

opposite that Penn Warren was approaching.

"Mr. Oglivie," she said, looking at him frankly, "I understand you—I'm an American girl, after all. You don't know how to *trust*. Is there anything that brains and money won't do in this country?"

"No," he said, with unction.

"Well," she replied, looking away from him, but extending her hand, "you ought to have more confidence—

in yourself! Here comes Mr. Warren. There'll be tea here to-morrow at five."

Warwick was so disgusted with his failure socially—he had tasted blood for a moment—that he married Madame Jonquille, who induced him to buy an Italian title. Oglivie has never understood exactly what it all meant; he is happy, but he almost swears when any man says that it is the woman who proposes!



HEART'S INN

"OHO!" quoth Love, "'tis the Inn of the Heart,
I'll hie me thither and claim my part,
For many a guest will there have place
Who knows Love's name, but never his face!"
So unto the Inn of the Heart Love came,
And warmed him well by that hearth's flame;
Guests who had fed them and paid no fee
Stole from the presence of such as he.

Pain and Longing and gray Despair,
Slipped they back to the shadowy air;
Though the Inn was full at setting of sun
Love, of guests, was the only one,
For he peopled with dreams of radiant joy
And paid Life's coin without alloy;
At the Inn of the Heart, 'neath its purple vine,
Love fared for a night off roseate wine.

A minstrel sang; Love turned his face,
For the Inn of the Heart is a quiet place;
A vender called his wares in the street,
And the door swung back for Love's flying feet;
The door stood wide, but he fled with day;
Then silently back the same old way,
Came Longing, Despair and the older Pain,
To fill the Inn of the Heart again—

*Save for a small, sequestered room,
Where Memory spun with web and loom.*

VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.



TRUTH may have been stranger than fiction before the days of the yellow journal.