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JILTING By OF S. E. OSBORNE SAVACOOL

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Sarah Elizabeth Savacool was one of Piano

THE REPRESENTATIVE PIANO OF CANADA

THE REPRESENTATIVE PIAN Savacool-she belonged to the class quality that somehow had to do without

"Never you mind, Sarah Elizabeth." her mother would remark, "you bide your time. Just you wait till Mr. Wright appears." But Mr. Wright for some reason did not turn up. Whether it was that Sarah Elizabeth did not dance well or that she lacked the artificial airs and graces of the girls around her she falled to attract the men. Perhaps the men in Cypress Hills didn't understand the worth of true womanhood.

"I don't know what it is," sighed Sarah Elizabeth as she consulted her mirror in her room, "but they don't take to me, that's all."

It worried her, for she belonged to a marrying family. It came to the point where Sarah Elizabeth dreaded to go to dances or to card parties she was destined to turn out the one wall-flower of the occasion. She was just at the age when this crushing indifference might have soured ber young life forever. But at this juncture the unxpected happened.
The Tollivers were giving the largest

dance of the season and, of course, Sarah Elizabeth was invited to attend.
"I simply cannot—will not—go," she told herself. "I can't go through a thing like that again." Her mother, however, tried to keep her to the front.

"Now, just you go, Sarah Elizabeth," she said. "I'm going to get Miss Carlos to make you a brand new gownand just the kind you like. You go-and who knows? Maybe Mr. Wright

will be on hand this time."
Sarah Elizabeth went. There was even a certain amount of anticipatory pleasure in getting ready. She went and took her place in an unaccustomed corner and waited. Her heart sank within her, for there were all the girls she knew and all the fellows, the same eld enes, and she knew there was no chance for her among them. As she watched them with burning cheeks, the mother of the Tollivess approached. Some one was with her.

"Sarah Elizabeth," said Mrs. Tolliver, "I'm going to introduce to you Mr. John Post, a new arrival in Cypress Hills. Mr. Post, Miss Savacool." The old lady bent down and smoothed a ribbon on Sarah Elizabeth's collar and whispered in her ear: "He's the son of Judge Post, the circuit judge. He's

come here to stay, to practice law. That's who he is." Mr. John Post sat down. He was a clever looking fellow, with a good square jaw. He entered into a spirited conversation with an ease of manner that would have staggered Cypress Hills. Sarah Elizabeth as soon as she realized that for the time being she was no longer a wallflower soon re-

covered her equilibrium. The more he talked the more she talked. "You won't like my dancing one bit." she confided to him as he asked her for the first. "None of the fellows do." He laughed aloud.

"It can't be worse than mine," he said. "I guess you'll have to lead me est of the time." Sarah Elizabeth i. No one noticed it, but she had to take the initiative, and they both enjoyed it. It was the most hilarious waltz she had ever danced.

"You're worse than I am," she con-eded when they finished.
"I admit it." He glanced at her. "And that's saying a good deal," he re-torted gayly. "Under the circumstances," he continued, "do you think it wise for me to dance with any of the other girls?"

He did make the attempt, but most of his time was spent in the conserva-tory with Sarah Elizabeth Savacool. "It was outrageous," so said the girls who would have rejoiced to be in her

John Post escorted Sarah Elizabeth to her home. After that he escorted himself on divers occasions to the same place. There was a charm about Sarah Elizabeth that peculiarly attracted him. There was a charm about him that at-

tracted her.

And on one other eventful evening John Post led Sarah Elizabeth Savacool to the cozy corner underneath the stairs and took her in his arms and kissed her and told her what he thought. And—she returned the compliment. Now in Cypress Hills one does not become engaged, as it were, but there exists what is known as an "understanding." This understanding seemed to exist between John Post and Sarah Elizabeth Savacool. And Sarah Elizabeth believed in John. She be-lieved in his work, in his success, and more than all she believed in his fidelity. Now this was a concession, for in a place where you do not get engaged there's many a slip—you can never know whether he is really yours or somebody else's. Perhaps this lends

excitement to the situation fied her belief. And then all of a sudden Sarah Elizabeth noticed a slight change in him. He was graver, more thoughtful, more silent. She could not make it out. Any astute mind would have seen at once that it meant simply that there was another girl. But not so Sarah Elizabeth. She still believed

"Sarah Elizabeth," he began, leeking a peaceck couldn't lay an egg?"

verywhere but at her face, "do youver? I-I want to know! Sarah Elizaeth's breath came in gasps, but she

