

A BROKEN CAECIDE.

ALICE LAWRENCE.
This gentle, sunny summer day
Make me and I have spent so sweetly
The long brown fields the new morn'g hay

FLUFFY AND HER LOVER

Fluffy was her name. Not the name by which she was baptized— which I never knew and never cared to know—but her real name. Every one called her Fluffy as naturally as one calls a cat pussy.

Fluffy had her orthodox list of schoolgirl accomplishments. Her little fingers touched the keys of the piano as lightly and as vaguely as a butterfly flits from flower to flower.

Fluffy had also been taught to draw and paint. It was in Rome that I first met her, and I well remember the pompous pride with which her father produced her portfolio of Italian sketches.

We all laughed at Fluffy and liked her. It was through me that she was introduced to my circle of friends in Rome. My knowledge of Fluffy's father dated back to prehistoric times.

I poured my woes into the sympathetic ears of one of my artist friends, Tresham by name, a young man of very attractive bearing and ready talents.

The worst charge ever brought against Tresham was that intellectually he was something of a snob. He was certainly exclusive in his choice of acquaintances as a rule.

Tresham became more affable and confiding than I ever remembered him. He was consciously letting himself down to her level of talk.

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of their more frivolous talk. Tresham, who hated dancing, was I found, endeavoring to persuade Fluffy into going to a fancy dress ball.

"Oh, I should love to go. I must go!" cried Fluffy, clasping her hands in naive excitement. "I have never been—that is, I mean I have been to an ordinary ball, but never to one in fancy dress. It must be so—so romantic."

"I am leaving Rome for a bit," he said abruptly. "I thought I'd come in and say good-by to you."

"I believe Fluffy is right," I said, "and I am astonished at her penetration and decision. You are not suited to one another; she is not my affinity, in short, and nothing I can say will alter her opinion."

"I know," she said, "that really at the bottom of his heart there was just a little contempt for me. Of course he liked me; I amused him."

"I suppose that sobered him, for he soon took his leave." For some days I saw little of either Tresham or Fluffy; but I have good reason to believe that they saw a good deal of each other.

"Mr. Tresham is so alarmingly well-informed," she said rather wistfully to me one day. "He knows a great deal, and I only half know a very little. He has such a clear brain; all his facts and his ideas about them are engraved in firm defined lines."

"Well, Fluffy," I said, "you are developing quite a remarkable vein of analysis."

"I was conscious of a sudden sharp pang of compunction at seeing her bright face overclouded even for a moment, and of something like fear at my heart, as I reflected that if it was true, as she said, that she was a 'woolly-headed little thing,' it was also true that nature had gifted her with wonderfully clear and truthful instincts where her heart was concerned."

Now and then he appeared to attempt a futile resistance to his feeling for her, but it was half-hearted and unsuccessful. With all his boasted intelligence he had not enough penetration into character or knowledge of vision to teach him that ultimate happiness could only depend upon the ready response of mind to mind, and soul to soul; that, what seemed moon-like, he was willfully

blind, and had not the strength of mind to sacrifice to the future the need of the moment. But one morning a strange event happened. I was sitting at the open window of my studio, overlooking the terrace gardens below.

"I was so startled by his manner that I could only gasp— 'It's rather sudden, isn't it?' 'Yes,' he said grimly, 'it's sudden.'"

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HOW TO CHANGE CHARACTER.

Prof. Albert Haush told the members of the Human Nature Club of Brooklyn, how they might "alter their characters and change the shape of their heads."

"Some years ago I began to practice facial and voice imitations, and was surprised to find that I could not assume an expression of anger, or love, or vanity without myself feeling for the time being these passions."

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he thought they must be near Barbadoes, their first destination, he called a young sailor to him, and said: "My man, I want you to go to the mast-head and look out for land; and when you sight it do not call out 'Land ho!' in the usual manner, but come down quietly and tell me about it."

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HORSEFLESH FOR HUMAN

The Taste for It Spreading in Europe. (Extracted from Medical News.) Hippophagy, or the habit of eating horseflesh, is spreading in Europe.

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