

HER DILEMMA

By MRS. PHILIP CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY

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"Honor," Cynthia said, balancing herself sideways on the old balustrade overlooking the lake; "I wonder what you would do if you were in my position?"

"Fall over into the lake," I replied promptly; "as you will in a minute, if you are not careful, and you will find it very deep water."

"I am in deep water already," she said gently, and I should be more than glad if you can find a way to help me, but it won't be very easy. I thought it such a good idea to start with, but now it doesn't seem to have worked out very well."

"What is it?"

"It's Mr. Peters," she said, turning her face away and looking out dreamily across the lake.

"Still Mr. Peters?" I asked with a little surprise. "It has been Mr. Peters for quite a long time."

"I don't know if I have told you that he has asked me to marry him," she went on after a pause.

"Yes," I said, "several times."

"I wish people wouldn't ask me to marry them," Cynthia said impatiently. "I never know what to say."

"There is not much choice," I observed. "You can only say 'Yes' or 'No.'"

"That's just what is so tiresome," she said calmly. "I said nothing. Yesterday he wrote to say he really must have an answer. He gave me a week to think it over, as he did not wish to hurry me. But I sent him my answer by post last night!"

"Why did you do that? It would have been better to have waited, as he suggested it, till the end of the week, I think." Cynthia could change her mind a dozen times in a week.

"No," she answered seriously. "I sent the answer at once because I hate to have a thing of that sort hanging over my head."

"If you have already sent your answer, where can the difficulty be? What was it?" I repeated with a little impatience. "Yes, or no?"

"I don't know," she said, gently; "that's just where the trouble is."

"Cynthia!" I cried sharply. "Do you mean to tell me you don't know whether you have accepted Mr. Peters or refused him?"

"That is exactly the state of the



He Has Asked Me to Marry Him.

case," she replied, with maddening serenity. "I sent him his answer last night, and I've no more notion what it was," she looked around for an example, "than the man in the moon."

"Cynthia," I said slowly, "I think one of us must be mad, and I do not believe it is I."

"Not at all," she retorted briskly. "If you will listen I'll tell you exactly how it happened. Mr. Peters has been pestering me for an answer for weeks, and the truth was I could not for the life of me make up my mind what to say. Don't you think he is a very nice man, Honor?" she added, looking at me earnestly.

"That is just it; he is so nice that I hadn't the heart to say 'No' to him; but as I never have liked fair hair, I couldn't be quite sure I wanted to say 'Yes.' Then this letter asking for a definite answer came like a thunder-bolt."

"I felt quite sure it would be no easier to make up my mind at the end of a week, and that the best thing would be to do it at once. So I did."

"I am glad to hear it," I remarked dryly. "I understood you to say you do not know what you had said."

"No more I do. I wrote two letters, one accepting him and the other refusing him, and addressed them exactly alike and shuffled them with my eyes shut, and then I put one in the fire and the other in the mail."

"Which did you put in the mail?"

"I don't know," she answered placidly, "that's just where the fix comes in."

"Cynthia!" I exclaimed, laughing against my will, "and you call that making up your mind!"

"At first I thought it was rather a good idea. Of course the awkward part is not knowing what I have said to him. If I found I had mailed the wrong one, I should probably have sent the other after it. And that wouldn't have mended matters."

"There is nothing for it but to face the situation," I remarked impatiently.

"I don't mind the situation; it's Mr. Peters I don't want to face," Cynthia murmured.

"I could think of no suggestion, and silence fell for a moment or two."

"Just think of the unpleasantness of it, Honor," she remarked. "I have had a telegram to say he is coming at three o'clock."

"And what are you going to do?"

There was a long pause.

"I thought of going down to see Mrs. Maloney's new baby about then," she said at last.

I half rose to my feet in indignation.

"And leave me, I suppose, to interview the victim of your foolishness," Cynthia," I said solemnly. "I am not going to do it."

"Honor," she said, insinuatingly; "just think how horribly unpleasant it would be for me to meet him, not having a notion as to which letter I put in the post. Whereas you could be as innocent as a lamb, and easily find out incidentally in conversation, whether I said 'Yes' or 'No.'"

"I am not going to help you," I said, rising and walking across the gravelled terrace to the balustrade.

"I am sure you will when you think of it, Honor, dear," she said entreatingly. "It is not much I am asking you to do. Just to see Mr. Peters, instead of me. Then I shall know how to meet him, and shan't be taken aback."

It was close upon three o'clock, and a servant came to tell me that Mr. Peters was in the drawing-room, and that Cynthia could not be found.

As the interview had been forced on me I determined to make the best of it.

Cynthia faced me quite placidly on her return.

"Well?" she said interrogatively. "did you see him?"

