

THE VERNAL EQUINOX.
The haggard born, a gleaming silver
Crest, three deep cordons of unstable
shards;
Shrill winds, unloosed, like hounds in
hungry crowd,
Scourge the lean woods, and sough with-
out surcease;
The brooding surge, sighing in vain for
peace,
Shudders along the bar and moaning
lead,
Clutched by the snarling reef, swoons
terror-crowed.

Earth, sea and air have drunken to the
loot
That potent draught, fond Nature's of-
fering,
In which she pledges her retreating
feet,
The wild mad March, fell Winter's dis-
crowned king,
Who storms the hills and seeks in fabled
glens
The bright green-regiment of awakening
Spring,
Whose feet are stayed in some dim
woodland rest,
—Woman's Home Companion.

MRS. WALTON
RS. WALTON was
her name. He knew
that because he fol-
lowed her into the
hotel and entered
his name in the vis-
itors' book immedi-
ately after hers.
She was evidently
traveling alone, and
she had a certain air
about her to the end
of the journey. His
destination hap-
pened to be hers also.

They both landed
at Rodrick, and
she preceded him
along the landing-stage to the hotel,
and, as he had seen, entered her name
in the visitors' book at the request of
the proprietor.
"Mrs. Walton? Why, she must be a
widow."
He thanked his stars that he was
planned in the same hotel with her.
Then began the maddest, happiest
time in all Edward Brogden's career.
He let himself go. In proportion to the
discretion in all previous affairs of the
heart was the abandonment and reck-
lessness of this last infatuation.

He cast all prudence to the winds. He
knew nothing about Mrs. Walton, nor
did he wish to know anything.
He was sick of prudence. He had
been prudent and cautious all his life,
and here he was at 29 years of age un-
loved and unloving. Yes, he would let
himself go for once.

It would appear that all the unattach-
ed men in the hotel had come to a sim-
ilar decision, for before many days were
over they were all in the hotel with her.
She smiled through her gold-rimmed
glasses on all impartially, and she
showed no invidious preference as to
the person with whom she walked or
talked.

She smiled, too, full under her spell,
and admitted that she had a char-
ming young thing, so gay, so innocent.
"Mrs. Walton is quite delightful, of
course," said one woman to another,
"but I must say she is a little indis-
creet, and may lay herself open to mis-
conception."
"I suppose she is what one might call
an emancipated woman."
"But even an emancipated woman
might discriminate; she accepts atten-
tions from all sorts and conditions of
men."

"And yet one cannot say she encour-
ages them; she is quite pleasant with
women, too, and will spend a whole
morning playing with the children."
Mrs. Walton came up at this moment,
smiling and reading her eye-glasses.
These were attached to a slender gold
chain to her brooch, and she was con-
stantly slipping from her eyes, but they
were indispensable to her sight, and she al-
ways replaced them.

"Ah, here you are, my dear Mrs.
Walton, your cap is very nice. Let me put
it on for the minute," which she did
with a light touch, stroking the white
hair delicately, and remarking she
hoped she should have beautiful white hair
when she was a few years older. "And
now this cap tells a tale; you have been
at your troubles again. You have been
shaking your head over the shortcom-
ings of your cook down there in Surrey,
or the depravity of the gardeners. As
I said the other day, when you were
worrying about the jam-making. For-
get, forget; be happy at last once a
year; leave all troubles at home, and
come out for a holiday; laugh, be gay—
forget."

"I believe you promised to sing to us
to-night, Mrs. Walton?" said Edward
Brogden, strolling up at this point.
"Ah, did I promise? I never meant
to sing here, and brought no music; but
perhaps something will come to me,"
she said, rising and sweeping across the
room to the piano, where three or four
men stood waiting for her.
She always dressed in half mourning,
and to-night she wore a long black
gown with bodice of hellebore glass
silk veiled in sequined net of the same
shade—a combination which set off her
lovely complexion and hair to perfec-
tion.

