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A MATTER of MILLIONS.

By Anna Katharine Green, Author of "The Forsaken Inn," etc.

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CHAPTER XVII.

Continued.

"I leave," said he to the hostess, "with many thanks for my kindly reception here. Though I had been told much of the charms of Great Barrington I had not heard that its advantages of natural scenery were more than equaled by its opportunities for the highest social intercourse."

And such was the grace and seeming candor of his words that Miss Aspinwall forgot for the moment her doubts and gave him one of those lovely smiles which were seldom accorded but to the most welcome guest.

"I shall do myself the honor of calling again," he thereupon remarked, and before she had time to recover from the embarrassment which these words called forth he had made his bow and left, but not without casting one more look at the signorina.

The instant his departing step was heard on the gravel walk without a murmur of voices broke forth.

"How peculiar!"

"What a gentleman!"

"I wonder if it can be a case of love at first sight?"

"Two Degraws in the field!"

At which last ejaculation the hostess turned pale, though she tried to keep up her spirits on this, perhaps, the most trying evening of her life.

In the window recess another hurried and passionate colloquy was going on.

"Oh, my love," the artist was saying, "I tried to save you from this man. He is the wretch who has made so many Jenny Rogerses unhappy. Perhaps you have not read the paper, and perhaps you did not know that persons of your name are at present under a sort of ban, but I knew it and knew that from the very similarity between his name and mine that he was the person most to be dreaded by you. Yet you would not take the hint I gave you, but insisted upon owning to your real name, and not content with that allowed him to address you and even to engage you in conversation."

"And has any harm come from it or will any harm come? I have heard of some of the stories you speak of, but there was nobody to tell me that there was anything in this gentleman to fear. Nor can I believe there is. You are laboring under a mistake, or look with prejudiced eyes upon one who seems to intrude upon your rights of bearing the same name."

"Do you plead for him, signorina? Has he imposed on you, too, by his devilish urbanity and hypocritical smiles? I will not believe it. He may turn the head of school misses and factory girls, but surely not yours. Why, he is a murderer, possibly."

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed hotly, and would have said more, but just then Miss Aspinwall approached them, and pressed the artist to finish the revelations which he had been interrupted in making to her earlier in the evening. But he had lost the desire to speak. Something in the signorina's manner betrayed such unbounded trust in the stranger that he felt it would be but waste of breath to reiterate his suspicions, while to brand the stranger as an adventurer and criminal in the presence of a company who had already received him as an equal, was in the absence of other proof than that which had been urged against himself, a manifest risk and possible shame. His reply, therefore, was less uncompromising than Miss Aspinwall had anticipated.

"I was about to warn you," said he, "against this Mr. Degraw, not because I know him, but because a gentleman of his name and mine has earned a very doubtful reputation in New York. Though it is hard to believe that this person is the one who has engaged the attention of the police, still my fears are such that I could not refrain from giving you a hint of them. That is all, Miss Aspinwall. I now consider my duty in this regard at an end."

She took out of her pocket the note which the stranger had brought her.

"This seems entirely en regle," she remarked. "I know the writer well, and I know his signature. He recommends Mr. Degraw to me as a gentleman of family and distinction. To doubt that this is true is to doubt the knowledge or judgment of my friend. This I cannot do, so I must still continue to receive Mr. Degraw."

The artist bowed and waived the subject. He felt himself in a false position, and hated his own precipitancy, while at the same time he found it impossible to dismiss his doubts. He was also troubled by the smiles and beaming aspect of the signorina. If she loved him could she or would she hail this manifest triumph of his rival?

But did she love him? Had the tide he believed to be turning in his favor received a check, and would he be obliged to add to the list of the possible wrongs committed by this interloper the sudden nipping in its bud of the purest passion flower that ever blossomed from a poet's heart or evolved itself from a poet's dream?

CHAPTER XVIII.

FACE TO FACE.

