

**WHEN OUR LOVE BEGAN.**

BY CLARENCE OUSLEY.

The year is young, but its lineage runs  
To the dawn of the far first day,  
When the sun burst forth and the earth  
Was flung  
On its splendid starlit way.  
And so with the love we feel but now—  
It began in the earlier time,  
Ere the souls of men were garmented  
In the flesh of an earthly clime.

'Twas there in the morn of the primal  
state,  
In the world of the truly real,  
Our love was born, our souls were joined  
In a union fast and leal.  
We know it not in the sentient way  
Of the passionate embrace,  
For we had no ken of mortal things  
Nor the form of mortal grace.

With the sweet and fleet bewilderment  
Of a first beatitude  
We touched and passed in the whirling  
throne  
Of the spirit multitude,  
Then sped our ways in the wilderness  
Of a human destiny,  
With only the feel of a faint caress  
And a mystic memory.

But ever we heard a mating call,  
And ever we sang the note  
Till the good God brought us eye to eye  
And we spoke from throat to throat.  
Now nothing matters of time or place  
In a mere mortality,  
For a twin that loved in the Soul's  
estate  
Are one for eternity.  
—Uncle Remus's Magazine.

**The Sale of David.**

By FRANCES BENT DILLINGHAM.

Eliza was tired of taking care of David. Eliza was eight and David was two. In the morning before she went to school Eliza washed and dressed him and gave him his breakfast. When she came home at noon she gave him his dinner; when school was over at night Eliza took entire care of David till his bedtime.

Eliza's mother was a very busy woman with little money and seven children to clothe and feed. There was a baby younger than David; there were three children older than he and younger than Eliza, and only Eliza and Mary, a girl of twelve, to help the mother. Eliza should have been grateful that she was required to take care of David only.

But Eliza sometimes got very tired of David, very; though of course she was fond of him. This afternoon she was more than usually cross as she trundled him down the street in the cart her father had made out of a soap box on four squeaking, wriggling wheels.

Eliza tugged resentfully at the rope fastened through a hole in the box. David grinned delightedly at the sunshine, and enjoyed the squeak. Not so Eliza. Amy Winters had invited the girls to her house that afternoon to make candy. She had told Eliza she could not come if she must bring David. This was not so unkind of Amy as seems at first, for the girls were fond of David, who was the best natured baby in the world; but at the last candy pull David had attended, he had upset on his head a cup of molasses just ready for the stove. So, while the other girls had pulled the candy, Eliza had to wash David's face and hair.

Eliza went fast past Amy's house, beating up a cloud of dust about her downcast eyes. She walked on toward the postoffice. Here some boys were playing marbles. One of them stopped and greeted Eliza.

"Hullo, how's your kid to-day?"

The boys all called David "Eliza's kid."

Eliza did not deign to answer; she tossed her head and the wagon wheels creaked ominously.

"Kid for sale, kid for sale," called another, smiling good naturedly at David's happy face.

The silent Eliza went on faster than ever. When she had turned the corner, and was out of sight of the boys, she looked back at David. She wished he was for sale; she wished somebody would buy him. With his soft red curls and round blue eyes, he was pretty enough for anybody to buy. Now she remembered she had heard her mother say that very morning she wasn't rich in anything but children, and she wished somebody would buy some of them.

Eliza's mother was so busy moving about that a speech begun in one room was likely to end in another, so that Eliza frequently did not hear the end of her mother's remarks. Eliza did not hear her mother add that there wasn't a child she part with for less than ten million dollars. Eliza thought that perhaps her mother would be glad to sell David.

"I'll find him a good place," said Eliza, "with a kind, rich old lady, and she'd pay a good deal, and I wouldn't have to take care of him. I'd want him to have a nice big house."

The cart, the baby and the little girl went up the hill, where were some of the pleasantest homes in the town. Eliza stopped in front of one of these. On the side piazza sat a pretty lady dressed in black. Squeaking, squeaking, the cart came up the path. The diplomatic Eliza left David at the front and went around the side path toward the lady. David did not cry; David seldom cried.

