## WIND IN THE MOON

We had slept with our horses grazing all through a blistering day;

Boots and saddles had sounded, we walt-ed for horse and away; The sun was down and over the grass dew had begun to full.

And shrill across the dusking world we heard the whip-poor-will call.

We knew what the moon was doing, the leering moon in the east,

Cailing, calling the master winds, luring them as to a feast. Prisoning them in her halo ring till the

wildest gust grew tame. And the stars were blown all out of the sky, like a flickering candle flam

haze of heat and dew. Although it was June we shivered there, as laud the hugle blew;
Foot home in stirrup, hand on hilt, we

thundered down the glade.

'And up the hill, where the braye blue-doars stood masked to check our

raid. We rode but a scant five bundred; they waited a thousand there,

Yet we laughed as though 'twas the view halloo at the trumpet's marling

Trot! Gallop! Charge! Twas a ringing run, with the dogs of death in cry, Under the leering gibbous moon, asiant

in the windy sky.
r a check when the gun fire broke as lightning from a cloud;

r a stay when screaming shell through front and rear rank plowed. On, up, over the bristling slope, a wedge of fire and steel,

We cieft a way through the tough blue ranks till we saw the captain reel. Then we broke, and the leering glbbous moon unleashed the winds of heaven. In writhing riot they leaped to earth, the pence of night was riven,

Riven, smitten of lightning's sword and the thunder's hammer clang, 'As the riotous winds a Marseillaise of

wreck and ruin sang. With crash of forest and sweep of grass

storm chant rose and fell The earth was thrushed with a flail of cloud, aflame like the mouth of hell, And we, who had fought so wild a fight,

bare breast against bare blade, Fell, gray or blue, into kneeling ranks. locked hands and as wildly prayed, We had fought like men for honor, we

prayed like men for life. Nor friend nor foe, but brothers all, there on the field of strife;

Perhaps God heard, the storm was hush ed, the moon rode high and white, And a ruffling wind blew from the south, soft as it blows to-night. -New York Sun.

## TOO YOUNG TO MARRY

Johnnie Madison dwelt in Norman's Inn when he first came to London He was the only son of his mother, and she was a canon's widow. It was at ber desire that he set up his household goods under the time-worn gables of Norman's inn: for there also dwelt a kinsman of the late canon's, Arkwright by name, who was always alluded to in the family as "a steady, plodding young man," and was supposed to live amid a picturesque litter of briefs and books; and the canon's widow hoped he might exercise a mildly restraining influence over Johnnie, being nearly twice his

Now the steady, plodding young man looked forward to his arrival without enthusiasm. He remembered Johnnie as a very luky schoolboy of phenomenal lung power and unprepossessing appearance, and felt assured that by now he should have developed into a rakish young man with a taste for small dogs and large neckties, and greatly given to entertaining noisy company; wellknowing that the chastened atmosphere of a cathedral town does not nec essarily induce an affection for quiet living in the youthful breast.

Johnnie, however, proved to be a fresh-colored, amiable youth of 22, more plentifully endowed with muscle than with brain power, and with no apparent tendency to come immediately to grief amid what Arkwright would have called-he sometimes wrote for the papers the shoals and quicksands of London life. He neither gambled nor drank, nor gave his mind too en tirely to the lightly clad allurements of light opera. On the contrary, he read with industry as though already covet ous of the woolsack, he danced and dined assiduously at houses of irreproachable respectability; and, in Arkwright's company, when he did not talk cricket he talked shop.

Then by degrees, when returned from nocturnal adventures, he began to favor Arkwright with many confidences regarding his attitude toward various embers of the other sex; for Johnnie's affairs of the heart became at last alarmingly numerous. Not that he aimed at playing the part of Don Juan; but, being of highly inflammable material, his heart was successively ignited by a pleasing variety of dam-

Fate brought him face to face with the one and inevitable damsel at last. however. Audrey St. Clair was a darkeyed girl of 20; Johnnie thought her charmingly fresh and natural. Mira Leverson's ball was a rapturous occasion to him, and Mrs. Leverson's niece Audrey entirely dispossessed all other idols, from that date, of the pedestal upon which Johnnie had successively