It was midnight. Peace and quiet had settled upon the great house. Not a light twinkled from its many windows, not a sound disturbed its universal peace. But in the walks beneath it was not so. There a restless figure moved, pausing now and then to gaze at the vault of stars above his head, but oftener to turn toward the house from one of whose windows an influence breathed which claimed him to the spot.

It was Hamilton Degraw, the artist.

What were his thoughts? What were his dreams? What was the charm which made this night more alluring than the repose which awaited him in his own rooms? He had parted from the signorina under the eyes of Miss Aspinwall and her friends. He had not dared to utter one of the countless appeals which rose to his lips. She had not encouraged him to do so, and he would not have ventured if she had. Indeed her manner had been in a slight degree repelling. Though she had smiled upon him and even blushed at his look, which conveyed more of his feelings than he doubtless intended at the moment, she had not shown that she delight at his homage which he had observed in her before the advent of the other Mr. Degraw. He had, therefore, this estrangement to think of, as well as of the danger which possibly threatened her. And these was another thing. He had sometimes thought that the mysterious Montelli and the unknown persecutor of the unknown girls so often alluded to were one and the same man. But if this gentleman whom he had met this evening were the latter person, as he fully believed, then he and Montelli were two distinct persons, for he had noted the figure and face of both and realized that by no art could the one have been transformed into the other. There were, therefore, in the case of the signorina, two enemies to fear, and which of these was to be dreaded the more it was impossible to say.

But it was not to watch or think that he lingered in Miss Aspinwall's grounds on this night. It was to be near the woman he loved, to breathe the same air, to sigh beneath the same stars. It was next to having her presence: next to knowing that she received his visits and dreamed his dreams. He would not have counted sleep if he could, it was so much like parting to stray beneath the trees and think himself a Romeo to this Juliet.

He had paced several times up and down a certain secluded walk bordered by clustering bushes, which suddenly the fancy took him to stray into into her path less heavily shadowed. But as he stepped into it he paused. Was it safe to trust his moonlighted surface, within sight as he perceived it to be, of fifty windows of the house? No, it was not safe. But for that very reason it was tempting to him, and without sounding very deeply the intuitions which led him to this sudden exposure of his presence he passed stealthily down its lengthened vista into the sombrelde of evergreens which terminated this walk.

An exclamation of astonishment followed by a sudden recoil was the result. He was not alone in this place of extended solitude. A man was before him, whose tall form, drawn up within a shadow that failed to conceal his presence gave to the artist such a shock that he well nigh lost his self-possession.

"Mr. Degraw?"

"Mr. Degraw?"

The words rang simultaneously, but in wholly dissimilar tones. Then the two paused and looked at each other, and then the gentleman from Cleveland remarked.

"You find me still intruding upon Miss Aspinwall's grounds. How shall I explain it? Not by the real reason lest that should seem sentimental to you. Shall I say that it is the beauty of the night which allures me, and trust to your good nature not to be contradicted in my statement?"

The artist, who had withdrawn himself into the moonlight, responded by a short but significant silence. Then he observed:

"I shall contradict you in nothing, Mr. Degraw. I have not yet recovered from the surprise of encountering a person of my own somewhat unusual name."

"You make a great deal of that. Shall I relate to you my pedigree, or send for that leaf in our family Bible which is duly inscribed with my name?"

"Could you?"

"Mr. Degraw, you insult me. Were there any cause for it I should probably resent it. As there is not I find it more consistent with my self-respect to regard you as a moonstruck enthusiast, unworthy of my attention or revenge."

This tone, which was certainly unexpected, took the artist by surprise. For a moment he hesitated, not knowing what to reply, then he said, boldly:

"I certainly find myself under great obligations to you. To be thought a moonstruck enthusiast is better than to be thought a villain and a fraud!"

And with a determined step he wheeled about, leaving the passage open to the man whom he now believed he had made his enemy.

He had walked but a short distance, however, before he heard the other's step ring close at his side.

"I cannot let you go," said the stranger, as the artist turned toward him. "Will you have in some measure explained yourself. When my name was first mentioned you showed an unnatural astonishment, and at the time of my introduction to you I was met by a sarcasm which my own courteous feelings toward you certainly neither merited nor called forth. What excuse you have to make for all this I cannot say, but it must certainly be a good one to reconcile you to conduct so out of keeping with your general character and fame."

