

The mother of Phoebe now arose and said: "The soup has braut with it a tirade against woman, who is, after all, an indispensable commodity; be pleased to finish, that we may usher in the vegetables and the meats, which, I trust, will turn the tables on stern man."

At her word several other women arose, and began to gather the emptied plates, or to refill them, while the remainder of the company leaned from the table or hastened the discussion of their food.

#### SECTION 5.

During the following forenoon Rodney and Frances were walking down a street, and as they walked, Frances said: "But what is your chief reason for counselling the trip of the honeymoon, instead of repairing at once from the wedding table to the connubial home?"

"Married life," said Rodney, "should be introduced by some novel and pleasant experience serving as a remembrance in after times, when perhaps we shall have troubles, and be weary, and si for the past or the future. Besides, the honeymoonic excursion allows the people about home to effervesce and grow calm again."

"That is true," replied Frances. "The people at home are prone to discuss. Our life will be ushered in auspiciously, too, if the remaining days of the sweet moon prove as ecstatic as the hours we have already spent. The marital life of man and woman is very analogous to the spiritual life of man before God. God bears him into the spiritual world on a wave of joy, of shouting and ecstasy; man and woman—you and I, dear Rodney—enter the mysterious demesne with thrilling pulses and swelling hearts. And we shall not always enjoy this; there are barren tracts on every land. We must cross the wastes, but we remember the nascent, the incipient joy. So God withdraws from man at times; hut can man forget that time when the power of the Hiest overshadowed him? *Can we forget, can we forget?*"

Rodney answered by saying: "You distinguish with nicety. Your philosophy is feminine in tenderness, but masculine in vigor."

"Why should not the masculine form an alloy in my nature?" replied Frances. "We say that the perfect man must unite in himself the strength or force of the male, with the gentleness of the female, personality. Why can not a reversed assertion be made?"

"Because, my love," said Rodney, "tho man is man and woman, woman is woman alone. In this department of filosofy, permit me to say, you share the incompleteness of Horatio."

"Had I not an angelic temperament," said Frances, "I should surely be transported by your animadversions. But love, dear Rodney, renders my heart impervious to your satire."

Rodney replied:

*"Yet not belong*

*To me the arrows of satiric song.*

Let us then, love, rejoice in our present, and not filosophize on the past and future. So I aver this, that no bridegroom ever hraut thru Kingston a completer bride than I am bringing. If you deny this I will cease all argument."

"Frances replied: "The soft impeachment must obtain, then; for I want always to argue love's argument with you. But I will make a statement truer than yours, and easier on modesty: not every couple