











AN ENGAGEMENT.

By Gilbert Davis.



KINDLY Providence called Mrs. Beresford a way for a few minutes, and Gwen and I were alone.

"Well, yes," she replied, in a hesitating tone, "something has happened, and—"

"I presume," I observed, "that there was a reason in asking me to call this afternoon?"

"The fact is," she continued, hurriedly, "I didn't want you to hear it from any one else, and think me mean, so—"

"It does not give promise," I interrupted, "of being intelligence that will make me deliciously happy."

"It's charming," she cried, "and you must be very pleased. I'm going to be engaged!"

"How jolly!" I remarked presently; I required only a few seconds to appreciate the information she had just given me.

PARSEE TOWERS OF SILENCE.

They Serve in Place of Burying Grounds How Constructed.

The bubonic plague, which now is ravaging India and has gone as far on the way to Europe as the island of Kamaran, in the Red sea, is attributed by medical men to a number of diverse causes, says Le Monde Illustré.

The towers, of which there are 115 scattered throughout India, serve devotees of the Parsee cult in place of burying grounds. This body of religionists, one of the most curious and at the same time one of the most civilized in India, is given to the worship of fire in all its forms.

The next evening I went to the Fenwick's dinner. I had not been there five minutes before I espied Gwen talking with Alice Fenwick. I strolled up to them; a waltz was just beginning.

"Are you free for this?" I asked Gwen, as a man came up and claimed Alice.

"Yes," she replied. "But you don't want to dance. Come into the conservatory."

"I made no reply; she turned and laid a hand on my coat sleeve.

"Do you know," she said, with a smile, "that I'm very glad that I've found it out before it's too late."

"I quite comprehend," I broke in. "Your mother and the duchess have been lurching together lately. Heaven has not a monopoly in the making of marriages."

IN WOMAN'S CORNER.

INTERESTING READING FOR DAMES AND DANSELS.

Some Notes of the Fashionable House for the Golf Girl—Outing Suits for 1897—Funter for a Love-sick Widow—Essentials of a Good Dinner.

The Maiden's Sorrow. EVEN long years has the desert rain Dropp'd on the clods that hide thy face, Seven long years of sorrow and pain I have bought of thy burial place.

Thought of thy fate in the distant west, Dying with none that loved thee near, They who flung the earth on thy breast Turn'd from the spot without a tear.

There, I think, on that lonely grave, Violets spring in the soft May showers; There in the summer breezes wave, Crimson phlox and mosses flower.

There the turtles alight, and there Feeds with her fawn the timid doe; There, when the winter woods are bare, Walks the wolf on the crackling snow.

Soon will thou wipe my tears away; All my task upon earth done; My poor father, old and gray, Slumbers beneath the church-yard stone.

In the dreams of my lonely bed, All night long I talk with the dead, All day long I think of my dreams, This deep wound that bleeds and aches, When the Father my spirit takes I shall feel it no more again.

Essentials of a Good Dinner. There are essentials for a good dinner that money cannot buy. Good humor, gaiety, good will, beauties and good feelings gladden more effectively than flowers, handsome china or expensive silver.

The Stolen Baby. One afternoon, about sunset, while May and her little baby brother, Dodo, were walking in the garden, a woman, with a dark face and a red handkerchief bound about her head, looked over the fence and said:

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

TIMELY TOPICS FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

"The Stolen Baby," a Pretty Story for Our Little Readers—A Happy Meeting—The Millionaire Knew of What Kind of Stuff Good Men Are Made.

IS sweet to hear the merry lark, That bids a blithe good-morrow; But sweeter to hark in the twinkling lark, To the soothing song of sorrow.

And is she sad or jolly? For ne'er on earth was sound of mirth So like to melancholy.

The Merry Lark he soars on high, No worldly thought o'er his mind; He sings aloud to the clear blue sky, And the daylight that awakes him.

Yet ever and anon, a sigh Peers through her lavish mirth, For the lark's bold song is not of the sky, And hers is of the earth.

By night and day, she tunes her lay, To drive away all sorrow; For bliss, alas! to-night must pass, And woe may come to-morrow.

Seating Dodo on the soft grass, she darted away to the well at the back of the house, and flew back with the water, but the glass fell from her hand and lay shattered at her feet.

"Little girl, will you give a poor woman a drink of water?"

"Yes," said May, "I'll bring you a glass from the well."

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"She has stolen Dodo," thought May in terror, "but she shall not get off with him. I will never lose sight of the wicked woman until she gives me back my Dodo, and on she sped in hot pursuit, tears pouring down her cheeks.

May followed the woman down into a great common, where she saw a motley crowd of men, women, children and dogs.

"Stop that, or I'll slap you," said the woman, fiercely. But though the baby screamed loudly than ever, the woman did not carry out her threat, but called out: "Shut up your eyes and go to sleep."