"You are right," assented the artist, baffled by the other's coolness, but for an instant shaken in his doubts. "I had an excuse and if you wish to hear what it is I must give it. But I would rather be excused from offending you, and would esteem it a great favor on your part if instead of requiring explanations from me you would consent to answer three questions."

"You are moderate in your demands," sneered the stranger, with a curl of his strong lip and a flash of his keen eyes. "As the insulted party, I have certainly the right to refuse them. But I am something more than an insulted party. I am a gentleman and an honest one; therefore, if you have anything to ask, ask it. I will be brief but straightforward in my replies."

A cold perspiration started out upon the artist's brow, but he pursued unflinchingly the course into which fate had led him.

"You will answer questions?" said he. "Perhaps then, you will be kind enough to tell me whether you came directly here from Cleveland?"

"I did not."

"Have you been staying then in New York and was it from that place you traveled to this place?"

"You have said it. I have been in New York, and it was from there I came no later than to-day on the 5 o'clock express. Would you like to know what baggage I brought and what was the amount of the fee I gave to the porter?"

"I wish to know nothing but what vitally concerns myself and the welfare of a person dearer to me than myself. Miss Rogers—?"

"Ah!"

There was a change in the stranger's manner. He seemed at once to have received a blow to the mercy of the other's animosity.

"Is the hearer," imperturbably continued the artist, "of a name that has lately been the mark for peculiar shafts of fortune. As the lady is dear to me you will pardon me the self-revelation given by these words. I have constituted myself the shield to protect her against the assaults which have overwhelmed girls of lesser consequence and attainment. If, therefore, you have ever spoken to any other person by the name of Jenny Rogers do not think you will be allowed to speak to this one. If you have not—"

"Sir!" interposed the other haughtily, "you are a madman. Not speak to Miss Rogers? Why, if she were here with I should address her if I pleased, that is, if she allowed me the privilege of doing so, and I think she would."

This shaft, which was only too deftly leveled, struck home at once. The artist recoiled, and stammered some inoffensive words before he returned to the attack.

"Miss Rogers is no judge of her own danger," he finally remarked. "If she were you might expect less indifference on her part."

The stranger laughed.

"You show an acquaintance," he suggested, "both of my nature and the character of my interest in Miss Rogers that excuses you for much more foll. than you either in this interview. Perhaps does not measure Miss Rogers, that is, not from me, but if it did, you have scarcely taken the wisest method to exert it."

This was only too true. Carried away by his feelings the artist had allowed himself to go further than his own judgment approved. But to be told of it by his adversary was humiliating and did not serve to increase his satisfaction. It was, therefore, in a little enough tone that he replied:

"I have but done as any honest man would do. I have possible for disturbing you and I tell you so. All that I shall add to what I have already said is this: That if grief or any evil comes to Miss Rogers I shall know where to look for its cause. Neither your rank nor good breeding nor the affinity which investes you, perhaps, and conversation shall save you in the hour from a revenge that will have not only love but the law to back it. Sir, good-night."

He turned away, the stranger looked after him doubtfully and took one step as if to follow him. But this determination did not hold, and Mr. Degraw of Cleveland, remained silent and unmoved, while the other passed slowly down the paths till he reached one of the two gates which guarded the place. There the artist paused, and his antagonist, convinced that he would go no further while he himself remained on the ground, was good natured enough to or wise enough to turn away toward the other gate. The watchful artist, perceiving this, passed out, and presently the two could be seen hasting through the street, the one toward the hotel, the other toward the neighboring dwelling which held his rooms.

Would they have passed so lightly had they possessed the power of perceiving the stilish figure that sat behind one of those open casements upon which they now turned their backs? I wot not, for in the exact face uplifted to the moon there was a look which puzzles us and would have puzzled them. Was she listening? Was she dreaming? Was she hoping? is it a spell of delight or of apprehension which holds her enthralled and makes her a statue of wakefulness amid a household of sleepers? We may not know at present. Will the time ever come when we shall?

