

"WHILE WE HAVE TIME."

The peaceful hour of summer dusk is nigh; Swift swallows hawk beneath an opalsky. Along the west faint base of crimson die; Under the low-browed porch your chair i set, Amid sweet scents of musk and mignonette. You muse of things you sometimes half forgot. Can you forgive her then? Or when, within some sacred, ancient fane, Where holy rest and peace forever reign, As falls the tinted sunlight from the pane Unto your ear the solemn words are given "While we have time." "Forgive and be forgiven."

The angels wait to take your prayers to heaven.

Do you forgive her then?

"While we have time!" The years are not our own:

The clock ticks on with calm, unaltered tone,

Until our little span of life has flown;

A sad bell tolling in a narrow glen,

A quiet aisle astir with tramp of men;

She would not know if you forgive her then.

JOANNA'S ROMANCE.

Where I first saw Joanna was in the draper's shop of a stagnant little country town, a place storied enough for a hundred towns, small and great. The place was quite dead, and given over to its illustrious ghosts, and to the lashing, tearing voices of the Atlantic, that even in the mild autumn shouted and smote incessantly, making a tumult in the air. The shop was hung with shawls and cheap, shoddy prints and linseys, so that in the dark one could scarcely see Joanna's bright head at first, as one came blinking out of the day-light; the shop was sunk a step or two below the street.

She was a big, generously built, handsome girl. Her hair, twisted in splendid coils, was of that pale color which is as much silver as gold; her face, with its regular, large features, was suffused with a healthy color; she looked at us from large gray eyes, clear as agate and as hard.

Our business was to make some small purchase of a basket, if we could find one, to carry home a specimen of the town's manufacture of rough red pottery. Joanna assisted us in this to the best of her power, and then some remark about the slowness of business brought down upon us a perfect avalanche of explanation.

Joanna had little to do at that moment; indeed, for an hour or more we conversed with her, her customers were a small child for a half penny spool, and a girl who came back repenting a purchase, and wanting the money restored. With these Joanna dealt summarily and came back to the chat she was apparently eager for. She set us a couple of chairs between the lines of shawls, and leaned forward herself with her arms akimbo on the narrow counter.

Here was a discourse on the Irish Land Laws, the relation between landlord and tenant, the deterioration in the condition of the Irish poor, with divergencies to the general subject of labor, the cause of strikes, and a great many other things. We were well content to listen. The girl was extraordinarily well informed and intelligent. The soft brogue was musical.

Also we were in the very midst of a disturbed and distressed district, and were both keenly interested. We were not English tourists, but a pair of Irishwomen with a certain knowledge of the matter, though without Joanna's illumination from within.

We were both filled with admiration for the creature before us. For in the excitement of her valuable talk Joanna had grown brilliantly handsome. What a girl to be doing out farthing purchases in this melancholy, haunted little place, which was only tolerable because of the contrast to one's own vivid life far away in the world. As we talked the wind lashed the sea-blown alders and a dreary patter of dead leaves came down the street, where, at long intervals, a human footfall sounded.

"You will not always stay here," Ross said, with sudden, quick sympathy. "You are saving your wages, no doubt, and will get away some day to a bigger place, because you are such a clever girl."

"Saving!" echoed Joanna scornfully. "No indeed; if you know what my wages were 'tis little you'd talk of saving. And what for would I save? I am as happy here as if I went foreign to Dublin or Cork. What for would I go saving an' roaming?"

Ross answered deprecatingly.

"But a fine, handsome girl like you won't spend all your life behind this poor little counter? You will want a business of your own, and it is perhaps possible you might think of marriage."

"Marriage!" said the girl almost fiercely. "There's not a man to be had here less nor three hundred pounds. An' them old souls of widowers, for their nothing else here. Why, if I ever could have under the sun three hundred pounds, it is on the like of them I'd spend it!"

Her wailing Cork brogue rang out vehemently in her indignation. It was our first experience of the results of the Munster match-making system. Ross looked rather shocked. I felt vastly amused.

"But, my dear," said Ross, "you are young and clever and handsome. There are many men in the world who would love you just for your own sake. Do you only think of marriage in the way you have said, and not at all as a union in which you would be dearly loved and loved in return?"

"Men and love," said Joanna emphatically; "I don't set any store by them. People marries for love foreign in Dublin and Cork, not here. A friend of mine married for love, and what came of it? 'Twas love they had to live on, no more. Och, he was the worthless striver with his love. He brought her to live on his father as long as the old man would let them. Then when they were turned out he took her to America. But there was no place there for him and his idle ways and his love. And now

they're back, and she is supporting the great lazy sturt. Him an' his love!"

