Sleepyland

There lies a shadowy island
Beyond day's farthest sight,
And storm-tossed barques shall haven
By those low shores to-night;
The winds grow hushed around it,
Their guard the willows keep,
The gray dream-rims murmurs;
"Sleepy—Sleepy—Sleep."

It is the Isle of Slumber
Come up along the strand
Among the blossoming bushes
To rest in drowsyland;
In peace serene and deep,
While bending branches whisper:
"Sleepy—Sleepy—Sleep!"
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE CLOAK OF FRIENDSHIP

BY INEZ HARRINGTON MITTFIELD

(Copyright, 1905, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

It was a golden day in October—her favorite month. Thinking of the autumn beauty reminded her that a man had once expressed one of her own half thoughts in the words:

"Autumn is nature's holiday, and all her lovers should frolic with her, gathering rosemary for the winter."

A letter was handed to her. It read:

"Here, Today.

"Dear You: Does rosemary grow there? I am on my way to gather it, and beg that you will learn its hiding places and be my guide. Nature's lover and yours, A MAN."

With the open letter in her hand she walked through the garden between rows of hollyhocks, past beds of asters and fall daisies, stopping to pluck a long-stemmed, gold-banded lily, and on through the rustic gate into the waving meadows beyond.

The slender, white figure drew the rays of the sun upon a crown of yellow-gold hair, which rippled merrily into a loose, low coil.

The gurgling sound of running water guided her footsteps to the rocky bank of a brook in the shade of ancient trees. On a flat topped boulder she seated herself to reread the letter.

Out of the past came memories—memories of the bitter-sweet days of youth, of experiences that brought delight, pain, joy and sadness. The bounding, rushing stream at her feet symbolized many, for she remembered that she once was gay. That patch of yellow sunshine, glinting through the brilliantly colored foliage, and defying the nearby shadows, was a picture of her school days; these freely swaying branches, frolic mad, testing the strength of the winds, beckoning to birds and butterflies, they were college days; over there in that pile of stones she caught glimpses of a scarlet lizard lapping insects in the sun, beautiful in color, but still a crawling thing, suggestive of the illusive pleasures whose true nature lay hidden under a flash of beauty.

Slowly particular events took form against the background of generalities. Her mind grew keen in retrospection. Her eyes became accustomed to the perspective, and one by one she knew the meaning of all those thoughtless days when beauty, wealth and youth were hers by right of natural possession, and happiness might have been had for the taking.

But what part of it all was the man? Now that the mysterious shadows were lifting, there glided into her heart a delicious sense that he was all. That he had been the center of every picture, the spirit of each hope and aspiration, and the object of all anticipation.

Familiar intercourse from childhood had wrapped around emotions its dulling thickness, smouldering the fire of passion and stunning the sense of appreciation. She caught her breath as she remembered the first rent in the covering. He came to say good bye on the day he first left home to enter college—the interview was short and unpleasant, filled with the embarrassment of both. And the second? Yes, that was the day when she went to college, and she had laughed at him for asking her not to forget him—laughed at him and made him the butt of the jests of the others who had come to see her off at the station. The third was the time he came to see her take her degree, and unable to keep to himself the desire of his heart, had asked for her love, and she had laughed again; but now she saw the hurt in his eyes and the

Into the waving meadows.

sudden straightening of his big body as he said good bye.

There was yet another time when he rudely tore away the familiarity of friendship and demanded what he called his own, and she? ah, yes, she had sent him angry away and turned back to the friends of the gayest winter she had ever known. And next? She recalled it vividly—it was only a tiny note handed to her as she dressed for a ball; he was to be married, should live abroad and desired her good wishes—that was all. She remembered with a bitter curve on her lips that the ball had been a success, that she had been the belle, and that other men had asked for her love.

Then the cloak of friendship served her well, and even her own heart was deluded by the warmth of its folds. Nevertheless such constant use had worn the garment thin, and when later she met the man and his wife in London, it fell into pieces too small to grasp, as the realization came to her that he had found relief from the pain of her.

It was October, years later, a day like this, when they met again among the English lakes. He told her that his wife had died. She now recalled only his last remark:

"Autumn is nature's holiday, and

"You at last!"

all her lovers should frolic with her, gathering rosemary for the winter."

They were saying good bye, and her hand was in his. Compelled by his look she had raised her eyes to his for an instant only.

The sun had found a way through the leaves and was glorifying the gold of her hair, but she shivered as with cold, and covered her face with her hands in an anguish of dread.

"Could he have read my heart then?"

Burning waves of color swept across her face and her throbbing pulses deadened all sound.

Something happened—all sight, sound, feeling, the trees, the brook—everything melted into one huge drop of love, leaving no trace behind, opening no way before, shutting in by two strong, manly arms all thought, all life, all love.

"You at last!" His voice was dearer than she knew. "I think, sweetheart, I have lived my life for this moment."

"And I, dear heart," she whispered "think it is my life."

The Sympathetic Skunk.

Skunk farms are revolutionizing the fur market. Thirty years ago to call a man a skunk meant that he was about as foul a creature as walked the earth. But Mr. Skunk is now a dilligent article of commerce, and the women are wearing him on their lovely necks. He is convertible into all kinds of precious furs. Over in New Canaan, Conn., a native killed one and perfumed the neighborhood. There was skunk talk for a long time. Some New Yorkers were entertained in the town about that time and one of the bright citizens of the place explained to them that the animal's odor was "its weepon," meaning weapon, whereat a Fifty-seventh street beauty exclaimed dismally: "Indeed! I had no idea a skunk was so sympathetic a creature."—New York Press.

England's State Records.