She ran her fingers over the keys. "It
is no use," she said at last, letting her
hands fall. "I must contradict my own
teaching and be serious; none of the
happy songs will come."
They all declared they liked serious
songs best.
"And I must warn you," she said,
"all my songs are old songs—all my
songs are memories." A far-away look
came into her eyes as she lifted her
hands to the keys again and played the
opening bars of Tosti's "Good-by." Oc-
casional on which she had heard this
song beautifully rendered returned to
most present; but she had not sung
many notes before they realized this was
a new thing in singing. The voice had
a rich, peculiar quality, and the
"I of the woman spoke through it."
Mr. Hardcastle decided there and
on that he would ask her to marry
him. Mr. Cyril Ranger could not for-
get the life of him think what he had been
doing to have spent a whole week near
such a woman and not have proposed to
her. Two young men who had come a
week ago, intending to stay for the
night only, and who lingered on the
cause, as they said, of the social, gay,
unconventional life of the place—in other
words, because of the little widow—
each vowed to himself he would write
that very night to his father and ex-
plain the situation, suggesting a read-
justment of business relations with a
view to marriage at an early date.
Edward Brogden was deeply affected.
Next morning when he found himself
seated beside her on a steamer making
an excursion round the island he said:
"Well, Mrs. Walton, have you any more
surprises for us? Do you know you as-
tonished us all last night? I cannot
reconcile the sadness of your singing
with your usual gaiety. I am puzzled
to know which is your real self."

at least half a dozen quite distinct
selves. Sometimes one is to the fore,
sometimes another. It depends on my
mood and my surroundings whether I
laugh to prevent myself crying or break
my heart singing sad songs through
sheer delight and the joy of living."
"You are an enigma."
"No, I am a woman."
"It is the same thing."
"She drew his attention to Alisa Craig.
"Yes, yes, the Craig," said he, absent-
ly. "Do you know I always feel at-
tracted by anything unorthodox or
mysterious; the more complex a woman
is the better I like her; I am weary of
simple, transparent souls whom he that
reads may read. What an experience!
What a splendid interest it would be
if Mrs. Walton, like you would be worth
knowing if you."
"See, Mr. Brogden, we must be near-
ing Lasham; and do look at those low-
ers wandering along the road. Isn't it
said?"
"What is said?"
"Why, they will not married!"
"That is the best thing they can do."
Mrs. Walton informed him with tears
in her eyes that she felt a little hys-
terical to-day, that it was the last day
of her holiday, and that if he would
excuse her she would not talk any more
but would sit quietly by herself at the
other side of the boat.

"The last day of your holiday? Then
you must certainly let me speak to you
of something which affects me vitally,"
he said, as he raised his hat and moved
toward her.
"Afterwards," she exclaimed, "after-
wards."
At 5 o'clock that afternoon a large,
dark, florid, bald man of about 50 was
standing in the hall with Mrs. Walton
and Edward Brogden came to look for
her to have his talk on something
vital to himself.

"Allow me to introduce you to my
husband, Mr. Brogden," she said, smil-
ing through her gold-rimmed glasses.
All Edward Brogden could do was to
take a chronic state of displacement
through shaking her head over the dull,
florid man. "No wonder, poor thing,
she wanted to be gay and to forget,"
she kept saying.
Mr. Brogden said it out to the bitter
end. He was more of an experi-
mentalist than a lover, and awaited
new developments. Perhaps he was
really in love with this fair-haired wife
of the dull, florid man—this wife who
took a holiday once every year by her-
self, and tried to be happy, and gay,
and to forget—forget—Argosy.

