ROSETAT LARGE. BY BESSIE CHANDLER. 察的多家家家家家家家家家家家家家

DWH EYES.

"Well, what did you see, then?"
"You sat by her all through a wallz, you sake to ber and—looked at her, and alked to ber and—looked at her, and alked to be and—and—looked at her, and alked to be and and and alked to be alked to be and alked to be alked to talked to her and danced with her, a herthen you got up and danced with her, a herthe you got up and danced with her, a herthe her that notody thinks of dance.

Mrs. Millicent hesitated. On, no let the
greatest pleasure," and so after some demurring the maid was dismissed and the
murring the murring the murring the murring the murring the murring the murring ing nowadays! And then you went out and put her in her carriage, and tucked her in. I saw it al ."

"No, she's not. We were born the same

year, and I'm six menths the oldest."
"Oh, you found that out, did you? Well, I wouldn't believe her. She's a sty, deceitful thing! She's had one lover—at least I suppose her hu hand loved her. I don't see why, though, I should think she'd be contented new to stay at home and behave herself, in-stead of trying to rob other women!"

He looked at her helpessly—the big, hand-some, simple-minded fellow. He was no match for Kittle. She buzzed all around him, like a tormenting insect, too small to eatch too aggravating to be ignored.

"Kittle, you shall hear me," he exclaimed.
"What were you doing when I sat beside
Mrs. Millicent? Waltzing with Captain Gra-ham. Now I can't waltz till that confounted knee gots right again, and do you think it's such a pleasure to watch you circling round me—with other men? Mrs. Millicent talked with me, which is more than half the girls do with a man who doesn't dance. Then came the lanciers. I can get through those. I looked for you—but, as usual, you were off with somebody else, so I desced with Mrs. Millicent, Surely it's no crime for me to dance one square dance with another woman when you danced a dozen round dances with Miss Kittie Nicholson was unappeased.

"It isn't so much that you did it," she haughtly, "as that you enjoyed it so!" abe said He looked at her in amazement. "Would you prefer to see me weep, as

dance? I'll remember that next time, and drop a few tears as I go,"

"Oh, it isn't that. I can't make you understand. I'm not jealous, not at all. Still, every one says you are a great flirt, and it seems so queer that you should be loving me, as you say you do and yet so perfectly conas you say you do, and yet so perfectly con tented with another woman, at the zame

"But I didn't see anything of you, Kittle You won't let our engagement be announced I have to stand with the rest of the mob and take my chance. I can hardly ever see you alone. I'm perfectly happy when I'm with you-you know I am-but you won't let me be with you. You turn me off, and laugh a me, and starve me. Then I pick up who crumbs I can from other people's tables. presume, now, you're going out tonight." Miss Nicholson colored and locked con fused. "Well, yes, to tell you the truth, am. But not right away. Maud has a little upper tonight."

looked at her savagely. "That's always the way! I shall go and see Mrs.

"If you do, Gerald Hayes, I'll never speak to you again! The idea! Why, Gerald, I believe you really like her." Her tone had changed entirely, and a

strain of real anxiety showed itself above the assumed petulency with which she had "I do like her-what do-you want me to do, Mrs. Miller hasn't invited me. It's too carly to go to bed yet. Shall I go up and

sit on the steps until you come out? I'm rather big to play lamb to you, Mary, but I will it you wish it." 'Dear Gerald," said the girl, slipping her hand in his, "just wait a little longer. You've een so good and patient, I will tell everybody in a few days. It frightens me a little -that's all. But you know I love you.

The last words were very low, but he heard them, and his arm was around her in a second, and he felt that he was being more than paid for all that he had suffered.

He lett her half an hour later with a much lighter heart. She was an unreasonahis spoilt beauty, he said to himself, but the dearest darling in the world.

went up the street, whistling coftly Where should be go? It was, as he had ing him.

said, to early to go to bed, and of course he would not go to Mrs. Millicent's now. In fact, he no longer wanted to. He was full of the afterglow of his last moment-Suddenly he bethought bim of a friend

of his mother's, a charming, middle-aged woman, who I'ved right on the way. He excel her a dinner party call, too, and this was just the night to make it. So he walked along until he came to her door, keeping up his low, happy whistle. But "who can contend with his lords?"

