WHENCE.

Whence came the soft and milky corn, Enriching lowly valleys? Whence hawthorn blossoms that adorn Our lonely country valleys?

Whence came the clouds that hang aloft O'er earth their grand pavilions? The herds on meadows and in croft, That feed earth's hungry millions?

Whence came the flowers that fill the air With perfume and with beauty? And whence came all things pure and fair, Which win men unto duty?

Whence came their rays so swift and bright, On sea and land so glorious? And that unseen imperial might, Which makes man's will victorious?

Whence came the father-heart in man? The mother-heart in woman? The love throughout God's world-wide plan Which makes His children human?

These never came; what we control Is good because 'tis given, And all made better to man's soul By the sweet touch of heaven. -Charles F. Deems, D. D.

FOREWARNED.

VENICE, April 15.—I have been married | I say : three days and already my troubles are

beginning. This morning when Leon kissed me something sharp scratched my cheek-a hair, the hair of a growing beard. I loaded at married you for your beauty; I hope you my husband, and to my great surprise I are now convinced that I did not do so. saw that his face, usually so carefully And I point to the hair-dresser's. shaven, appeared like a new mown field, and that his jaw was covered with a thousand little needles.

"Leon," I said reproachfully, "you have not shaved for two days."

He smiled (he has the most charming smile), threw his arm around me and said playfully: "Do I not please my little Victo-

"You certainly are less pleasing than if | shaved." you were shaved; for you are positively ugly."
"You don't mean it! now, really?"

"Believe me, you are frightful."

looks? "Why yes, partly. I should be mortified

I look so very badly," he said, "on the contrary, I rather like it. I see a very But Leon is very gay; always kind and in said my husband, "for I know you have an taking sort of tellow in this glass."

ber's; please do, and oh! do go at once."

smooth and fresh, kneel before me, and say: "My wife, you are obeyed!" But today Leon is in a most incompre-

hensible mood, his eyes twinkle mischief, and I see an amused expression hovering over his face. He does not take his hat; he does not rush to the barber's, and he find out his mistake. even goes so far as to say that he means to remain like that for several days.

"My dear! I do not in the least under- to kiss me. stand you!" I cry in amazement.

"Yet it is very simple. I thought I had won you by the qualities of my heart and mind, but it seems you only accepted me for my looks. I can't bear the thought, for my husband's playful manner changed; and I am going to put you to the proof he gazed at me gravely, almost angrily, as to see if you can love me in this condition if he wished to read my inmost thought. I with my cheeks all rough. And now, bore this gaze very calmly. sweetheart, get ready to come out and see Venice. Only look at the magnificent view from our windows. Yonder is the palace, over there the church. I shall be back in about an hour and expect to find you ready.

And he goes out. I follow him with my eyes in dumb sur-

What a change!

We have only been married three days and already he refuses to grant one of my desires! Can he thus quickly forget all the attentive habits of courtship? Can it be true that the only time a woman ever feeling of victory or delight at his submis-

Who could have imagined this of a man ho seemed so meek?

Florence, April 20.—While we re
NICE, April 29.—Treason! who seemed so meek? FLORENCE, April 20.—While we remained at Venice I said not another word

about the beard. I waited to see what he would do, thinking he would repent, that remorse would push him to the barber's, but I waited in vain. Leon feels no remorse; his beard is growing with fearful rapidey; his cheeks are rougher and and 'we shall see' to put you in good rougher. There is no more doubt. Leon humor. I never meant to shave." refuses to obey me. It is a manifestation of revolt. He is protesting against my power by allowing his beard to grow.

Oh, Mina, my dearest friend, how wise you were to advise me to manage Leon, when you said he was not a man to bend the knee and bow the head before his wife. His polite serene manner hides a strong will, and Mina counselled me well when she said I must begin to control him from to go. the first days of our engagement, so as to make it easier. We thought a long, long time before deciding exactly how to begin. time before deciding exactly how to begin.

So he deceived me! Deceived me shametully. Ah! how pleased he must be over like some one breathing heavily in their him to give up a habit he had of swinging his successful trick!

When he returns vous. It was like second nature to him, and often he would forget, but Mina had by degrees to make her husband understand the scenery, told me how he had passed her wishes by a glance, and has succeeded in getting him to do everything as she royally.

