THREE WORDS.

For three words that you said to me,
I go through life full cheerily;
They shield me like some holy charm
That wardeth off distress and harm,
And bar from earth's iniquity,
O happy heart, that knows not doubt
nor ache,
For three words' sake.

For three words that you said, I know
How rich the poorest hind may go,
And how a very prince may be
Dragged in the deepest poverty;
And how love laughs to have it so.
Such is the tender knowledge I may
take,
For three words' sake.

For three words that you said, I stand
With strength unfailing in my hand,
Knowing the thing I would not dare,
Heir by its wisdom I must bear,
Armored to meet a world in mail.
My heart is sweet for my sight
black,
For three words' sake.

A Personal.

BY LOUISE HOLLAND.

"Here it is"

"Just the ticket, said Laurence.

"Heavens, Jack, but you're a deep one," said Charlie.

"He uses his head to think with as well as to eat and drink and talk with. I would do well to cultivate him, my boy," put in Laurence, glad to give Charlie a hit for his too accurate description of a girl he admired.

"Well, boys, I must be moving," declared Charlie, ignoring Laurence's shot, thinking it well to retire before he got another, and he was off, to be followed soon after by his companions.

* * * * *

In a girl's dainty blue and silver room were gathered a knot of Southern debutantes to talk over the details of the next ball, the experience of the last one, and to become more intimately acquainted with Margaret Delland's gay young cousin, a pretty brown-eyed, brown-haired girl from the North, who, with her alert, vivacious and independent ways, formed quite a contrast to her quiet, demure and more conservative sisters of the South.

Kate Irving was but eighteen, and this visit to her Southern cousins witnessed not only the first flight from the home nest, but her initial entrance into the social whirl as well, and to her it seemed a veritable peep into fairyland. Yet she carried herself well, and her head was not turned by the many flattering attentions she received from the Southern gallants whom she met.

In a momentary lull of the details of Maude Clare's reception gown Margaret put the question, "Who do you think called last night?"

"It couldn't have been John Strong," inquired Millicent Dean, a girl whose baby face and innocent blue eyes almost belied the meaning look she gave the others as she asked the question.

Margaret flushed, and replied: "He was here, but Charlie Norris came with him and, girls, he was so infatuated with Kate he hardly addressed three words to me during the entire evening. What will we do with this Northerner, if she comes among us and carries off the handsomest man in town?"

"Oh, Margaret! Why, girls, he and Margaret got into such a heated discussion on 'Modern Woman,' you could almost see the sparks fly," returned Kate.

"Did Margaret agree with him; what did Charlie say?" asked Maude, trying hard not to look too interested in that young gentleman's views of the "weaker vessel."

"Of course she didn't agree with him. Why, he says the modern woman is as bold and independent as a man, and as for the restraints of custom and things conventional, she utterly ignores them."

"Yes," interposed Margaret, "she goes so much further that he said—well, ladies, I know you'll envy me, I'll say that I'm right, I've got a bet on a hundred dollars with a certain

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]