

HALF FORGOTTEN.

In my youth I once went boating With a maiden in a yacht, Off past Newport went we floating On each other spooning, dotting; Watching sunsets, quoting verses On the starlit summer sea, Where the west wind still rehearses To the waves its poetries;

Yes, I think I once went sailing With a girl some years ago, Making love till stars were paling, Now, with feet upon the railing Sit I, comfortably smoking, Trying to recall her name, Did we love, or were we joking? As the comet in the night!

THE LEAF OF GERANIUM.

It is very strange, when we come to think about it, on what small cog and pivots the wheels of fate run, and what a slight jar will do toward changing the whole machinery and set it to running in an entirely different direction. It was a geranium leaf that altered the whole course of my life. But for the trivial leaf picked up by a young girl in a thoughtless mood I should not have been sitting here to-day in this pleasant dining room, where the sun comes in through the vine-wreathed windows and falls upon the geranium pots inside; and this little girl would not be upon my knees, nor yonder red-checked maiden upon the veranda with young Smithers; and neither would that very handsome matron who just passed into the parlor have been in her present situation.

Oh, but she was lovely! All rose-colored and white and brown tressed, and pearly teeth, with the roundest, plumpiest figure, and as graceful as a fairy in every movement, and with beautiful, shapely hands that were a constant delight to the eye.

I was just home from college and she was on a visit to my stepmother, her aunt and my half sister Lilla, and her cousin.

I had seen a good many girls in my seven years at college, and some of the belles of the land; but I had never yet had my heart stirred by any woman's eyes as Carrie Dean's stirred it when my eyes met hers in greeting; and the touch of her soft fingers completely set me adrift on the sea of love.

I was her slave from that hour—not her slave, either, but her passionate lover and worshiper. And of course she knew it, and of course, being a finished coquette, she quenched it over me right royally.

There was Fred Tom, the country physician, and Tom Delano, the hand some young farmer, both as badly off as I was; and a pretty time we had of it.

Fred and I—old chums in former days—were at swords' points now, and hated each other splendidly for a few weeks, and Tom I held in the utmost contempt, and railed at them both whenever opportunity presented itself, for Carrie's edification, after the manner of men, and was repaid by seeing her bestow her sweetest smiles and glances upon them the next time they met.

Fred drove a splendid span of bays, and almost every day they dashed up the avenue, and dashed out again with Miss Carrie's added weight. And Tom was on hand nearly every evening, and she was just as sweet to one as the other, and just the same to me; and that was what maddened me.

I was not to be satisfied by a "widow's third" by any means, and I told her so at last, and asked her how the matter was to be settled.

"I love you better than those brainless fops know how to love," I said, hotly; "and now decide between us."

She had listened to my love confession with aching cheeks and downcast eyes; but when I said this she turned defiantly on me.

he looked like the last rose of summer after a rain. "Good-bye," he said gloomily, "I am going away. She has sent me away and I can't stay about the place. I hope you are the happy one—I do, honestly, Al. She said her heart was given to another, and it's either you or Fred. I hope it is you, and God bless you!"

Here Tom dashed away and left me staring after him in amazement. "Given her heart to another!" I repeated, with a pain in my chest somewhere. "Well, it is evident that I'm not the other, and that Fred is. Poor Tom—poor me! The best thing I can do is to follow suit and leave, too. I can never see her the wife of another, and the sooner I'm off the better."

So I went moodily up to my room and packed a satchel and got all things in readiness for a speedy departure. On my way up I met Carrie just emerging from her room, arrayed in her jaunty riding habit, and I could hear Fred's deep tones shouting "Whoa!" down in the yard below.

I watched her trip down the stairs and out of sight, thinking it was the last time I should see her for years, perhaps forever. When I had strapped the last buckle on my satchel and all was in readiness, I went to say good-bye to my father, mother and Lilla. Lilla was not indoors and my parents looked at me in amazement.

"But, Allen, my son," pleaded father, "I had thought you would enter into business with me. There is a grand opening for you, and I have held the position in reserve."

"I thank you for all that, but I want to travel a year or two before going into business," was all that I could answer, and my father gave me up in despair. Lilla was still absent; but it was quite dark, and the train would leave in half an hour, so I left a "good-bye" for her and passed out into the hall.

It was a long, narrow hall, reaching the whole length of the house, and with seven rooms opening into it; but as yet it was unlighted and as dark as Egypt. About half-way through it I heard the street door open and shut, and a moment later ran full against some one entering.

It is Lilla, I thought, and reaching out my arms caught her between them. "Is it you, Lilla?" I said. "But she did not answer, only twined her arms about my neck. "Why, little sister," I said softly, "do you love me so much?"

For Lilla was not demonstrative as a usual thing, and I was surprised at her movement. "Oh, better than all the world beside, Allen," she said in a whisper. And then, as I lifted the face to my lips, the sweet odor of geranium perfumed the air, and my heart gave a great leap.

It was Carrie, not Lilla, that I held in my arms. She was trying to disengage herself now, but I suddenly caught her light form in my two stout arms, and opening the library door, I carried her into the brilliantly-lighted room. Her face was hot with blushes now, and her eyes full of tears.