To be continued.

FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT

ART OF DRESSING HAIR.

An Important Matter With the Up-to-Date Woman.

Perhaps never before has there been a time when the hair was an object of greater solicitude to women at large than at the present, or a more important element of personal beauty. The low coiffure has caught on with a rapidity which shows how free the public generally was of the upward sweep and bare nape, the small Eugenie and the high effects that have been in vogue so long. For street and ordinary wear the hair is drawn into a simple knot low down on the neck, and for evening wear the high coiffure remains in vogue, although where a woman has a good profile and a style which the low knot distinctly enhances she is sorely tempted to wear it all the time. The low coiffure is pretty generally becoming, as it shows the shape of the head to better advantage than does the high coiffure. It also conceals the nape of the neck, which is a weak spot in many women's dressing of their hair. Not every woman has a pretty neck, or one that is decorative when the hair is drawn away from it in the severe lines that have been in vogue.

The hair is still worn compulsour, but, instead of an even symmetrical compulsour framing the face, the hair is puffed over the ears in irregular masses or puffs, and there is a general movement to discard the rat as unnecessary. Many women who have adopted the low style of hair dressing have reverted to the centre parting, the result being something exceedingly womanly looking and soft, provided they have foreheads that will bear showing.

A narrow, long effect is sought for by women whose heads are broad and the nape of the neck plump and pretty. These are in the shape of the figure 8, in loose coils, or in oblong knots. With the low style of hair dressing any ornament that may be added in the form of flowers is worn at the side. Where the hair is worn in a broad braid coming around ornament the top and bottom of the braid with black ribbon bows. The lower bow is slipped through the braid behind, it is turned up, and spreads on either side in a big broad bow. All these low styles of hair dressing call for a good head of hair, if the results are to be satisfactory. As handsome hair is somewhat less common than it was in the days before crimpers and rats were so generally adopted, and as few women, and even young girls, are glad to avail themselves of the black ribbon bow as a pretty and time-saving substitute for eating out their locks.

One still sees innumerable high coiffures on the street. Some of the best dressed women wear them, and will continue to wear them, possibly with modifications, because they have found that the made suits their style. It will probably be a long time before the high coiffure becomes passe.

Earrings in "Smart" London.

A "smart" observer in London fashion writes to M. A. P. of current fashions in earrings that smart earrings are in two designs, the solitaire stud and the long pendant. The solitaires are usually in diamonds or in black or white pearls. Long earrings seem to be coming into favor. These take the form of an elongated edition of the solitaire, the pendant being composed of a pear shaped jewel, either a pearl, ruby, opal, turquoise, peridot, emerald or a single diamond of great beauty and value.

In any case the earrings are completed by a round brilliant, forming a stud close to the ear. These pear-shaped gems are now very precious, and did one go far higher in price. Pear-shaped pearls are fairly plentiful, and an emerald this form seems to be not unusual, but it is rare in rubies and a pear-shaped turquoise is hard to find.

Several smart and distinguished women have long worn earrings, among others the Princess of Wales, Lady Lansdowne, Lady de Grey, Lady Henry Bentinck and Baroness de Meyer. Circle earrings appeal to some of us, and the large, round, jeweled rings suit a dark, Cassandra-like type of beauty. Mrs. George Cornwallis West adopted the style of earrings when in evening dress. Mrs. Mackay has the finest black pearl earrings ever seen in London; they are said to have cost $20,000.

Society "Babble of Babel."

Modern society came in for a severe scoring at the hands of Mrs. Jessie Brown Pounds, of Ohio, at the opening session of the Convention of Christian Women's Board of Missions, in Detroit, Mich. Mrs. Pounds addressed 2000 persons in Woodward Avenue Baptist Church. The society young women of the present day came in for especially hard condemnation. Society, like Mrs. Pounds described as the smart, gay babble of Babel. "Modern life is getting to be more and more a vulgar display," she said, amidst the applause of her listeners. "Expenses are so rapidly exceeding incomes that there is no longer any home life. All the adults of families are forced to go out to meet the heavy expenses that modern conditions impose. We would much better keep our daughters at home, and let them make a home, than to send them out to work in order to increase the family income. Let us lead simpler lives and develop more home-makers.