Geraid Hayes, trying his best to do his duty, walked straight into the trap which fate had set for his unwary feet. For, as he stood in Mss. Norwood's hall, he heard music—a weman's voice singing. He stopped a moment listening, but the servant pulled the porticre and announced him, and there was nothing for him to do but enter the drawing room. The lights were dim, but he saw Mrs. Norwood, sitting in her but he saw Mrs. Norwood, sitting in her accustomed corner, and went at once to speak to her. The music stopped, and the figure at the piano rese hastily. He looked across to find that it was Mrs. Millicent, "Don't get up, Annie," said Mrs. Nor-wood, "I'm sure Gerald will enjoy hearing you as much as I do. Gerald, have you heard Mrs. Millicent sing?" Never, I am so glad to have that pleas-

Well, sit right down and begin again, That war a lovely thing, that last, Gerald Hayes moved nearer the plano. Mrs. Mill:cent looked at him and smiled. 'You are quite sure this isn't going to be

a nulsance? What an idea! I shall love it, I know." She began to look at her music, turning over and selecting it, while he looked

She was a small woman, less brilliantly pretty than Kittle. Her yellow hair waved away from her face, and over her head, and was gathered in a low knot. Her eyebrows were extremely level and quite dark, much darker than her hair. It was this pe-culiarity which gave her face its character, for her cheeks were pale, and her mouth, although sweet, was very small. She wore

a white dress, made very simply, it seemed to Gerald, and yet there was something about it that appealed to him as essentially wemanly.

Why is it there are certain laces, certain bits of jewelry, certain fabrics and colors that we instinctively associate with a gentle weman? Other things may be just as delicate and pretty, but they lack the subtle fragrance of long association. We are not

quite sure of them.

Gerald Hayes' eyes looked approvingly at Mrs. Millicent. Here was a restful woman.

one who, whatever clse she might do, would never torment a man.

Then she began to sing. She had a sweet

Then she began to sing. She had a sweet voice, carefully trained, and she saing with great feeling. She saing a number of love songs, and Gerald's heart thumped wildly through them all. He knew it was only singing, only the art of rendering a given emotion, and yet he felt that he would like once to hear a woman tell him that she loved him in such sweet, low tones as that, so full of passionate feeling. Kittie had never done so; she had either announced the fact done so; she had either announced the fact flippantly, or allowed it to be reluctantly

dragged from her.

He cared nothing at present for Mrs. Millicent, but within half an hour he was
deeply in love with her voice. Whenever
she stopped Mrs. Norwood would cry out:
"Oh, do go on! I am enjoying it so!"
Her eyes were closed, and she had every
appearance of nodding in her corner, but she

roused herself each time, with the stoppping inally when Mrs. Millicent was really to

tired to sing any more Mrs. Norwood rang

ed, 1856, by S. S. McClure Company.) | and gave some orders, and then they set-"But, Kittle, you are perfectly unreason-tied themselver in one of the cosy corners and chatted away like old friends. "Not at all: I know what I saw with my Mrs. Millicent's maild came for her, but Mrs. Norwood said: "Send her away. Don't

three rat down to a delicious little supper. Everything at Mrs. Norwend's was good, and she here-if seemed to be fully awake at aw it al."

But, Kittle-"

You needn't say 'Kitrle' to me! The idea and Gerald found that he and Mrs. Millicent of that little willow's being attractive! She's were glancing at each other with a perfect old enough to be your mother." were glancing of their hossess. That is always delightful sympathy, when two people think the same of a third, and know they

do, without expressing it. . It was late-later than any of them imagined, when Gerald found himself walking home with Mrs. Millicent. The spell of the evening was broken now. He was simply a tired man, escorting a silent little Why couldn't be make the sensation perma-

yet to be.' You've only seen half—hardly only a sign of great fidelity. No. I'm not hat. See it all before you decide it's so laughing at you, I mean it. You have leved 'the eternal womanly,' that is all. Whenever you have met a woman, who seemed

"To you really think one can get over one's troubles and forget them, and—and be happy without the things that one wants."

