

HOW SHALL I LOVE YOU?

How shall I love you? I dream all day, Dear! of a tenderer, sweeter way...

JACK'S SURRENDER.



O, mother, no! It is absolutely useless! We may as well drop the subject...

"Well, Jack, you are not complimentary, to say the least," interrupted my mother. "It is your opinion, then, that the girls of my day were little more than simpletons?"

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"Little Jack!" I am annoyed by this exclamation. I feel that my appearance in the draw-room is marvellous. This good lady in green satin knew me as a boy...

Miss Martha, the brunette, is a beautiful woman—too beautiful, for simple mortals. A Greek goddess! Pallas Athene! Her features are pure and cold...

A real Greuze, this young girl!—bewitchingly pretty, with her little Parisian nose, her dimpled cheeks, and fair hair which looks as if powdered with gold...

The other is the baccalaureate. I am sure of it. Could she have appeared, draped like a statue in the saloons of the First Empire, she would have struck wonder to all hearts!

Look! you can see them now, just above your gloves. What a sweet picture! Surely, I have found the dream of my life—a dear, rosy, ingenious little wife, who makes preserves!

"Well, Jack," said mamma, when comfortably installed in the coupe which was carrying us far from Miss Rose, "do you regret having thrown away your evening, my son?"

"No, Mr. Jack, I am not your ideal sister Martha possesses only the cold majesty of a statue; a religious awe steals over me when gazing on your pure face. Rose, I am only happy near you!"

My mind is filled with a collection of portraits representing Miss Rose in various guises. Miss Rose in her fairy-like ball dress, Miss Rose in her exquisitely fitting calling suit of delicate gray, Miss Rose in a white house dress, adorned with a dainty Russian apron...

"Well, well, John, not so fast, I beg," replied, mamma, quietly. "It is not customary to make an offer of marriage at 9 o'clock in the morning. Besides, my dear," she added, as she placed her coffee cup upon the dressing table, "you must remember our compact. You are not to ask advice, information or assistance from me. Marry whom you like. Arrange matters as best you can. It is your own affair."

Decidedly, mamma is still vexed with me. Very well; I will do without her advice and assistance. This evening, yes, this very evening. I shall lay my heart, my name, my fortune and my life at the feet of my dear Rose.

In the bay window—she wears the blue tulle dress—I have heaven in my soul. Oh, how beautiful the May nights are when one can throw open the windows of the ballroom! When happy couples, a black coat and a light dress, stray out upon the balcony to gaze up at the stars...

Does Rose encourage me to confidences? She seems vaguely melancholy, and the smile has fled from her lips. One talk is long, and is interrupted by those long pauses when the heart seem full to bursting. Strange! It seems as if a new being were gradually being evolved from the young girl I have known. Rose seems like a woman to me now; yes, like a woman who still retains the sweet naivete of a child.

The glimpse I catch of this unknown person throws an irresistible charm over my already stricken heart. What an infinitude of perspectives is unveiled to my view; child, woman, trust me! Do not hide from me longer the mysterious treasures of tenderness half hidden by thy sweet party! We are alone. The stars watch over us. I cannot help but adore thee.

I bend towards her. Suddenly, behind us, there is a movement of chairs and a rustling of dresses. Whispers interrupt me. "The Mariani is going to sing," murmur the voices.

Oh, what is the famous cantatrice to me! I am vexed at the interruption. But soon the light chords of the prelude reach us, like the awaking of birds in the fields at break of day; then a voice is heard above the rustling of fans, a magnificent voice which calms me, moves me, penetrates to my very soul, and I feel a great wave of harmony pass over me.

"No, Mr. Jack, I am not your ideal woman. You have so often described her to me, so often and so cruelly, perhaps, that I might almost ask myself at this moment if you are mocking me. But I feel that for the time being, at least, you are sincere. You love me, you say, because I am simple and gay, as girls of my age should be; because I do not scorn home life, and because I make a fairly good hostess."

"I am surprised that you do not know what all our friends know—your mother as well as any one. I have—I am—I am a Bachelor of Arts! And you have sworn never to marry a Bachelor of Arts. You told me so yourself."

"No, it is not my sister. Unfortunately it is I," she sobbed. "Dear Rose, my dearly beloved, why can't I throw myself on my knees before you here in the bow window and make honorable amends for my stupidity? Ah, fool that I have been, and how blind! Here I have caused this angel of simplicity to blush for her learning! I have wounded and humiliated her! But how could I have dreamed that fate had reserved such a rare treasure for me? Such a mind, united with sweet womanly grace and a true heart. Rose, speak to me in Latin; speak to me in Greek, but tell me that you love me, even if it is in the language of Homer! Oh, Rose! I will study my forgotten deities to please you, and we will discuss philosophy together by our fireside! Have I obtained my pardon? Will you believe me, my dearest?"

