The surface to be painted should be dry and scraped and sandpapered hard and smooth. Pure white lead should be mixed with pure linseed oil, fresh for the job, and should be well brushed out, not flowed on thick. When paintlag is done in this manner with Natrade marked with "The Dutch Boy Painter") there is every chance the Job will be satisfactory. White lead is capable of absolute test for purity. National Lead Company, Woodbridge Building, New York, will send a testing outfit free to any one interested.

A Hungarian student who was plucked at a recent examination at Klausenburg shot himself, but first winged an exam

How I Cured Sweeny and Fistula. "I WANT to tell you how I saved one of our horses that had a fistula. We had the horse doctor out and he said it was so bad that he did not think he could cure it, and did not come again. Then we tried Sloan's Liniment and it cured it up nicely.

"One day last spring I was plowing for a neighbor who had a horse with sweeny, and I told him about Sloan's Linkment and he had me get a bottle for him, and it cured his horse all right, and he goes off now like a colt. "We had a horse that had sweeny

awfully bad and we thought it was never going to be any good, but we used Sloan's Liniment and it cured it up nicely. I told another neighbor about it and he said it was the best Liniment he ever used.

"We are using Sloan's Sure Colle Cure and we think it is all right." A. D. BRUCE, Aurella, Ia.

The Way the Czar Proposed. It is a pretty story which surrounds the betrothal of the present Czar Nicholas and the Czarina, for, although the great question had been planned and thought out for them by their respective parents, they both were determined to have a say in the matter.

That they were in love with each other every one knew, and between themselves a mutual understanding had been arrived at in the summer house of York cottage; but as Czarewitch the future Czar had to make the formal and old-fashioned offer of his hand.

"The Emperor, my father," he said, addressing the blushing bride-to-be, "has commanded me to make you the offer of my hand and heart."

"My grandmother, the Queen," reofied the present Czarina, "has commanded me to accept the offer of your hand"-she broke into a rippling laugh -"and your heart I take of my own

Part of the Horse.

A rich rancher told a story about a Mittle slum urchin whom he had sent on a month's vacation into the country. mush from the mushroom and milk from the milkweed. One morning a lady pointed to a horse in a field and said, 'Look at the horse, Johnny.' That's a cow,' the boy contradicted. 'No,' said the lady, 'it's a horse.' "Tain't. It's a cow,' said the boy. 'Horses has wagons to 'em.' "-- Kansas City Times.

Needed a Cloudburst. Staying at an inn in Scotland, a shooting party found their sport much interfered with by rain. Still, wet or fine, the old-fashioned barometer that hung in the hall persistently pointed to "set fairs" At length one of the party drew the landlord's attention to the glass, saying, "Don't you think, now. Dughld, there's something the matter with your glass?" "No. sir." replied Dugald, with dignity, "she's a gude glass and a powerful glass, but she's no' moved wi' trifles."

"She's the most remarkable elderly woman I over saw."

"Doesn't show ber age?" "Not that. Doesn't seem to regret St."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

Good Humor and Cheerfulness from Right Food. Cheerfulness is like sunlight. It dis-

pels the clouds from the mind as sun-light chases away the shadows of

The good humored man can pick up and carry off a load that the man with grouch wouldn't attempt to lift. Anything that interferes with good

health is apt to keep cheerfulness and good humor in the background. A Washington lady found that letting coffee alone made things bright for her. She writes: "Four years ago I was practically

given up by my doctor and was not expected to five long. My nervous system was in a bad condition. "But I was young and did not want

to die, so I began to look about for the cause of my chronic trouble. I used to have nervous spells which would exhaust me and after each spell it would take me days before I could sit up in a chair.

"I became convinced my trouble was caused by coffee. I decided to stop it and bought some Postum.

"The first cup, which I made according to directions, had a soothing effect on my perves and I liked the taste. For a time I nearly lived on Postum and ate little food besides. I am today a healthy woman.

"My family and relatives wonder if I am the same person I was four years ago, when I could do no work on account of nervousness. Now I am doing my own housework, take care of two bables-one twenty, the other two months old. I am so busy that I hardly get time to write a letter, yet I do It all with the cheerfulness and good humor that comes from enjoying good

"I tell my friends it is to Postum I sowe my life to day"

Name gives by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellwille," in page. "There's a Reason."

