

O WIND THAT BLOWS OUT OF THE WEST.

O wind that blows out of the West,
That hast swept over mountain and sea,
Dost thou bear on thy swift, glad wings
The breath of my love to me?
Hast thou kissed her warm, sweet lips?
Or tangled her soft, brown hair?
Or fluttered the fragrant heart
Of the rose she loves to wear?

O sun that goes down in the West,
Hast thou seen my love to-day,
As she sits in her beautiful prime
Under skies so far away?
Hast thou gilded a path for her feet,
Or deepened the glow on her cheeks,
Or bent from the skies to hear
The low, sweet words she speaks?

O stars that are bright in the West,
When the hush of the night is deep,
Do you see my love as she lies
Like a chaste, white flower, asleep?
Does she smile as she walks with me
In the light of a happy dream,
While the night winds rustle the leaves,
And the light waves ripple and gleam?

O birds that fly out of the West,
Do you bring me a message from her,
As sweet as your love notes are,
When the warm spring breezes stir?
Did she whisper a word to me
As your tremulous wings sweep by,
Or utter my name, mayhap,
In a single passionate cry?

O voices out of the West,
Ye are silent every one,
And never an answer comes
From wind or stars or sun!
And the blithe birds come and go
Through the boundless fields of space,
As reckless of human prayers
As if earth were a desert place!

—[Julia C. Dorr.

Brother and Sister.

"Marry you! No, you goose. Do get up off your knees and not strike such sanctimonious attitudes."

And the girl burst into a peal of laughter, but suddenly checking herself, said:—

"There, Al, I do not mean to hurt your feelings, but you draw such long faces! I like you very well as a friend, but cannot love you. Please don't think me a flirt, for I don't mean to be, and I had no notion you cared for me. Can't we be friends?"

Here the young girl offered her hand, which Al took, and then hastily picking up his hat left the room.

"O, dear!" Dot sighed, looking out of the window after the retreating form. "Now he is angry with me. Why can't I have a friend without his falling in love with me? That is the third or fourth offer I've had within a few weeks, and all from boys that I've known ever since I was a baby. Seems to me since I returned from school every one seems possessed. If they would only treat me like a sister I should like it much better. How nice it would be to have a brother! But here comes cousin Will. He is a dear, good soul, and the only one I take any comfort with. I'll go and see if his friend came."

In the next room there is but one occupant, a young man, who seems conversed with laughter.

"Well," says Harry Percival, for that is his name, "she made quick work of it. Proposals made and rejected in five minutes. Wants a brother, does she? I've a good mind to apply for the vacancy. Wonder what she would say. By Jove, I'll try it. There comes Will, now."

"Hi, Harry!" said Will, bursting rather unceremoniously into the room.

"All ready? Supper is, so we'll go right down. Here, Dot," he continued, as they met that young lady at the head of the stairs, "allow me to make you acquainted with my friend, Mr. Percival. Harry, my cousin, Miss Dora Andrews."

Supper is over, and Dot sitting on the piazza in the hammock when Mr. Percival and Will appear at the door.

"You look too comfortable to be disturbed, Dora," Will says. "Nevertheless, I see some friends of yours coming down the road, bent on dragging you on some moonlight excursion or other."

"I shall play martyr with very good grace, Will. It is a lovely evening, and nothing would suit me better than a boat ride. Of course, you and Mr. Percival will go!"

"I see I'm booked," mother's Perry Hunter and his sister, Frank Willis and sister, Ellis Munro and two others. Now, as each of those fellows are escorting another fellow's sister, I suppose the extra Miss Munro is for my benefit."

"Then I will allow," says Mr. Percival, "you will allow me the pleasure of being your escort, Miss Andrews. I never had a sister. We shall be under the same roof all summer, and I assure you I will prove an exemplary brother. May I call you sister, Dora?"

"Certainly," Dot answered. But somehow the arrangement did not please her much.

"If you will excuse me a moment I will go up stairs and get my shawl, and be ready by the time they reach the house."

The merry party enjoyed a pleasant sail, and before parting agreed to have a picnic the following week at a grove five miles distant.

Before the week had ended, Harry and Dora had become better acquainted, and he had taken on himself the office of mentor, as well as brother. The evening before the picnic Frank Willis called to take Dot to ride. She went up stairs to get her wrap. Coming down she met Harry Percival on the stairs.

"Where are you bound, sister mine?" he asked.

"Out to ride," she answered. "It is such an elegant evening."

"Don't you think your adjective misplaced?" he rejoined, coolly.

"Elegant refers to polished or polite."

"Haven't you mistaken your vocation? Instead of a gentleman you should have been a critic."

"The two can be combined," he answered, quietly. "I don't think you ought to go to ride this evening, sister. You will be too tired to enjoy the picnic to-morrow; besides the air is damp."

