

MISSED THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

I miss you, dear, in the springtime when the willows blossom white,
When the slow boughs bloom and bourgeon,
And the blackbirds build and sing.

When over the sky of azure the white-fringed clouds pass lightly,
When violets wake in the woodlands,
And the corn blades freshly spring.

But I miss you, too, in summer when the waves break on the shingle,
When the languid lilies' perfume is wafted upon the breeze,
When creamy, and pink, and fragrant the roses nod in the dingle,
When the kingcups turn the meadows to glistening and golden seas.

And I miss you more in autumn when in rustling cornfields yellow
Reapers sing their lays of gladness,
When the plovers loudly call,
When the woods are gold-embazoned,
And the apple orchards mellow,
And the bramble red and purple where the ripened berries fall.

But most of all I miss you when the snow-fakes white are flying,
When the days are dark and dreary,
And the nights are long and drear;
When through leafless forest-branches winds are sadly sobbing, sighing,
Then it is I think I miss you, oh! the most of all, my dear.

—Chambers' Journal.

THE SAHIB'S GOODS.

I am the bearer, My master is an English sahib, and not country born, like many who live in the city, wherefore he trusts in me, and I govern his household. Further, he is not close-fisted, but leaves his money lying about, so that it is ready to my hand. Truly, he is a master in every way to be desired, for does he not know good tobacco from bad, and smoke those cigars that I myself most approve of? I speak openly, for this whereof I write will never meet the sahib's eyes. Who is it that sews up the holes in the sahib's socks when they want mending but I? Who is it that holds the sahib's head, first on one side and then on the other side, when through exceeding slothfulness he lies in bed and lets the barber shave him? All these things—and more—do I do! I am the sahib's right hand; without me can he do nothing.

Certainly it is true that the sahib sometimes calls me evil names, but that is only when the money runs short by reason of the many heavy expenses I have had to meet in mine own household. But, though he is a good master, there are some things I cannot approve of in him, for what bearer can look with a favorable eye upon the young sahibs whom he honors with his friendship? Are they not as roaring lions, and is not their presence to be mistrusted in any house? Truly, they have been whelped in wickedness, and have delighted in rascally conduct from their youth upward. Do I not remember the day when four of them entered during the sahib's absence, and, having thrust me aside, did they not do many strange things to the furniture and to the sahib's most private goods? Then, having written a letter and pasted it upon the door, they took their departure. And when the sahib returned, which was before I could arrange the house as I approved of, he was on the point of beating me for the confusion which prevailed on every hand, but before he could do so his eye fell upon the letter the young sahibs had left pasted on the door, and then he laughed and said that this was marching order! Such is the way I am vexed by the sahib's friends.

I say these few things that all men may know how I stand, and that they may see how hardly I have been treated. It was one evening, shortly after our return from the hills, and just before the approach of the winter, that the Presence called to me, and, having told me that he was going to eat dinner at the magistrate sahib's house and would not be back before midnight, he bade me sit in the veranda and await his return. Now, the khansama (the butler) was that very evening entertaining many friends in the habbouchi khana, which is the cooking-house; so, having reflected that the sahib was thoughtless, and therefore could not understand that the veranda was not a pleasant place to sit in after the fall of the night, I closed all the doors carefully, and, having exhorted the chowkidhar to keep strict watch lest thieves should pass that way and steal what they listed, I wended my way to the habbouchi khana. Truly, we were a merry company, and had many things to say to each other as we smoked our hookahs and ate such sweets as the bunnas (the grocer) had sent around as a reward for our having been silent on the matter of the short weight and the inferior quality of the articles with which he supplied the sahib. Then suddenly in the midst of the converse there came to our ears from over the mud wall of the compound the sound of tamtams and of much shouting and singing, and as we looked forth we saw that it was a marriage procession and that there was a great crowd and the glare of many torches.

