

WHAT IS LOVE?

Men talk of love that know not what it is; For could we know what love may be indeed We would not have our minds so led amiss With idle toys, that wanton humors feed; But in the rules of higher reason read What love may be, so from the world concealed, Yet all too plainly to the world revealed.

It is too clear a brightness for man's eye; Too high a wisdom for his wits to find; Too deep a secret for his sense to try; And all too heavenly for his earthly mind;

It is a grace of such a glorious kind, As gives the soul a secret power to kindle, But gives no heart nor spirit power to show it.

It is the height of God and hate of ill, Triumph of truth and falsehood's overthrow; The only worker of the Highest Will, And only knowledge that doth knowledge know, And only ground where it doth only grow;

It is in sum the substance of all bliss, Without whose blessing all things nothing is.

—Nicholas Breton (1542-1626).

A CONSPIRACY AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

HOW CAN you tolerate it, Lu?" exclaimed Mrs. Gorman. "If he is my brother, I say it is a shame!" Then, allowing her listener no time to reply, the energetic little lady rattled on; "I suppose you and Clarence must have an understanding, or you would have discharged him long ago. Here has Sidney Lawrence been waiting and serving for you no less patiently than Jacob for Raphael, these seven years and more, and yet my recant brother is the favored one. Unless you take him in hand soon your lilies and roses will wither, and even faithful Sidney will come to worship at a younger, fairer shrine. Every one supposes that you and Clarence are engaged, and yet he has never in so many words made you an offer of marriage. Now, while we know that he considers you his betrothed, he does not seem to realize the embarrassing position in which this tedious courtship places you, and should therefore be brought to a knowledge of it or punished for his delinquency."

During the earlier portion of her friend's remarks a smile hovered around Lulu Brandon's lips, and she continued her task of cutting the leaves of the last new magazine; but as the final sentence was pronounced her face flushed deeply.

"My private affairs need not concern the public, Belle," she replied with dignity. "But I agree with you that I have been too patient. I acknowledge myself to be considerably at fault, for I proved an easy conquest, and Clarence may have grown lukewarm in his affection, feeling so secure of mine. Of course a word or two from me and I might become a wife within the next twenty-four hours; but all such words must come from my lord himself."

Her brief displeasure gone, with a merry laugh she arose and linked her arm in that of her friend, and drawing her to a cozy sofa in one corner of the room, proceeded to formulate plans by which she should bring her lover to terms without his knowledge of her conspiracy.

That evening, at tea, Mr. Clarence Curtis suddenly inquired: "Been over to the Brandons' to-day, Belle?"

"Yes, and by the way, Clarence, Lu requested me to tell you not to call this evening as she will be engaged."

"All right, sis; I'll go around to the theater with Roberts."

There was a significant twinkle in her eyes as Mrs. Gorman rejoined: "I hope you'll enjoy the play. The Kendals are drawing large houses."

Two hours later Mr. Clarence Curtis was leisurely scanning the crowded theater, bowing to those he recognized, when, just previous to the rising of the curtain, his friend Roberts exclaimed: "Why, as I live, there's Sid Lawrence! Who knew he had returned? I wonder who the lady is! Can it be possible? It's Miss Brandon! I never supposed she would accept any other escort save yourself. What is it, Curtis, a lover's quarrel?"

Velling his surprise with a forced smile, Curtis nonchalantly replied: "Not to my knowledge." Then he added, impatiently, "I am no ogre. Lu has a right to go where and with whom she pleases."

In spite of the indifferent manner and careless tone, Roberts noted that his theater-loving friend took far less interest in the play than in the couple who occupied one of the boxes nearly opposite from where they were seated.

Lu had surely never looked so exquisitely dainty and beautiful as to-night. She seemed the embodiment of health, all aglow with happiness. Yet the lovely face and graceful figure irritated him by the very beauty of which he had always been proud. This radiant piece of flesh and blood did not seem so exactly his property as formerly. Was it because Sidney Lawrence was so attentive? They had been children together, Sid and Lu, and he knew she had always regarded the studious, dignified boy and man as an elder brother, while she gave the love of her young heart to his comrade and chum. How well he recalled the days, years ago, when Sid had told him with sad eyes and tremulous voice that Lulu had rejected him! He comforted him as best he could, selfishly exulting in

the thought that he possessed her love unasked, unsought. Strange that his possession never seemed quite so valuable as to-night! He wondered what Sidney was saying to make her smile and blush so deeply. Well, the act would soon be over, and then he and Roberts would go and see them, and so give the public to understand that matters were as usual between him and Miss Brandon.

With this thought he resolutely turned his attention to the stage, and perseveringly held it there until the curtain fell. Then, turning to Roberts, he proposed that they should go over to the opposite box.