"Yes, I saw him," I answered curtly.

"And which letter was it I put in the mail?"

"I have no more notion than you have."

Cynthia opened her eyes.

"You mean to tell me you talked to him for half an hour and couldn't find out that much! Weren't there any symptoms?"

"What do you mean by 'symptoms'?"

"When he came into the room did he look jubilant—as if he would like to stand on his head? Oh did he look as if he hadn't shaved for a week, and never meant to shave again? Did you ask him if he was happy?"

"No!" I cried, exasperated. "nor did I ask him if he was good; nor how old he was; nor whether he dyes his hair, nor any other impertinent question."

Then it seems to me it has all got to be done over again, and we are no further than we were before," she said dismally, rising from her chair and walking to the window.

"I am afraid you will have to face him yourself the next time, Cynthia," I replied gently.

"Suppose I were to throw myself on his mercy," she said hopefully, turning round after a pause—"tell him the whole truth, and say I had made a mistake—whichever way it was—what do you think he would say?"

"He would certainly have nothing more to do with you," I answered severely.

"I do wish I knew what I said," she murmured. "I should feel so much more settled."

Three days passed and there was no sign of Mr. Peters. Cynthia's spirits began to droop, and I was surprised to notice a little line of worry permanently settle itself between her eyebrows.

Then one afternoon I found her in a secluded corner in tears.

"Oh, Honor," she sobbed, giving way altogether, "I must have said 'No.' Can't you help me anyhow, Honor? You have never failed me yet."

"But what can I do?" I replied, helplessly.

"Go and see him," she said, desperately. "Tell him I didn't mean it, Honor—that I mean 'Yes' for all the rest of my life."

"I can't do that," I said at last. "but I'll go and persuade him, if I can, to come and see you."

I returned some two hours later from my rather distasteful mission to find Cynthia by herself in the drawing-room. To my surprise her face was wreathed in smiles, and she waved a square of white paper at me exultantly as I entered the room.

"Honor!" she cried. "It's the letter! I found it in the pocket of the dress I was wearing that day, and here's just waiting till the end of the week for my answer!" I stared at her stupidly.

"Oh, Honor, I am so happy," she said softly, "don't be angry with me!"

Mr. Peters is putting up his horse and will be here in a moment," I answered, my wrath only partly appeased, "and now, Cynthia, I hope you've had a lesson, and know your own mind at last."

"Of course I do," she retorted, with a slight show of indignation.

Mr. Peters at that moment came in at the door, and I went out by the window into the garden.

HIS CHANCE.

A grocer has excellent opportunity to know the effects of special foods on his customers. A Cleveland grocer has a long list of customers that have been helped in health by leaving off coffee and using Postum Food Coffee.

He says, regarding his own experience: "Two years ago I had been drinking coffee and must say that I was almost wrecked in my nerves."

"Particularly in the morning I was so irritable and upset that I could hardly wait until the coffee was served, and then I had no appetite for breakfast and did not feel like attending to my store duties."

"One day my wife suggested that inasmuch as I was selling so much Postum there must be some merit in it, and suggested that we try it. I took home a package and she prepared it according to directions. The result was a very happy one. My nervousness gradually disappeared and to-day I am all right. I would advise everyone affected in any way with nervousness or stomach troubles, to leave off coffee and use Postum Food Coffee."

The Rubé—Hey? The Kid—I sex don't you want to hire me while you're in de city fer guide, philosopher and friend?

Liberty Gone. Mrs. Asker—The leading man in the show we saw last week got married. After that he left the show and now he advertises in the dramatic paper that he is "at liberty."

Mr. Asker—Him! I can't see how he can be "at liberty" if he is married.

I half rose to my feet in indignation.

WORN TO A SKELETON.

A Wonderful Restoration Caused a Sensation in a Pennsylvania Town.

Mrs. Charles N. Preston, of Elkland, Pa., says: "Three years ago I found that my housework was becoming a burden. I tired easily, had no ambition and was fading fast. My complexion got yellow and I lost over 50 pounds. My thirst was terrible, and there was sugar in the kidney secretions."



My doctor kept me on a strict diet, but as his medicine was not helping me, I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. They helped me at once, and soon all traces of sugar disappeared. I have regained my former weight and am perfectly well."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

BOY HAD NOT UNDERSTOOD.

Pretty Phrase That Was Most Woefully Misunderstood.

That the effect of a choice and appropriate phrase is sometimes lost and oftentimes woefully misinterpreted is well illustrated in an incident connected with the death of a Virginia lawyer.

During the man's illness the wires were disconnected which attached the bell to the old-fashioned pull knob on the front door.