Now, I recollected that this must be the marriage of one Khudabux, whose mother had sewn the wedding garments that my uncle's wife's sister had worn; therefore, having looked to see that the chowkidhar was diligent in his watch, I invited the khansama and his friends, and together we went to the bridegroom's house. Ah! it was an open house, and such was the liberality that prevailed that we stayed until about half an hour of the time of the sahib's expected return. But as we turned to leave I noticed a man hiding away in a dark corner, as if he shunned our sight, wherefore I hailed him forth, and, behold, it was the chowkidhar, who had left his post.

"Rise up!" I cried, seizing him by the ear in my wrath. "Am I to be brought to shame because of your negligence in obeying my commands? How am I to make the sentence light for you, should the sahib return and find that the house has been left for thieves to break into? Hasten before me and light the lamp, so that all may be ready on my arrival."

So, Hussain Ali, the khansama, and I walked slowly, so that the chowkidhar might have time to do his work fully before we came. But as we drew near to the gate, behold! he came running back to meet us, and I saw that he trembled with fear so that he could hardly stand.

"Al! al! I am undone!" he cried aloud. "Would that I had died before this evil day had dawned!"

Then an unknown fear made my heart stand still. "Speak, you son of a dog!" I cried, fiercely; "speak and lay bare all the wickedness that has grown out of your negligence!"

"Alas! what can I say?" he cried; "for truly this is the work of the evil one. How can I tell you how the sahib's belongings have vanished when I know not myself, but I believe of a surety that this can't be the work of no mortal man."

I know not how Hussain Ali, the khansama, and I reached the house after this, but when we got there we found that everything was as the chowkidhar had said, for the house lay empty and the sahib's furniture had gone, as if the evil spirits of the air had come and blown it into nothingness with their breath. Truly the dog of a watchman had spoken the truth when he said that this was the work of no mortal hand.

"Gird up your loins," I said, turning to the chowkidhar, "run with the speed of the wind to the houses that lie on the four sides of the compound and ask of the servants whether there are any who know how this evil thing has come about; perchance you will find someone who has stayed at home and not gone to the marriage."

And when the chowkidhar had told all who dwell round about how the sahib's belongings had vanished a great crowd came running, so that in a minute the house was full. But every man had heard of the marriage feast and no one could tell how this thing had happened.

At this moment the khansama seized me by the arm and pointed to the gate, and as he did so my heart sank within me, for it was the sahib who had returned, and with him had come the magistrate sahib, and we had not prepared a tale. Truly never before had I been so unwilling to go forth and meet the master.

Then ran I and held on the step of the sahib's carriage as he alighted. "Oh, heaven born!" I cried, prostrating myself humbly on the ground before him, "I am not fit to lek the dust of thy feet; I am like a worm in thy path."

"What is the matter, Girzi Khan?" the sahib interrupted. "Make short work of it and tell me why this crowd has collected in my house."

"Great and wonderful things have happened in thine absence," I replied quickly, so that he might not be vexed with impatience. "It was thus: I had sat in the veranda all the evening, in accordance with thy command, oh, high born one, when suddenly I was seized in a most uncontrollable manner with a raging thirst that forced me to go to my house in order to drink water. But, sahib, hardly had I reached mine own threshold when I heard a mighty rushing sound behind me, and, looking round, I saw that thy house was enveloped in a great cloud of dust. And immediately my heart stood still with fear, so that I returned in all haste—I and all the other servants also. And, sahib, the house was left as thou seest it now, for the floor stands as bare as the desert of the Panjab, and the evil spirits of the air have left the heaven born neither a bed to rest his weary limbs upon nor a plate that the khansama may set before him at meal times. And all these men who live in the compound about thine own have seen these things and can bear testimony."

"And the crowd shouted: 'It is all as the bearer has said.'"

Then did the magistrate sahib look sternly at me, as if he would look down into my lying soul.

"Is this tale true?" he asked.

"Now my heart sank at his sternness. 'It is true,' I answered, bending down before him in order to hide my confusion."

But my sahib only walked up and down the veranda, and said, "Damn! damn!" as all English sahibs do when they are angry.

"Send for the other servants," the magistrate sahib said.

