

SING A SONG.

Sing a song o' good times,
Skies a-clearin' up;
Sugar in the sugar-bowl,
Coffee in the cup.

Sing a song o' good times,
Crops a-growin' big;
Cattle in the clover beds,
Bacon in the pig.

Sing a song o' good times,
Hear the bugle sound!
Kiss your wife an' bless your life,
An' shake hands all around!

—[Atlanta Constitution.]

DELIA'S VEIL PIES.

"He's coming, Deeley."

"Who's coming?"

"Land!" exclaimed Mrs. Brigham. "I don't believe you've heard a word I've said!"

Delia laughed as she emerged from the closet. "I don't believe I want to hear any more about Deacon Brown's widowed son-in-law," she said.

"He's coming next week with the baby and a nurse."

"Let him come. The baby will be a comfort to Mrs. Brown."

"P'raps he'll let her keep it. If he should marry again, Deeley, the second wife!"

"Now, mother," said Delia, interrupting her by putting both hands upon her cheeks and turning her face toward the light. "I understand you perfectly. But—"

"Now, Deeley, I ain't no matchmaker at all. Only—"

"Only you'd like me to marry the rich widower, with the encumbrance of a baby less than two years old. I understand you, mother mine."

Mrs. Brigham colored under Delia's searching glances. She felt a painful consciousness that she had been too careless in the disclosure of her thought. "He's rich. Maybe he'll take a fancy to my Deeley."

She looked up at Delia almost breathlessly. Deeley was "odd," the married sisters asserted, but this criticism of her youngest the mother resented. Deeley was a bit masterful, perhaps, but that was her fault, not Deeley's, she reflected.

"Confess," said Delia.

"Now, Deeley, when all I said—'Well, well,'" said Delia, with a kiss, "we'll let the widower drop into oblivion. Only, mother mine, I do not want my name connected with his. So do not let our neighbors even hint at such a thing to you. And—now listen, dear, you are not to try to bring together two people who do not want to know each other."

"I do know why you say that, Deeley. He's a likely man an' well to do."

"There is such a thing as hearing too much about a person," said Delia. "Don't mention his name again, please, mother. I'm sick of a paragon by the name of Carlton St. John. Such a name!" scornfully.

She glanced at the clock as she spoke.

"Goodness!" she exclaimed, "it is past ten! Now provoking! I thought we'd have roast veal for dinner, but it is too late. I shall have to make a veal pie."

"I'd make it in the big pie-dish, Deeley. I wouldn't wonder a mite if one of the girls dropped in about dinner time. I've kind o' felt it in my bones that something would happen 'fore sundown."

"I'll make it in the big dish. There shall be plenty. I'll go for the real now."

This was another of Delia's oddities. To do one's own marketing was a proper thing, but to bring home brown paper parcels, or baskets packed with groceries was not feminine, the sister declared.

An hour later Delia stood at the table rolling out the rich undercrust, in the making of which she excelled. Over the slow fire simmered the veal; while by the north window sat her mother paring potatoes.

Mrs. Brigham was unwontedly silent. She was sore over her defeat, for so she considered it. How could she have been so careless, she asked herself. Did she not know from past humiliating experiences how "set" Deeley could be?

She was therefore very silent. Suddenly she dropped her knife upon the floor. "Land, Deeley!" she cried, "there's a fire somewhere! Don't you hear the bells a ringing?"

She jumped up and ran to the south window and looked from it eagerly. A fire was always a pleasurable excitement to her. She often felt impatient with Deeley for being cool and self-contained.

"I can't see a mite o' smoke," she said.

"Go out on the veranda," advised Delia.

Nothing loth, Mrs. Brigham threw her apron over her head and left the room. In a moment she returned. "Oh, oh, Deeley!" she panted, "it's here! The fire's here! It's our own roof!"

"Nonsense!" said Delia, sharply. "Whoever told you that was joking. Our roof on fire! Well, I guess so! I guess we shall know when our own roof gets on fire without having to be told."

"Sp'en—Spencer Field said—said—so," said her mother, who was now sobbing.