AIKENSIDE

MRS. MARY J. HOLMES

.............

though when Guy was announced as Mr.

"Much too young; he was older than I

And the flery eye grew soft and almost

sleepy in its expression, as the poor luna-

how pretty she was, asking her if she

were engaged, and bidding her to be care-

Uncle Joseph seemed to take to her

knew where Sarah was, and finally cry

ing for her as a child cries for its moth

colorless as marble as she heard him de-

scribed, while a faint sigh escaped her

Agnes was changed somewhat of late.

was not as haughty as formerly. Guy

thought her improved, and thus was not

so delighted as he would otherwise have

been, when, one day about two weeks

she startled him by saying she thought it

if she meant to spend the winter there,

and asked what she should do with Jessie.

to leave him there alone, but when he

ed to her going, with the understanding

that Jessie was to remain-a plan which

Agnes did not oppose, as a child so large

as Jessie might stand in the way of her

being as gay as she meant to be in Bos-

she would far rather stay at Aikenside;

wrapped in velvet and furs, kissed her

Maddy and the servants, left a neighbor-

hood which, since Uncle Joseph was so

even the hope of winning the doctor could

Guy accompanied her to the city, won-

dering why, when he used to like it so

much, it now seemed dull and tiresome,

or why the society he had formerly enjoy-

ed failed to bring back the olden pleas-

ure he had experienced when a resident

of Boston. After seeing Agnes settled in

one of the most fashionable boarding

It was dark when he reached home.

heavy rain, the house presented rather

a cheerless appearance, particularly as,

in consequence of Mrs. Noah's not ex-

kindled in the parlors, or in any room ex-

cept the library. There a bright coal fire

was blazing in the grate, and thither Guy

repaired, finding, as he had expected, Jee-

sie and her teacher. Not liking to in-

trude on Mr. Guy, of whom she still

stood somewhat in awe, Maddy soon arose

to leave, but Guy bade her stay; he

should be lonely without her, he said; and

so bringing her work she sat down to

sew, while Jessie looked over a book of

prints, and Guy upon the lounge studied

the face which, it seemed to him, grew

each day more and more beautiful. Then

he talked with her of books, and the les-

sons which were to be resumed on the

morrow, watching Maddy as her bright

face sparkled and glowed with excitement.

Then he questioned her of her father's

family, feeling a strange sense of satis-

faction in knowing that the Clydes were

not a race of whose blood anyone need be

ashamed; and Maddy was more like them,

he was sure, than like the Markhams

and Guy shivered a little as he recalled

the peculiar dialect of Mr. and Mrs.

Markham, and remembered that they were

Maddy's grandparents. Not that it was

anything to him, Oh, no! Only as an

nmate of his family he felt interested

in her, more so perhaps than young mer

were apt to be interested in their sister's

Had Guy then been asked the question,

se would, in all probability, have acknowl-

dged that in his heart there was a feel

ing of superiority to Maddy Clyde; that

she was not quite the equal of Aiken

side's heir, nor yet of Lucy Atherstone

It was natural; he had been educated to

feel the difference, but any haughty arro-

was kept down by his extreme good sense

and generous, impulsive nature. He liked

becoming crimson merino which he really

on her hair and making shadows on her

It did not take long for the people of

Sommerville to hear that Guy Reming-

ton had actually turned schoolmaster.

that the haughty Guy had forgotten his

English Lucy and gone to educating a

The doctor, to whom these remarks

were sometimes made, silently gnashed

chose to teach Maddy Clyde, he did not

see whose business it was," and then rode over to Alkenside to see the teacher

and pupil, half hoping that Guy would

But Guy grew more and more pleased

with his employment, until, at last, from

giving Maddy two hours of his time, he

me to give her four, esteeming them the

pleasantest of the whole twenty-four. Guy

as proud of Maddy's maprovement, prais-

er often to the doctor, who also mar-

on tire of his project and give it up.

