

SINCE YESTERDAY.

The mavis sang but yesterday
A strain that thrilled through Autumn's
death;

He read the music of his lay
In light and leaf, and heaven and earth;
The windflowers by the wayside swung,
Words of the music that was sung.

In all his song the shade and sun
Of earth and heaven seemed to meet,
Its joy and sorrow were as one,
Its very sadness was but sweet;
He sang of summers yet to be;
You listened to his song with me.

The heart makes sunshine in the rain,
Or winter in the midst of May,
And though the mavis sings again
His self-same song of yesterday,
I find no gladness in his tone;
To-day I listen here alone.

And even our sunniest moment takes
Such shadows of the bliss we knew—
To-day his throbbing song awakes
But wistful, haunting thoughts of you;
Its very sweetness is but sad,
You gave it all the joy it had.

THRIFT.

His mother had insisted on calling him Thrift. No one knew why she had given him the quaint name. Then when he was barely 2 years old, she died. She left him with a great wealth of silent love, but that, like his name, could not help him much, that is, not as far as one can judge things. The neighbors said it was a cough that had "settled" that carried her off. Probably the cough had something to do with it, but a starved-out life of lack of affection and hard work had a good deal more.

The neighbors also thought that Mrs. Watson never had much spirit. It would seem as if they almost blamed her for dying, and leaving a husband with a child barely 2 years old. They had misgivings about the child, and there they were right. Thrift was deaf and dumb. His mother had struggled against the knowledge as long as she could. When she realized it, she kept the knowledge to herself with a fierce love. But the cough came and settled all the problems of her life for her.

Thrift's father took her death as apathetically as he had taken her all her life. Only Thrift seemed to realize that fate was still against him. He lay crying for hours alone in the little cottage, strapped into his cot. It was a weird, pathetic cry. The neighbors were kind to him. They took him in turn to their cottages, but the element of teasing children and rough handling was discordant to him. The women meant well, but it was a hard winter and money and tempers were short. Besides, Thrift's baby nature was hard to understand.

Brightness came into his life one day. It came in the guise of a little dressmaker, Jean Lawrence. She brought him a black frock. She had been busy, so had put off the making till she had time. No one else thought of the little mark of respect. It was a tribute to custom, but it was the one tribute of Mrs. Watson's life.

"Pur little lamb!" said Jean Lawrence, as she came in.

Her eyes filled with quite unexpected tears as she saw the lonely baby.

Thrift could not hear her, but something sympathetic touched his understanding, for he held out his hands.

"Pur little thing!" said Jean Lawrence again, and she caught him up and covered him with kisses.

Then she put Thrift back in his cot and untied the little black frock. He turned to go, for she was in a hurry. Thrift's mood changed. His blue eyes grew dark in the intensity of his passion. He kicked and screamed. His fluffy, fair hair was ruffled. He looked the picture of a little demon.

"Preserve us!" said the little dressmaker. It was the first time any exaggeration of feeling had come into her life. She was half fascinated and half terrified by this unexpected burst. "Preserve us!" she repeated still more emphatically.

She never could explain afterward what prompted her, but she stepped to the cot, wrapped a blanket round Thrift and did not stop to think till she had deposited him safely in her own house. It was characteristic of Jean Lawrence that she had never reasoned out why she had done this action. Certainly she had never regretted it. It was quite as easy a matter to settle the disposal of Thrift with his father. He was only too glad to be rid of the burden.

The first clashing of wills occurred over the same little black frock. Thrift ungratefully refused to have anything to do with it. Miss Lawrence was perplexed. It would never do to dress him in colors on a Sunday. She compromised by making him a white frock with a broad, black sash. It set off the child's fairness, but still more it satisfied her sense of fitness.

Jean Lawrence always thought of that episode as an epoch in her life. The next epoch was the sudden resolve of Thrift's father to go to America. Jean Lawrence lived in a state of tension till he had sailed. It seemed incredible to her that he could wish to leave his boy behind. She only saw the extreme desirability of Thrift in any manner and way. Thrift's father did not.