Of Mrs. Leverson herself her enemie said that she had been pretty; elderly gentlemen had been known to call her a fine woman, while young ones thought her "not halfbad fun," She possessed an abundance of obviously dyed hair, somewhat effusive manner and faultless taste in dress. The late la mented Captain Leverson had indulged a taste for speculation, with disastrous ly, but inopportunely asked him if he results, and hence the few people who remembered her were surprised to find the widow when she returned from a long absence abroad so comfortably in stalled as she was in her house at Chel-

Johnnie she seemed to hold in high favor. He was allowed to take her and her niece through the polite mebs of the picture galleries; he never failed to noticed that Mrs. Leverson continued Up.

appear at her "at homes," and he fre- to treat him with as much indifference quently made one at her theater par-But, although he thought Mrs. Leverson "aw'fly kind, and all that sort see her niece subject to less worldly influences than those brought to bear

upon her. In accordance with the fitness of things, he vaguely imagined she should always be dressed in white, wander ing through sheltered rose gardens and indulging an amiable solicitude for birds and dogs and poor old cottagersa village Lady Bountiful, in short. And to tell the truth the unconscious maiden would infinitely have preferred a more natural way of life, and her happiest moments were spent on her mare in the where Johnnie, leaning against the railing watched her wistfully. He could not afford a horse.

lie never told Arkward anything about this particular flame of was Tommy Blake who posted up the plodding young man in his youthful kinsman's affairs one afternoon at the club. "And both women seem dead nuts on your young friend," he said incidentally. "Pretty well off, I sup- invisible.

"He's worth precisely twopence halfpenny a year," said Arkwright, with more figure of speech than be usually

permitted to himself. Tommy raised his eyebrows as high as nature permitted and said it was uncommon queer.

"And there was a sort of Indian prince-no end of a nabob, I'm toldwanted to marry the girl, and Mrs. Leverson sent him to the right about in double-quick time. And she is not the sort to feel shy about bowing down to the golden calf, either. Can't make her out

"Perhaps she thinks her niece too young to marry yet," said the plodding young man. "She may be acting mere ly from a proper regard for her happi-

"A proper regard for fiddlesticks," sald cynical Mr. Blake.

Arkwright was sitting up late one night to finish an erudite paper upon The Ethics of Modern Drama," when Johnnie stole noiselessly into the room and sank into the easiest chair. wright wrote to the bottom of the page and threw down his pen, thinking he had found an intelligent audience for a reading for his valuable essay But it was no such matter. Johnnie was occupied with the drama of real life, and, to judge by his aspect, seemed to imagine that he was cast to play principal tragedian in that enthralling piece

"Off color, Johnnie?" said the elder man, tentatively.

"No," he said, smoking savagely "Feel doubtful about your 'call?" "No, I think I'm pretty safe."

Arkwright stretched out his hand to reach his pipe. "By the way, here's a letter for you,

Johnnie, from your mother; I have just received one from her myself." Johnnie, however, made no attempt to take it, or he might have spared his

friend the opinions he expressed concerning the station in life to which it had pleased Providence to call him "It's beastly, you know," he ex-

plained "I may hang on for years and never be nearer marrying than I am at the present moment. As for proposing r now-as the mater said-it's deeidedly low to get a girl to bind herself to any promise until one has decent prospects.

Arkwright reflected with a flickering smile that Johnnie had probably caught rather the spirit than the letter of his mamma's admonitions. However, it was a sign of grace that he remembered them at all, and he felt sorry for the weebegone youth.

"You're young to think of marrying yet, you know," he said. "Am I right," he continued, after a pause, "in supposing-Blake is my informant-a certain Miss St. Clair has occasioned all

"Oh, if Blake has told you. And the aunt is awfully decent to me,'

"But you are not proposing to marry the aunt. Is Miss St. Clair herself-is

"Oh, well, a fellow never knows that sort of thing, you know, till he tries his chances," said Johnnie in a manner which betrayed that he thought he knew quite well that his affections to a lady of position. were returned, as, indeed, they were, and Audrey St. Clair was far too frank to take any great pains to conceal it. "Oh, Arkwright, what am I to do?" he said, pathetically.

"Open your letter, Johnnie," he re plied, and the tone in which he said it caused the wondering youth to obey promptly.

