

**THE POWER OF LOVE.**

As far as are the heavens from the earth  
Is your own world from mine;  
The world which you adorn by right of  
birth,  
By right of beauty, womanhood and  
worth,  
In which your talents shine;  
Wherein you nobly won what you've ac-  
quired,  
And now, as ne'er before,  
Are loved by young and old, sought for,  
admired,  
Welcomed at every door.  
And yet you tell me that you did not  
know  
The love that fills my heart—  
The love for you I ever strive to show  
From my own puny world so far below—  
From yours so far apart;  
That were it not for this you could not  
be  
To others what you are;  
That you are so from what you are to  
me;  
From my true love and care.

Such is the power of love, that like the  
rays  
Of summer's golden sun  
Illumines our two worlds through all the  
days,  
And though our lives may follow parted  
ways,  
Still keeps our hearts as one.  
One heart in duty, sacrifice and love,  
One heart in truth and right,  
Till in the happiness that lies above  
Our two worlds shall unite.  
—Boston Transcript.

**Saved by Her Voice.**

It was springtime and noonday in  
England, and the soft breath of the  
year seemed laden with fragrant  
promises of bloom and color, while over  
the woods was stealing a fairylike man-  
tle of green.  
On such a day, and in such a scene as  
this, Evangeline Rohan felt as though  
the world should hold nothing of strife  
or pain or ugliness; indeed, the particu-  
lar world in which she moved and  
breathed and had her being held little  
but the surface knowledge that such  
things existed, for fate had favored  
Evangeline, and not content with be-  
stowing on her beauty of person and  
mind, had dowered her with the great  
gift of song in its divine perfection.  
Now she sauntered down the wind-  
ing pathway that led from her castle  
terrace to a copse beneath.  
A man followed her with hesitating  
steps, as though he feared a repulse if  
he presented himself too suddenly, took  
courage to approach when the trees  
veiled them from the castle windows,  
and, though she made him welcome by  
neither word nor sign, walked at her  
side until the whim seized her to seat  
herself on a bank and search for the  
desultory flowers that were beginning  
to peep here and there.  
It was at this moment that a visitor  
who had driven up to the castle in a  
dogcart descended and asked for Miss  
Rohan.  
"I am afraid she is unable to see any-  
one this morning," said the butler; "she  
is resting for to-night."  
Dr. Harrowden knit his brows in per-  
plexity. He remembered that the singer  
had generously offered to throw open  
her castle to the public on that night  
and to give the first entertainment in  
her new theater for the benefit of a  
fund for wounded soldiers.  
All the country were clamoring for  
tickets. Fabulous prices had been paid  
even for standing room, and report said  
the diva, having spared no pains nor ex-  
pense to make the occasion a success,  
was about to eclipse herself in a new  
part, specially written and composed  
for her, in an operatic adaptation of  
"Othello."  
"The matter is a very urgent one,"  
said Dr. Harrowden, after a pause. "I  
have a request to make of Miss Rohan  
that can only be made personally. If  
you will risk her displeasure and allow  
me to make my way to her I will take  
all the blame. I may say it is a ques-  
tion almost of life and death."  
The man, who knew Dr. Harrowden  
as one whose reputation, even in a vil-  
lage practice, gave weight to his words,  
yielded, and, telling him that made-  
moiselle had taken the path toward the  
copse, led him through the conservatory  
and directed him to the shortest  
way.  
He came so suddenly upon the little  
clearing where Evangeline was that  
neither she nor her companion per-  
ceived him. She was standing up, a  
singular look on her beautiful face,  
which was bereft of its usual color, and  
both her hands were outstretched be-  
fore her as though to ward off some-  
thing that she dreaded, and that yet  
fascinated her.  
His face, a dark-eyed, brown-skinned  
one, with something in its southern in-  
tensity that marred its handsomeness,  
must have worn a threatening expres-  
sion, for she recoiled with a little cry  
of alarm, and, turning, saw Dr. Har-  
rowden as he stepped toward her.  
"Ah, doctor!" she said, a little shaken  
still, but smiling, "it is a long time since  
I have seen you, which speaks well for  
my health, though not for my hospi-  
tality. But you are coming to-night, I  
hope?"  
"You have asked me to the castle  
most kindly," he answered quietly, "but  
I am a busy man, as you know, made-  
moiselle, and have to deny myself many  
pleasures. I have ventured to intrude  
on you, for which you must please lay  
the blame solely on me, because I have  
a little patient down there in the vil-  
lage whose recovery seems to depend  
entirely on you."  
"On me?"  
"My patient is a little child who has  
been at death's door through fever, and  
whose one desire, night and day, has  
been to hear you sing. We thought it a  
delicious fancy that would pass, but it  
seems that, had she been well, she would

