

O Love, I cried, Thou saidst thy path was strewn.
With roses, and behold my naked feet have tracked in crimson all thy stony street, and faintness cometh swift upon me. Soon shall I fall prostrate in thy cruel way, with eyes that rest not betwixt night and day—
Nor any joy of all thou told'st, is won.
"Wouldst thou turn back?" said Love.
"Nay, nay, I cried, lead on!"
O Love, I cried, Thou saidst thine air was filled
With unimagined melody; the lays that poets whisper in their hearts; the praise Tamulions, of the happy birds that build. I hear a burden of all grief and pain— harsh discourses of reproach—the brook train Of one that by a ruined nest took shelter.
"Wouldst thou turn back?" said Love.
Nay, nay, I cried, lead on!
O Love, I cried, These be thy flowers that spring.
Glorious with crimson stain beneath my feet; and mine own heart makes me more swayed.
For memoried sorrows, than thy glad bids sing.
Fain woul I tarry in this happy place, but thou still holdest thine unloitering pace Toward the dark vale beyond the setting sun.
"Wouldst thou turn back?" said Love.
Nay, nay, I cried, lead on!
—[Solomon Solis-Cohen in S. Ribner.

A TROUBLESONE TOOTH.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

"I declare, Josi! 'f your head keeps on gettin' much bigger you'll hev to wear a peck measure 'stead of a hat!"
Mrs. Tottenham turned from the sink, where she was peeling potatoes, and looked pityingly at her husband. Josiah sat near the kitchen stove, holding his head sideways to the heat, with a most dolorous expression on his swollen face.
"Why don't y' go and hev it hauled?" continued Mrs. Tottenham, as Josiah sat groaning and swaying in the old calico-cushioned rocking chair. "Seems to me I was a man I wouldn't set and suffer as you be if there was a pair o' pinchers and a doctor anywhere within ten miles. Sake alive! how you be a squirm'in! Hev it out, I say. Hain't y' got the courage?"

Josiah Tottenham looked up piteously, twisting his long, lank body in the rocking-chair until his stiff and swollen face squarely fronted his wife. "I daren't!" he groaned. "Lord! it jumps wus'a grasshopper evry time I think on it. I couldn't bear to hav no pinchers grunched into them tender gums. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Ugh-h-h!"

With a long, sighing groan Josiah Tottenham dropped over the stove and stared blankly at the teakettle before him. Mrs. Tottenham stood in perplexed thought for a moment. Then a definite line of argument seemed to suggest itself to her, and she broke out, with apparent irrelevancy:

"Josi, do you remember the time you cut the Durham bull's tail?"

Josiah groaned affirmatively.

"How he started off on the jump 'n' snaked y' all round the barnyard, 'n' slewed y' int' the fence'n' dragger'd y' on ye back, but y' never let go—just hung on like a plaster—'n' finally got yer knife to the right spot 'n' sliced the critter's tail jest where y' wanted to!"

For a moment Josiah forgot his troublesome tooth under the spell of his wife's vivid narration of a well-remembered triumph. He even attempted to smile, but the twinge of pain that shot through his nerves brought him back to the dolorous present and he groaned aloud.

"I set to myself that day," continued Mrs. Tottenham, diplomatically, "there's mighty few men c'n compare with Josi Tottenham for pure grit." She turned to the pan of potatoes and worked in silence for a minute, then resumed her work.

"Member the time y' knocked a tramp asleep in the lower barn last spring 'n' hauled him out by the coat an' ducked him in the trough!"

Josiah nodded. It was pleasant to be entertained with reminiscences of one's personal prowess, even though the pleasure were punctuated with twinges of toothache. "Y' know I set to you then," continued Mrs. Tottenham, "that I reckoned you wuz cutt'f a soldier's some outdoor employment requirin' brav'ry?"

Mr. Tottenham grunted complacently. "But the best o' all," exclaimed his wife, with triumphant climacteric fervor, "wuz when the old mare kicked, yer in the stall and broke yer leg, an' y' jest hopped around and hitched her up an' driv fr' yer own doctor without sayin' a word to nobody. I call that genoine hee-roism, now!"

Josiah's eyes glowed. He began to realize that he really was a man of uncommon fortitude, and he innocently and unsuspectingly rejoiced in the thought. Being neither logical nor diplomat, he did not see the point at which the wife was driving; and when she finally turned upon him, exclaiming, "Josi, ef I wuz such a man as you be I'd feel ashamed to knuckle down to a little snub o' a tooth!" he was too astonished and bewildered to reply. The situation did seem ridiculous; he was obliged to admit that. But, oh! those fiendish, cold, cruel, crunching "pinchers!" Suddenly a compromise occurred to him. "Why couldn't you pull it, Marthy?" he asked. "I seen you pull one o' Eben's teeth, onct, with a string."

"'Praps I could,'" cried Mrs. Tottenham, whirling with readiness that made Josiah start. "Lemme have a look in the mouth, Josi!"