"Spencer Field is a simpleton!" replied Delia.

Nevertheless she ran out into the back yard. A half-dozen men stood there, looking up at the house-roof. One of them spoke reassuringly.

"The engine'll be here directly. The boys'll soon put it out."

Delia gave a swift, comprehensive glance upward. "A bucket o' well-water'd put that out without all this fuss," she said, contemptuously.

She hurried back into the kitchen. Her mother was standing in the middle of the room, wringing her hands. "I do know what to do first, Delia," she whimpered.

"There ain't nothing to do but lock the doors and keep the crowd out; I ain't going to have a crowd marching through the house."

This was soon accomplished, and advising her mother to resume her work, Delia returned to her pie-crust.

Mrs. Brigham resented the suggestion. "I declare, Deeley," she said,

claimed, "a body'd think fires never did no damage. An' if you've got nerve enough to stand here and work same as if there wa'n't nothing a-fire, why, I ain't cooler than a cucumber, an' I'm going up attic to see if they're putting it out."

Delia laughed. "They'll be about twenty firemen up on the roof to put out a fire no bigger'n my hand," she said. "But go along, mother. You'll sleep easier for it, and I'll finish paring the potatoes."

Her mother had hardly left the room when there came a loud rap upon the kitchen door. Delia paid no attention. A second followed. A third, a fourth, and then, as a scowl gathered upon Delia's forehead, a succession of strong blows, as of someone assaulting the door with the intention of forcing it open.

Delia threw down her rolling-pin and opened the door. "What's the matter, now?" she demanded, curtly.

Three of their neighbors pressed into the room. "We must go upstairs," they said. "It may have burned through inside, Deeley."

Delia laughed scornfully. "That speck o' fire'd never burn a house down 'thout there was a gale o' wind," she said, "but I'll let you go up 'long as you're so concerned about it."

"You're a bit upset, aint you, Deeley?" said one of the trio, as they passed out of the room.

Delia made no reply. She stood with her hand upon the door-knob, eyeing a fourth man, who stood just outside, in the shed roof. Then, returning to the house, she resumed the making of her veal pie.

Half an hour later she was deftly covering the big dish, for which her mother had stipulated, with the rich top crust, for which she herself had a special fondness. Her face was grave, as befitting her task, yet a close observer would have noted a gleam in her eyes, which betokened that her thoughts were not wholly upon her work.

"He's a tramp," thought Delia. "Now I shall hear some pitiful tale."

She steeled her heart against it. He was not in need of food, she decided. His clothes were worn and shabby, though they fitted well, and there was an indefinable something about him which suggested a former respectability. Yet he had not that gauntiness which told its own sad tale.

She waited a moment, wondering that he did not speak. "Tramps were seldom so slow of speech," she reflected. "He was planning how to get to, doubtless. This fire was his opportunity, he probably felt. Well—"

The tramp interrupted her train of thought. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but coming through a vacant lot back here, just now, I saw sparks on the roof above us."

His voice had in it a sweetness and refinement which still further surprised Delia. A sufficient explanation of it flashed quickly through her mind. "He is some bank official, a defaulting cashier just out of prison," she decided. Her reply therefore was sparingly given. "The firemen will attend to it."

"But—"

"You are troubling yourself needlessly," she interrupted, making a movement to close the door.

"He put his hand against it."

"Pardon me," he said, "but if you have a short ladder here, I will run up on the roof and see it—"

"The firemen will—"

"Pardon me, but since I saw those sparks descend upon the roof, I have a fancy to take the part of a fireman myself."

There was a faint smile upon his face, as he thus pressed his desires. Delia resented it. A tramp, an ex-convict, smiling at her, daring to both of you."

"Oh, well, I'm not alone," responded Sarah, good-humoredly, "and I have brought someone that'll do just as well as Nancy. You're making veal pie, ain't you? Well, I guess Mr. St. John'll excuse you while you finish it. Mr. St. John, this is my sister, Miss Brigham; Deeley, this is Mr. St. John."

