah, yes; need to ask myself that question. He was my first, my only love.

Had he been kind—had our married life been happy? Yes—always, yes. He had surrounded me with his devotion, he had given me riches, position, a beautiful home, and after our children were taken, he had given me redoubled affection. How, then, could I regard his memory with anything but the highest honor?

Because I knew that he had locked a secret from me in his heart, and had carried it to the grave, because the conviction that something was kept back from me, haunted my waking hours and troubled my dreams while he lived; and now that the turf was being placed upon his grave, the mocking thought rose up before me, and would not down.

Never was it named between us; for how could I bring so indefinite an accusation against him? So for fifteen years I had labored, and labored in vain to discover the truth. But the secret I could never grasp, though the evidences that he had one were plain enough. A great change came upon him with his marriage. He was often abstracted; I often found him looking intently at my face; he was strangely forgetful, especially as to things that had happened before we were wedded. Sometimes, in the early months of our union, he would surprise me by professing ignorance as to important affairs of people with whom he had been very intimate; and once, in particular, I became greatly vexed at his forgetfulness. It was in one of those moments of endeavor that make married people lovers again, that I put my arm around his neck and said:

"Now show me, Charles, that your memory is not so poor as you pretend. Tell me what time of day it was that you kissed me good-by when you went to Europe, the year before we were married."

He hesitated, and then replied: "Why, about midnight, of course."

The time was, in fact, at noon. How could he forget such things?

I have spoken of his conduct that led me to think that he had a secret. Such things cannot be concealed from a loving wife; they will tell their story of concealment. Had any further evidence been needed, his death-bed would have supplied it. A fatality of sudden and unexpected death, I had been told, was one of the peculiarities of the family from which he sprung; his own children had dropped away with appalling swiftness; when he came to die it was within the hour after he had walked in at the door. His tongue was tied in those last dreadful moments; but now I knew how he struggled to speak to me and break this awful silence of fifteen years. His secret died with him; and here I sat alone when the grave had received him, pondering, not upon his nobility of character, his great manly heart, his undying affection for me—but upon that unuttered secret. What could it be?

II.

The hours went on till twilight; I sat absorbed in my thoughts. I paid no heed to the servants when they asked me to have some refreshment. Visitors had come to see me; when their names had been repeated to me I had refused to see them. Late, a servant told me that Dr. St. John was at the door. He was my father, and I was glad that he had come. Always kind, ever compassionate to the afflicted, how could he be otherwise to his own child in such an hour as this? Yet as he talked to me of consolation, of chastened sorrow, of trust in God, and of life eternal, my heart swelled with the impatience, the bitterness of a grief that would not be comforted; and I cried out to him:

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"Jealousy is the sentiment of property, but envy is the instinct of theft."

He will help me to journey the rest of the way without Charles, and to meet him at the end of the Valley. But tell me—what shall console me for the dreadful knowledge that is something—I know not what—he closed his heart against me?"

My father's sensitive face was clouded in an instant. I saw at once that he knew my meaning; I saw that he, too, had knowledge of the secret. Never had I spoken of it before; now I urged and plead to know it. He tried to put me off; he told me that my husband had been good, and true, and worthy of me.

"Don't tell me that!" I cried. "Who knows it better than I? But I see now from your looks and actions that you have known all the time what was amiss with Charles. Tell me; I will know!"

Driven to compliance by my vehemence—very unwillingly, but fearing to withhold it—my father told me.

III.

"I tremble," said my father "to tell you the truth. I had hoped that this hour might never come. I knew, and your husband knew, that you more than suspected the existence of a secret that most deeply affected your welfare; yet we hoped—foolishly, perhaps—that time would dull the edge of your quest after that secret.

"You have forced me to betray my knowledge of it, and I only confess it now because I believe that to tell it to you will be less injurious than to refuse. Summon your utmost strength, then, my child, to bear it. If the strange story accuses your dead husband, remember also that it accuses your living father. We both did what we thought was for the best; in the cruel extremity in which we were placed, we acted to the utmost of our judgment. We deceived you, but reflect, my dear child, when I have done, and decide if I should have done otherwise.

"You will remember that Charles went to Europe the year before you were married. You will recall that he wrote regularly to you for six months, and then came a lapse of three months in which you received no letter from him, though you wrote repeatedly.

