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| A Wife'spoem. Dy Billita A. Lawson |
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| her eyes, making such rare dimples about her chin, ns one might hare supposed to have been fitted by the ounning fore-finger of Cupid himself. <br> Arthur Stone mas vesed, but was too much n man of the world to allow the young girl to know how much she was capable of annoying him, and so after the first flnme of petty anger had died out from his cheeks and forehead, he said in a voice, the coolness of which surprised even himself: <br> Howkes?" <br> "None, sir, thank you. I have quite conquered my exercises alone to-day. <br> Foolish fellow! The very cuolness of his manner betrayed the secret which he strove to bide. There was little need of covert if there Fas nothing to conceal. And so it was that the furenoon slipped unplensantly away, and the afternoon came in its stead. The teacher's rule so far was a good one. If Anna Hambes had not been present Mr. Stone would bare counted it a success, but as it was, he was in a constant tremur of fear. <br> A raised hand in the neighborhood of her seat and a timid application for as istance was met with something like an unreasonable frown. In a hurried and nervous way he proceeded to explain away the difficulty to the timid applicant, anxious to be free from such dangeraus surroundings. Just as he was congratulating ing awny, a rapid whispered rolley of words rattled anst his ears. He knew the source from whence they came as well as did every schohir that heard them. He could not pass thoughtlessly along. <br> The dread alarm had come with such a sudden distinctness as to surprise him into an involuntary start. Every pair of eyes were turned inguiringly and curiously to his face. IIe was firced into doing his duty. The heary beard about his mouth was friendly to him then, for it covered a suspicious pallor that settled there as he turned about and rested his eges sternly upon the blushing, piquant face of Annir just then, with her brown lashes dronped low upon her cheeks, and the pearly white teech crass. lips. <br> "Aliss LI Lwkes, ean you tell me who whispered a fers monent "Yes, sir." <br> The white lids were thrown wide open, and |
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