

As a bird speeds
To lose itself
Does it travel w
To find the plac
Does it measure
star,
And feel its
And caught by
Storm-tossed an
Till the courage
Must it go in
I do not think t
For weary is li
And battling an
Man goes from
And surely this
The long day's
The doubt and
The anguish
And when the s
And the soul he
I do not believe
Through the
No, wild may the
And the shudd
Afraid to go as
But when it m
With a raptur
I think it awak
That heaven call
And only wak
That 'tis but a
From the wor
To the raptur
And the smile
And that just
and aweac
Begins its jour
And finds that h
Lay just outst
—Susan Cool
At a reception
to the Fout's
friends were dis
of a woman, fan
when a gentlema
"To me, she
her ability to su
have seen done
with nothing but
piece of walling,
and ends which
and she would
a charming dw
grifts, that was
and womanly."
An American
English woman,
for her learning
ee to his impre
whelmed me w
broad, liberal v
distinct a new
opiated, recoll
the town and
carpet, and th
across the floor
Carlyle, who
surroundings he
impressed by
rifle of plume
home of the wor
and the most
history is her
dainty charm
which he plac
There is no
stronger than h
he is apt to val
"making a hom
sailor's wife"
show her joy
"household me
ideal women th
all Shakespeare
mestic women."
"Let me see
you what you
vitch says to
American girl
art, or it may b
apt to forget th
sight and the
servants, forget
cloth and gre
character as l
do neatness and
They forget,
or song or su
daintly, cheerf
any woman ma
which all men
certainly take