It was soon after this that Jean Lawrence's old lover returned to his native village. This caused more thought in the village than Jean herself gave to it. It was ten years since John Forbes and she had been going to be married, and ten years is a long time in a woman's life! Since Thrift had entered her life she was utterly oblivious of anything except her work. The more money she made the more she could do for little Thrift.

Jean Lawrence had always kept to herself, and no one knew why she and John Forbes had never married.

Her old mother was alive then, and

every one knew she would have liked the match. John Forbes had come back grayer and older than he had gone away, but he was richer and even more able to afford a wife.

Time had not gone very well with Jean. She was thin and small always, and she had had a hard life of work. Her sparse drab hair was beginning to be sprinkled with gray. She looked older than she really was. The village came to the conclusion that John Forbes would go by her and seek a younger and bonnier woman. The two most concerned gave no cause for gossip.

John Forbes would sometimes stop as he was passing the little cottage and say a few words. There was never any allusion to past times between them. They called each other Mr. Forbes and Miss Lawrence studiously. That was the only clew either of them had that there was a mutual past between them.

On the Sundays that Jean went to church her thoughts were always divided between the balm at home and the psalms. To her great discomfort John Forbes would sometimes overtake her. They talked of the sermon, then of the crops and the weather. By degrees these subjects gained an easy familiarity, and only varied with the seasons.

No one was more surprised than Jean when John Forbes asked her to marry him. She stared at him in emotionless calm.

"Ye must gie me time," she said. John Forbes agreed to this quite placidly. It was hard to understand what he saw in his first love in her faded and aged old maidism. Possibly a tenacity of affection and the same instinct of faithfulness that brought him back to the little village—the little village with no pretensions to beauty or picturesque—kept him true to Jean. One was the home, the other, the woman he had loved. He saw no reason to change because he had seen many fairer homes and younger, prettier women.

Jean did not analyze her sentiments. It was not her way. Besides, love never entered her head as far as it concerned John Forbes. She merely reviewed the advantages as they concerned Thrift. The rumor that a new and more modern dressmaker was going to set up finally settled it, and she said to John "Yes."

The day was fixed for the second time in their lives. Jean had given up her house. She was waiting with tranquility for this new step in her life. She had quite come to the conclusion that she could not do better for Thrift.

One evening John Forbes arrived. Thrift lay contentedly on the hearth rug looking at him. The last time John had been at the cottage Thrift had been in one of his passionate fits. This had set him pondering.

After this there had been several well-meant efforts at kindness on the part of his friends. They happened to coincide with his own views. Thrift advised him to send Thrift away. Jean, they said, would neglect every one and everything for the boy. She would wear herself out for Thrift, but not bother with anything that did not concern him.

How far he believed this, or how far a man's dislike to scenes or a natural desire to have his wife's affection centered in himself had to do with his resolve, he could not have told. He bestirred himself, and with infinite trouble and by some outlay he secured an admission for the child to a deaf and dumb institution.

It was this fact he had come to tell Jean. He rather wished Thrift would help him to lead up to it by a scene. Thrift gave him no help. He lay smiling impenetrably.

Jean was not quick at reading signs. "Jean," he said at last, helplessly, "we'll be married Tuesday."

"Ay," assented Jean, cheerfully. Her eyes fell naturally on Thrift, and she smiled at the boy.

"And Thrift?" he added, with a suspiciously clear note of interrogation in his voice.

"Ay, Thrift," she repeated. Then finding this even did not progress matters, he said desperately, with a snatch of humor:

"Ye ken I'm no marrying Thrift?" The old clock ticked through the room. The peats spluttered on the low hearth, in front of which on a curiously woven rug Thrift lay.

There was absolute silence for a bit. Then Jean's voice broke it.

"Then, John Forbes, ye're no marrying me."

