

A LOVE STORY.

Will was a handsome young man and his people were wealthy—"aristocrats," some called them—and we could hardly blame Maude for falling in love with him. He had loved her since they were children together. His grandfather lived just across the road from Maude's home, so he saw her quite often, for he was always going to see his "dear grandpa."

We used to tease him a great deal about his love for his grandparents, and would always ask him how they were getting along. He never failed to give us a good answer, for he was as sharp as tacks.

Will was sharp. His father was one of our ablest lawyers and could think of more sharp things to say than any one I know of, and we all spoke of Will as a "chip from the old block."

Maude was a lovely girl and always so happy. She had pretty blue eyes and dark hair, which made her more interesting than ever. She had a sister Nell, and they used to be inseparable. It made no difference where one was, the other was sure to be there too, but Nell fell in love with a nice farmer and was now out on his farm as his wife.

Maude seemed so lonesome when Nell left, and it was no wonder she got more attached to Will, for he made it a point to be a great sympathizer at this time; not a day went by that he did not call to take her for a drive or a walk.

Her parents were not wealthy, but were comfortably well off, and we thought it would be such a good match for Will and Maude to marry, for it would bring two nice families into closer friendship.

About the time we thought the happy day was set, a young man named Len Allen, who had been out West for some time, returned home. He had not had an extra good name before he left, but he came back so fashionably dressed and cut such a dash that the boys took right up with him. I could not help feeling sorry when I saw Will going around with him so much. Somehow I could not feel that Allen was as good as he might be, and I was afraid he would lead Will astray, for he was young and full of life and I thought easy to fall in with the ways of any one he was in company with.

It was but a short time until we noticed Will did not go to see Maude as often as he used to, but that he seemed infatuated with Allen and was with him all the time.

I noticed Maude began to look troubled but when Will would come to see her she would seem brighter for a while, so I suppose he told her he had good excuses for not going to see her oftener—that work or business matters kept him away—and, of course, she believed him.

In a few weeks more I noticed that he did not call to see her any more, and that she was looking so pale and sad, and one day I just could not stand it any longer, so I asked her to tea and thought I could find out the trouble and do the best I could for her.

She said she would come and seemed pleased to do so, as it was a change and it took her thoughts off a little from "my Will" as she used to call him.

After tea was over we were sitting by the door when who should pass but Will and Allen.

"Hello, Maude, fine evening," cried Will in a rather thick voice, and I saw she but barely nodded to him, and stepped back into the room and burst out crying.

I went to her putting my arms around her and asked her to tell me her trouble saying that I would be a true friend and perhaps I could help her.

"Oh, dear," sobbed she, "its just does not seem possible that he can be my Will of whom I was so proud, and to think how happy we were until that Allen came."

"But what is the matter with Will and what has Allen done?" I asked.

"You know how intimate Will has been with Allen lately. He stopped coming to see me, and oh, how I worried about him but never suspected anything wrong until one day my father said he had heard that Allen was a gambler and drinker and that he was taking Will with him as fast as he could and said that he wanted the engagement broken between us for he could not allow his daughter to keep company with any such person."

"I asked him if I could not try and get Will to stop—that perhaps he would for my sake. I could not believe that it was so and wanted to ask Will. Father said it made me feel so bad so he said if he saw Will he would tell him to call—and that I was to tell him if he did not reform right away that he would have to stop coming to his house and our engagement cease."

"You know when father makes up his mind to anything it is hard to make him change it, and if he got right angry at any one he would soon kill him as not. I was afraid of father and thought strange that he would even give Will a trial, but I guess he was sorry for me and Will's folks."

"When Will came that evening I asked him if it was so. He flew up in a minute and talked so terribly about father, me, and every one, and said he could attend to his own business and wanted me to attend to my own. I tried to hush him up and plead with him but it did no good, and I told him our engagement would have to be broken. He did not seem to care and I actually think he was glad. I knew the drinking story was so, for I could smell whiskey on his breath, and oh, it seemed my heart would break, for I had been so proud of him. He is drinking this evening, for I can tell by the way he looked and acted."

Poor girl, I did not know what to do for her. I wanted to advise her but did not know how, but I told her she must not worry so, that she was looking sick and it would make her parents feel so bad and told her to try to be her old self again—that I thought a few weeks in the country with her sister would do her good.

She went out to Nell's the next day and I was so glad, for Will was getting deeper in trouble. His mother was nearly crazed at the change. His father would talk to him but all for no good. He would promise to be better, then when he would get with Allen he seemed to forget all promises.

Allen and Will attended a spelling school a few miles from town one night and I guess they were both intoxicated, for the next day they were arrested for disturbing the peace.

