CAPRICE.

She hung the cage at the window
"If he goes by," she said,
"He will hear my robin singing.
And when he lifts his head
Laball be, sitting hear to say.

I shall be sitting here to sew, And he will bow to me, I know. The robin sang a love-sweet song The young man raised his head,
The maiden turned away and blushed.
"I am a fool!" she said,
And went on broidering in silk

A pink-eyed rabbit, white as milk. The young man loitered slowly By the house three times that day. She took her bird from the window "He need not look this way."

She sat at her piano long.
And sighed, and played a death-sadsong But when the day was done she said

So when he rang, she went, the elf, She went and let him in herself. They sang full long together

And rang out clear and glad.

'Now go!' she coldly said; "'tis late
And followed him, to latch the gate.

He took the rosebud from her hair. Her wilt was darkened in the eclipse Of binding love upon his lips.

-W. D. Howells in Kansas City Times.

TYPEWRITTEN.



HEN a man has battled with pov-erty all his life, fearing as he fought it, feeling for its skinny throat to throttle, and yet dreading and yet dreading all the while the

all the while the coming of the time when it would gain the mastery and throttle him—when such a man is told that he is rich it might be imagined he would receive the announcement with hilarity. When Richard Denham realized that he was wealthy he became even more sobered than usual, and drew a long breath as if he had been running a race and had won it.

a race and had won it.

When Mr. Denham left his office and went out into the street everything had an unusual appearance to him. He walked along unheeding the direction. He looked at the fine residences and realized that he might have

a fine residence if he wanted it.

As he was walking through the park
and away from the busy streets he took off his hat and ran his fingers through his grizzled hair, looking at his hand when he had done so as if the gray, like wet paint, had come off. He thought of a girl he knew once, who perhaps would have married him if he had asked her, as he was tempted to. But that had always been the mistake of the Denhams. They had all married young except himself, and so sunk deeper into the mire of poverty, pressed down by a rapidly increasing progeny. his hat and ran his fingers

The girl had married a baker, he remembered. Yes, that was a long time ago. The clerk was not far wrong when he called him an old man. Sudwhen he careet aim an old man. Suddenly another girl arose before his mental vision—a modern girl—very different, indeed, to the one who married the baker. She was the only woman in the world with whom he was man in the world with whom he was on speaking terms, and he knew her merely because her light and nimble fingers played the business sonata of one note on his office typewriter.

'Miss Gale was pretty, of course—all typewriters girls are—and it was generally understood in the office that she halo and the ground formit, who had

belonged to a good family who had come down in the world. Her some-what independent air deepened this conviction and kept the clerks at a conviction and kept the clerks at a distance. She was a sensible girl, who realized that the typewriter paid better than the piano, and accordingly turned the expertness of her white fingers to the former instrument. Richard Denham sat down upon a park bench. "Why not?" he asked him-There was no reason against it, to that he felt he had not the age. Nevertheless he formed a

desperate resolution.

Next day business went on as usual.

Letters were answered and the time arrived when Miss Gale came in to see if he had any further commands that day. Denham hesitated. He felt ruely that a business office was not the proper place for a proposal, yet he knew he would be at a disadvantage else. In the first place, he had no plausible excuse for calling upon the young woman at home, and in the second place he knew that if he once got there he would be stricken dumb. It must be either at his office or no-

"Sit down a moment, Miss Gale," he said at last. 'I want to consult you about a matter—about a business

miss one seated insert and accommatically placed on her knee the shorthand writing pad ready to take down his instructions. She looked up at him expectantly. Denham in an embarrassed manner, ran his fingers rough his hair.
"I am thinking." he Legan, "of tak-

"I am thinking." he began, "of taking a partner. The business is very prosperous. In fact, it has been for fantly."

good man. But—it is not Rogers.

"Then I think in an important matter like this Mr. Rogers, or some one who knows the business as thoroughly as he does, would be able to give you advice that would be of some value."

"I don't want advice exactly. I have made up my mind to hare a partner if the partner is willing"

Denham mopped his brow. It was going to be even more difficult than he had anticipated.

"Is it, then, a question of the capital the partner is to bring in?" asked Miss Gale, anxious to help him.

"No, no. I don't wish any capital."

The young woman raised her eyebrows in surprise.

