

IF LOVE COULD RULE THE WORLD.

If love could rule the world, How changed would all things be. He would remove in language terms All bars in his decree. No rank could ever intervene To stay affection's course. 'T would bow his head with lowly mien, Before his gentle force. The earth would be so bright, The radiant sun Would send its warmth and light For every one.

LOVE AT THE GATE.

Love came a beggar to her gate. The night was dark, the hour was late. And through the gloom she heard his moan. While at the gate she stood alone. His wounded form in rags was clad. His pleading eyes were full of woe. But did beneath his garb of woe He bore his arrows and his bow. She wept to see the beggar weep. She bade him on her bosom sleep. His wretched plight allayed her fears. She kissed and bathed him with her tears. The merry eyes began to glow. The rosy hand escaped the bow. The rough disguise was cast aside. And laughing, love for mercy cried. Love came a beggar to her gate. More wisely than with pomp and state. For who hath woman's pity won May count love's siege and battle won.

THE LOST WILL.

Elsie Rednor sat by the open window, her head resting upon her hand, and, truth to tell, nearly asleep. Suddenly a rose fell into her lap. Startled she looked up. Just outside stood Frank Gilbert, her betrothed lover. Elsie blushed with glad surprise at the sight of him, and indeed he was not unpleasant to look at with his fine form, good features and dark eyes and hair. She did not know that under this fair exterior was hidden a cold, calculating nature and loved him for what he seemed. "Come into the garden, dear," he said coaxingly. "It is pleasant out here, and I wanted to talk to you."

"It does look inviting," she said, rising. "But you must not ask me to stay long, Frank, for I ought to go back to Aunt Martha now. I left her with Jane and came down for a breath of the fresh morning air." "You look tired, you poor little daisy. I suppose you have been up all night, as usual. You will wear yourself out. I must assert my authority and insist that some one else shall take care of Aunt Martha a part of the time. I'm not going to stand quietly by and see my darling sacrifice herself to any one," said the young lawyer in his masterful way.

"You make the case out a great deal worse than it is," Elsie said, with a laugh. "I have some sleep every night and am only a little tired. Aunt Martha would so much rather have me with her than any one else. She is a little—only a little—peculiar, you know. She has done so much for me that I am glad to make some slight return for her kindness, for I have no real claim upon her."

"Why not? You are her niece, are you not?" he said quickly. "Why not? I supposed you knew all about it. My mother was Aunt Martha's dearest friend, and dying when I was two years old left me to her care. She has been a mother to me all these years." "And do you mean to say you are not related to her at all?" asked Gilbert, with a half frown. "Not even distantly. You look vexed, Frank. Surely you do not care, dear? I would have told you this before if I had considered it of any importance."

"I am not vexed, Elsie, only a little surprised. Has Aunt Martha any relatives living?" "Only a cousin, a Mrs. Wilkins, who lives about twenty miles from Alton. They haven't been on speaking terms for years. I never saw the woman, but from what Aunt Martha says she must be—"

"What Aunt Martha's opinion was remained untold, for Jane came rushing out to them, crying: "Miss Elsie! Miss Elsie! Do hurry! Your aunt's look ever so much worse! She's roflin' up her eyes and tryin' to say somethin' and can't speak a plain word. It's awful!" She found her aunt gasping for breath, with a look on her face which told even the inexperienced Elsie that she was already in the grasp of the grim destroyer. The girl sank on her knees by the bed, sobbing bitterly.

Aunt Martha seemed to be struggling to speak, and looked eagerly at the old-fashioned writing desk which stood upon a table near her managed to articulate the words: "Keep, keep!" "Of course I shall always keep it," sobbed Elsie. "Do not worry about that, dear." Aunt Martha seemed partly relieved. She ceased struggling to speak. Mrs. Brainerd came in and was soon followed by the physician. It was evident that nothing could be done, however. Aunt Martha's minutes on earth were numbered. The room was quiet now, save for Elsie's sobs, which she vainly tried to repress. The dying woman had sunk into insensibility, and they hardly knew the exact moment when she ceased to breathe. Mrs. Brainerd gently led the weeping girl from the room, and being as wise as she was kind did not try to comfort her with words. Young Gilbert remained in the house and offered assistance. Poor Elsie! The blow was so sudden, so unexpected, that she was almost crushed.

that's pretty cottage, with its ample grounds, and \$10,000 in government bonds. "Quite a comfortable little property," he thought complacently. "As soon as I can induce Elsie to name our wedding day we can settle down here very cozily. That story of hers worried me a little, for if the old lady had neglected to make a will I could hardly be expected to burden myself with a portionless wife. Elsie is a sweet girl, and it would be hard to give her up, but a man must look out for the main chance. However, it's all right, and I'm glad of it."