"I want to be honest." went on John Post. "I want you to know the truth-there's no good of spoiling two lives simply for for the sake of a senti-

He did not look at her. "Yes," gasped Sarah Elizabeth, "I suppose so John Post swallowed hard. "And so," he went on. "I thought I'd come

around and tell von-that-that I'd het. ter stop coming here before any talk began about our-about our going together, you know." Before any talk began! As though it

had not been a foregone conclusion that he and she were steady company of the most pronounced kind. heart sank as she thought of what the people would say now-now that she was-lilted.

rose awkwardly and held out his hand. "And so I came to-say goodby. I hope you won't take any offense. I-I mean well. I think you know that, Sarah Elizabeth."

'Yes," she gasped again. "Goodby, Sarah Elizabeth," he said. holding out his hand. 'Goodby!" she echoed feebly

And then for the first time he looked full into her face. As he did he started back, for the face was the white face of a girl in whom all hope was dead, a face blanched with despair. He stood looking at her for a second.

Suddenly he tore off his overcoat, proposing that way".

threw down his hat and, bounding "I at least appreci across the room, caught her in his arms and pressed her to his heart. "You silly little goose!" he exclaimed

as he kissed her "You dear little girl! Did you really think I meant it?" "But-but you did mean it," exclaimed Sarah Elizabeth.

"Did I?" he replied, adding considerable enthusiasm to his demonstrations.
"You little goose! Why, what day is this?

Sarah Elizabeth was bewildered, but she answered, "It's it's Wednesday." He laughed. "It's more than that—more than that," he said joyously, "for it's April fool day in the bargain." He duced a small, square box. "New," he exclaimed, "are you convinced that I was only fooling?" It was a diamond ring, and on the inside rim she read, "J. P. to S. E. S. Apr. 1, '02."

In University place a boy, preceded by a dog, encountered a woman, pre-ceded by a smaller dog. The dogs halt-ed; so did their owners. The animals looked at each other fixedly from a distance of six feet, each with his tail waving over his back and each utter-

ing low growls.
"Call off your dog!" exclaimed the woman as she saw the situation.
"Call off yours!" replied the boy. "Can't you restrain your dog?" she

demanded in a high key.
"He ain't doin' nothin'." "Yes, he is; he's intimidating my Fi-"But your Fide is givin' him sass. I

ain't goin' to restrain my dog when your dog is sayin' be can lick him with one hand tied behind his back." "Here, Fido, haven't you more care for your reputation than to face such a

low down cur as that? Come here this instant! I shall punish you for this!" "Here, Shakespeare," said the boy as he gave his dog a light kick, "you let that animal alone. You tackled one like him last fall and you had indigestion for two months. He ain't alive.

He's a stuffed lamb with a dog's tail glued on, and the woman works him with a string. Come along, and I'll show you a reg'lar live dog."-New York Press.

Carried It Too Far. A Chicago millionaire, George T. Cline, had an extraordinary hobby. He was a connoisseur of Irishmen, according to the local papers. Though on himself he would never spend more than 15 or 20 cents a day, he thought nothing of buying Irishmen sumptuous dinners, with champagne, in order to hear them thik in their musical brogue. An Irishman once played Colonel Cline false. He stole a pair of boots from him. Discovering the theft, the millionaire pursued the Irishman,

overtaking him as he was about to en-ter a pawnshop with the boots in his hand. "Those are my boots; you have stolen them," said Colonel Cline. it was only a joke," said the Irishman. But the inexorable millionaire inied the thief before a magistrate, and here again the man repeated. "It was only joke, your honor." "Only a joke, ey?" said the magistrate. "Well, Mr. Cline, how far away from your house had he carried the boots when you overtook him?" "Over a mile, sir," replied the millionaire. "Held for court," said the magistrate. "This is a case of

carrying the joke too far."

Of Course Not. A judge of one of the United States circuit courts has a five-year-old niece of whom he is very proud. A few days ago she came to him and said with a very serious air:

"Uncle, there is a question about law I want to ask you

"Well, dear, what is it?" patiently in-

quired the judge.
"Uncle, if a man had a peaceck and it went into another man's yard and laid an egg, who would the egg belong

The judge smiled indulgently and replied: "Why, the egg would belong to the man who ewned the peacock, but he

could be prosecuted for trespassing if he went on the other's property to get

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
One evening he came in rather late.
He did not remove his overcoat, and he held his hat still in his hand. He had served financeutly:

