

quite such great failings which they are credited with. Where there is a just society women, there may be a conception of society the whirl of the very life, to which every one along, and should not be; but society in the end worthy sense, the of civilized human life growing daughters over whom you have on't try to keep them good society they can see of the world, men convinced that they may accrue to man or rest a devotion to the conventions of society than outweighed by of disadvantage the leading of men and girls need not the stupid frivolity and the silly frittering a hollow and exclusive excitement is apt to be minded. But a little be done to the gain loss come, from social the brain is well balanced, specially, all need some y. You should never a girl against taking get. It is not only of manners, of avoiding a preventive, as well a good many weak characteristically feminine no circle of friends or in their cap to re-

"their household enough for them;" the sure for visiting and open to just as many as more deleterious mighty neighbor, whose in a wild chase after This point, truly, has overlooked. Social any very morbid and the body and mind feminine tendency to out of every unimpaired and evaporates in selfishness of people interests and amuse of any one person is, is an excellent inclined to make hes and pains, of Social life is always artificial, and "give ps" the undesirable time to bother with, socially, you must lities, and they are nes. They involu-

self-restraint, self discipline. In society, you cannot always show what you feel, and to be calm and well bred when you are inclined to tear out people's eyes is a fine chastening of the primitive Adam or Eve within you. In society, you are quickly taught, by the blank indifference of your listeners, not to be a bore, not to ride hobbies and fads, and that prunes down your egotism effectually. In society, you learn the suavity that avoids others' angles because you intend that your own angles shall not be run against. We won't say that it is the highest possible school of morals, this society.

But looked at in the right way, it is not a bad one. It is far from deserving all the vituperation showered on it. One has known many physical and mental curvatures straightened out by it. The woman who never has any social life easily becomes a hypochondriac. Insanity, or sickly monomaniacs, are infinitely more common with those who lead isolated lives than with those who don't. There is a physiological law here that you cannot get around. Physicians tell us incessantly of the nervous prostration resulting from too much society—too much dancing, too much fatigue and excitement, etc., etc.—but they say nothing of other conditions, perhaps more unsound, more diseased, produced by an anti-social existence confined to a treadmill of monotonous and narrow interests, ever and eternally the same. Men can find the antidote to this monotony in the meeting with other men in the business world or in their professional avocations. Women's outlet and safety valve is social life. Let us not speak too ill of it. If it has its bad points when carried too far, it has its good ones, rightly understood.

RECONSIDERED.

"I DON'T want to be inquisitive, auntie, but I would so like to know what separated you long ago," she said suddenly.

Mrs. Hunt started a little, then smiled. "I'm afraid it would only spoil the romance for you," she replied, "the circumstances were so prosaic. Yet it is the little things of life that go to make up the important whole. But I will tell you what you wish to know. Major Townley and I were schoolmates when we were young, and I cannot remember the time when we were not attached to each other. We graduated at the same time at the town academy, where we got a little tincture of Latin. It is said that 'a little learning is a dangerous thing.' Certainly it was in our case. After we left school, we kept up our studies together. One evening, we got into a discussion about a certain line of Virgil. We could not agree about the translation, and were unwise enough to argue the matter too

long and too warmly. Neither would admit being in the wrong. The result was that unkind words were spoken, and our engagement was broken off. You must remember that we were both young—I only 18 and he not yet 21."

Mrs. Hunt had been a widow for some years, and the gentleman in question had lost his wife a couple of years before, so that mutual friends, knowing of their former romance, had been perhaps a little too officious in their efforts to effect a reconciliation. They argued that time brings wisdom, and it was presumable that in the light of a score of years they had lamented the impetuosity of youth, which had barred the way to satisfactory explanation.

Three months later, one dreary December day, there was a storm very nearly akin to a blizzard raging in the Western States. The air was laden with sleet that seemed armed with needles and carried by the gale with a force and rapidity that threatened to impede locomotion. Travel was suspended, and telegraph wires were down.

On a snow bound train, we find our friend Mrs. Hunt, who had been summoned by telegram to the bedside of her sick sister and had run right into the teeth of the approaching storm.

Six hours ago, the huge iron horse had halted in sheer discouragement, and the snow banks might have been walls of adamant separating the belated travellers from their homes. Apprehension was followed by anxiety, as night settled down on the weird, white scene. A squad of laborers, brought into strong relief against the white background by the headlight of the engine, worked vigorously in the biting blast. The blockade had occurred near a village, and, through the storm, the glimmering of friendly lights told of rural peace and plenty, cheering, if unattainable.

But as the hours wore away, even those disappeared, and left the night a prey to snow and cold and sleet and howling winds. Within the car, there was a growing sense of cold physically and foreboding thoughts mentally.

Mrs. Hunt thought sadly of her sister. Perhaps she would die, not knowing how near her Nellie was, and tears forced themselves through the closed lids. A little child's cough sounded through the car. What a place for a sick baby! She promptly tendered her assistance, and in helping another in trouble, forgot her own discomfort and anxieties.

The night wore away, as nights will, however uncomfortable, and, as old Sol condescended to favor the travelers with his smile, answering smiles seemed less difficult. It was a white, trackless world the sun looked down upon—very cold and forbidding in its beauty, and con-

veying to Mrs. Hunt that sense of breadth, of wide, level distances, which always strikes a person with a sense of surprise when the prairies are seen for the first time. Soon there loomed into view an ox team with a snowplow, in various directions spades were piled with vigor, and anon there arrived on the train an aroma of hot coffee, very tempting to benighted beings many miles from the home dining room. A man of about 50 years of age, with dark hair and mustache and a singularly winning smile, was followed by a stout mulatto boy, with huge pail and loaded basket, dispensing coffee and sandwiches. As they made the tour of the train each car cheered the caterers. As the gentleman approached the little woman in widow's weeds he gave a little start, which, however, was unobserved by her.

As she took the proffered refreshment she said impulsively:

"This restores my faith in western hospitality."

"Had you lost it, madam!" he asked, and without pausing for reply passed on. It was Mrs. Hunt's turn to start. That voice! Where had she heard it before? Directly memory took her back a score of years. A village came to view. A cold, white moonlight evening, and she looking from the window of a rambling old farm house, watching a tall, slender young man as he hurried down the country road.

She watched him out of sight, thinking he might look back. He did not, and she had never spoken to him again—for he left the village and went west—until now. He had faded out of her sight in a bank of snowdrifts lining the road. He had come back to her again out of the white drifts which had blocked her way and brought him to her. She was called back from her reverie by the low spoken word, "Nellie."

A quick flush suffused her face as she said:

"You know me then?"

"When I first saw you," he replied.

Taking a seat near her, a low conversation ensued. They talked and laughed over the dear old days. With saddened voices they spoke of griefs which had come to each of them in the long years of separation. A softened light came into their faces, and the misunderstandings of the past faded out naturally, without need of explanation.

Toward night, just before the train, re-enforced with another engine, pulled out, he held out his hand at parting, saying, with a smile:

"But that line in Virgil—who was right, Nellie?"

She laughed and then sighed a little, saying:

"We were both wrong."

"But we are both right now, are we not?" he asked.

For answer she put her hand in his.