She places her trembling little hand in mine, while the Mariani repeats once more with her divine voice the impassioned love song: "Maiden, I love thee As I have never, never loved before! Rose is my wife now. We discuss all sorts of subjects as we admire our baby, who dances gayly on the knees of his future preceptor."

As for me, I am the happiest of men; my wife is so bewitching when, to tease me, she says in Latin, what we are always thinking, "I love thee." If you come to see us in the country you shall taste the preserves of my fair baccalaureate, and you must give me your opinion of them. You gentlemen who swear so strongly never to marry a Bachelor of Arts.—From the French, in Romance.

An Obsolete Emery Wheel. Naxos, one of the largest and most famous of the Cyclades Islands of Greece, has from time immemorial produced emery on a large scale, but times are changing and unless resort is had to scientific engineering, the Greek emery industry will be a thing of the past.

A Prize Snake Story. A most hideous spectacle was revealed in a well on a farm near Monongahela on Thursday. The well had supplied the neighborhood with water for a generation. The owner and his son pumped the well out. One of the men with a lighted lamp was lowered to make an inspection. Half way down he shouted to those above to be hoisted, and urged them to haul away for his life. He was almost paralyzed with fright, saying that the well was alive with snakes from top to bottom.

Glass Houses. One of the promised novelties of the next great Exposition will be a glass house. The building will have a skeleton frame of iron, on which will be fastened glass posts, making a double wall. The roof will be of tinted glass, and cornices, foundation, door-step and stairways will be of thick slabs of glass.

HE DIDN'T WAIT. "Mary!" It was the voice of the old man in the upper hall. "Yes, pa." "Is Mr. Simpson still there?" "Yes, pa." "And didn't the clock just strike one?" "I—I rather think it did."

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE. STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Busier Than the Bee—Abasement—Literal—The Point of View—Adds Nothing to It, Etc., Etc.

Penelope (freezingly)—"You do not love me." Ten Broke (convincingly)—"I worship the very ground that you inherit."—Life.

ADD NOTHING TO IT. "The telephone is like a woman; it tells everything it hears." "Yes, that's so. And it's unlike a woman, too; it tells a thing just as it hears it."—Life.

NOBLE SELF-SACRIFICE. Friend—"Does Arthur smoke?" Sweet Girl—"No; he never smoked in his life, and he has promised that if I marry him he will never learn. Isn't he noble?"—Pack.

GOT IT. Hopgood—"Yes; Jobson had no peace of mind until he married that girl." Dewberry—"Well, last night I heard her giving him a piece of hers."

TRUTHFUL. "Waiter, is this cheese imported?" "Yes, sir; part of it." "What do you mean?" "Well, sir, the holes came from Switzerland, but just the substance was made here."

TWO STRINGS. "Why is Charley letting his hair grow?" "For two reasons. He intends to try football, and if he's not a success at it he's going to join the woman's rights party."—Judge.

A MATTER OF INDIFFERENCE. "Do you take any interest in the problem of whether or not Mars is inhabited?" asked the young man. "Oh, dear, no," replied the young woman. "I'm sure it's not there, but I wouldn't belong to our set."—Judge.

GETTING EVEN. Jones—"I told you that I would get even with Smith, and I have." Brown—"How did you do it?" Jones—"I made my wife put on her new two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar seakink ssoque and go and call on his wife."—Pack.

A SATISFACTORY SUBSTITUTE.irate Woman—"Git out of here, you dirty Injun! Is it dinner you have the face to beg for? I'll sic one of the dogs on you!" Chief Munch-frag-of-water (placidity)—"S'pose sic fat dog on big Injun; him heap glad."—Judge.

Need Not Support Step-Children. A man who marries a widow is not bound to support children of his wife by a former marriage. This interesting point of law was decided in an opinion of the full bench of the Supreme Court sent down in the case of Edward H. Livingston vs. Edward A. Hammond. The court says: "A man is not bound to maintain the children of his wife by a former marriage, but if he chooses to receive them into his family and to assume the relation of a parent to them in their daily life, the law will not imply a contract on his part to pay them for services which they render him while members of his family, nor a contract on theirs to pay him for their maintenance."—Boston Transcript.

To remove ink spots from furniture, wipe them with oxalic acid; let it stand for a few minutes, then rub well with a clean cloth wet with warm water.

Wild Fires. The devastation and suffering caused by the flames of the wild prairie and forest fires in the West, last summer, has a horrible detail in the loss of life and destruction of property. Men, women and children, by scores, choked by smoke and roasted alive; their homes destroyed and hundreds maimed and crippled. It is painful to contemplate, but still important and charitable to make it known that St. Jacobs Oil, used according to directions, is one of the best cures for burns and scalds, and should be kept on hand. There is no household that should be without the great remedy for pain, for there are none without the need of it. Little things like slight cuts and wounds it heals and cures like magic and helps the house work on.

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