

### SOME OF THESE DAYS.

Some of these days all the skies will be brighter—  
Some of these days all the burdens will lighter;  
Hearts will be happier—souls will be whiter—  
Some of these days!  
Some of these days, in the deserts up springing,  
Fountains shall flash, while the joy-bells are ringing,  
And the world—with its sweetest of birds shall go singing—  
Some of these days!  
Some of these days! Let us bear with our sorrow:  
Faith in the future—it's light we may borrow:  
There will be joy in the golden to-morrow—  
Some of these days!—[Atlanta Constitution.]

### MARIA.

When Harris went up into the Pennsylvania anthracite mining regions, he was a strong, handsome young fellow of twenty-three, with rose-colored views of this life and sadly vague ones of the life to come. He came from a grassy New England village, where he had lived a frank, free, open-air life about as exciting as a pastoral. He had spent four years at Columbia College, which had opened his eyes a bit, and then he had gone up into big, black Luzerne County, teeming with two hundred thousand people, three-fourths of whom would better have been drowned at their birth like so many blind kittens, some pessimists thought.

Words cannot describe the drear misery of a mining "patch" in North-eastern Pennsylvania, was an early conclusion of young Harris. You will come across group after group of black and dingy cabins, strung along like grimy huckleberries on a straw. Back of these looms the "breaker," a gloomy mass of shadow, blackened by wind and storm that have ground the fine coal-dust into the planking. Culm-heaps, mountains of refuse coal and slate, hide the natural horizon, and present a sky-line that is monotonous and uninspiring. Through the hollows, over trestles crossing the black swamp-land, out into the brighter world beyond the hills, crawl long trains of cars piled high with gleaming coal.

It was at a cluster of huts in a valley like this that Harris was stationed. He had a room in an ungainly red frame structure where ham and eggs and raisin pie were the staple articles of diet, and which was endurable to him only because two-thirds of his time was spent beyond its pale. The name of this understudy for purgatory was the Mountain Glen Hotel, and it was presided over by one Mrs. Dwyer. Of course, he had no friends there. There was no one to interest him, and he had not yet learned to interest himself in common, everyday people, whom we often find to be uncommon and unique when we have once discovered the secret of really knowing. The whole world seemed dimly ordinary to Harris. Consequently, when he looked out of the window of his soapy, pine-floored boarding-house one evening, a few weeks after his arrival, and saw a slender female figure with a face that was moderately clean and immoderately pretty, he felt that he had made a discovery of some importance. In deference to the summer's Columbian craze, he called that window for some time the lookout from the Pinta. The girl was Maria (Mash-ree-ah, if you please) di Manicor, and the brimming pail of water she was bringing from the well did not monopolize her attention. She saw Harris.

At Columbia, Harris had learned how to look through a transit—if that is the proper expression—and, upon provocation, could talk about "back-sights" and "vernier" with the air of a master. From this it will be gathered that Harris was a surveyor. He was more—he was a mining engineer and had two letters tacked to his name to signify his prowess. Every morning he went into the mines, and, with the aid of a small Welsh boy and a big Hungarian laborer, he would produce prodigies of engineering skill which the layman will not attempt to detail. In the evening he would stroll among the banks of the black, sulphurous stream of mine-water that flowed through the swamp-land on the outskirts of the village. Poor little stream! It was not much like his babbling New England brooks. It could not have babbled if it had tried. It could only mutter or yowl. For three weeks Harris took these walks alone. Then he took them with Maria di Manicor. Then my story begins.

Harris could hardly have told how his acquaintance with Maria began. First a word or two at the village pump, when she went to draw water; then he came across her once or twice on his solitary evening strolls, until finally it was no longer once or twice; it was no longer a word or two. It was every evening, and they would wander through the swamp for hours. These walks had to be accomplished circumstantially. Harris and Maria would start out separately and would return separately, but somehow or other they always managed to meet when well out of the village and beyond the peering power of curious eyes.

Harris was a good young fellow—as goodness goes, nowadays. It did not occur to him that there was anything inconsistent in his going to Hazleton to mail a letter to a girl in Keene, New Hampshire, and at the same time to hunt through the shops for a pair of heavy gilt earrings with garish blue enamel for Maria. Nevertheless, he said nothing about Maria in his letters, and, of course, he said nothing to Maria about the New England girl. They did not talk much in their walks along the edge of the stripping. He would ask Maria what she called this or that in her tongue and learned to jabber so fluently in the mongrel Indian dialect she spoke, that he thought seriously of buying a copy of Dante in the original if he ever got to a place where he could get so civilized a production. So it happened that Maria never told him of her betrothal.