"You surely don't intend to share the profits with a partner who brings no capital into the business?"

"Yes—yes, I do. You see, as I said I have no need for more capital."

"Oh, if that is the case I think you should consult Mr. Rogers before you commit yourself."

"But Rogers wouldn't understand, either. It seems to me a foolish thing to do—that is, if you want my advice."

"Oh, yes, I want it. But it isn't as foolish as you think. I should have

Next morning Miss Gale came into the basiness. In make you this offer entirely from a fraincial, standpoint, hoping that you like me well enough to be associated with me."

"Anything else, Mr. Denham?"

"Anything else, Mr. Denham?"

"No; I think that covers the whole ground. It will look rather short typewritten, won't it? Perhaps you might add something to be exceedingly disappointed if that, though, 'Yours truly,' or 'Yours was heard for a few moments in the next room, and then Miss Gale came out with the completed letter in her hand.

"Shall I have the boy copy it?" she asked.

"Oh, bless you, no!" answered Mr. Denham, with evident trepidation.

The young woman said to herself: "He doesn't want Mr. Rogers to know, and no wonder. It was a most unbusiness-like proposal."

Then afraid I don't understand, with the completed letter in her hand.

"Shall I have the boy copy it?" she asked.

"Oh, bless you, no!" answered Mr. Denham, with evident trepidation.

The young woman raised h good man. But--it is not Rogers.
"Then I think in an important mat-

want me again to day?"

"Oh, yes, I want it. But it isn't as foolish as you think. I should have had a partner long ago. That is where I made the mistake. I ve made up my mind on that."

"Then I don't see that I can be of any use—if your mind is already made up."

"Oh, yes, you can. I'm a little afraid that my offer may not be accepted."

"It is sure to be if the man has any sense. No fear of such an offer being refused. Offers like that are not to be had every day. It will be accepted."

"Do you really think so, Miss Gale? I saw at once that you want me to-day?"

"Do you really think so, Miss Gale? I saw at once that you want me to dray?"

"The many offer may not be accepted."

"Do you really think so, Miss Gale? I saw at once that you want me to-day?"

It was on his tongue to say, "I want you every day," but he merely held out it—well—delicately, you know, so that it would not be refused or give offense."

"I see. You want me to write a letter to him?"

"Exactly, exactly," cried Denham, "Exactly, exactly," cried Denham, "the some relief. He had no thought that the many and said.

"You made a funny mistake last inght, Mr. Denham," she said, as she took off her wraps.

"You made a funny mistake last inght, Mr. Denham," she said, as she took off her wraps.

"You made a funny mistake last inght, Mr. Denham," she said, as she took off her wraps.

"You want me again to-day?"

"No, Miss Gale; and thank you very much."

Not much."

Not much."

You made a funny mistake last inght, Mr. Denham, she said, as she took of her wraps.

"You sate that I wan to coaday."

"You sate that I can be of any use—ii the said. As she took off her wraps.

"Up, was on his tongue to say, "I want you every day," but he merely held out it had be not held in the wrong envelope. Did you want me to-day?"

It was on his tongue to say, "I want you every day," but he merely held out it would not account for its had she looked frightened. It was evident that Denham was losing him indentity.

ter to him?"

"Exactly, exactly," cried Denham, with some relief. He had no thought of sending a letter before. Now he wondered why he had not thought of it. It was so evidently the best way out of a situation that was extremely disconcepting.

disconcerting.
"Have you spoken to him about

it?"
"To him! What him?"
"To your future partner about the proposal?"
"No, no. No, no. That is—I have

It was evident that her opinion of Denham's wisdom was steadily lower-ing. Suddenly sho looked up. "How much shall I say the annual

profits are? Or do you want that mentioned?" mentioned?"
"I—I don't think I would mention

that. You see, I don't wish this arrangement to be carried out on a monetary basis—not altogether.'
"On what basis, then?"

"On what basis, then?"
"Well—I can hardly say. On a
personal basis, perhaps. I rather hope
that the person—that my partner—
would, you know, like to be associated
with me."

"On a friendly basis, do you mean?

asked Miss Gale, mercilessly.
"Certainly. Friendly, of course—
and perhaps more than that."
Miss Gale looked up at him with a

Allse Gale looked up at him with a certain hopelessness of expression.

