

- For Ladies' Journal.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

"I just hate you, Jack Martin, now then! I wouldn't marry you after that if you went down on your knees to beg me to, and were a millionaire into the bargain!" Miss Lou's black eyes flashed ominously.

What called forth this tirade was, that during their drive the said Jack had proposed to her in most impassioned language. And when she coolly informed him, that she was afraid she did not care for him enough to marry him; in fact she knew she did not; he told her most emphatically that she was a "flirt," and a "coquette through and through."

There was just a grain of truth in this statement which made it sting worse than it would had she been perfectly innocent of the charge.

Strange to say, when the young man had relieved his mind by this mild remark, he suddenly seemed to become quite amiable, therefore, had the advantage of Lou, who stormed away as if sure this was the last chance she would ever have of giving him a piece of her mind.

"Come, Lou, let us change the subject; I am sure I hear you no ill will, although you have just frightened my hopes," said Jack with a smile which it is well for him Lou did not see.

"Ill will, it deed!" repeated Lou scornfully: "I suppose now you have said something hateful, you feel quite virtuous and happy!"

"Oh, no! not at all," said Jack, "but you know there is no use 'crying over spilt milk,' and since you hate me, of course there is nothing more to be said on that subject."

Now, considering what excellent friends these two had been for so long, it did seem strange that after accepting so many attentions from the young gentleman, Lou should at last reject him. Do not fancy that Jack was utterly disheartened, far from it; for when he reflected that "faint heart never won fair lady," he resolved to try again at some future time. And being a very determined young man, he meant to succeed.

At length they reached Lou's elegant home, and Jack, with all politeness assisted Lou to alight, she never deigning him a glance.

"Good-night," she said curtly, as she ran up the steps.

"Good-night, Miss Elliott," Jack meekly said, yet with emphasis on the name, as she vanished.

What did our heroine do on entering the house? She at once went to her own room, and dropping into a cosy little rocker, made some very rash vows.

"Flirt, indeed! she would show him that she could flirt, and to some purpose too; for she would marry the first man who asked her, if only to spite him for his hateful speeches," she told herself in her wrath.

Yes, she would lead that young Jackson on. She knew Jack despised him, then perhaps he would repent and apologize for his rudeness. She would not treat him as a friend again until he did. Then the reaction set in, and she indulged in that woman's luxury "a good cry."

Not long after this, Lou's particular friend, Nellie La Page, planned for a picnic, the invitations to be sent to the select few, so there would be no uncongenial spirits to mar the day's fun.

"Of course," said Nellie, when talking it over with Lou, "we must have Jack Martin. He is such a nice, jolly fellow; and we all know that considering what young lady is to be there, he will accept with pleasure." But she was not prepared to see Lou blush in the most guilty manner, as they were in the habit of poking fun at her, which she always took in good part.

"And I suppose," continued Nellie, "we must have Ned Jackson, although I, for one, don't care much for him. But his sister is nice, so we'll have to ask him, too."

At last the girls had their list of invitations made out to their satisfaction. About thirty merry young people had been asked; and they felt sure of a good time if the weather was fine.

The picnic day dawned, fine and clear, much to the girls' relief. But Lou assisted Bridget in packing cakes and cutting sandwiches with a very thoughtful face. The truth is, she was wondering if the truant Jack would be humble and ask forgiveness; and if he did, whether she should grant it graciously, or torment him a little. And if he did not, she made up her mind to flirt with anyone.

Each gentleman was to drive a lady to the picnic grounds; but no invitation came from Jack. One did come, however, from the despised Mr. Jackson, which Lou accepted with her best grace. Whatever she really

felt she seemed delighted. As she stood on the verandah, in her pale blue dress, with its pulled sleeves, and her great white sun hat, drawing on her long black gloves, her escort was quite excusable in thinking she made a very charming picture. As they drove along, he thought he must have been mistaken in thinking that she did not like him, for no one could have been more friendly than she. Already the black eyes and coquettish smiles were making havoc of the young man's heart.

The day was pleasant, and every one seemed to enjoy themselves immensely, especially Lou, who was liberal with her smiles in every quarter. Jack, too, appeared very happy, and was exceedingly attentive to a petite blonde, who was the guest of one of the ladies, and a stranger to Lou.

There was an abundance of games—tennis, croquet, etc., in which every one joined with great zeal. When tired of these, there were swings and hammocks in which to rest and enjoy a tete-a-tete under the trees.

Early in the evening the picnickers set out for home, seemingly well pleased with the day's outing.

Poor little Lou! she felt far from triumphant or happy that night, as she thought over the events of the day. True she had made a conquest, but what had it availed her? She felt some remorse when she considered her treatment of her inoffensive dupe. And with all her efforts she had not brought the erring Jack to repentance. Moreover, he had seemed quite happy with that hateful little doll, with her golden hair, and baby face which looked as if she had but one idea in her head, and that, to make herself look as pretty as possible.