But if Frank Gilbert's sympathy was all outward show there was another man whose heart was filled with sincere pity and hopeless love for Elsie, Poor Hugh Clifford! He had loved the girl ever since he was her champion at school. If Frank Gilbert had not appeared upon the scene with his handsome face and polished manners Elsie would have accepted Hugh when he asked her to be his wife. As it was, she married him gently, but decidedly.

Aunt Martha, who was Hugh's confidant, sympathized with him. And now the funeral was over and search began for the will. To the surprise of all, it was not to be found. Lawyer Bentley and his partner assisted in the search, and you may well believe that Gilbert at least searched faithfully, but all to no avail. Everything that could afford a hiding place for the missing document was carefully examined, especially the writing desk that Aunt Martha had seemed so anxious about just before her death.

Lawyer Bentley remembered perfectly the circumstances of drawing up the will, but was obliged to believe that for some unknown reason Aunt Martha had destroyed it and neglected to make another. "If it were any one but Mrs. Wilkins," Elsie thought, "I could bear it better, but it really seems as if auntie couldn't rest in her grave with that woman in possession of her house. I have Frank left, and although we shall be poor at first I will try my best to make him happy."

Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins did not long remain in ignorance of the fact that no will was to be found and came to Alton in great triumph. Elsie, who had not yet left her old home, received them with quiet dignity. Mrs. Wilkins announced her intention of moving over and taking possession of the house that week.

"I always did like this part of the country better than our country," she said to her husband, "and I am coming right away. You can stay over there and see to sellin' off the furniture, 'cause we won't need none of it here, and you'd better rent the house if you can." Then, turning to Elsie, who felt almost suffocated with indignation, she said sharply, "I suppose you have got another place to stop, haven't you, Miss Rednor, for 'twouldn't be very convenient to have you here after we come?"

"I have no intention of taking your hospitality in the least, madam," replied Elsie calmly, "but you seem to have forgotten that there are certain forms of law which must be complied with before you can take possession. I advise you to see Lawyer Bentley at once, and for the present allow me to wish you good morning."

"Impudent hussy!" said the irate woman as the door closed upon Elsie's slight form. "Think she can drive us off that way, does she? Well, come along, Ephraim. I guess it won't do no hurt to go and see the lawyer, anyway."

So the worthy couple sought the lawyer's office, where they learned to their dismay that it would be several months at least before they could obtain possession of the much-desired property. Elsie took up her abode with good Mrs. Brainerd, who had kindly offered her a home, and wondered why Frank did not come to see her. Could he be ill? No, she would have heard of it. Pride kept her from going to the office to inquire for him. On the fourth day a letter came.

"How strange of Frank to write instead of coming himself!" she thought, with a strange sinking at her heart. She opened the letter with trembling fingers. Dear Elsie,—I hardly know what to say. I sympathize deeply with you in your double affliction, but it will be years before my circumstances will allow me to marry, and it would be the wisest selfishness to ask you to wait for me an uncertain length of time. I do not consult my own feelings in this matter. I only try to see what is for your best good, and therefore will hold you no longer bound. Remember me always as your most affectionate friend.

FRANK GILBERT. "I will answer this letter while I feel strong," she said, and taking pen and paper she wrote: Mr. Gilbert,—I fully agree with your opinion concerning our engagement, and thank you for kindly releasing me. Yours sincerely, ELSIE REDNOR.

She sent the note and joined the family at the tea table soon after, as her absence might have occasioned surprise. She forced herself to appear as usual and succeed so well that no one observed anything strange in her manner. But that evening she said to her friend: "I want to tell you something, dear Mrs. Brainerd. My engagement with Mr. Gilbert is broken off." Mrs. Brainerd suspected the truth, but only said quietly: "Well, my dear, I presume you have some good reason for it." And Elsie loved her the better because she said no more. When Frank Gilbert read Elsie's note, he felt piqued and annoyed. Of course he was glad to get out of the affair so easily, but for Elsie to take it so coolly hurt his vanity. He hardly knew what sort of answer he had expected—certainly not what he received. As he had as much love for her as he could have for any one except himself, he soon began to regret the step he had taken. Hugh Clifford had much to do with the rapid healing of her wound. He had been so unobtrusively kind, so watchful of her comfort in many little ways she was in need of sympathy, that at last she began to wonder at her blindness in preferring Frank Gilbert to him. Truly, Hugh's reward was coming, and when one day he ventured to ask again if there might be hope for him in the future she hid her blushing face upon his breast.