So the chowkidhar ran and fetched them from their houses, where they were in hiding, for they had all returned to the compound by this time.

"Drive quickly to the Thana," the magistrate sahib continued, addressing the syc (the groom) "and bring back with you two constables, who will take down the depositions of these rogues."

Then did the magistrate sahib offer to take our master back to his house, for our sahib had neither a chair to sit upon nor a knife with which to cut his meat. So they departed.

Now the English law is a strange thing; sometimes the Government will act with the foolishness of a little child, and at other times it will rend the evildoer limb from limb. Therefore, as none of us knew its power, and as there was great diversity of opinion as to whether the magistrate sahib would cause us to be beaten with cords until we were near to death or whether we would be thrown into prison for the rest of our lives, we all agreed to tell different tales to the police when they arrived, so that no man might know which was the truth, and thus the ends of justice might be frustrated. And after a long time had passed and our evidence was quite prepared, the syc

returned, and with him came two constables, one of greater rank and one of lesser. Then did the one of lesser rank marshal us into line, while he and the syc for questioned us and wrote down our statements in a book that he had brought from the Thana, which is the police station. And when all was finished, it was found that the evidence was different, and that no two men had told the same tale; so the two constables withdrew a little distance from us, and talked among themselves.

"Listen to me, O ye rogues," cried the principal one, when the consultation was finished; "pay attention while I speak. This is a grave case. How can you expect any magistrate sahib to be merciful when no two men give the same evidence? and how are we to know that you yourselves may not have taken the missing goods? The case lies black against you; and which of you does not know that the English law is mighty, and can do as it listeth with such miscreants as come within its grasp? Who has not heard how during the mutiny the English blew men from the cannon's mouth, and hung true believers in pigskins in order that they might not inherit paradise. Be wise, therefore, and pay heed to what I say; for there is but one way of escape, and through me alone may that way be learned. Run now every man to his house, and bring me as much money as you can lay your two hands on; for I would have you know that I stand close to the magistrate sahib's ear, and therefore can lighten the sentence for each and every one of you who will appease me with money offerings."

Then did we run and bring money, each man according to his circumstances. And when the two constables had divided the spoil they departed, taking with them only the beast (the water-carrier) and the chowkidhar, the former because he was poor and had only been able to bring 8 annas, and the latter because he had left the house unguarded, wherefore decency demanded that he should be offered up to the law.

Ah! it was a merry time in the bazar then, for such a case had not been known for many years, and wagers ran high as to what the sentence would be; so that we became the laughing stock and byword among the idlers who congregated round the well that lies in the center of the market place. Truly the bullock creaks loudly in the night season, but when the morning dawns the hawk comes forth, and then the song of the bullock suddenly ceases; so it is with all loud-voiced ones!

As for our master, he lived with the magistrate sahib, and wore the magistrate sahib's clothes, having none of his own. But the loss of his goods did not weigh heavily on his soul, for wherever there was feasting or merriment there was our sahib to be seen. Such is the strangeness of the sahib log!

Sometimes time travels slowly, and so it did in our case. It was the night before the day of trial, and we (that is to say, the other servants and myself) were gathered round the grasscutters' fire, wrapped in the mantle of our own black thoughts, when suddenly a man appeared in the circle of light, and sat down at my right hand, and I, looking on him, saw that it was Munnoo Lal, the mess khansama, who was butler to the officers that are my sahib's friends.

"Ram! Ram!" the man cried.

"And the other Hindoos who were present took up the salutation and answered back, 'Sita Ram.'"

"Open your ears wide, oh, ye men," said Munnoo Lal; "for I have come all the way from the messhouse in order to tell you a tale, and to ask you the meaning thereof. Behold, there once lived a king in a great land. A humane ruler was he, and also a man of great understanding; yea, the ants in their houses gathered not more wisdom than he. But one day this king departed for a short season, leaving instructions with his vizier and other officers to guard all things in his absence. Now, when the master was away, each man repaired to his own house, and did there what he pleased. One betook himself to the bazar to buy a new coat; a second entertained a large party of friends, and so on—each man according to his own inclination. Then the king returned and it was found that while those unworthy servants had feasted and made merry the treasure had been left unguarded and it had vanished, no man knew where. But the king only laughed and dismissed those unworthy servants, and, strange to tell, the king laughs still. Tell me, O Girzi Khan, what is the meaning of this tale?"