"I think you can," she said, emilingly. "I know you can. It isn't the filme now to write, 'and so they lived happy ever afterward,' at the end of your story. It would make the story too short, too stupid. But it will be written there yet, never fear."

"I think I shall go away," he said gloomily. "I'm feeling rather seedy, and a little change does a fellow such a lot of gool."

"Oh, don't go now," she answered. "I'm expecting Miss Sherlock, from Virginia, and it was treasured and returned."

xpecting Miss Sherlock, from Virginia, and her cousin, to stay a month with me. I've rather depended on you to help me entertain hem. They're nice girls, both of them. think you'll like them."

I think you'll like them."
"Very well," he said rather dejectedly.
"I'll put it off for the present. You've been
so good to me, I'd like to help you if I can."
The "nice girls" didn't appeal toohim in
the least, but he went home cheered by Mrs. Millicent's sympathy and words of encour-

"Oh, you big, handsome, silly fellow," she thought when he left her, "you think you're so miserable, and you'll go to eleep the minute your head touches the pillow," but she, who had really known trouble, lay awake half the night thinking of many things. Her guests came after a few days, and

they really were nice, and very pretty, too. Gerald saw them daily, and before the month was over he was midly in love with Miss Sherlock. That is, he didn't call it "madly" to himself. He felt sure that Kittle had here was a charming, congenial girl who made him happier whenever he met her. weman home.

Therefore he had no feeling of guiltiness when he suddenly met Kittle. Yes, Kittle, she were alone together, he reached over



SUPPOSE I SHOULD ACCEPT THIS OMNIBUS AFFECTION OF YOU, HOW LONG BEFORE YOU'D OFFER IT TO SOME ONE ELSE?"

in a carriage stopping before a house where | and took her hand. she had evidently left one of her party. The searching electric light fell full upon her face, but there was no time to speak. The carriage drove off, and he and Mrs. Milli- "your rings are very beautiful. She held carriage drove off, and he and Mrs. Milliabout it, till after he got home. Then he began to think how Kittie would demand explanations, and how impossible it would be to satisfy her. He resolved that he would see her the first thing in the morning explain it all, and get through the little

cene as soon as possible. But Kittie was not in when he called in the morning, nor, was he more successful when he tried to see her in the afternoon. The first rebuff irritated him, the second antagonized

Gerald Hayer wits a sweet-natured man, easily led, and offickly influenced, but ob-stinate if one tried to drive him. His heart hardened against Kittle for her absurd misunderstandingt and her silly idea of punish

He resolved to ask Mrs. Millicent to drive with him that evening. She went, and he had the pleasure of passing Kittle in his whitechapel as she was driving with her mother. She didn't see him, but eat so unnecessarily straight, and was so e aborunconscious, that Mrs. Millicent ex-nel. "What is the matter? Dan't you know Miss Nicholson 21's

"Not tonight; is seems," he answered grimly. She looked at him sternly, but said noth-

'This has been a delightful drive," said he, when he helped her out, "won't you go again with me? Would temorrow be to

She looked at him and laughed. He was so big and yet so boyish. The frown that had wrinkled his forehead when they passed Kittle still shadowed his handsome face and this little trick of using her for a foll was such an old one, and so transparent. "Not temorrow," she answered gently,

but sometime, certainly." "I wish you would go tomorrow," he said earnestly, his face dark with trouble, I really wish it very much."

He was forming the desperate design of riving with her every evening, and passing 'Not tomorrow," she repeated, and left

im disconnolate. the morrow he had other things t think of, for Kittle wrote to him at last.

It was a very singry, short letter. "After your outrageous conduct," she "you can hardly expect me to see ain. Our engagement, which most you again. fortunately has never been announced, is now ended. I have no ring to return, but send with this whatever things I have that night remind me of you. Do not try to see

me, for it is useless.
"With many regrets over my own foolishness, believe me, truly yours, "KATHERINE NICHOLSON."