"I hope that Aunt Martha knows how happy we are said Elsie as the two sat together in the pleasant September afternoon. "She would be so glad. Is there anything wrong with my writing desk, Hugh? You seem to be giving it close attention."

The desk stood open upon the table, and Hugh had been observing it closely. "Would you mind emptying this, dear, that I may examine it a little?" he asked.

Wondering at the request, she complied. For half an hour he was busily engaged with the desk; then with a triumphant exclamation he held up a thick folded paper. Elsie turned pale. "Open it, Hugh. I am afraid to."

Well, of course, you know what it was—the much-looked-for will, hidden in a secret drawer in the old desk. Hugh's trained eye had noticed a discrepancy in the size of one of the compartments and the outside of the desk and had set his wits to work to discover the cause, with this happy result.

Elsie tried in vain to check her hysterical sobs. "Forgive me, Hugh," she said. "It is only because I'm so happy. And that dreadful Mrs. Wilkins can't have the dear old home, and I'm almost sure Aunt Martha knows."—New York Journal.

"What is Law?" What is law? This very important question confronts every citizen at every turn of his life from the cradle to the grave, and in nearly every instance he is groping in the dark for the answer. He knows that the Federal constitution and perhaps also the constitution of his State are law, but that comprises all the territory which is not bordered by legal uncertainties. An act of Congress or an act of his State Legislature may, or may not be law. Actions defined as illegal by statutory enactment may turn out to be perfectly lawful. Statutes which have remained in force for many years may some day be declared unconstitutional and countless business transactions may be invalidated in consequence.

This condition may be remedied without the infringement upon a principle which is so firmly imbedded in our system of government that it has become part and parcel of the Republic itself. Let the veto power of the Judiciary in matters of legislation be exercised before the laws are promulgated, and all confusion will be swept away. If the Supreme Courts of the States and the Nation were required to pass upon the constitutionality of all laws enacted within their respective fields of jurisdiction, all fresh legislation would be "good law," if not always wise laws. This would add to the work of the supreme bench and might necessitate an increase in the number of judges. But this additional expense would be as nothing compared with the cost of the uncertainty and confusion that now prevail. Moreover, it would be a powerful check upon haphazard and whimsical legislation, which would be a very good thing. In a democracy the legislative mills are always run at full capacity, while the bulk of the grist is of a very low or indifferent grade. The output must be curtailed and the quality improved if society is to endure. This would be accomplished by a judicial review of bills. But more pressing is the necessity for necessity for doing away with the existing confusion of law.—The Skandinavien, Chicago.

A Life That is Hard on Gloves. Gloves figure largely in the list of necessary expenditures by the wives of Cabinet officers, as upon each official entertainment when they, with the President and his wife, constitute the receiving party, a pair of white gloves must be sacrificed. The fact that the function is a card reception does not lessen the certainty that the glove worn on the right hand, which is extended to the passing stream of guests, becomes, before the close of the evening, so soiled that no future effort at cleansing is of the slightest avail. The glove on the left hand, of course, remains spotless.

Mrs. Cleveland never wears a glove on her right hand at receptions, as her experience during her first occupancy of the Executive Mansion taught her that by so doing she avoided the intense pain that invariably followed a great amount of handshaking when the glove was kept on. Mrs. Harrison was compelled to altogether omit handshaking on account of the condition of her hands, which were at times so swollen with rheumatism as to make the slightest pressure a matter of positive agony. All things considered, it would seem the most sensible thing to omit entirely the handshaking feature of public and card receptions at the White House.—Kate Field's Washington.

The Little Sister's Revelation. A Pennsylvania street car was going north the other night, full of passengers, when, during a lull in the general conversation, a little private talk between two wee misses of eight years was heard.

Said one: "Your sister paints her face awfully, don't she?" "No, she don't," replied the other; "she just powders her face."

"Why, it's just the same." "No, it ain't, for I heard sister's beau tell her the other night he wished she would paint and not powder herself as the powder rubs off on his clothes and face and paint won't."—Indianapolis Journal.

Raffling for Bibles. The annual custom of raffling for Bibles at the parish church of St. Ives, Hunts, took place recently. The money for the Bibles is obtained under an old charity known as Wyld's Charity, which provides six Bibles, to be won by three boys and three girls who shall score the highest number of points while raffling on the altar table. The successful candidates this year were Sydney Stevens, Frederick Ibbott, Henry Watson, Mary Godding, Elizabeth Briars, and Hilda Skokes.—London Standard.

The Entrance Gate to Politics. "What is the gate to success in politics?" asked the horse editor. "Popularity, I suppose," replied the snake editor. "Guess again." "Give it up."

"The delegate."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

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