How bad we all felt, and I just made up my mind I would go and talk to Will and perhaps if I told him how Maude was worrying herself to death about him he would try to do better.

Allen pleaded guilty to the charge, but Will said he was not going to for he did not do anything out of the way and so he went to trial.

A very large crowd of people were in the court-house when the trial came off, and when they brought in a verdict of not guilty I never heard such clapping of hands, stamping of feet, etc. We all went to Will and shook his hand, thinking it would do him good.

I got to talk to him a little by himself, and tears stood in his eyes when I told him of Maude. He did not say much.

The next day I went to the post-office and I saw Maude talking so earnestly to Will. She was crying, too, and it seemed to have a great effect on him. I saw her father coming down the street, and I warned her for he was opposed to Will and forbade Maude to speak to him.

She went home with me, and as we were going she told me that Allen had left the town, and that she had hopes for Will now.

She stayed to tea with me, and after it was over who should come in but Will. I went on attending to my housework, and let the young people have a good talk together.

After that Maude seemed so happy. She would tell me nothing but that Will was doing so much better.

She commenced keeping company with Dee Reid, a young man whose father was a merchant of our place. I wondered, as did everyone, at this, for she would not listen before of going with any other young man but Will. Of course we wondered how Will would take it, but he was enjoying himself, as he was taking Mina Hood everywhere. Not a day passed but what we saw them together, either buggy riding or walking.

Will commenced studying law with his father. He told me how sorry he was for how he had acted, but said Allen had such an influence over him, and it didn't stop until Allen had robbed him of everything, money, name, friends and all. But now he was trying to make amends.

It was whispered around that Maude and Reid were to be married. You know how a story like that gets started. I would not believe it, for I knew she thought too much of Will, but I could not understand what was going on. I knew Maude's father was so against Will, and he threatened to put him out of the house if he ever came near. I believe he would as soon kill Will as not, if he saw him going with Maude.

A few weeks after Maude went to visit Nell. She often went out to help her with sewing. I met them as they were going out and asked her how long she intended to stay, etc.

The Sunday after she left Will passed my house in a buggy. He was dressed in tip-top style, and when he shouted good morning and bowed so nice to me, he put me in mind of the Will that used to be.

That afternoon I was so surprised. One of my neighbors told me that she had heard that Will and Maude had gone to Berryville and were married, and that her father was terribly excited, and had just gone to town to get a revolver, saying he was going to kill Will. He ran around like a mad man all the afternoon. When he got angry he never had any sense, but he was always sorry in a little while, and I was in hopes some one would tell Will and Maude to stay out of town for that evening.

He went to Will's home, where a crowd had gathered to receive the bride and groom, and stayed around the gate waiting for them.

Some one did go and tell them, and they stopped at the first house they came to and staid until the next day.

Maude's father found out it would do no good to make such a fuss about it, and having got over his mad spell, he sent word for them to come and spend Tuesday with him, when he gave them a grand welcome.

He thinks now that Will is just splendid, and since the baby boy came and calls him grandpa, he wonders why he was so against the marriage.

Will has a lovely home, and with his dear Maude and the sweetest, bestest and most precious baby in the world, he is a very happy man.

He is now one of our best lawyers, and was nominated last week for mayor. We are sure he will be elected. Although he is young, I think he will make a good officer.

Oh, yes; I came near forgetting to tell you of Mr. Reid and Mina Hood. They were married last week, with Will and Maude standing up with them. It was a big affair. So you see no hearts were broken, and I think it is a good time to stop. Don't you?

Smoking as an Enjoyment.

The real enjoyment of smoking comes through the eyes and the touch. It seems to be commonly thought that the senses of taste and smell are those which are most affected by tobacco and those which alone make a man enjoy tobacco, but this is not correct. Of course, a man may taste a cigar, just as he may taste a piece of leather or a piece of wood, but, unless he chews, the taste of tobacco is no more pleasing than the taste of leather or wood; rather, on the contrary, it is sickening. Then, men think they can tell the quality of cigars from their odour, but in reality they tell by their appearance and their feel.

There are many men who hold a cigar in their mouth and roll it around without smoking it. Some of them bite it and others chew it, but the number who hold it between their teeth, or roll it around between their lips, is greater. That is usually the way with an old smoker. When the cigar is lighted he has a certain particular place for it, and certain teeth between which the cigar rests. With some men it is the front teeth, with others the incisors, and some men shift their cigar from one side to the other. It is seldom that two men hold their cigars in their mouths in just the same way and at the same angle. There are as many ways and angles of holding cigars as there are men who smoke them.