"KATHERINE NICHOLSON."
To this he answered:
"My Dear Kittie: I came to see you on Monday, with a full explanation of my 'outrageous conduct.' but you evidently did not care to hear it. I have done nothing which I can look upon in any way as a reason for breaking our engagement. I am therefore compelled to believe that you wish it broken. Against your wish I will not Against your wish I will not broken. appeal. Believe me, very sincerely your "GERALD HAYES."

After sending this note he felt very mis-erable, so miserable, in fact, that it did not seem to him he could exist without consolation, and so he went to see Mrs. Millicent. He made so many cynical remarks to her, in the course of his visit, about the faithleasness of women that she had a very good idea of what had happened, and was intensely amused. She sang to him and he seemed to quite enjoy all the melanchely ballads, reveling especially in one with the pleasing refrain, "When love is a lie and hope is dead."

"You're feeling down tonight, aren't you?" she asked, after she had finished singing, "Yes." he answered, biting the ends of his mustache and glaring savagely, "I've had rather a blow today." He would have told her all in a minute.

but she would have liked him less, if he had, and so she headed him off.
"Do you ever read Browning?" she was going to say, but the absurdity of the ques-tion struck her, and she changed it to:

ion struck her, and she changed it to:

"There is a little verse I love. It goes:

'Grow old along with me!

The best is yet to be,

The last of life, for which

The first was made.

Our times are in His hand

Who saith 'A whole I planned,

Youth shows but half;

Trust God all, nor be afraid.'

"I think that fix your case." I'me best is "I think that fits your case, 'The best is ut her hand to him, the color warm in her

"Yes," she said with a little gasp, "I do ot always wear them, but this one I ought o-I should-" She faltered and stopped. His face was crimson. "You mean-"Yee, it is my engagement ring." spoke with a sort of tumultuous energy, as if

word had gathered itself There was a chort, awkward silence.

'Do you think that's fair?" he blurted out

don't understand you." "Yes, you do. You know what I was gold say; you stopped me with this. Don't u think-your confession is a little late?"
"How could I know? How dared I imagine such things? Do you think a girl believes every man she meets will fall in love with her unless she wears a danger signal? I ever dreamed-I never supected-I hope now t isn't true." The tears rose in her honest eyes, and the sight of them gave Gerald

the first real pang he had felt.
"Never mind," he said with a sort of pathetic dignity, "I dare say it's my fault. 'm a good deal of a fool."
"And you'll believe," she said looking at him with sorry, chining eyes.

'I shall believe nothing but good of He raised her hand to his lips and

A good woman is very apt to exaggerate A good woman is very apt to exaggerate the pain she gives a man by refusing him. She measures his grief by her capacity to love some one close, and finds his loss great and terrible. As a matter of fact, most men have been refused at one time or another, and very few of them have been blighted in the process.

This girl, for instance, cried a good deal over her carelessness and heartlessness. She feit deeply remorseful for what she had done. But Gerald bore the blow with com-posure, and without any bitterness what-

Of course, he did not go to Mrs. Millient's so often, until her guests had departed, but then he fell into his old ways of dropping in to see her; of listening to her singing, of taking her to drive. She soothed him and rested him. She began to seem to him the one woman in the world who never exasperated.

night he told her he loved her. He made the confession a little shyly, for she had always treated him with a certain matronly kindness, as if she were very much older than he. She did not answer for some time-so in fact that he became very uncom-

rtable. Then she sald slowly: "How long have you cared for me, Ger-"Ever since I have known you," he an

swered promptly.
She looked at him in amazement. "Oh," he added hastily, "I suppose you are thinking of Miss Sherlock. Yes, I did

"And told her so?" "Yes, I told her so." "But that was only a month ago." "I know it." Their eyes met in the sllence that fol Their eyes met to down the both laughed. "But, Gerald," she said, looking at him straight from under those level eyebrows.