The days went by, but no word came from Jack. So Lou continued to be sweet-natured to poor Mr. Jackson; much to that gentleman's delight. But some way she was not happy, although she tried to make people believe she was. Her merri-ment was rather forced. If Jack would only show that he was sorry for his rudeness, she would be his friend once more, although, of course, she would not dream of being anything nearer or dearer.

All this time Jack was not nearly as unhappy as Lou; for he had a suspicion of what her real feelings were, and concluded that a little suspense would be good for her, and bring her into a state of submission and meekness.

One evening, three weeks after the picnic, Jack did call; and asked for Miss Elliott. When Lou appeared expecting to find a very penitent caller, she was surprised and disappointed to be coolly greeted as *Miss Elliott*.

After talking of indifferent matters for some time Jack said,

"I called, Miss Elliott, to congratulate you on your engagement to Mr. Jackson." Hypocrite that he was! He did not believe that she was engaged, but thought this a good way to bring her to time.

Instead of answering this speech, after casting one reproachful look at him, Lou hid her face in the sofa pillow and burst into tears.

"I am very sorry, Miss Elliott, if I have distressed you in any way, but I thought young ladies were pleased to be congratulated at these happy times."

"I'm not engaged to him! I hate him!" came in muffled tones from the pillow.

"Poor fellow!" said Jack, with much sympathy. "I pity him; for I know how it goes to be hated."

No answer, but renewed sobs from the pillow.

At last Jack could endure it no longer, and crossing over to the sofa, seated himself beside the weeping girl and laying his hand on her arm, said,

"Come, Lou, I was only teasing you. I really came to tell you that I am very, very sorry if I offended you that night, and to make promises of better conduct in the future."

At these repentant words, Lou's former wrath subsided, and she began to wonder if perhaps, she had been partly to blame, and to feel sorry that she had said she hated Jack; for it was much easier to say these things than to unsay them.

"Oh! Jack, I was to blame too, but I'm sorry."

"Nothing to be sorry for, that I see," answered Jack, with a wicked desire to tease her, now that he really understood the case. "Of course, since you hate me, you could not be expected to marry me."

"But I don't hate you, I was angry when I said I did," she said, and again buried her face.

At this Jack put his arm around her, and drew her little wet face upon his shoulder, whispering,

"Darling, tell me, do you love me?"

Her answer must have been satisfactory, for Jack bent and kissed her; and said a great many silly things, which one would

hardly have expected from a learned young lawyer.

"Oh, Jack dear," said Lou at length; "you do not know how miserable I was when I thought you did not care. And to think of tormenting me about that horrid Jackson!"

"But, darling, you certainly appeared to like him very well," returned Jack mischievously.

"And how about the lovely blonde?" retorted his black-eyed love.

"Now, that is turning the tables on a fellow with a vengeance. I move we change the subject."

Which, of course, turned to themselves, as lovers always find talking of themselves very interesting, and have an unlimited supply of confidences to exchange.

"Lou, darling," questioned Jack, "there is one more thing I want to ask you, and that is, why you refused me before?"

"Well," explained Lou, "I always think a person prizes a thing most when they have tried hardest to win it, so I thought I would refuse you then, and of course if you really cared for me, you would ask again. But when you called me hard names, and I said I hated you, I thought you never would ask again, and I was wretched."

"You see I did, love," said Jack with an amused and tender smile. "So all's well that ends well." And then ensued a period of rapture.

So the matter was settled. But to this day Judge Martin teases his charming little wife about the time she "hated him."

A Pretty Foot Robe.

A very dainty foot robe can be made as follows: Procure one pound best cotton batting, one and a half yard each of pale pink and "baby-blue" sateen, or silasia, and six ounces each of pink and white zephyr.

If the sateen is put in a frame it will be easier to keep the work straight, but is not at all necessary. With a warm iron press out all store folds from the goods, then lay the pink width upon a dining table, wrong side uppermost, and spread the cotton evenly over the surface, thick or thin as may be desired. If too little cotton is used the robe will not puff nicely. Place the blue sateen on top of the cotton, right side up this time, and pin down carefully all along the edges, and about twice through the centre.

Lay off the robe in blocks about six inches square, dotting the intersections of the squares with a lead-pencil. On each dot place a daisy of the zephyr made in this way: Divide the pink zephyr, into skeins of twenty threads each, and cut in two. Now take a needle threaded with strong, white thread and put through the robe at a pencil dot, bringing up again on the right side. Lay one end of the skein of pink zephyr across the stitch thus formed, allowing the short end to project half-an-inch; on this lay a skein of white zephyr consisting of ten threads; bring up the thread with which the needle is threaded, and tie firmly. Cut off the zephyr and trim to a round, shapely daisy. Place one of these at each intersection of the squares, work the edges of the robe in loose button-hole stitch, with white zephyr, and it is complete.

