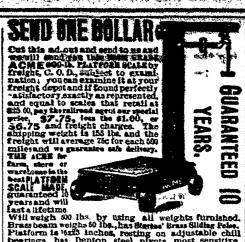
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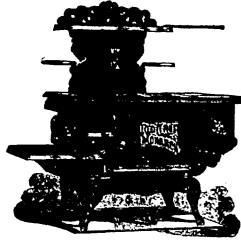
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HIGHLAND MARY.

Ye banks, and bracs, and streams around The castle o' Montgomery, Green be your woods, and fair your

flowers. Your waters never drumlie! \ There simmer first unfauld her robes, And there the langest tarry; For there I took the last fareweel O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green How rich the hawthorn's blossom,

As underneath their fragrant shade I clasp'd her to my bosom! The golden hours, on angel wings, Flew o'er me and my dearie; for dear to me, as light and life, Was my sweet Highland Mary.

.Wi' monie a vow, and lock'd embrace, Our parting was fu' tender; And, pledging aft to meet again, We tore ousel's asunder; But oh! fell death's untimely frost. That nipt my flower sae early! Now green's the sod, an cauld's the

That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips, I aft hae kiss'd so fondly! And closed for aye the sparkling glance

That dwelt on me sae kindly! And mold'ring now in silent dust. That heart that lo'ed me dearly! But still within my bosom's core Shall live my Highland Mary. -Robert Burns.

HIS BEST FRIEND.

Everything about Genevieve that day told me there was something wrong, but it would never have entered my head to ask her what it was. She was one of those frank, open girls, who don't tell things beyond a certain point, and who, by their very good fellowship, keep a man at a certain distance. She gave me more than she did to some people, and I was grateful; but I never rushed in. A chance remark, made without a suspicion of

where I was treading, brought things

to a crisis. It was at the end of a stormy afterfire, she in a deep wicker chair, and I lucky?" nervous twisting of her lips, and her lives in my hand.

"Why, Powers sailed to-day, didn't

She didn't answer, and I looked up. I don't suppose I had ever really seen the girl before. The guard was gone and she was staring into the fire with an expression that struck me dumb. She rubbed the back of her forefinger first across one cheek and then across the other, as though absently, but I

The conventionally suitable thing would have been for me to clear out, but I didn't. I took one of her hands and gripped it. Her head went down on the arm of her chair, and we sat there without speaking for a while. Then she began in the middle, as though she had been telling me about it all along.

"He couldn't have cared for me, any-We aren't the same kind," she "He looks on life; while I am always in the very centre, living it. He is interested and sympathetic, but always the impersonal critic. I don't believe he ever had an overwhelming impulse in his life. He moves by deliberate theories. We're 'altogether different."

"But, Genevieve, he thought a lot of you, I know—" I was blundering on, but she broke in.

"Oh, he likes me; he is even fond of me. He was telling me I was his best friend, his comrade. Can't you see what that meant? But it was that or nothing, and I couldn't give him up, so I kept the other way down under. don't think he guessed."

"If you had shown it a little, wouldn't it have—" I continued.
She shook her head and started to speak, then faltered. Evidently this was the hardest of all to say. At last it came, with an effort that made me set my teeth.

"He couldn't have fallen in love with a woman who-hadn't beauty! The artist in him was too strong. I should have recognized that in him, even if he hadn't-once-told me so. He told me as if he-meant me to understand it!

"It is not his fault: it's the way he's made. But it kept me from ever showing what I felt as nothing else

could have-nothing on earth!" I looked up in surprise, for I had forgotten that Genevieve was not pretty. You grew so fond of her face that you never thought of her features.

"I can see perfectly that we couldn't have been happy together," she went on, as though impressing a line of reasoning on herself. "I should have been horrible jealous of every beautiful woman he came across, especially if he were to paint her! I could forgive her face, but not her shoulders. I'm such a poor little bag of bones.'

I wanted to tell her a hundred comforting things, but I knew better. She was not in a mood for anything but what she considered the truth.

"It would have been a real calamity if he cared," she said, going on with her pitiful argument against herself. "He must be free, if he is to succeed, and oh, he has genius! Did you see his head of Gerard? Oh, it would be a crime to come between him and his career. I couldn't wish it to happen. I care as much for his success as do for him."