He looked seraphically happy till be remembered that he ought to look bereaved. Johnnie's ship had come home just in the nick of time. He had always had shadowy expectations from his uncle, but he had been to pessimistle to count too much upon him. However, gout had claimed a victim, and the canon's widow hinted to her son that he had to some extent benefited by the

The vanity of riches was exemplified to Johnule, when, after a decent interval he returned to town the richer by \$22,000 a year, but, as he speedily found, minus Mrs. Leverson's good graces.

Another was reigning favorite with her now, Lester, a picturesque but not very talented painter, who was deep in converse with Audrey when he made reappearance.

Mrs. Leverson greeted Johnnie without effusion. Audrey was more friendhad seen Lester's latest picture.

Johnnie's soul was already green with

dealousy. 'Who's Lester?" he said, "that fellow with the untidy hair?" Audrey reproachfully changed the conversation but Johnnie was out of humor and con

tinned to sulk. This lasted for some days, and it was

mt hoos oster BW

as she becomingly could.

for coming into a fortune?" said Tomof thing," she would have preferred to my Blake, the close observer of human nature. "And why does he hang back when he must see that that little girl is over her ears in love with him?" But he found no solution to these problems.

Johnnie sulked for a month. one afternoon he jumped into a cab. drove down to Chelsen, and Mrs. Leverson being alone, presently found himself blunderingly declaring that would like to bestow his hand upon her

The good lady looked very grave. "You are both young, you know, Mr. ried very young and very unhappily, man. Perhaps that has set me against early marriages."

But what has set you against me?" said Johnnie, reproachfully.

"Nonsense, that is only your imagina-But Johnnie was not strong in that quality, so Mrs. Leverson was set and the triggers are adjusted. He probably misstating the case.

"She is too fatigued to bear any excitement just now. Come in three days' time," said her aunt, "and I will think over the advisability of sounding her on the subject in the meantime.

Three days later Johnnie came Arkwright in a state of great perturba-tion. Mrs. Leverson had left her house, and Chelsea knew her no more. It was only by bribery and corruption that Johnnie discovered that she had gone to Scarborough, but probably would not stay there, her plans being unset-

"She'll surely write to you," said Ark-But no letter came within twenty-

four hours. "We'd better go to Scarborough," said

Johnnie's counselor. The truant lady was discovered by

Johnnie in a stationer's shop on the very day of his arrival. "Audrey was so ill the doctor advised instant change. In the flurry I forgot to write to you," she said, after a gasp

of surprise. Johnnie decided in his haste that all women were liars, and asked when he

might hope to see Audrey. "You may come and call to-morrow morning-she may be better then. But think it most undesirable, most undesirable that you should make any proposal to her yet, or entertain hopes that may be disappointed." Mrs. Leverson spoke with conviction, but deferred explanation, and Johnnie laid the matter before Arkwright.

The latter privately debated whether there was insanity or some other cupboard skeleton in the girl's family, rendering matrimony inadvisable. whether Johnnie had been committing enormities that had come to Mrs. Leverson's ears but not to his. And he was the more mystified when, next morning, the unhappy lover came to him, pale and blaspheming, and told him that Mrs. Leverson had again fled before him, had left her hotel and a brief note to say that she was bound for the

continent. "What is Mrs. Leverson?" said Arkwright. "You never told me her cre-dentials."

"Widow of a man in the Carchecter regiment; that's all I know," said Johnnie. "Then we can consult Major Bag-

shaw, who is an old friend of mine Look up the trains to Carchester, and don't pace about the room like that."

Major Bagshaw, who was a bachelor, greeted his visitors cordially, when, on the following morning, they called at his quarters.

He listened gravely while Arkwright told him the strange story of Mrs. Leverson. Then he cleared his throat and asked impressively, "Have you heard of Snaggs' cure for corns?" he looked from one to another for an answer.