A messenger boy came to the house one morning and began pulling at the bell. There was no response. He continued to jerk the ancient knob vigorously. A white-haired gentleman finally appeared, who raised his hand warningly and said:

"My boy, the silver cord has been severed."

"Is that so?" exploded the boy. "From the way it acted I thought the whole darn thing was busted."—N. Y. Times.

ITCHING RASH 18 YEARS.

Girl's Rash Spread and Grew Worse Under Specialist's Care—Perfect Cure by Cuticura Remedies.

"When my daughter was a baby she had a breaking out behind the ears. The doctor said that she would outgrow it, and it did get somewhat better until she was about fifteen years old, and after that she could get nothing that would drive it away. She was always applying something in the way of salves. It troubled her behind the knees, opposite the elbows, back of the neck and ears, under the chin, and then it got on the face. That was about three years ago. She took treatment with a specialist and seemed to get worse all the time. We were then advised to try the Cuticura Remedies and now I don't see any breaking out M. Curley, 11-19 Sixteenth St., Bay City, Mich. May 20, 1906."

Vale University Wealthy.

According to the Yale Alumni Weekly, the property of the university in New Haven which is exempted from taxation, is appraised at \$9,431,150, an increase of \$255,000 over the appraisal of \$9,176,150 of last year, though this increase does not necessarily represent actual additional values subtracted from the New Haven grand list. Of the total exemptions about \$1,370,000 belongs to the Sheffield Scientific School. The old campus, as land, is valued at \$1,023,400, and the buildings on this campus at \$2,483,500. The appraisals are high on many of the buildings, as compared to actual cost. The valuations are placed, and as they are exemptions there has been no occasion to appeal for their reduction.

The Last Dash.

The autoists in highest latitudes gathered around and mournfully contemplated a dark body that lay upon the gleaming ice before them.

At that moment De Villiers, the last of the party, who had been detained by a faulty adjustment, rode up.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

One of the fur-clad group looked around. His voice was choked with rage.

"That idiotic chauffeur whom Dasher insisted on bringing along didn't look where he was going."

"Yes."

"He smashed into the pole and broke it short off!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Chilean Editor in America.

Senior Carlos Silva, of Santiago, editor of El Mercurio, the oldest daily newspaper in the republic of Chile, is visiting this country for the first time, and is accompanied by his wife. He is at present in Washington.

Working For Christian Endeavor.

Dr. Francis E. Clark, of the Christian Endeavor society, is visiting the West Indies, Panama and South American republics in the interest of that organization.

FIT THE GROCER

Wife Made the Suggestion.

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THE HONOR THAT IS AMONG THIEVES consists largely of fear.

Drying is as easy as washing when PUTNAM PALELESS DYES are used. Ask your druggist.

An easy way to get money is to inherit it.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c. You pay 10c for cigars not so good. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

The rich man's son is called a prig if he walks in the way of the right one, and he is denounced as a degenerate if he endeavors to put his father's money into circulation.

To improve the general health, take Garfield Tea daily for a time; it purifies the blood, eradicates rheumatism and malarial chronic ailments, and keeps the health good. Garfield Tea is made of herbs; it is guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drugs Law. Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Compliment. "Of course," said Miss Clumsay, "Mr. Kidder's language is not always elegant, but he can be very complimentary in his rough way." "Yes?" asked Miss Wise. "Yes. He says 'I'm a bird.' 'Huh! So is an ostrich.'"

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Famous Book Free.

Every reader of this paper can get free of charge one of Dr. Coffey's famous books which tells of a new method by which persons afflicted with Deafness, Head Noises, Sore Eyes, Failing Sight from any cause, can cure themselves at home at small expense.

Write a letter immediately to Dr. W. O. Coffey, 380 Century Bldg., Des Moines, Ia.

His Classification.

"Oh, I don't intend to be scrupulous about the way I get on," said the young lawyer, who thought himself the greatest ever. "I frankly intend to rent out my head to anybody who wants to make use of it." "Then, if you advertise it," replied his cynical friend, "they'll put you under the heading of Empty Flats."

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. Its great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new.

Seoul and Its Inmates.

A recent estimate of the population of Seoul gives the total at 199,205. In every ward but the north one the number of males exceeds that of females, but in that part of the city the number of females is given as 17,000, while the males are 90,000. This would be hard to explain on any ordinary theory of population. Seoul has no quarter set aside for the exclusive residence of females.—Korea Daily News.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by restorative medicine. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a running condition or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; also cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

Will give one Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness caused by Catarrh that cannot be cured by local Catarrh Cures. See for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc. Take Star's Family Pills for constipation.

Pretty Epigram.