The oddly assorted couple went to the window—Josiah six feet four in his stockings—and Martha four feet six in hers. Martha Tottenham was the smallest woman in Willowtown and Josiah Tottenham was the largest man. Josiah sat down in a chair facing the window and opened his mouth as widely as he could under the circumstances. His wife looked into the dark cavity with the compressed lips and frowning brow of one whose attention is taxed to the utmost. "There's two or three angry lookin' ones, Josi!" she said. "Which o' em do you s'pose 'tis?"

"The for'ard one o' the lot, I callate," replied Josiah. "The pain seems to kinder creep that way."

"Wal, now you jest set right where you be till I get a string!" said Mrs. Tottenham, moving away briskly to ward the pantry. Josiah's hands, gripping the chair-back, as he sat facing it, were bloodless with the intensity of his grasp. Eben, the eldest boy, had come in from the barn and stood stupidly waiting at his father's side.

"Goin' to have it hauled?" he asked in an awestruck tone. His father nodded complacently, looking straight out of the window up into the sky, his head tilted back and his mouth open in anticipatory agony. Mrs. Tottenham came out of the pantry with a piece of fine braided silk

fishline in her hand. It was small, but exceedingly strong and elastic. She stood over Josiah and made a "slip-nose" at the end of the string with the left thumb and finger of a practical needlewoman. As she twirled the knot into shape Josiah winced.

"Open your mouth wider, Josi!" said his wife firmly. Josiah made a painful attempt to comply. The muscles of his lips twitched and his eyes bulged out as if he were being choked. A horrible fascination drew Eben closer to the chair of torture. The boy was suffering almost as keenly as his father, yet he could not go away. Mrs. Tottenham coolly dropped the silk loop around Josiah's "for'ard" tooth and drew it tight. Josiah's groan would have melted a March icicle, but it did not unnerve the determined little woman at his side. Bracing herself with one foot on the round of the chair, she gave a sudden, swift and steady pull. For a moment Josiah's big frame seemed about to rise and fall away through the open window. Then the tooth came flying out; Mrs. Tottenham staggered backward and Josiah settled down into his chair, a limp, bewildered, groaning, tortured mass of outraged nerves. With a frightened cry like that of a bird released from the spell of a serpent's eye, the boy who had been watching the operation fled from the room.

A few minutes later Mrs. Tottenham came out into the barn with the tooth in her hand. "I want you to get rid of it, Eben," she said, with some agitation; "anyhow so's I shan't know what you done with it. I don't want your father to ever see it. It's a perfectly sound tooth—the only sound tooth he had in his head, I reckon! But don't you ever say a word about that—mind, now."

It was a wonderful relief to the little woman that evening to see her husband's face gradually shrinking to its normal proportions and to hear his grateful acknowledgments of her skill and nerve as a dentist.

"Is the pain entirely gone, Josi?" she asked, as they were going to bed.

"Every speck!" responded Mr. Tottenham, gleefully.

"Goodness me!" mused the little woman, smilingly, as she crawled over the blankets. "I've been tell a good 'eal' bout the power of the imagination, but I never s'posed it could straighten out the kind o' mistake I made to-day!"

"What you laughing 'bout, Marthy?" demanded Josiah, sleepily.

"Oh, nothin'," replied his wife. "I was jest wonderin' what makes tooth-ache, anyway."—[Once a Week.

A Baby's Influence.

Who can resist a baby? Perhaps some old bachelor will reply that he can not only resist one, but that he would like-wise consider it a good plan to drown them all as soon as they were born, in kitten fashion. Well, the man of this type is left out of the category altogether, and in asking who can resist one of these dear little helpless bits of humanity we mean who, with a heart, can turn away from the dimpled, clinging hands, or not be won over by the innocent baby smile. No matter where the baby appears its influence is felt, says *Home Magazine*.

Let a mother and child enter a car, and five out of every six people will do nothing for the rest of the way but watch the baby, and the old gentleman with glasses, who has been absorbed in the reports of the stock market, will look pleased and smile down on the little mite who has taken such a fancy to his beloved cane, and will even unbend so far as to beam upon the mother, and to say in his deep bass voice: "Very fine child, madam," and if by chance the little creature should smile up into his face or evince any desire to be more friendly, the austerity that frightens his clerks almost out of their wits, and keeps them continually toeing the mark, will vanish entirely, and in its place will come an air of conscious superiority, as though the honor conferred upon him by the tiny morsel of humanity at his elbow had made him a trifles superior to those other of his fellow beings who had not received any such mark of distinguished consideration.

Women, old and young unless they are dwarfed in their true nature, always love babies. The maternal instinct is the strongest and best point in the feminine character, and from the time of doll dressing up to the day when their lives are gladdened by the advent of a little stranger, they adore the winsome, helpless human beings that are dependent upon them for love and support.

