

LIFE-DEATH.

The Story of a Bright November Morning at a Railway Station.

One fine morning in November, the writer happened to be at a station on the line of the Intercolonial railway, arranging for the shipping of some freight. There had been a sharp frost during the night, and in places not yet reached by the sun the ground was still white, while the rails, wet and glistening, shone like bars of silver in the sunlight. A freight train was standing there, while the engine ran puffing about, shunting cars off on the sidings or collecting empty ones ready to be taken away. Having finished the business I had in the station, I strolled down to the end of the platform to watch the shunting operations. The engine was then engaged in running a car into one of the sidings, giving it a push, and then leaving it to be carried into the siding by its own momentum. A few feet from me was a young brakeman, who whistled as he stood waiting for the car to reach him, intending then to board it, and apply the brakes when it had gone a sufficient distance down the siding. On came the car, and, measuring its distance with his eye, the brakeman began to run backwards in front of it. Just before it reached him he stepped on the rail, the better to board the car, not noticing that he had put his foot directly in front of that most constant menace to the train hands' life—a frog. The moment he touched the slippery steel his foot slipped back into the trap, and before he could make an attempt to extricate it the car had reached him. "My God," was all he said; but no pen could ever express the intensity of meaning contained in those two syllables,—the horrified surprise, the mortal agony, the inexpressible dread of a death which came in an instant when farthest from his thought. It was his final cry for mercy, brought into the presence of his Maker,—the last words in this world, the first words in the next. My own life stood still for a time; sight left my eyes, and every sense was dead, except that I still heard those shuddering words, growing from a whisper, louder and louder till they seemed to deafen me, and then fainter and still more faint. It was over in a moment, but in that moment I lived a month of torture.

When sense returned the car was motionless, half way up the siding, and there, fast in that fearful fog, was the palpitating leg of the man who had, a moment before, been whistling beside me. The train hands came running from the station and engine, and together we reached the car, where hung, transfixed by a long bar and jammed up against the wheel, the torn body whose heart was not yet still. Not to beat for long, however; for when we had at last drawn away the mutilated trunk and laid it on the ground, the heart was motionless, and even the muscles had ceased to quiver. Numbed with horror we carried him to a shed near by, and then approached the frog to remove its dreadful burden. Putting it with the body we covered all with a clean white cloth, and crept away, stunned and silent.

SHOWED HIS ANKLES.

Why a Young Society Man's Feelings Received a Fearful Shock.

The hero of this other true tale was a representative of that bright product of modern culture, called as a class the *jeunesse d'or* of the upper ten, and he was a very beautiful youth, though not richly endowed with conversational powers. Indeed his favorite and most frequent remark was epigrammatic in its terseness. It consisted of "beg pardon!" sometimes varied by "Pardon me!" But after a time it became rather monotonous.

This dear youth was of the banking persuasion and like very many of his *confreres* he was noted for the fastidious elegance of his dress. He was always attired in the height of the fashion, his collar reached far above his ears and he carried a walking stick the size of a well grown sapling.

On the evening on which our story opens he was at a dance given by a social leader, who possessed, among other good things of this life, a remarkably pretty and attractive young lady for a daughter.

During the evening our hero was seated on the stairs, "sitting it out" with his partner, and so engrossed in his efforts to make an impression on her youthful heart as to be oblivious of all else beside. His feet were stretched out before him, and his low-cut dancing shoes left visible some four inches of dainty scarlet silk socks, by no means born to blush unseen.

The daughter of the house passed by leaning on the arm of her partner, and fanning herself vigorously, after the last waltz, and as she passed she saw those socks, and the spirit of mischief was strong in her.

Again she passed, and this time the spirit was too strong for the flesh. Dropping her escort's arm, she bent softly over our young Apollo and whispered in a sepulchral voice, "Excuse me, Mr. Smith, but you are showing your ankles." Even in this supreme moment our hero's self-possession did not desert him. He gasped faintly, "Beg pardon!"

"You are showing your ankles," repeated his young hostess, in a little louder key. "I thought you would rather I told you."

The banker was carried out in violent hysterics, and the curtain fell to the tune of "Tassels on their boots."

LATEST IN PARASOLS.

The Styles Which will be in Favor with the Americans this Year.

For morning or street use the fashionable girl carries her *en tout cas* of silk serge, in black or some dark shade, or in color to match the trimmings of her tailor-made gown or favorite walking costume; these have handles of natural wood, elaborately carved, or of highly-polished wood without ornamentation; if her gown is of India silk, a parasol of the same silk is in good taste; and if a plaid is used in the construction of her costume, a parasol of plaid to match is appropriate; this may be entirely of the plaid or of plain silk with horizontal bands of the plaid, or with bands of the plaid running up and down between the ribs; these usually have a scarf of the plaid knotted round the top. Checker-board plaids in black and white, also checks of the same, are good for utility parasols, as they can be carried with almost any toilette.