For Maria was betrothed, and Harris did not know it; nor did he know that the day was set on which she and Angelo Rossi, with their respective parents and collective friends, were to go to Hazleton to purchase nine yards of purple cashmere, with a sufficient quantity of red velvet and silver and gold passementerie, calculated to make a wedding gown that would be the envy of the settlement. Angelo worked on the "night shift," and earned a dollar and a quarter a day. It was a good match, and, besides, her fiance's nocturnal occupation gave Maria her evenings to herself.

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It was after seven o'clock, one sweet, still evening in June, when Maria stole along behind the engine-house and through a tongue of swamp land, where the naked tree-trunks lifted their knotty branches from the oily, sulphurous ooze that had dried the sap in their veins and had reduced them to weird skeleton frames. She sat down wearily on a tree-stump at the edge of the swamp. Dark against the sun-stained glory of the west rose the black ridge of an immense culm-heap, and on its crest, silhouetted against the glowing sky, was the dark figure of a car, with mule and driver. Maria looked at the scene listlessly. The driver-boy stooped, pulled a bolt and the carload of refuse slate rolled, grinding down the slope. One big piece of rock bounded farther than the others, and fell at last with a "chug," on the treacherous, shifting sand of the swamp, and the slimy surface closed over it with a grin.

"Buon' notte, Maria mia!" called a cheery voice at her side.

The girl's listlessness was gone at once. She turned to Harris quickly with a warning gesture, and he stopped a short distance away, standing erect and good to see, on a little hummock in the swamp. She had risen to her feet, and was standing facing him on the projecting root of a fallen tree. They were separated by a shallow stream of black water flowing sluggishly over the quicksand. She began to speak at once.

"You must come with me," she said; and then, before he had time to question, she plunged into her story, speaking rapidly, but in clear, low tones. She told him of her betrothal to Angelo Rossi; she told him how to-morrow was the appointed day for the purchase of the purple gown with its glittering accessories; how their secret could no longer be kept; how Angelo was beginning to suspect; how she hated him, and how she loved Harris more than all the world, more than the purple gown 'twere of finest silk and decked with rubies.

Then she disclosed her plan. So childlike and confident she was that Harris could not interrupt her. She showed him the contents of a bundle she had under her shawl. It was a parcel of belongings she had taken from his room, innocently gleeful at the thought of how she had collected them without the knowledge of Mrs. Dwyer. The bundle was done up in a towel and showed evidences of haste and inexperience on the part of the compiler. There were a pair of overshoes, a handkerchief-case of pale blue silk, two white lawn ties, a bottle of bromo-caffiene, a tumbler of blue glass, enveloped in a net of yellow crocheted-work with bows of pink "daisy ribbon," and intended by Mrs. Dwyer for the reception of burnt matches. There were also two oranges, a clay pipe and a copy of "Edwin Drood."

Harris stood like a statue on the hummock.

Maria went on with her story, speaking low and eagerly. Harris was not to go back to the boarding-house. Had she not here all his most precious possessions? And in the bosom of her gown she had sixty-seven dollars concealed, the sum set apart for her wedding equipment. With this they were to cross the mountain to Hazleton, where they would take the train for New York. Once there—ah, then that dirty Angelo might plead! She would have a husband worth a thousand of him.

Harris gave himself a little shake to make sure it was not all a horrible nightmare.

"But, Maria, my little girl, you are wrong. Don't you see it is all a mistake? Go marry Angelo. He deserves you more than I."

She looked at him a moment, and then, with a sob, turned away. She saw in his face the truth he dared not speak.

"Oh, say, not say not you cast me off!" she moaned and stretched her hands toward him. But she felt no answering touch. He was looking at her with a little smile and whistling softly to himself. For moment she was transformed from a pleading angel to a demon of rage. She stooped quickly, picked up the bundle at her feet, raised it high over her head and flung it full in his face.

The clumsy missile missed its mark, however, struck at his feet and rolled down into the pool of coal-dirt, that gave a hideous gulf and swallowed the bundle of bribe-brac, as it swallowed everything else within its reach.

But, ah! What was that? Did the faint branch on which she was standing turn or did she lose her balance? A faint little cry of terror, and Harris saw Maria struggling knee-deep in the treacherous ooze. He sprang impulsively forward, but as his foot touched the surface of the swamp, and he felt the dead weight pulling it down, he paused for an instant. Maria saw the hesitation.

"Go back! Go back!" she cried. "It is not for me that you shall die! There is another! Save yourself for her! She is to have your love, not Maria!"

The scene grew dim before the young man's eyes. He saw no longer the grim mass of the culm-heap, the writhing of the bare tree-trunks and the slimy surface of the swamps. A long, quiet New England street, the great elms, heavy with foliage, meeting overhead, and at a bend in the road, a tall, slender girl, holding her hand to him with a welcoming smile. The vision vanished as quickly as it had come; but it was enough. A moment before the murderous thought had flashed upon him.