"Allow me to pass, please; I am keeping Mr. Willis waiting."

"Sister, indeed," she muttered when she reached the piazza. "Any one would think I was in leading strings. I'd go if I caught my death."

Dora did not enjoy her ride as she expected, and the air was damp; nevertheless, she kept up such a chatter of small talk that Mr. Willis, who had long been one of her admirers, thought her one of the liveliest girls he had ever met.

"Good night," she said, when they had reached her home. "I will keep that promised seat at the table for you."

Just then Dora heard one of the upper windows shut.

Upstairs Mr. Percival was muttering to himself—"Not if I know it shall he have the seat next to her at the table."

The next morning dawned bright and clear. The picnic party was all in good spirits, the baskets well filled, and everything promised well. Harry found pleasant sets for himself and Dora, and then went to help one of the ladies carve some refractory fowl. On his return he found his place occupied by Mr. Willis.

"You won't mind sitting over here," Dora said sweetly, pointing to a vacant place opposite. "I promised this seat to Mr. Willis last night, and of course you don't care to sit here, as we are brother and sister, and see each other every day."

"Certainly not, sister mine."

Harry answered, biting his lip. Then he muttered to himself as he moved away, "Caught in my own trap, I'll pay her off."

After dinner a party was formed to go further into the wood in search of berries. Mr. Percival asked Dora to accompany the party, and they were proceeding in a most amicable manner, notwithstanding their little scene at the dinner table. At last they reached an opening in the wood and all sat down to rest. Dora declaring she could walk no further.

"I am so sorry," said Annie Hunter, "for I had set my heart on going to the haunted oak, as it is called. It is not very much further."

"I will go with you," Mr. Percival volunteered.

"What will Dora say?"

"She won't care," Harry said, before Dora could reply. "We are brother and sister and understand each other perfectly. Come, Miss Hunter."

Dora was fiercely gay all the way back to the grove, and devoted herself entirely to Mr. Willis.

Mr. Percival and Dot were again together alone.

"Well," Dot commenced, "we've had a splendid time. I don't remember ever enjoying myself so much at a picnic. Mr. Willis is so entertaining. I hope he and his sister will stay all summer."

"I am afraid, sister Dora, that it will not be best for his peace of mind, unless he is merely flirting, as well as yourself. By his manner I should judge him to be in earnest. Beware, little one, how you trifle with such a heart."

"Quite a little homily," flashed Dora. "You would be quite successful as a preacher. But how long since have you constituted yourself Mr. Willis' keeper, as well as my mentor?"

"Pardon me," he said. "I do not intend to anger you. Here we are at the house. I am going to the city on business in the morning, and shall not be back for a week. Let's make up, as all good brothers and sisters should."

So saying, he stooped and pressed a kiss on Dora's lips.

"How dare you!" she exclaimed, her cheeks flaming; "this farce has gone altogether too far. Don't you ever address that odious title to me again. You shall not call me sister."

And bursting into tears Dora away from him and gained her own room.

"I shall be glad when that odious creature is gone," she sighed.

"What makes him tease me so. I suppose he thinks I am a simple little country girl. I verily believe I should hate him if he stayed much longer. Oh, dear, I wish I could have him forgotten."

* * *

All that week Dora roamed listlessly round the house or wandered down to the river bank, with a book in her hand, but very little reading was done.

Mr. Willis called several times to take her to ride, but after accepting the invitation once she declined going again.

In Harry Percival's office in town that gentleman does not look very busy except in the wear of shoe leather, for he is striding up and down the room, with his hands in his pockets, as if walking for a wager.

"By Jove," he mutters, "I must settle this matter sooner or I shall be in a mad house. A decided 'No' will be preferable to uncertainty. I suppose she prefers that fellow Willis, but it will be better to know my answer from her own lips. I expect she hates me, but somehow I do not understand women, and perhaps she does like me. Anyway, I'll go down this afternoon and bear my fate."

About five o'clock Mrs. Hammond was surprised by the arrival of Mr. Percival.

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"Am I then so repugnant to you that you cannot bear that I should touch you? And I love you so, Dora. In what way have I offended you so deeply?"

"Never mind," he continued, "I will not trouble you, but I will go away, for I cannot bear to see you happy with another. Will you say goodbye?" and Harry stepped toward her, his hand outstretched.

Dora looked up and the gladness sparkling in her eyes cleared the cloud from her face.

"Don't go, Harry," she said, and he clasped her in his arms, hardly able to realize the sudden change to happiness.

"Then do you love me, Dora?"

"Yes; a little, brother mine," the saucy girl answered.

But her mouth was closed by a kiss, and Dot declares she shall surely drop the title if that is to be the penalty for using it.—[Boston Globe.

HOW TO KEEP WARM.

An Easy Method Described by a Doctor.

