

CASSANDRA'S COURTSHIP...

Cassandra thrust her pretty fingers through her tumbled brown curls and looked dejected at the toes of her dainty slippers.

Jack Morrison, watching her, said nothing; he was merely waiting for her to speak. He knew that he would not have to wait long.

Presently she said: "Oh, Jack, you can't guess what a dreadful thing Aunt Sarah said to me this morning."

"No," said Jack, "I'm afraid not. I never was good at guessing. However, I'll try. Let me see; did she say that your dress didn't fit?"

Cassandra shook her head. "Worse than that," said she.

"Did she say the curl was coming out of your hair; that your dimples were going, or you were getting a new lot of freckles on your nose?"

"Oh, ever so much worse than any of those things."

"Well, then," said Jack, "I'll give it up. As I told you, I'm not good at guessing. What did she say, Cassandra?"

"Why she said, 'and the girl bent her pretty brows in a frown—that she didn't see any earthly prospect of my ever getting married; that she knew from the first that I was 'out' for an old maid.' She didn't even say 'bachelor girl.' Just think of it! Those were her very words—an 'old maid.' Wasn't it dreadful?"

"Horrible!" said Jack, "Still, reflectively, 'there are worse things than being an old maid.'"

"Yes, I suppose so," assented Cassandra, gloomily.

"And you must not think because a woman remains single that she has had no opportunity to marry. Frequently she has had more and better ones than her married sister."

"Dear me! What a wiseacre you are," said the other, laughing.

"But when a girl makes up her mind to marry, she must also make up her mind not to expect too much in the way of masculine perfection. Seriously, Cassandra, I see no reason why a good looking girl like you should have any difficulty in securing a husband."

"Oh, good looks don't count," said she. "There is Miss Perkins. I've heard that she was a beauty in her young days—she's handsome even now—and she isn't married yet."

"Miss Perkins is one of the fastidious women, who is waiting probably for the one perfect man, and will continue to wait." Then, after a pause:

"Would you mind telling me, Cassandra, just how old—excuse me, I mean would you mind telling me just how many milestones you have passed?"

"Twenty-three," said the girl, meekly.

"Bless me," he said, "who would have thought it? I tell you, Cassandra, 'things are beginning to look pretty blue for you, and that's a fact. But I wouldn't lose heart if I were you; at least, not yet. Instead, let us look the field over and see what the chances are. Now, there's Mr. Pinkerton. What's the matter with Mr. Pinkerton?"

"Mr. Pinkerton the widower, with the four grown daughters?"

"Yes."

"Never, I have no ambition to be stepmother to that quartet of athletic young ladies."

"Well, then, there's Fred Vincent, what of him?"

"No, indeed, I never could tolerate red hair."

"Now, there you are," said Jack. "It's another case of Miss Perkins. There is no use in warning you. Really, Cassandra, I see just one chance for you, just one. I am looking for an old friend and classmate, Cecil Byron Vansittart."

"What a lovely name," interrupted Cassandra, smiling.

"Vansittart is a splendid fellow, but, like most persons, he has 'hobbies,' or 'fads,' I suppose you would call them. For instance, he has a passion for geology, archeology, and all those absurd things, but if you can just keep him out of the 'glacial epoch,' or the 'middle ages,' or the 'renaissance,' he's all right."

"Oh, I shouldn't mind that at all," said she.

"And then he's fond of spiders—I mean he likes to study them and their habits. But you wouldn't mind that, of course."

"No, I suppose not." This rather dubiously and faintly.

"Very well; then it is settled. When he comes I will bring him around, and present him. And, remember, Cassandra, though he has his faults, Vansittart is a thoroughly sensible fellow, and doesn't like any foolishness."

"Mr. Morrison soon after took his leave."

One warm, bright afternoon a week later, Jack drove to the station to meet Mr. Vansittart. He had not long to wait. The 5.30 train came in

on time, and a tall young man, slender, well dressed, and carrying a small traveling bag in his hand, alighted. Had his hat been removed you would have seen that his hair, which was parted carefully in the middle, was growing thin upon his temples. He wore glasses and had the pale, intellectual look, that marks the student.

The opportunity to present Vansittart occurred next day. There was a small informal garden party, at one of the best houses, and Morrison and his friend were among the guests. It was ideal June weather, the air like wine, the grass like emerald velvet and the costumes of the ladies, with their delicate hues, made a carnival of color most charming to behold.

