WHY HE DIDN'T.

He was a newspaper man and a poet, still the combination worked very well. The only trouble was that his work rather blocked the lines of the successful life. He found it difficult to be romantic after chasing around after the seven audities the tragedies and sometimes at this moment someone far 16 feet in the air was waiting to relate something of the deepest about him notwithstanding. He tried to love. Someone in this mundane sphere then extolled a woman who he should love day now and love and be happy with her forever after.

He was to be his affinity. He rehearsed and they should know it the moment their hands touched. Naturally it was all entire body in his mind as yet, for he did not have much time for dreaming. Newspaper work is a livelier duty and dreaming was not compatible, and as the daily went, she again depended upon the newspaper the dreaming was ever hence.

He had also a social option that he should use the moment minute. To other said as much to the other day, who always looked cynical and till he whistling while with a bowing look in his eye. He would talk about the great serenity and those two diffent periods, but his profession was for the evening news. Were to get tired of living or things went wrong, he intended to be in, he said, and kept a revolver handy.

And so we come one day full in love. It was all in the morning. He was in his desk writing away like mad when the door opened, and she came from little, fine, gold, has hated, slightly tilting, with Cupid's bow lips and a twinkle in her eye. He looked up impatiently and then spoke not.

They neither knew afterward what they said, but for minutes later he was at his desk, she was gone, and between his eyes and the paper was a face, rather fine, with Cupid's bow lips and blue, frightened eyes.

Before two days he met her on the street. Their eyes met again, and they both spoke. Then he walked home with her and carried her schoolbooks, and all the world was suddenly fair and sweet as a rose garden in June. He wondered his every word, and he—well, he lived in a world of his own. He walked in a dream. The bell tolling—the wedding, marriage, the dreams, and the nice and woman he had wooed a fond dream, and only Daisy and himself real people. He was in love and for the first time.

Her mother soon became aware of the state of affairs and decided Daisy was much too young for love affairs. Her father told him so, and she. But he and Daisy loved on each other so more enough to acquaintance. There was nothing against him—they were simply too young. And so she was to go to school, but that did could call to say goodby.

That night he went to see her and came away filled with wonderful schemes for the future. He was to become rich and famous, and when she returned he would marry her. That was his plan, and feel that day he worked as he had never dreamed it possible that he could work. Before he worked because a certain amount of work was necessary to keep grim wolf at bay, but now he had an object for which to work, and he threw his whole soul into it. It was for Daisy, and that thought kept him going. For two years it was constantly with him. Each time he sat down at his desk he peeped at the dainty sachet from its his watch case and whispered her name. It was Daisy always—the alpha and omega, the sum total of his existence.

She was to be home in June, but went to visit friends and wrote him that it would be the 1st of July, and her dear friend, Beale Thornton, was to come with her.

It was evening when she would arrive, and he started to the station to meet her. Instead a telegram met him. Daisy had been married that morning. She was not coming at all. The lights in the streets danced up and down, and he repeated it softly, "Daisy married."

He hand went mechanically to his pistol pocket. Only one line was left in his strained brain, and that was to carry out his old Have morbid fancy and put an end to the existence that he now considered was not worth living. He did not take time to argue the pros and cons, but felt a slight sense of disappointment when he mentioned he had left his resolver at the office. It would not make long to go for it, he thought drearily, and glanced at the telegram in his hand. "Daisy married." It must be a dream. The train came in, the train Daisy was to have come on.

The moments were like hours, yet he did not hurry. It was not far to the office. "Daisy married." One finger on the trigger, and then—

There was a touch on his hand, hand and soft. He glanced down and for an instant did not see who it was. Then he knew—it was Beale Thornton, Daisy's friend. There were tears in her eyes, and he read pity—and was there something else—in her soft brown eyes. Neither spoke, yet neither felt the need of it. Once again he was looking into the weeping eyes of a woman. A sudden light opening into her brown eyes. Unconscious to their hands met, and they turned and walked together. The lights were golden globes through the dusk, and he realized the state upon to pass out. There was a sudden softness, a dreary longer, to the air as they, hand in hand, went into the gray dusk of the evening.

Next day he heard she married the resolver as a precious gift.—Carla Lee Belle in Cincinnati Post.

KENILWORTH IVY.

If You Want the Real Thing, Never Go to Kenilworth Castle For It.

"Could I get some slips of Kenilworth ivy anywhere about the castle? I heard a woman out of the lodge-keeper at Kenilworth castle one day," said a traveler.

"You are an American, sir—is you, madam?" asked the keeper, with a smile.

"Why, you, but what of that?" responded the lady, with some slight embarrassment.

"All American ladies come and ask me for Kenilworth Ivy after they have rambled in every book and corner of the ruins for it," explained the keeper. "They have told me how common it is in America and how much it is prized, and generally explained that they have promised to take some of the ivy thing back from Kenilworth to the friends at home. They tell me how together to find the relics of Kenilworth castle overgrown with the beautiful "Kenilworth Ivy," and that it is generally supposed in America that such is the case, and that no ivy that came from here or is found after some rainy weather in the abundant here."

"The woman could hardly hold this and the keeper continued:

"But what you know as "Kenilworth Ivy" doesn't grow in or about Kenilworth ruins at any to speak of. Nevertheless," And he smiled again, and the woman also smiled in anticipation of pay, for she had been hearing every talk of the ruins over, looking for the plant. "From the description of the plant which Americans give me I think it is a

What we call guided in wood ivy that you frequently see here. It has a small, bright green leaf and bears a tiny white flower. It grows on the ground in the thickets and under the hedges in cool places, but I never saw it growing on a wall in the common ivy form. I don't think there is much of it anywhere here, but it grows in abundance in some places farther south. The American ladies always seem very much disappointed when I tell them "Kenilworth ivy" doesn't grow here in Kenilworth, and I'm very sorry I can't give you some, ma'am."

"And the woman turned away, with a little sigh, as the keeper of the hanging basket at Jones which was so here been filled with "real Kenilworth ivy" and of the many friends to whom she had promised slips of the "real thing" when it had grown. The relics of Kenilworth never are covered with that manner of ivy, but it isn't "Kenilworth ivy," but just the common kind."—New York Sun.

The Also of Cupid's Work.

"Please, sir, carry" was the also of Cupid's work in this world, writes Howard Brinsley in The Ladies' Home Journal. The world got of his distance and the burden of his teaching consisted in concerts to one now to put on red to strike with their bellow men and live together in mutual helpfulness. All this teaching which was the whole motive of his gospel, was grouped about and expressed in the golden rule, whereon on earth the world is founded as on an everlasting foundation. To believe in Christ and so to believe in the golden rule is the only plan for social organization seems to be a moral and rational impossibility—an unthinkable impossible. Just this however, our ancestors undertook to do, and it is fair to admit that they were very frank about it. They made no pretense.

An Apt Reply.

Napoleon's apt replies often startled good humor in a crowd. A large and brawny fellowman one was harangueing the men and telling them not to the press. He finished by exclaiming: "Never mind those contents with spades on their shoulders. They can not if we your people all stand if they can but feed well and grow fat."

Napoleon, who was so little as a shadow, turned to her and said, "Look at me, my good woman, and tell me which of us two is the fatter."

The fat fag was completely disconcerted, and the mate disparted.—Exchange.

Burning Fireworks.

From a recent discussion regarding the burning of fireworks it appears that, although a sudden change in temperature, or from putting on a hot, may fracture the stick it is probable that contributory causes from forward speed in a fire have prevailed cause of fireworks accidents.—New York News.

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Mr. W. H. Price
San Francisco, Cal.

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