SWEETHEARTS ALWAYS

If sweethearts were sweethearts always
Whether as maid or wife
No drop would be half as pleasant
In the mingled draught of life.

But the sweethear has smiles and blushes
When the wife has frowns and sighs,
And the wife's has a wrathful glitter
For the glow of the sweetheart's eyes.

If lovers were lovers always,
The same to sweetheart and wife.
Who would change for a future Eden
The joys of this checkered life?

But husbands grow grave and silent,
And care on the anxious brow
Oft replaces the sunshine that perished
With the words of the marriage vow.

Happy is he whose sweetheart
Is wife and sweetheart still,
Whose voice, as of old, can charm him,
Whose kiss, as of old, can thrill;

Who has plucked the rose to find ever
Its beauty and fragrance increase,
As the flush of passion is mellowed
In love's unmeasured peace.

Who sees in the step a lightness,
Who finds in the form a grace,
Who reads an unaltered brightness
In the witchery of the face.

Undimmed and unchanged Ah happy
Is he, crowned with such a life'
Who drinks the wife pledging the sweetheart
And toasts in the sweetheart the wife.

—Domestic Monthly.

MONICA

A Love Story of Alden

(By Emily S Windsor)

Although the little village of Alden was beginning to look bright with the green of early spring, down here by the cove all was gray sands, rocks, sky, even the water had the same dreary tint. Not a gleam of other color, except that of the crimson shawl, which the girl, sitting on the ledge of rock, had wrapped around her

Laurence Dare, coming along the road which ran along above the beach, saw the patch of red and paused.

"That is Monica," he muttered.

He stood still a few minutes, watching the slender figure leaning back against a high range of rocks, the shawl drawn closely around her shoulders, the little black hat pushed back on the dark hair, her gaze fixed on the gray water. At a sht of her Dare's heart had given a great throb of joy. It was so long, so long since he had seen her. He made a few long strides and stood beside her

"Monica," he said, softly.

The girl turned her head with a quick movement.

"Oh, Laurence."

There was a displeased tone in her voice, and her brows came together in a frown as she regarded him. He put out his hand.

"Are you not going to shake hands with me, Monica, it is so long since I have seen you?"

The girl gave him her hand with a reluctant air, withdrawing it quickly from his warm clasp, and turning her face again seaward

After a silence of some moments, which Dare spent in devouring eagerly with his eyes every line of her lovely profile, he began:

"Monica, you are cruel; you have not let me see you once all this long winter. I have been down from the city so often, and tried again and again to see you, but each time that I called you had just gone out I feel sure that you saw me and went away purposely Last night it was the same thing But chance has been good to me; I missed my train this morning, and so I have caught you; you had no opportunity to avoid me."

The girl made no answer.

He went on: Last summer you gave me a faint hope that in time you would listen to me. What have you to say to me now, have you not thought of me all these long months?"

She turned around to him, her eyes full of tears.

"I was wrong to let you think you might hope, Laurence, for I can't do as you wish. Don't you understand? It seems wrong for me to listen to you. Think. I belong to Allen; I was to have been his wife. He was always talking of Cousin Laurence; you seemed Cousin Laurence to me, too. Don't you see? I belong to Allen. I can't marry you."

"But Allen is not——"

She interrupted him quickly:

"Hush; we don't know; he must be living."

"Monica," he said, with great gentleness of voice, "think, it is four years; he was to have returned in ten months."

"I must be faithful to him."

Dare flushed. "This is nonsense, Monica," he said, half angrily. "If Allen is living," he went on, "why have we not heard from him all these years? Are you going to waste your life in this little village and give up all chances of happiness for a fanciful idea of being bound to him? And think of me, I have loved you so long. Come to me I shall love you so much that you must love me in return; come swear that you shall never regret it, Monica."

"I can't Laurence."

"Will you spoil both our lives?"

"I must not listen, Laurence. I wish that you did not care for me."

"I can't help caring for you. I think I have loved you since the first day I saw you, and now that you are free——"

"I am not free."

"Monica, listen."

She stood up. "I must not, Laurence. Try to forget me. I am going home; do not come."

And before he could stop her she had darted away.