"if Guy

his teeth, then said savagely that

Maddy : he liked to look at her as, in the

cting him that day, no fires had been

houses he started for Alkanside

avail to keep her in it.

daughter, and bidding good-by to

saw that she was determined, he consent

Guy was not quite willing for Agnes

ful that her flance was not more than a

dozen years older than herself.

and I am over forty. It's all right."

as he muttered :

mind and the progress she made, grasp-CHAPTER XIII. In the course of time Uncle Joseph ing a knotty point almost before it was came as was arranged, and on the day explained, and retaining with wonderful following Maddy and Guy rode down to enacity what she learned. see him, finding him a tall, powerfully It mattered nothing to Guy that neighbuilt man, retaining many vestiges o

ors gossiped; there were none familiar enough to tell him what was said, except manly beauty, and fully warranting all Mrs. Markham had said in his praise. He | the doctor or Mrs. Noah; and so he heard seemed perfectly gentle and harmless, few of the remarks made so frequently. As in Honedale, so in Sommerville, Maddy Remington, Maddy noticed that in his was a favorite, and those who interested keen black eyes there was for an instant themselves most in the matter said Mr. a flery gleam, but it quickly passed away, Guy might perhaps be educating his own wife, and insinuating that it would be a great "come up" for Grandfather Markham's child. But Maddy never dreamed of such a thing, and kept on her pleasant way, reciting every day to Guy and gotic turned next to Maddy, telling her ing every Wednesday to the red cottage, whither, after the first visit to Uncle Joseph, Guy never accompanied her. Jessie, on the contrary, went often to Hone

her coming, stealing up closely to her whispering softly: "Daisy is come again." from the very first, following her from room to room, touching her fair soft From the first Uncle Joseph had taken cheeks, smoothing her silken hair, telling to Jessie, calling her Sarah for a while, her Sarah's used to curl, asking if she and then changing the name to "Daisy"-"Daisy Mortimer, his little girl," he per sisted in calling her, watching from his er, when at last she went away. Much window for her coming, and crying whenof this Maddy had repeated to Jessie, as ever Maddy appeared without her. At in the twilight they sat together in the first Agnes, from her city home, forbade parlor at Aikenside; and Jessle was not Jessle's going so often to see a lunatic; the only listener, for with her face rest- but when Jessie described the poor, crazy ing on her band, and her head bent eager | man's delight at sight of her, telling how ly forward, Agnes sat, so as not to lose a quiet and happy he seemed if he could word of what Maddy was saying of Uncle but lay his hand on her head, or touch The intelligence that he was her hair, she withdrew her restrictions, coming to the red cottage had been fol- and, as if moved to an unwonted burst of lowes with a series of headaches, so se tenderness, wrote to her daughter: "Comvery and protracted that Dr. Holbrook fort that crazy man all you can; he had pronounced her really sick, and had needs it so much." sen unusually attentive. Anxiously she

dale, where one at least always greeted

A few weeks after there came another had waited for the result of Maddy's visit | letter from Agnes, but this time it was to to the poor lunatic, and her face was Guy, and its contents darkened his handsome face with anger and vexation. Incidentally Agnes had heard the gossip, and written it to Guy, adding in conclusion: "Of course I know it is not true, for even if there were no Lucy Ather She had grown more thoughtful and stone, you, of all men, would not stoop quiet, while her manner toward Maddy to Maddy Clyde. I do not presume to advise, but I will say this, that now she is growing a young lady, folks will keep on talking so long as you keep her there in the house; and it's bardly fair toward after Uncle Joseph's arrival at Honedale, Lucy."

This was what knotted up Guy's forenearly time for her to return to Boston | head and made him, as Jessle said, "real cross for once." Somehow, he fancied, latterly, that the doctor did not like Maddy's being there, while even Mrs. Nosh managed to keep her out of his way as soon as the lessons were ended. What did they mean? why did they presume to interfere with him? He'd know, at all events; and summoning Mrs. Noah to his presence, he read that part of Agnes' leter pertaining to Maddy, and then asked ton. Jessie, too, when consulted, said what It meant. "It means this, that folks are in a con-

and so one November morning, Agnes, stant worry for fear you'll fall in love with Maddy.' "I fall in leve with that child!" Guy repeated, laughing at the idea, and forgetting that he had long since accused the

near, had become so intolerable that not doctor of that very thing. "Yes, you," returned Mrs. Noah, "and tain't strange they do. Maddy is not a child: she's nearer sixteen than fifteen is almost a young lady; and if you'll ex-cuse my boldness, I must say I sin't any too well pleased with the goin's-on myself; not that I don't like the girl, for do, and I don't blame her an atom. She's as innocent as a new-born babe, and hope she'll always stay so; but you, Mr. Guy, you-now tell me honest-do you think as much of Lucy Atherstone as you and as the evening had closed in with a used to, before you took up school keep-

