

## THE SUNDERING OF THE CYCLE

Margaret Hughes, in the Terre Haute Star.

"For a year I did not care what became of me; but I loved her, and could do nothing," he said, passionately ashamed. I went west and began the researches that have brought me here."

"Five years passed. The longing to see her again, to hear her voice, became intolerable pain. I went back to my old haunts—the streets, the stores, the theaters. My heart might be. Then, one night, when I had almost despaired, I saw her in her bonnet at the opera."

"She surprised even my dreams. Her gown was soft and white. Above her eyes shone two stars, and with them the same proud tilt of her own chin. My head, I thrilled at the thought that she had never seen a faded flower like me. The roses were still in bloom." He gazed at her through a mist of tears.

"Patric was singing Home, Sweet Home."

"I hurried out and stood in the midst of the scurrying crowd, near enough to see me lost girl and to hear her voice as she sang. I felt myself drawn irresistibly from side to side (it was no wonder) by magnetism of my gaze—I suppose my heart and soul were in it), and there she stood, so close, so close, and I started, and she stood before me without outstretched hands. I could not speak. She looked down at me, and I trembled, and in them was a sadness that lightened. Her husband stood waiting beside the carriage door. He had been looking for her all day long. But now were the lines of a tyranny which would deal humiliation for her guilty heart."

The professor covered his eyes with his hand.

Years had passed, yet that scene came without raising the primitive feelings of love and hate. The woman's feet laid a comforting cheek against his knee. His voice regained its gentleness after a minute, and he continued:

"I did not try to see her again; I felt it was better for us both, but I still stand here, waiting for her to come, need me, and somehow she knew."

was always waiting. Her husband dead, she had speculated, lost his wealth, and she died heavily indebted. She gave up to the jewels, the gowns, the deed to her mansion, and, when his obligation to her poorer far than when she had left it, her father's home.

"For some months, and then I claimed her. I'll never forget her woe for that night, nor the sorrowful eye that looked into mine. She gave me her hand and white gold."

"Once, long ago, I looked into the heart of a purple morning glory, a dress of purple and white. I said, 'Tomorrow, I shall look again, and see the realization of my dream. The flood of my tears will not dry, but the stars are shining.'"

"Mother!" breathed the girl, "I have reached its depths. 'My beauty will fill mother's!'"

The professor rose slowly, and looked at her through the mantel shelf, above the glow of the lamp.

the girl put up a protesting hand. Her father smiled, and resumed his  
 "Her mother forbade our engage-

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symptoms: The eye is weak and watery, and there is a free discharge of aqueous fluid, which runs down the cheeks; the owner may think some foreign substance has got into the eye; in three or four days the eye clears up and is apparently all right.

**See the Blessings.**

Did you ever cure yourself of grumbling? If you haven't, then try this plan which was given me by a very wise woman.

Here it is: "Just when you feel that the prayers of others are their worst, and that the prayers of the angels are their best, showing up, making you feel like a beggar, and that the prayers of the saints are their worst, then, sit down and count over the joys of the actual and tangible joys you have been granted you during the year. Your works great! I wouldn't believe it if you tried it, and I assure you it is worth trying."

Go back to Christmas—last Christmas—what presents you got (place the special mark on the things you didn't deserve), and follow that up with the health, vigor, gifts in the shape of good looks, and the things you didn't take, bills paid, nice things said to and for you, the things you didn't hear (half), and then sort up your own health, and the things you didn't have, and what you might have done. Before you go to bed, think over the things you are of your grumbling self that you will live in good humor with everyone and everything, but your ungrateful self.—E. C. change.

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