"I know Snaggs," continued the Major, deliberately: "He's a very rich man, but a self-made one and one who has sufficient sense to know that his education has therefore been deficient. So he determined to give his only daughter every advantage that money can buy, and two years ago consulted me as to the advisability of intrusting her the expansion of ascending columns

"To Mrs. Leverson?" gasped Johnnie, "For the sake of poor Dandy Leverson, I mentioned her name to him, and I knew he was involved in debt-evidently she is still. She was to receive £100 a month and all expense to take the young lady through Europe and to launch her in London. I was not aware that it was any part of the agreement that she could call Miss St. Clair-Snaggs changed his name-her niece, but that's a detail! I should not have betrayed confidence but for the strange account you gave me of Mrs. Lever son's behavior. Of course, she's in no hurry to see her niece married; £100 a month is not to be lightly lost; but she must be desperately hard up to play her cards like that."

"And what do you advise?" asked

"Your feeling in the matter are not changed by my revelations?" "Of course not.

"Then with your permission I shall call on my fellow townsman, Mr. Snaggs, who is, of course, in constant communication with his daughter and put the facts before him. And I have thing?" no doubt we shall see the young lady here in a few days; but possibly her preceptress will prefer to remain

The canon's widow thought corn curing rather a plebelan trade, but was mollified when her future daughter-inlaw was brought to her house.

And a lady of good position advertises ent day. that she is prepared to take charge of a young lady desiring an entree to those exalted circules wherein she herself habitually moves. A confidential has just got married to a young woman interview can be arranged .-- Pick-Me-

AT FRENCH RESTAURANTS.

"Why does she quarrel with a chap Waiters Find Easy Victims Among

Travelers from the United States. The restaurant life of Paris is as disfinctive and idiosyncratic as the life of London. The two modes of living are totally slifferent, however, and mark elementary divergencies of national character and temperament. The Frenchman is a gourmet; the Englishman is a gourmand. The French man likes the open air; the Englishman likes open air, too, but he wants his open air to be latticed in and girt about against intrusion. That which delights the Frenchman-the glitter, the chat ter, the radiant and noisy ebb and flow Madison," she said. "Her mother mar- of the boulevards-offends the English-

Yet the better restaurants of Paris do not get their profits off their French patrons. It is the American who is relied on to bring up the average and to convert a loss into a gain, and for the Americans, therefore, the trup is may swear and squirm and amuse the Audrey was, on this occasion, ill and onlookers by his futile attempts very crooked French to make his meaning plain, but to no avail. He will have to pay the bill. The swell restaurants have discovered a device for taking the luckless American completely captive, which deserves the name

Like everything great, it is simple No price is affixed to the several dishes upon the bill of fare. Thus the stranger is left entirely in the dark. He is at the mercy of the lady accountant and the head waiter. There is no fixed standard of value. There is no check upon enterprising rapacity. You order your dinner blindfold, and when "la note" is brought you have no recourse The garcon shrugs his shoulders. The other garcons stand around and grin. The maitre de cusine is dignity a little tempered by majesty. you are being swindled. You know that monsieur youder, who had more dishes than you, and better served, has been charged from 10 to 100 per cent. less. But what can you do? You can do nothing. You can simply disgorge. If you ask the price in advance you com mit a dreadful solecism. What does milor care about prices? Prices are made for the canaille. If milor wants cheap dinner he go to Duval. Cafe Voison exists for gentlemen, not for persons who need to economize, The Cafe Anglaise does not desire cheap custom. It prides itself on being "tres cher." The poor American does not see it at all, but yet his vaulty being touched, as well as his pocket,

## The Cause of Rainfall.

he goes away with an abridgment of

the basso in his grumble. He is a wiser

but a poorer man .- Louisville Courier-

Journal.

Rain is, as we all know, the moisture of the atmosphere condensed into drops large enough to fall with perceptible velocity to the earth. The variation in the sizes of the drops is dependent upon the difference in the height from which they have fallen, and to the amount of atmospheric disturbance at If they fall from great the time. heights the drops suffer gradual division into smaller and smaller parts, until they are at last converted into ers in the splendors of its ornamentamists. In calm weather, with the tion clouds near the earth's surface, the drops are apt to be large and heavy. The formation of rain is, in general, continuation or an enlargement of the processes by which clouds and fogs are formed. The deposition of moisture depends upon the cooling of the atmosphere, but, concerning the precise process by which the cooling is effected, various opinions are entertained, even among those who have made meterology a life study. In considering the matter we have deduced our reckonings from what is considered the best authority on the subject. From this it appears that the temperature of a given mass of warm air is lowered, in the ordinary course of atmospheric phenomena, by one or the other of the processes mentioned in the following: radiation to the cold sky; by radiation to the neighboring masses of clouds or the cold ground; by mixture with cool air, or by the absorption of heat in of air. Whatever the process may be, one thing is sure: The cooling must take place before the moisture will collect into drops of sufficient size to cause them to fall from the mass of vapor in which the constituent parts have been floating .- St. Louis Republic.

