THE BELLS BENEATH THE SEA.

Down in the sea, the wind is still,
Not even a cloud dots the azure hill;
The great sea's pulse is as the blessed bells
Of peace, sent to Bethlehem's shepherd dells,
Or some tale of Christmas eve,
Sung over their sweet heads.

"Ship, what the hast for our good speed?"
"Bell, I have no speech for you,"
Sweet answer the echoes, "Hush thyself!
The old ship cleaves her breast, and crash,
And parting, the sea moves,
And grief, that we may safely sense
The Christ-child."

The lapsing tide was on its flow,
Up over the sea wind-down,
And wind-blown people thronged the cliffs
To see the harbor town,
To see the ship that had all her length
Sunk down to rise no more.

Then for the shivering sailors pealed
The bells of Bethlehem town,
Or some tale under the sea, sweet echoes
Of the Christmas bells.

Down there, over Bethlehem church,
Stars are swinging over
Bethlehem's roofless towers,
Where angels swept of old,
Where angels swept to the deeps,
The Christmas bells are lost
And their echoes are gone,
Where under the Christ-child
Sleep the Christmas bells
Down under Christ-child's feet.
Down under Christ-child the sweet bells
All rest beneath the sea.

—Mary E. Fleming in Harper's Bazar.

GIRLS WHO FLIRT.

BUT MEN MARRY WOMEN WHOSE ACTIONS THEY CONDEMN.

A Double Solution of the Mystery of the Sole Scale of Actions Girls and the Mistaken Marriages of So Called "Fast" Young Women.

Just your own immediate circle of young lady acquaintances—those you have been doing for the last ten years—and you will find, I think, that few if any of the lovely natured girls remained single long enough to marry the men who were in their prime when they were first introduced to them. Of course, I do not mean to say that the gentlemen who used to be so fond of them never married, but the young people who had been accused of being flirts seem to have married, and yet, I might add, the very flirts are today wives of men who allow them, and who are the pride and darling of husbands, while the two greatest daughters of the dignified profession have remained at home as maiden aunts.

Incidentally, some of a similar kind have come under my immediate observation.

I always felt exonerated with my wife if I spoke more charmingly with girls in her, while the prudent and discreet one so passed by, exasperated not because of her discretion so much as because of their good fortune in finding a husband and thus more for the type they which. It is a comic problem.

I have tried to solve it and evolve the salve of new consolation with those even equal assertion of success to the very girl that was most ready to marry.

I think it is one that I have arrived at the explanation of the problem.

The trouble lies in not knowing why they are attracted to and sun by these girls, maybe their better judgment, but I think I can explain the matter to them.

Deeper and deeper than man's entirely and acquired tasks for the domestic virtues of civilized life in his nature and assumes for what they usually term "her" is a woman.

I think I have seen more man's eyes sparkle when they described a woman as full of "go" than I have ever seen from any other source.

A man will in very calm and matter of fact when he tells you how very beautiful and sweet he is will be palpitating and prance when he tells you of some "bright accomplished and charming woman" he knows. Not a ripple will disturb the repose of his face when he speaks of some good, quiet, virtuous girls of his acquaintance, but when he says, "By Jove she's full of go!" his calm becomes exhilarated, his eye glows, his voice thrills.

I have heard them say it scores of times, and it is always with the same intense delight and appreciation.

I heard it said once of a girl on a country farm, the hired man fell ill just in the hay season, and she took his sent on the great reaper and drove four horses until the reaper was all right. I have heard it said of a young girl who had been petted in luxury and idleness, and whose fortune died suddenly and left the family with nothing but debts, in less time she made the land overyield all the expense by toilsome and hard combined a large paying farm in minutes. I heard it said of the wife of a famous politician, whose energy and tact and brilliancy won him half his success, and I heard it said of a society girl, who was not beautiful nor rich, but who became a belle because she was the best dancer, rider, swimmer and talker in her set.

Now it is the same element—a sort of exhaustive hidden quality of character—that actuated these women to do what they did, which causes many girls to be some kind. Girls devoid of this element do not understand why they are not as attractive to men as some less beautiful and less prudent friend may be, and think the male are very unappreciative.

They hear men severely criticise the girls who have indulged "go" too free and have fitful follies with the sex, yet he is attracted, in spite of himself, by the quality which actuated her follies, and he scale to marrying her.

I do not see that it pays to be well behaved and prudent," said a very beautiful and modest girl to one reproach. "I always run with respect, but they pay all their attention to and finally marry the girls who flirt with them."

I think she does the truth of her statement, yet I feel sorry to admit it. Has no man and discreet girl need envy the happiness of a flirt.

If she marries a man she loves every in discreet act and every familiar attention she has received from other men during her flirting days will be the dregs of gall in her cup of sweets. And if she does not love the man she marries simply she is not to be envied, for she is very likely to see some her flirtations after marriage.

The best advice I can give to the modest and good girls is to cultivate "go." Be friendly discreet and domestic girls, who never feel any inclination to kick over the traces of conventionality, are worthy and excellent members of society, but they seldom possess much "go." This quality seems to be born in a person, like some other qualities, if we would achieve great results, yet it can be cultivated.

Make yourself up, overcome your self-consciousness, your indolence and your fears of public comment! Try to be natural, try to be wholesome, tactful, charming and thoughtful of others.

Don't get into conventional rows and set up a pattern your girl, you know, I mean to be yourself, for every one has an entirely, and peculiarly her own. But in your efforts for be attractive don't attempt to be flirtish when it is not your nature to be so. Remember that men make fun of flirts even while flopping them. If you do you will surely drop flirtish and be some open hearted and win no man's regard.

It is not the flirting which drives the men away, it is the cheapest I ever referred to which, when once seen, instantly comes to and be flirt, they actually turn even in spite of themselves.

A man would prefer a girl who pronounced "go" and who did not become a flirt. If you, dearest of this element, degenerate into a flirt, you will in the same literary sense and sense in which Major Dalton killing Dean he would be obliged to shoot you in every flirt, they avenged their objection to this proceeding by a grunt. The most prominent in this was a corporal, who was dragged out, and a couple of lobsters who were standing by were ordered to look and discover to shoot the mutineer, which one did without the slightest hesitation.

The remainder were marched back and ordered to fire on horse, with the threat that if the name of the writer of this proclamation was not given, and if the man did not fall in before an hour had elapsed, the arrangement of shooting one in five would be carried out. At the expiration of an hour the man all fell in, and the name of the culprit, who had run away, was given up.

After that this we had no trouble, the men were disciplined well and the non-commissioned officers the rank of lieutenant—found no longer flirts within. It is to be regretted, however, that one flirt should have been sentenced, but this event many others which could have been kept out of a shop but not kept out in the independent way of the men.—Chicago's "Leaping Rebellion."

The Tabulous Rattlik.

The bellows was the most famous of the many fabulous monsters of ancient times. According to the popular notion it was hatched by a toad from an egg laid by the cock of the common barnyard fowl! In the ancient phrase it was a cock-crowed egg. The rattlik was regarded as an eight footed serpent or dragon, sometimes with and sometimes without wings. Its name is derived from basilisk, meaning a little king, and was applied to it because the creature was figured with a circle of white spots on its head which much resembled a crown. The rattlik, a species of basilisk, besides having a crown possessed a comb which was so exact counterpart of the cockle.

Its breath was so fatal to all living things that it killed everything it touched, and its glance was so fatal that it killed everything it looked upon. The rattlik was so venomous that it was killed by a weasel from an egg laid by the cock of the common barnyard fowl! In the ancient phrase it was