Again there was silence. John said in a quiet voice:

"I hae made a' the arrangements for him, Jean. He will gang to a schule fa' they'll teach him to read and write and understand talk of a kind."

"Will they teach him to talk like other folk?"

Her tone was expressionless. "No, they cannae dae that."

"Then why should the balm be bothered wi' learning that'll never dae him or any one else any gude? Tell me that, John Forbes."

"It will give him employment, Jean, and beside—"

"Here John Forbes, with a man's tactlessness undisturbed by good his arguments might have effected. He added, "Fowk tell me ye just mak' an idol o' him, and that ye hae nae ither idea but him. A man could nae be expect'd to stan' that, and ither people kenning it."

Jean had been passing through a crisis and she was but a woman.

"And if fowk care to gossip over my affairs, John Forbes, and you care to heed them, let them," she returned vehemently. "If Thrift disna gang wi' me, nae poors' will tak' me to your house."

John was annoyed by her tone.

"And suppose I say I winnae hae Thrift?"

They sat on in a strained silence. John was not angry to move or speak.

Jean had no wish, either, to break the silence.

"Ye ken this is the second time your obstinacy has come in the way," said John, finally.

"I mind," said Jean, briefly. "But I didna mean ye to tak' it as ye did you time," she responded.

"I didna ken," replied John. It struck neither of them that there was any pathos in the sentence—a pathos of a ten years' mistaken silence.

"Are ye sure ye mean it noo?" he asked, getting up.

"I certainly dae," said Jean, firmly. "Then gude-by, Jean."

The instant the door was shut Jean almost strangled Thrift with kisses. Unfortunately the practical things could not be settled so summarily.

Jean had given up her house and she found it was let to the new dressmaker. She was not accustomed to complications in her life. Alternatives seemed to crop up, and they worried her. At the same time Thrift was her one object. Everything was directed to this aim.

After some few weeks she got a tumble-down little cottage about a mile from the straggly village. It proved too far, or the "hang" of the new dressmaker's skirts proved too much for Jean's old customers. Work and pay became scant. The little dressmaker bore up proudly and bravely. She stunted and starved herself, but Thrift grew and flourished. There loomed before her always a fear of the "charity" where her boy might be taught—and no one knew at what expense of unkindness.

If the worst came to the worst, she would ask John Forbes to get him in, and she would become a servant. One wintry evening the child was fretful and ailing. A knock came to the door and John Forbes entered. He did not appear to notice the extreme poverty of the cottage, nor the miserable attempt at a fire. This fact brought a rush of gratitude to Jean's heart. It was to see if these things were as bad as report said, that he had come.

He took Thrift upon his knee and he talked occasionally to Jean.

"Can I dae anything for ye?" he said suddenly. "For the boy, ye ken."

A little flush came in Jean's cheeks. She faltered her thanks.

No idea that she might work on her old lover's pity crossed her mind. She began timidly asking him if he could manage to send Thrift to the home he had mentioned.

"Why, noo, when ye were so set against it?" asked John, with a severity that was not reassuring.

"It's circumstances," said Jean, briefly.

She felt that she would rather die than let John Forbes know there was nothing to eat in the house and no money. She would have risked everything but for the fear of Thrift falling ill.

"Weel," said John, slowly, "I'll see about it. But hoo wull ye pay me, Jean?"

The little dressmaker drew herself up.

"There'll be no fear o' that, John Forbes."

"But ye hivna tellt me in fat wye, Jean?"

"In honest money by honest work."

The pink flush had deepened into a deep crimson on her cheek.

"But I dinna want your money, and as for work, suppose you come and work for me."

"Na, na," said Jean, involuntarily. She had had her chance of being mistress at the farm. She could not stoop to work for another, as she supposed he meant.

"Weel, come w'oot doing any work."

Jean looked at him in utter bewilderment.

"The difference atween us lay in Thrift. If he gae awa' there's naething nede hinder your coming to the farm."