> Guy did not like to be interfered with and naturally high-spirited, he at first flew into a passion, declaring that he would not have folks meddling with him, that he thought of Lucy Atherstone all the time, and he did not know what more he could do; that 'twas a pity if a man could not enjoy himself in his own way, providing that way were harmless, that he'd never spent so happy a winter as the

last; that-Here Mrs. Noah interrupted him with "That's it, the very it; you want nothing better than to have that girl sit close to you when she recites, as she does; and once when she was workin' out some of them pluses and minuses, and things, her slate rested on your knee; it did, I saw it with my own eyes; and then, let me ask, when Jessie is drummin' on the plano, why don't you bend over her, and tern the leaves, and count the time, as you do when Maddy plays; and how does it happen that lately Jessie is one too many, when you hear Maddy's lessons? She has no suspicious, but I know she sin't sent off for nothin'; I know you'd rather be alone with Maddy Clyde than to

have anybody present; isn't it so?" Guy began to wince. There was much truth in what Mrs. Noah had said. He did devise various methods of getting rid of Jessie, when Maddy was in his library but it had never looked to him in just the light it did when presented by Mrs. Yoah, and he doggedly asked what Mrs.

Noah would have him do. "First and foremost, then, I'd have you tell Maddy yourself that you are engaged to Lucy Atherstone; second, I'd have you write to Lucy all about it, and if you bonestly can, tell her that you only care for Maddy as a friend; third, I'd have you send the girl-"

gance of which he might have been guilty "Not away from Aikenside! I never will!" and Guy sprang to his feet. The mine had exploded, and for an nstant the young man reeled, as he caught a glimpse of where he stood; still he and Jessie nominally had given her, she would not believe it, or confess to himsat before him, with the firelight falling self how strong a place in his affections was held by the beautiful girl now no onger a child. It was almost a year since that April afternoon when he first met Maddy Clyde, and from a timid, bashful child, of fourteen and a half, she had having in his library for two hours or grown to the rather tall and rather selfpossessed maiden of fifteen and a half, almore each day Jessie's little girl-governess most sixteen, as Mrs. Noah sald, "almost a woman;" and as if to verify the latter -people wondering, as people will, where would end, and if it could be possible

> moment, asking permission to come in and find a book, which had been mislaid, and which she needed in hearing Jessie's les-"Certainly, come in," Guy said, and folding his arms he leaned against the mantel, watching her as she hunted for

fact, she herself appeared at that very

the missing book. There was no pretense about Maddy Clyde, nothing put on for effect, and yet in every movement she showed marks of great improvement, both in manner and style. Of one hundred people who might giance at her, ninety-nine would fook a second time, asking who she was. Not the remotest suspicion had Maddy of what was occupying the thoughts of her com-

glanced brightly up at Gny, it struck her that his face was dark and moody, and a painful sensation flitted through her mind that in some way she had intruded.

"Well," was Mrs. Nonh's first comment, as the door closed on Maddy, but as Quy made no response to that, she continued; "She is pretty. That you won't deny." "Yes, more than pretty. She'll make

most beautiful woman. Guy seemed to talk more to himself than to Mrs. Noah, while his foot kicked the fender, and he mentally compared Lucy and Maddy with each other, and tried to think that it was not the result of that comparison, but rather Mrs. Noah's next remark, which affected him unpleasantly. The remark or remarks

were as follows: "Of course she'll make a splendid wom-Everybody notices her now for her beauty, and that's why you've no business to keep her here where you see her every day. It's a wrong to her, lettin' yourself

alone. Guy looked up, and Mrs. Noah contin-

"I've been a girl myself, and I know that Maddy can't be treated as you treat her without its having an effect, I've no idea that it's entered her head yet, but it will bimeby, and then good-by to her happiness."

"For pity's sake, what do you mean? What have I done to Maddy, or what am I going to do?"