With afternoon toilettes, and for water-place use, our elegants carries a dainty affair made of silk gauze or some thin material, and no lining to speak of, decorated with ruffles or shirrings, tiny pulls or rich fringes.

Steeple tops have disappeared with the long Tosca handles; the latter are of medium length and the ribs also are moderate and more bowed than formerly, giving a dome-shape.

Light parasols have ebony handles and black ribs, and those of dark color have handles of bamboo, or of natural wood

gol, Tokio and hand-run Spanish and marquise laces, are used for these articles made for the protection of beauty against its worst enemy except Time—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

WHAT GIRLS SHOULD READ.

A Course of Literature which will Develop a Healthy Taste.

You are interested in the gay land of France; you like its history, but you do not care to read it as history in the ordinary sense. Very well; begin then with the *Three Guardsmen*, by Alexander Dumas; read the whole series, and long before you are through you will find out that you are searching the library lists for other books of the French people and their customs, and that you are saving up your money to buy a copy of Guizot's *History of France*. You want to know what England was like a century ago? Then read Thackeray's accounts of the beaux and belles, of the mode of life, the striving for place and the vulgarity of little things. Read his *Virginians*, and you will discover that there is romance in your own country. If you like a rollicking book take *Charles O'Malley*, and you will find it the best description of the battle of Waterloo that ever has been written. Read all of Charles Dickens' books; you will see in them how good the poor are to the poor; you will scorn the vengeances of society, and you will know what the Fleet Prison was when Charles Dickens, as a little boy, went there to see his father. Linger over the *Tale of Two Cities*; you will then know of a

WILL WOMEN DRESS SENSIBLY?

The Prospect of an Early Reform of the Methods Now in Vogue.

Miss Frances E. Willard, the president of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union, talks fully on this topic. Referring to the question she says:

The coming woman will, I think, have no ligature or cramping garment, shoe, glove or hairpin! There will be in her the solid self-respect founded on a knowledge of the laws of physical well-being and a reverent understanding of the happiness that she may be laying up in store for the little lives of future years and the curses that may blight their world should she be ignorant or untrue to God's ritual of natural law written in the body—"the temple of the Holy Ghost." The reform in woman's dress has already gone a long way as to underwear—corsets having been largely discarded by really well-educated women, flannel garments being very generally worn and the weight and warmth of clothing quite evenly distributed. High heels are at a discount, and the shape of the foot has some slight consideration in shoe-making. Naturally enough I favor the "Willard dress," devised by Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller, for women of quiet taste, and thus named without my knowledge. It has a full silk front (vest or blouse-like) zouave jacket, high collar skirt simply but prettily draped in plaits, with panel in front breadth and trimmed horizontally with braid, but no extraneous turndowns; sleeves puffed at the forearm and gathered into a neat band at the wrist,

fashionable bonnet, is of all things unfitted to survive, and must go down under the rapidly prevailing laws of evolution in the attire of women. Meanwhile, let that mother know who tricks out her little girl in all the colors of the rainbow; puts rings on her fingers if not "bells on her toes;" binds her at an early age into a corset; sets her to wallowing in a long skirt and tilts the vital organs at the invalid angle by high-heeled shoes, that she has deliberately deformed a body that came fresh and fair from God's hand and manacled a soul that was made in his image. I know a mother whose sweet 15-year-old girl wears her gymnastic suit to school and is an adept with the tricycle. Good health and good spirits will be her choicest dowry, while her mincing mates are already mortgaged to the rocking chair and to lily-pale invalidism.

Told of a Successful Novel.

I know of an instance where a singularly good and original plot was found in a story written with a grammatical error in almost every line. The author was advised that her manuscript contained the material for a good story, but it would have to be rewritten. She consented, and the manuscript was placed in the hands of a competent writer. When the book appeared the author scarcely recognized her work. The plot was there, but nothing more. As the "reader" predicted, the story, as rewritten, proved a success. Today it is one of the best known novels in the literary world, and the author, whose name appears on the title page, receives all the credit.

AT WHAT HOUR?

The Lesson in Human Life of Which the Clock Face Reminds Us.

When I was a young lad my father one day called me to him that he might teach me to know what o'clock it was.

He told me the use of the minute finger and the hour hand, and described to me the figures on the dial plate until I was perfect in my part.

No sooner was I quite master of this knowledge than I set off scampering to join my companions in a game of marbles; but my father called me back again.

"Stop, Willie," said he; "I have something more to tell you."

Back again I went, wondering what else I had got to learn; for I thought I knew all about the clock as well as my father did.