But smoking appeals to the eyes to a far greater extent. Try to smoke in a dark room and the enjoyment at once decreases, and it is hard to tell the difference between a good and a bad cigar. It is hard even for a man who is accustomed to smoking to tell whether his cigar is lit or not, except by looking at the burning end. If the man keeps his eyes closed and does not see the smoke, it is easy to deceive him. This would not apply to a man who had never smoked before, but to a man who is accustomed to smoking—and to such alone are the joys of the smoker. A sight of the smoke and the cigar is necessary to complete the fascinating enjoyment of the weed. It is the smoke and the glow which appeal to the eye; the contrast between the different shades of brown in the cigar, the cherry of the burning tobacco and the greyish ash, with the thinner grey of the smoke, changing into various shades of blue and grey as it goes through the air—it is these that make the visions, the quiet, and the placidity which are the charms of smoking. As a proof that smoking in the dark loses all pleasure for the smoker, we may call the fact to the mind of readers that but very few blind men indulge in tobacco.

Some men prefer cigars with yellow spots, others prefer a hard-looking cigar, others a loose cigar, and soon. When a selection satisfactory to the eye has been made, the start at least to a good smoke is assured. Always look at a cigar before lighting it. Turn it around in your fingers and look at it. It is going to give you pleasure. Then light it, not by sticking it in a flame, or by poking it in a small globe, but by lighting a piece of paper,

stick, or match, and holding it up. Do not put the cigar in your mouth and poke your face into a flame. That prevents the eyes from watching properly what is going on: but take a light and notice the flame as it goes to the cigar. The smoke begins to curl before the eyes, the lips fit around the cigar like a mould. Then an enjoyable smoke has begun.

A Young Woman's Experience.

Mrs. Grimwood, who so distinguished herself by her bravery in the retreat of the British survivors from Manipur, has been relating some of her experiences to an English reporter. She said:

"We were on perfectly friendly terms with the Senaputi; I often rode out with the princes, and there was nothing whatever to warn us of what was coming. When they began to fire at the residency we had to fly. We stayed as long as we could, but there was nothing else to be done in the end. We had to leave in a terrible hurry; there was no time to pack or take anything, else I should have tried to take my jewellery and valuable things that could easily be carried. I had not even my hat—absolutely nothing except the clothes I wore. My shoes and stockings, which were very thin, were in rags long before we got to British territory, and had to walk barefoot. My clothes got soiled and torn, and I had to throw away everything I could do without, and all day long we were marching along trying to get further away. When we were in the jungle it was a little better; but in the open, with the sun pouring down, it was terrible. For the first day and a half we had nothing at all to eat, except roots and leaves that we could find. Sometimes we got food from the natives when we reached a village; but they were not always friendly to us, and when they were hostile we could do nothing but burn their villages, in sheer self-defence. Fortunately, I knew the surroundings well, and I could be a guide to the officers and men with me, all of whom were strangers to me."

"But though they were strangers, I cannot find words to say how kind and thoughtful and considerate they were. One tries to tell of such things, but it is really impossible to express in words what one feels about it. Can you imagine what it was to be the only woman with a number of soldiers, under such circumstances, where privacy of any kind is an impossibility? But they were one and all more thoughtful than almost a woman could be. They took off their coats at night that I might be warm; they thought of a thousand little things that would make it a little easier for me; and I truly believe that one and all of them would at any moment have laid down their lives for me. I shall never, never forget what I owe to them." For a moment her voice broke as Mrs. Grimwood said this, but she collected herself almost immediately, and went on.

"One of the officers helped me up every hill for the first two days, and it was only then that I found out that he had a wound in his leg, which all the time must have caused him the most fearful suffering, though he had said never a word. And it was the same all through for the nine days and nights before we reached British territory. After a few days they got a pony, with a man's saddle. I had ridden a great deal, and could ride almost anything; so, with the one stirrup thrown over the saddle I could manage, although, as you can imagine, it was not an easy position. Then I rode up the hills, but had to walk down, because they were too steep for riding. Later on they made a kind of tent for me—just a curtain behind which I could sleep at night on a bed made of their coats; that was all the privacy I had. And all the time I did not know what had become of those that had gone to the palace. We had heard rumours from the natives, but knew nothing certain. The first thing I heard after we had reached our own territory was what had really happened, and what I heard was the worst I had to fear."

"A dear friend came to meet me in her carriage outside the town. She gave me clothes, and I stayed with her, and she did everything that kindness could do. I got very ill indeed, but I believe that illness saved my reason."

FRUIT CAKE.—One cup of molasses, one cup of brown sugar, one cup of shortening, two eggs, two teaspoonsful of soda, three cups of flour, two cups of dried apples (before soaking). Beat and stir in one egg, and add raisins and spices to suit. Soak the apples over night. In the morning put in molasses and sugar, boiling down until quite thick.