

LOVE SONG.

O come with me, my darling,
 We'll stroll upon the sand,
 And I'll quote verses to you,
 And lead you by the hand;
 We'll gaze across the water
 And see it gleam, Janet,
 For Morgan hasn't gobbled
 Up
 the
 moonlight
 yet.

The pathway through the meadow,
 Still leads down to the shore,
 And shadows fall across it
 E'en as they fell of yore;
 The wind sighs through the rushes,
 The tender grass is wet,
 And Morgan hasn't gobbled
 Up
 the
 moonlight
 yet.

The busy day is ended,
 The city's work is done,
 And over in the marshes
 Sweet revels have begun;
 'Tis Love's own happy hour,
 For let us not forget
 That Morgan hasn't gobbled
 Up
 the
 moonlight
 yet.

O come with me, my sweetheart,
 And let us fare away
 To where the blithesome ripples
 Among the pebbles play;
 The world is still for lovers,
 My beautiful Janet,
 For Morgan hasn't gobbled
 Up
 the
 moonlight
 yet.

-S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

The Counter Irritant

MRS. DUNN-WEST was a woman with theories—not purposes; but theories upon essentially feminine topics. She reasoned out everything which puzzled her, and she was more often right than wrong—as is the way of women. She always held that the theory of counter-irritants was sound; and now, having convinced herself that something was wrong with her friend Betty Clinton, she desired to set it right, for she loved to unravel the tangled skeins of love affairs.

"Have you seen Tom Renston lately?" she asked the girl, who was sitting in her pretty boudoir. "Lately," replied her com-

"I don't see why one should speak disparagingly of anyone," said Miss Clinton, trying to speak in a tone of indifference.

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Dunn-West. "And I am not the one to speak ill of poor Tom Renston, in whom I tell you I feel quite a motherly interest. Still it would interest me to hear what other attributes, besides conceit, you think he possesses. Not brains, surely?"

Betty Clinton's face flushed. Was there no escape from this subject, she wondered? But she had seen enough of the world to know that a studied avoidance of the subject is the surest way to move the surface interest in it—especially if there happens to be a man and a woman in the case—so she determined not to betray herself in this way.

"Well," she said, thoughtfully, "I don't know. I think a man who can write a book like 'His Divinity' must have a small supply of that quality."

"Knack, my dear Betty," replied Mrs. Dunn-West, scornfully. "Only knack, conceit and judicious plagiarism."

Miss Elizabeth Clinton blazed with wrath for a moment.

"What a very uncharitable speech," she said. "I am sure Mr. Renston would be incapable of such disgraceful methods."

"You never know what a man is capable of until you are married to him," said Mrs. Dunn-West, who was well pleased with her success; "and then in nine cases out of every ten the woman is disillusioned."

"Of course you know more about that than I do," said Betty, spitefully.

But Mrs. Dunn-West liked her for her spite on this occasion.

"She has a heart all right," she thought.

"Of course, my dear," she said, sadly. "But suppose we say Tom Renston has a little brains, what else do you claim for him?"

"I really wish you wouldn't put things in this way," replied Betty. "I have no ambition to pose as Mr. Renston's champion."

"Of course not, my dear Betty," persisted Mrs. Dunn-West. "But just for the sake of argument. He has no money?"

"He is none the worse for that," said Betty. "Money is such a sordid standard of worth. I hate the very sound of the word, and everything connected with it."

"You would hate the want of it more, my dear," said Mrs. Dunn-West, with profound sagacity.

While Mrs. Dunn-West had been conducting this campaign she had been



FOR
 Girl Cl
 Nig

For a
 dark n
 her, M
 Haven
 "boo,"
 Becaus
 teacher
 farmer,
 mew of
 sound,
 ages.
 Parm
 five in
 old, and

school
 year a
 her ho
 girl fr
 passing
 discove
 the opp
 shuffled
 notice.
 Frigh
 ran af
 neares
 lawn.
 came
 the fro
 "Boo
 The g
 tholom
 rated b
 Bartho
 ened in
 time si
 tor's c
 tion, sh
 neither
 muscle
 becom
 paring
 shatte
 Parm
 the gir