

LOVE IS NOT BLIND.

Love is not blind, but sees through all disguise,
And that is why we hear from day to day
Of odd engagements causing much surprise.
And weddings passing strange in every way.
"What can she see in him?" the critics say;
Love is not blind, but sees through all disguise;
"Tis those who cannot use his Roentgen ray
At whom Love laughs and leaves them to surmise.
I find in you what all true lovers prize;
You find in me all I was meant to be;
Love is not blind, but sees through all disguise,
And finds the charm—compatibility.
And so when comes the day that we are wed,
We'll smile at those who think themselves more wise,
And live to prove the truth of what we've said—
Love is not blind, but sees through all disguise.
—A. P. Rex, in Good Housekeeping.

BORN TO SERVE

By Charles M. Sheldon,
Author of "IN HIS STEPS," "JOHN KING'S QUESTION CLASS," "EDWARD BLAKE," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

"Mr. Ward has not been able to get a nurse yet, and—and—we have not begun to look around for—a girl—Carl's sudden illness—"
"I'll come back and help if you want me to," said Barbara, quietly. All this time she had been holding Carl's hand. He clung to her with feverish strength.
"And we'll have good times in the kitchen. And will you make me another gingerbread man like Mr. Morton, same's the one we made before? You know, Barbara?"
"Yes, yes, little man, I will do anything for you. We'll have good times together again."
"And you'll stay always, won't you, Barbara, always?"
"I'm going to stay, dear. Don't talk any more now," Barbara said gently. And Carl seemed satisfied, dropping into a condition of stupor which the doctor who called an hour later, regarded with grave attention.

While the doctor was attending to Carl and Mrs. Ward was anxiously standing by him, Barbara slipped down into the dining-room, and found matters in confusion as she had expected. The breakfast dishes were still on the table, the kitchen fire had gone out, and all the rooms downstairs were in disorder. She quickly set to work to restore order; and when the doctor had gone and Mrs. Ward had come down, Barbara had cleaned up the dishes and the dining-room, and had begun to set the kitchen to rights.

Mrs. Ward stepped out into the kitchen; and as Barbara was moving into the dining-room for something, she suddenly threw her arms about her, and cried: "You don't know what it means to me to have you back again. We have had three miserable days. Carl is a very sick child. I am all worn out!" She then sat down and cried nervously.

Barbara felt embarrassed at first in the role of comforter. But she was quick to see how dependent Mrs. Ward had become. It was, after all, as woman to woman that they were related now in their common anxiety for Carl. And Barbara tried to cheer the mother by every word of encouragement she could think of while she busied herself with the necessary details of the kitchen work.

In the afternoon she went over to her mother's and told her what her decision was. Mrs. Clark sadly consented, and did not make so strong an objection as Barbara had feared. So the little trunk was carried again to the old room, and Barbara realized that her career had received a new beginning in some sense, she hardly knew how. One thing she felt very strongly, however, and that was that under the stress of need at the Wards' she was doing exactly the right thing in going back to her life of service there. Whatever the days might have for her of opportunity in the future for large service in the greater problem, it was to her mind very clear that her immediate duty lay within the circle of this one family that needed her.

She realized this more and more strongly as the next few days brought to her and the family a new and sad experience. As Carl's condition grew worse, she spent more and more of her time with him. Mrs. Ward secured a good nurse, but Carl cried in his delirium for Barbara, and she sat with him many hours of every day. She was with him when the end came which they had all come to know was inevitable. It will always be one of the comforting thoughts of Barbara's life that she won and held the love of this child. All that came to her long after. But, as this little life slowly breathed itself out in the early gray of that morning, with the weeping father and mother and the two boys as they gathered around the bed, she felt a tender sympathy for them all as if she, too, had been one of the members of the family. Carl had insisted to the very last on clinging to his mother and to Barbara. Each woman held a hand as the child's soul went out of the frail body to God who gave it.

Mr. Morton, who had been a frequent visitor at the house during the trouble that had come upon it, was sitting by Mr. Ward that morning. When the end finally came, he knelt down by Mr. Ward's side, and Barbara was conscious that the minister's strong, right hand was laid in compassion on the bereaved father's hand as he prayed for consolation.

"O our Father," he cried, and his voice brought a relief even in that moment of sharp sorrow to the family, "mercifully reveal to us the happiness of the soul Thou hast just caught up into Thy bosom. We know he is safe in Thy arms. Comfort us with the comfort which earth does not have to give; take us also into the embrace of a love which gave an only-begotten Son for a dying and mourning world. The God of comfort bless this household. In the name of Christ, Amen."

