

SOLITUDE.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you; Weep, and you weep alone. For the sad old world must borrow its mirth, But has trouble enough of its own.

A Fair Exchange.

"Diana! my own darling Diana!" With a low cry of utter gladness the young man hurried forward and clasped the girl to his breast—clasped her and kissed her, and looked down joyfully into the startled violet-blue eyes, but she, laughing and blushing in love embarrassment, tore herself out of his arms and stood shyly before him.

he should "feel the arms of his true love round him once again." He had seen her, he thought, fairer than ever, standing there in the old rose arbor, dressed in white, and he had stolen forward and caught her to his breast in a burst of rapture; and, after all it had not been his Diana, but that little sister of her's grown up. He was conscious of a slight shrinking from the idea of the first meeting now with the real Diana. Meantime, not six feet away, outside the leafy arbor, sitting in the deep, fragrant grass, a book in her lap, showers of rose-petals drooping over her gold hair and pale blue dress, was Diana Davenport, a moment ago dreaming happily of her coming lover, but now white as death, her hand clenched, her lips quivering.

trothed, nothing loth for a lark with his jolly sister-in-law to be. "Turn about is fair play," he said soberly. "Diana, will you take my arm?" She would not refuse it, though he observed her hesitate. In a minute they were walking along the gravelled drive, on into the frost-kissed garden, along the winding path shining in the moonlight. Finally in the very arbor where he had met and kissed Dolly, Roy suddenly stopped and threw at his companion a look that turned her pale cheeks even paler.

A Race for a Kiss. How a Nevada Woman Cured Her Husband of Tippling. A butter-peddler from Honey Lake relates, with great glee, how a neighbor of his was cured of too frequent tipping the gin bottle. This neighbor married a young, handsome and spirited lady, and for a month or two all went well in the house and about the farm; then the husband fell back into his old tricks.

fracas gits me! After the head-bump-in' the pair turned about and came slowly joggin' along back. "As they passed me I called out to Ben to know what in the living jingo it all meant. Ben began to stammer something, 'bout half of which never got through his big beard, when Nell sings out to me: 'Only a race for a kiss!' and givin' Kitty a cut that made her bound ten feet, she called out to Ben: 'Come on! A race to the top of the hill for another!' and away they both went.

ends of the front, or else it is kept in rows that extend down the two seams of the back, joining the middle forms to the sides, or there is a single row down the middle seam of the back. There are also many drop trimmings of passementerie set about in laces, and there are loops of velvet ribbon an inch wide used in the same way. Black laces and the sleek chenille fringes are put on very full on the edges of these garments. There are often two jabots of lace down the fronts, meeting and concealing the small buttons that fasten the visite. On the edges of the garment the lace is gathered in two full rows. The Spanish guipure laces are used for these with their thick silk designs and cords of guipure meshes; there are also the still newer laces with Spanish designs on the fine round meshes of thread lace; these, with real guipure lace and the well-known French imitations of thread lace, are the accepted trimmings.