

THE OLD HOME.

An old lane, an old gate, an old house by a tree, A wild wood, a wild brook—they will not let me be; In boyhood I knew them, and still they call to me.

TWO MOTHERS.

By Winifred Kirkland.

YOU certainly have the most curious friends, Agatha Day? "Do you include yourself, Kate?" "Yes, miss. Another lump, if you'll be so good, but don't disturb the lemon; it's just right. You make the most agreeable tea in college, by the way. To resume, you have curious friends. For instance, there was that gaunt grad from the Middle West, with the sunken cheeks, the voice of a non-easter, and frizzes. Now who would suppose that a person like yourself—who shows generations of culture in the very lift of your eyelid and slope of your shoulder—would have taken up with that same grad?" "She was a girl who had never had a good time."

They were both quiet again, thinking of the dead mother of whom Agatha never spoke, whose picture never appeared anywhere in her room. After a while Kate said, "Your mother would be glad about you, Agatha; and then, because she felt that she had started memories that made Agatha wish to be alone, she pressed a light kiss on the brown curls, and went out." "To the chair that Kate had left, the chair on which Agatha had bowed her head, there came a gracious presence. As in the days five years before, Agatha sat by her mother's knee in the twilight fire-glow. She felt a hand upon her hair, she looked up into eyes shining with love. Not a thought had Agatha had in all those five years which she had not spoken into the ear of that shadow mother. "She knows, she knows, she knows," said Agatha to herself.

life! Why, Agatha, and the red in Helen's cheeks deepened, "at home they, my family, talk Pennsylvania Dutch!" Agatha's hand stole into Helen's as she whispered: "But in your heart you know they want you, Helen. You will write and ask them, anyway?" But Helen said nothing. She turned, after a moment, and began talking to the girl on her other side. Her lips were set in a sullen way that Agatha knew well. There was no use saying any more that evening, or, as Agatha discovered, saying anything more in the days that followed, for Helen steadily avoided further confidences, and Agatha could only wait. Those last two weeks are the busiest, the most bewildering in all the four years. It is just as well, perhaps, that one is too hurried to realize how much it hurts to go away.

beauty of a mother who has missed her child, and whose longing is satisfied. It was not Helen, but her mother, who first remembered Agatha. She put aside Helen's clinging hands, and turned to the other girl. She stretched out her arms to her. "Deary!" she said. Agatha put her arms round her neck and bowed her head on her shoulder. "Kiss me," she whispered. "Kiss me, because my mother isn't here." Youth's Companion.

TO EVERY ONE. Stop telling people what to do; Stop it, this day, this hour; Check the advice you're yearning to impart. Restrain your power; To guide—For oh, what rest, what peace, Could counseling and advising cease.

Olive Oil for Nerve Disorders. Sufferers from nerve disorders should certainly try the olive oil cure. The best and purest olive oil must be obtained, and one teaspoonful three times a day is the dose if the victim of neuritis, anemias or disordered nerves is in a hurry to be cured. Otherwise it is recommended that the oil taste should be cultivated by the addition of a very little to the salad taken once or twice a day, with a dash of vinegar added, says the Searchlight.

FLASQUES OF FLORA. "Is your engagement a secret?" asked the girl of a young man. "Oh, no," he replied; "the girl knows it."—Kansas City Journal.