"The women of the middle classes in this country are dying at present from socialistic homicide, and the women of the upper classes are dying, too, but from a different cause. Too many nurses at dinners and too much bridge to worry over is killing them. American parents are proud if their daughters marry a European nobleman, but heartbroken if one marries a missionary."

Handwriting Key to Sex.

Sex in handwriting is the study which promises new fame to Alfred Benet, already distinguished as the director of the Psycho-Physiological Laboratory at the Sorbonne, Paris, and a psychologist of world-wide reputation.

To determine the extent to which handwriting discovers the sex of the writer of the pen Professor Benet has appealed for data to the two most prominent graphologists in France, Messrs. Crepieux-Jamin and Elie.

He has collected samples of the writing of all manner of individuals—professional people, servants and schoolgirls for comparison. The result shows that the feminine gender expresses itself in the following characteristics, though these are not infallible:

A woman makes the small "a," "r," and "p" higher than the other small letters, and in general makes her letters less compactly than a man. She also exhibits many other peculiarities in forming letters.

Shirt Waists For Winter Wear.

What is more attractive to the eye than a well-fitted plain tailored waist with all accessories in accordance? There are some women more suited to wear this style of apparel than others. When the tailored girl is pictured by us we see a tall, well proportioned figure, with the coiffure severely arranged, even tightly drawn from the face, into a hard knot at the nape of the neck, or dressed on the crown of the head, but without the frowsy pompadour or clustering ringlets.

The neck piece should be of the severe sort, either to match the waist or one of the many pretty varieties shown in the shops at present. The black stock with the black satin tie is decidedly mannish and severe, but then we have the pretty drawn bands or turnovers to be worn with the plaited stock and give a touch of femininity and neatness so much sought for.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

In Vogue.

Among jewels—garnets.

Straight full skirts.

Braid, fur and lace combined.

Evening coats of renaissance lace.

Hats of gorgeous plaided full cloth.

Rich silks and velvet for coats.

Link fastenings of old silver for shirt waists.

Corset covers of dotted and flowered muslin.

Lovely flowered silk muslins for evening frocks.

Norfolk jackets of knitted wool—with a belt like the regular cloth jacket.

Thick line of soft white wool is liked both for gown and hat adornment.

Play With Fingers and Toes.

At the meeting of the Ohio Congress of Mothers, Cleveland, Mrs. James L. Hughes of Toronto, advised mothers to play with their babies' fingers and toes.

"I do not believe," she said, "there is a mother in Cleveland, whether she be American, Italian or any other nationality, who does not play with her baby's fingers and toes. And I venture to say there is nothing she can do of greater importance to baby's development."

Woman, Not Gown, a Misfit.

Isaac Abrams, a Chicago ladies' tailor, who sued a woman for not taking the garment she had ordered, made a novel defense. "I do not like to go to court," said he, "but what can a man do when, after he has taken a woman's measure for a tailor made suit, she is taken ill, loses thirty pounds in weight and then will not take the garment because it does not fit her?"

Fashion Notes.

Yards and yards of braid are used.

Pipings are exquisites in the new modes.

Fringe is one of the fashionable garnitures.

The long coat seems to be "in" for general service.

A brown skirting decked with green is a fetching example.

Hats in shaded beaver are among the millinery novelties.

Pelerines are the ultra fashionable thing in fur neck wear.

White and moss green are an artistic combination in millinery.

Tweeds are very smart for walking suits intended for hard wear.

Gay colors are introduced into the new suitings with fetching effect.

Some of the round suitings seem to have been caught in a snowstorm.

The off-color whites, champagne, mushroom and oyster, will be fashionable.

The long boas in mixed black and white ostrich compete among the new neck things.