"Oh, Dodo! Darling little Dodo," whispered May.

"Do-do," repeated the baby.

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"Do-do," repeated the baby.

"Why, I never heard him say that before," thought May, hugging and kissing him rapturously.

May looked behind her apprehensively, but there was no one in sight, so she gently put his arms around her neck.

"Now, Dodo," she whispered, "hold on tight, and we'll get away from this dreadful place as soon as ever we can."

"Do-do," squealed the baby at the top of his small voice, and he squeezed her so tightly that it almost took her breath away.

"He don't act like himself. He's been frightened, and, oh! how heavy he is," thought May, as she sprang down from the wheel on which she had been standing.

Dodo's weight caused her to fall, but as baby was not hurt she seized his hand and hurried toward the trees and bushes, keeping her eyes upon the group of people.

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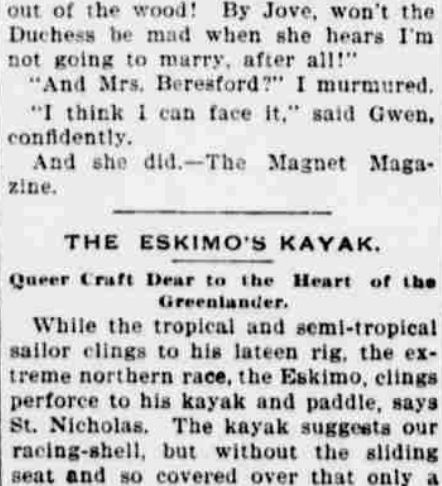


"DO YOU MIND?"

brought the matter to a happy termination. However it was not to be; and now Mrs. Beresford had taken the matter into her own hands, and Gwen had probably been allowing her tongue to trip lovingly over the pretty name of Lady Gwendoline Leicester, until the present arrangement had been arrived at.

"I suppose," she said, thinking it advisable to change the subject, "I shall see you to-morrow at the Fenwick's?"

"Yes," I said. "And now I must be going." I added, lingering for a moment, hat in hand. "I have to see a physician."

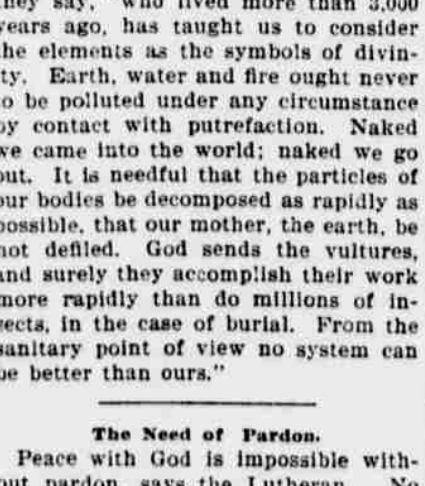


THE ESKIMO'S KAYAK.

Queer Craft Dear to the Heart of the Greenlander. While the tropical and semi-tropical sailor clings to his lateen rig, the extreme northern race, the Eskimo, clings perforce to his kayak and paddle, says St. Nicholas.

The light frame of his kayak is made of bone skillfully thonged with seal leather and the skin of the seal is generally used for the covering. It is wonderful with what a quick, nervous quiver these light craft respond to the slightest touch of the paddle.

A West African Trader's Wives. In West Africa the native trader has a home in every village. He marries (polygamy being understood) in every big tribe or fraction of a tribe between his extreme terminal, and thus purchases security for self and goods, as the villagers get to consider themselves his blood relations and, to some extent, partners. "I know myself," says Miss Mary H. Kingsley, the well known traveler, "one gentleman whose wives stretch 300 miles of country, with a good wife base in each town as well."



OUTING SUITS FOR 1897.

Ordinary folk await with the keenest interest the advent of what in ordinary parlance is called the "outing suit"—the all-round dress which the girl of limited wardrobe finds so serviceable during the spring and summer.

The shape and style of this costume is pretty well decided upon for the coming months. It should have a rather wide skirt with the fullness carried to the back and a box coat that is cut off straight at the waist.

A Perplexing Situation. C. R. S. is a widow with one child. In the social circle where she moves there is a man to whom she is devotedly attached. He tells her that he likes her better than any other woman in the world, but yet he never talks of love of the sort she desires.

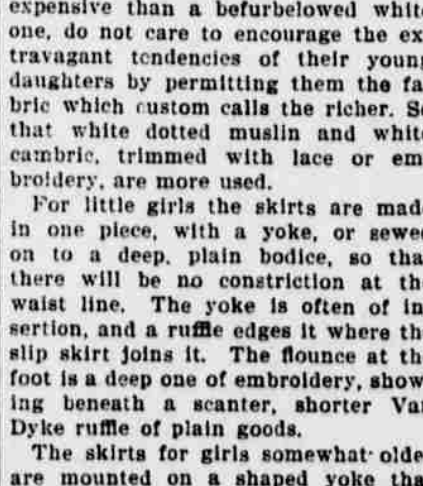


NATTY GOWNS FOR SPRING DAYS.