"I didna expect ye'd think I meant you," said the little woman. She was thoroughly hurt. "I'll thank ye a' the days o' my life if ye'll dae for Thrift, but I'm no seeking to be beholden to you for myself."

"Ye'll be gay lonely w'oot Thrift."

"Ay."

Jean nearly smiled because she was so near to tears at the thought.

"I'll be lonely at the farm."

"Ye can mairly," said Jean. She suddenly felt that she had cut herself off from every possibility by her suggestion. She had done it for Thrift all along; she would have married him for Thrift's sake, she gave him up for Thrift's sake. Now Thrift was her own act was to go away from her. And John Forbes was nothing to her. The unexpected touch of kindness had brought a rush of sympathy to her heart. She did not know it, but it had broken down the barrier that her love for Thrift had built up round her woman's heart.

"Ay," answered John Forbes, slowly. "But ye maun ask me this time, Jean."

"Oh, I couldna," faltered Jean. She felt confused and trembling. She looked down.

"And I winnae nae a third time."

"I'm no fit to be a leddy, noo," she murmured.

Then she looked up. John saw in her eyes a look he had not seen for more than ten years.

"Jean?"

"John?"

That was all the love-making that passed between them, but they understood each other.

When John went out Jean seized Thrift and kissed him as she had done once before. But she knew that for the first time since he had come into her life he had only the second place. She thought she hid the fact in her inmost heart, but John Forbes guessed it. He had the tact to hide the knowledge from his wife. For the tact that love brings is often the highest wisdom.

Waverly Magazine.

THE AMERICAN HORSE.

He Finds Favor in Several Foreign Countries.

There has been a remarkable increase in the export of horses from the United States during the last few years, writes W. E. Curtis to the Chicago Record.

In 1893 the total number shipped to foreign countries was only 2,967. In 1894 it increased to 5,246, in 1895 to 13,948, in 1896 to 25,126, and during the first six months of the present fiscal year, ending Dec. 31, the total was 14,232; so that if the same proportion is continued during the remaining six months the total for the year will be 28,464.

Nearly half the entire exports in 1896 went to Great Britain, the exact number being 12,022; but it is believed that 1,000 or more additional were sent through Canada, the exports to the dominion being 5,305 horses. The trade with Great Britain in horses has shown a remarkable increase, for in 1893 the total exports were only 564 head. The increase in exports to Germany was even greater, notwithstanding the laws of that country, which are very annoying to importers of live stock and quite expensive. In 1893 we shipped only thirty-three horses to the German empire. In 1896 we shipped 3,686.

Among other countries now receiving American horses is Belgium, which imported none in 1893, and 1,134 in 1896. France took very few, only 397. Italy bought one of our horses in 1893, two in 1894, three in 1895 and four in 1896. We sent 987 to Mexico last year, and a good many to the West India Islands, with the exception of Cuba, where, strange to say, we sold none at all. Two American horses went to Japan, four to China, one to Samoa and one to Africa.

New York is the largest horse market both for the export and the domestic trade, but a good many are shipped from Baltimore. Exports of mules have increased in a corresponding ratio, the number for the last few years being as follows: 1893, 1,634; 1894, 2,063; 1895, 2,515; 1896, 5,918, and for the first six months of the present fiscal year, 3,854.

So far as the Department of Agriculture is aware there has been no special effort on the part of American horse breeders to extend their foreign trade. The growth has been natural and the result of low prices in this country.

An Old Minister.

Many stories are told of Dr. Gad Hitchcock, who was a minister in Pembroke, Mass., before and during revolutionary times. He was noted for his patriotism and the fearless expression of his views when opportunity offered. He was chaplain in the army at one time, and preached many a stirring sermon to the men.

The first sermon he published was addressed to a military company at the time when the French were making inroads on the northern frontier. The year before the breaking out of the revolution he preached his famous "Election Sermon," which roused Gov. Gage to great wrath, and struck even the minister's stanchest friends as ill-advised. It is said that when Doctor Hitchcock wrote it, the Governor was not expected to be in the audience at the time of its delivery.