"Uncle, did it ever occur to you that

LADYLOVE

MARTHA M'CULLOCH-WILLIAMS

turn back. Ladylove was crying hard, the big library table. Aunt Nan sat a little way off, frowning, yet beaming over a letter. She it was who caught sight of Jack and called to him with little excited breaks between her words: 'Don't go away, Mr. Vanston, You

must help me make this headstrong child listen to reason." "If she's badly in need of discipline suppose you let me take her for a walk this morning?" Jack said, pulling a said. rebellious curl that strayed down over Ladylove's neck. "She told me yes-

Miss Nancy shook her head. "I can-not permit the walk—now." She put such emphasis on the last word Jack could not choose but ask, "Why?" "Oh, Ja-ck!" Ladylove, walled, sitting up, but keeping her face hidden. "It's because she wants me to marry that

terday she hated me."

fat, pig eyed Sandy Corlew. He-he has written to her-proposing-fancy 'I at least appreciate dear Sandy's fine deference to your natural guard-ian," Miss Nancy said, sitting a

"I didn't! It was just because I thought you were lonely and wanted me and there were so many of us at home one could well be spared," Ladylove broke in, "and I had rather go shyly, as though fearing it might be back to daddy and the pigs and the detained. It was a very white hand, back to daddy and the pigs and the chickens and the children and have only calico frocks than marry this— held it between both his own big only calico frocks than marry thisthis oaf.'

She was standing at the last word. her in his arms and comfort her. That girl!" Then to Aunt Nancy: "I agree with you, Miss Cresswell. Sandy Corlew is a fine, solid fellow, who may always be depended on to do the right Miss Cresswell blushed—blushed unmistakally and said. "There were reserved thing. But please let me see his letter

dacities. He bent toward Miss Nancy it through twice, folded it, read it she could but refuse him. again, then stood with it in his hand, "Now I am here, tell me the model of one impelled to speak, yet me Christmas," he went on masterful loath to obey the impulse. Miss Nancy, ly. Miss Cresswell said nothing, only snake, at last snapped out: "Well, what's the matter? Do you find anything strange or startling in the fact that a gentleman has the courage and decency to say outright he wants to "Oh, Jack is a wise guy!" Sandy said,

marry my niece?"
"I do not," Jack said; then in a constrained voice: "But-forgive me, Miss Nancy-has he said so? I think not." "Why, bless and save us! Are you

"Only that you have misuader-leaped at the prisoner.

"Get out in the street!" shouted a how he has admired you all his life voice. and now that he has reached man's estate 'hopes for a closer alliance.' ond. And then with a manly courage most admirable he sums up, 'My heart is a boy. set on marrying the one woman in "Say, bub," interposed a fat man the world for me-Miss Nancy Walton with a cane as he pushed his way into the world for me-Miss Nancy Walton with a cane as he pushed his way into Cresswell.' Ladyleve is Nancy Walton the crowd, "have you had any experi-

else? be too ridiculous," Miss Cresswell said, man's cane he held the trap high over but as she said it she turned away the street. When the spring door was her head to hide the blush that spread opened six or seven dogs were waiting, even to her round white chin. Lady- and the rat didn't like the looks of love sprang at her like a mad thing things. He sprang from the door, twisterying out: 'It's truth, Auntie Nan! It ed to the top of the trap and then must be true. Sandy means you; no-body else. And you'll take him, and

The crowd noisily fell back. The fat I'll adore my Uncle Sandy. He's only man yelled. The dogs butted in. pig's eyes can be kind and funny"-

proof. Then to Miss Cresswell: "Honestly I cannot doubt that Sandy meant seeing the letter. I had heard him say things which made me sure you mis-understood, and I did not want you to make a grave mistake."

"Why, the boy is ten years younger than I am," Miss Cresswell said weakly, stealing a glance at herself in the

"And looks five years older at the "And looks five years older at the tial to the dish, always gave it when tial to the dish, always gave it when the tial to the dish, always gave the tial to th very least," Jack said. advantage of being so—ahem—well, so he dined with them. At last, in reply finely built. At least think it over. Tell him you'll take a week to consid-

er his proposal"—
"You don't think I could be so iner his proposal"—

"You don't think I could be so indelicate as to accept—I mean to say either yes or no—under a fortnight."