Two days later, after the funeral service, at which Mr. Morton was present as pastor and friend, Mrs. Ward broke down completely and went to bed, leaving the care of the house and the family upon Barbara. The girl bore up under the responsibility bravely. She was conscious of the fact that she was necessary to the comfort of a home. The bonds of her service rested lightly on her, because she knew she was of use in the kingdom of God.

The relation between Mrs. Ward and Barbara during those days of grief became very close and affectionate. Through all the older woman's nervous and even irritable illness Barbara nursed and attended her with admirable patience, giving her the best possible care and trying to relieve her of every possible anxiety as to the affairs of the house itself.

"You have been like a daughter to me, Barbara," Mrs. Ward said to her one day three weeks after Carl's death. "I do not know what would have become of us if you had not come back." Barbara was arranging her pillow; and, as she stooped down over her, Mrs. Ward put an arm about Barbara's neck, drew her down, and kissed her. When Barbara raised her head, the tears shone on her face.

"Service has been very sweet to me, Mrs. Ward, since I returned. I have liked to believe that I have been needed."

"You have been a wonderful comfort for us. You are like one of the family since Carl's leaving us. We shall never forget how he loved you. It will always be a very tender memory to me," Barbara replied, and the tears of the two women flowed together, tears that brought comfort to them and at the same time united their sympathy for each other.

That evening, when Mr. Ward came up after his supper with Lewis (for Alfred had gone back to college), Mrs. Ward said, after expressing her thanks that she was recovering strength rapidly: "Richard, we owe Barbara a great deal for all she has done for us in our trouble. Isn't there something we can do to show it?"

"We certainly feel grateful to her," Mr. Ward said, with thoughtful eagerness. "What do you think we can do?"

"There's that money Aunt Wallace left you in trust two years ago to educate Carl when he should be ready to enter college," Mrs. Ward's voice faltered. "By the terms of the trust the money can now be used for any benevolent or philanthropic purpose. I have heard Barbara mention a plan that might succeed if it were wisely carried out. She thinks that if a building were put up in Crawford and dedicated to the training of young women for domestic service, preparing them for competent cooks and housekeepers, that a great deal might be done to elevate the labor of the kitchen and bring intelligent American girls into it. What do you think?"

"I think it is highly probable. At any rate, anything is preferable to the condition of things we endured before Barbara came. Anything is worth trying that will by any possibility tend to help matters."

"How much is Aunt Wallace's legacy?"

"It amounts to about \$1,500 now. That would not go far toward such a building as Barbara probably has in mind."

"No, but it would be a beginning, and I think I know where I could get more to go with it." Mrs. Ward was growing very interested, and Mr. Ward was obliged to caution her against excitement; so the matter was dropped there.

But in a few days Mrs. Ward brought it up again in Barbara's presence.

"I think something could be done with a properly equipped building," Barbara said in answer to a question put by Mrs. Ward. They had discussed the matter several times before Mrs. Vane's invitation to Barbara to come to her evening gathering. Mrs. Ward had not yet hinted at any means for realizing such a project.

"How much do you suppose such a building would cost?" Mrs. Ward asked, noting Barbara's growing interest.

"O, I've no real idea. Almost any amount. It would cost a good deal to maintain it, also. The greatest difficulty would be to secure a proper person for superintendent."

"And then the next thing would be to get the girls to attend the house-keeping school."

"I think we could find plenty of girls."

"I'm not so sanguine as you are, Barbara," Mrs. Ward answered, slowly. "But Mr. Ward and I are willing to show our faith in such an attempt by given \$2,000 towards the erection of such a building."

She explained to Barbara Aunt Wallace's legacy, and added that Mr. Ward had offered to put \$500 more with it to make it \$2,000.

"I think Mrs. Vane and some of the other ladies in our church and society will give something, so that we can begin with a pretty good building and have enough to equip and run it. Suppose you go over and see Mrs. Vane some day this week and have a talk with her about it."

"I will," said Barbara, tingling with eagerness. Something real and tangible seemed about to come to pass in

her career. She grew excited as she thought of possibilities. A building of the kind she had dreamed of was not by any means an answer to the servant girl problem, but it was at least a real thing, and if the idea was properly worked out it might result in great things.