What to Say About the Baby,

One is always expected to say some thing when looking for the first time on a new baby, and, as it is neither kind nor safe to tell the truth and say that the little, red, podgy creature doesn't look like anything, an English magazine gives a list of unpatented and uncopyrighted remarks to be used on such occasions:

"Isn't he sweet. He looks like you!" "I think he is going to look like his father."

"Hasn't he dear little fingers? Do let me see bis dear little toes!" "Isn't he large?"

'Isn't be a tiny darling?" "How bright he seems!" "Did you ever see such a sweet little mouth?

"The dear little darling! I never saw so young a baby look so intelligent? "Do, please let me hold him just a

"Isn't be just too sweet for nny-

Any and all of these remarks are warranted to give satisfaction, just as they have been giving satisfaction from time immemorial until the pres-

## hove Changes His Plans.

Borchrevink, the Antarctle explorer, in England and has put aside his plans for reaching the south pole for a time.



FEMININE MUSICAL FAD.

INCE, by some whim of fancy, a number of fashionable young women undertook, about a year ago, to restore amateur interest in the harp a steady advance has been marked in the revival of all manner of suc de camella, which will at one stringed instruments.

Lady Gladys de Gray, the most powerful titled patroness of music in London, was the first person to demonstrate how picturesque and interesting a pretty woman could look when playing on the tall, stately instrument, and scores of clever girls who went over from the States to strum the banjo for British nobility completed the work of temporarily shelving the pi-

Every damsel with the least harmony in her soul is buslly perfecting her taste and fingers on a few taut a raised stand of old silver, which res strings and a sounding board. They don't all play the harp by any means, at least the big modern affair that weighs nearly a ton and costs as much of beauty, both in decoration and as a plane. Small, light and very ar- shapes. Green-brilliant grass greentistic instruments are the thing. To satisfy the demands, makers have imported patterns of very old style minstrel harps from Ireland, and are copy- line. ing and modernizing them for Amerlean drawing rooms. Portuguese guitarra is another instrument that can scarcely be called new, but is at least a novelty and is sharing the popularity of the ordinary guitar. Neither the harp nor guitarra has in any way in- famous Sevres ware. jured the popularity of the banjo, A few years mandolin, or guitar. ago a great many society women, notably among them the lady who is now Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, studied the violin vigorously, but that simple, yet delicate, instrument has been totally abandoned to the patient professionals, and now a valiant effort is being made to revive no less ancient and honorable an instrument than the lyre. The Parisian women started its vogue under the leadership of the Countess de Montebello, wife of the ambassador to Russia, who spent \$40,000 of his own money on splendid entertain-ments at the coronation of the Czar. But whether lyre or harp, banjo, banjeaurine or guitarra one plays on, it is almost a point of honor of one's chosen instrument to outclass all oth

Materials for Evening Dresses. Transparent materials are prefer red for evening dresses, which makes the lining an important item. If glace taffeta, twenty inches wide, is selected it costs 75 cents; silky-looking cotton linings, at 35 cents, are forty Inches wide, resemble finely ribbed slik The outside material may be a chiffon at 60 cents, moussellne de sole a little heavier for a dollar, or a net at the latter price; these are forty inches wide, Then tulle, two yards wide, may be found at a dollar; gauffered Japanese crepe or silk even as low 40 cents, being twenty-four wide, and levely cotton crepes for 15 Small-figured, self-colored sliks for evening wear are from 75 cents, but are not as much liked as the transparent materials. A silk skirt, even of the useful habutai silk, twenty-four inches wide and 50 cents a yard, is light and girlish when worn with a chiffon waist over the same or sliky cotton lining.-Ladies' Home Journal.