In her dainty gown of pale rose batiste and Irish lace, with large hat laden with American Beauty roses, Cassandra was bewilderingly pretty. Morrison thought he had never seen her look so well, and he noted Vansittart's unfeigned surprise as his glance rested upon the piquant face before him. The lovely, wild eyes, with long lashes, and the riotous tangle of chestnut curls were irresistible, and Vansittart became at once a willing captive. He scarcely left the side of the enchantress, and when the function over, they had regained their own apartments, he burst out with:

"Jack Morrison are you blind that you cannot see Miss Howard's beauty? Why, man alive, she's the loveliest creature the sun ever shone on."

"Glad you think so," was the laconic reply, as Morrison lighted another cigarette.

Vansittart lost no time in pressing his suit. Day after day he bent his steps toward the cottage that sheltered the object of his worship, returning each time more infatuated if possible, than before.

Morrison, in the meantime, had grown morose and thoughtful. While Vansittart pursued his love-making, the former remained at home with a book, and for an hour or more would sit without turning a page, his eyes fixed upon some object in the distance and his thoughts evidently far away. Or he would plunge with gun and dog into the woods, walking long distances in search of something to shoot, but returning oftener than not with an empty game bag.

Two or three weeks passed thus, and Vansittart's ardor was unabated. One afternoon Morrison was seated in his room, a book on the window ledge before him, his eyes fixed absently upon the distant landscape. Absorbed in thought, he was oblivious to all around him, when the door was flung violently open and Vansittart rushed in.

"What is the matter, Cecil?" cried Morrison, springing to his feet, "You look completely upset."

"Upset? I should say I was," said the other. "And no wonder—"

Morrison looked at him with astonishment and dismay. He had never seen Vansittart so disturbed.

"Cassandra hasn't—"

"Yes, Cassandra has," interrupted the other. "She has rejected me, thrown me over. If fact, she has, you might say, just 'flattened me out.' I never was so treated in all my life. And I'm going home."

"Going home? What do you mean?" cried Jack.

"I mean that I am going home at once—this evening. There is still time to catch the train," he said glancing at his watch.

"Vansittart, have you lost your senses?" said Morrison. "To leave in this manner! I won't hear of such a thing!"

"But I must go," said the other. "There is no time to lose; the train is nearly due, and I must not miss it."

"Wait until to-morrow," urged Jack.

"No," said Vansittart, "I must get back by Wednesday night, if possible. Professor Hartman, the distinguished archaeologist, is to lecture on Evidence of the Existence of Man During the Newer Pliocene and the Glacial Period, and I wouldn't miss it for anything. Believe me, Morrison," he continued, "I bear you no ill-will for what Mrs. Howard has done. Forgive this abrupt departure. I will write soon, and send for my traps. Good-by, old fellow, I'm off."

And springing into the wagon he was driven rapidly away.

Next day Morrison walked over to see Cassandra. On inquiring if she were at home he was answered by the servant in the affirmative, and shown into the room where she sat. She rose as he entered and gave him a look half entreating, half defiant.

"I knew you would come," she said. "And why?" he asked.

"Because—because," she hesitated and then stopped.

"Yes, Cassandra," he said, sadly, "I have come to ask you to explain your treatment of my friend, Mr. Vansittart."

"I was very much shocked and grieved," he went on. "I have a deep sympathy with him in his troubles."

"Cassandra, have you no explanation to make?" he asked.

"Only this, Jack," she said. "While I like and esteem Mr. Vansittart, I can never cherish a deeper sentiment for him. His fads—" and here she paused.

"But you told me once that you did not object to his fads," he said.

"Oh, Jack," she cried, "I didn't mind the 'glacial period,' the 'renaissance' and the 'middle ages,' but when he got to talking about archæia and pyrogonia and all those horrid, creeping things, and exhibiting those dreadful specimens, oh, Jack, it was too much. I couldn't bear it!"

"Well," said Jack, "he's gone, and with him your last chance, I'm afraid."

"She thought a moment, then said: 'Mr. Pinkerton is left, I suppose?'"

"No, Mr. Pinkerton is to marry Miss Perkins next week."

"Well, there's Fred Vincent, anyway."