So she talked with herself as she sung at her work that afternoon and resolved to go over to Mrs. Vane's at once, and yet even in the midst of her growing excitement and her genuine interest in her career, Barbara was not altogether free from a depression that had its origin in the best feeling she had ever known. This feeling was her love for the young minister, Mr. Morton. Barbara no longer tried to conceal from herself that he had become a real part of her life. The trouble in the Ward household had all tended indirectly to increase her admiration for him. With the tenderest sympathy he had entered into the family's grief. It was only natural that in the weeks that followed Carl's death Mr. Morton should call frequently at the house where he had become such a familiar guest in college days. Scarcely a day passed when he did not drop in for a meal, or to spend part of an evening.

In one way and another Barbara met him a good deal. He was always the same earnest, gentlemanly, kindly speaker and listener. Gradually in little moments of conversation when Mrs. Ward was not able to come down, and Mr. Ward and Morton had lingered over a little talk on social questions after tea, Barbara had taken an unconscious part in the discussion. More than once she had with almost guilty haste gone out of the sitting-room after one of those important discussions in which she had revealed a part of her ambitions to the young minister and Mr. Ward; and in the midst of her work, as she finished some kitchen task, she reproached her heart for yielding to what seemed like a hopeless affection. But the girl's life was opening into full blossom under the spell of a power as old as the human race, as divine an instinct, as religious a hunger, as humanity ever knew. She was more than dimly conscious of all this, even in the midst of her self-reproaches.

But the consciousness of her position as a household servant and of his position as leader in the pulpit of the most influential church in Crawford was sharply painful. The gulf between them was not very deep personally. She was fully as well educated along lines of general culture. She was almost his equal in matters of knowledge and perception. It was the social distinction that separated them. And, as the days went by and she felt more and more the mental stimulus of his presence and the attractiveness of his manner towards her, she shrank from the thought of the suffering in the future which she was making for herself in even allowing his life to become a part of hers.

All this was in her mind as she went over to see Mrs. Vane that afternoon. The new plan proposed by Mrs. Ward and the gift of the money to make it practical appealed to her ambition, and she resolutely set herself to satisfy herself with the working out of her ambitions for social service, saying to herself, not bitterly, but sadly: "Barbara Clark, there is no place for love in the life you have chosen. Ambition is all you have any right to."

Ah, Barbara! Is that as far as you have gone in the school of life? There is nothing that can take love's place. For there is nothing greater in the kingdom of God. Ambition may keep you busy. It can never fill the place in your heart that God made to be filled.

She found Mrs. Vane as nearly disturbed as she had ever seen her. Generally the old lady was the personification of peace.

"What do you think?" was her greeting to Barbara the moment she entered the house. "Hilda has gone and got married! To a worthless young fellow after two months' acquaintance. The first I knew of it was this morning. It seems he persuaded her to marry him about a week ago. To-day she says she must leave me to go and live with him. I don't blame her for that, but neither of them is fit to be married. Hilda has no more idea of what it means to make home than—"

Just then the bell rang, and Mrs. Vane went to the door. Barbara heard her talking earnestly to some one in the hall, and the next moment she came in, followed by Mr. Morton. "Miss Clark, Mr. Morton," said the old lady, who seemed to enjoy Barbara's sudden coloring. "Mr. Morton thought he was interrupting some private conference if he came in. I don't know what you want, my dear; but I know Mr. Morton is interested in your plans, and he may be able to help in some way."

"Yes," replied Mr. Morton with a hesitation that Barbara had never noticed before in him, "I am truly interested in the problem Miss Clark is trying to work out. I don't know that I am competent to give advice in the matter. There are some subjects that even a preacher just out of the seminary does not dare to face. I think the servant problem is one of them. I came in this afternoon, Mrs. Vane, to see if you could help me in the new social-settlement work we are planning for Marble Square church."

"You want money out of me, young man. I see it in your face," Mrs. Vane gave him one of her sharpest looks. "Go on, now! It's shameful for a fine-looking young fellow like you to come here and waele a poor old woman like me out of her hard-earned savings for your social experiments. Is that what you've come after, too?" she suddenly asked, whirling around toward Barbara.

"Yes," replied Barbara, laughing with Mr. Morton at Mrs. Vane's pretended anger. "I have no social settlements to beg for, but I want you

to help me put up a building for training servants."

Mrs. Vane looked from Barbara to Mr. Morton, and rubbed her nose vigorously.

"I believe you arranged this onslaught together. You conspired to combine your good looks and your blarney to rob me of necessities for old age."

"Indeed we did not, Mrs. Vane," replied Morton, with a seriousness that Barbara thought unnecessary, knowing Mrs. Vane's manner as she did. "I know nothing of Miss Clark's plan. She came in first; and, if she gets all your money for her work, I won't complain."