It is impossible to express the dismal with which Joanna used the little noun, which had wrought such great havoc and turned to such great issues in this world of ours. She hammered out the word every time she spoke it as if she was shattering the thing itself to atoms. She had drawn herself up till she looked like a fierce, handsome young Amazon, her cheeks flushed, her eyes sparkling, her fingers pointing her contempt.

Rosa looked as if she could scarcely endure these unnatural opinions in Joanna. Perhaps the girl saw she was shocked. At all events her attitude suddenly relaxed, her face and voice suddenly softened.

"Deed," she said, and you could hardly recognize her for the same girl, "tis not that I'd be saying love wasn't good for married people. Who'd know what it is between husband and wife better than me, James O'Connell, our own sister? But 'tis married love, love that comes with the priest's blessing, and none of that sort of miaulun an' stravagin. Look here ladies," she said with another sudden change of tone, "ye were talking about the evicted tenants."

"Well, if ye'd like to know one that has been through with it, I'll tell ye any Sunday to see my own brother that old Pottimore evicted. He's under Major Hannay now, glory to God! but 'tis long he and the wife and the little ones were in a cabin with the wet coming through the thatch, and only the black shadow of Barlass Hill for shelter against the north wind."

"We'll go gladly," said Rosa for both of us, "and next Sunday after mass, if that will suit you, Miss O'Connell."

Joanna joined us at the hotel on Sunday about 1 o'clock. We had a rickety hotel-car, and a ragged driver in high spirits, who kept incessantly urging the little lean mare. We flew down-hill and up-hill at breakneck pace, but the urchin who was driving never relaxed his long whistle, which seemed perfectly maddening to the horse. However, as he left our entreaties unheeded, we soon got used to our flight through the air. As we passed we scattered stones and flints freely from the road, set the hens screaming wildly, and made an occasional old woman at a cottage door lift up her hands in amazement.

Agleesh, when we reached it, was a poor little place enough, but an oasis of cultivation after Derry Moor. There we had seen the wide, boggy country, traversed by streams of water stained red with the iron washings, patches of partially reclaimed land were fast returning to bog-land; and we saw the remains of roofless cabins standing up here and there black and smoke-dried. Joanna was an entertaining companion.

She knew every man, woman and child along the road, and could talk a history to each. She pointed us out this and that evicted farm, and far away under Barlass Mountain, made us see, through our spy-glass, as she called it, the huts of evicted tenants, lute-shaped, like the hut of a New Zealand aborigine.

"But, Joanna," one of us said—she had prayed early in the day that we should call her Joanna—"how is it that if your brother couldn't pay rent to Col. Pottimore he is able to pay for the land of this Major Hannay, who you say is of the old stock, and a kind landlord?"

For once Joanna's loquacity seemed frozen. She answered sententiously and with a vague flush. It was an answer that told nothing, and we felt that somehow we had presumed. There was an awkward silence for quite five minutes.

Agleesh was an ordered little place, with tiny patches of fields, cropped, and in a way to prosper. The house was long and low, a house of three or four rooms, perhaps. The dung-hill was out of sight at the back, and the place, though bare, as if they were newcomers, had a tidy look. As the car drew up at the house door, a pale, pretty young woman ran out. She had a baby in her arms, a boy or two hid his shy eyes in her skirt.

Following came her husband, a tall young man, happy-looking, but with a certain pallor and thinness as from late privation. We were welcomed with genuine courtesy and hospitality; but Joanna seemed to disappear in her sister-in-law's embraces, and the kisses of "young Jemmie." This scion of the house seemed to be a source of mingled pride and embarrassment to Joanna.

"Quit hiding your face, you rogue," she said, trying to disentangle the fat arms about her neck. "What'll the ladies think of you at all at all, for an unmannly rogue?"

It was a new light on Joanna. We felt a little out of it amid the enthusiastic affection of which she was the centre. We lingered, therefore, in the room to which Mrs. O'Connell presently conducted us to lay aside our wraps. A charming room it was, with the tiny window framing purple Barlass, the gay patchwork quilt on the bed, the altar with its statue and lamp, and the perfect purity we had scarcely looked for. We concluded that we should have to remake our impressions of Joanna.

They were the first words approaching sentiment we had heard from Joanna. Ross and I looked at each other meaning. A week later we left Y—, and since have heard no more of Joanna. [Good Words.]

ECONOMY IN PURE FOOD.

There are many persons who, from a misguided sense of economy, purchase food which they know to be inferior, so that they may thereby save in order to meet other demands of the family. Handsome clothing and fine houses in aristocratic neighborhoods are desirable, we admit; but not at the expense of the most important factor of our existence: especially when we know that pure, nourishing food is the immediate cause of pure blood, and consequently, more perfect nerve and brain power. It is not only false economy but positive crime to obtain edibles below the standard for the use of sustaining both the mental and physical health of any human being. [Baltimore Telegram.]