She went along swiftly until she knew that she was out of view from the cove. Her thoughts were in a whirl. Why should she not yield? She knew that her happiness would be secure with this strong, tender man. How little he guessed her struggle to resist his pleading. He thought she did not care. In the old days she had compared Allen with him, and always to the former's disadvantage. For after the first glamor of their engagement she had seen the shallowness and selfishness of Allen's nature, and in the close relations into which, through her engagement, she was brought with Allen's Cousin Laurence she had recognized the strong and noble character of the latter.

And these last years, how the tenderness of his nature had shone out. What care he har given to Allen's desolate mother. He had almost filled the place of her son. Still, at first, her feeling for him had been only a strong admiration. In spite of her recognition of Allen's weak nature the fascination of his glance, and soft voice had held her captive. But now! When Allen had gone West on the prospecting tour, which was to occupy ten months, she had promised to be ready to marry him upon his return. But the ten months had passed, and other months had grown into years, and he had not returned. They had had no news of him after that last letter, written seven monthse from his departure. Laurence had employed every means at his command to find some trace of him, but in vain. He appeared to have vanished utterly. The only reasonable solution of the mystery was that he was dead His mother believed it, but Monica did not She could not. She had promised to wait for him; she dared not break that promise. Allen had loved her—she must, she would be faithful. She would not yield to Laurence.

Dare did not again see Monica, although at each visit he made his aunt during the spring he called at the parsonage. But Monica had always been out The minister and his wife received him most cordially They would gladly have seen their daughter his wife

One day in June Monica was returning home from a walk down to the cove Her way was in the neighborhood of Allen's mother As it was still early in the afternoon she decided to go and pay her a call She had not gone to see her often of late, through fear of meeting Laurence

She felt that she would run no risk of meeting him this afternoon, he having visited his aunt the previous week. On reaching the house she found the hall door open. She knocked lightly, and, without waiting for a response, walked into the little parlor, where she knew Mrs. Dare was in the habit of sitting.

But at the threshold Monica paused, for there stood Laurence by the window with an open letter in his hand. His aunt sat near him, apparently in a state of great excitement.

As she saw Monica she cried out:

"He lives, Monica! he lives! My boy lives! my own Allen is living! Come in and hear the letter"

Then the mother fell to weeping and repeating over and over: "My boy is living!"

"What is it Lawrence? You are hiding something."

Monica looked from her to Dare in bewilderment. She had turned very white. Laurence went up to her and drew her to a chair. He, too, was pale.

"Is it true?" gasped Monica at length.

"Yes, but he did not look at her."

"When?"

"I received the letter this morning, and came down by the first train."

"He is well?"

"Yes."

"Where is he—I don't understand?"

"In California."

Monica looked at him confusedly.

"Why—why haven't I—but I have been out all afternoon. I suppose that I shall find a letter at home."

Dare did not reply. His aunt was still crying. She now looked up at Laurence.

"Finish the letter Laurence. Listen, Monica; our Allen is still living."

Dare had folded the letter and was putting it into his pocket.

"There is little more of importance, dear aunt."

"But Monica must heart it, Laurence. Monica, child, we'll be happy now. Read the letter for her, Laurence."

"My dear aunt, you must try to calm yourself or you will be ill."

Monica was puzzled by Dare's evident desire not to read the letter to her.

"Laurence is right; you must try to be calm, dear Mrs. Dare."

"Joy never kills, child. I must cry for pure happiness."

"I shall go home now," said Monica. Perhaps there is a letter for me."

"Well, child, but come early to-morrow. We'll count the days now till we see my boy."

Laurence had left the room and stood at the entrance door.

"I am coming with you," he said as Monica came out.

Dare regarded the girl stealthily as they walked along. He marvled at the unimpassioned manner in which she had received the news of Allen's being alive. She was still very white, and there was a strained look in her face. Not the expression of joy he would have expected to see. She walked rapidly, paying no heed to Dare.

He put his hand gently on her arm.

"Do not walk so fast, Monica. You will tire yourself out."

She did not reply, but went more slowly.

"Monica," began Dare, hesitatingly. "I—do not think that you will find a letter from Allen."

She stopped still and looked at him.

"What is it, Laurence? You are hiding something. What is the mystery? Why did you not wish to read the letter?"

'Monica, I believe you are a brave girl. Call up all your pride now."

She gazed at him with wondering eyes.