"Willie," said he, "I have taught you to know the time of day. I must now teach you the time of your life."

I waited rather impatiently to hear how my father would explain this further lesson, for I wished to go to my marbles.

"The Bible," said he, "describes the years of a man to be threescore and ten or fourscore years. Now, life is very uncertain, and you may not live a single day longer; but if we divide the fourscore years of an old man's life into twelve parts, like the dial of a clock, it will give almost seven years for every figure. When a boy is 7 years old, then it is 1 o'clock of his life; and this is the case with you. When you reach 14 years old, it will be 2 o'clock with you; and when at 21 it will be 3 o'clock; at 28, it will be 4 o'clock; at 35, it will be 5 o'clock; at 42, it will be 6 o'clock; at 49, it will be 7 o'clock, should it please God to spare your life. In this manner you may always know the time of your life, and looking at the clock may remind you of it. My great-grandfather, according to this calculation, died at 12 o'clock, my grandfather at 11 and my father at 10. At what hour you or I shall die, Willie, is only known to Him who knoweth all things."

Seldom since then have I heard the inquiry, "What o'clock is it?" or looked at the face of a clock, without being reminded of the words of my father.—*Selected*.

SWIMMING FOR LIFE.

A Story Showing the Value of Coolness in a Critical Moment.

When a boy of ten years, writes W. E. Crockett in the *Rockland, Me., Opinion*, I was at sea with my father. On a voyage from New Orleans to New York, I witnessed a swimming match that I will never forget. We had just cleared the muddy waters of the gulf, and reached clear blue waters. The ship was moving slowly along, as there was hardly a ripple of wind on the surface of the broad blue ocean. Our ship was in good order, all sail set, and nothing to do; so, by permission of the captain, those of the crew who wished were permitted to take a swim. Perhaps a half hour was spent by a half dozen of the foremast hands in swimming, diving, and racing, and the sport, and the contests, had narrowed down to a test of diving abilities—to see who could remain under water the longest. There was one man left master of the contest. This man's name was Americus Morrell, and he was a native of Belfast, Me. He was a fine athletic fellow, and like a fish in the water. The time was up, and the mate was standing on the rail, ready to call the men to work, but out of kindness allowed Morrell to make one more dive. Down he went like a deep-sea lead, and when he came to the surface he was some yards astern, and struck out for the ship in good style. We men were all watching him and his companions were ready at the fore-rigging to pull him up, when he swam to the bow-line which was hanging over the side ready for him. Just then I was startled by an exclamation from the mate which drew everybody's attention to him. "My God," he said, "Look there! But not a word from any of you!" Every man's face turned white as he looked astern a few hundred yards and saw the stiff back-fin of a shark cutting the water like the prow of a steamer as he came on after his prey. What to do, there was only a moment to consider. And then the clear, commanding voice of the mate broke the stillness that was like unto death: "Come, Morrell, bear a hand there, and let's see how fast you can swim!" Would he reach the bow-line? Oh how he he did swim! But what a swimmer he had after him. "Now, boys, stand ready. Now, up with him!" And he is lifted from the water just in time to clear the furious forward plunge of the monster. As he threw himself out of the water, the swish of his tail cashed the water clean on to the deck. Then Morrell knew what he had escaped, and he was so overcome he fell to the deck like a child. Only the cool presence of mind of the mate, Mr. Edward Healey, late of Walpole, Mass., saved him. Had he known what was after him, he never would have reached the ship's side. We judged that this man-eater was about fifteen feet long. We had many opportunities to estimate his size, for he hung around the ship for several days, sometimes ahead, sometimes astern, keeping just out of distance of a harpoon. I recollect my father lost a heavy gold ring, which, becoming wet, slipped from his finger with a throw of the iron. Could Morrell have been educated up to a point where he would not have been overcome at the shock produced by a knowledge that the shark was after him? I think so. Witness the fearless manner in which the natives of the West Indies go into the water among the sharks.

Embraced the Opportunity.

Clara's Mother (calling)—Clara, Mr. Smithers is in the parlor and says he wants you. Clara (entering parlor and throwing herself into Smithers' arms)—Oh, Charlie, this is so sudden.—*Clothier and Furnisher*.

His Only Defect.

White—Yes, young Van Dike is one of our most promising painters, barring a slight unfortunate affliction. Black—Why, what is that? White—Total color blindness!—*Ex*.

No Need of Ceremony.

Police Justice (to tramp)—Take off your hat in court.

Tramp—What's the use of being ceremonious, judge? We have both been here before, many a time.—*Siftings*.



"THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING."

gnarled, knotted and polished, or with the natural bark on them.