As they entered it Sydney greeted them in his usual sincere and hearty manner, while Lulu, with a smile, gave her hand first to Clarence and then to Roberts, at the same time motioning her lover to a seat by her side. As Roberts for a few minutes engaged Sidney in conversation, Curtis managed to ask Miss Brandon why she had not informed him of her desire to come to the theater. She frankly replied that she had felt no special wish to do so until Sidney unexpectedly called and asked her to accompany him. This she told him with a manner so devoid of coquetry that he felt reassured, and left her with a complacent feeling that he was quite sure of her affection.

He called to see her the next evening as usual, and nothing was said of the recent incident. Clarence's brief jealousy was forgotten, and he calmly accepted the old condition of things. Why should he be in haste to marry even the most charming girl in the world?

He hesitated to give up the freedom and luxury of bachelorhood for the restraints which marriage must inevitably bring. Lulu was such a delighted companion and sweetheart! Would she be equally charming as a wife? Whether or not she wished to marry he never conjectured. He had always lived for his own comfort, and self was his first consideration. So when he left her that evening the words were still unspoken which would bind her to him, and he was yet a free man.

A fortnight passed as usual, with no change in the relations of the two. Lulu was a proud girl, and Mrs. Gorman's look of inquiry every time they now met was hard to bear. Matters reached a climax on the day when Belle incautiously said:

"I have been scolding Clarence about you, Lulu. I tell him he will rue his indifference when it is too late."

"Indeed!" Lulu's laugh was rather forced. "And what did my lord say?"

"O, that he was sure of you, or something of the sort. He is abominably conceited though he is my brother."

"Are not all men so?" asked Lulu, lightly; but her eyes were like sparks.

When at 8 o'clock next evening Clarence called to see Miss Brandon, the maid informed him that she had just "went out with Mr. Lawrence." Again the green-eyed demon seized the tardy wooer, and this time it wonderfully quickened his latent love. He resolved to ask the important question at once. Early the next morning he went to the home of his sweetheart, only to find that she had gone out for the day. Clarence was seriously disturbed. He felt that something was wrong. If he could only see Lulu for a few minutes matters would be settled to his satisfaction, he assured himself. But, alas! that little word, "if," has often proved a barrier stronger than prison walls or iron bands.

For weeks he was baffled in every attempt to see Miss Brandon alone, until he was forced to admit that she purposely sought to evade a meeting with him. This only made him more eager and determined to bring one about, but more than two months elapsed before he succeeded in securing the long and much desired interview. At last he wrote her a note, requesting somewhat imperatively to be allowed to see her privately. The reply was brief, simply stating that she would receive him that evening at 8 o'clock.

Promptly at the time designated Clarence entered the familiar parlor and was greeted cordially by Lu, who yet evaded the accustomed lover-like caress.

"Great minds run in the same channel," Clarence. At the moment I received your note I was writing you an invitation to call."

This little speech quickly dissipated the suspicion which had arisen in his mind at his reception, and he resolved to state the object of his call without delay.

"Dear Lulu," he said, taking her hand in his, "I have come this evening to ask you to name an early date for our marriage. I want my wife as soon as possible."

She allowed him to retain her hand, but the crimson deepened upon the fair cheeks as she replied:

"Clarence, I have something to say which may give you pain. During the last few years I have been dimly conscious that we are not exactly suited to each other, although a month ago I should have indignantly refused such an implication from any one else. I am now fully convinced that if united we should not be happy. More than this, here she spoke very softly and tenderly, "I have been mistaken in the object of my affection, and I now know that I have never truly loved any one but Sidney Lawrence."

Speechless and pale Clarence's eyes sought hers beseechingly. At last he realized the magnitude of his love for the woman his selfishness had put forever from his life. But he read no hope in her face, and in silence he rose and left her.

Years have passed since then. Clarence Curtis has never married, and the gossips say the handsome bachelor still worshipfully worships the wife of Sidney Lawrence.—Waverley Magazine.

A steel band may be stronger than a brass band, but the latter is more successful in holding a crowd together.



MANAGING HUSBANDS.

LEARN to rightly manage yourself before you attempt to manage a husband. Never by word or action say or do that which may lessen your husband's respect for you. Ever maintain a gentle dignity, avoiding sarcasm, nagging, jests which reflect upon his personal appearance or conduct. Study his disposition and tastes, also your own, and govern yourself accordingly. Be ever ready to compromise. Be patient, but not cringing; keep your proper footing with your husband; he will respect you the more, if you assert your rights with gentleness and tact. It is not wisdom to weakly yield to unreasonable whims.

Respect his feelings and appreciate his attentions. Keep home comfortable and cheery, properly care for his clothing, rightly attend to his meals. Do not waste time by recounting the trifling annoyances of the day when something of importance about the household demands his attention. Wait, if possible, until he is properly fed and rested a bit before you seek his counsel. Be actuated always by the spirit of love, as well as wisely affection, bearing and forbearing, and there is no fear of failure with the average man, who is a reasonable being.

Young Cabinet Lady.

Miss Helen Long, youngest daughter of the Secretary of the Navy, who recently christened the American built Japanese warship Kasagi after the unique oriental method of liberating a pugeon as she pronounced the name, must be really reckoned among the cabinet ladies, for Mrs. Long is so much of an invalid that she is unable to do her full share of entertaining, leaving a good part of these duties to be borne by her handsome and talented step-daughter.