"Are you the lady that lives here?" asked Eliza.

The lady took a moist handkerchief down from her eyes and looked with a start at the small Eliza standing at the foot of the side steps. She nodded.

"Would you like to buy a baby?"

"A—what?" asked the lady in a strange voice.

"A baby. I have one to sell."

The lady sat up very straight.

"How much is it worth?"

"I don't know; I'll let you see him and then perhaps you can tell."

Eliza trotted around to the front, gave David's red curls a rub in the right direction, sighed at his dirty hands, then pulled the cart around to the side.

"So that is the baby," said the lady. "Take him out and let me look at him."

Eliza pulled David out of the box and tugged him, limply indifferent,

up the steps. The lady looked at him. She held out her hand and David caught at her finger; then, with a gurgle of pleasure, fell against her knee. The lady bent over him. "This baby is worth a great deal," she said.

"Why do you want to sell him?"

"Because there's six more like him—not exactly like him 'cause I'm one; but we've got a good many babies and not much money, and I thought—I—I have to take care of him all the time—and the girls don't always like to have him 'round."

"Do you think he's worth a hundred dollars?" asked the lady.

"A hundred dollars! Why, of course, no baby in the world could be worth that!"

"I—I think ten would be enough," said Eliza tremulously.

"I can't pay you all at once," said the lady. She stooped and lifted the baby into her lap and he leaned against her, laughing contentedly. "But I'll pay by installments."

**"SOME GOOD THINGS SAID ABOUT FARMING."**

The withered leaf is not dead and lost, there are forces in it and around it, though working in inverse order; else how could it rot?  
—Thomas Carlyle.

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.  
—William Shakespeare.

The great cities grow like creeping paralysis over freedom, and the man from the country is walking into them all the time because the poor, restless fellow believes wealth awaits him on their pavements.—Owen Wister.

Flowers are the sweetest things God ever made and forgot to put a soul into.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Farmers may well be congratulated on the interests of farmers in economic and political affairs and on their independent thinking and independent voting.—John M. Stahl.

If we can not find God in your house and mine, upon the roadside or the margin of the sea, in the bursting seed or opening flower, in the day duty and the night musing, I do not think we should discern Him any more on the grass of Eden or beneath the moonlight of Gethsemane.—James Martineau.

Suppose you sit down and tell us of any industry that will not be helped along with any help given to agriculture.

Henry Ward Beecher once said: "The best fertilizer for any soil is a spirit of industry, enterprise and intelligence; without these lime and gypsum, bones and green manure, marl and guano will be of little use."

The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the law of the land he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, feels more strongly than another, the character of a man as the lord of an inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by His power, is rolling through the heavens, a part is his from the centre to the sky.—Edward Everett.

"What's that?" asked Eliza with dread.

"Why little by little, you know. If he suits me, I'll pay it all; but meantime I'll give you—how much shall I give you till we get acquainted?"

"Ten cents would do for to-night," said Eliza.

The lady took up a dangle silver purse and, holding it out of reach of the baby's fingers, she extracted a dime.

"I suppose you'll give this to your mother," she said gravely.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Eliza with greater gravity.

"And here's one cent for you to spend. And here's my card to show your mother who's bought the baby."

Eliza stood looking at the lady.

"Good-by," said the lady. "What's his name?"

"David," answered Eliza.

"David and I are going into the house," said the lady. She gathered the baby up in her arms, and he, playing with the silver purse, never looked at Eliza.

"Do you—do you"—asked Eliza, "know how to take care of babies?"

The lady's lips quivered. "Very well indeed," she said, and then she went into the house and shut the door.

"I'll leave the cart," shouted Eliza; "you may need it."

Nobody answered, and Eliza walked slowly away. She tied the card and the dime in the corner of her pocket handkerchief, but she held the penny in her hand. When she reached the postoffice the boys were gone, so she went in and bought ten candy marbles for a cent. Then she went on to Amy's house. The candy was delicious and sticky and Eliza's marbles were delightfully hard. The little girls kindly inquired about David, but did not follow up Eliza's evasive answers. Eliza ought to have had a beautiful time; but she did not.