The thought of a curly head, a rosy mouth, or a little lisping voice joyously calling "papa" or "mamma," has kept many a man and woman from despair, but the many dangers of life that are worse than death.

Fate of the Old Navy.

The Navy Department is gradually doing away with the old men-of-war of historical and romantic memory, and a number of changes affecting them are to be made in the near future. The training ship Richmond at Newport is to be sent to Philadelphia to take the place of the St. Louis, which is in so decrepit a condition that she will probably be broken up and sold for the material in her. The Lancaster, now in China as the flagship of the Asiatic station, is under orders to sail for the United States when the cruiser Baltimore relieves her, and her active service as a war vessel will end on her arrival at Newport to take the place of the Richmond.

The Lancaster will return from China not expected home until March next. In the interim the old Constellation, now on special service, will remain at Newport in place of the Richmond. The Lancaster will be fitted out as a gunnery-instruction ship. New gun-carriages and guns will be mounted on her and tested at sea in order to allow officers and men to become familiar with their workings.

The Essex, the successor to the ship which made so gallant resistance to two British vessels, the Phoebe and the Cherub, in Valparaiso harbor in 1814, while commanded by Capt. David Porter, has been thoroughly repaired at the Norfolk navy yard and is now attached to the Naval Academy as part of the instruction fleet, and she is also used for seamanship and gunnery practice by the cadets. The Spanish in the Pensacola are now laid up in ordinary at the Mare Island navy yard, and it has been practically decided that they shall not be refitted, and sale and destruction will follow ultimately.

HONESTY.

"So you want employment in my store?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young man.

"Do you keep books?"

"I never borrow them."

And the merchant hired him on the strength of his honesty.—[Washington Star.

CLOAKS AND WRAPS.

PRESENT STYLES WILL PREVAIL NEXT WINTER.

Some of the Popular Designs that Are Shown—Capes with Long Stole Ends Are Much in Favor—High Collars Are Worn.

Fashion's Fables.

New York Correspondent:

BOUT the same styles in cloaks and wraps as those now worn will prevail next winter, so the woman with a few dollars to invest is made frantic by the number of bargains offered. The display in cloaks is simply appalling, but, of course, you take risks from moth and storing over summer. A popular design is that with very full skirts, sleeves very large and drooping at the shoulder and narrowing to the wrists. The capes so popular for shoulder finish of cloaks are now worn to take the form of epaulette capes that are only over the shoulder and do not cover either front or back. Capes are worn, and are likely to be always favored. They are very full and mostly set on yokes. When the capes are in series, they fall from the shoulders instead of from the throat. Capes with long, stole ends like that in the first initial picture are much in favor. Made of broad velvet shot with green and a dull yellow, its fronts are trimmed with wide bands of velvet ribbon, which are ornamented with three rows of narrow jet passementerie and are held down at regular intervals with bunches of jet leaves. The cape is lined with pale-green silk and finished with an epaulette collar. The inner sides of the tabs as well as the standing collar are trimmed with dark fur, preferably sable.

For theater wear are shown some cloaks that recall rather too forcibly those worn by the gentlemen in Venice in the time of Shylock, or of the sort displayed by Paulo, the handsome brother of the hunchback made fa-

ther. Some of the draped overskirt of these little capes hang half off the shoulder and are finished with turn-over collars. They drop full and are made of the richest plush or brocade, being lined with contrasting satin or silk. Truth to tell, such little garments are rather an accessory to the dress than a covering, and they are sufficiently dainty and modest enough to have been established in position in the economy, or to put it in another way, in the extravagance of woman's dress. If you are clever enough to make one of these at home, you may use upholstery or curtain goods of the finer kinds and expend about half what dress goods would require. Some kinds of upholstery velvet are all cotton at the back, but for that present a most beautiful right side surface, and come in rich and exclusive designs and colorings. To be sure, there is not much wear of the kind dress goods get in it, but for sleeves or a cape it is most suitable, being of splendid width and very cheap compared with the dress material it replaces.

The Empire styles have for some time been relegated to house wear, and of late the tendency has been toward discarding them even for indoor gowns. But now a newly stylish cut of coat is offered, wherein the loose fronts and back are set to a röke, the seam being hidden by a wide strip of braid, which recalls the Empire belt. The sleeves are very full, shown in the accompanying sketch of this garment, and the collar is composed of a double ruching made of braid. The whole is lined with satin and thinly wadded, and is well suited for middle-aged wearers.

Very high collars are generally worn and add to the length of the neck, which is good luck for the average woman who is in danger of being swamped in the detail of stylish covering. Seal skin and velvet are combined in a unique design. The former fits like the little jackets worn by pages in fashionable modistes' establishments; that is, fits closely, fastens right up the middle of the front, is cut very short on the hips, and curves to a little Eton point front and back. To this sort of a bodice very full satin-lined skirts of velvet are added, a slight modification of this fashion

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