"A man couldn't care like that," said with a long breath. "Perhaps it's just because I know. it's hopeless anyway, and so I put on

a fine motive. I don't know," she went

on, leaning back as though tired be Fond expression. "I can't answer for myself any more, not since I've caugh | What shall we do when the autumn myself, night after night, refusing invitations and making excuses to stay and the autumn duties come together; abject?"

We sat silent for awhile, she staring into the fire with the same hope less look, while b-but this story is not about me. Then a door slammed, and in an instant she was her other self. alert and self-controlled.

"How did I come to tell you all this?" she exclaimed. "The storm made me blue and foolish, I suppose Promise me, on your honor, that you'l never tell this or even hint it to any one else all your life long." I promised readily enough. I wasn'

likely to want to tell.

ncon, nearly two years later, that I Our tired spirits need renewing; cess hadn't brought a bit of hig head with it, and he was as glad to see me Which lie in the realm of things unas if we still belonged to the same world. Almost his first question was about Genevieve, but I couldn't tell Yet ever before us stretches still him much. I hadn't seen her for a The rugged path of our Father's will year, and though she had promised to write to me, I had never received more than one or two conventional notes. "That girl," said Powers thoughtful-

ly. "meant more to me than any woman I ever met in my life." I held my breath and waited. Powers was never moved to a burst of confidence in his life, but he was always ready to cooly analyze himself, body |-Mary E. Allbright, in The Christian and mind and soul, for anyone who was interested.

"I don't suppose a man ever was as much in love as I was, and fought it so resolutely," he went on. "I suppose she knew it—girls generally do—but I never once let it come to the surface. I didn't really acknowledge it to myself till the day I sailed, a day something like this. Then—whew!" He thing so gay as a charity ball?" shook his head, his eyes contracting "And you, my dear Miss Erickson,

at the memory. "But why did you fight?" I asked. absolutely uncertain and the big fight with its ruffles and lace. before me, and I wanted to go into it! "I have just one dance left, a scholfree. I was horribly ambitious, and tische. Shall it be for you?" she waid, when it came to choosing between my. "If you will so honor me. But as I self and my work, myself had to go can't dance anything but the walts, had cared. It might have been years watch the figures." and years before I could marry. How! For answer Mildred Erickson laid noon, and we were sitting over the could I know I was going to be ac her gloved fingers on his arm and

was saying. When a bucket of rain knows I didn't want to, but the se-tische.

never cared a bit—said good bye to me side,

never cared a bit—said good bye to me side,

"Everyone seems to be here to-I left."

The secret was scorching my tongue but my promise to Genevieve still kept me debating.

she had the most expressive face I Marshall?" ever saw, and the most attractive," Powers said. "It had a beauty higher son, isn't it?" than that of form and coloring, a sori of inspiration. I have tried a hundred dred said with a laugh and shrug of times to catch it, especially in that her plump white shoulders. I don't know! I can't get it!" I knew, and opened my lips to speak, then hesitated again.

"It's so strange," he went on. always prophesied that I would fall in love, quite deliberately, with some beautiful peasant girl over here, a woman of the people, perfect physically, dred, with a lovely nature, and no intellectual power whatever. Queer, wasn't it? But I forgot," he added. haven't seen my wife."

I started up. There was a tumult in my mind, but, God forgive me, it wasn't an unhappy one. "You are married?"

"Yes, my wife is an Italian. She sat for that head in the corner. Gene marry that little Miss Jones for?" he vieve sent me such a bright little note said. about it, when I wrote and told her I wanted to marry. Odd how a man does not worry you. Mr. Brownias."
can go through what I did and yet "Me? Not at all. Lauppose you later. I wonder if women are that way?

"I wonder!" I echoed from the very bottom of my soul.—The Puritan.

Dressing an Actress.

