

LET US BE KIND.

The way is long and lonely. And human hearts are asking for this blessing only— That we be kind. We cannot know the grief that men may borrow. We cannot see the souls storm-swept by sorrow. But love can shine upon the way today, tomorrow— Let us be kind.

THE BORROWED LOVER.

"'Tis this way with women," declared Kerrigan, "some of them will deceive ye, and some will not, but ye will never know which till 't's done; for they're all alike in the use of their eyes and tongues, and the proof of the puddin' 's in the 'atun. Mind that, lad."

was weazen, middle-aged, with a wry face. "That 's the reason for borrowing you," she exclaimed in a low voice. "That 's not a reason; ut 's an apology," Kerrigan said tartly. "Ut 's a money, not a man."

ward the gate, with her father following after. "Thin I'll go wid yez, ye ungrateful girl," Reilly declared. "Thin take me ither arm," said Kerrigan, with a solicitous air; but Reilly stepped back, waving him off.

strike, strike quick and hard, Mr. Kerrigan. I'd like to have it over. And look out for the old man's stick," Kerrigan grinned. "Kate, on Kerrigan's left, had not heard the aside, and she grew pale. She leaned forward now to say sweetly: "And how are your father and mother—Michael? Are they well?"

now she's made me fair" throw him at her, as if he was the last man on God's earth! Ye can't trust a woman at all. "Sometimes ye can and sometimes ye cannot," amended Kerrigan, "but ye never know which ut 's till ut 's too late."

FROM INDIA. JHANSI, SEPTEMBER 28th. Dear Home Folk: Speaking of styles, I must tell you a good story: There is one pretty woman here who has a beautiful figure and is fond of wearing the tight-fitting frock. Last night a Mrs. Mead, whom I have found charming, told us that seeing this woman walking across the golf-links a few hours before, she had remarked, "isn't it too bad that poor Mrs. Westmacott has had such an accident; she must have fallen into a well or pool of water; the dress was shiny and clung so closely. She said she was chagrined a little later to find that poor Mrs. Westmacott had on a very beautiful new gown which fitted rather closely, giving her the above appearance. To say that I grinned does not express my delight; and Dr. Maclellan, who surely does appreciate a joke, stuck her handkerchief into her mouth in a hurry. It was an excellent description of the lady's appearance. I know we ought to have gotten accustomed to all this in a country of so few clothes and yet, since one sees the brown skinned native somehow, you can't forgive the individual with a white skin for making such a display. Methinks I would prefer no clothes to too few, as I know this sun would soon turn the white skin brown and so again I would not need to mind.