

WIND IN THE MOON.

We had slept with our horses grazing all through a blistering day; Boots and saddles had sounded, we waited for horse and away; The sun was down and over the grass dew had begun to fall.

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.

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Then by degrees, when returned from nocturnal adventures, he began to favor Arkwright with many condolences regarding his attitude toward various members of the other sex.

Fate brought him face to face with the one and inevitable damsel at last, however. Audrey St. Clair was a dark-eyed girl of 20; Johnnie thought her charmingly fresh and natural.

Johnnie she seemed to hold in high favor. He was allowed to take her and her niece through the polite mobs of the picture galleries; he never failed to

appear at her "at homes," and he frequently made one at her theater parties. But, although he thought Mrs. Leveson "awfully kind, and all that sort of thing," she would have preferred to 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, wandering through sheltered rose gardens and indulging an amiable solicitude for birds and dogs and poor old cottagers—a village Lady Bountiful, in short.

"And there was a sort of Indian prince—no end of a nabob, I'm told—wanted to marry the girl, and Mrs. Leveson sent him to the right about in double-quick time.

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

"A proper regard for fiddlesticks," said 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.

"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.

"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—certain Miss St. Clair has occasioned all this trouble?"

"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 she—"

"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 were returned, as, indeed, they were, and Audrey St. Clair was far too frank to take any great pains to conceal it.

He looked seraphically happy till he 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 pessimistic to count too much upon him.

The vanity of riches was exemplified to Johnnie, when, after a decent interval, he returned to town the richer by \$22,000 a year, but, as he speedily found, minus Mrs. Leveson'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 his reappearance.

Mrs. Leveson greeted Johnnie without effusion. Audrey was more friendly, but inopportunely asked him if he had seen Lester's latest picture.

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

This lasted for some days, and it was noticed that Mrs. Leveson continued

to treat him with as much indifference as she becomingly could.

"Why does she quarrel with a chap for coming into a fortune?" said Tommy 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?"

The good lady looked very grave. "You are both young, you know, Mr. Madison," she said. "Her mother married very young and very unhappily. Perhaps that has set me against early marriages."

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

"Nonsense, that is only your imagination," But Johnnie was not strong in that quality, so Mrs. Leveson was probably mistaking 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 to Arkwright in a state of great perturbation. Mrs. Leveson 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 unsettled.

"She'll surely write to you," said Arkwright. 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 I think it most undesirable, most undesirable that you should make any proposal to her yet, or entertain hopes that may be disappointed."

The latter privately debated whether there was insanity or some other cupboard skeleton in the girl's family, rendering matrimony inadvisable, or whether Johnnie had been committing enormities that had come to Mrs. Leveson's ears but not to his.

"What is Mrs. Leveson?" said Arkwright. "You never told me her credentials."

"Widow of a man in the Carabatter regiment; that's all I know," said Johnnie.

"Then we can consult Major Bagshaw, 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 strangely while Arkwright told him the strange story of Mrs. Leveson. Then he cleared his throat and asked impressively, "Have you heard of Snaggs' cure for corns?"

"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 to the advisability of intrusting her to a lady of position."

"For the sake of poor Dandy Leveson, 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. Leveson'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 Johnnie.

"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 no doubt we shall see the young lady here in a few days; but possibly her preceptress will prefer to remain away."

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

And a lady of good position advertised that she is prepared to take charge of a young lady desiring an entree to those exalted circles wherein she herself habitually moves. A confidential interview can be arranged.—Pick-Me-Up.

AT FRENCH RESTAURANTS.

Walters Find Easy Victims Among Travelers from the United States.

The restaurant life of Paris is as distinctive and idiosyncratic as the club life of London. The two modes of living are totally different, however, and mark elementary divergencies of national character and temperament.

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 trap is set and the triggers are adjusted.

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.

The garcon shrugs his shoulders. The other garcons stand around and grin. The maitre de cuisine is dignity a little tempered by majesty. You know that you are being swindled. You know that monsieur yonder, who had more dishes than you, and better served, has been charged from 10 to 100 per cent. less.

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 the time.

The Cause of Rainfall.

Transparent materials are preferred for evening dresses, which makes the lining an important item. If grace taffeta, twenty inches wide, is selected it costs 75 cents; silky-looking cotton linings, at 35 cents, are forty inches wide, resemble finely ribbed silk.

Materials for Evening Dresses.

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What to Say About the Baby.

One is always expected to say something 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 his dear little toes!" "Isn't he large?" "Isn't he a tiny darling?" "How bright he seems!" "Did you ever see such a sweet little mouth?" "Isn't he just too sweet for anything?"

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

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

Love Changes His Plans.

Borchrevink, the Antarctic explorer, has just got married to a young woman in England and has put aside his plans for reaching the south pole for a time.



FEMININE MUSICAL FAD.

SINCE, 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 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 piano.

Every damsel with the least harmony in her soul is busily perfecting her taste and fingers on a few taut 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 as a piano.

Portuguese guitar 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 injured the popularity of the banjo, mandolin, or guitar. A few years 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.

Crystal, with delicately traced patterns in raised gold, have for the moment supplanted the heavy cut glass. Connoisseurs proclaim that wine from a thin glass tastes better than from a heavy one, be it ever so superbly cut; consequently the craze of the hour is for the exquisite Venetian and Bohemian ware.

Flings at the Fair Sex.

Wife—What would you do if I stayed out every night until midnight? Hubby—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 always told a girl you are never going to get married, she will always try to make you think she thought you weren't in earnest.—New York Press.

Before they are married she will carefully turn down his coat collar when it gets awry, but afterward she'll 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 votress, "but I want to change my ballot."—Harper's Bazar.

Mrs. Wardman—Your husband's envas for the nomination was unsuccessful, I believe, dear? Mrs. Heeler—Not at all. Of course, John was defeated, but my picture appeared in the papers, and, altogether, three columns were printed about my gowms.—Philadelphia North American.

Mrs. Newlywed's Error.

Not so very far out in the country lives a young farmer whose pretty wife, until her marriage a city girl, deems it incumbent upon herself as a true helpmeet to know all about farming. Her knowledge of the subject is, however, largely theoretical, and her ambition in this direction sometimes leads her into funny mistakes.

"Well, dearie, it's rather early in the season, but the pigs are very fat, and I'm going to have John kill a couple of them to-day. Now, what shall I keep for our own use out of the two pigs?"

After taking a hurried mental inventory of the present resources of the larder and considering the tastes and capacities of the numerous hired hands that must be catered to, the careful housewife replied: "Two, did you say? Well, you might save me a dozen hams, and—oh, yes, any quantity of dried beef!"

Among the colors seen in new faced cloths are mixtures of green, garnet, blue, brown, cadet gray and bellflower.

Black soutache, faintly bordered with gold, is applied to the seams of a rich brown traveling toilet.

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 hands 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 manicuring and that the practice pays. Amateurs are usually 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 hand and proceed to cut the nails in a semicircle; then file the edges, and steep 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 ivory instrument; brush