Coming nearer to him, and lowering ner voice, Mrs. Noah replied: "You are going to teach her to love

ou, Guy Remington. "And is that anything so very bad, I'd like to know? Most girls do not find love distasteful," and Guy walked hastily to the window, where he stood for a moment gazing out upon the soft April snow which was falling, and feeling anything but satisfied either with the weather or himself; then walking back, and taking a seat before the fire, he said: "I understand you now. You would save Maddy Clyde from sorrow, and you are right. You know more of girls than I do. She might in time get to-to-think of me as she ought not. I never looked upon it in this light before. I've been so happy with her"-here Guy's voice faltered a little, but he recovered himself and went on: will tell her about Lucy to-night, but the sending her away, I can't do that. Neither will she be happy to go back where I took her from, for though the best of people, they are not like Maddy, and you know it."

Yes, Mrs. Noah did know it, and pleased that her boy, as she called Guy, had shown some signs of penitence and amendment, she said she did not think it necessary to send Maddy home; she did not advise it, either. She liked the girl, and what she advised was this, that Guy should send Maddy and Jessie both to boarding school. Agnes, she knew, would be willing, and it was the best thing be could do. Maddy would thus learn what was expected of a teacher, and as soon as she graduated, she could procure some eligible situation."

(To be continued.)

"THERE IS YET TIME."

Daughter Wakened in Time to the

Passing of Opportunities. It was with a distressing sense of dread that Hortense rang the doorbell of her friend's house. She had not been to see Mirlam since the death of her father, and she felt that the visit could not be otherwise than sad. To her relief. Mirlam met her with a calm sweetness of manner that at once made er feel more comfortable.

'I am so glad you have come, Hortense," she said, after a few minutes of commonplace conversation. "I've been wishing to talk to you about papa. It's such a comfort to tell those of my friends who I'm sure will understand how good and dear he was. I want every one that cares for me to know how happy I am in the memory of such a father as mine."

Hortense took Mirlams hand in hers in silent sympathy, for gathering tears prevented her speaking.

"Somehow, as I look back," continued Miriam, "I feel that I've been more blessed than most daughters, for I have so many hours of happy companionship with my father to remember. The seven years that I drove into town with him to high school, and then later to my office work every morning and home again every evening, when we lived in the country, have furnished me with loving recollections that will make my whole life better and sweeter. I shall never forget all our little jokes, and even the small worries we had now seem precious. Some girls do not have the chance for intimate association with their fathers that I have had, and I feel that I've been unusually fortunate."

Hortense, listening, remembered with shame how she and other friends of Miriam had pitied her for that long. tedious drive, winter and summer, through mud or dust, with no one to talk to but her father.

"I am selfish in speaking so much of myself," said Mirlam, after a moment's silence. "How is your father? Well, I hope."

"Yes, pretty well, thank you." "Does he get out much, now that business no longer takes him away from home?"

"Not so very much, but I'm going to begin walking with him every day." A faint color rose in Hortense's cheeks as she spoke, for she recalled

several of her father's invitations for a walk that she had either declined or postponed. "Yes, now that the weather is getting pleasant, you will want to go out

with him a great deal, I'm sure. How

nice it is that he is at leisure, so you can be together !" "Yes; and, O Miriam, you have made me see my neglected opportunitieshow much I have lost in not passing more time with him. I came here to try to help you in your sorrow, and you have helped me. You have awakened me suddenly to the great value of father's days that are still left to me. Oh, I've been careless and blind

to my blessings!" "But there is yet time," said Mirtam, softly .- Youth's Companion.

Ensily Satisfied. "I want," said the woman of fashion to the haughty department clerk, "to be surrounded with more 'pomp' than any other woman of my acquaintance.

Can you help me do it?" "Rats!" he answered and immediately directed her to the counter where they were sold.—Baltimore American.

Beyond their power the bravest canask her yourself, Bill?"

Bill."

I uster know a feller 'at was never satisfied 'Ith any clime he ever found, an' though he tried and tried T' git a place 'at suited him his lookin' was in vain, They wasn't any such a spot, from Oregon to Maine.

He didn't like the East because the people was so prim An' very proper like; he said they knowed too much for him! He didn't like the West because the people was so crude, He never could endure it stay where anyone was rude.

He didn't like the North because the winters was so long, An' couldn't stand the South because the summer heat was strong; An' so he kep' a-goia' an' a golo' till he died. An' now I s'pose his soul's a-wanderin' round dissatisfied.

then, remembering as I did with a rush

Musette's smile. Musette's eyes and

sald kindly. "I'd do a good deal to

oblige you, but here I think you had

better use your own influence. A wom-

an is but a woman after all, and what

will the persuasions of a poor brown

little thing like me be beside your hand-

some youth and gallant bearing? You

see. If Alexander is to be influenced

influenced in turn by a pretty boy. It's

"For the honor of the club, Bill," I

"The honor of the town," said I

What is danger or difficulty when so

"Ah, you've got no esprit-de-corps."