"This is not a laughing matter."
"I know it's not," he said penitently.
"Before you met Miss Sheriock, weren't
you fond of someone elec?" 'Yes, that was Kittie, I was engaged to "And before Kittle?" "I don't think this is fair, Mrs. Millicent. Yes, there were others before Kittle." He was red and defiant now, but truth-ful in the depths of his embarrassment.

Her eyes twinkled a little as she asked him

"Have you ever been called fickle?" say, Mrs. Millicent, this isn't fair a I'm in dead earnest, and you do nothing but chaff me! I know I've liked other girls, I've been a fool if you choose to call me so, but this is different."
"is it, Gerald? Suppose I should accept this omnibus affection of you, how long be-fore you'd be offering it to sameone clase?"

He flushed indignantly. "You've no right to say that. If you would let me love you

would never look at another woman in my "Do you know, Gerald, strange as it may seem, I believe you."
"Thank you," he said a little stiffly.
"Do you know I think your fickleness is

it was treasured and returned."
"I know I would," he said enthusiastically,

"I know I would." "I even believe that I could make you happy, if I tried, Gerald."
"Oh, Mrs. Millicent!!"
"I am older than you—oh, not in years, I

know-but I have suffered, and, even with-our that, mine is the elder nature. I know, as a young girl cannot know, how great and beautiful a thing an honest man's love is. I should be so careful of it, I would never trifle with it, never hold it lightly, it is beyond all price. She stopped, her

voice choking a little. He rose and stood in front of her. "And will you take mine," he said. "Oh, indeed, it will last! I am sure—I never fe!t like this before!"

She put her hands before her face a minute. Then she raid: "Is it quite fair to you? I shall love you" those of romance. He came to England love, I shall revel in your devotion—but it years ago, we are told by a lady jeweler, to will be a little different. A younger woman fill an order from one of the royal families in broken his heart in the most unfeeling manbroken his heart in th

> She smiled at him, but he heeltsted now, He looked like a thirsty man, who, travel-ing over an arid plain, comes unexpectedly upon a sparkling spring, yet who will not touch its waters until he is sure of their

"You have been so frank," he began, awkwardly, "and I can't talk as you do, and express things, but I want to say something—I know I will be happy with you, because I love you so, but if it's only my love you care for, and the managing me, and making me comfortable—if it's that, I'm afraid you won't be happy. You will have a little bit, just for myzelf, you know, or the rest wen't count. Do you think have to civilized man in England and throughout to civilized man in England and throughout 'You have been so frank," he began,

"Dear," she said softly, "I think I have loved you all the time."

He cut his arms around her then and classed her, and as his lips touched hers felt the first link forming in the chain which would keep him hers through life.
They were married and went abroad, and

it was over a year before he saw Kittle Nicholson again. He felt himself the very happiest of men. The birth of his first child recently had been a source of the heanest delight to him. His heart was full of good will to all men that he are included some women, and he forgave Kittle for all her cruelty.

He went up to her and offered her b

congratulations upon her approaching mar-rage. She shrugged her shoulders coquet-tishly as she answered him. "And you are very happy?" she asked.
"Yes," he said honestly, "I am."

"What mistakes we make, don't we?" she aid, glancing at him and then letting her ong eye-lashes droop a little, "Yes, Kittle, we do." "But you know I told you in the begin-

ning that you were in love with Mrs. Milli-"You did, Kittle, and I have never thanked you for it. I don't believe I should ever have found it out, if you hadn't been so

LEARNING HOW TO LIVE.