LORD'S PRAYER BY BOOTH.
James O'Neill Relates a Story of the
Emancipated Tragedian.
"I think the most thrilling experience
I ever passed through was in New York
city one time, when by the merest
chance a number of foreign diplomats from
Washington, a few American states-
men, some prominent New Yorkers and
one or two of his professional friends
gathered together in a smoking room
of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, when some-
body asked Booth, who by the merest
chance happened to be there, if he
would not repeat the Lord's prayer for
the assembly. I was sitting not far
from the tragedian when he fixed his
eyes upon the man who made the re-
quest. I think that it was Lord Sack-
ville, but at that time I did not know
the name. I shall never forget the
peculiarly searching expression that
Booth shot out of his dark
eyes. They seemed to penetrate the
very soul of the man at whom they
were directed, and then, as if satisfied,
resumed their wonted vacant dety.
"We were all breathless with anxiety,
at least I was, for seldom would he
ever recite of the stage, but at length
he arose, walked to a little cleared
space at one end of the room and be-
gan a recital that even after all these
years makes me thrill through and
through. He said: "Our Father, and
never before had those two words been
clothed with the majesty and reverence
with which his look and tone enveloped
them. And then he carried us into ec-
stasy, our spirits seeming to
leave our bodies and to follow his
best; he lowered us into depths too dark
for Dante's genius to conceive or Doré's
pen to portray; the power exerted over
us was simply unnatural. His muscu-
lar, resonant tones sounded slowly
through the room, and as he swung his
limb he unconsciously followed his
motion. It was something horrible,
beautiful, terrible, fascinating—I can-
not find words in the language to ex-
press it. There are none."
"But he could not go through the scene
again for a thousand worlds, and yet
if I had the opportunity I would give
any danger to hear it once more. Do
you understand? Those few score
words as delivered by Edwin Booth
were the most powerful argument for
Christianity that I ever heard, and that
could every being on the face of the
globe have heard them there would no
longer be atheism. Booth arose out of
the room when he finished and a sim-
ultaneous sigh of relief arose, while
without a word he stole away silently
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who later figures and said:
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MRS. PINKHAM'S ADVICE.
What Mrs. Nell Hurst has to Say
About It.
DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—When I wrote
to you I had not been well for five years;
had doctored all the time but got no
benefit. I had worn trouble very bad
myself. I was in such misery I could
scarcely walk across the floor. Men-
struation was irregular and too pro-
fuse, was also
troubled with
leucorrhoea. I
had given up all
hopes of getting
well; everybody
thought I had
consumption.
After taking
five bottles of
Lydia E. Pink-
ham's Vegeta-
ble Compound,
I felt very much
better
and was able to do nearly all my own
work. I continued the use of your medi-
cine and feel that I owe my recovery to
you. I cannot thank you enough for your
advice and your wonderful medicine. No
one doubting my statement may
write to me and I will gladly answer
all inquiries.—MRS. NELL HURST, Deep-
water, Me.

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And papa is sick, as you say,
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But two-year-old Laurence and me
"You'd like to know what I'm good for,
"Cept to make work and trouble things
down?"
"I guess there ain't no little girls
At your house at home, Dr. Brown."
"I've brushed all the crumbs from the
table,
And dusted the sofa and chairs,
I've polished the hearthstone and fender,
And swept off the area stairs."
"I've wiped all the silver and china,
And just dropped one piece on the floor,
Yes, doctor, it broke in the middle,
But I 'spect it was cracked before."

Some Statisticians Shaving.
The statistician who had been busy
with his pencil looked up at the man
who later figures and said:
"I don't have anything to do, and
thought I'd figure a little. You know
that if I were cast on a desert island
with a bundle of lead pencils and plen-
ty of paper I wouldn't care a cent
whether a sail love in sight or not, I
would just figure away and get an
idea of thinking. Why do you shave
myself? I never do. Look here."
"Well, suppose that you began shav-
ing at 18 years of age and that you keep
it up until you are 70. That makes
52 years. You have a heavy beard,
wouldn't you? Well, suppose that you
shave a week. That costs 15 cents a
shave, and you get rid of one-eighth of
an inch of hair. That will be a quarter
of an inch a week, or one inch a month.
To get rid of that inch you pay \$1.20.
In such a month as twice a year, or
once a year, costing you \$14.40."
"Now—and the statistician drew a
long breath—twelve inches a year for
52 years is 624 inches, or fifty-
two feet. It will cost you \$78.80 to
get that amount of whiskers out of
your head. Now, suppose you give a nick-
le tip every time to the man—"
"But the fellow who shaves figures had
been—New York Journal.

He Knew the Rest.
"Tommy," said the younger lady,
sharply, as her little brother opened
the door softly, and was about to enter
the parlor, "you shut that door for
could every being on the face of the
globe have heard them there would no
longer be atheism. Booth arose out of
the room when he finished and a sim-
ultaneous sigh of relief arose, while
without a word he stole away silently
and on tiptoe, and I do believe that
any of us think of that thrilling even-
ing without a shudder. He was a great
man, a great man."—Kansas City
Times.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS
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