Lovely evening coats of white broadcloth have capes trimmed with deep white fringe.

The old-fashioned Hercules braid appears with a beautiful lustre and trims gowns of all sorts.

The skirts of many gores threaten to bring gray hairs to the head of more than one dressmaker.

The new suits all incline to be low and flat with long slide coats—quite like the quaint old fashioned pelerines.

Lace gowns will again be all that is most desirable in the way of a bolero or fashionable bonnet for evening wear.

Blouses of a heavy mercerized fabric, in a blue predominating, are distinguished by Chinese hieroglyphics worked in dull blue, red, yellow and green silks. The declaration is usually on the front box pleat and on the collar and cuffs.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

To Improve Meat Beginning to Spoil.

Have water ready in a saucepan, also two pieces of burnt wood—that is, charcoal. Put the meat in the boiling water, and put the burnt wood in the fire till it gets red, then drop into the pot. When the fire is extinguished take off the saucepan, skim it, remove the meat.

Candles Not Fitting Candlesticks.

By dipping the end in very hot water it will become soft and pliable. If the candle is too thick it can be lengthened an inch, and when too thin it is easily flattened out, thus preventing the candle from falling out of the candlestick, and making the use of paper wads unnecessary, thereby minimizing the risk of fire.

The Care of Carpets.

A good layer of newspapers underneath the carpet will prevent all danger from moths, which have a strong objection to printers' ink, and will not come anywhere near it to lay their eggs.

Fresh paper should be used every time the carpet is taken up.

Tea leaves damp still on newspaper that has been soaked in water and then squeezed dry and torn into small pieces are all very good for taking up the dust when sweeping. But tea leaves should always be rinsed in water before using, especially if the carpet is a light one.

Damp salt brightens and colors wonderfully if they are not at all faded or soiled. Remember, that a carpet should always be swept the way of the nap. To brush the other way is to brush the dust in. Attend to all stains as soon as possible. If left, they gradually sink into the carpet and are much more difficult to remove than if done at once.

How to Press Cloth.

When woolen cloth is to be pressed, but not washed, it is sometimes the question of how best to give it the dampness that will enable the hot iron to remove the folds and wrinkles. Good results are to be had by wringing a sheet out in warm water, spreading it on a large table, arranging upon it the pieces to be pressed and then folding or rolling all in a bundle. After lying thus for several hours, the cloth is evenly damp, but not wet, and all creases and folds secure to the best possible condition for the ironing. The pressing rather than the ironing must be done slowly with irons not too hot for too cool, moving them just fast enough to prevent one from scorching its surface on the goods. Too cool is to raise the steam, or not hot enough to scorch the wool, is what for the irons. Instead of pushing the irons every which way and too fast, change with miss heat it by wear. Further folds are handled the same way with silk or cotton. The process, of course, is followed by all things and called "sponging," except that to pressing follows the dampness of new cloth, it being merely spread straight and left to dry.

Marking Household Linen.

It is a sign of good and economy housekeeping to have bed and table linen marked, also all towels and everything of personal wear that will be laundered. Articles that are marked are apt to have better care than otherwise.

The ideal way of marking is by embroidery, but scarcely any housekeeper has time for decorative sewing. If she chooses to mark her best hemstitched sheets and pillow slips in this way the initials should be placed just above the hem in the middle of the upper half of the pillow slips and halfway across the upper end of the sheet. The embroidery—and by done in a raised design with the best embroidery menses, or monogram, a little one side of the center and nine inches near one corner.

Indelible ink is the usual medium for marking. Select a good ink and then note carefully the directions for using, as it is liable to fading if not closely may really disappointed either by the name fading or the cloth being injured by chemicals. Also you may require a soft pen and another a quill pen, for for some it will pass or direct bristle smoothly, will be essential to get the ink on easily.

RECIPES

Lemon Sauce—Put one cup of water over the fire, rub two level tablespoonfuls of corn starch in a little cold water until smooth then stir it into the boiling water, stirring until thickened, add half a cup of sugar and the grated rind of one lemon.