"I'll walk home with you," she said to Catharine Whitney, who lived at the other end of the village.

"It's out of your way," said Cath-

arine, with more truth than politeness.

"I don't care," said Eliza; but she walked so slowly that Catharine protested:

"You act dreadful queer, Eliza; are you sick or anything?"

"No," answered Eliza.

She said good-by to Catharine at the gate, and then she waited some time before she began to walk toward home. The sun was setting and pouring a golden glory over the world, but it all seemed dark to Eliza. She walked more and more slowly. Her head was hanging low, so that those who passed should not see the tears in her eyes. What was the matter? She took out her handkerchief and felt the ten cents in the corner. She was coming to the postoffice now. Up that street she had trundled David to his new home. Eliza stopped and threw up her head.

"David!" she called; then went up the road like a deer.

The maid of the lady who had purchased David had just said at the door of an upstairs room:

"A little girl to see you, mum," when Eliza pushed past her.

Eliza was breathless; there were tear streaks on her cheeks; she threw herself on a baby sitting in sweet placidity on the floor.

"Oh, David, David," she cried, "don't you know sister, don't you love Eliza?"

David gurgled and thrust the nose of a woolly lamb in Eliza's face. Then the lady who was sitting very, very near David said:

"What do you want, little girl?"

"This is my baby, I bought him today."

"Oh, no, he isn't, he isn't, he's mine." Eliza caught David around his fat shoulders and dragged him toward the door. "I'll give you back your ten cents and your penny when I earn another, but you can't, you can't have him."

"Wait, little girl, wait, you are hurting him," for David had begun to whimper. "Let me speak to you for a moment, dear."

Something in the lady's eyes made

**OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.**

New York City.—The over blouses that give a guimpe effect are in the height of style, and this one is susceptible of great variation, while it is