Miss Cresswell said. "I'll write to Sandy that I must consult my brother with your consult my brother." Sandy that I must consult my brother

behind her when Jack had Ladylove attach te this one particular article of tight in his arms and was saying to diet." the curls on the top of her head: "Hon-ey girl, would you believe I sat up two full nights concecting that epistle for the good fat witted Sandy? Even at none of them bear

the last I was afraid he'd see through it, although truly it is a document you cap read pretty well any way you choose. My heart was in my month until Aunty Nan took the balt. Now we two have plain sailing. Before the

fortnight is up we can be "What?" Ladylove asked breathless-ly, freeing herself and standing in front of him on tiptoe. He caught both her hands and made her a reverence, say As Jack Vanston stepped through ing softly: "Happy and married. My governor sailed for home three days back. Just let him get here, and I'll Cresswell he made half a motion to show the gossips I'm no such bad match for you as they have tried to her head buried in her folded arms on make me out. He meant to stay away life's happiness was at stake. Oh, I knew you'd be equal to love in a cottage. It is our friendly enemies I wanted to confound."

"I'm wondering," Ladvlove said in an almost awestruck whisper, "what,

Aunt Nan's answer will be. "I hope yes, for Sandy's sake," Jack aid. "But one can never tell what is going to happen when one man pro-

The gossips of Creston were duly confounded. Jack married Ladvlove day before Sandy Corlew's probation ended. Such a piece of news, of course, ran through the country life wildfire. Sandy heard it about sundown and rode straight and hard to Cresswell. found Miss Cresswell upon the porch there, a figure of graciously mature womanhood, wonderfully enchanting in the softening dusk. In spite of feel thought straighter and caressing the letter with two fingers. Then, in an with, Sandy could not speak even awer to the question of Jack's eyes, she gruffly when he asked, "What's all went on: "Of course Ladvlove will acgoing off with him in a coach and four? cept. She came here to establish her-

"Oh, it's a real romance, a beautiful one!" Miss Cresswell said, rising and giving him her hand. She did it half shyly, as though fearing it might be palms, while the owner of it ran on "You see it was love at first sight with one little foot stamping hard as she Jack and Ladylove, but I had to be spoke. Jack dared not look straight at cool to him because he was strange. her if he did he knew he should ca(ch) Not a soul we knew had ever heard of him. He understood and really acted would ruin everything. It was clearly very well; waited until his father came a case for diplomacy. He said soothingly to Ladylove, "Hush, naughty no withstanding them. I had to let

-I'm not asking out of impertment cursons against it. I—you see, I did not riosity," as he saw denial in her face. quite know my own mind. Besides it "Do believe that! I-I have an idea- might have seemed to you-well, pre that—that you may not have under-stood quite what he meant." "No such thing," Sandy said stoutly.

Jack's breath came fast as he said Even through his denseness he began to He was by turns hot and cold. But to see how the land lay. He began to desperate cases require desperate au- see, too, how he could save his vanity dacties. He bent toward Miss Nancy from smart. Miss Cresswell was rich and half forcibly took the letter, read and handsome and kind. At the worst

loath to obey the impulse. Miss Nancy, ly. Miss Cresswell said nothing, only watching him as a bird watches a let him take ber in his arms. Five minutes later she whispered softly: "You owe Jack something San-

with the accent of conviction

The Man Who Knew It All. A Sixth avenue groceryman's boy appeared on the curb with a rat trap in crazy?" Miss Cresswell demanded.

"Not a bit of it!" Jack retorted stoutat ence and three dogs barked and

"Give that rat a show!" added a sec-

"Hold en till I get my dog!" piped "Say, bub," interposed a fat man

Cresswell on the family register, but ence with rats? There's only one way whoever heard her called so anywhere to handle em. Let me take the trap." With bad grace the boy surrendered "Oh, you can't mean that! It would it, and while some one held the fat

nicely fat after all, and I'm sure a dog got the rat and four dogs got the pig's eyes can be kind and funny"—
"Ladylove, you forget yourself!"
Jack said, his voice heavy with rehis cane. The bolder had disappeared. "Rats!" shouted the crowd.

And the fat man steamed fussily That was why I insisted upon down the avenue.-New York Press,

A Tale of a Hated Disl There is a charming story told of the great French painter Corot. Being hospitable he frequently assembled his friends to dinner, and a dish of haddock and potatoes, which everybody hated, invariably followed the soup.

potatoes. And it is no good-I dare not and shall possibly give him a definite go against her wishes. It is as much answer at the end of a fortnight."

With that she clutched the letter and would my awe of Adele induce me to With that she clutched the letter and vanished. The door had hardly shut undeceive her as regards the value I

years been eating a dish they could



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But lay on my coffin a sword: for I was a brave soldier in the Liberation War of Humanity. — Heinrich Heine.

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