

ONLY YOU.

If I'm strolling in the meadows,
Listening to the thrush's song,
And by accident that evening
You should chance to come along,
And should ask to walk beside me,
Just to say a word or two,
Why, of course I shouldn't mind it,
For 'tis only, only you!

If you say you feel much better
With your arm about my waist,
Can I think of getting angry
When you show such perfect taste?
If while walking you should give me
Just a loving kiss or two,
Why, I don't think I should mind it,
For 'tis only, only you!

Woman's World

BUYING THE RING.

WHERE MASCULINE COURAGE FAILS.

"You would be surprised," said a well-known jeweller to me the other day, "if you saw the timidity which a man can show when he comes to purchase that indispensable requirement for matrimony, the wedding-ring. There are exceptions, of course, but I shouldn't be far wrong if I said that the proportion of them is not more than two out of every score cases. Men have come into my shop who would stand without flinching before the cannon's mouth, whose courage, in short, is of the very highest order; but when they come to buy the wedding-ring their hearts, metaphorically speaking, drop down into their boots. Strange, isn't it?"

Of course I had to admit that it was strange; but, being an unmarried man myself, and with no prospect of turning Benedict just yet, I was unable to hazard an opinion as to the solution of the problem. Still I thought it would be a good opportunity to learn something; and I inwardly reflected that the jeweller should be "in the know."

So I pressed him to give the reasons to which he attributed this surprising masculine nervousness.

"It's not easy to say," he said with a smile, "and I have often wondered myself what the real reasons are. The nervousness seems to attach itself to young men rather than old ones; and when the former come in to make their fateful purchase they generally have a feel-like-a-fool sort of look about them. The young man, in a confused sort of way, asks to look at some watch-chains, forgetting, perhaps, that a gold Albert is displayed across his waistcoat, and he will look at a dozen different things before he screws his courage to the sticking-point.

"Then, after a few coughs, he will bend over the counter to look apparently at some of the things under the glass more closely, and feebly ask to be shown some wedding-rings. Well, as you may guess, when the tray is brought to him he doesn't take long in choosing. He picks up one or two rings nervously, chooses the one he thinks will fit his fiancée's finger, planks down the guinea or whatever the price may be, and with an unsuppressed sigh of relief goes out of the shop."

I began to express some surprise, but was interrupted.

"That is only an ordinary case," went on my interlocutor. "Why, the nervousness of some men is so great that they dare not come into the shop at all. It often happens that a man, sooner than come himself, will send a boy, after providing him with a piece of cardboard in which a hole is cut, so that we can give a ring of a proper size. It is really difficult to say why men are so nervous about the matter. After much observation, I think it must be that they feel foolish, and they imagine the jeweller's assistant is laughing at them all the time. An instance of how they feel on the matter I can give you.

"One day a young man came in here and said he wanted a wedding-ring. While he was examining some, another gentleman entered the shop, and, seeing the other, came up and slapped him on the back. It was evident he knew him, and he asked him what he was buying. The other, with some confusion, replied that he was purchasing a watch-chain, oblivious of the fact that the only jewellery on the counter before him were those wedding-rings. I suppose he felt ashamed to own he was going to get married."

Older men, I was informed, are not so particular in the matter, though they all, more or less, have an idea that the man who serves them is laughing. Why the jeweller's assistant should feel any reason for mirth is, of course, difficult to understand; at all events, he is always looked on with suspicion in this respect.

To those young men about to marry, therefore, I would say: Don't pretend when you go to buy the wedding-ring that you want something else. The jeweller is more apt to laugh at your nervousness than at your matrimonial intentions.

AN AGE OF CUSHIONS.

If this is not an age of cushions, what is it? In the cozy room of a country house the other day were counted twenty-eight cushions, and it was not a very big room either. The footstools were great "toad-stool" cushions, perfectly round and measuring seven-eighths of a yard across. A long low divan was simply piled with square cushions covered with amber velvet; the window seats held more, oblong and bolster shape, and the rest were scattered loosely about in the rattan rockers and armchairs. And the young mistress of all this downy softness called through the long French windows to a visiting friend: "Do come out on the piazza. I've piled a half dozen cushions in one hammock for you, and I'm in the other with some more."—Her Point of View in New York Times.

SHAPES FOR GLOVES AND SHOES.

The woman who prides herself on the perfection of her toilet has in her dressing room nowadays both hand and foot shapes, which, as the name indicates, are models of those useful members. On the facsimile hand and wrist gloves are stretched for cleaning, and it is used to keep a nice pair in shape when not worn. The counterfeit presentment of milady's foot performs the same duty for her dainty boot and slipper, each model being a perfect cast of the individual member.—New York Times.

THE HOME SNUGGERY.

There should always be one spot in the home kept sacred to the best interests of the family—a room full of comfort, where the sofa is made to lounge on, and the chairs to tilt back, and the carpet to dig the toes in; where the bills and bickerings are alike forbidden, and the straight-laced propriety of the dining-room and the drawing-room can be abandoned for romps and story-telling; where the firelight has a glow of old-fashioned comfort, and the very shadows are tame and approachable; where the dust doesn't show, and nothing is too fine for use, and at the door of which all the burdens drop off—a room whose speech is silver and whose silence is golden, where the tranquillity of a summer Sabbath is broken only by sweet murmurs of love and confidence, where a happy cat curls herself to repose in blissful affinity with a peaceful house-dog; a place where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

Every home should have this one place of retreat. It is no impossible place. Love is the architect; content is its atmosphere.

RUNAWAY MATCHES.

Speaking of the inclination of many girls to run away and get married, in opposition to their parents' wishes, an elderly friend says the trouble can be remedied easily enough if one knows how to do it.

"I had to steal my wife," he remarked, "and I afterwards found out how the old folks fooled us. It worked so well that when my girls grew up I played it myself.

"Now, there was Emma; she never would have married as she did if she thought her mother and I wanted her to. I took a fancy to Jim, who is a likely fellow, and wanted him for a son-in-law. So I began to run him down before Emma; told her she mustn't go with him any more, and finally forbade him coming to the house altogether."

"And what did she do?" interrupted the listener.

"See ran off with him the next night, just as I knew she would. I tied the dogs up myself after dark to keep them from spoiling the fun. I played the same trick on Mollie when William was coming to see her.

"The night they went away, though, I forgot about the dogs, and Mollie dosed every one of 'em for fear they'd bite Will when he came for her. I got another good son-in-law, but I lost every dog in the place."

CANADIAN ARISTOCRACY.

Algernon.—"Awfully mannish get-up that young lady wears, don't you think?"

Cholly.—"Oh, she's a daughter of one of our Knights, and wears a shirt of male out of respect for the old feudal days."

CHRISTIAN UNION.

Fair Parishioner.—"The prospects of Christian Union seem to be getting brighter, don't you think so, Dr. Rambler?"

Rev. Dr. Rambler.—"Decidedly so. There is now a substantial union amongst the Evangelical denominations on many doctrines, and an absolute agreement among the ministers on at least one important point—the necessity and duty of going to Europe for a summer holiday."