England's state records are kept in a great building known as the record office in London. Here are 130 strongrooms and in them rooms the rolls and records for over eight centuries are kept. There is the Chancery rollroom, court, each roll consisting of thirty or forty skins of parchment, stitched together and rolled up tight into a cylinder. Another set of rooms is set aside for the records of the King's Bench and Common Pleas, the latter extending from the reign of Richard I to the present time.

Each roll is formed of a number of long parchment skins, fastened together at the head and inclosed in stout vellum covers. Each roll weighs from 100 to 200 pounds, and contains from 500 to 1,000 skins of parchment

Knife Carrying in Cuba.

A party writing to the Havana Post mentions the knife-carrying habit, so much in vogue in Cuba, and urges the continuance of the campaign against it. All of the lower classes, with hardly an exception, carry murderous knives. If they cannot afford to buy a knife from a store, they find a piece of steel and sharpen it into a deadly weapon and carry it wrapped in a piece of paper about their clothes ready to use on the slightest occasion. The result of this is many murders, which would not occur under other circumstances. If the police were instructed to keep on the watch for knife carriers it would be but a very short time until the habit would become unpopular.

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For various reasons we wish all women who feel inclined to possess a new Tailored Suit to take special note of this remarkable sale before proceeding farther.

The suits are all Hand-tailored, of the very best cloths and absolutely correct in style. The linings and trimmings are of a high order.

They are Suits that will hold their shape, give you the best of satisfaction the balance of this spring and be ready to put on the first days of fall.

Divided into Lots at these Prices

Lot 1 Fifreen $35, $37.50 and $55 Stits at **$25** each. Sizes are 6 thirty-fours, 8 thirty-sixes and 1 forty.

One Myrtle Green Panama—beatiful silk-lined Jacket with crusded silk girdle and large gold buckle, plaited back, shirred sleeves and pleated flounce skirt—was $37.50.

One Brown Panama Suit in same effect—was $35.

One Brown Broadcloth silk lined coat, blouse, postillion back, finished at sleeves and collar with light silk braid—was $35.

One Brown Broadcloth, mannish coat, tight fitting, with tan broadcloth vest, silk collar with deep revees—was $45.

One Blue Panama, loose, straight pleated coat with silk vest. Coat is exquisitely trimmed with white silk braid—was $35.

Black Panama, with blouse pleated back and front, skirt and coat trimmed with silk rope, silk lined, circular pleated skirt—was $35

Black Panama, with loose sleeves, caught in the center with a single row of shirring. Persian silk trimming on collars and cuffs—was $35,

Black Broadcloth, with silk pointed girdle. Chief beauty is in the tailoring—was $35.

Black Herringbone Cheviot, blouse jacket exquisitely trimmed with black silk braid, shirred sleeves with deep cuffs, lined with black taffeta silk, front faced with Persian braid—was $35.

Leather Broadcloth, piped with velvet to match, lined with white taffeta, shirred flounce on skirt, round row of pleats on skirt—was $45.

Navey Silk Etamine, fitted Jackets with green broadcloth vest, panel front skirt—was $35.

Also brown in same style.

Lot 4 Sixteen $12.50 suits at **$7.50** in blue, brown and black mixtures, one style only as follows:

Nobby little tight fitting coats, front finished in vest effect of white broadcloth. Materials are fine, tight twisted weaves, and very suitable for summer—was $12.50.

Lot 5 Seven $12.50 and $15 Susts go at the low price of **$5.00** each.

Odd lot of broken sizes from various lines. Very good bargains at $5. Splendid suits to knock about in, or for long drives in dusty weather—were $12.50 and $15. Choice for $5.

Lot 2 Seventy-four $25 Suits at **$15** each. a magnificent collection of late styles and standard cloths of which the following are examples. All sizes

Brown Worsted Eaton Pleated Blouse, silk lined, shirred silk girdle, white silk braid front—was $25.

Brown Mohair with the new rolling collar of tan Pongee, embroidered, gauntlett cuff of tan Pongee—was $25.

Brown Rough Cheviot, very plain tailored coat shaped with stitched straps—was $25.

Figured Panamas, pleated Eaton Jacket with shirred sleeves—were $25.

Checked Mohair, blue ground, white hairline check, unlined, navy silk trimming and tiny gold buttons—was $25.

Tan Covert, with wide stitched silk pointed girdle, little tailored pockets in front of coat—was $25.

Mixed Checked Granite Cloth, black and white, Norfolk belted coat, trimmed with black Taffeta, silk stitched in white—was $25.

Green Shepherd Plaid Serge, collars and cuffs of embroidered rough green linen—was $25.

Blue Panama with very plain elegantly tailored coat, pleated leg-o'-mutton sleeves, whole front is rever style of black Peau de Soie Silk—was $25.

Black Cheviot, with Myrtle Green Broadcloth vest, coat lined with black Taffeta—was $25.

New Fancy Brown and Mixed Mohair, also blue and white mixture, box pleated skirt, jacket trimmed with Brown Taffeta bands—was $25.

Lot 3 Fifty $15, $17.50 to $20 Suits at **$10** each. These few to show how fine they are. These suits are not highly trimmed, but are tailored in a superb manner in fine contrast to the tawdry garments with cheap elaboration that are usually seen at these prices.

Black Rough Cheviot, plain, double-breasted mannish coat, satin lined, handsomely tailored and a stunning shape—was $15.

Brown Worsted, fine plain coat, nine gored skirt. This suit is cut after the high class tailor work that is so correct at present—was $15.

Navy Blue Venetian, with 34-inch belted coat, extremely stylish—was $20.

Coarse Black Sacking, one of the most correct cloths, collarless jackets finished with black Taffeta Silk, side pockets—was $17.50.

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