AN AGE OF LAW.

The time is coming very soon when all affairs of life.

From matters of importance to the little
household strife.

We'll find are regulated on a plan with-

and ev'ry thought and action is provided

By law we do our working and by law wo

have to shave:
The law will haunt us living, and will follow to the grave.
The matters of the barbers must have been a problem vexed, But now that it is settled why the ques-tion is: What next?

It looks as if in time to come by law we'll have to cook,

And if we want to read a bit the law will name the book;

In planning for vacations, too, by law we will be led;
By law we'll do our eating and by law.

By law we'll do our talking, as will, too, the parson preach; We'll bar all forms of learning, then, but

what the law may teach. By law we'll do our courting and by law we'll even sigh; By law we'll live and grow and fight and love and even die,

The law will lay down rules for us for every little thing; We'll have to see a lawyer if we even

want to sing; And yet it may be possible—the thought must make us pause-The trouble is at present that we have too many laws. —Chicago Post,

HER LOVE STORY.

"Aren't you going to speak to me, Miss Noreys? I've been trying to catch your eye for some time, but you seem determined not to see me.'

The girl to whom this remark was addressed was standing rather apart from the group of people assembled on the lawn at a garden party. She started and looked up suddenly, her face lighting up with pleasure at sight of the man before her, and then held out her hand with a quick gesture of welcome, which he took and held, perhaps a triffe longer than the occasion warranted.

'Day dreaming, as usual," he laughed. "A penny for your thoughts."

"They are not worth a penny, they were about you," and Mollie Noreys looked up merrily into his face as she

You flatter me and snub me in one breath, in a most cruel manner, Miss Noreys, but to return to practical life,

have you had any tea?" "No, thank you; I don't care for any." "Then, if you really won't have any, come and show me the beauties of this

dear old garden, will you?" He spoke the request in an almost commanding tone, but the look that accompanied it made that command dangerously attractive to the girl.

"Of course I will," she answered, briskly. "It is a dear old garden, isn't it, and the roses will be in perfection just now."

"Captain Dalton seems very devoted to that Miss Noreys," one girl said to another.

"Yes, indeed, he is with her everywhere. I hear that at Mrs. Townley's garden party they were together the whole afternoon, and barely spoke to any one else. Such very bad form altogether, unless they're engaged. But

I don't believe they are."
"Engaged! rather not," replied the first speaker with amused scorn, "Capt. Dalton is a terrible flirt, and that silly little Mollie Noreys imagines he is serious; she can't have had much attention from men before; her head seems

completely turned." "I can't think what he sees in her to cant looking." And the speaker, a very tall, rather florid young woman, looked round as if challenging com-

"Well, my dear Ada," replied her friend with the slightest suspicion of a sneer, "we can't all be like you, you know, and for my part, I think it is a very good thing that 'beauty is in the eye of the beholder,' but upon my word I can't imagine what Capt. Dalton sees in her to admire. Why, she actually,

makes her own frocks." Meanwhile, Capt. Dalton and Mollie had wandered away to the rose gar-

"Let us sit down here and talk, shall we?" said he, indicating a rustic seat in one of the grottos.

"Yes, by all means. And isn't it all pretty?" she added, enthusiastically. You ought to be very grateful to me for introducing you to such a pretty spot. I was so surprised to see you here this afternoon," she went on, suddenly lifting her eyes, to find his fixed on her this afternoon," she went on suddenly lifting her eyes, to find his fixed on her in a way that caused her to hastily drop them again. "I though," shyly, "you didn't care about garden par-

"Neither do I, and that's why I'm here, which may sound contradictory; but didn't you tell me you were coming? I came on purpose to spend the afternoon with you, so now let us en-Won't you let me get you some fruit? I see some lovely peaches on that little table over there. 'I should like a peach very much, but I'm afraid of spoiling my best and

only gloves. By and by, after they had been talking for some time, he said, suddenly turning toward her:

Do you know, I ought to have been at another garden party all this time. I promised a fellow I would look in on my way back from here, and give him seat in my cart back to barracks. It's all your fault, and I shall tell him

"I am so sorry." Mellie replied, look-

ing quite grieved. "Did I say you had detained me against my will? On the contrary, I

prefer your society,' "Indeed, and I feel highly flattered!" jumping up and making him a mock

"I assure you I mean it, Miss Noreys.

I wish you wouldn't laugh at me. "I think, on the contrary, it is you who are laughing at me. Truthfully now," looking steadily at her com-panion's face, "don't you think be-cause I am little you can treat me like a child, who can be flattered with thinking anything. You do not treat me with the same respect you would if I were tall and stately. How I wish I were tall: pensively. "It would be so wice to be able to look down on peo-

ple from a superior height, like Mrs.