A rich and elegant foot robe can be made of olive-green satin, lined with rose-pink and fastened at the intersections with plush balls, allowing the little loop on the balls to lie loose. They should be sewed on close up to the ball. Finish the robe with a handsome fringe.

The much-abused crazy-work can be used very effectively in this way with little expense, except of time. Either one of the above would make a gift which ought to satisfy the most fastidious friend.

The Choice of a Man.

"I regret little. I would change still less. Since there my past life lies, why alter it?"

"And I have labored somewhat in my time And not been paid profusely."

—*Andrea Del Sarto.* II. BROWNING.

"I mind how lone repaired all ill. Cured wrong, soothed grief, made earth a-mends."

—*Christmas Eve and Easter Day.*

You had your choice, and you took your stand— Wealth and fame might be won; in your hand The world would have laid its richest prize, But you turned from the world. Do you now despise

What it could have given? You are not great, But poor and unknown; it is now too late.

Ah! but I know what you might have done— Have stained your soul ere the stake was won, Have lied, and cheated, and felt no shame, In the eager race for riches and fame, Though none may know it save she and I, You let the world and its pomp go by.

I hold, my friend, you are greater now, Unknown, unnoticed, than if your brow Were bound with laurel and bay, for you Have fought the fight, and tried, and true, You smile as you weigh the gain and the cost, Her love you have kept, and the world that you lost.

Coughing

IS Nature's effort to expel foreign substances from the bronchial passages. Frequently, this causes inflammation and the need of an anodyne. No other expectorant or anodyne is equal to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It assists Nature in ejecting the mucus, allays irritation, induces repose, and is the most popular of all cough cures.

"Of the many preparations before the public for the cure of colds, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred diseases, there is none, within the range of my experience, so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For years I was subject to colds, followed by terrible coughs. About four years ago, when so afflicted, I was advised to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and to lay all other remedies aside. I did so, and within a week was well of my cold and cough. Since then I have always kept this preparation in the house, and feel comparatively secure." —Mrs. L. L. Brown, Denmark, Miss.

"A few years ago I took a severe cold which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continual use of the Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected." —Horace Fairbrother, Rockingham, Vt.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

To Remove Blemishes from Furniture.

Remove white spots on furniture by wetting a piece of flannel with turpentine and rubbing the spot hard.

To remove white stains have three woolen cloths; dip one in linseed or kerosene oil and rub the spot briskly; then wet a second cloth with alcohol and rub the spot quickly; finally, polish with the third cloth, slightly wet with oil.

For mahogany, if stained, use oxalic acid and water, rubbing it on with a clean cork, until the stain disappears. Mahogany may be polished with a flannel cloth dipped in sweet, or cold drawn linseed oil.

Remove ink stains from mahogany by putting a few drops of spirit of niter in a teaspoonful of water; touch the spot with a camel's hair brush dipped in the mixture, and then rub it out immediately with a cloth dipped in cold water. This may answer for other woods also.

Marks are taken from varnished wood by wetting a sponge in alcohol or camphor, and using it freely to the surface of the spots.

Sweet oil removes finger marks from varnished furniture, and kerosene will do the same for oiled pieces.

Alcohol must always be used quickly, or it will remove the varnish.

Art Pincushion.

Take nine inches square of pale-blue satin. Either buy or make the cushion, which should be very full and firm, and the same size as the satin. After the latter is made and put on, finish with fine cream lace, one-and-a-half yard long and two inches wide. Then take a piece of bolting cloth, pinked round the edges, and six by seven inches in size, and paint on it with fine brush and French dyes (which are so popular now) a pretty little landscape. An old castle, overlooking a lake surrounded by trees and flowers and having a pleasure boat on it, make a nice study. Place this on the top of cushion, take the edge of lace and bring it up in the centre of each side of bolting cloth and fasten there at each place with one-half yard of love picot ed ribbon to match the cushion in color.

This is not only a pretty work of art but it is also a very useful article in the guest chamber.

Marriage of the Pope's Niece.

The marriage of a niece of Pope Leo XIII. with a Guardia Nobile, Count Salvatore Salimei, will be celebrated on July 5. The bride, who is a daughter of the Pope's sister, will only receive a dowry of £2,400, to which the Pope has only contributed £1,600.

Old-Time Proverbs.

When thou sittest among many, reach not thy hand out first of all.

A good life hath but few days, but a good name endureth forever.