Delia looked at the stranger, bowing slightly. And then, as she met his eyes, she turned back to her work with an abruptness which brought a sudden color into her cheeks; for in this stranger she saw not only the tramp whom she had decoyed into the cellar cistern, but the man she had resolutely intended to ignore during the coming summer. And they was he, the rich widower, whom she had thought a prison convict, whom she had left wandering in five feet of rain water, in a dark cellar! Her sister was a woman of slow thought. "Land sakes alive!" she exclaimed. "I don't wonder your cheeks are redder 'n peony-blows! Why, this kitchen's just like an oven! What on earth possessed you to do cooking with the house a-fire? Did ever you hear of such goings-on, Mr. St. John? But Ia, didn't I tell you we'd find her working round as cool as you please? Land, Deeley, you needn't toss your head. Everybody knows you're an odd sort of a body. Where's mother? She ain't much flustered, is she? Dear sakes, how ever did it catch?"

Delia made no reply. Words would choke her. She left the room and went into the pantry.

Sarah looked after her with a smile of amusement and contempt.

"Deeley wa'n't never like Nancy before," she said. "She's odder than I am, dear sakes, we shall roast if we stay here, so come right through the dining room, Mr. St. John, and I guess we'll find mother somewhere to the front of the house."

Delia came forth from the pantry as they left the room.

"I hate him! I hate him!"

Upon a bright morning of mid-December Delia stood in the kitchen. She was rolling pie crust, and as she molded it into the desired shape and thickness the smile upon her face culminated in a laugh. It was so happy a laugh that her mother, sitting by the fire, looked questioningly at her.

"It was just here," said Delia, "that I was making a veal pie that last spring when—"

"Tell me where to find it," stepped inside the kitchen. "Oh, I'll have to go down with you," ungraciously. "Dear me, I never saw such a piece of work about a bit of shingle as folks is bound to make to-day," she bolted the kitchen door. "I won't have no more tramps bursting in here without my leave," she said. Her tone was defiant almost to rudeness, but in her heart was a fear lest this tramp, this embezzler of bank funds, might dash into the dining room and the silver closet. Once there he would be monarch of all he surveyed.

So, catching a shawl from a nail and throwing it over her shoulders, she opened the door leading into the cellar.

"Wait," she said, turning back.

"It is so dark I must light a lamp."

This done, she led the way. Down the stairs the tramp followed her and across the stone floor to a corner of the cellar where was the rain-water cistern.

It was large and of stone and brick closely cemented. The top was covered by a thick layer of planks. Delia paused at one end and lifted the plank aside. Then she turned to the

"What time?" repeated Delia, ignoring this remark. "Oh, and-by, after the work is done up and out of the way."

"Well, I declare!" echoed Nancy removing her cloak, "if you ain't an odd piece, Deeley, ain't you goin' to get married to-day?"

"Oh, yes," quietly.

"Well, I declare!" said Sarah removing her cloak, "if you ain't an odd piece, Deeley, ain't you goin' to get married to-day?"

"Catch our Deeley acting like anybody else!" commented Nancy, with sisterly frankness. "I guess you'll find out when you see the minister comin', Sarah Jane, an' not one second aforehand."

"What time?" repeated Delia, ignoring this remark. "Oh, and-by, after the work is done up and out of the way."

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed both sisters. "What a way to get married!"

Both were silent for a moment. Then in a high, protesting voice: "I never heard of such goings-on!" continued Sarah, "an' I shouldn't suppose you'd want Carlton St. John to find you rolling out pie-crust the very day you was going to be married to him?"

"What's this about Carlton St. John?" asked that personage, appearing from an inner room. "Why should not Deeley make pie-crust, Sister Sarah? Why, Deeley, you were doing well, were you not, the day I fell in?"

She waited until he had begun to let himself down into the cistern. Then holding the lamp above her head, and moving slowly backward,

she called: "I wouldn't be a mite surprised if that ladder was away in the farther end. That Jim Little is a dreadful forgetful—"

A splash of water interrupted her. "Hallo!" called the tramp, "I thought you said this place was dry, and here's the water up to a man's neck!"