"He is engaged to a young lady in Hartford; the wedding will take place some time this month."

The girl was silent and he went on: "There is but one thing left to be done, Cassandra. It is a sacrifice, but, I am willing to make it in order to refute your Aunt Sarah's prophecy, and save you from 'old maid-' from 'bachelor girlism,' I mean. I will have to marry you, Cassandra."

"Have you an answer, Cassandra?" he asked.

"Not to such a proposal as that," she said.

"Well, then, Cassandra, will you take me for better or worse? How will that do?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"No, Jack," she said, smiling, "that will not do at all."

He took a seat beside her.

"Dearest," he said, tenderly, "I love you better than anything and everything else in the wide world, and I can not live without you. Darling, will you be my very own for always?"

"Yes, Jack," she answered softly, and gave him her hand.

There was a long interval filled with the usual nonsense of newly engaged couples, and then Cassandra said:

"Jack, you dear old goose, how stupid of you not to see that you were the right one all along."



Empire Dress for home or party dress in figured pink China silk. The short waist is adjusted by under-arm seams and fastens at the back. The pattern provides for making the waist with high neck and long sleeves. The skirt is in one piece, cut like a circular skirt but wider at the top, where it is gathered to the waist. A broad wrinkled belt with one sash-end completes the Empire effect. Dotted Swiss, organdie, Henrietta, cashmere and all the soft pretty veils are appropriate materials for the dress, sizes 6 to 12 years. Size 10 years requires 6 1-2 yards of 21-inch, 5 1-4 yards of 32-inch, or 3 3-4 yards of 42-inch material. As shown, 4 yards of 32-inch with 1 yard of silk for sash and 1 1-2 yards of band trimming.



A very becoming model of the soft variety. It is composed of a delicate shade of tan velvet combined with a rich applique of white and gold. Long cream tinted heron feathers fall backward on the hair.

WHERE CREDIT IS DUE.
The hand that rocks the cradle is the theme the poet sings,
I sing the hand that makes the "rocks"

For baby food and things.
HER FAD.

Percy—May I consider myself your accepted lover?
Edith—Well—er—hardly that! But for the present you may consider yourself my prevailing fad!

THE SECRET DIVULGED.
He—But you've known her all your life; how old is she?
She—I'll tell you; but it's a secret.
Mind. She is just at the age when one doesn't look at!

Women May Wee.

Of course women have to dispose of themselves in marriage, but should the woman ever propose? asks a masculine writer. Sometimes, even when it is not leap year, they should. There is first of all the case of queens. They must do so, and very prettily did Queen Victoria fulfill the task, says the Washington Post.

But the sex is so good natured in helping lame dogs over a stile! An Irish girl did it in this way. She thought that her boy was slow in coming to the point, so she said, "If I were you, Jack, and you were me, we'd be married long ago."

Another shy man said to the lady of his choice, "I wish we were on some terms of intimacy that you wouldn't mind calling me by my first name." "Oh," she answered, "your second is good enough for me."

Shakespeare's heroines are remarkably ready to take the initiative in this most serious business. Helena demands the hand of Bertram as the price of her wonder working prescription. Desdemona hints broadly that she is to be had for the asking. Miranda tells her patient logman that she is his wife if he will marry her. Olivia says to her lover's masquerading messenger:

Would you undertake another suit,
I rather hear you to solicit
Than music from the spheres!

Then, finding Sebastian himself more pliable than his fair double, she fetches a priest to make a case of him while he is in the humor. Juliet, caught thinking aloud, declares her willingness to lay her fortunes at Romeo's feet if he will but say when and where the holy man shall make them one.

Winter and Summer Underwear.
The wife of a doctor, whom I number among my friends, makes no change in the weight of her underwear from season to season. She wears outer clothes to suit the temperature and keeps long knitted leggings like those children wear to pull over her stockings when she goes out in cold weather. She is and has always been free from colds of any nature, and I cannot remember to have ever heard her complain of feeling at all unwell.

"Rational dressing," she says when the subject is mentioned.