Whole Wheat Pudding—Sift together one pint of whole wheat flour, half a teaspoonful of soda and half a teaspoon of salt, mix half a cup of molasses and one cupful of milk, pour this over the whole wheat, add one cup of chopped dates, turn into a buttered mould and steam one hour, serve with lemon sauce.

Scotch Cakes—Put into a bowl two cupfuls of flour, rub into it with the tips of the fingers three-fourth cup of butter, then add one cup of sugar and two small eggs beaten, add one teaspoonful of cinnamon, mix well, roll out on a floured board quite thin, cut into rounds and bake in a moderate oven fifteen minutes.

Salmon Cutlets—Mix equal parts of cold flaked salmon and mashed potatoes, season with salt and pepper, shape in cutlets, roll in crumbs, dip in beaten egg, then in crumbs again, put several in the frying basket and fry a good brown in smoking hot fat, drain on paper, arrange on a folded napkin, garnish with parsley, serve with a rich cream sauce.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

Out of It.

With these facilities at hand,
Hell certainly have had
The time of his life, were it not that
He time of life outside.

—Puck.

The Reason.

Smith—"Why is it that intellectual women do not make good mothers?"

Brown—"They don't usually get a chance, my boy."—Town Topics.

Newly Defined.

Tommy Figgjam—"Paw, what is meant by 'begging the question?'"

Figgjam—"When a girl is doing all in her power to get a fellow into the notion of proposing."—Baltimore American.

The Food and the Man.

Church—"Tell me what you eat and I'll tell you what you are."

Gorham—"Well, I eat hash at Mixum's restaurant."

Church—"Then you're a fool."—Yonkers Statesman.

Couldn't Kill Him.

"How is Dobbs? I hear he has been very sick."

"That's what! Nine doctors failed to recover him."

"Great Scott, he must be tough!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Fair Retreat.

Willie—"Let's play we are married."

Little Bessie—"Have you ever played it with any other girl?"

Willie—"No."

Little Bessie—"Then you can't practice on me."—Smart Set.

The Young Thing's Query.

"I went to California," said the disappointed Western man, "as a forty-niner."

"Dear me!" replied the very annoying girl, "were you marked down from sixty?"—Wash. Union Star.

Her Preference in Games.

"Does your daughter play Mozart?" inquired the young man with gold glasses.

"I think she does," answered Mrs. Cumsey affably. "But I think she prefers to play solitaire."—Washington Star.

Not Wasting Time.

"What's the matter with old Fred?" asks our workman.

"He's got a splinter in his 'and,' says another.

"Why don't 'e pull it out?"

"Wot! In his sober hours! Not likely!"—Tit Bits.

At the Sixth Plate.

Angelina—"Oh, Percival! I believe I could eat ice cream forever!"

Percival Noodle—"Blamed if I ain't beginning to believe it, too!"—New York Journal.

The Unhappy Accused.

"Prisoner, have you anything to say in your own behalf?"

"Well, Judge, it's like dis. Dat lawyer of mine he got me so mighty confuscated dat I really durno what I done, nor what I done it for.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Opportunity.

"Well," said the boarder who was fond of quoting things, "opportunity knocks once at every man's door."

"Huh," snorted Sappy, "an opportunity to pay my board bill knocked at my door twice in two days."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Georgia's Swift Foot.

"There goes the Byron of Billville!"

"Poetic?"

"I should say so! Dashed off an ode on the supper for the benefit of the church scrapie in ten minutes and still had three minutes left in which to catch a train."—Atlanta Constitution.

Generosity.

Johnny—"I asked Tom for the core of his apple, and he gave me the whole apple."

Mamma—"And what did you say to Tommy?"

Johnny—"I didn't say nothing, but I gave him the core."—Boston Transcript.

Those Boston Girls.

Kitty—"Bertha in her new frock!—Why, darling, how becoming your gown is! Absolutely any one would think it quite new!"

Bertha—"So kind of you to say so! And yours, dear, looks every bit as well as it did years ago."—Boston Transcript.