Experience Worth More Than Any Other Menns of Knowledge. Chauncey M. Depew, who recently celebrated his 63d birthday, gives utterance to a testimony which is full of encouragement to those persons who have passed beyond the boundary of middle life, says the Kansar lity Star. The famous New Yorker find that he is able now to do more work and better work than at any other time in his life, and with less worry and fatigue; that he is physically and mentally stronger at 63 han when he was much younger, and les liable to those discomforts and interruptions

which are caused bystemporary derangements of the system. This is a highly reasonable and logical statement. It simply confirms the proposition that experience is worth more to a man han any other means of knowledge, that a wise use and conservation of physical and intellectual force rivals in its power for usefulness the boxested vigor of youth and early manhood. Under normal conditions of life all that a man loses at 60 is energy and enthusiasm, and without judgment either of these qualities may become a fruitful agency of harm. But he gains much which offeets the loss of natural force. He learns low to use his faculties to the best ad vantage; he masters the all-important art of adapting his talents to the uses for which hoy are best fitted; he curtails the waste of time and energy which is incident to the predigality of youth; the accumulating years bring to him a better understanding of his

moral resources and disclose to him a wiser plan for their employment. The reflective side of man's nature is de eloped by age, and its cultivation promotes emposure and peace of mind. This exerts wholesome influence on the physical organ-em, which is always injured by the worry and regret which follow rash experiments. The golden fruits of mental and moral dis cipline do not ripen until well beyond middle life. It is when they are fully developed that existence is the most desirable; it is then that the boon of life can be made mos serviceable to the possessor world. As reason comes more and more t dominate impulse and passion, and foolish ambitions and inclinations are brought under subjection to a temperate and intelligent plan of life, the mind takes a firmer grasp on the real meaning of the human scheme and the body is ruled by forces which pre-serve and strengthen it.

Well past three score years, nobedy thinks of Chauncey M. Depew as an old man. It would be impossible to think of a more desirable let in life than his. There is no avenue of enjoyment which is not open to him. His name is almost a synonym for good fortune. He is known at home and abroad as the embodiment of sprightly wit and happy humor. His opinions are sought for the light which they throw on subjects of a profounder import than the pleasant ries of life. There are few figures in the

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than he. There is no thought that his day wane. In the abundant enjoyment of influence, of prosperity, of vigor of body and mind, of the admiration of the public, he verifies the claim that, at 63, he is at the very zenith of his career.

The art of living is like everything else-it must be learned. And the man who ap-plies himself to this chief learn studiously and with a proper understanding of its tre mendous significance will find that with the failure of those precious gifts which yout bestows come those substantial compensations which cannot be earned save through the which cannot be earned eave through the processes of tollsome experience. It is often said that men do not learn how to live until they are ready to die, but there is no knowledge pertaining to the great mystery of human life and death which is not profitable in the world that now is, even withou reckoning upon the world which is to com-

Ups and Downs of the Opal. It to not "fashionable" to be superatitious about wearing opals, says the Washington Gazette. Ten years ago the woman who wore an opal was a brave woman, indeed. Today expirts admit more opals are bought than any other precious stones except diamonds. It was Sir Walter Scott who in "Anne of Geteretein" to arouse the fears of the superstitious concerning the wearing of that very beautiful stone, and it was a German dealer in gems who fostered that fear very successfully for other ends than 'Always," he said, fervidly, "if you will abled to fill his order and make a handsom

The Vice of Overeating. How much harm is done to health by our ore-sided and excessive diet no one can say, eays the Sanitarian. Physicians tell us that it is very great. Of the vice of overcating, as practiced by the well-to-do classes, in England especially, Sir Heary Thompson, a noted

Her eyer had the softest, sweetest look in them that he had ever seen in a woman's lace. There was infinite tenderness shining through a little mist of tears.

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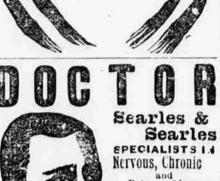


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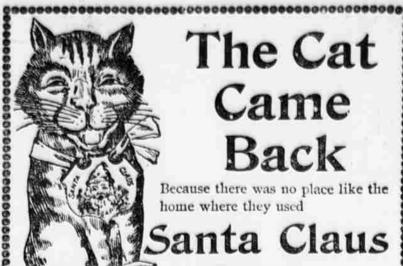


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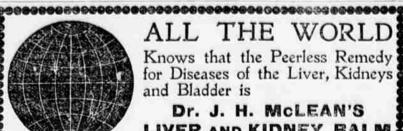
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