

MISS ROSSITER'S IDEAL.

Miss Rossiter sat alone in the library, gazing rather pensively into the fire. When the servant came with the lights she had sent him away, saying that she preferred sitting by the fire light, and now she leaned back luxuriously in her great easy chair, preparatory to the rather unusual indulgence of an introspective mood.

Oh, dear, it was always draughts, or something equally annoying to her. She wondered if she could choose for herself, what her ideal would be like. She pictured to herself several types of her own creation finally wavering between a dreamy Burne Jones figure and a hero of the Chevalier Bayard type, so dear to most women. How or other Tom's vigorous personality would persist in mixing itself up with her brain portraits until they were such a bad competition that in despair she gave up the personal appearance of her ideal.

space are as nothing and so it is that I am with you now. He ceased speaking. Surely it was the opportunity of Miss Rossiter's life for unbounded soul revelations, but odd to relate, she felt strangely silent. A number of naturally curious questions fitted through her brain, but she checked her thoughts a little guiltily, as it occurred to her that in all probability the stranger was cognizant of her thoughts, and might consider her inquisitive.



very superior young woman, of lofty aims and ideals, but being a very human and very charming person, she had her little limitations, all of which she would have confessed to you with refreshing candor. She could not help wondering for a moment if life with a person who 'thoroughly understood' her would, after all, be as helpful as life with someone whose love exaggerated her virtues and blinded him to her defects.

No more half severe, half coquettish lectures to Tom on his stupidity, always ending in increased adoration on his part, and increased affection on hers, for it always pleased her fancy, after having firmly established her claim to idealship in Tom's mind, to be so extremely gracious and penitently affectionate that the 'large and appreciative audience of one,' as Tom remarked, went home happy.

so suddenly changing your mind about those theories of yours? 'Yes,' replied Miss Rossiter, with an inscrutable smile; 'I have a reason, but that, as Kipling says, is another story, and one I refuse to tell.'—Agnes Brown in Philadelphia Times.

THE MAN WHO HEARD IT BEFORE.

Musical score for 'THE MAN WHO HEARD IT BEFORE.' by M. W. WALTER and EDWARD HOLST. Includes lyrics such as 'You tell him a joke you re-lie-d on as new, He smiles in a way - ri - some way.'

Musical score for 'DUET - Moderato.' Includes lyrics such as 'How sad it must be to go on - ward like this, With nothing on earth to en - joy.'