

Cut (the worst quarter in London) with her diamond crown on and all her fine things, and nobody ud think of touchin' 'em!" As for the Prince, he made himself very nice, indeed. He trotted about among the men, saying, when they got up from the tables to greet him:

"No, no; just you sit down and get on with your dinner." After the meal he said to those near him: "Now, then, get your pipes; don't mind us; have a good time."

But one of the nicest affairs was the feast for the Cripples' Home. The poor waifs were so much impressed when they saw the pretty and good things provided that many of them began to cry quite bitterly. When two little maimed creatures were lifted up the steps to present flowers to the Princess, she and they all cried together, and she just put her arms around them and hugged them. Afterward, one small boy, being dreadfully anxious to give her something of his very own, begged her to have half his glass of lemonade! She sat down by him and shared it with him. It must have been pretty to see her. The people who call the Princess cold ought to catch a glimpse of her at such times.

The Artist.

She is the artist of the family; that is, she calls herself the artist, and insists that the family must, too. She spends her days in a photographer's "studio," not a real first class studio, but one of the little up-stairs places where the walls are whitewashed a dirty blue and the skylights are too little to let in much light. As the photographer makes a specialty of tin types, lovers innumerable stumble up the steps to sit together blushing and happy before the camera.

It was from one of these pairs of lovers that the artist of the family learned her lesson. I said "from one of these pairs of lovers." To be more exact I should have said two pairs; or to be more exact still, a pair and a half.

They came one afternoon in "Fair time," the girl with her plain, white dress, dusty from a half day spent at the fair grounds. She was a pretty little thing, rosy cheeked and flaxen-haired. She and her lover talked in some language that the artist could not understand, Swedish, perhaps, or Danish. The lover was tall and smiling and awkward.

They sat very close together, while the artist busied herself behind the black hangings of the camera. They thought, of course, that she could not see them, and just as the artist had finished adjusting the lens the boy leaned suddenly forward and kissed the pretty girl on her lips.

It was mean of the artist. But the kiss was so long and lingering. The camera was all ready, and one extra negative cost so little.

When the kiss was over the artist withdrew her head from the camera and said calmly that she was ready now; would they please smile and sit very still while she took the picture. Afterwards they went away—the girl staying behind a moment to whisper: "He goes away, home again, soon. Dat is vy we have the picture."

The whisper ended in a tremor and tears gathored in her blue eyes. The artist smiled sympathetically and stood quite still as the two walked down the stairs. She felt just a little guilty as she developed the two negatives. But she wanted to show the kissing scene to Frank.

She smiled happily when she thought of Frank. After all those other two were lovers just as truly as she and Frank were. If they paid less attention to the little conventionalities of high society, the difference was one of degree not of kind. Undoubtedly there was higher society whose niceties were beyond Frank and herself.

She thought of the tears in the childish blue eyes. That was the way she would feel if Frank were going away.

The kiss picture came out very well, not quite clear because of the short exposure. But it could be identified. Frank had a good laugh over it, so the artist was satisfied and set it up on the table in her room.

The two in the picture could hardly be expected to observe very carefully what was going on around them. But they had such a chance.

It was a pity they had to be so wrapped up in themselves. They could have seen the artist stare at herself in the glass sometimes with a pale, disheartened face. They could have seen her one evening, burn three letters over the lamp. They could have heard her in the middle of the night cry with her face buried in the pillow. But they were absorbed in their own love affair. They stood there on the table and kissed each other steadily all night till the artist woke in the morning and came and turned them to the wall. Since Frank did not love her any more, she could not bear to see the other two lovers kissing each other and happy.

The picture was turned to the wall for six months. The artist came and went with never a glance at the little Swede girl and her lover. She almost forgot them. She had other things to think about. She was learning to make her work in the gallery fill her life so that she would not miss the other things that had gone out. It was not easy, but in time things would smooth themselves over.

She sat retouching one day in the spring. Her back was toward the study door and she sang softly to herself as she worked. So she heard or saw nothing, till she felt a touch on her shoulder and heard an uncertain—

"If you please, Miss, we would like some pictures."

She stood up. It was the little Swede girl's lover. And the girl—it was not the Swede girl at all, but another with black eyes.

The artist went about her task mechanically.

A troop of cynical thoughts came crowding into her brain. He had evidently not gone away. He had found something too attractive here perhaps. He was not so confident with this girl—or not so much in love. The artist waited in vain for them to kiss. She took the negative and they went away looking uncomfortable and ill at ease with each other. He had spoken of the black eyed girl as his wife. He was married then. And what of the little Swede girl?

The artist could only guess. She was sorry. But still! The little Swede girl was much too true hearted for this man who had married within six months. And Frank—perhaps after all it would turn out for the best. She no longer cried in the middle of the night. And it was a hopeful sign that she could laugh when she thought how complete a parallel there had been in the two sets of lovers.

She looked at the kissing picture that night and wondered what the effect would be if she sent it accidentally among the pictures of the Swede girl and his black eyed wife. But she put aside the temptation and left the picture where it was with its face out. Beside it later, she set one of the other pictures. She had learned her lesson, that lovers are the same the world over—the pictures would help her remember.

ANNIE PREY.

LOVE.

Is love but a spider's thread
That one rude blast may sever?
Nay, 'tis a cable, iron stroug
God-wrought, to last forever.
—William Reed Dunroy.

Note—Miss Prey's story and Mr. Dunroy's poem show a difference of opinion as to the durability of that force which makes the world go round.—Ed.]

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The Talking Habit.

Nine times out of ten when a man gives a woman his seat in a street car she will sit down and look as if she was the most ill-used woman in the world. She never thinks to thank him, and looks daggers at him if he happens to brush her dress when he moves away or if the crowd jostles him up against her. But the other day I saw a woman who was an exception. She came into the car and stood in the doorway for a few seconds. Then a young man got up and offered her his seat. Her face grew radiant with smiles, and she almost screamed at him in a piercing tone of voice:

"Now you jest keep your seat. I have a theory—"

Here the car gave a lurch and she was thrown against the side of the door. She soon recovered, however, and went on.

"I have a theory—my ticket? Oh, here it is," and she fumbled around trying to find her pocket and at the same time hitting everyone around her with her sharp elbows and umbrella handle besides getting the large flower in her hat in several people's faces.

She finally got her ticket, and after giving it to the conductor she continued her talk.

"Yes, I have a theory that men who've paid their money for a seat in a car have—"

"Have my seat, madam," said a tall man, getting up.

"No, thank you. You've as much right to it as me and I ain't agoin' to take it. My theory is that a man's as good as a woman and has as much right to a seat as a woman. Keep your seat, sir. That's my theory."

How much longer she kept it up I do not know, for, luckily for me, I left the car at this time. HARRIET COOKE.

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