

tion; a friend had wired me that he was passing through and would like to have a few minutes' chat. As the express pulled in he met me at the door of the Pullman and drew me inside. As we talked rapidly two people came in and took a seat just behind. The bell rang, and I rose to go when a faint sound like a kiss caught my ear. I turned round expecting to see the usual bridal couple.

I was mistaken. A strikingly handsome man, with a laughing baby in his arms held the little thing up for a second caress, and then turning to the beautiful woman at his side with a look of love and affection, said in a voice tender and low, "My darling, do you realize it? We are going Home!" It was Lord and Lady Firlow.

Kiss Her.

Thomas Augustin Daly.

Say, young man, if you've a wife,
Kiss her.

Every morning of your life,
Kiss her.

Every evening when the sun
Marks your day of labor done,
Go! get homeward on the run—
Kiss her.

Even if you're feeling bad,
Kiss her.
When she's out of sorts or sad,
Kiss her.
Act as if you meant it, too,
Let the whole true heart of you
Speak its ardor when you do
Kiss her.

If you think it's "soft," you're wrong,
Kiss her.
Love like that will make you strong—
Kiss her.
If you'd strike with telling force
At this Evil of Divorce
Just adopt this simple course:
Kiss her.