I do not imagine that she will succeed in converting more than a small percentage of her sex to this system of dressing, but one convert is a thing to be rejoiced over. It means one more to be added to the list of healthy, active women in the world, one less to draw upon our sympathy or grate upon our nerves with her complaints. There is but one harder thing to bear than a complaining, ailing woman, and that is a miserably feeling man, when he insists upon everybody sharing his misery. We then discover the location of every nerve in our body. There is something appealing in the dumb patience of sick animals, but not often do we find it imitated in the human family. The very act of complaining seems to bring a species of relief, but it is a little hard upon the others, eh?—Betty Braden in Boston Traveler.

Tact in the Sickroom.
Sympathy must not be overworked nor fail to lend itself to that denial which is often a real kindness. The temptation to humor a sick friend or relative in every whim is often irresistible, but true tact, however, may generally find a way by which the patient seems to have every indulgence he desires, yet in truth have nothing but that which the one in charge desires to give him. While the doctor, the watcher must always be dominant, it should never be so obtrusively. The patient should be ruled so gently that he does not know he is being ruled. At times, of course, the patient will ask for something in such a way that he cannot get it from the subject or be made to think that after all he does not want that particular thing. Then a direct "No" must be given him, and a quiet, persistent refusal to meet unreasonable and harmful demands will not weaken, but rather make stronger the tie between the invalid and the watcher. Strength and sweetness combined will work wonders in "old-fashioned" situations.—Mary R. Baldwin in Woman's Home Companion.

Cure For Gossip.
"There is no other cure for neighborhood gossip so effectual as a club," said Marion Harland recently. "I shall never forget a winter that I spent in Geneva, Switzerland, 20 years ago. We had all put our children into school and had nothing to occupy our time but fancy work. Finally we formed an afternoon reading circle—we did not venture to call it a club then—and got the biggest gossip in the American colony for president. We began by reading Prescott's 'Conquest of Mexico,' and we turned that woman loose on Cortes. It was a comfort. I can tell you, to see how she handled him and let the rest of us alone. All we had to do after that to turn the current of her conversation was to say, 'What do you think of Cortes now, Mrs. Blank?'"

The Milliner's Ruin.
There is a cynical milliner on Fifth avenue who once in a while says what she thinks about certain dames of high degree. She was lamenting the other day because a certain wealthy Mrs. So-and-so had not sent a check in response to a bill that was long overdue. "She may not have received it," said the customer to whom made, and she opened her soul.

The milliner shrugged her shoulders scornfully. "I am quite sure she did," she said; "quite sure. I addressed it to her husband and marked it 'Personal.'"

—New York Letter.

To Clean a Piano.
The materials required for washing piano keys are a dish of tepid water, a cake of soap and three pieces of clean, thin flannel. Take one piece of cloth and wet it; then rub it over the cake of soap and apply it to the piano, a small portion of the surface at a time. Then wet another piece of flannel, and with this rub off the soap as thoroughly as possible. With the third piece dry the part treated, rubbing it till it shines brightly, and do it all as quickly as possible so that the soap may not remain too long upon the polished surface.

A Hint.
If you prick your finger and the place seems inclined to fester, get some boracic lint, pour boiling water through it, then, onghly heated, wring it as far as possible, bind the lint over the injured part, put a piece of oiled silk over and wrap in cotton wool or a piece of flannel. Repeat this treatment every two or three hours till all pain is gone. If you have no boracic lint, make a broad poultice, using boiled boracic lotion instead of ordinary water. Five cents' worth of boracic acid dissolved in a pint of water and bottles will keep good for months and is always

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Interesting Items About Some of the World's Great People.

The King of Sweden and Norway is noted as an admirable linguist. When the Oriental Congress met at Stockholm, some years ago, he addressed the assembled scholars in the languages of the nationalities to which they respectively belonged, and spoke with equal fluency in English, French, German, Italian, Russian, and Spanish.

Queen Dowager Margherita of Italy has just completed the distribution of her personal effects, and has finally retired from the Court. Her three hundred superb costumes have been apportioned among her friends. Immediately after King Humbert's funeral she sent to the museum at Florence the exquisite embroideries which made so fine an exhibit at the Chicago Exposition, and all her jewelry has been given to relatives.

Mlle. Calve, the famous prima donna, was once on a tour when two Spaniards stole a pocket-book from her. In it were many luck pieces and talismans, and their loss worried the singer greatly. When the newspapers reported the theft the police thieves sent her the relics, neatly inclosed in a bag, and with this a courteous note requesting that they, as finders of the treasures, might be allowed to keep the money that happened to be in the pocket-book as a souvenir of so great a singer.