"Get all you can, my dear," said Mrs. Vane, grimly, turning to Barbara, who, with real enthusiasm, told the story of Mrs. Ward's proposed gift and the possibilities of such a building if rightly managed.

Mrs. Vane listened quietly until Barbara was through, and then said: "I'll give \$10,000."

"Ten—ten—thou—" Barbara began, trembling.

"I might as well go; you've got it all, Miss Clark," said Morton, rising with mock gravity.

"Sit down, sir!" said Mrs. Vane, while the sharp eyes twinkled at Barbara's confusion. "I said \$10,000. I don't think it's enough. I'll make it more after the building is up. You will need cooks and teachers and lots of help in every way. The thing will have to be endowed like a college. I see great possibilities in it. But I have never believed in scattering effort. What is the reason this building for the training of competent servants cannot be a part of the social settlement connected with the Marble Square church? It is right in line with the rest of the things you propose, isn't it, Mr. Morton?"

[To Be Continued.]

LAST STROKE OF MISERY.

The Climax of Misfortune Heaped Upon a Poor Heroine by an Author.

Lady Anne Barnard, whose life and letters have just been edited by W. W. Wilkins, was the author of the well-known Scotch ballad, "Auld Robin Gray." Her story of the composition of this ballad, as related to Sir Walter Scott, is worth retelling.

There was an ancient Scotch melody, she said, of which dad was passionately fond. —, who lived before your day, used to sing it to us at Balcarres. She did not object to its having improper words, although I did. I longed to sing old Sophy's air to different words and give to its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister, who was the only person near me: "I have been writing a ballad, my dear. I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea, and broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her auld Robin Gray for a lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one."

My sister thought a moment, and then, the climax of misfortunes coming to her, called out: "Steal the cow, Sister Annie!" The cow was immediately "lifted" by me, and the song completed.

The Appeal to Experience.

Some of the inmates of a Yorkshire asylum were engaged in sawing wood, and an attendant thought that one old fellow, who appeared to be working as hard as anybody, had not much to show for his labor.

Approaching him, the attendant soon discovered the cause of this. The old man had turned his saw upside down, with the teeth in the back, and was working away with the back of the tool.

"Here, I say, J—," remarked the attendant, "what are you doing? You'll never cut the wood in that fashion. Turn the saw over!"

The old man paused and stared contemptuously at the attendant. "Did I ever try a saw this way?" he asked.

"Well, no," replied the attendant. "Of course I haven't."

"Then hod thy noise, mon," was the instant rejoinder. "I've tried both ways, I hev, and—impressively—"this is t' easiest."—London Spare Moments.

With an Eye to Business.

The old man was smoking his pipe on the front porch as the young man left the house.

"Things have changed since I was a lad," suggested the old man.

"How so?" demanded the young man.

"In my day when we went courting we didn't burn one gas jet, let alone two."

"Possibly," suggested the young man pointedly, "if you had fallen heir to some gas trust stock about that time it would have made a difference." Thereupon the old man went in the house and told his daughter that when it came to a question of getting a real good business man in the family she could have his consent at any time.—Chicago Post.

A Bad Break.

"What's the matter with Rod and Miss Culpepper?"

"They're mad, I believe. You know Rod is a hunting enthusiast, and he got in a dreamy mood the other night, and asked Miss Culpepper if she used smokeless powder."—Indianapolis Sun.

A Necessary Background.

"Pessimists are all right."
"What do you mean?"
"If it were not for pessimists optimists wouldn't cut any ice at all."—Detroit Free Press.

FUNNY FOLKS

Bishop Enjoyed a Joke.

Bishop Watterson, of Nebraska, was once mistaken for a traveling salesman by one who met him in a railway train.

"Do you represent a big house?" asked the traveler of the bishop.

"Biggest on earth," replied the bishop.

"What's the name of the firm?"

"Lord and Church."

"Hum! Lord and Church! Never heard of it. Got branch houses anywhere?"

"Branch houses all over the world."

"That's queer. Never heard of them. Is it boots and shoes?"

"No."

"Oh, dry goods, I suppose?"

"Yes, they call my sermons that sometimes."—Equitable Record.

Hints.

Mother—I fear, Susannah, that you do not encourage Mr. Scarioy enough.

Daughter—What shall I do, mamma?

"Why, encourage him; he's very timid, you know; give him a hint!"

"Mamma, you pain me. Haven't I already given him a corn popper, a popgun and a box of firecrackers?"

Hints, indeed!—San Francisco Bulletin.

A Picnic Incident.

"Either that young fellow down there with his girl is a liar or I'm nothing," remarked the adventurous caterpillar as he proceeded to lower himself on his silken thread.