When it was found that he was there, one of the minister's friends suggested that a slight modification of some of the strong expressions in the sermon would perhaps be advisable; but Dr. Hitchcock was of another mind.

"My sermon is written," he calmly said, "and it will not be altered."

On his journeyings to and from Boston he usually fell into conversation with any one with whom he was thrown. One day he traveled to Boston in company with a sailor of whom he asked many questions as to his name, residence, habits and tastes.

At last the sailor began questioning in his turn: "What is your name?" he asked.

"I am Gad Hitchcock from Tunk" (the name of his parish).

"Three of the worst names I ever heard!" cried the sailor, bluntly, greatly to Dr. Hitchcock's delight.

Science in the Kitchen.

It is a good rule to keep one's ears open, but not without remembering the Scripture injunction about taking heed how we hear. A story in the Westminster Gazette enforces the same caution.

Two or three mornings after the arrival of a new butler the mistress of the house asked the cook how she liked her new fellow-servant. The report was an excellent one.

"In fact, ma'am," said the cook, "the servants' hall is quite a different place now."

Not unnaturally the mistress pressed for further particulars.

"Well, he talks so cleverly," said the cook. "Last night, for instance, he explained things to us for an hour and a half."

"Explained things—what things?" said the mistress, now really interested.

"Well," was the reply, "he was telling us how we are all descended from Mr. Darwin."

Knows It Then.

"The laboring man does not seem to know his place at all," said the effete person from across the sea.

"He don't, eh?" said the American farmer. "Just you sit around till dinner is on the table."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Bigger Scale.

Soxey—That woman next door will drive me crazy.

Knoxey—Yes, she's always pounding on that piano.

Soxey—Pounding? I call that toning it.—Pittsburg News.

Impossible.

Old Gent—Waiter, I have found a hair in my ice-cream.
Waiter—Impossible, sir; that ice-cream was made with the best shaved ice.—New York World.



HANDSOME BADGES.

HERE'S the very pretty official badge the Woman's Board of the Tennessee Centennial Exposition has adopted. It was designed for the Woman's Board by Mrs. Annie Champe Orr. The insignia is in the form of a pin and a pendant of light-blue enamel and gold. The hanging portion is suspended from a golden bar by a ribbon of satin, light-blue in color. Light blue is the color of the exposition. This pendant is oval in shape, and is surrounded by a beaded



WOMAN'S BOARD BADGES.

band of gold, with four scrolls as ornaments. The seal of the State of Tennessee, made in raised gold, forms the center piece. It lies within a circle of light-blue enamel, upon which are inscribed the words, "Woman's Department," in letters of gold. Mrs. Orr, the designer of the badge, received a vote of thanks for the appropriateness of her design from the board, and was highly complimented for her work by the President, Mrs. Van Leer Kirkman. Another official badge has been adopted by the reception committee of the Woman's Board, of which Miss Mary Bass is chairman. This badge is also a gold pin with a pendant, which is in the form of a large open-work gold monogram made of the letters "R. C." The Woman's Board has 100 members, and the reception committee thirty-three.

Reception Dress.

For those who do not want to go to immense expense for an evening dress but need, nevertheless, something nice for receptions, there come the most delightful poplins, with satin face, that make up into evening gowns of unexcelled beauty. The plainer the pattern the better. One of these dresses, just completed for a woman of much elegance in dress, is cut princess back and



EVENING POPLIN.

bolero front. The only trimming is a very deep ruffle of chiffon around the neck. The sleeves are small puffs edged with the chiffon ruffle. Both neck and sleeves are modest in their outlines.

Perils in the Side Saddle.