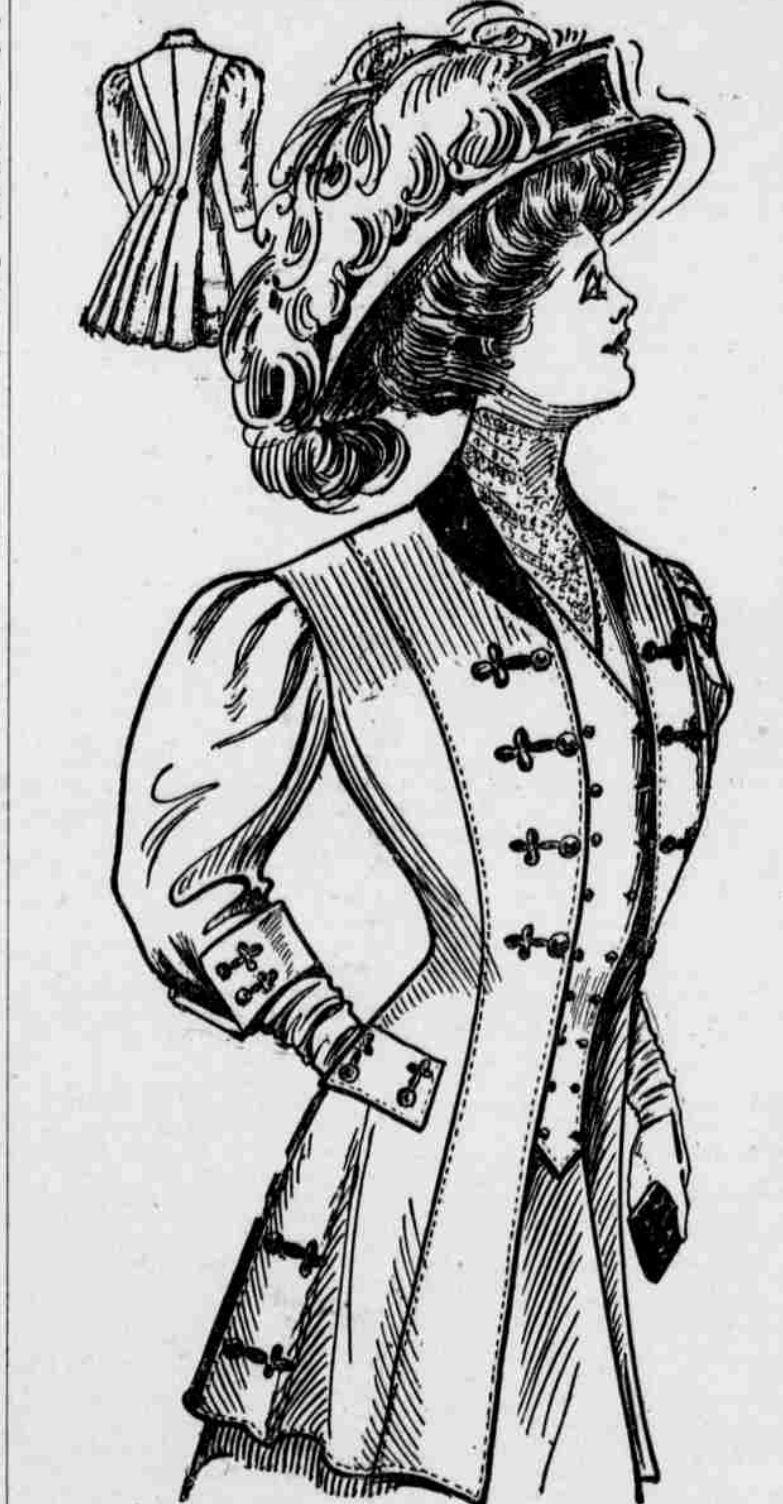


both novel and chic. In the illustration lousine silk is plied with velvet and worn over a guimpe of thin lace, but for the blouse itself everything

**Belt Worn Straight.**  
Belts are worn straight around the waist.

**Shirt Waist or Blouse.**  
Every fresh variation of the shirt waist meets its welcome. Here is one, that while it is made in tailored style, departs somewhat from the regulation model and is exceedingly chic and smart. In the illustration it is made of white linen and the little chemisette is of the material tucked, while the band is of the same trimmed with pearl buttons, but there are a great many possibilities in the design, simple as it is. It can be made of washable material and left unlined, or it can be made of silk or of wool and used with or without the lining as liked, while the little chemisette can be of embroidery in place of the tucking, or can be treated in any way that may be liked. Again the plain front affords exceptional opportunity for embroidery and can be elaborated in a variety of ways.

The waist is made with the fitted lining, which can be used or omitted as liked, the centre front, the tucked side fronts and the backs. The chemisette portion is applied over the plain front and if liked the material beneath can be cut away. A collar finishes the neck and there are regu-



seasonable is appropriate, while the guimpe can be made of lace, embroidery or of the still simpler lingerie material or of chiffon as liked. It is entirely separate from the blouse and consequently it can be varied as often as may be liked, so that really with very little labor the one blouse can be made to take on two or three quite different shapes. Again, the model is just as well suited to the odd waist as to the entire gown and consequently is an exceedingly valuable acquisition to the possibilities of the wardrobe. In this case the guimpe is made with the new long sleeves, and those of the blouse only worn if liked.

The blouse is made with fronts and back, which are tucked on becoming lines, and to which the pretty three-quarter sleeves are attached. These sleeves are finished with oddly shaped cuffs and to the lower edge of the blouse is joined a basque portion, which keeps it perfectly in place. The guimpe is made with front and backs and plain fitted sleeves that are made with upper and under portions. It is closed invisibly at the back and the neck is finished with one of the new stock collars that rounds up back of the ears.

**Close, Short Coat.**  
The woman with large hips may think a close, short coat is most becoming to her figure, but there is a possibility that the coat which falls just over the hips will call less attention to them.

**Lace and Gold.**  
When the lace is set together with gold or silver thread and a fold of gold or silver tissue is set at the top of the collar, one has an excellent effect.

lition shirt waist sleeves with overlaps and straight cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and a half yards twenty-four, three and an eighth yards thirty-two or two and



an eighth yards forty-four inches wide, with a quarter yard of tucking for the chemisette.