"Laurence, what is it"

He looked hastily. It was but a short distance to the rocks at the cove, and the place was deserted.

"Let us go down there. I can not talk to you here."

She followed him submissively. Thoughts of their last interview at this place came to her mind. How miserable she had been then, and how miserable now. Allen was alive, and she, wretched girl, was not glad. She did not love him. It was Laurence that she loved, but she must be faithful to Allen. Laurence must never guess what a wicked girl she was. Allen alive, and she not glad, and what was Laurence going to tell her.

Dare seated her in a sheltered position and stood looking at her, a world of compassion in his eyes.

"Monica, I would give my life to spare you this. Allen is a scoundrel."

He draw the letter from his pocket, opening it slowly.

"What is it, Laurence? Why do you speak so?"

Then, as he did not answer, she said with a touch of imperiousness in her voice:

"Let me read it."

He gave it to her, and she read. She passed hastily over the preliminary lines. But what was this?

"I shall wait until later, Laurence, old boy, to give you the details of all these years. Briefly, the enterprise on which I came out here failed. I kept on trying others, hoping to achieve some measure of success before returning home, but one failure succeeded another. Finally I was taken ill with rheumatic fever. The woman at whose house I was staying nursed me through it, and her daughter, one of the sweetest girls in the State, helped her. Call me all the hard names you wish, Laurence, I'll not try to excuse myself, but I fell in love with her and we were married. I was a coward, I know, but she loved me to distraction, and we are very happy. Believe me, I have not been easy, when I thought of my mother and Monica. But I met Melton last week as he was passing through to San Francisco. He told me that you all believed me dead, and that Monica was reported to be engaged to you, so she is consoled and will forgive me. That is why I am writing to disclose my whereabouts. I am fairly prosperous and shall have mother come out here immediately. I know she will forgive me, and she will find the sweetest little daughter-in-law in the country. You will suit Monica far better than I should have done. You have the same high ideals of duty and all that sort of thing. I confess to living on a lower plane."

Monica read no further, but threw the letter down with a little cry and hid her face in her hands.

Dare stood looking at her sadly, cursing Allen in his heart.

"My darling, if I could have spared you this," he said.

Presently Monica looked up at him and said, tremulously:

"Laurence, I tried all along to be faithful to Allen, but——"

"But what, Monica?"

She stood up and looked into his eyes a fleeting glance, but— it was enough for Dare.

Effect of Fiddle Music on Wild Animals.

The violin was used recently with interesting results in experiments with all sorts of living creatures. First it was played before a tarantula. She paid no attention whatever to it. But a nest of scorpions became intensely excited and wiggled frantically. A cobra showed remarkable susceptibility. She was sleeping soundly when the experimenters approached her, but the first tone awakened her and she raised her head. As the music swelled she continued to raise till she was standing straight as a pillar, supported by her tail. Every change in tempo and pitch had effect. The pizzicato made her puff her entire body. Swift waltz music caused her to erect her ugly head to its fullest size, and a sudden dissonance made her wind and twist her body as if she were in real agony.

Have You Heard of the Surgical Ant.

The native Brazilian, far removed as he usually is, from doctors and surgeons, depends upon a little ant to sew up his wounds when he is lashed or scratched

This odd creature is called the surgical ant, from the use to which it is put.

The ant has two strong nippers on its head. They are its weapons for battle or forage.

When a Brazilian has cut himself, for example, he picks up an ant, presses the nippers against the wound, one on each side, and then gives the insect a squeeze.

The indignant ant snaps its nippers together, piercing the flesh, and bringing the lacerated parts close together. The Brazilian at that moment gives the ant's body a jerk and away it flies, leaving the nippers embedded in the flesh.

Of course, this kills the ant, but it has served its most useful purpose in life.

The operation is repeated with other ants until the wound it sewed up neatly and thoroughly.

TO-DAY'S LOVE STORY.

A Wife and Fortune.

"Have you heard the news about Miss Temple, Ned?" said Charley Ashton, as he sauntered leisurely up to Edward Farnham's desk.

The warm blood colored Ned's cheek in spite of all his struggles to prevent, and he replied:

"Well, I should guess it wasn't. She had a big fortune left her, some say five hundred thousand dollars."

An involuntary sigh escaped Ned, and he rather muttered than spoke:

"I'm sorry to hear it."