"How easy to escape from it all! A minute's delay, a mock struggle against the odds that grew greater

every moment, and then—freedom." Now he cast the thoughts from him with revulsion. He glanced quickly around. Was there no one to give him aid? Yes, there was the breaker-boy on the ridge of the culm-heaps who, though beyond hearing, could get a faint glimpse of the dim figures fifty feet below, and who now, with wild hopes of a row, was scrambling down the slope. And another. Deep in the twilight gloom of the swamp Harris saw approaching the tall, lithe figure of a swarthy miner. With a loud cry for help, the young fellow sprang toward Maria, who by this time had sunk in the quicksand nearly to her waist. She had stopped struggling and was waiting silently for the end.

Hardly had Harris's cry died away in the choking stillness, when another sound was heard—the sharp ring of a pistol-shot. The hiss of a bullet passed his ears, and Harris saw Maria give a sudden start, throw up her hands and fall, face forward, in the black slime.

Ah, Angelo! You are more used to dealing death with steel than with lead. A swift blow with the stiletto and the life you sought might have been deftly and quietly cut from the body, but with these clumsy portentous tools no wonder your hand trembled, the bullet passed its mark and the wrong life sacrificed to your hatred. The work is done now. It is well for you to sink stealthily away and leave the two alone together.

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And so the purple gown was never bought nor the trip to New York taken. But the breaker-boy saw his "row" and more, too. For it was he who found Angelo Rossi's body a day or two afterward on the mountain-side, with a bullet wound in the temple to show how the Italian's marksmanship improved with practice. Perhaps the only good that came of the whole thing was that Harris left the region and went back to New England, where he was much happier. For he was a good enough young fellow—as goodness goes, nowadays.—[New York Ledger.]

### MUSICAL GRASS.

Wonderful Effects Produced by Cunny-fing Fakirs in India.

There yet remain certain corners of the earth where natural wonders of the exceptional sort await the inspection of the more adventurous and curiously inclined. One of these as yet generally unexplored corners lies not far from the old temple caves of Bagh, in India. Here there is a lake in which is a small islet. Around the shores of the lake, and of the islet especially, is a dense growth of reed grass. The forest surrounding both swarms with the deadly serpent tribes and other dangerous beasts of prey peculiar to the jungle. The islet itself is but a tiny one, and when viewed at a distance looks like a pyramidal basket of verdure, so overgrown is it with the tall reeds. The only inhabitants of this isolated spot are the ubiquitous monkeys, who rendezvous among a few mangroves that grow in the midst. This reed grass is seven or eight feet high and plumed at the top, the color effect of which is as of a waving sea of black, yellow, blue, and especially of rose and green."

But the wonder does not become apparent until the evening wind begins to blow. Then the gigantic reeds awake and begin to toss uneasily, and suddenly, in the general silence of the forest around, there is somewhere let loose a whole river of musical sound, first like that of an orchestra "tuning up," and then a flood of harmony follows, and the whole island resounds as with the strains of hundreds of Eolian harps. It swells and deepens, filling the air with indescribable melody, now sad and solemn as of some funeral march, now rising and trilling upon the air like the song of the nightingale, to die away into silence with a long-drawn sigh. Then again the sounds rise, clashing like hundreds of silver bells; then suddenly changing to the heart-rending howl of a wolf deprived of her young. A gay tarantella follows; then comes the articulate sound of the human voice to the vague, majestic accords of a violoncello—and all this represented in every direction by hundreds of responsive echoes. Let the wind but rise, the sounds pour and roll in unrestrainable, overwhelming energy—comparable to nothing but a storm in the open sea. You hear the wind tearing through the rigging, the swish and tumult and thundering shock of the maddened waves. A lull, and the scene is changed to the dim-lit vault of a cathedral, throbbing to the long-drawn roll of organ notes, ending, perhaps, in the clangor of an alarm bell. And so it goes, until your ears ache and your head flings under the strain.

On the opposite side of the lake you will see the fire of the superstitious natives, who congregate to bring offerings to the Indian god Pan and his hosts, who are held responsible for the sounds evoked. The cunny-fakirs alone know better, but because of certain benefits that accrue to themselves from these reverential offerings, do not care to enlighten the explanation is a very simple one. This reed grass is hollow; it shelters a species of tiny beetle, and these tiny insects obligingly bore the holes in these innumerable pipes of the great god Pan. Then comes your fakir, and he, with his knowledge of acoustics—for the superior class of Hindu ascetics are deeply versed in natural laws—enlarges and shapes and finishes until each reed is a perfect tube, answering to a certain keynote in the musical scale. The wind is the musician and blows the pipes thus prepared with results as described. Why the fakir should go to the trouble of attuning the reeds is probably due to the habitual fostering of native superstitions by the Brahmins in control.—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

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MIDWINTER MILLINERY.