**Colored Satin Linings.**  
White satin linings, either for muffs or jackets or cloaks, have become entirely ancient jeu—they are replaced by rich colored liberty silks in contrast to the garment, roseada green lining purple or gray garments, royal blue lining khaki color, while maroon is lined with flaming geranium, and aubergine with verdigris. For evening cloaks this vivid lining is of chiffon, full, detached from the garment, so that it blows from the open fronts like inner scarfs.

**Merry Side of life.**

**AN EPITAPH.**  
This epitaph has been suggested for a dentist's monument:  
"View this gravestone with all gravity; Below I'm filling my last cavity."  
—Judge.

**THE NEW DISEASE.**  
First Boy—"My papa's sick."  
Second Boy—"What's the matter?"  
First Boy—"He's got insolvency."  
—Harper's Weekly.

**THE COST.**  
"Do you find your automobile expensive?"  
"Rather. I can get oil and repairs on credit, but there are the fines and the interest on the mortgage on my house. They call for cash."  
—Philadelphia Ledger.

**KNEW IT BY THE REACTION.**  
Baldwin—"Had a fine time last night, hadn't you?"  
Rambo (bathing his aching head)—"Best ever!"  
Baldwin—"What did you do?"  
Rambo—"I haven't the slightest idea."  
—Chicago News.

**HER WEATHER MAN.**  
"Oh, Alois, if only we have decent weather on Sunday for our garden party! What does your rheumatism indicate?"  
"For the present warm and fair; then the wind will turn east, fog and rain."  
—Fleegende Blaetter.

**DID IT FOR THE FAMILY.**  
Hicks—"You look worried, old man."  
Wicks—"Why shouldn't I look worried? My wife and three daughters have all gone into Christian Science, and now I have to do the worrying for the whole family."  
—Somerville Journal.

**PREFERENCE.**  
"Which do you like best," asked the man who is fond of animals, "dogs or horses?"  
"Dogs," answered young Mrs. Torkins promptly. "They don't lend themselves to the schemes of the bookmakers to get Charley's money."  
—Washington Star.

**GALLANTRY.**  
"Thank you very much," said the lady, smilingly accepting the proffered seat.  
"Madam," said the man, tipping his hat, "you surprise and pain me."  
"I do not understand you."  
"Well, you've lost me a bet."  
—Philadelphia Ledger.

**THE DISADVANTAGES.**  
Tom—"Don't you dread a proposal?"  
Dick—"Some parts of it."  
Tom—"What parts, for instance?"  
Dick—"Well, it is easy enough popping the question, but the trouble is when it comes to questioning the 'pop.'"  
—Baltimore American.



**SPEEDING THE PARTING.**  
"Well, I really must go, Miss Weary. I suppose I've staid too late?"  
"Oh, better late than never, you know!"  
—New York Telegram.

**"THREE WEEKS ELAPSE."**  
"Just a little touch of realism," remarked the dramatist with pardonable pride. "It's a wonder nobody ever thought of it before."  
"What is it?"  
"Why, my heroine is a brunette in Act I, and a blonde in Act II."  
—Courier-Journal.

**WHY HE WAS POLITICAL.**  
"Your father is in politics," said the stranger. "Is he not?"  
"Yeh," replied the boy, "but mom thinks he's getting cured of it."  
"How do you mean?"  
"Why, his stummick has gone back on him an' he can't drink like he used."  
—Catholic Standard and Times.

**PROFESSIONAL ADVICE.**  
"What your husband needs most," said the family physician, "is complete rest."  
"Where would you advise us to go?" queried Mrs. Gabbleton.  
"I'd advise him to stay right here at home," replied the M. D. "That is, if you can arrange to go away for a few weeks."  
—Chicago News.

**HARDLY.**  
Miss D.—"Angelina, why don't you marry Lieutenant Y.?"  
Miss A.—"First, because he has no brains, and he can't ride, dance or play tennis. What could we do with him?"  
"But he swims beautifully."  
"Oh, yes. But one can't keep one's husband in an aquarium, you know."  
—London Tit-Bits.