Fad in Musical Instruments

Manicuring Done at Home. It is a great mistake to suppose that the women who are obliged to do work that injures the delicate appearance of the lands are thus doomed to lose one of the most distinctive marks of refinement. It is beginning to be generally known that women are quite capable of doing their own manteuring and that the practice pays. Amateurs are nanally astonished to find that manicuring is so simple and that the following directions suffice: Pour some warm water into a bowl; unfold a small towel and lay it on one knee; take the right, any quantity of dried beef," hand and proceed to cut the nails in a semicircle; then file the edges, and steep the right hand in the water; then take the left hand and steep in its turn Having carefully dried the hands push down the skin round the base of the nails with an ivery instrument; brush brown traveling tollet.

wipe it off, and then polish with a plair chamois-covered pad, rather small in size, using particularly fine polishing powder, till they shine. Then, to crown all, sprinkle on the hands and wife and rub in some deliciously scenie make the skin look white, smooth and

Novelties in China Ware. The newest pate cups, which are much crinkled in shape, are reproduc-

tions of old Minton in lovely shad of primrose yellow. Vases, fern dishes and table center pieces of ruby glass, with gilt ornamentation, are attractive features !

Bohemian glassware, For the center of the table the roun or oval mirror is now supported by on delicately wrought claws, holding a crystal ball.

The newest dinner sets are marvel with a heavy relief of gold, seems to be the favorite color, while the shapes are decidedly low and irregular in out

There is a revival of the beautiful Minton ware, and boullion cups, game sets and pate cups are reproduced in all the exquisite shades and designs Mounted in gold and decorated with medallions, they greatly resemble the

A novelty in curt glass is a mamme cigar jar, in shape resembling a picki jar, but with the distinguished feature of a large hollow space in the cut stop per, in which a moist sponge is place to keep the fragrant Havanas in just

the proper condition. A povel ornament for the drawing room is a hanging flower jardinier Suspended from a wrought fron breek et are half a dozen vases of Italian fa ence, in odd flower-like shapes, rese bling tulips, orchids, etc., and these when filled with delicate trailing vines look as if part of the luxuriant growth Crystal, with delicately traced par

terns in raised gold, have for the me ment supplanted the heavy cut gliss. Connoisseurs proclaim that wine from a thin glass tastes better than from heavy one, be it ever so superbly cut; consequently the craze of the hour for the exquisite Venetian and Bohem

Flings at the Fair Sex. Wife-What would you do if I stayed out every night until midnight? Het by-Jove, I'd stay at home!-Truth.

She-I think a girl looks awful cheap when she first becomes engaged. He She may look cheap, but you can bet she is not.-Yonkers Statesman.

No matter how much you have a ways told a girl you are never going to get married, she will always try to make you think she thought you weren't in cornest -- New York Press Before they are married she wi carefully turn down his coat coat

when it gets awry, but afterward shell

Jerk it down into position as if she were

throwing a door mat out of the window. Tid-Bits. "What do you wish, madam?" said the election officer to Mrs. Tempot You have already voted once to-day You voted before noon, you know "Oh, yes, I know that," replied the vot ress, "but I want to change my ballet"

-Harper's Bazar. Mrs. Wardman-Your husband's earvass for the nomination was unsuces ful, I believe, dear? Mrs. Heeler-Me at all. Of course, John was defeated but my picture appeared in the papers. and, altogether, three columns were printed about my gowns.-Philadelphi

North American. Mrs. Newlywed's Error. Not so very far out in the county lives a young farmer whose pretty wife, until her marriage a city gir deems it incumbent upon herself us true helpmeet to know all about farm ing. Her knowledge of the subject b however, largely theoretical, and her ambition in this direction sometime leads her into funny mistakes. The

other morning her husband remarked. "Well, dearle, it's rather early in th season, but the pigs are very fat, and I'm going to have John kill a couple them to-day. Now, what shall I keep

for our own use out of the two pigs? After taking a burried mental investory of the present resources of the larder and considering the tastes at capacities of the numerous hired hands that must be catered to, the careful

"Two, did you say? Well, you might save me a dozen hams, sad oh, re-

housewife replied:

held by him Women's belgubbe

no 27 mile he home

Among the colors seen in new fac cloths are infixtures of green, games blue, brown, cadet gray and heliotrop

Black soutache, faintly bordered with gold, is applied to the seams of a fice