"Then my heart grew uneasy within me, for this story was like in many respects to our own."

"I know not," I answered.

"The answer to this riddle is not far to seek," Munnoo Lal called, rising and gathering up his robe as if he would leave us, "for it lies in mine hand. But knowledge is a pearl of great price, and is only to be bought with money!"

Then did we consult among ourselves, so that at last we went and fetched that which the man required.

"The explanation is so simple," Munnoo Lal continued, "that ye have walked past and left it! This is how the knowledge has come to my hand. You must know that there was a great dinner at the messhouse to-night, and the magistrate sahib and your master were both invited. Now, when the wine passed round, the tongues of all who were present got loosed, and they knew not that I could understand their language. And at last the lieutenant sahib told a tale which was to this effect. On that evil night when your sahib's things vanished, you must know that your master returned earlier than he had intended, and with him came the lieutenant and the magistrate sahib. And when they saw that none had been left behind to watch they laughed, and your master having opened a godown, of which he alone keeps the key, they placed the furniture within and made

all fast again. But the magistrate sahib looked on only and took no active part, for it was fitting that he should keep his hands clean, being a ruler. Then when the tale was finished there was much laughter at the messhouse and under cover of it I slipped away to tell you how all things had happened. Run quickly, now, O ye men, and see if all is as I say."

WOMAN HOME

WOMEN SELDOM STEAL.



THE San Francisco Argonaut is puzzled to understand a fact that surely exists, though for no apparent forceful reason. Woman is more honest than man. Without seeking to decry the statement, the Argonaut says: Whether from a lack of opportunity to realize the power of money, a feminine fear of risk, or a higher sense of honor, women are more trustworthy than men in the handling of money. This is a recognized fact in Europe, where in many businesses the woman holds the purse-strings. The position of cashier is one of those most constantly intrusted to female clerks. The situation, however, in which their lack of thieving propensities is most clearly shown is as domestics. The temptations offered them to steal money, jewels, lace, and other articles of stable value are continued and exciting, as few housewives take any precaution against dishonest servants. The ornaments and valuables most tempting to women not to mention money, are left about with a carelessness that is a convincing commentary on the trustworthiness of the servant. Indeed, detectives say that when a servant girl steals from her employers, it is almost always at the instigation of some man on the outside.

Why women should enjoy this impiousness to a temptation before which so many men fall, is a question to which there are several answers. Money, for itself, is not so highly valued by women as by men. When they do steal, it is to gain possession of some coveted article, while, with the other sex, it is the money, or the pleasure to be directly gained from it, which prompts the theft. Women, moreover, have few temptations to pastimes which call for money. Outside their love of personal adornment, they are seldom swayed by desires and ambitions the gratification of which requires wealth. The great world of outside pleasure which invites a man does not exist for them, and that absorbing love of dress and jewelry which is supposed to lead so many weak spirits to frivolity and sin is much less strong than is generally believed.

The temptation of business ventures, of daring speculations and hazardous chances, is one to which women are singularly indifferent. Their ambitions are small. When they can gain a living salary, their dreams are generally realized. The hopes of wealth and luxury which haunt the imaginations of an ordinarily ambitious man are far beyond the modest desire for affluence of the most energetic and enterprising woman. If a woman is not rich by inheritance or marriage, she sets aside the dream of riches as one never to be accomplished. To achieve wealth by her own endeavors, honorable or otherwise, is so perilous and formidable an undertaking that she no more contemplates it than she would seek to gain glory by Apollo or Afton.