Women have chosen to abandon the side saddle because it is uncomfortable and unsatisfactory, and, secondly, because it is less healthful than the simple method which men have too long arrogated to their own use. Women are as fully at home in the masculine saddle as if they had enjoyed its use for a lifetime. There is one thing, however, which will win followers for the new movement, and that is the character of their costume. The garb adopted by the women who ride astride deserves nothing but praise. Its upper part differs in no degree from that of the conventional young woman who is bent on riding a side saddle to the end of her days.

The only deviation which the advanced young woman permits herself is the substitution of bloomers for skirts. The long, dragging, cumbersome riding skirt is put away with a sigh of relief, and the bloomers adopted in its stead are so full that they are really more of a divided skirt. They reach a little below the knee and are met by long, trim riding boots, which complete the costume of this end-of-the-century equestrienne. The strongest arguments in favor of the new method of riding are the truly formidable list of evils that have resulted from the old. A crooked position, such

as the side saddle necessitates, brings the rider into very great danger of spinal curvature. Then it is urged that the side saddle promoted greater jar than the cross saddle, and far is certainly not conducive to health.

The Hip Yoke on 'Kirts.

Upon some imported gowns for very special wear appear skirts with deep hip yokes, fastened the designer only knows where, says the New York Post. The yoke has the effect of simply encircling the hips without a break, or a seam showing, but it is, of course, hooked invisibly. A very elegant model of darkest green repped silk, with a very lustrous finish, has a deep skirt yoke of Persian satin brocade, showing a blending of exquisite Oriental colorings. The bodice is of the corded silk, with an indescribable decoration combining the silk with the brocade, a slashed effect predominating both front and back. The Florentine sleeves also show a similar delft and intricate mixture that stamps it the work of a trained artistic Parisian. The gown skirt is finished simply with a deep hem and is unlined, but en suite is a gored petticoat of plain Lyons taffeta silk made of one of the colors in the brocade, and trimmed with one wide flounce, with a vine embroidery at the hem in exquisite shades of pale, medium and darkest green.

Actress Now a Lassic.

Miss Ada Ward, a prominent English actress, has forever abandoned the stage to become a soldier in the ranks



MISS ADA WARD.

of the Salvation Army. She is in dead earnest, and has given away her beautiful stage wardrobe, disbanded her company, donned the jersey costume of the Salvationists, and proposes to devote the rest of her life to the saving of souls. Miss Ward was converted in Portsmouth not very long ago. She had attended several meetings of the Salvation Army in that seaport town, but was not much impressed until one day when, according to her own story, she felt a touch on her arm, and, thinking it was one of the soldiers, turned around and beheld the Savior in a shining light. At the same time she underwent a marvelous change of feeling. She was overcome with a great joy that found an outlet in sobs and tears. She went straight to the front and was at once converted. The next day she disbanded her company, canceled all her engagements, and that night addressed a large meeting in the Salvationists' Hall at Portsmouth. Her conversion and sudden change of career astonished the people of the city. She will never more set foot in a theater.

Summer Flowers.

Next to the brilliant red flowers and the soft, dainty violets, the very fashionable blossom of the season is the poetic narcissus, called most frequently the daffodil. It will, on account of the continued popularity of the *Apop* and delicate yellow dyes, retain its vogue all summer, first as a genuine blossom, afterwards as an imitation, or in deference to the marvelous skill of the Parisian flower makers, as a reproduction. The lack of vitality, like that of many of the artificial roses, cannot be discovered in the beautiful copy until one has touched the flower. It deceives the eye entirely, having all the fresh, fragile appearance and natural, delicate glow of the true blossom.

Pompador in Favor.

Consuelo Marlborough is said to be partly responsible for the fact that the idea of parted hair is going out of fashion. Pompador effects are coming in, and one of the prettiest of the new ways of hairdressing is a revival of the "Cleveland" style. The hair is "twisted" on the temples and waved round the neck and ears. At the back there is a soft roll about the middle of the head and the top is slightly pompador.

Two-Button Gloves.

Two-button kid gloves are "in" again, to be worn with the new long-sleeved theater and evening waists.