

**THE SACRED FLAME.**

When love first flames  
in the human breast  
(Coy love, shy love,  
love untried and wary),  
Love that is naught,  
but a sweet unrest  
(Mild love, young love,  
love afraid and chary)—  
Then, oh, lover! thou  
shouldst feed the flame,  
Cover it, and aid it,  
and keep it free from blame,  
Watch it, and guard it,  
and prize what it confesses!  
And fan it into blazing,  
with soft kisses and caresses!

When love burns bright  
in the woman's heart  
(Brave love, strong love,  
love complete and teeming)  
Love that is all of life,  
more than a part.  
(Full love, rich love,  
love enthroned and beaming)—  
Then, oh lover! thou  
shouldst tend the fire,  
Add to it, and feed it,  
and pile it ever higher,  
Heap it, and spread it,  
and bless it as it blesses,  
And fan it ever greater  
with soft kisses and caresses!

When love dies down,  
as the heart grows old  
(Poor love, tired love,  
love alone and weary),  
Love that is dulled like  
a heart grown cold  
(Tried love, true love,  
love in tears and dreary),  
Then, oh lover! thou  
shouldst speed thy hands,  
Plenish it, and aid it,  
and build it up with brands,  
Shield it, and screen it  
from winter's dire distresses  
And fan it into glowing  
with soft kisses and caresses!

**Circumstantial Evidence**

To say that Bertie Forrest was in love is altogether to mild a way of putting it. He was helplessly, disparingly, recklessly in love, and as he said, he didn't care who knew it. The girl was the daughter of Colonel McHendree, and with eyes which at once put Forrest into the afore-stated condition the first time he ever looked into them.

She was a nice looking girl, and rather liked him. He had plenty of money and therefore was inclined to be lazy; wishing to spend his time at two places, with her first, and when she would no longer permit him to be with her, to loaf at the club. Now, this girl's father had money too and was not particular whether Bertie Forrest or any other young man showed attention to his daughter. "Who ever" he said, "Elsie does finally chose, has got to show he is a man, with plenty of nerve."

So when Bertie heard this he felt that things were at an end with him. How was he to know whether he had any nerve or not? And if he did have any how was he to show it? The awfulness of the thing striking him he drank more than was good for him, and went to sleep in one of the window seats at the club. His friends knew all the incidents of his affair, and seeing him in this condition thought he must either have been jilted or kicked out of the house by the girl's father, so they pitied him and let him sleep undisturbed.

Elsie McHendree and her father had been out riding in the afternoon. He was a collector of butterflies, and his daughter took quite an active interest in this work, and would tramp over the country with a net in her hand for half a day, and come home in the evening with all sorts of things pinned on her straw hat.

This afternoon the two had made an excursion into the Guyha country to get specimens of the rare black butterfly. They had tramped and ridden for hours and with it all had not been very successful. Just as they entered town, one of the wheels of their carriage broke down and they had to leave it there with their driver. Luckily another one passed just as the accident happened and the Colonel hired this to take him to his club and his daughter home.

It happened that just a moment before the Colonel was let out at his club, Bertie Forrest had awakened from his sleep and feeling the need of fresh air had taken his hat and gone. He had not gone fifty steps when the carriage drove up and let Elsie's father out, and then it started on.

For some unaccountable reason the horses became frightened just as the driver started them and instantly they were tearing up the street to the horror of the Colonel who was just climbing the club steps. The girl was clinging to the cushions and the carriage was swaying from side to side, while the driver let fall the reins, and sprang from the seat.

Bertie Forrest, who was crossing the street, hearing the clatter and noise turred, and saw the horses and carriage almost upon him. He was still dizzy from the excess of his libations and did not easily understand what it meant. However he saw the white face of Elsie McHendree, and instinctively he leaned a little to one side, and made a spring at one of the horses as they dashed by.

He caught some of the harness, and dragged a little way. The violence of the motion brought him to a realization of what was happening, and in a moment he was sober.

For all his laziness he was an active young fellow and before the horses had run a hundred yards he had managed to pull himself upon the back of the one who was dragging him, and then stopping them was easy enough.

When he helped her out, she did not faint nor throw herself into his arms, but only smiled at him a little and turned to her father who came running up. And when she was leaning on her father's arm, Forrest lighted a cigarette and started off to the club saying, that the crowd which had gathered was a "beastly bore;" and he flushed a little for he found that his tie was around under his ear.

Of course he had sense enough to keep still, and when any of the fellows at the club spoke of Bertie having nerve, he only smiled to himself. No one was the wiser and Elsie's father thinks he is the finest boy in the club, and takes him out butterfly-hunting.

Sometimes the 'finest boy' asks himself what he would have done had he been sober.

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May—Clara and Belle appear to be inseparable.

Minnie—Yee; they are in love with the same man and they have to watch one another constantly.

She—Such a pretty watch! How long have you had it?

Brokleigh—Oh, off and on, for five years.

De Sapley—I'm going to kiss you when I go.

Miss Caustique—You'll forget how to kiss by that time.

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