"What do you mean?" inquired the tree toad.

"I just heard him tell her that nothing, she might be sure, would ever come between them."—Philadelphia Press.

Lionel.

They called him Lionel. When he an infant lay: His legs bow out, his toes turn in, He's long on ears and short on chin, And known as "Duckfoot" by the kids With whom he runs to-day.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

HIS WEAKNESS.



Visitor—My brother, don't you know that you ought to do people good instead of evil?

Convict—Dat's wot I'm in here fer, doin' people good!—Chicago Daily News.

An Unsuspected Possibility.

A man who oft bewail the shams That flourish 'neath the sun, And ne'er confess unto himself That maybe he is one.

—Washington Star.

Advantages of Civilization.

"I presume you appreciate the advantages you derive from being assimilated by a civilized country," said the interviewer to the sultan of Bazzoo island.

"Yes, indeed," assented his majesty.

"Why, I got \$1,000 damages because of injuries sustained by swallowing the false teeth of the last missionary we put in the royal cosmome."—Baltimore American.

Mean Man.

Mrs. Phoxy—Well, I'll be ready for that sealskin sack soon.

Mr. Phoxy—What's a sealskin sack soon?"

Mrs. Phoxy—O! don't be funny. You said if I'd live at home economically this summer you'd buy me a sealskin sack.

Mr. Phoxy—You misunderstood me, madam. I said I'd be able to buy you one, that's all.—Philadelphia Press.

Happy Little Birds.

Fair Visitor (to convict)—I suppose, sir, that the singing of the birds relieves the monotony of your dreary life?

Convict (profoundly nonplussed)—The singing of the birds, miss?

Fair Visitor—Yes, sir; the little jail-birds, you know. They must be such a comfort to you.—Leslie's Weekly.

His Penuriousness.

Jay Green (solemnly)—I was readin' an item in the paper last night about a girl that was pizoned by eatin' ice cream. She died in awful agony!

Miss Daisy Flitters (sarcastically)—Hm! She would have been alive yet if she had been keepin' company with you!—Puck.

The Other Side of It.

"I wouldn't be so concerned about my looks, Ethelinda," said the homely husband, crossly. "Beauty is only skin deep."

"I know it, Melchior," snapped the pretty wife, still inspecting the effect of her new hat in the mirror, "but ugliness goes clear through."—Chicago Tribune.

Mollified the Old Man.

He—I'm afraid your father dislikes me.

She—Oh, no! Not since I told him we could never be more than friends!

—Puck.

Applied Knowledge.

"Spell ferment and give its definition," requested the teacher.

"F-e-r-m-e-n-t, to work," responded a diminutive maiden.

"Now place it in a sentence, so that I may be sure you understand its meaning," said the teacher.

"In the summer I would rather play out of doors than ferment in the schoolhouse," returned the small scholar.—Wisconsin Journal of Education.

The Honest Man.

The honest man—his wrath oft swells Into a note of sorrow.

He buys lead pencils and umbrellas For other folk to borrow.

—Washington Star.

USUALLY THE CASE.



Newly-Married Daughter—Mamma! How long does the honeymoon last? Practical Parent—Until you ask your husband for money, my dear.—Aly Sloper.

Ill and Sick.

One day, when I was very ill, I called the doctor quick.

But when I got that doctor's bill It simply made me sick.

—Philadelphia Press.

Proud of Her.

"I want to get your wife interested in our new system of manual training," said the woman with a short skirt and a felt hat.

"Well," answered Mr. Meekton, "you can come in. But if you are trying to teach Henrietta anything about training a man I'm thinking you are wasting your time. Henrietta can come pretty near giving lessons in manual training, Henrietta can."—Washington Star.

An Appreciative Patron.

"Did you annoy my predecessor on the bench as much as you have annoyed me?" inquired the judge of the frequent offender.

"No, judge," said the tough one, "I always thought so much of you that just as soon as I heard you was elected I made up my mind to give you all my legal business—and I've done it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Disturbed Dream.

Reginald—Darling, I could float out here forever and ever and—

Voice from Shore—Say, young fellow, don't forget that boat is a dollar per hour and you owe for two hours now.

Reginald (to his companion)—Here, for the love of goodness take this oar and help me pull ashore.—Chicago Daily News.

A Triolet.

Her beauty and her grace Soon led me to adore, I praised unto her face Her beauty and her grace, The next thing that took place 'Twas daddy and no more Her beauty and her grace That led me to a door!—Detroit Free Press.

NOT VERY FLATTERING.

