

NOT UNDERSTOOD.

Not understood. We move along astider. Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep Along the years, we marvel and we wonder Why life is life, and then we fall asleep, Not understood.

TAKEN UPON TRIAL.

BY HELEN FORRESTER GRAVES.

"It is true as taxes," said Deacon Prout. "What's as true as taxes?" asked Ezra Elton, who lived on the farm across the creek.

"I want to know," said the deacon, "what sort o' way hev ye been brung up?" "If you have a piano," suggested Nannie, "I have particularly studied Chopin and Schumann."

Deacon Prout rolled his cold gray eyes from one to another of the speakers. "All that ain't nothin' practical," said he. "I hain't no use here for music, nor picters, nor poetry."

"Are we all to go away?" said Nannie. "No!" bawled the deacon. "You're all to stay—every one of ye. There ain't a gal in the lot as I can make up my mind to spare."

So thought Joe Sedley, when he came to practice church music with Nannie; so thought the editor of the Aboriginal, when he casually stopped over at Barnett's Corner, on his way to a copyright convention at Omaha; so thought Ezra Elton's nephew, one of the out-West academicians, when he saw the studio where Uncle Prout had put up such a grand north window.

HE PUT DOWN THE CARPET.

A CHAPTER IN THE LIFE OF MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

Mr. B. Was Sure He Was the Only Man in the Country Who Could Properly Put Down a Carpet. "They finally brought up that bedstead this afternoon," said Mrs. Bowser after dinner the other evening.

the carpet and ripped it up it seemed as if the house lifted up a foot or more. "Dara ye, I'll wallop ye to rags to pay for this!" she heard him growl as she listened at the door.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Shirt-fronts are multiplying. Ruffles are again to the fore. Yellow is the sunshine color. Basket braid hats are popular. Photographs come on buttons.