"You will also remember that during this painful interval of suspense, I did my utmost to cheer and reassure you, and that my faith and prophecies were at last justified by the return of Charles' letters, and his return and marriage to you soon after the close of the year. Some satisfactory excuse was made for his silence—sickness, or miscarriage of the male.

"It was when six weeks had elapsed since the receipt of a letter from Charles, and when the fears that beset you were wearing out your life, that one came to me addressed in the familiar hand but sealed with black. Its contents were very lengthy and threw me into dreadful consternation. It was written, not by Charles, but by his brother George—his twin brother, whom Charles had never named to us, because they had been estranged for years, on account of differences about the family estate. They had met at Heidelberg and renewed their brotherly affection. The reconciliation was timely; Charles was prostrated by a malignant disease, and expired in a few days in his brother's arms.

"George's letter was full to overflowing, not only with sympathy and condolence, (for Charles had told him of his betrothal), but he took occasion to write me many particulars about himself. "Remember Me" onto it, like you did last year. I've 'remembered' you, and you don't get no more scarfs nor wristlets nor nothin' from me."—Detroit Free Press.



THE LADIES

A Highly Seasoned Pot-Pourri,
Dished Up Especially for
the Tender Sex.

FAIR WOMEN AND THEIR WAYS.

A Bit of Poetry, a Little Humor, and
Some Solid Chunks of Useful
Information.

A Case of True Love.

"So Quincy is married?"
"Yes."
"Do you think he married for love?"
"No doubt of it, although his wife is not an adorable woman by any means."

"Why do you think it was a love match?"
"She is worth \$50,000."—Nebraska State Journal.

Why We Are Interested.

"I fear, George, that it can never be. For a time I thought that my heart was yours, but I am sure I love another."

Who is he?"

"Charlie Grigsby."
"But, Mamie, I am rich and influential; I can give you a home fit for a princess, and he is as poor as Lazarus, with no prospects."

"No prospects? Why, three different hall clubs are trying to get him to sign for next season."—Nebraska State Journal.

Her Last Request.

"Good-by!" he said, brokenly, and his frame shook with emotion; "Good-by, and may heaven bless you! Remember, Miss Smith, that although I cannot win your love, I shall always be your devoted friend, and if at any time I can be of service to you, you will have but to command me. I leave for Australia to-night. Good-by."

"I am sorry, Mr. Gerridge" said Miss Smith, in a low tone of voice, "to have been the means of driving you so far from home, but since you are so kind as to offer me your services, I will ask you to mail a letter for me on your way to the train."—Puck.

Reprinted.

"Hello, Maggie, how're you?" said a Pottersburgville boy, easily and grace fully to one of the belles of the town. "Can't I come round and see you to sing-sing' school Friday night?"

"No, you can't, Bob Plumer," said the freezing reply. "I'm up to your tricks, sir. You can be mighty bright when it's coming Christmas time, can't you? Oh, I know you! Mebbe you think I'll knit you three more pairs of wristlets, and a red and green and yellow and blue scarf nine feet long, and then you have给我 nothing but a little old 10-cent candy heart with 'Remember Me' onto it, like you did last year. I've 'remembered' you, and you don't get no more scarfs nor wristlets nor nothin' from me."—Detroit Free Press.

How They Marry in India.

At Trichur, in the East Indies, a town inhabited chiefly by Nairs, the hand-holding class of the coast, divorce seems to be as simple as marriage is easy. The Nair lady is a very independent person. Some one offers a cloth; that is the proposal. If she accepts it, that is the marriage. If she rejects it, that is the divorce.

The enduring interest which attaches to the problem here propounded demands that it should be discussed with all seriousness. A young woman, who sends her name and address, but who, upon this occasion, wishes to be known as "Stella," asks this question:

"Is it proper for a young lady to sit on the lap of a young man to whom she is engaged?"

Of course we will assume that no one else is present. Public exhibitions of admiration on the part of young persons, whose hearts are known to have been interchanged, should be restricted within very narrow limits. The eyes meet, the hands may touch, but the lips—never. Opinions are divided on the question whether, within the hearing of but partially sympathetic ears, they should even frame audibly the Christian name of the other party to the interesting combination; but that is not the theme of the moment, and there is no need of discussing it now. We are fully aware also that one school of romantic thinkers will maintain that what is not good taste before the eyes of the world should be forbidden under all circumstances. But such is not our opinion.