A charming epigram adorned an address that Mrs. J. C. Phelps Stokes made on her last visit to Detroit. She was rejoicing over the fact that in the slums woman, no matter how wretched her case, kept her speech pure, as a rule, of profanity.

"An oath from a woman's lips," she ended, "is unnatural and incredible. I would as soon expect a bullet from a rosebud."

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

The Apt Pupil.

The philanthropical Fifth avenue lad was visiting a lower East Side Sunday school. To test the aptness of a particularly indigent cluster of pupils, she took the class in hand to question them.

"Children, which is the greatest of all virtues?"

"Not me answered.

"Think a little. What is it I am doing when I give up time and pleasure to come down among you for your moral good?"

"A grimy fist went up.

"Well, what am I doing, little boy?"

"Buttin' in!"—Life.

An Oversight.

When Chappie got up the other morning he wandered around his apartment in his pretty pink pajamas, the very picture of woe.

"What's the matter, sir?" inquired his valet.

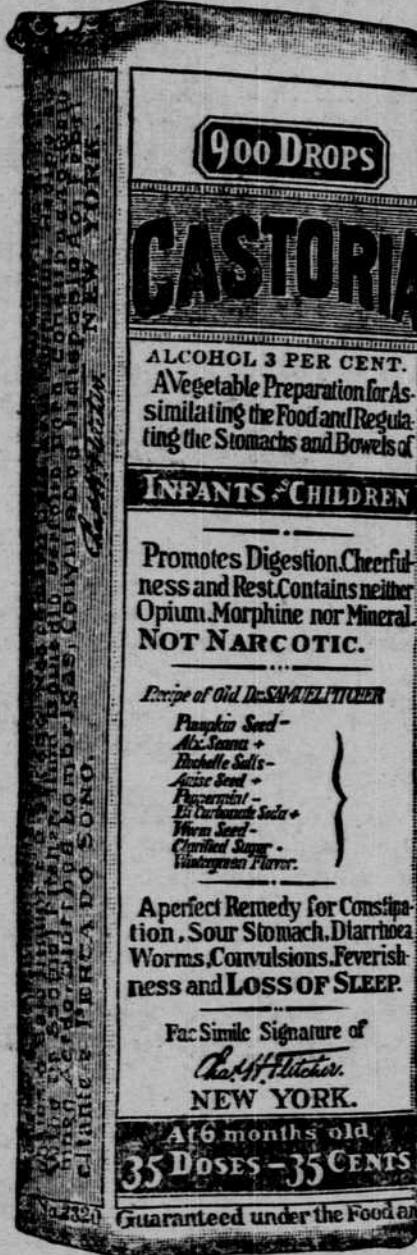
"I don't know, Alphonse," he groaned; "I passed a most unhappy night."

"Alphonse looked him over carefully.

"Oh, sir," he exclaimed, "I know what was the matter. The trousers of your pajamas were not creased. You must be more careful, sir. Those I had prepared for you were hanging across the foot of the bed."—The Bohemian.

Don't Poison Baby.

Forty years ago almost every mother thought her child must have PAREGORIC or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and A FEW DROPS TOO MANY will produce the SLEEP FROM WHICH THERE IS NO WAKING. Many are the children who have been killed or whose health has been ruined for life, by paregoric, laudanum and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody without labelling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is: "A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which in poisonous doses produces stupor, coma, convulsions and death." The taste and smell of medicines containing opium are disguised, and sold under the names of "Drops," "Cordials," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without you or your physician know of what it is composed. **CASTORIA DOES NOT CONTAIN NARCOTICS**, if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.



Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. J. W. Dinsdale, of Chicago, Ill., says: "I use your Castoria and advise its use in all families where there are children."

Dr. Alexander E. Mintie, of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "I have frequently prescribed your Castoria and have found it a reliable and pleasant remedy for children."

Dr. J. S. Alexander, of Omaha, Neb., says: "A medicine so valuable and beneficial for children as your Castoria, I, as a physician, I find it in use everywhere."

Dr. J. A. McClellan, of Buffalo, N. Y., says: "I have frequently prescribed your Castoria for children and always got good results. In fact I use Castoria for my own children."

Dr. J. W. Allen, of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I heartily endorse your Castoria. I have frequently prescribed it in my medical practice, and have always found it to do all that is claimed for it."

Dr. C. H. Glidden, of St. Paul, Minn., says: "My experience as a practitioner with your Castoria has been highly satisfactory, and I consider it an excellent remedy for the young."

Dr. H. D. Benner, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have used your Castoria as a purgative in the cases of children for years past with the most happy effect, and fully endorse it as a safe remedy."

Dr. J. A. Boardman, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Your Castoria is a splendid remedy for children, known the world over. I use it in my practice and have no hes