"You are too bad," she sobbed, "and I hate you." But just then she noticed my traveling attire and paused abruptly. "Why, where are you going?" she asked, with interest. "I was going away, never to return," I answered; "but since you said what you did in the hall I have changed my mind."

Carrie pouted. "Then I shall go, shall I, and leave you to marry Fred?" "I detest Fred!" she cried. "And, you love me better than all the world?" "Yes."

So the dirt was conquered at last, and I was the victor. "But how did you know it was not Lilla?" she asked as we sat together. "By the geranium leaf I saw you put in your hair this morning."

"And but for that you would have gone away and not come back for years?" "Yes; perhaps never come back, but for the tall-tale leaf."

"Then we will keep this leaf always," she said, taking it from her hair. "And so we have. I procured a little golden box, and there it is to-day one of our dearest treasures."

Of course I married Carrie, and of course that blooming matron is she. Fred and Tom Delano did not die of broken heart, but married a lovely girl out West a few months after his departure; and Fred Tom is our family physician, and has a pretty wife of his own.

Girls in White Gowns. A debutante always wears white, and there is a fashion now of making the dresses for the first season with the utmost simplicity, so that they look as much like the robes for the confirmation as for the entrance into the gay world. India muslin this year has been the favorite fabric, and its ornamentation is confined to the silken belt or sash, lace, and the mass of roses at the waist. Very little jewelry is worn—sometimes none at all—and the high lights, if any, come from the eyes, the hair, the cheeks, and the red, red lips of the bright young face. In such sweet simplicity of dress the "chromo" girls, as they are called, have decidedly the best of it. The blue eyes, the golden hair and the natural red which might become florid under harsher circumstances, have it all their own way. It is only when costume is suitably adapted to individuality that the type appears to the best advantage.

Where there are older sisters who are already experienced from having had the advantages of several seasons' training, they assist in doing the honors, but it is not etiquette for them to wear white. They may wear pink or blue, or pale green, or a colored satin coat with a white skirt, but they must not wear all white. Indeed, all white, unless it is very rich, has a significance which limits its functions. It may be worn as a morning dress at home, but abroad it denotes a bride, a debutante, or a candidate for confirmation. Very rich and very original white dresses are, of course, an exception to this rule.—Corr. Washington Star.

Shaving the Beard.

The more I reflect upon the mysteries of neurology and animal chemistry, the more confident I am that, while we are the least suspecting it, trifling errors in our daily life are producing important effects upon our corporeal systems; and I declare it as my deliberate conviction that the habit, which may almost be styled American, of using the razor upon the face, is sufficient to cause a large proportion of the lamentable evils which afflict the human race in this country.

It appears by experiment that the beard, if shaved, grows four or five times faster than in the unshorn. In this calculation an item is omitted which it is difficult to estimate, i. e., the stimulus given the beard by the first application of the razor in adolescence, the experiments being made upon beards after they have acquired an unnaturally rapid growth. The effect of this stimulus may be fairly counted at double the natural growth, then reckoning the difference in size and weight of the fiber, which is treble, and we find the frightful truth to be that we raise thirty times the natural quantity of beard. Thus, it is evident that the true beard is exhausted at a very early age, after which the system is forced to supply a substitute. Now, nature will not submit with impunity the extraordinary demand upon her vigor, and that which requires her to produce in a lifetime thirty times as much beard as she was first inclined to, must certainly be considered as such. She is fatigued in proportion to the effort, let the particular kind be what it may. Although her recuperative powers are great, she insists upon having repose, and when working, and as in man, the mouth is the warmest part of the body. Imagine, we repeat, the irritation that would be to the human, and if not the same degree, still the suffering to the animal is very great. And it is not a momentary pain. Food is eaten with difficulty, and the irritation repeated day after day, causes loss of appetite and strength. Many a horse has become worthless from no other cause than this. Before India rubber bits were to be had I myself used a bit covered with leather, and on no account would have dispensed with it in freezing weather."

"An Experienced Horseman" in the Kentucky Live Stock Record, reminds those who have the handling of horses of the cruelty of which they may be carelessly guilty: "Let any one who has the care of a horse, the cold, frosty mornings, dolerately grasp in his hand a piece of iron; indeed, let him touch it to the tip of his tongue, and then let him thrust the bit into the mouth of his horse if he has the heart to do it. The horse is an animal of nervous organization. His mouth is formed of delicate glands and tissues. The temperature of the blood is the same as in the human being, and, as in man, the mouth is the warmest part of the body. Imagine, we repeat, the irritation that would be to the human, and if not the same degree, still the suffering to the animal is very great. And it is not a momentary pain. Food is eaten with difficulty, and the irritation repeated day after day, causes loss of appetite and strength. Many a horse has become worthless from no other cause than this. Before India rubber bits were to be had I myself used a bit covered with leather, and on no account would have dispensed with it in freezing weather."

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Wilmersding & Co. have been known to the Pacific coast trade for thirty-two years, and the brands of liquors handled by them have become favorites. It is sufficient to say that the new firm will maintain the good reputation which required years of honorable dealing to create.

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