"But Leon doesn't swing his foot," I objected, and she immediately replied:

"He smokes, and you might make him give that up, or-wait, Victoria, I have an serious that there can be no question of "But I do not mean to go," said Leon idea. Suppose you make him shave off his beard!"

I was startled. What an idea! Leon's has passed, I feel that we must fight it out eard was a masterpiece, so silky, so beand determine once for all whose will is at me steadily and handed me the keys. beard was a masterpiece, so silky, so becoming to him. I like him even better with | strongest.

it than without it.

"Besides," observed Mina, "this would prove whether your bethrothed really loves

Upon that I yielded. I begged Leon in a most insinuating voice to shave off the beard which I pretended not to admireand he made the sacrifice.

Just as we were getting into the train for our wedding tour Mina said to me: "Take care that Leon does not come back with his beard!"

How well she foresaw the future!

FLORENCE, April 21.—My situation is very difficult, and I don't at all know what to do. There are three methods for a wife to force her husband to yield to her: a quarrel, tears, or the sulks. But I can't decide which way to take; for my natural disposition leans toward none of these. What I should prefer would be to let Leon have his own way and wear his beard in peace; but Mina, Mina, Mina-I can see her from here looking significantly at his face, throwing me a mocking glance and saying sarcastically: "Ah, ah! so he wears his beard again, does he? eh, Victoria?" And besides, I am afraid of losing my influence over him, and to lose influence is to lose love. "He must yield," I keep saying over and over to myself as, after seeing the Madonna della Sacco we return to lunch at a German restaurant. At this moment I perceive a barber's sign, and stopping short,

"My dear Leon-"

"What do you wish, my darling?" "I haven't said a word about your beard since Venice. You wanted to know if I had

"I am too hungry just now, and we have not time," he replies evasively. "But how can you expect me to walk

about with such a looking man?" "Nobody knows us. I travel incognito,"

he says, laughing. This laughter, this trifling, exasperate me. "Now listen," I say, "I will not go into

Leon simply answers that he will have my lunch sent up to me. And he does it! He takes me back to the hotel up to my room, her most amiable tone. "I promise you I

"So, then, you married me for my good which I have to eat alone. What a honeyoks?"

What a cruel disillusion! PISA, April 24.—The Cathedral, the if my husband were not a handsome man." Leaning Tower! does anyone suppose I Leon laughed, and picked up a little hand | have seen them? I have seen nothing. I mirror that lay on the table. "I don't think am so pre-occupied, so low-spirited that bare civility obliged me to say something. good humor, and though I show a sulky agreeable and entertaining companion. "I am not of your opinion, and I hope face and give him terrible looks it does not Permit me to thank you once more, Mayou will consider your little wife's opinion superior to your own decision," I said most caressingly; and added: "go to the barbor's; place and oblide go and oblide go at once." unfortunate that I am incapable of preserv- NICE, May 1.-What a horrible da chair, seize his hat, and precipitate himself | serene and affable, and I have to make | in its loveliest season and I am obliged to | beard again, eh, Victoria?" she said very toward the barber's to come back presently great efforts to look sombre and cross. mope in my own room with an old lady who slowly in a stinging tone.

Genoa, April 27.—When we arrived

"Always this beard?" he asked. "Always, and always, and always, until

Presently his face relaxed, and he smiled.

"So you mean to keep on teazing till I

"Decidedly and positively, I do."

"Perhaps then—we shall see."
"You will! Really? Oh, Leon."
"I made no promise."

"Tomorrow? "I'll think about it."

I threw my arms about his neck and was glad to be once more at peace.

I take this for surrender. It seems to Can it then be really true that marriage—
even the happiest marriage—is merely a perpetual conflict between two natures?

Who could have imagined this after a second control of the perpetual conflict between two natures?

Sion, but now I feel so sure that my huscoldness between us; our relations are my wishes. I shall never abuse my power.

I will lead him with a delicate chain, and panionship is over

This morning I sent him out to the barber's and he came back with his beard still on. I could not believe my eyes.

"And your promise?" "I made no promise. I said 'perhaps' I stood stupefied.

to protect my face. I stood immovable, staring in front of me, disappointed and mortified.

"Come, Dolly, let's go for a walk."

"No." I answered coldly; "I don't care Well, then, au revoir." And he went

off with a swift, light step.