Miss Kathleen Haydn Green, the Lord Mayor of London's eldest daughter, is a poet. She has been writing for some years, but, according to her own confession, she did not take herself seriously until five or six years ago, when she began to contribute poems to various well known periodicals and magazines. These poems have been collected and published, with some additions, in a neat little volume, dedicated "To all whose counsel, criticism and encouragement have availed in the making of this book."

The late Earl of Darnley, was a "bundle of eccentricities." He amused everybody a year ago by refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the Queen, and he spent ten days in prison at Canterbury some years since for contempt of Court in connection with some bankruptcy proceedings. He held strong views of most things, particularly on vaccination, and London editors received extraordinary letters from him at frequent intervals. They were rarely published, but that did not deter the Earl from writing them.

A well-known electrician has remarked on the striking facial resemblance between Edison and Napoleon I. The mental likeness is not so pronounced, although each in his way has shown the conquering power of pre-eminent genius. They are strangely alike, however, in the ability to dispense with sleep. Napoleon, as is well known, when on a campaign would go for days and nights without sleep. Similarly Edison, when engaged, on a problem, will remain awake for long periods. On one occasion he worked without cessation for four days and nights. After that he slept uninterruptedly for twenty-five hours.

Mrs. McKinley, who shares the joys and sorrows of the President of the United States, is a confirmed invalid, but still a beautiful woman. As Miss Ida Saxton, she was known as the belle of the North-Western Reserve, and when Major McKinley married her in 1871 she was in the flower of her youth and beauty. The pretty house at Canton, Ohio, which Mr. and Mrs. McKinley now occupy is the one to which they went as bride and bridegroom. It has sad associations, for here their two children died under circumstances of peculiar sadness. Wherever duty has called her husband Mrs. McKinley has been his companion, and the careful attentions he devotes to her have been remarked ever since President McKinley attracted, by his public services, the attention and the regard of the public.

The Luxurious Sachet.
Sachets are everywhere among the belongings of a luxurious woman, and have developed from the original small scented bag to generous proportions. In Paris it is an ordinary thing for closet walls to be lined with cheese-cloth or silk pads scented with powder, which must be renewed every two or three months. Shelves are covered with sachet pads of the same sort. Bureau drawers are lined with them. Scented sachet cotton is used by tailors and dressmakers for the padding of gowns.

Perfumed flannel or chamois skin soaked in perfume until it resembles the old Cordova leather, or peau d'Es-pagne, is cut into strips and sewed inside gowns, hats and other articles of wearing apparel. Air-tight boxes or moveable closets are made in which gowns may hang while perfumed oils are burned under them filling every thread of the goods with fragrance. Even beds are perfumed, sachet pads being put between the mattresses and the sheets. Lavender and orris are more used for these pads than the heavier perfumes.

WHAT UNCLE SAM IS AT

SOME ITEMS OF INTEREST ABOUT THE BUSY YANKEE.

Neighbourly Interest in His Doings—Matters of Moment and Mirth Gathered from His Records.

The trustees of a Methodist church in Alabama have introduced a tax of \$10 per annum upon every member of the congregation who chews tobacco. It is said to work well.

A. B. Steele, of Atlanta, Ga., has given \$5,000 each to the Orphans' Home of the Methodist Church South at Decatur, Ga., the Home for the Friendless in Atlanta, and the Agnes Scott Institute at Decatur.

Bishop McFaul, Roman Catholic, of Trenton, N.J., has forbidden women to appear in church bareheaded; but it is said that many women habitually go to church without any hat or bonnet in Southern Europe, and the clergy make no objection.

Bishop McLaren, of Chicago, says, in a recent interview: "If I judge this country by other countries, it must either grow or cease to be a first-class power. A nation capable of legitimate expansion can never become a victim of illegitimate power."

Admiral Sampson's retirement in February will not break his family's connection with the navy, for he has three sons-in-law—Lieuts. Jackson and Roy Smith, and Ensign Olverius—in the service, and his son will probably enter the naval academy next year.

The Rev. Martin S. Howard has completed his thirty-second year as pastor of the First Congregational church at Wilbraham, Mass. He is 76 years old. During his pastorate he has preached more than 1,800 sermons, officiated at 350 funerals, and solemnized 117 marriages.

