Diplomacy.

Young Lady—How old would you take me to be, baron?

The Baron (bowing)—Ah, mademoiselle, how can I say—for your accomplishments tell me what your looks deny.—N. Y. Truth.

HEART SORROWS.

Every bosom hath its sorrows,
Every heart its bitter woe;
Masks they are, instead of faces,
Which are passing to and fro.

Could we know the weary watchings,
Could we count the silent tears—
See the hearts all seared and bleeding,
Toiling on through weary years,

Struggling with oppression, maybe
Striving 'neath misfortune's ban,
Smiling, while the soul is starving,
For the sympathy of man—

Would we not withhold the censure
Trembling on our thoughtless lips?
Ah! we know not of the trials
Which have wrought this dark eclipse!

Hope and faith in God are stranded;
Friendship fades like morning dew;
Wrong and scorn have seared and blighted
Hearts that once were brave and true.

Sin and poverty, it may be,
Drugged for him life's bitter cup;
But, remember, he's your brother,
Lend a hand to help him up—

Nor with righteous indignation,
Or a Pharisaic pride,
Fold too close thy spotless garments,
Or, pass on the other side.

—Mrs. Mary Ware, in Woman's Work.

A FIRST ATTEMPT.

By J. A. Flynn.

"IT'S an awful nuisance, Will and Flo getting engaged!" said Will's young brother, ruefully.

"I don't mind their being engaged," said Flo's young sister, stroking her cheek thoughtfully with her tennis racquet. "But I wish they weren't always off by themselves. They make up such a good set."

"And there's no one else this morning," said young brother Ralph, flinging his racquet, discontentedly, into the corner of the tent. "I'll give you 30, and service every time, if you like to have a single, Maudie."

Maudie shook her head decidedly. Ralph was a fine partner—a tall, lissom boy just 16, and growing into a grand athlete—but as an opponent he was rather trying for a little girl two years his junior. "You play too well, Ralph," she apologized, "and I get so hot. Father says you play better than a man."

"Not if he's a good player," avowed Frank, frankly. "Will can beat me when he likes. But there isn't much difference between a boy and a man in anything, really, you know."

"Oh, but men can do lots of things boys can't."

"What things?"

"Oh—well—smoke."

"Look here!" said Ralph, confidentially, producing an ugly little clay head with a vulcanite stem.

"Oh, Ralph! You don't really, do you?"

"Don't I just? I say, Maudie, let's go down by the brook, and I'll teach you to smoke, if you like."

Little Maudie made a funny mouth—big sister Flo couldn't make prettier faces than she; and Ralph had once confessed to a chum that he "liked the look of that kid." "I should be sick, I expect, and I don't think I want to learn, Ralph."

"Well, let's go down by the brook, and I'll smoke," said the boy, grandly. Of course, he didn't insult her by saying: "Don't tell"—that was quite unnecessary. So they went and sat on the grassy bank, and he had a few—a very few—whiffs at his nasty pipe. Then they started catching tiddlers with their hands, and putting them in a pool scooped out of the mud; and he let the pipe go out. A man would have relit it, but Ralph felt that he had done enough for honor.

"Grown-up people don't care about catching tiddlers," remarked Maudie, suddenly, as he deposited the seventeenth unhappy fishlet in the pool.

"Not women. Men do. They like everything that boys do, so far as I can see. Boys can do everything that men can; but girls can't do what women can. Though I can't see that women do much."

"Oh, but they do. Lots and lots of things."

"Well, they ain't much good at games, anyhow. They don't care about them really, anyone can see."

"Some of them do. I do."

"But you're not a woman, kiddie. Mind! you'll be in," and he rescued her adroitly from overbalancing, as she hung over the brook. It did not occur to him that a woman might have lingered a superfluous second in a man's arms, just as his pretty comrade did in his.

"When I'm a woman, Ralph, I'll play you at tennis, and beat you," she said, saucily.

"But you won't care about it really," observed he, disregarding the threat as unworthy of serious notice. "You'll like women's things."

"What things?"

"I don't know, do you? What things do women like?"

"Oh, flirting; going for walks with young men; being engaged, perhaps—I expect," answered little Maudie, washing her hands in the pool, and waving them in the air to dry. Will would have wiped Flo's hands dry himself, but Ralph merely tossed over his big pocket handkerchief.

"Girls can't do those things," he observed.

Maudie's eyes sparkled very wickedly. "Oh, but they could," she averred, "only they haven't anyone to do them with. Boys are so different than men. Of course, they can't make love, or anything of that sort."

Ralph rested his chin reflectively upon his hand, and kicked holes in the bank with his heels. "They don't want to; they could if they liked."

"No, they couldn't. You couldn't."

"Yes, I could, as well as you."