### GOWNS AND GOWNING.

#### WOMEN GIVE MUCH ATTENTION TO WHAT THEY WEAR.

Brief Glances at Fancies Feminine, Frivolous, Mayhap, and Yet Offered in the Hope that the Reading May Prove Restful to Worned Womankind.

Gossip from Gay Gotham.

New York correspondence:

STREET DRESSES are often made of velvet; that is, the dresses which are distinctly for parade purposes, or which are worn at the afternoon lecture, the matinee or at church. This, of course, does not include the shopping gown, for the really elegant woman does not shopping. She leaves the purchasing of materials to her dressmaker and designer. Many ladies with trusted maids send orders through them or depend upon their selection. Nowhere except on horseback does a woman's figure and style show to such advantage as on the street. Gowns for this wear are distinct from those for traveling or for the carriage. They are a distinct branch of outdoor gear. Under this general head is included the street or walking gown, the carriage dress, more delicate, longer and more elaborate and intended for the daily drive, or for calling when the closed carriage is

send and a variety of design not required in the carriage costume is the requisite medium. The shopping gown is either black, brown, or stone color. It may be as plain as you like and may be specially designed to avoid conspicuous showiness in any way. The woman may not be mistaken for an ordinary person, however, the rustle of the silk lining must be very crisp, and the fit absolutely perfect. There must not be extraordinary braiding or finishing in the way of trimming.

The matinee gown is a variety of the street dress, but it need not be either plain or cut or material. A particularly stylish example is to be seen in the second picture. Made of blue cloth its bell skirt is ornamented with three bands of marten, a fourth encircles the hips, the V points of the front appear back and front, and collar and cuffs are likewise trimmed. The front of the skirt is oddly trimmed with satin ribbon, as shown.

The carriage gown is of the richest materials and it may employ a startling fashion or design of color with perfect impunity. The present season compels the use of fur in so many cases that the elegance of effect is usually made in the cloak rather than in the dress. The carriage gown of the warmer season may have the house gown and the reception toilet for ornate and delicate effect. The traveling dress should always be plain of course, and those materials which show dirt the least are at once the most sensible and fashionable.

A model which is extremely plain and yet which presents an attractively novel cut of bodice is shown. The fabric used is brown woolen cloth

and a skirt is entirely plain. The double-breasted bodice buttons at the right armhole and its short fronts show the bottom of a chamois waistcoat. The leg-o-mutton sleeves have epaulette garniture and skirt hem are finished with machine stitching, the only other ornamentation about the dress being a bit of feather trimming about the high collar.

Besides these sorts of outdoor gowns there are dresses for special occasions. Skating dresses are designed with an almost theatrical view to effect. Gowns for wear at exhibitions of our door sports have all the elegance of the carriage gown and a suggestion of the skating gown in the bizarre effects sought.

The church toilet is perhaps the place by itself. It may display all the elegance of the calling dress with a subdued effect in color. A pair of stylish walking dresses are pictured together. One of them is a cloth costume with a draped skirt showing an underskirt of moire silk and having wide revers of the same. The other includes a plain skirt of colored cloth and velvet bodice and sleeves. The bodice is trimmed with a broad, rever-like band of fur, and a jabot of creamy lace falls from the throat. If the over-skirt comes, it can assume prettier shapes than that of the first of this pair.

It will be seen that the use to which the street gown is put is limited to occasions not properly covered by either the traveling, shopping or carriage

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It is also scolded at continually by the women of the family, that being sad to relate, considered by the unchivalrous men of India, the very best method of preventing anything from getting any rest, and under the influences of this combination of annoyances the poor cheetah becomes utterly and weakly tame and tame. Then he is taken for a short walk, or rather a crawl, as by that time he can

### FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

BELL'S LULLABY.  
In the porch sits little Bell,  
Singing lullabies.  
Dolly, in her loving arms,  
Stares with open eyes.

With her head across the fence,  
Moley stands to see—  
"Is she singing lullabies,  
Wonder, now, to me."

SNOW FLOWERS.  
Most persons know that snow flakes are composed of small crystals in the form of stars of marvellous regularity and variety. They usually offer three, six or twelve parts symmetrically disposed around an axis, and making equal angles. To observe them at ease, take snow flakes upon a black cloth, and you will notice that there are many hundreds of different forms.

When the French savants went into Lapland in 1737 to measure the arc of the meridian destined to the establishment of the meter's length, they saw the warm and humid atmosphere of their room transform itself instantly into snow flakes when they let in a rush of outer air.

By blowing a soap bubble when the air is very cold and there is snow on the ground you can secure thousands of the frozen crystals, as varied in form as those which fall from the clouds.—[New York Times.]

A CHIPMUNK'S LUNCH.