Some white silk parasols have inserted bands of real dutchess lace; some are of silver striped gauze, in accordion plaits, with silver ribs, wicker-work handles, and knob of filagree silver; others have knobs of Dresden china with hand-painted medallions.

One of white *point d'esprit* has three bands of marabout feather trimming, and one is composed entirely of a combination of black coque and white marabout feathers.

Some pretty parasols are of black polka dot net, gathered full, with a fall of deep vandykes round the edge.

An especially pretty, billowy looking one is of white silk muslin, gathered over the top with a five-inch ruffle of the same, having a selvedge edge; this is surmounted by a band of white embroidered daisies; there is a double ruffle of the same along each rib.

All have a bow or puffing or some ornamentation at the top, and the linings are of net crepe or very thin silk.

A beauty is in heliotrope *point d'esprit*, gathered very full, and edged with a band of mauve velvet ribbon with pansy design in natural colors. Some are in shape of a Japanese umbrella, covered with striped gauze in accordion plaits. Some are made of two shades of narrow satin ribbon, woven in basket fashion, with fringe on the edge formed of alternate loops of the same. Grass fringe, the color of the cover, is used; also feather fringes, and some are edged with saw-teeth made of narrow satin ribbon.

Satin in Pompadour effects, crepe Mo-

peculiar epoch in French history and you will realize how love for a sweet, good woman would make even a man like Sydney Carton so much nobler and better that he could give his life for his friend's sake. Read everything that Walter Besant has ever written. Read all the books by the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*! Feel assured that the books of Mrs. Whitney will interest you. Remember this, that the immoral books are those that teach you of the wicked side of life, and would make you feel that there is no hope, are those that tend to degrade men and women in your eyes, and make them seem of little worth, and also, are those written in impure English. Get into a habit of reading good books, and the bad ones will have no attraction for you. After you have had the pleasure of thinking with great minds, the small and the mean and the low ideas, that come from the little ones, will possess no attraction for you.—*Ex*.

The "Widow Lady."

"Hello, Jack, where are you living now?"

"I'm boarding with a widow lady on Madison avenue. Where are you living?"

"Oh, I'm the guest of a widower gentleman with two daughter ladies and one son gentleman—same avenue."—*Life*.

Easily Done.

Visiting Friend—It must cost a good deal of money to be a student.

Student—It takes some money at first, but afterwards you can live on credit.—*Siftings*.

edged with braid; white cord at wrists and ruching or a nice collar at throat. I prefer a rolling collar on the dress and a silk tie. The skirt clears the floor by a little over two inches. This dress has one roomy pocket, but the coming woman will have at least a dozen, and her dress will be somewhat shorter, with dainty gaiters.

Fashion plates in general are still an affront to every woman with a brain in her head and a heart in her breast.

Corsets must go. The dress of women will eventually be much the same, I think, outdoors and in, for a "sensible gown" is always pleasing and suitable for all occasions.

The ideal dress has not yet dawned upon our eyes; it must be an evolution, and we have but just begun to evolve. But one thing is already clear, it must be modest, hygienic, pleasing to the eye and satisfying to the mind.

The bonnet is, next to corset and high heels, woman's worst, for it is neuralgia's best ally. When I visited his studio at Roma, W. W. Story, the sculptor, told me his theory of "condensed expression," as applied to head-gear. He believed the visor as shown in the helmet of Minerva to be a great beautifier, and for the open air the helmet-shaped head covering is certainly the most artistic. Good health, a protection from storm and sunshine, go along harmoniously with this aesthetic idea, and will doubtless determine woman's artificial "head piece" when women everywhere develop their natural head pieces for all the possibilities that are in them. Surely that agglomeration of flimsiness and tolly, the

while the real author contents himself with the knowledge that his bank account is \$250 larger by the work. The truth will perhaps never be known, but I often wonder when I see the title-page author receiving the congratulations of her friends at the success of her book, if her conscience ever pricks her.—*Buffalo Courier*.

His Level Head.

Young Highly—Tamagno, the opera singer, receives \$2,000 a night and tips hotel waiters with one-cent pieces. What do you think of that?

Old Hardsense—He's got more brains than young fellows who receive \$2,000 a year and tip hotel waiters with fifty-cent pieces.—*Life*.

Applies to Lawyers.

"I fell over the rail," said the sailor, "and the shark came along and grabbed me by the leg."

"And what did you do?"

"I let him have the leg. I never disputes with a shark."—*N. Y. Sun*.

A Chestnut.

Examining Officer—How old are you? Recruit—Sixteen. "You are too young."

"Well—er—can't you put me in the infantry?"—*Texas Siftings*.

Take a Drink and Breathe on 'Em.

How can amateur photographers put spirit into their pictures if they use only dry plates?—*Ex*.