"If you're in a hurry to put out those sparks, maybe I'd better run upstairs and see if they've got to blazing yet," said Delia, as she turned and hurried across the floor.

She ran up the stairs, opening the door into the light, sunny kitchen, shut it quickly, and bolted it.

"There," she said to herself, "there, my fine gentleman-tramp, it'll take you some time, I think, to find your way out of that dark cellar!"

She smiled grimly when she went out-of-doors and surveyed the crowd, who watched the firemen upon the roof of the main house. "Such a much-ad-about-nothing," she said, contemptuously. "I could have gone up myself with a dipper of water, if I'd known about it."

But Delia, though cool and scornful, was not destitute of sense. Calling a fireman to her, she directed his attention to the shed roof. Then, returning to the house, she resumed the making of her veal pie.

Half an hour later she was deftly covering the big dish, for which her mother had stipulated, with the rich top crust, for which she herself had a special fondness. Her face was grave, as befitting her task, yet a close observer would have noted a gleam in her eyes, which betokened that her thoughts were not wholly upon her work.

It is a very curious spectacle to a stranger who visits the city of Brussels for the first time to see in the morning innumerable small vehicles loaded with fruit and vegetables arriving at the market drawn by dogs whose good-natured barking proves not only that they experience no fatigue, but, on the contrary, a genuine enjoyment. It is not only the kitchen gardeners and the peasants coming to the city that make use of this sort of haulage, for the butchers, the bakers, the coal dealers, and the milkmen have no other means of carriage in order to serve their customers. As a general thing each cart is drawn by but one dog, but there may be several.

The dogs thus employed in Brussels and its vicinity for the traction of small vehicles is a strong and broad-backed mastiff, more squat than a large Dane or German mastiff, generally of a dull fawn color, or more or less black spotted with white, and a somewhat short-haired and rough coat. However the Brabant peasants do not appear to stick to one type of breed with fixed coloration, and they are used to stick to any color that they require of their stock.

Good specimens are sold from \$20 to \$25. In the course of service these dogs are fed upon bread and horse meat, and their maintenance costs about a cent a day. The dead weight they haul is, on an average, 650 pounds. Bull-dogs haul a much greater weight.

These dogs are very zealous and perform their duty with as much pleasure as hunting dogs do in following the trail of game.

An exercise which well exhibits their qualities and shows the degree of emulation with which they are endowed is that of the races that frequently take place as a consequence of challenges made by their owners. The race course is a highway, and the goal is at a distance of one or two miles. All passers-by can enjoy the spectacle gratis. The competitors place themselves in line, and the impatience of the coursers, which is manifested by voice and action, can be moderated only by vigorous applications of the whip.

The bodice is in coat fashion, made with full skirt set on, and the most stylish have the skirt reach to or even below the knees. Stylish rigs are also planned with cut-away sack coats. Much or little of the waistcoat may be seen, it is made like a man's and fits exactly with a slight conventionalizing of the figure. It may be of pique, of cashmere or of any of the many vestings in vogue. There is the widest latitude in color. Scarlet or scarlet showered with tiny black dots is in perfectly correct taste and not conspicuous. White is all right and very dressy. Tan or tan blue, light and dark blue and navy-blue in combination or in wash vestings are all good. The tie is either white or black, or of pique to match the vesting. The linen in the best taste is quite plain. At the same time,

warning gesture. "Let me finish," she said. "Yes, I was making a veal pie the day you fell in love with me." Sarah coughed, and Nancy, after a second, echoed that sisterly remonstrance. Their eyes met, and the thought flashed from mind to mind: "How like our Deeley! To speak—so—of—his—falling—in—love—with her!" —[Yankee Blade.]

BELGIUM'S WORKING DOGS.

A Curious Spectacle in the City of Brussels.

New York correspondence:

WHAT WOMEN WEAR.

STYLES FOR THOSE WHO WANT TO LOOK PRETTY.

In Tailor-Made Gowns the Girls All Look More or Less Alike—Styles for Her Who Will Not Don a Uniform-Striped Collars and Cuffs Are Swagger.

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