Hints of the change have been current in London boudoirs for weeks, and already a few women, greatly daring, have displayed the new style in public. The innovation, as usual, is a revival and dates back not to 1830, that epoch year of fashion, but to the years immediately preceding Queen Victoria's accession. Its salient features are a boldly upstanding loop or two of the hair brought decidedly forward, on the top of the head, while the arrangement behind tapers to a point an inch or so from the base of the skull. The novelty which renders it noticeable is the introduction of a scarf of soft silk gauze, or lace, twisted in and out of the coils of hair, which are usually gathered slightly more to one side of the head than the other, the balance being created with a puff or bow of the material.

For the Summer Girl.



What Woman Owes to Society. Woman stands as the sacred guardian of future homes and our nation's prosperity, and to her must we look for true reforms. To her standard must society come. Let her be sure to place it high and keep it pure, and make it apply impartially to all people. Let her keep out those whom she knows fall short of her standard, and never condone in the stronger sex what she condemns in the weaker. Let her think not to elevate society by hiding or condoning the evils which surround her on every side, but only by shutting out those whom she has found it impos-

sible to raise to her standard. Then future generations will arise who will bless her for their heritage, instead of cursing her for their misery.—Dwight L. Moody, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Gymnasium for Outdoor Girls. An outdoor gymnasium is the easiest of all things to make, if you have the space. It requires only about thirty square feet of ground, and when you have it completed you have provided yourself with something which, physiologists state, is the greatest aid to beauty yet found—exercise in the open air. The most difficult thing to find is the vaulting pole, which must be perfectly straight and smooth. A birch pole with the bark peeled off is good, or any other peeleable wood without knot or bend. The rings can be made by soaking sup-



AN OPEN AIR GYMNASIUM.

ple boughs until they are soft, then bending them into a hoop and wiring them firmly with fine picture wire, fastened without the slightest roughness. Many prefer to purchase small rings that are warranted secure for swinging. The horizontal bar can be managed by bending down a tough bough, while the Indian clubs and dumb-bells can be carved from some heavy wood. It will be found that practice in an open-air gymnasium is most interesting, for there is the swaying of the trees and the supple bending of the boughs to make the exercise exciting and varied.—Chicago Chronicle.

Bloomers Not Popular.

Bloomers are not nearly so popular as formerly, but a suit seen the other day deserves a word. It was of greenish-gray cloth, and was worn by an extremist. There were full bloomers laid in knife plaits, and gathered with elastic at the knee. As it was a bright, sunny afternoon the lady wore a heavy white pique waist with a high turnover collar and a neat black crayat. There was a jaunty jacket of the same material as the bloomers cut after the Eton pattern, short and square cornered at the waist. The jacket had a flat collar and wide reversed edged with black braid. There were tight sleeves slightly puffed at the shoulder and trimmed with braid. The hose were long and black, and she wore low-cut cycling shoes.

NOBLE DEEDS OF UNSUNG HEROINES

A woman in Harlem shot a neighbor in the neck for goose-egging her.

A New York woman separated two belligerent fellows, and lectured the crowd for permitting the set-to.

A Baltimore woman slapped a justice of the peace in the face for interfering that she was no lady.

A Jersey City woman captured a burglar and then pleaded with the judge to let him go, because he was too handsome to go to jail.

A Milwaukee woman threw her husband into a vat of beer because he refused to buy her a new bonnet.

A South Brooklyn woman beat her husband over the head with a frying pan because he was too lazy to sweep the sidewalk.

A New York woman refused to marry a man and was sued for breach of promise.

A Kentucky woman cut all the buttons of her betrothed's apparel because she didn't like the way he spoke to her.

A Chicago woman severely whipped a man whose boy insulted her.

A Boston woman with a club stood off several angry men who were trying to "do" her husband.—New York World.

Hints for the Shopper.

Gold lacing is effectively used on boleros.

The fichu in vogue is of fine embroidered muslin.

Floral patterns abound in cotton grenadines and lace lawns.

Many jackets are of white cloth, with gold or black scroll braiding.

A touch of cerise velvet is seen on one-half of the imported costumes.