"Why not write a note inviting your future partner to call upon you here, or anywhere else that would be convenient, and then discuss the mat-

ter?"

Denham looked frightened.
"I thought of that, but it wouldn't
do. No, it wouldn't do. I would
much rather settle everything by cor-

respondence."
"I am afraid I shall not be able to compose a letter that will suit you.

There seem to be so many difficulties.
It is very unusual."

"Yes, sir," answered that estimable man, putting his head into the door.

"That is true, and that is why I knew no one but you could help me, Miss Gale. If it pleases you it will please me."

"Advertise for another typewriter girl, Rogers."

"Yes, sir," said Rogers.—London

Miss Gale shook her head, but after few moments she said, "How will

offer a very advantageous one. I my offer a very advantageous one. I will—"

will—"

I don't think I would put it quite that way," said Denham, with some hesitation. "It reads as if I were offering everything, and that my partner—well, you see what I mean."

"It's the truth," said Miss Gale, defaulty.

"

Here I met and stayed with my cousin. The next morning by daybreak we rode to Greenup, about ten miles, and that army fording the Ohio River. And I'll never forget it. All the romance of war was gone in a minute. Instead of bright uniformed soldiers and gavly contributed that army fording the Ohio River. All the romance of war was gone in a minute. Instead of bright uniformed soldiers and gavly contributed that was gone in a minute.

antly.

"Better put it on the frien lly basis, "Yes?" said Miss Gale, interrogatively.

"Yes. I think I should have a partner. It is about that I wanted to speak to you."

"Don't you think it would be better to consult with Mr. Rogers. He knows more about business than I do. But perhaps it is Mr. Rogers who is to be the partner?"

"Better put it on the friendly basis, a you suggested a moment ago."

"I didn't suggest anything. Mr. Denham. Perhaps it would be better if you would dictate the letter exactly as you want it. I knew I could not write one that would please you."

"It does please me, but I'm thinking of my future partner. You are doing first rate—better than I could not fun."—Cincinnati Triding.

"No, it is not Rogers. Rogers is a do. But just put it on the friendly book man. But—it is not Rogers."

A moment later she said:

You addressed that to me the sec-

ond time, Mr. Denham."

There was a look of haggard anxiety about Denham that gave color to her suspicions. He felt that it was now or

"Then, why don't you answer it,

Then, way don't you answer it,
Miss Gale?" he said, gruffly.
She backed away from him.
"Answer it?" she repeated faintly.
"Certailly. If I got a letter twice
I would answer it."

"No, no. No, no. That is—I have spoken to nobody but you."
"And you are determined not to speak to Mr. Rogers before you write?"
"Certainly not. It's none of Rogers's business."
"Oh, very well," said Miss Gale shortly, bending over her writing pad.

It was evident that her opinion of Denham's wisdon was steadily lower.

It was evident that her opinion of Denham's wisdon was steadily lower.

less shocked at the word he had used and fled to her typewriting room, closing the door behind her.

Richard Denham paced up and down the floor for a few moments, then rapped lightly at her door, but there was no response. He put on his hat and then went out into the street. After a long and aimless walk he again found himself at his place of business. When he went in Rogers said to him: "Has she?"

"Has she?"
"Yes, and she has given notice. Says she is not coming back, sir."
"Very well."
He went into his own room and found a letter marked "personal" on his desk. He tore it open and readits neatly typewritten characters.

neatly typewritten characters.

"I have resigned my place as typewriter girl, having been offered a better situation. I am offered a partnership in the house of Richard Denham. I have decided to accept the position, not so much on account of its financial attractions as because I shall be glad, on a friendly basis, to be associated with the gentleman I have named. Why did you put me to all that worry writing that idiotic letter when a few words would have saved ever so much bother? You evidently need a partner. My mother will be pleased to meet you any time you call. You have the address. Your friend,

"Mangarer Gale."

"Shorpers!" shouted Denham joy.

"Rogers!" shouted Denham, joy-

man, putting his head into the door.
"Advertise for another typewriter

Idler. The Reality of War.

The Reality of War.

"Dear Sir—"
"Wait a moment," cried Mr. Denham. "That seems rather a formal opening, doesn't it? How would it read to put it 'Dear Friend?'"