"Oh, no, you couldn't. My part is easy—at first. I have only to look nice. Just see me!" She smoothed her hair and dress, folded her hands demurely in her lap and looked languishingly at him. Then suddenly—it was very shocking, but history demands strict truth—she put out her tongue at him.

"Is that part of the programme, kiddie?" asked her cavalier, giving her a gentle shake.

"Yes—with a silly boy like you."

"What would you do if I were sensible?"

"Nothing."

"Then how—"

"You'd begin, don't you see!"

Ralph blushed and felt a bit uncomfortable. He didn't hold to the schoolboy dictum that girls are of no account. He was too nice for that—and so was Maudie.

But flirtation at first hand seemed rather awkward, and if any of the fellows heard of it! So he paused, doubtfully, whilst Maudie bit her lip and frowned.

"You'd better catch some more tiddlers," she remarked, with a naughty light dancing in her eyes. "That's the sort of thing for boys—silly, big boys!"

A bad-tempered lad would have grown angry, and a dull lad would have felt humbled; but Ralph was neither. So he just pinched her ear slightly and teased: "If you found me a very nice girl, I'd try."

The hot color rushed all over poor little Maudie's face, and something choking surged up in her throat. Ralph was so big and strong; she did admire him so much, and looked upon him as quite her property. A tear came up in her eye, almost, that he should want some one nicer; but she didn't say anything.

"Perhaps I ought to find a girl for myself?" he suggested. She nodded, constrainedly.

"She ought to be a bit younger than I?"

"Of course."

"And pretty and nice."

"Certainly."

"Well, who shall it be?" There was a mischievous twinkle in his dark eyes. He knew very well that there was no girl so nice as Maudie. "I know. I've just thought of one. Guess!"

"I don't want to know," said she, sulkily, plucking viciously at the long grass.

"She's awfully jolly," continued he, reflectively; "and pretty—my word! I know she likes me. I think I shall marry her when I grow up."

"You'll change your mind, most likely," said Maudie, savagely, "and she's sure to. I don't want to talk about such nonsense. I dare say she's nasty; and you're horrid—right down horrid! And I don't believe he's anyone—only pretend."

"No, she isn't. I'll show her to you some day."

"I don't want to see her."

"You'll have to."

"I won't."

"You will—now." He put one strong arm right round Maudie's waist, and held her dangling over the brook. "Look," said he, pointing to the wavering reflection in the stream, "Isn't she ripping?"

Pretty Maudie blushed and laughed and willfully shut her eyes. "I don't see anyone," she said, in a soft, pleased little voice. "You'll drop me, Ralphie."

"Yes, I will, if you don't look at her and say she's pretty." She opened her eyes a little, but she looked at him.

"Who's pretty?"

"The young person in the water."

"That boy—do you mean? No—not very." She turned her laughing, saucy face up towards his. Her eyes were so blue and big, her long hair brushed so softly against his face, and her mouth looked so cherry-ripe and fresh, that he couldn't help kissing her a good many times. Ralph always did things so thoroughly, you know! And Maudie didn't struggle, because a grown-up woman wouldn't have, or because she didn't want to, or both. It's no use asking me which, for I never could understand female ways; and I don't believe anyone ever could.

Then they sat down very close together on the bank of the brook, with their legs dangling, and said nothing for a moment. She looked half pleased and half shy; and he, to tell the truth, looked rather foolish.

"I wish I did understand making love, Maudie girl," said he, slowly.

"Boys don't like it."

"I expect they do, if they once begin."

"But a boy couldn't make love really."

"Perhaps—with practice," he suggested. Do you know, I don't think he was such a very simple boy.

"Oh, no; not really."

"Why?"

"Because he couldn't fall properly in love. Not very much, you know." Maudie gazed at him with saucer-eyes that looked fathoms deep. I doubt whether she was quite a guileless little girl either; and I don't believe there is such a thing!

"I think he could," said Ralph, decidedly, "if the girl were you, Maudie."

"But people would laugh at him."

Ralph winced a little. "Of course, he wouldn't make a fool of himself before people—like men," he said, loftily. "But he might like her very much, and make love to her when no one was about."

"Ah! Might."

"And he might promise to marry her when he grew up; and she might promise him."

"Yes — they — might," murmured Maudie, looking at her shoes. Then the boy's great arm went quietly round her waist, and she let herself be drawn close to him, looking as happy as—a woman!

"I know it sounds soft, Maudie," he said, bashfully, "but, on my honor, I do like you an awful lot. I don't think any girl was ever half so nice. Don't you think you could promise to marry me when we grow up?"

"Yes," she whispered, nestling her pretty head right into his shoulder, "I will, Ralph." And she did!—Madame.

—As many as 35,000 people have been accommodated in St. Paul's cathedral on festive occasions.