"Why, what's gotten into you, you ninny? Sorry! Why, I haven't heard anything to please me so much in many a day. I always liked the girl, but I'm not philosopher enough to marry for love alone. I liked her pretty well before, but can't help thinking her attractions very considerably enlarged since I heard that news. Never should have thought of anything but a pleasant acquaintance—guess I'll go in for her now. Good-bye, old fell, and don't hurt yourself working over those books."

Ned made no reply, but he felt, as if he would like to grind beneath his heel one who could speak so irreverently of her who, to his idea, combined every grace of heart and mind and perfection of form and feature which should make up a perfect woman.

Charley Ashton lost no time in improving his opportunities, for that night found him seated tete-a-tete with Miss Temple in a cosy little room in Twenty-first street.

Miss Temple was an orphan, and had for years lived with an aunt—her father's sister.

Ere the evening was over Charley Ashton had succeeded in appearing deeply in love, and not many days passed ere he had proposed and was accepted.

Of all her male acquaintances Miss Temple had always preferred the two young men we have mentioned. It was true, she had rather leaned to the quiet, steady Mr. Farnham, but of late he had ceased to visit her, while Mr. Ashton's presence had been almost constant. Hence she had persuaded herself that she loved him and had accepted him.

Charley urged a speedy marriage, but Anna preferred to wait until they knew each other better.

"But," said Miss Temple, "there is another reason, and I think I can be free with you now. I have spent so much of my little income, and aunt has no spare money, so that I have no means of defraying the necessary expenses."

"But you have the fortune left you by your Australian uncle."

"I have no fortune, dear Charley. Some thought it was mine, but the fortune you probably allude to was left to my cousin, Miss Anna Thompson Temple, to whom I introduced you at the Philharmonic."

The hours of the evening dragged heavily along, and as they lengthened Mr. Charles Ashton's manner became more and more formal.

He left, and Anna's warm heart was sad as she thought over the cool manner and cooler parting. No sleep came to her eyes that night.

About a week afterward a short note informed Miss Temple that, having lost all his savings in a bad speculation, he could not think of holding her to an engagement which would be out of his power to consummate in years."

Again our two young men met, this time on the roadway. Charley, gayly sauntering along, hailed Ned in his old familiar way.

"How—what's that?" was the eager reply.

"By the way, that fortune of Miss Temple's turns out to be all in my eye," he said.

"Why, a Miss Somebody Temple had about $100,000 left her, but it wasn't our pretty little friend.

What Farnham was thinking of we cannot say, but he did not go to the park that afternoon, and the evening found him in the little parlor, which had been so often graced by Charley's presence.

Ere the evening was over he had offered her his han and heart. She asked three weeks to consider, he to visit her as often as he pleased. At the end of that time he was accepted, and Anna learned what true love was.

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When the marriage ceremony was over, Mr. Smith, one of the firm Ned worked for and uncle of Anna, called the young couple into his library, and drawing from his safe a strong iron box, said:

"Now, young man, you're tied hard and fast, I'll tell you. You have got an heiress, and a rich one, too."

The rest the reader can guess.

Lost and Found.

Three months ago Gertie Bockwinkel, a young girl employed in a cracker bakery at St. Louis, lost her pocketbook, containing her week's wages, $10, some small change and a couple of receipted bills made out in her name. It was thought at the time that the pocketbook had been stolen by one of the employes of the factory, and detectives were employed by the firm to investigate its disappearance. No trace of the book or money was found. Two weeks after the book was lost Miss Bockwinkel received a letter postmarked at Key West, Fla. It was signed by Miss Alberta Curry of Key West and Miss Bockwinkel was asked whether she had lost anything of value, and if so to describe it. She told in answer of the loss of her pocketbook and of its contents, and the missing property was returned to her by registered mail. With it was a statement, to the effect that the book had been found wedged in between two cracker boxes purchased at a Key West store. Further correspondence followed, and finally Miss Curry, who appears to be a woman of considerable wealth, announced that she would be glad to assist her strangely made friend by defraying the expenses of a collegiate education for her. So, because she lost and found her pocketbook, the girl from the St. Louis cracker factory is expecting to leave in a few weeks for one of the eastern preparatory schools.

Dulse is an eatable seaweed. It has flat, palmshaped leaves.