

THE BENEFIT OF DOUBT.

There's a subtle fascination in the things that are not known. The mysteries we may not understand. And we very seldom manage to let well enough alone.

There is danger in the contradiction of waking up. Investigation spoils your chance for you. For whether you test the thing, you find it isn't so.

In a little tilt of talents between a man and you. Eight any of anything that you can see the game clear through.

There's a hidden left of interest if you drop the question mark. It's all so common when we know about it.

The pleasure of conjecture is Enjoyment's vital spark. The spicy possibility to doubt it.

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And a tantalizing twinkle tempting you to what you please. You strike a safer medium to rest the matter so.

You'd like to know the truth, but do without it. You're not "for keeps," and yet you'd hate to have her.

The nicest thing to do, then, is to doubt it.

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He would come back again, and settle down to comfort them in their old age.

He was a very clever man, and had been making successful scientific researches for many years, and was making a home for himself, though he lived quietly among the New England hills; but now he had started up all at once, and must go to France.

He could not do anything here, he must go away, and all the earnest entreaties of his mother, and the kind suggestions of the only father he had ever known, availed nothing.

If he ever made a name he must go away, he said—must have wider resources, broader fields, more perfect material, or he would never succeed.

And all the while, his honest eyes wore in them a deeper meaning, and the shadow of what Vashiti's mother had spoken.

Yes, go he must, and stay until this vision had passed in his life; and he must go where there was much to do, and where he would be far away from the sharp, quick eyes of those who loved him.

But wicked Vashiti knew it all. He had been very silent, but she was clever and could read him, and knew in her sinful heart that she could keep him.

In the midst of all her mother came, and saw John's face—saw the shadow and the pain, heard his aged mother's cry for him to stay, and understood that gloom that had settled on the dear old home.

Then, in Vashiti's words, that limb of Satan had "to take it."

First, John was pictured; then the poor old mother and Uncle Levi, growing old and lonely, and mourning for the son that could bless their lives by his presence, were portrayed in such sadness that Vashiti's heart nearly broke.

Vashiti could stand no more, but cried and wrung her hands, and wished she was dead, or that there were no men, or that she had red hair, green eyes, or a snub nose, or was anything disagreeable; and finally, in desperation, she kissed her mother, and rushed away, climbed the fence and went out under the pear trees, and cried and until she was as hoarse as a crow, and her eyes and nose were swollen and red, and she was utterly miserable.

"What is the matter?" John said this in the coolest, smoothest voice, and Vashiti turned her disfigured visage up to meet his quiet gaze.

"Nothing," she said. "Then don't cry, little girl! I don't want to carry away an unpleasant memory of you."

"Don't carry away any!" "Then I cannot go." "Don't go!" she said.

John looked down at her, with a strange look in his eyes, and asked, softly: "Why should I stay?"

"Because I—we—all of us, you know, want you to stay." "You don't care!" She sprang up.

"I do—I do! Don't go, John—stay!" "For what? To see the woman I love always before my eyes, or to be able to turn her away but what I see something which her presence has hallowed, or to—"

"John, don't go! and don't talk in that melancholy way! I like you; I—"

Woman's Realm

French Wife's Money. In French families of the humbler class the living expenses in many instances are met only by the wife contributing to the common fund out of her marriage portion.

Quicker at Twenty-five. When a man asks a sixteen-year-old girl to go to a party with him she will look doubtful and say she doesn't know whether she wants to go or not.

Entered a Nunnery. The Grand Duchess Elizabeth of Russia, sister of the Czarina and widow of the Grand Duke Sergius, who was assassinated in Moscow, entered a nunnery in that city.

Forget-Me-Not Eyes. There is hardly any color or shade that a girl with blue eyes cannot wear in the day time.

Light Muffins. Depend upon the way in which the ingredients are put together as well as on the recipe itself.

Our Cut-out Recipe. Paste in Your Scrap-Book. ing their skin is clear, but the gamut of browns is precisely suited to them.

Women Doctors. Generally speaking "lady doctors" are not greatly in demand.

Wore Man's Clothes. As there is no law against women dressing as men, I fall to see why a woman who wore masculine attire was recently detained at Ellis Island by the Federal authorities.

Two Fog Stories. Justice Harlan told a story to play golf in a fog. He thought he would drive the ball and send it off to a "hazard."

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The House and Home

Good as Overcasting. After sewing up the seams in a garment stitch about a quarter of an inch from the seam and then trim near the last stitching.

A Neat Booklet. Select a pretty piece of white Morocco paper and cut it to form a booklet cover.

Place it Loosely at Night. At night a little girl's hair should never be tightly curled or plaited if you want it to grow thick and long.

Home-Made Wireless Cooker. My wireless cooker is made from a common box in which canned tomatoes were packed.

Bay State Cruisers. Break three eggs into a bowl, add one and three-fourths teaspoonful of sugar and one teaspoonful of fresh milk.

Good Things to Eat. Sour Milk Gems.—Two cups sour milk, one egg, spoonful sugar, salt one-half teaspoon, small teaspoon of soda, two large cups flour.

Blueberry Cake.—Berry cake may be made very easily by adding a cup of blueberries, dredged lightly with flour, to a good biscuit dough.

Raspberry Charlotte.—Pick over and wash one quart of canned raspberries, cook in a heavy sugar syrup until tender.

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Thoughts for the Quiet Hour

A cottage near the murmur of the sea. A memory of sacredness to me. O childish prayers learnt at a mother's knee.

A garden where the fairies seemed to dwell. In coronals of flowers, heartsease and asphodel. The sweet moss rose, and nodding heather bell.

Long evenings, when we watched the sunset die. And vanished slowly from a rose-dipped sky. Whilst overhead we heard the seabirds cry.

A crowd of faces—Ah! had I but known The silence that would come to that hearthstone.

The only water that lingers, mine alone. —Colton Spencer, in London Sunday School Times.

Sweetest in the Home. The sweetest words in the English language are Jesus, Heaven, mother and home.

God created a mother, sanctioned marriage and established the home. The home is a divine institution and its sanctity necessary for the moral uplift of man.

Lessen the sanctity of the home and you sap the foundations of the republic. If "national stability is considered the prime requisite of every good government," we shall have it in proportion as we maintain the stability of the home.

Christ loved the home. His miracles for the benefit of the family circle prove it. His tenderness toward little children; His own loveliness as set forth in the cry "The fowls have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head."

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