New York stands first in the number of patents applied for.

WHAT WOMEN WEAR.

STYLES FOR THOSE WHO WANT TO LOOK PRETTY.

BALLOON SLEEVES ARE STILL IN FAVOR—WOMEN'S RIDING HABITS HAVE EXPERIENCED A GREAT CHANGE—SHIRT WAISTS THE DOMINANT PART OF THE OUTING DRESSES.

GOTHAM Gossip.

New York correspondence:

LEEVES ON FASHIONABLE WOMEN DRESSES ARE QUITE AS BIG AS THOSE WORN IN THE SPRING AND WINTER, AND THE SHAPE REMAINS MUCH THE SAME ABOUT THE SHOULDER AND UPPER ARM. IT WOULD CERTAINLY BE NONSENICAL TO RETAIN BIG SLEEVES TILL HOT WEATHER WAS AT END AND THEN RESORT TO TIGHT ONES, BUT IT SEEMS AS IF A CHANGE WOULD SURELY BRING SMALL SLEEVES, THOUGH KNOWING ONES STILL ASSERT THAT IN THE AUTUMN EVEN MORE MATERIAL WILL BE PUT ABOUT THE ARM THAN IS NOW USED. BIG SLEEVES ARE COMFORTABLE WEAR IN HOT WEATHER, AND THE OMISSION OF THE TIGHT CUFF STILL FURTHER PERMITS OF EASE. SOMETIMES THE BIG SHOULDER PUFFS END IN A SHORT TIGHT CUFF, LITTLE MORE THAN A BAND, BUT AN EVER BETTER FINISH IS A FRILL OF LACE, OR THE SLEEVE PUFF IS CAUGHT IN AT THE ELBOW AND ENDS IN A FRILL OF THE SLEEVE STUFF ORNAMENTED IN ANY ONE OF A VARIETY OF Dainty WAYS. Thus completed are the sleeves of the first pictured costume in this column, which is a very stylized dress in dark-blue flowered chintz, the skirt having panniers of silk crepon with hemstitched edges. At the top the sleeves have chintz cuffs fastened with velvet buttons, and the broad end is in a plain belt that encircles the waist. The overskirt of the figured goods comes to about six inches of the underskirt's hem, and is looped up at both sides, while the underskirt beneath is from plain blue chintz pinked out about the edge.

The sleeves of the second gown shown are much larger at the bottom than at the top, end just above the elbow, and are finished by bands of mousseline chiffon. With them are worn long gloves, which is not so comfortable a thought, but summer maids, when dressing for garden fêtes, will first consider style and appearances.

FOR SUMMER AFTERNOONS.

The bodice of this dainty costume, which is composed of gray silk, comes inside the skirt, hooks in silk, and the draped plastron of white mousseline chiffon laps over. Its lower part forms a fitted vest, from which straps of the dress stuff extend upward to the shoulders. A belt of wide ribbon ties in front in a large bow, with fancy passementerie. The skirt may be either gored or circular, and has a front border of the mousseline chiffon, the corners of the stuff at the bottom being ornamented, as shown, with steel passementerie.

Even cooler are the sleeves on the next dress shown, which are puffed full to the elbow and end in a lace ruff. There is a suggestion of coolness, too, in the gown, cut at the waist. The whole consists of a slightly trained skirt of cream-colored figured pongee and a princess overdress of gray crepon, which has a small vest of lotus-red silk crepon let in at the side seam. The vest is finished with large revers of yellow taffeta, and a deep blouse plastron of white lace fills the opening at the neck. The gored skirt is lined with silk foulard.

Women's riding habits have experienced a great change of late and are not unlike street dresses. Tailormades are responsible for this, because the latter are now so much worn, and they combine so many touches of masculinity that the manly suggestions have departed from the riding habit, till the only pronounced one remaining is the "foppery." When a woman first took to the stovpipe and skin-fit habit, it was because it was about her only chance to copy the severity of a man's get-up and she felt such a chance ought to be made the most of. Now the girl on horseback need not look

so tall. The current trick is to wear the belt loose, so that it drops on one side, as do the sailors! It is claimed for this notion that the effect is prettier than the tight belt, but the truth is that a tiny waist encircled with a manifestly loose belt looks smaller than ever. The bodice of the next dress is composed of gray silk, comes inside the skirt, hooks in silk, and the draped plastron of white mousseline chiffon laps over. Its lower part forms a fitted vest, from which straps of the dress stuff extend upward to the shoulders. A belt of wide ribbon ties in front in a large bow, with fancy passementerie. The skirt may be either gored or circular, and has a front border of the mousseline chiffon, the corners of the stuff at the bottom being ornamented, as shown, with steel passementerie.

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