Fuller does, for instance."
"I am very glad you are not like Mrs. Fuller; if you were I shouldn't be

here talking to you now."
"Shouldn't you? Then I am glad too; but how funny of you to like little women. I suppose it is because you yourself are so tall, and one generally likes one's opposite. I think"—she went on after a slight pause, and looking at him stendily-"I think you are too-not exactly conceited-but self-reliant, shall I say, ever to care for a woman who might seem to be on your level. You would like her to look up to you in every sense of the word, and in fact to be rather dependent on you. Is that not so?"

"If you mean that I should not like a great gawky, overbearing woman like Mrs. Fuller, for instance, you are quite right; and what is more to the point I do like a certain little woman very much—a sweet, lovable little woman who, to my mind, is all that a woman should be. You can surely guess? Mol-

But the words he would have spoken were checked by the sudden appearance of two girls in the pathway directly in front of him. Hastily dropping Mollie's hand, Capt. Dalton muttered something suspiciously like—"Missing word?" you know. And looked both

angry and embarrassed. Mollie, with her woman's wits about her, said laughingly to the two girls: 'Do come and have some of this lively fruit. I really believe Capt. Dalton greedily wanted to keep it all for himself. Do have some. I can thor-

oughly recommend these peaches," at

the same time pulling two chairs for-"Pray don't trouble, Miss Noreys, we would not interrupt your pleasant tete-a-tete for the world. I am sure you must hate us for bursting upon you in

this way." This was said in a tone that was meant to pass for badinage, but which only succeeded in being ill-bred chaff, and as such utterly repugnant to a refined nature like Mollie's. She flushed up hotly and opened her lips, as if to speak. Then thinking better of it, she said, turning to Capt. Dalton:

"Shall we go back to the lawn, I expect my father is ready to go by this

And turning as she spoke she walked away, her little figure drawn up to its full height, and her eyes glistening with angry mortified tears. She almost ran in her anxiety to get back to the rest of the company, and in fear lest her companion should allude to that other girl's remarks about them both.

Meanwhile the two girls who had interrupted them inopportunely looked at each other in a meaning way, and one of them said, "Well!" with a self-satis-fied emphasis on the "well." "All I can say is, that if they are not engaged they ought to be. She can have no self

"She has done all she can to catch him, so I suppose she will be very pleased with herself at her success." Then turning together, they walked back, following slowly behind Capt.

Dalton and Mollie. "How do, Dalton?" said Major Donne to him a few days later. "Is this a true bill against you?"

"What do you mean?" "Come now, my dear fellow, don't pretend to misunderstand me. You know well enough," this with a mean-

"And, by Jove, my boy I congratulate you heartily. A more charming girl it would be hard to find. You must stand us drinks all round, to propose your health and Miss Noreys'.'

This speech was made at the mess before several of Capt. Dalton's brother "It's utterly untrue, sir," he answer

ed, starting up indignant and bewildered at the statement. 'Untrue!" reiterated the Major. "I don't understand. I heard it announ-

ced as a fact." "Who dared to say such a thing?" "That I must refuse to disclose," answered Major Donne, now fully aware

Excuse me, sir, but I have a right to know the fellow's name, that I may give him a thrashing for daring to couple a lady's name with mine, to her

annoyance." "I am exceedingly sorry, Dalton, that you should have had this annoyance, but I had it from a lady, who pro fessed herself to be a great friend of Miss Noreys, so, of course, I never doubted the truth of it."

"Then you may tell the lady, who-ever she may be, that there is absolutely no truth in her statement. might have known it was some cackling old woman that spread such a report, and, as you have helped in spreading it, I must ask you to contradiet it at once.

"I say, look here, Dalton, old chap," put in one of the other men, "are you sure you never led the lady to support she was engaged to you? Very likely she spread the report herself, hoping to clinch the matter. I was served that way myself once at Malta, but luckily the regment was leaving and I flatter myself I got out of the whole thing rather neatly."

"How? The information may be useful to me, if that is the way we guile-less men are caught," this remark from the youngest sub. present."

"Well, it was like this: I had flirted with the girl a good bit, I suppose, un-til our names got coupled together. Then some one asked her if we were engaged, and she tacitly allowed it to be supposed we were. One day, not long we were together at the Governor's ball, and at supper she turned to me and said, loud enough to be heard by every one, 'Do you know what people are saying? They say that you and I are engaged. 'But we know better,' I ansewered, also loud enough to be heard by everybody. By Jove, you should have seen that girl's face; it was a study, and upon my word even

I felt sorry for her."
At this point Capt, Dalton looked up quickly, and laughed, as if an idea had just occurred to him.

"Thank you for the suggestion," he sold, and turning on his i..., he left the room.

Those few unspoken words were never said to Mollie, for manlike Capt. Dalton jumped at the conclusion that the girl was trying to catch him. He forgot that there is such a thing as gratulating a man on his rumored engagement.-Daisy Pender-Cudlip in New York Advertiser.