When he returned he found my door locked. He knocked. I called through that my head ached and I wished to be he had thrown himself on the lounge without only to give him a look, and the foot quiet. He came back very late in the saying one word to me, and had fallen fast stopped like magic. Thus she has come evening. He described all the beauty of asleep. He could sleep!

> I did not answer one single word. NICE, April 30.—How is this going to

I cannot tell. The offence has been so voice. pardon. Until now I did not care about | quietly. gaining a victory over him; but after what

it than without it.

"Don't ask me to do such a thing," I decided to keep up my headache to see if he would not take pity on me; so far he has not seemed inclined to do so. I found has not seemed inclined to do so. I found bent on getting enough sleep. The bleed has not seemed inclined to do so. I found bent on getting enough sleep. said indignantly.

"Then you renounce the idea of ruling?"

"I really don't care about it. What difference does it make?" I answered.

But Mina was not satisfied. She insisted that when a woman aspires to direct her husband she is not guided by a vain desire for domination, but by a wish to secure conjugal happiness. She only wants her husband to remain under a beneficent influence.

"I really don't care about it. What difference does it make?" I answered.

But Mina was not satisfied. She insisted that when a woman aspires to direct her husband she is not guided by a vain desire for domination, but by a wish to secure conjugal happiness. She only wants her husband to remain under a beneficent influence.

If he would not take pity on me; so far he has not seemed inclined to do so. I found it very dull alone in my room, while he was out all day and never came back till evening, when he appeared with an old lady of our acquaintance who always spends her winters here. She is the most tiresome person in the whole universe. Leon met her table d' hote and renewed her acquaintance who always spends her winters here. She is the most tiresome person in the whole universe. Leon met her table d' hote and renewed her acquaintance who always spends her winters here. She is the most tiresome person in the whole universe. Leon met her table d' hote and renewed her acquaintance who always spends her winters here. She was delighted to find that I was not seemed inclined to do so. I found it very dull alone in my room, while he was out all day and never came back till evening, when he appeared with an old lady of our acquaintance who always spends her winters here. She is the most tiresome person in the whole universe. Leon met her table d' hote and renewed her acquaintance who always spends her winters here. She is the most tiresome person in the whole universe. Leon met her table d' hote and renewed her acquaintance who always spends her winters here. She was delighted to find that I was not seign to me table of the table of th

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me so long as I was indisposed, so he was bringing her up to keep me company. "I shall take it as such a favor if you will stay with my wife," said Leon.

(The traitor! he knows how stupid and the restaurant with you until you are prosy she is, and how I never could endure "With all my heart," she answered, in

then goes down and sends up my lunch, will come every day as long as dear Victoria has to keep her room. "You are too kind, and Victoria will be

so happy to have you. Won't you, my "Of course," I answered stiffly, since

And Leon does not seem to mind it. When wearies me to death with her incessant and I am very gloomy he only says: "Don't uninteresting talk. Can I bear it much try to be disagreeable, you won't succeed." longer? I fee! that I am giving out. Must When I grow indignant he exclaims: "My precious doll, pray don't be violent!" If he thinks I am nothing but a doll he will not to leave my room without gaining some

NICE, May 2.—The air is charged with here this evening I refused to allow Leon electricity. This state of things cannot last much longer. The storm must break. Unluckily Leon does nothing to provoke it.

NICE, May 3 .- I told my husband that I could not stay any longer at Nice and that we had better start for Paris!

"But, my dearest, you have not yet seen anything of this beautiful place!" I thought I would frighten him, so I said, petulantly, that I did not care for

Could any other man have decided to leave Nice without taking his wife for a walk on the Promenade des Anglais? Leon proved capable of it. He had the trunks strapped, and off we went. My heart was breaking at the thought of leaving this enchanting country which it had always been my dream to see, but my pride had been so deeply wounded that I could not give up

Paris, May 10.—Here I have not adopted the tactics of Nice, for I learned there that I was the only sufferer. We go out | ducklings? together to visit the various sights of the

ing at a place of amusement. Leon seemed to enjoy it vastly, for he will allow nothing to interfere with the pleasure of the wedding tour. His appetite is always good;

he is perfectly contented, while I am in this wretched humor! I could not bear any more; my heart

was overflowing and my self-control was rapidly giving out. "One of us must give in. Either he loves me or he does not." And so I kept saying over and over to myself as we went "I would be very happy to please you," he said, politely; "but I have had a touch of neuralgia, and I must let my beard grow song very softly under his breath. This whistling annoyed me. It contrasted too painfully with my own mood and my

misery. I felt tears running down my cheeks, and as soon as we reached our rooms the grief of many days threatened to choke me. I fell into a chair and began to cry and sob aloud. I don't know how long I kept it up. All

It was Leon!