Generally they are made of muslin or cambric. When a man, even while admitting that a simple skirt is less expensive than a befurbelowed white one, do not care to encourage the extravagant tendencies of their young daughters by permitting them the fabric which custom calls the richer.

For little girls the skirts are made in one piece, with a yoke, or sewed on to a deep, plain bodice, and that there will be no constriction at the waist line. The yoke is often of insertion, and a ruffle edges it where the slip skirt joins it.

How She Won Him. One of the most romantic stories of love at first sight comes from Ireland. The lady belongs to a wealthy Irish family, which has behind it a long line of distinguished ancestry.

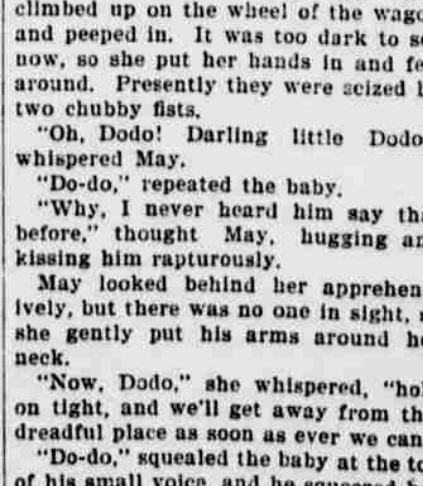


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One of the most romantic stories of love at first sight comes from Ireland. The lady belongs to a wealthy Irish family, which has behind it a long line of distinguished ancestry.

She carried the child into the house, and looked at it by the light of the lamp. "Yes, this is the gypsy woman's baby," she said. "Did you not see she had one under her cloak?"

As she spoke feet were heard on the porch. In at the window sprang May's gypsy woman, crying: "Here he is! Here is my Romyany boy! Were the ladies crazy to think they could steal my Romyany boy?"



DISCOVERY OF IRON IN AMERICA.

One historical authority states that the earliest discovery of iron within the present limits of the country was in the mountain range of western North Carolina, and the first effort to manufacture into marketable form was made in the State of Virginia in 1619.

Other dark eyes glanced in at the window. May's mother tried to explain, but the gypsy only scowled. Then the lady tried another plan. She laid two big silver dollars in the baby's grimy palm. On this the gypsy showed her white teeth in a smile. The crowd at

the window smiled also, and they all went away laughing and singing and carrying their treasure with them. Then May began to cry. "I'm so ashamed of myself," she said. "Ah! but I am proud of you," said her mother. "Even if you did make a mistake, you are a brave little darling."

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Then May was comforted.—New York Ledger.

A Most touching scene was witnessed in the streets of Paris recently. A little girl of about five years of age was rolling her hoop; the hoop rolled up against a gentleman sitting on a bench, and the child, going up to him to get it, looked at him involuntarily, and suddenly cried out: "Oh, if there isn't the gentleman of mamma's miniature!" This exclamation, of course, attracted the attention of passers-by, and a young woman, who immediately came up to the child, and, giving a glance at the gentleman, fainted away.

He appeared stupefied, and stared from the child to her mother as if he were losing his senses; but when he saw the latter fainting on the ground, he caught her up, clasped her in his arms, and covered her with kisses. She soon regained her senses, and fell weeping on the gentleman's bosom. An officer, coming up, led them off, with the little girl, and, calling a carriage, put them in; but the bystanders had already learned their history from their different exclamations. Five years before they were married, with every prospect of happiness before them; but the husband, being young, was led astray by dissipated associates, and, becoming jealous of his wife, treated her so unkindly that she finally left him, and took a humble lodging in a different quarter of the city, where she soon after gave birth to a little daughter, and since that time had supported herself and child by her needle.

The husband had sought his wife in vain, and had at last come to the sad conclusion that she had put an end to her existence. This thought had such an effect upon his mind as to cure him, not only of his jealousy, but of his vices, and he had since been living a most exemplary life, consecrating all his thoughts to the memory of his lost wife.

The Millionaire and His Clerk. Girard, the infidel millionaire of Philadelphia, one Saturday ordered all his clerks to come on the morrow to his wharf and help unload a newly arrived ship. One young man replied quietly: "Mr. Girard, I can't work on Sundays."

"You know our rules," "Yes, I know. I have a mother to support, but I can't work on Sundays."

"Well, step up to the desk and the cashier will settle with you." For three weeks the young man could find no work, but one day a banker came to Girard to ask if he could recommend a man for cashier in a new bank. "This discharged young man was at once named as a suitable person."

"But," said the banker, "you dismissed him." "Yes, because he would not work on Sundays. A man who would lose his place for conscience's sake would make a trustworthy cashier." And he was appointed.