"I should like to call attention to an easy method of warming one's self when other and more common means are not available," writes Dr. E. B. Sangree, in the American Therapist. "It is method that I suppose is well enough known to the profession, but probably not often used. I allude to warming the body by merely taking deep inspirations."

"On one very cold afternoon of last winter, though walking briskly along, I was uncomfortably cold; feet and hands were very cold, and my ears so chilled as frequently to require the application of my heavily gloved hands. In addition, the whole surface of the skin was unpleasantly chilled; 'creeps' even and anon running up and down my spinal column and radiating thence over the body and extremities; in short, a condition that every reader of this little article has doubtless many a time experienced. I then began taking an exercise often employed before with benefit: deep forced inspirations, holding the air as long as possible before expulsion."

After a few inhalations the surface of my body grew warmer, and a general sense of comfort pervaded me. Continuing the next to feel the effects of the effort were my previously frigid ears. They grew agreeably warm, and within the time required to walk three blocks, at the previous pace, hands and feet partook of the general warmth, and I felt as comfortable as if the same length of time had been passed by a glowing fire.

The happy results obtained from this simple method are probably owing to several causes:

The cold, of course, chills the surface of the body and contracts the superficial blood vessels, usually affecting first hands, feet and ears, and afterward the general body surface. Contraction of the blood vessels results both in less blood to the part and in stagnation of the current, thus rendering the tissues still less able to resist the cold.

Deep forced inspirations not only stimulate the blood current by direct muscular exertion, but also by compressing and expanding the lungs the flow of blood is greatly hastened through this organ, and on account of the increased amount of oxygen inhaled, this abundant supply of blood is thoroughly oxygenated, tissue metabolism is increased and more heat necessarily produced.

Many times unavoidable exposure, as in riding, driving, standing and the like, for a longer or shorter time in the cold, has been the cause of severe and even fatal congestive troubles, such as pleuritis and pneumonia, and a means of quickly stimulating the flagging peripheral circulation which a person has always with him, and which can be employed without moving a step, is one that ought not to be neglected or forgotten.

A Point About Addressing Letters.

"Don't address your envelopes 'city,'" said the giver of advice. "If you are in New-York City, write 'New-York City.' If you are in Brooklyn write 'Brooklyn,' and the postoffice people will be more likely to get to the right place. I'll tell you how I got broken of the habit. I went to the post office and was told to get my envelope to the right place."

In the second picture there is sketched another low cut dress that has the shoulders hidden, and it is altogether very dainty creation. Cut from cream-colored faille, it is garnished with ecru embroidery, ecru and cream mouseline de sole and dark red ribbon. Then jack roses with foliage form bretelles that finish with red satin bows. The bell skirt is quite plain, and the bodice comes in front, being ornamented with three bands of lace. The folded belt and collar to match are of black velvet, and the full sleeves are topped by fancy epaulettes banded with insertion. Haircloth stiffens the gored skirt throughout, and the front shows three lengthwise bands of lace matching that on the bodice.

Among the new cloths that are bidding for popularity are several that are woven like silk wool, with a fury surface, the general effect being that of cotton flannel. But they're not cotton flannel, but some of the latest cloths and particularly handsome in greens and browns. They are well adapted to street gowns of the more elaborate type, a beauty being of green, bordered with sable and heavily enriched with yellow lace. The gored skirt, and its garniture consists of two bands of bits folded velvet caught with velvet bows.

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To the uninitiated the thought of a gown cut to leave the shoulder uncovered is a shock, but after comparing the one displayed in the next sketch with the two that have preceded it, it will be seen that appearances favor the former. This is a youthful get-up, made from pale blue silk crepon, with a wide gored skirt trimmed with a full flounce of the same goods. It is headed by a crepon ruching which turns upward at the left side, where a large blue satin bow is placed. The blouse waist has fitted blue silk lining, and its cut-out bordered with a crepon ruching and a spray of wild roses is placed at the left with a bow. The sleeves are mere

LOW NECKS IN FAVOR

COSTUMES THAT SHOW THE SHOULDERS MUCH WORN.

Deplored by So-Called Reformers, but Swagger Folk Will Not Discard Them—Should Be a Law Against Scrawny Women Baring Their Necks.

Fashion's Foibles.

New York Correspondence:

UCH as low-necked dresses are deplored by so-called reformers, they are worn a great deal by swagger folk, and many a beautiful device for enhancing a gown's beauty has its first

reach over the top of the head to the tips of the ears. From its back edge a skull cap piece of lace or silk extends.

At the sides of the skull cap wing-like bows are arranged, and at any unexpected place a couple of steel mercies may rise. That is all, and it will be quite the thing. If you look very queer in it, don't be discouraged, but make up your mind, rather, that you have succeeded beautifully. Again, a