The Rev. Ella Groendyke, sister of the Rev. Montgomery Groendyke, of Hartford City, Ind., has been sent to Sierra Leone, where the massacre of the missionaries occurred last year. She has already spent four years in Africa, and will undertake to rebuild the destroyed missions.

Dr. James Wallace, acting president of Macalester College, in Minnesota, after clearing the great debt from that institution, has offered to resign in favor of a younger man. The Presbyterian Synod, which is the governing body of the college has, however, unanimously chosen him the regular president.

It is related of ex-Governor Robert Stewart, of Missouri, that, while in office, he was asked to pardon a man whom he sent for from prison and then recognized as a river steamboat captain who had treated him brutally while he was a cabin boy. He recalled the fact to the prisoner, and then pardoned him.

A Washington stenographer, who is often called to assist the White House corps, says: "President McKinley is the ideal man from an stenographer's point of view. He speaks just fast enough, with perfect distinctness, and never hesitates for a word. Unlike most men, he seems to know exactly what he is going to say before he tries to say it."

Mr. and Mrs. John Danforth, full-blooded Oneida Indians, of the reservation near Appleton, Wis., have made wills in which they bequeath property valued at \$15,000 to the Rev. Hugh Latimer Burleson, an Episcopal minister of Rochester, N. Y., whose father was for many years a missionary at the reservation. The son was educated at Hobart College. He has been adopted by the Dan-forths.

Forty years' continuous and uninterrupted service as pastor of the Roseville avenue Presbyterian church, Newark, N. J., is the record upon which the Rev. Dr. Charles T. Haley was congratulated last Sunday. His record is unparalleled in the annals of Presbyterianism in America. He was assigned to the Roseville avenue church soon after his ordination, and he has witnessed the growth of his charge from a modest chapel to a great church with one of the largest congregations in New Jersey.

The presiding elders of the Michigan Conference have addressed an open letter to the pastors under their administration. The presiding elders say: "Our church must advance. We are at a critical period in our history. Let us show that we can use the present opportunity." In order to accomplish the purpose of the movement they give the following wise advice: "Each conference, each district, every charge, pastor and member must enlist with the campaign. Let us put aside everything else and devote our entire energies to this one end."

DOUBTFUL.
I've promised to go into supper with some one else, Mr. Blaque; but I'll introduce you to a very handsome and clever girl.

But I don't want a handsome and clever girl; I want you.

REASONABLE.
Well, my boy, any college debts? Nothing, sir, but what with diligence, economy and stern self-denial, you will not be able to pay.

Mr. W. the house of the luny Miss E charge of day.

Mr. E. bad cold. Service afternoon two.

Miss Pea her two Smith of A Mr. and spending Delaware.

ON Ladies of Cal Side by sl with the bes the recent u "help one an watchword. power to was impure teas from China i time assist produce the f you drink Jap or Blue Ribbia dia Green tea

Hungry H the Greek or I am against work.

It G The fame of the best in the earth. It's th Corns, Burns, Ulcers, Felons, Eruptions, O a box at J. E.

My son, said I have always you. Oh, ye have done fairly

How It is one of t to cure a corn. caustic prepara your boot. It Painless Corn three days the pain. Sure, as Putnam's Painl Sold by J. E.

What becam Pottery was You mean was You flirting with I'll take in will surely cure of the lungs. T the after effects counteracted.

Lawrence Co. Butcher—Dot He come to me some new stev ones I use so collect brick-by had you used meat mit dose st Mr. Wiseman suppose? Yah. older steelyard springs become give to the pou Mr. Wiseman is

Thousand Every year s suffers whose l with coughs are climate. But th sure. Don't be a New Discovery fo you at home. It cures for Coughs, Lung diseases or brings relief. As persistent use. T Richards. Price bottle guaranteed.

Miss Autumn Penelope—What money.

Blow The old idea th needs a powerfu has been explod Life Pills, which gently stimulate li poisonous matter, absolutely cure Headache. Only drug store.

The risk of bein five times grea cities.

Child CAS There's a good What is it? It and talk less.

Child CAS Mamma, what is your father's ide can catch 50 cents v

WE CLAIM THAT Plaster will cure I stic, or neuralgic other remedy. Mac Co., Ltd.