**STYLISH GOWNS FOR FASHION'S LEADERS.**



Country-house toilet of gray etamine. The skirt is made with plaits of various widths, the material being cut away to form open work embroidery between the plaits.  
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to have come up to the castle one day  
when you sang to the villagers, and  
that she lost her chance through this  
illness. She raves and weeps alternately  
and will not sleep, begging always  
to be taken to you so that she might  
ask you to sing one little song to her."  
"Where is she? Take me to her, doc-  
tor, and I will sing to her at once."  
Half an hour later, with all her soul  
in her exquisite voice, she was stand-  
ing in the cottage singing a song of life  
and love to the bewildered villagers,  
while the sick child, propped up by pil-  
lows to hear the desire of her heart,  
cried out that it was an angel who had  
come in answer to her prayers.  
It was midnight, twelve hours since  
Eva had charmed away the shadow of  
death from the village home, and she  
was holding a great assembly hushed  
and spellbound, while her voice, no  
longer softened and subdued, rang with  
all its glorious power through the large  
opera hall which she had lately added  
to her castle.  
It was the moment of her crowning  
triumph, the moment when Desdemona,  
realizing to the full her danger, and the  
inflexible purpose of Othello, trans-  
formed by jealousy into a murderer,  
ceased to plead for her life, and in-  
stead, proudly and passionately de-  
clared her innocence.  
Count Devas, the Italian singer, who  
had already won universal applause for  
his wonderful rendering of Othello,  
faced her, the madness of rage that was  
consuming him portrayed vividly in  
every feature of his face, in every  
movement of his tense, nervous fingers.  
There was silence, intense, dead sil-  
ence for an instant as Eva's last note  
died away and then, as she covered her  
eyes with her hands, the Count, with  
one swift step, was at her side, press-  
ing with ruthless hands the cushion on  
her upturned face, and the curtain be-  
gan slowly to descend on the death  
scene.  
An electric thrill ran through the  
audience, the horror and despair of the  
tragedy before them seemed suddenly  
real and tangible; the scream, strangled  
in its birth, that came from the beau-  
tiful singer seemed an appeal to them for  
help; and then an amazing thing oc-  
curred.  
In the excitement of the scene no one  
had noticed the sudden arrival in the  
hall of Dr. Harrowden, who, pale and  
breathless, stood watching the descent  
of the curtain, until, apparently over-  
powered by impulse, he ran up the hall,  
leaped up to the stage, and, springing  
across the footlights, threw himself  
upon the Count.  
In the desperate struggle that ensued,  
momentary as it was, before the paralyzed  
onlookers rushed to separate the  
combatants, no one noticed that Eva  
herself had not moved, and lay still  
under the cushions.  
There was the flash of a knife, an ex-  
clamation from Dr. Harrowden, and  
then, as he dropped, stabbed in the  
shoulder, a dozen hands were on the  
Count, and, though he fought with the  
limitless strength of a madman, he was  
overpowered at last by numbers, and  
carried off the stage, bound and help-  
less.  
Dr. Harrowden, whose faintness was  
only temporary, had risen already, and,  
disregarding the help offered him, hur-  
ried to the couch and raised the cush-  
ions.  
Eva lay there insensible, with the  
marks on her white neck where the  
Count's fingers had gone near to suffo-  
cating her.  
Dr. Harrowden bent and laid his ear  
to her lips and heart.  
"She is not dead," he said briefly.  
"Carry her to her room. I will attend  
to her."  
Wondering exclamations broke out on  
all sides. What had happened? Had  
the Count really attempted Eva's life?  
How had the doctor been aware of her  
danger? And a thousand other ques-  
tions, and surmises. Later, when Eva,  
very weak and ill, had recovered con-  
sciousness, she told the story of the  
Count's strange, wild love for her, an  
infatuation which had seized him when  
they first met in the Opera House at  
Milan, of her inability to shake off the  
influence which he exercised over her,  
in spite of her dread and dislike of him,  
of his appearance at the castle when  
she was arranging the cast of "Othello,"  
and imperious demand to be allowed  
to remain there and to play the title  
role.  
"How can I ever thank you enough?"

she said to Dr. Harrowden, when, after  
many days of suffering from the Count's  
stiletto wound, he came, at her re-  
quest, to see her. "It was a miracle  
that you should have saved me as you  
did. A moment longer, and it would  
have been too late. How did you guess  
that his acting was real?"  
"The thanks are due really to your-  
self," he said gently. "Your kindness  
in singing to that poor little child was  
the cause of your preservation. I went  
to see her that evening and found her  
just awakened from a strange dream  
of you, which had left the impression  
on her mind that you were in danger.  
The beautiful lady with the angel  
voice," she called you. She would not  
be comforted until I promised to go up  
to the castle and assure myself that no  
harm threatened you. Her persistence  
gave me a touch of anxiety, and it  
came to me with a sort of tuition, as I  
watched the Count, that he was mad.  
I felt sure he meant mischief. It seems  
almost as if the child had second sight;  
but these coincidences do occur some-  
times."  
"And still," said Eva, "it is to you I  
owe my life. You risked yours for  
mine. Oh! tell me how to thank you."  
"I dare ask nothing," he said, "since  
I dare not ask too much."  
And they were both silent.  
But in their silence a hope and a  
promise lay. And there are some who  
say that the most beautiful singer of  
the day will exercise the prerogative  
that her pre-eminence gives to her, and  
will make a romantic marriage.—Penny  
Pictorial Magazine.

**CHICAGO'S HOME FOR CATS.**  
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sian and Angora varieties, and fifty  
more on the Pacific, direct from the  
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of these sleek-coated mousers will be  
devoted to the establishment of the  
hospital. She has also received gener-  
ous donations to the institution, Mrs.  
C. L. Waggoner, of Sandusky, Ohio,  
sending a check for \$50, stating in her  
letter that she is proud to be the first  
contributor to such a worthy enter-  
prise.

**Women Becoming Bald.**  
Whether or no there is any truth in  
the prediction of a pessimistic scientist  
that, in another generation or two, the  
human race will be comparatively hair-  
less and toothless, we know not. But it  
is certain that, from one cause or another,  
premature baldness is deplorably on  
the increase among not only the men  
but also the women of to-day.

"Telephone Ear."  
The telephone ear is a new disease.  
It affects girls who habitually attend  
to telephone calls, and the symptoms  
are a frequent buzzing in the ear and  
abscesses on the drum.

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in a house, is meant that a boy learns to  
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