"While the actress is on the stage her maid has carefully laid out the gown that is to be put on. with all its gown that is to be put on, with all its ixed, but kept a distance if a man accessories," writes Franklin Fyles in wants to retain his peace of mind. the Ladies' Home Journal. "The Don't you think so, Miss Erickson!" dresses are made with a view to celerity. Hardly anything is left to be fartened on. Knots of ribbon, draped sashes, pieces of jewelry, even corsage couquets, are attached beforehand, in case there is not a minute to spare, of her own personality and her social A very modish and complete evening of engagements. My home would be no gown with everything belonging to it may be a single construction. The home at all, because I should expect maid inspects it carefully to see that it is in complete good order, and de posits it on a chair. Close by she Miss Erickson was unconsciously places the shoes, stockings and what pulling the flowers to pieces and watchever of millinery is to be worn. When line Mr. Browning with studied courthe actress comes in she is deftly re- lesy. lieved of the gown which the audience Browning continued: "As it is, I has last seen her in. Next she sits have my bachelor fist in which I am before her mirror, and, if there is need king. My servants, whom no one evof great haste, makes whatever rears er interferes with all go and come rangement of hair or headdress is when I please, to the club, to the opera-necessary while the maid takes off the to dinners, or to Europe, My horses shoes and stockings. Under the latter and carriages are mine, and no one are different ones already on. By the ever complains of them My house is time that the second pair of shoes are solitude itself unless I wish to make buttoned the colffure is readjusted it noisy. Don't you think I am a sen-Then the actress stands up and the new sible man?" dress is adjusted in a jiffy. If the "It really had never occurred to me change has had to be made while an Mr. Browning," Mildred said, laughact is in progress it may have occupled no more than five or six minutes. "Of course you do, for you have tol-But that is exceptional. If done be-leaved my example and remained sin-tween acts, with ten minutes allowed sie. There is mamma many choirs at an innocent line and to it. the job has no appearance of But not alone. There is mamma many choirs at an account. to it, the job has no appearance of But not alone. There is mamma furious speed, so thoroughly is it pro- and pape and Joe and the girls. Mr. arranged." Smoking is almost unknown in

Abyssinis, and is punished as a crime when practiced. French explorers have what

ASWECO ALONG

Weather at home, just in case he should drot When the golden days are fair and in. Did you ever hear of anything st

In an urgent, backoning line?

We must keep our hearts and our souls awake To beautiful things for duty's sake; With vision keen and with courage strong, Take beauty in as we go along.

hunted up Powers in Paris. His suc- Sigh oft for the streams and the pastures green,

> seen. The beautiful Promised Land;

With its common rocks and sand? We need not wait for the longed for peace I'll our journey is done and our labors

cease: We shall rest in the midst of the busiest day

If the Master meets us on the way. Endeavor World.

"Why, Mr. Browning, you at any-

at anything so dismair" The girl laughed and shook out the "Well, there I was with my future folds of her misty pink dancing skirt,

every time. Besides, it would have am going to that little alcove retreat been brutally unfair to her, even if she over there, where we can talk and

raised her brown eyes to his face, as

would slash against the window, she cret was forcing its way out in spite The "little alcove retreat" was at would look over her shoulder, with a of me. I felt as though I had two one end of the long ball room, and was massed with cut flowers and feros. fingers kept doing exercises on the arm of her chair or plaiting up the arm of her dress. The house shook ribbons of her dress. The house shook the same attitude, though I don't sup- handkerchief down healds her and took. a little, and that made me think of pose it fooled anybody else. If she had up two-thirds of the divan with her the ocean, and that suggested Powers, ever shown the least symptom-oh, full skirts. Browning sank back luxand I spoke without a glimmer of in- I'd have given in in a second. But she urlously in the silken outsion at her

night," she said.

"You. Even I." "There is Maude Jones, now, in that pale blue chiffon. Did you know, she "Her features weren't a bit good, but is to be married next week to Jack

"She? This is only her second see "Second! No, only her first," Mil-

martyr over there on the easel. It is "Her first? You are more sensible." a look of pluck and radiance and—oh Miss Erickson. Why, this is your I don't know! I can't get it!" tenth season. Don't you remember, I

began pulling the flowers out and tearing off the petals, while Browning. watched her color come and go. "And I sent them." "And you sent them."

