

ONLY TO HEAR HER VOICE AGAIN



Only to hear her voice again. Its sweet tone soft and low! It charms me when I heard it then A while ago. And still I feel it o'er me steal— It will not let me go.

'Tis but the echo of her song. The shadow of the sound Of that dear voice for which I long That follows me around. Yet find it well in that sweet spell To know my heart is bound.

Only to hear her voice again. Beside me fondly near. In tones of tenderness as when She held my love as dear. When joys have left the heart bereft How precious they appear!

My heart is now a harp held mute Till her voice touch the strings; If to her ear response be clear True harmony it brings. For, as she will, the harp is still. For, as she will, the harp is still.



Folly's Fire.

BY ELIZABETH CHERRY WALTZ. (Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

The old grandmother was dead and the baby, Angela, had followed her, as if the loving creature had beckoned to her from heaven. The winter had been long; the debts heavy and work scarce. Aurelia, with feverish eyes and scarring lips, had sewed and toiled. Lawrence, her husband, was sullen and discouraged. His tasks were irksome and to him there seemed little comfort at home. His trembling hands and shifting glances begged pitifully for a change, a relief of mind and body.

In the spring news came to Aurelia of the death of her grandmother's brother, a wealthy bachelor. He had willed the grandmother some money, and it fell to Aurelia as her heir. When she heard of it she went to Lawrence at the forge and sat down on the bench near him. It was a long time since she had sat there—almost a year.

"That money is coming to me, Lawrence."

"Well?"

"I have been counting on what I'd do. I'm going to give you five hundred dollars for granny's keep."

"I grudging her nothing," he said sagaciously.

"Oh, I know, but you felt the burden. I'm going to raise it a little. I want you to rent the shop and get new. I want you to be free and to see life 'bout so much hardness. That's what I'm going to do."

"Oh, but it's your money!"

"I'm going away, too—and see how it is to be free. You go your way and I'll go mine. If you want to come back, maybe you will find me here, plinking, sewing, tailoring, mending; then maybe you will not."

He glanced up and down the road with a relief on his face that did not change her scornful eyes.

"It might do us both a deal of good to get away," he said, cautiously, "but



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The old postmistress shook her head as she handed him a letter.

"So the times have gone good with you, Lawrence?"

"And gayly," he replied. "I am yet in my youth and can enjoy. The towns are full of sport for a man who loves a light heart and good company. But I promised Aurelia. She is, doubtless, well amused somewhere. Aurelia was handsome and can take care of herself."

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wife! How long she had gone about her duty uncomplainingly, while he rebelled! Now that he had seen the world he knew all that other life meant. But what of Aurelia?

A year and a day! It seemed an eternity. Once more he walked into the hamlet. The cottage looked familiar, its doorway bright with the gay flowers the traveler admired, the windows open and white-curtained. And could he believe his eyes?—Aurelia in her old print gown, there she was in the doorway!

He could not speak from excess of emotion. He leaned against the great tree in front of the gate and waited for her to come on to him.

"You have discarded your fine array," he said coldly.

She smiled rather sadly.

"I left it all at the castle of my godmother."

"And now?"

"Here is money for your wanderings again."

"I do not want it."

"What will you, then?"

"The old life, if I can, the old thought, the old work—and the old love."

She smiled brightly.

"So you have roamed enough. Well, it is a good thing to come home after being long away."

"And you—where have you been and how long since your return? What of the coach and the splendid gowns?"

"They were my godmother's loan for a short time."

He looked at her perplexed.

"A short time? How long were you away?"

"Foolish one! Not at all. Why should I go? I have spun and brewed and baked. I have seen the world from my window and door here. Women are not so varying, Lawrence. I did not care to follow fool's fire—not I, sir."

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Pictorial Humor

LOOK OUT FOR HIM.



Mr. Jones—What do you mean by knocking my ceiling down in that manner?

Plumber—Didn't you send me a card to come and fix a gas pipe?

Mr. Jones—No, I did not.

Plumber—Excuse me: I'm evidently in the wrong house.

TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT.

For proving a traitor to the black flag the beautiful, dark woman was to be marooned.

"To make the punishment more severe," advised the trustee, "we will leave her on the island without a crumb of food or a single cooking utensil."

"Bah!" hissed the great pirate, "that is nothing. We will leave her without a looking-glass."

Thus we see that even in the old days man recognized woman's weakness.

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