HIS FIRST EXPERIENCE.

He Was a Triffe Bashful and Didn't Know

It was a self evident fact that I was rattled. Any one would have been.

When my landlady oscorted me to the dining room and introduced me to her household collectively and then left me standing there like an ossified idiot, without even deigning to show me a seat, it

both angered and rattled me. I succeeded in concealing my ill temper, but the fact that I was rattled became painfully patent.

I sat down in the first vacant seat and tried to look as if I was in the bosom of my family.

The man opposite sympathetically pre-scribed the electrical treatment for facial paralysis. Upon thinking this over calmly am forced to believe that he was attempt-

ing to guy me.

Then a line of servants charged upon me. Dishes were presented on both sides, and the boy handed the butter from the opposite side of the table. The dish on the left contained onions. I leathe onions. That on the right was an unknown quantity. It looked like strawberry shortcake and smelled like ham. I was driven to the

The butter dish had a handle that resembled a ministure Are de Triomphe. In addition to this the bottom moved around like the perforated interior of a soap dish.

I gracefully inserted the butter knife under the Arc de Triomphe and tried to slice off a piece of the composition. Then a most mysterious thing occurred—the inner dish turned as if on an invisible axis and gracefully dumped the butter into my neighbor's lap.

He remarked, "---!" and hurriedly

This did not add to my composure. I suddenly became conscious of a presence in the room. The landlady had returned and was stonily regarding the re-

It was a hot day, and I feared that dur-ing my struggles I might have wilted my collar. I need not have feared-the atmos phere around me had become chilly and

remained so. I grew more rattled. I put a spoonful of sugar in my glass of water. I inadvertently appropriated my left hand neighbor's piece of broad which he had laid down be-side his plate. This angered him. He made an uncomplimentary remark about my cheek. I felt that I was blushing vio lently.

I rubbed my plate the wrong way with my knife, and it "squiggled." Every one looked at me. My tongue began to thicken and my head to swim. A hand touched me on the shoulder, and a voice said: "Beg pardon, but you are occupying my

In desperation I pushed back my chair, partially overturning my right hand neigh-bor—arose—collided with a waitress— causing her to invert a dish of onions on a naiden's lady's corkscrew curled headand rushed to the door followed by several rather pasty remarks.

I have sworn off on boarding houses. William James Coffin in Life.

"That pair of horses is all right," as-serted the man in plaid trousers positively. "Sound and kind?" the innocent pur chaser continued, pursuing his critical examination.

"Sure." "And fast?" "Fast! Those horses will show you a

3:30 clip any day." So the innocent purchaser bought them, but the next morning he was back again, his hair curling in indignation.
"Fast!" he shricked. "Did you not say

they were fast?" The man in plaid trousers bowed.
"Two-thirty horses, I think you said?"
cried the innocent purchaser sarcastically.

The man in plaid trousers bowed again. "Why, man," yelled the innocent purchaser, "I can't get 'em a mile in less than

the man in plaid trousers, his wrath blaz ing, "What you yowling round here

Then the innocent purchaser came to himself and got off the premises. He realized that if he fell down there in a fit the horse man would charge him hospital rates.—New York Recorder.

Pure Friendship.

He-Do you know this question of street car etiquette is getting to be very compli-

She-How so? He-Well, there was a time when it would have been considered a terrible offense against manners for a man not to give up his seat to a woman. As it is, women have forced themselves into an equality with men to such an extent that it isn't required so much. Half of them don't even stop to thank one.

She-Then you don't always give up your seat to a lady? He-That depends. I discriminate. If she is young, pretty and charming, I always make an exception and offer my seat.

She-Oh, I see. What would you do in my case? He-That's different. You are a friend. -Brooklyn Life.

Beneficial Exercise.

Clara-I have not seen Mr. Nicefello with you lately. Maud-He is practicing at the boat club.

"I did not know he cared for rowing." "He doesn't, but he joined a crew to dease me. To please you?"

"Yes. I thought rowing would strength en his arms."—New York Weekly.

Art Note.

First Lady (with large conversational aperture)-Can't you make the mouth a little smaller? Photographer-Great Scotti Do you

want a picture without any mouth at all? I've pared it down three inches already.-Texas Siftings.

These Foolish Questions.



Stiffkins (a neighbor)—Hello, Jones. what you doing? Laying down a carpet? Jones (who has just whacked his thumb) -No, you blasted idiot; the carpet was here when we moved in. I am just putting the floor under it .- Truth.

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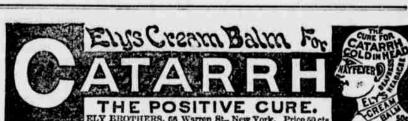
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