Browning shifted his position slight-

"I wonder what Marshall wants to "As she is not an belress, be prob-She was the only clever woman that ably thinks he loves her. I hope it

marry another woman eighteen months have often wondered why I've never Mildred's cheeks assumed the hue of her roses. "I? Not at all. Rather I should won-

der if you did get married. I am so used to you single, you know!" "And I should wonder at it, too. like women. They are beautiful crestures, to be admired, adored and ideal-

"Can Mr. Browning be wrong?" "Thank you. Now, suppose I had married when I was, say 28. years ago, I'd have a wife who never home at all, because I should expect

Browning. Oh, I should not care for solitude nor enjoyment alone. "You are not so selfish."

When the bright leaves rustle under our feet.

And the air is a sparkling wine.

Yet cares pile thick and the hours crowd fast.

And things to be done go hurrying past.

In an urgent, beckening line? some women can do. And to see gree tell boys and gentle girls—my coll-dren—growing up about me. But a man must have a lot of nerve to see a woman to give herself to him slose "Not necessarily." Mildred's lips were parted in a smile

It was the same kind of an after what if in the hours of earnest doing her name, all girlish postimes, every con, nearly two years later, that I wering his own question.
"She regards it all as a pleasant sacrifice, if she loves the man, Mr. Brown-

"And if she loves the man will she want to do all this if he sake her to?" "Men are positive and women new-

"So you advise me to marry?" "I advise all men to marry." "Then why are you single, Mildred?"
"I? Oh, I am a woman." And she

laughed softly. Browning watched the gay scene of he ballroom in allence a moment then he seld: "Mildred, shall I tell you why I nev-

er married?" The girl buried her face again in the

'Yes," she said. "Because I never thought you would have me. You were so bright and say, and ten years younger than I. Mildred leaned toward him until he felt her breath on his cheek. She spoke rapidly, for she saw Mr. Bixby coming to claim a walts.

"Shall I tell you why I never may-

ried, Paul?" Y 88 2 "Because you never saked me."

"Mildred." Browning sprang-forward from the ilken cushions and caught her hand. But she withdrew it harriedly, and with her face all wreathed in smiles caught up her flowers and fan and lace handkerchief, and said, as she walked

"Come to me to-morrow afternoon at three, Mr. Browning." fire, she in a deep wicker chair, and I down on the hearth rug. She wasn't paying the least attention to what I was saying. When a bucket of rain was saying. When a bucket of rain knows I didn't want to, but the secret listher. Chicago Tribune.

"A mystery to which the Americ people were mas deeply consern was that which shadowed the life; one of the most remarkable chara of the country," writes William I and signed librarie The WAR GOVERNOR OF TERMS the midst of a companied tion to the Gubernstorial Tennoises was statued by a Ten he had resigned his office. He been married to the daughter of influential family; three months at ward she returned to her father house, and her husband resolves.

pear the rest of his life to the wi "Houston betsok himself to the tri of Cherokees in the Indian Territors he adopted their confume, appearing was at your coming-out tes?"

"You and you were old them 25; and visiting Washington with a best and visiting Washington with a best and purely her face in the fresh, pink blossoms.

"And you were in white, and carried pink roses, just-like those, Mile in the reveal the secret of his fact in the ways and habits of civilization."

And "And also reveal again after he secret of his fact in the ways and habits of civilization." in all the trappings of an Indian beat letting his hair grow down his back married apale often as light to the light to

take the places of music and

If a boy or a girl is well up-in askil metic and grammar he stands le show of starving to death than if his specialty is color schemes or play &

That's what the most of he hopeosition earth are trains to do-keep trois starring. Multiplication tables and good San

Multiplication tables and good Castlish can be taught increasifully to start the same point are taken by pupil if time and point are taken. Color study and clay modelling cast. In the first place the teachers are ordinarily just about as unit to teach art as the pupils are to just with the cast in the second place, the year interestry of pupils in the public action will be on him to earn their own have to earn their own have to earn their own live and even it they do become experienced modellers and colorists they are can make any the over thousand out one of their const

Give the children broad and button and those who have a faste for sale that's worth cultivating will get it. And that's the way it would be it were loss.—Bolomon Sican.

tulian Raiph, writing of The Boys of Bugiand—An the Eading formula : 'y Codsidalistor or or openion chief of ing of manhood that the and they are obliged to until their adult tones a matter of years. As bo

Continue to Care State Continue

"No."

THE PARTY OF THE P