

TRUE LOVE.

Three ladies were seated in Agatha Foster's parlor—Miss Fortescue, large, dark, and of uncertain age, who monopolized the most comfortable arm-chair; Mrs. Becker, shrunken and sandy, who was constantly sliding off the sofa and reinstating herself with a jerk; and Miss Agatha herself, who sat apart from the others, glancing uneasily out of the window, as if distressed by their garrulity.

better dress; it's near dinner-time. A little Florida water will cool your cheeks—"Hark!" cried Agatha, "there he is, now—gone into his room." Nannie recognized the clumsy step. Lewis had never yet come up those stairs without tripping at the top; the rushing, impetuous way of his boyhood would always cling to him.

"If," thought Nannie, with a softened regret, "if he were only not quite so small! If he were only a half-inch taller, to be of even height with Agatha!" Meanwhile poor Agatha was fretting herself to death. A thousand little heartless sarcasms and glances of ridicule, to which Peters, in his great happiness, was utterly oblivious, were constantly stabbing her.

You are a thousand times dearer to me now. All I ask is the right to care for you—his voice broke and he fell to weeping. By the window three persons heard it all. They looked in silence at each other; then Lewis strode swiftly across the room.

Superstitions About Love. From the earliest times no event in human life has been associated with a more extensive folk lore than marriage. Beginning with love divinations, these are of every conceivable kind, the anxious maiden apparently having left no stone unturned in her anxiety to ascertain her lot in the marriage state.

Good Talkers in Society. There are few women, not well sunned and ripened, and perhaps toughened, who can stand apart from a man and say the true thing with a kind of genial cruelty. Still there are some—and I doubt if there be any man who can return the compliment.

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