If this budding state of matrimony were to be oppressed by the same law of decorum which cold etiquette prescribes for the colorless relations of commonplace friendship, we fear that the mature conjugal blossom would appear with comparative rarity.

We no more serious proofs of reconciliation and forgiveness permitted to engaged lovers than are employed by mere friends, the first clash of discordant ideas would often cause the tender flower of love to droop beyond the power of ordinary protestations of devotion to revivify. Our remarks are therefore directed towards those who agree with us upon this subject, and we address them with confidence that they are the popular view.

Turning, then, to the main question, we say frankly to "Stella," and to all the fair constituents of the endless and happy procession which will follow her example in days to come, that as a rule the practice she refers to should be strenuously frowned upon as inadmissible.

Treat the impulsive and forgetful suitor with mercy and fortitude.

These words, innocently intended, gave me an instant clew to my course of action. I deliberately adopted the plan of substituting George for Charles; of having the former assume the name of the latter, return home, and become your husband. I corresponded with George, giving all the necessary details of my plan, and imploring him, for several reasons, to co-operate.

He needed little urging. His fancy had been captured by your picture, placed in his hands by his dying brother. He schooled himself for his part; he returned; you met and married him as though he had been the lover you left for a foreign shore—and except that his tremendous secret was always too heavy to be borne, and that a guilty conscience would ever show itself—you and he have lived a life of rare wedded happiness."

"But why should you, father, plot and consummate all this hypocrisy? Why should he cloud all your after-life with death?"

"My child, judge me not! You were all that was left to me. One after another my children have been taken—your alone remained. Your mother dropped dead with heart disease, the victim of a violent mental shock. You were like her, with her person and temperament. I did not dare to break to you the dreadful news of Charles' death! Bound up in his love as you were, I firmly believed that you would never survive the blow.

"These are my reasons. This is the strange story of your marriage. Was I not right?"

How many years are yet to be given me, I may not know; but they will not be long enough nor many enough to allow me entirely to realize my father's astounding tale. In most lives romance dies out with marriage; with mine it had but just begun, coupled with a mystery that only death was to disclose.

Can I think it real? Can I believe it true?

Their photographs are before me—the same, in all things the same.

Will both claim me in that mysterious land where love is reunited, and blooms forever? Or may I not believe that they became one in death, and that the greeting of but one Charles shall be mine beyond the shadows?

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.—Shenstone.

JEALOUSY is the sentiment of property, but envy is the instinct of theft.

parents, just as there are foolish, giddy young people, but their age, experience, and the tender love they bear their children entitle their wishes to consideration from even the most infatuated couple.

We would hear of very few runaway matches if the proper sympathy and confidence were maintained between girls and their mothers.

The light fancy, the pleasant attraction which a girl feels toward any nice, agreeable gentleman should be recognized and respected by the mother. She, too, has been along that path.

That feeling, however, should not be mistaken for the love founded on esteem, which alone can weather the gales of married life without making shipwrecks of all our dearest hopes.

Lady Belgrave's Advice to Girls.

WHAT TO AVOID.

A loud, weak, affected, whining, harsh or shrill tone of voice.

Extravagance in conversation—such phrases as "awfully this," "beastly that," "loads of time," "don't you know," "hate," for "dislike," etc.

Sudden exclamations of annoyance, surprise, and joy—often dangerously approaching to "female swearing"—as "Bother!" "Gracious!" "How jolly!"

Yawning when listening to any one. Talking on family matters, even to bosom friends.

Attempting any vocal or instrumental piece of music that you cannot execute with ease.

Crossing your letters. Making a short, sharp nod with the head, intended to do duty as a bow.

WHAT TO CULTIVATE.

An unaffected, low, distinct, silvery-voiced voice.

The art of pleasing those around you and seeming pleased with them and all they do.

The habit of making allowance for the opinions, feelings, or prejudices of others.

An erect carriage—that is, a sound body.

A good memory for faces, and facts connected with them—thus avoiding giving offense through not recognizing or bowing to people, or saying to them what had best be left unsaid.

The art of listening without impatience to proy talkers, and smiling at the two-tied tale or joke.

She Should Certainly Not.

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