

according to her way of thinking; for, only a few days before, when she had visited Mrs. Adams, Miranda had shown her six patchwork quilts and forty yards of feather-striped rag carpet that she had made herself. And as for butter-making, no one in the neighborhood could beat Miranda, while her pies, pickles and jellies were delicious. So the mother sighed heavily when she saw him drive down the lane, dressed in his best, going to meet that "city girl," who, when her vacation was over, would laugh at her country lover.

The son did not see things with his mother's worldly wisdom, for, when love becomes practical, romance ends.

He loved Jennie Cameron for the joy and gladness that radiated from her; for her goodness and womanly winsomeness.

He loved her and felt that she knew he did, yet, scheme as he might, he had never yet succeeded in telling her so. If he made the faintest approach towards the subject, she most deftly turned the conversation, or in some way mischievously outwitted him.

She was not to be easily won, but this only increased his determination to win her.

He had some determined purpose in view as he drove down the road until he came to the woods, where he stopped and tied his horse to a tree at the bottom of the hill, while he walked to the top, sat down by the road-side, watched and waited. His patience was at length rewarded, and a pleasant smile illumined his honest, manly face when he saw a young woman emerge quickly from the woods and hurry down the dusty highway. In a moment he was driving towards that figure that was like a gleam of white in the dusky shadows of twilight.

"Good evening, Miss Cameron," he said, quietly, stopping his horse as he came up to her.

She looked up with a smile, yet he was sure there were traces of tears on her face, and he mentally called himself a brute.

"Where in the world are you going?" he asked, with apparent, good-natured carelessness, as he sprang from his buggy and stood before her.

"I am going to uncle's." He noted a tremor in her voice when she spoke. "I rowed over this afternoon and went into the woods to read. I was so interested in the book that I took no note of time; but, when I went to return home, I found the current had taken the boat down stream. It seems strange, too, for I was sure I fastened it. I was so confused I lost my way in the woods, and have tramped twice as far as I should have done. If the new bridge were only finished, I should not have cared, but I was dismayed at the thought of walking three miles around by the old one."

"Oh, well, you'll not have to walk now; I'll drive you home."

He spoke in a careless, matter-of-fact way, and she thought, as they drove along scarcely exchanging a word, that he seemed strangely ungracious. She did not dream that his silence was due to the fact that he was mustering up his courage for what he had to say.

The silence at length became embarrassing, and she glanced furtively at his tense, stern face, and was at a loss how to break the restraint that she now intuitively felt was too pregnant with meaning to be broken by any trite remark.

At last he turned and met her glance, then spoke in a determined, deliberate way, as one who has a fixed purpose and will not be deterred from carrying it out.

"Jennie, I have something to say to you—something that you have kept me from saying—but to-night you shall listen. You have laughed at me long enough, but it was your woman's right, I suppose; but now I claim my right to speak. You cannot leave me, as you did a week ago, when you jumped into the boat and rowed away, leaving me sitting on the bank. I had a three-mile walk that night, while you had a good laugh at my expense, I suppose; but a man in love is long-suffering, and it's my opportunity to-night."

This was no timid, humble lover, but a man who was master of himself, and who, in his strong, true manhood, was not to be trifled with.

Her respect for him increased as her power over him seemed to diminish, yet she concealed her feelings by saying: "You are cruel to me to-night. You—you will make me hate you."

"You have forced me to what I am doing, and now you shall listen to what I have wanted to tell you for weeks. I don't think you hate me, Jennie, for I love you, and you know it. Will you be my wife? Decide before we reach your uncle's, for I shall never ask you again. It must be 'yes' or 'no' this time."

He touched his horse smartly with the whip, and away it went flying down the road. Soon a mile was covered, then a half mile. She looked at him, but there was no sign of wavering in his face. She touched his arm and said timidly, "Drive slower, Jack, I cannot think."

The horse was promptly brought to a walk, yet he did not speak. Then they turned and drove slowly and silently up the long avenue of maples that led to her uncle's.

In the dark shadows where the branches formed a canopy above them, she touched his arm again, and this time whispered with penitential sweetness, "I'm glad the boat was gone, Jack."

The trees are ever staunch friends to lovers, and never whisper the secrets entrusted to them, but surely they must have rustled their leaves with amusement when they heard Jack whisper, with a voice from which all sternness had vanished, while he held her close: "Forgive me, Jennie, for I sent the boat adrift myself."

Don't Run After "Society."

LET each of us endeavor to be the best fruit of our kind—not as large or as red as the fruit we see on some other vine or tree. Make the most of *yourself*—your character, your mind, your soul, your heart, your opportunities, and you will find your sphere in life. It is as absurd to say that only one kind of fruit is good fruit as that only one circle of people in a city or a country constitutes "good society." Wherever a coterie of cultured, well-mannered, well-clothed and well-behaved, bright-minded people congregate, there is good society. Make yourself one of these. Cultivate the morals, the graces, the charms and enough of the frivolities to lighten the serious side of a worthy character, bring out all of your best self. Do this for your own sake and out of compliment to your Creator. Then, if "society" seeks you, and you find it amusing, very well. But do not waste your strength in running after "society." You will never catch it if you do, and if by mere chance you should clutch hold of the fringe of its mantle, you would soon be snapped off like an intrusive moth.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Intellectual Friendship between Man and Woman

Written for the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

By MRS. D. LESLIE BRIGGS.

Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance and in friendship burn.

ADISON.



THE pleasure and utility of association with cultured minds cannot be denied from any standpoint. The richest literature cannot replace the conversation of living men and women, as an aid to expression, and a quickener of thought. Bacon says truly that in converse with a friend a man "tosseth his thoughts more easily, he marshalleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when turned into words." The truth of this assertion is demonstrated by the ease with which a writer, who is a brilliant conversationalist, or public speaker, conveys his ideas so as to be readily understood by the average reader. A writer who does not habitually discourse, either in public or among friends, has not, I think I may safely say, the same lucidness of style. But when he (Bacon) further asserts that in talking with a friend "A man waxeth wiser than himself, and that more by an hour's discourse than a day's meditation," there are many who would not concur with him. The value of meditation, and the silent listening of the soul, can scarcely be over-estimated; for after all that can truthfully be said of the blessings and fruits of friendship, and interchange of thought, it still remains a fact that it is only through the independent working of the individual mind that the greatest thoughts and truths can be conceived or produced. The world's greatest thinkers and writers have been schooled in the art of mental independence, which might be briefly defined as seeking the truth from within and not from without. This is one aspect of the subject which it would not be wise to ignore, nor yet to enlarge upon in this article, the purpose of which is to speak more particularly of intellectual friendship between the sexes.

It is generally understood, I think, that the intellectual man usually regards the society of women as a mental relaxation, or pleasurable diversion from his arduous labor, and is generally attracted to them by the mere charm of their personality. If they are graceful and beautiful, men readily excuse, or ignore the absence of mental culture in women. There are also some women whose inherent, passionate love for the beautiful enables them to take a delight in the society of these most beautiful of all God's creations, but the intellectual woman soon feels wearied, and altogether out of her element in the society of women, however beautiful and charming, who can only converse on the most trivial subjects, such as dress, amusements and the chat of the day; and who are either embarrassed, or disposed to ridicule the efforts of the more cultured woman should she attempt to introduce any of the subjects of highest interest which are constantly discussed by men and women of culture. For this reason, the intellectual woman often feels an isolation that is intolerable, and is there-