I was indignant. While I was sobbing

I made one bound and woke him. He opened his eyes, rubbed them, smothered a yawn and said: "What's the matter,

"Give me the keys. I am going to pack up. I am going home," I said in a firm

"Then I shall be obliged to go alone."
"Alone? Just as you like." He looked

Then he turned over. Yes; the monster actually turned over

"Who ever said I didn't love you?" he answered, gently.

"You know very well, so don't pretend to be ignorant," I returned, reproachfully. Leon was silent for some time, then he said: "Do you really mean this nonsense

about my beard?" "Of course. Formerly it only needed a word from me and you cut it off. I was engaged then. Now that I am your wife and I beg the favor, you refuse me."

Leon sat up, and taking my head between his hands, looked into my eyes.

"It is really you who ask me to do this?"
"Who else should it be?" "Mina, perhaps," suggested Leon, emphasizing his words and looking at me searchingly.

I was amazed. I felt my cheeks flaming, my heart throbbing. I tried to get away from him, but he detained me. "Take this letter, my darling-read it."

I read: "BUDA-PESTH, April 12.

Dear Friend: "You will be surprised to find a letter from me at the first stopping place of your wedding journey. I would not interrupt your happiness for a moment if I had not an important communication to make. Fortunately, I have your address. After seeing you off, my wife Mina left me to go to see the Voglesangs. Discovering that she had carried off my office key, I also went there, and was shown into a parlor. Mina was in the next room talking with the mistress of the house; she was laughing heartily, and said she was curious to know whether you would come back with or without your beard. Mme. Voglesang asked what she meant. Mina related that she had cured me of a habit of swinging my foot on purpose to get me under her dominion, and that Victoria had made you shave off your beard for the same purpose. On hearing this I lost no time in rushing to the post-office to send this word of warning, and now I am going home with the firm resolution to swing my foot as much as I please to manifest my independence. Let your beard grow.

"Yours sincerely, "ARTHUR." I was overwhelmed with confusion; but Leon was so generous that he helped me to regain my composure.

"Why should either reign supreme?" he said. "Let us share the power-divide the

"Oh, Leon!" BUDA-PESTH, May 30.—Mina and her husband called today for the first time since our return home. On entering Mina kissed me and stood before Leon as if surprised. She stared at him for some time as if she failed to recognize him.

"That cannot be your husband!"

"Yes." "I should never have known him with I thought Leon would bound from his ing an angry air; my expression is usually have passed! To think that we are at Nice that half-grown beard. So he wears his

> "Precisely," replied Leon. "During our journey I had a little neuralgia, and Victoria agreed with me that it would be much better to have my face protected." I threw my husband a look of gratitude. How good and kind he always is!

> We sat down. Arthur began directly to swing his foot. Mina gave him significant glances. He took no notice, but continued his gymnastics. Mina's lip grew thin, her cheek pale. Still he perceived nothing, but

> went calmly on.
> "Arthur!" she cried at last. "You make me nervous with your foot going so!" "I beg your pardon," he answered courteously, stopping for a moment. And an instant after he resumed his favorite exercise.

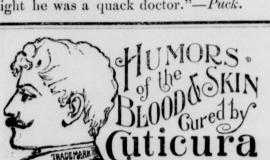
-N. Y. Voice. An Ominous Remark.

"Glad to see you," said the cannibal. "Thank you for your kind reception," returned the missionary. "I think we shall get on famously together."

"I hope so," observed the cannibal. "Your predecessor disagreed with me."

Rough on the Doctor. Ethel Reddy-"Mamma won't you please ask Dr. Dore to look at my little sick

Mrs. Reddy-"No, no; run away! Dr. Dore isn't a bird doctor. Ethel Reddy—"Well, papa said last night he was a quack doctor."—Puck.



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