Miss Long was first introduced to Washington society last spring when she presided over her father's home during the absence of Mrs. Long. She



MISS HELEN LONG.

showed that she was fond of the social whirl, for, in spite of the limitations of hotel life, she managed to give some very enjoyable receptions in their apartments at the Portland. She has many friends in the capital, where she lived and studied for six years during her father's Congressional term.

Secretary Long has still another daughter, older than Miss Helen, but she has little time to devote to society. She is a young woman of unusually brilliant mind and is bent on putting her talents to some use. Last year she was graduated from Smith College, and she is now studying medicine at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore.

Won't Mind the Doctor.

A prominent physician, who has what is termed a "fashionable" practice, recently told some of his troubles to a friend in a burst of wrath over a case of a society woman. "When anaemic girls, sleepless women and dyspeptic children are brought to me, I feel like going out of business," he declared. "I have one patient, a girl of 18, who might as well go to a fortune teller for advice for all the benefit she will ever get from a doctor. I give her a scolding and draw up a set of rules for her to live by, prescribing certain things to eat, certain times to sleep, certain hours for exercise, give her a tonic and dismiss her."

"Do you think that girl improves? Not she. In a fortnight she trails into my office, pallid and melancholy. I haven't the heart to scold her, but I anticipate her answers to my questions. Has she taken the tonic? Oh, yes, she hasn't missed a dose. Has she eaten pastry or lobsters or drunk ice water or ice cream soda? Well—er—once or twice. Has she eaten the oatmeal and raw beef and drunk the hot water and beef tea? Yes. She doesn't add 'once or twice,' but her pale face adds it. And

has she gone to bed early? Got up early and slept after lunch? Well, not every day. And yet the girl of intelligence and apparent common sense wonders why she doesn't get well. I am going to try once more. If she doesn't obey me, then I shall positively refuse to attend her further."

Woman Dog Enumerator.

The only woman dog enumerator in the world is Mrs. Sarah A. Richard, of Kansas City, Kan. The canine census taker has the further distinction of working without pay, the fruits of her work being turned over to the public library. Her duties are to see that the owner of every dog in the city pays the proper municipal tax. She was appointed by the Kansas City, Kan., City Council at the instance of the Federation of Clubs, one of the strongest women's organizations in the State.

For a long time the question of dog taxes had been a botheration to the city. Some people paid and some didn't, and it was next to impossible to force the delinquents to obedience. The condition of things was somewhat bettered when the dog taxes, through an ordinance, were turned over to the public library, and the library was given charge of the collection. The Federation of Clubs, which is at the helm of the Library Association, was consulted as to what was the best means to remedy the evil. It was the federation that suggested the idea of appointing Mrs. Richard to take charge of the dog taxes. It was decided to call the office Mrs. Richard was to hold that of "city dog enumerator," as it sounded better than "dog impounder." Since that time the question of dog taxes has been solved.

Women's Pockets.

Ladies fifty years ago, when going on a journey by stage coach, carried their cash in their under pockets. There were no railroads in Wales then, and people who had not a close carriage either went in the mail coach or in a post chaise. Farmers' wives and market women wore these large under pockets. I remember my Welsh nurse had one wherein, if she took me out cowslip picking, or nutting, or black-berry gathering, she carried a bottle of milk and a lot of biscuits or a parcel of sandwiches, often a clean pinafore as well. Her pocket on those occasions was like a big bag. I was very proud when she stitched up a wee pocket for me to wear under my frock out of some stuff like bedticking, similar to that of which she made her own big pockets.—Notes and Queries.

Their Beautiful Hands.

To American women belongs the distinction of having the smallest hands in the world. Next come the women of Austria, Spain, France and Italy. Russian hands have long but beautifully shaped hands, while those of Spaniards are often spoiled by the thickness of the fingers, which are apt to round at the tips. The hands of aristocratic Englishwomen are apt to be well shaped, but are somewhat long and frequently hard. No one, perhaps, takes such good care of her hands as the French woman of fashion. German women usually have large flat hands, with flat fingers.



Except for the christening robe, the baby's dresses, slips and wrappers are all made quite plain, but of the finest French muslin. When laces and embroideries are used, only those of dainty pattern and finest quality are in good taste. Plain hems at the bottom, hand-finished or hem-stitched, are simple, babyish and always in good taste. In most dresses the trimmings are confined to the yoke, neck and sleeves, with perhaps a band of trimming to mark the waist-line. Many have the fullness at the back held in with a sash of the same material starting from each side of the fullness in the front of the waist, which makes a garment easy to launder and fashion.—Woman's Home Companion.

Modish Wedding Ring.

The fashionable wedding ring is engraved with ornamental chasing and enriched with precious stones. Fanciful ideas are allowed full play in the choice of emblematic stones. They are made to spell "Amor" by means of an amethyst, a moonstone, an opal and a ruby.

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