

MY CASTLE IN SPAIN.

My castle in Spain stands fair and high Beside a small bay;

My castle in Spain is built of dreams, Of fancies fair and free;

There dwell the days of my lost youth, With each high hope fulfilled;

The little cares that round my soul Like little snakes have curled

Oh, Ship of Thought, that leaves behind The lightning and the light,

Dear lady, with the violet eyes, A far across the tide,

TWO BLACKS MAKE A WHITE.

"LET me rest awhile," I suggested, indicating a clump of heather

"Yes, I'm quite tired," said Nora. "I don't believe there's any white heather within miles of where we are."

"Never mind; here is plenty of the purple variety, and it makes the most comfortable lounge in the world."

"It looks awfully spidery," she remarked, making a little face.

"O, well, please be careful, Will," Nora became absorbed in thought.

"Tell me," I begged. "I don't like to. It's something I don't quite understand."

"Well—hesitating—I've been wondering, at least I've been trying to think, why you like to put your arm around my waist, Will."

"I don't like you to do it." "Then why do you allow it?" "I only allow it to please you."

"And unless you can give me a good reason," she continued, "I shan't allow it any more." I felt a little cross.

"We've been engaged for five weeks and three days," I said. "Don't you think it is rather late for such questions?"

"It's never too late to mend," she returned, earnestly, "and I've just been thinking these last few days, and—"

"You first effort in that way?" I inquired, revengefully, but she took no notice and proceeded calmly:

"And I've been wondering if you ever put your arm round another girl's waist. Have you?"

"Quite unexpected was this terribly direct question. I had to consider a moment.

"Once," I began gravely. "I met a girl," I paused.

"I see you won't be serious, and yet I have something very serious to say to you. Something that Maud English told me last night."

"I heard her," I said. Nora started. "O, you couldn't hear what she said."

"Not quite; but you must remember that the walls of these country cottages are mostly made of paper. You and she were talking till nearly 2 o'clock this morning. I suppose she was treating you to a discourse on Davidson."

"Perhaps; but Maud told me also something about you."

"Awfully good of her to mention it!" I remarked, with affected cheerfulness, but I felt desperately uncomfortable.

"What do you think it was?" asked Nora. "I haven't a notion," I replied.

"O, guess," but there was no smile on Nora's face.

"Well, maybe she was telling 'how fortunate you were in having such an adorable individual as I belonging to you."

I laughed feebly. "Not altogether," said Nora. "She told me—and very distinctly the words came—that two summers ago, in this very place, you used to put your arm round her waist, and once you kissed her! That's all I've got to say, Mr. Harris."

I had not heard my surname for quite a long time, but I liked it none the better for that.

Nora moved from me, and my arm slipped from her waist. It was strange it had remained there through our conversation. I became intensely interested in a fat spider crawling up my sleeve, and a great bee sat on a spray of heather hard by, wooing the sweetness out of the bloom.

"O, Will you can't imagine how glad I am!" "What?" I cried, forgetting my manners.

"Glad I found you out. Would you mind putting your arms back where it was not long ago?"

"You see, Will," she began, with a quaint look of trouble in her eyes, "I had a confession to make to you, and—and it makes it easier now."

"I drew her closer. Thank God women are not angels.

"Don't bother to tell it, dear," I whispered. "O, but I must tell you. When Maudie told me about you and herself I had to tell her about Mr. Davidson and myself, for we had just been as bad. And Will, sometimes I felt so dreadful at not having told you before. Often I tried to speak and couldn't. And then I was so glad when Maudie mentioned you—she didn't like my story about Mr. Davidson—for I felt that I could at last tell you."

"Were you quite sure I would forgive you, dear?" I asked, looking down into her eyes.

"Sinners must forgive sinners," she whispered very gravely. "Ah, Will, you don't care any the less, do you? And you won't think any more of what I said?"

"I did not think I cared so much, my Nora, till I felt that I had lost you just now. And the past is nothing when I know that you are mine to-day."

"And forever!" she sighed. "Forever and ever!" I added, kissing her.—St. Paul's.

The Jew and the Robber. A Jewish peddler, returning home from his week's travels to rejoin his family on the Sabbath, as was his wont, was met by a highwayman who demanded his money.

The Gingerbread Tree. There is a species of palm twenty-five or thirty feet in height, growing in Egypt, Abyssinia, Nubia, and Arabia, producing fruits in long clusters, each of which contains from one to two hundred. These fruits are of an irregular form, of a rich yellowish-brown color, and are beautifully polished.

The wife who congratulated herself on having made a good match if her husband never goes out nights.

WOMAN AT HOME

FORTUNE FOR TELEPHONE GIRL.

SADIE HOLMES, of San Francisco, has been a telephone girl in San Francisco for eight weeks, her father's reverses of fortune having forced her to earn her own living.



MISS SADIE HOLMES.

The English law of entail. This was not unexpected, but what my father did not know, until so informed by the London lawyers, was that the title of that portion of the estates that is in Wales passes to the eldest daughter of the heir.

The Beautifying Bath. It is not infrequently said that a daily bath is weakening. This is such a great mistake that it is difficult to understand how it is ever made.

Artist-Laureate of the Street Arab. London society people are vigorously applauding the artistic work of Mrs. Henry M. Stanley, wife of the African explorer.

The "Company" Room. A young housekeeper, in planning her furnishings, should regard the uses of her company room before she decides upon its fittings, advises the New York Post.

Determined to Be a Widow. Miss Hsu of Sochow recently married a red flower as a substitute for her betrothed, who died before the wedding day.

Teacher for Sixty Years. Miss Phebe S. Edgar of Rahway, N. J., has been a teacher for sixty years in the Sunday school of the Second Presbyterian Church of that place.

Early Woman Bookkeeper. The general impression that women have only recently been employed in business houses is not correct.

Advice About Eating. It wouldn't make so much difference as to what a woman ate, says a publication which claims to be authority on culinary topics.

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less a woman washes or works for a living she doesn't need three meals any day of her life. It takes systematic work to consume that much fuel.

Working Girl's Great Chance. "The average home holds out a far more comfortable time, a more leisurely life, a healthier existence, and better wages, than does the office, store or factory to an intelligent girl or woman," writes Edward W. Bok of "The Working-Girl's Great Chance."

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Advertisement for Dr. Jordan's Men's Health Pills, claiming to cure various ailments and improve vitality.

Advertisement for O.C. & E.R.R. Co. Yaquina Bay Route, listing steamship services and schedules.

Advertisement for South Oregon City, describing its location, amenities, and real estate opportunities.

Advertisement for Winchester Repeating Arms, featuring a woman on a bicycle and promoting their 'New Bicycle Costume'.

Advertisement for O.R. & N. (Oregon Railway & Navigation) to the East, listing routes to various cities and services.

Advertisement for Patents, offering services for patenting inventions and providing legal assistance.