"If you wish it so." She crossed out the 'sir" and substituted the word suggested. Then she read the letter:

"Dear friend, I have for some time past been desirous of taking a partner, when the old of the word was coming to Greenup, Ky., having marched through Kentucky from Cumpast been desirous of taking a partner, and was crazy to see an army. out the "sir" and substituted the word suggested. Then she read the letter: "Dear friend, I have for some time past been desirous of taking a partner, and would be glad if you would consider the question and consent to join me in this business. The business is, and has been for several years, very prosperous, and as I shall require no capital from you I think you will find my offer a very advantageous one. I be the read on horseback, riding through to Ironton, there I met and stayed with my cousin. the crossing. It was a ride of forty miles, but I had a cousin in Ironton, and the night before I started on horseback, riding through to Ironton. Here I met and stayed with my cousin.

it be Thou." Alas, for that incredulous "If!" It is working as powerfully in the latter part of this nineteenth Christian cer-tury as it did in the early part of the first Christian cen-THE WORD IF TURNSHISTORY

A MIGHTY WORD.

Dr. Talmage Draws Remarkable Lessons

in the early part of the first Christian century.

Though a small conjunction, it is the biggest block to-day in the way of the gospel chariot. "If!" "If" "He have theological seminaries which spend most of their time and employ their learning and their genius in the manufacturing of "ils." With that weaponry are assailed the Pentateuch, and the miracles, and the divinity of Jesus Christ. Almost everybody is chewing on an "if." When many a man hows for prayer, he puts his knee on an "if." The door through which people pass into inidelity and artheism and all immoralities has two doorposts, and the one is made of the leiter "if" and the other Theretare only four steps between strong faith and complete unbelief: First, surender the idea of the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures and adopt the idea that they were all generally supervised by the Lord. Second, surrender the idea that they were all generally supervised by the Lord and adopt the theory that they were not all, but partly, supervised by the Lord. Third, believe that they are the gradual evolution of the ages, and men wrote according to the wisdom of the times in which they lived. Fourth, believe that the Bible is a bad book and not only unworthy of credence, but pernicious and debasing and cruel.

Only four steps from the stout faith in which the martyrs died to the blatant caricature of Christianity as the greatest sham of the centuries. But the door to all that precipitation and horror is made out of an "if." The mother of unrests in the minds of Christianity as the greatest sham of the centuries. But the door to all that precipitation and horror is made out of an "if." The mother of unrests in the minds of Christianity as the greatest sham of the centuries the winds beauty and the state of the strong and the transparent of the strong and the transpa

It han that have 9 it to flight forever the "if" of uncertainty.

A few Sabbath rights ago in this church a man passing at the foot of the pulpit said to the me, "I am a miner from England," and then he pushed back his coat sleeve and said. "Do you see that sear on my arm?" I said, "Yes; you must have had an awful wound there so some time." He said: "Yes; if nearly cost me my Hife. I was in a mine in England 600 if feet underground and three miles from the shaft of the mine, and a rock fell on me, and my fellow laborer pried off the rock, and I was bleeding to death, and he took a newspaper from around his luncheon and bound it around my wound and then helped me over the three miles underground to the shaft, where I was lifted to the top, and when the newspaper was taken off my wound I read on it something that saved my soul, and it was one of your sermons. Good night," he said as he passed on, leaving me transitized with grateful emotion.

With grateful emotion. He words I now speak, blessed of God, may reach some wounded soul deep down in the black mine of sin, and that these words may be blessed to the stanching of the wound and the eternal life of the soul? Settle this matter instantly, positively and forever. Slay the last "if." Bury deep the last "if." How do do it? Fling body, mind and soulin a prayer as earnest as that of Moses in the text. Can you doubt the arnestness of this prayer of the text? It is so heavy with emotion that it breaks down in the middle. It was so earnest that the translators in the modern copies of the Bible were obliged to put a mark, a straight line, adash, for an omission that will never be filled up. Such an abrupt pause, such a sudden snapping off of the sentence!

You cannot parse my text. It is an offense of grammatical construction. But that dash put in by the typesetters is mightly suggestive. "If thou wilf forgive their sin (then comes the dash)—"and if not, blot me, I pay Thee, out of Thy book." Some of the most earnest prayers ever uttered could not be parsed and were p

See An All out of words and see and see all the property of th