



worship, a fond false faith, a devoted mistaken creed. She had treasured it as a jewel of great price and beauty, to be looked at, cherished, delighted in, in those rare sweet hours of freedom when the shrewish step-mother, the seven noisy children, the small, overcrowded home, the dreary frowns, the hard hands, her father's sorrow, these were all passed and forgotten, and all that there were peace and love, and left her alone and peaceful and happy by her young mother's grave in Trewellian churchyard, or singing the plaintive lullaby for little Louis, when, from the little dormer window looking seawards, there floated down on the wide expanse of rippling waves lost in the silver mists of the far horizon, the yearning breath of the tender words:

"Sweet and low, sweet and low,  
Wind of the western sea."

It had been something to think of in her meek maiden prayers, with an aided voiceless petition—something to ponder in timid wonderment and sad tender yearning, when she knelt beside her mother's grave in Trewellian churchyard, washed the simple slab, cut the waving grass, softly, carefully, with loving painstaking, as though she were fashioning a garment for the quiet sleeper's wear, and kissed— "Winifred, the beloved wife of John Caerlyon."

She wondered so if "mother" knew—knew him, knew whom her child loved. She had whispered if so, far down amongst the daisy roots and daisy leaves, mosses, she wondered did "mother" know—know that upon the lonely altar a fire was kindled, upon the snowy tablet a name was graven deep and dark, upon "the virgin page, pure and unwritten" was inscribed an undying story, in the empty heart-temple was hatched an idol—a brave, beautiful kind, beloved, worshipped idol, glorified by her fond womanly love, revered by her childish timid devotion. And now, now it was all over—the idol profaned, the harmony turned to harshest discord, the worship annihilated—the god of her idolatry had fallen and crushed her.

Alas! she had never even the right to worship, to treasure sacredly, to believe in, to devote herself to that idol—simply no right. She was but intruding her ignorant thoughts, her ridiculous devotion, her absurd affection, where her presumptions feet had led her astray—where she, and her love and faith and confidence, and the unexpected, unwelcome contemptible—the idol, the poem, the Paradise of soft, tender thoughts and prayers had been in a dream—a long, bright morning dream—a dream the product of which was delirious agony of pain, desolation, and burning, mortified shame—the anguished shame which those equally proud and pure-minded alone can know.

She was awake now, to dream her sweet dream no more. Awake—not

A map of man's errors would only serve to make the next one laugh instead of avoiding the rocky marks.

**Florida Times-Union.**

low plume and a bunch of ragbag flowers." The hat illustrated is one of the most expensive of the season's ideas in millinery. It is made of black chiffon velvet over a very small cap shape with no trimming except a flat bow of the material on one side and a rosette on the other to hold on the feathers. But with these feathers the inexpensiveness of the hat ends, as every woman knows who looks at it. They are feathers from the breast of the cross egret, which are the most expensive feathers known to the trade. The "simple" little bunch on this velvet hat is worth at retail \$300.