"You don't understand," said

myself from getting engaged several

"It should be easier now, after so

"Do you refuse to help me, Molly?"

"I am helping you, by my valuable

"Only because I know you'll do it so

"Then, good-by." He flung away in

to be a useful friend. On Monday he

play for the best club, and he dain't

think much of our form. Said he had

watched the match on Saturday, and

had come to the conclusion that he'd

"Oh, well," said I, "he naturally

wants the best game he can get, when

"He was born in the town. He

us,' he said, 'instead of pottering about

with a lot of incapables. We want a

center three-quarter badly.' By Jove,

Molly, I could have punched his con-

"I'm sure you could," said I, sooth-

"Won't you ask Miss Meadows to go

for him, and make a fool of him, and

"No," said I, firmly, "I won't. You'll

"Very well," said he, grimly, "I will.

And if that girl is unhappy afterwards,

when she finds that I only made myself

pleasant for a purpose, she'll have you

"Oh, I'm sure she'll thank me for it,"

I didn't see him again for a week.

Then he dropped in with radiant eyes

and a triumphant mouth, and told me

that Wuthers' idea had been a master-

ly one. Miss Meadows was certainly

"She'll do it if anyone can," said I

"I went to the Palander's dance on

hard; but this was a matter of busi-

"And how did you like Musette?"

condescendingly, "with ripping eyes. I

danced three times with her, and she

asked me to call. So I went yesterday

She's awfully fond of football, and

came to watch the match on Saturday.

would be to get Alexander at once. She

"Rather a nice little girl," he sald,

"Oh, yes. When did you see her?"

do it better yourself, Bill. Try your

own irresistible attractions."

founded head!"

bring him here?"

to thank for It."

sald I, agreeably.

the girl to do the thing.

ness, and I went."

school."

girls."

better join Medlingham. Hound!"

he isn't playing for the county."

The sareasm was wasted on him.

"You won't talk to Musette?"

much better yourself, Bill."

"Molly, you are selfish."

beginning to see it."

Bill moved his feet uneasily.

"You're a nice, modest boy, Bill," I

lips and hair.

reminded him.

He said nothing.

much is at stake?"

Still he was silent.

This roused him.

times, I can tell you---'

much practice."

advice."

nation.



"Bill, why does this cloud overhaug our bright young brow?" I asked kind-

Bill sighed. He is tall and fair and

broad-shouldered and twenty-two, and

football-made. He thinks he knows the

world and human nature. "I'm worried to death, Molly. "Oh, Bill! What about?" "The Club," said be, sadly. "You re ember how well we did last year?"

I didn't, but what matter? "Of be a pretty girl. the pretty girl must be ourse," I said. "We're, rotten this season, plalu logie." haven't a man in the team who can play full-back. Last year we had Mor gan, but he's gone back to Cardiff-

just like a beastly Welshman." "But if his home's there?" I object d mildly.

"Ugh! It's sickening. We've got a much heavier tot of fixtures now, and we shall just be swamped. Think of the Bollington Rovers, for instance; they'll simply wipe the ground with

"I hope not," said I, feelingly. "If this deluge goes on---He dropped into an easy chair and

plunged his hands into his pockets. "Look here, Molly," he burst out, "you're always a good friend to a

chap." "You're going to ask me to do some-

thing unpleasant," said I, warmly, "I won't do it, Bill; it's no good. It's because I'm not pretty that every one thinks I'm good-natured. I've been driven into being good friends to too many young men, and-He stared at me in surprise.

"I've always thought of you as being. most unselfish girl I know," said he, and so, when I was in trouble, I nat urally turned to you for help."

"Every one does," said I, in quiet exasperation. "Oh! go on." He turned his eyes on the fire.

"It's this way," he said, slowly. "There's a chap called Alexander-I I don't suppose you know him, but he blank to play for us. I was as diploused to be at the Grammar School here, and he's just down from Oxford, and a ripping good full-back. He's on the simply smiled, and said he wanted to trial for the county already, and he's played twice for Medlingham. I don't know how they got hold of him, I'm sure; but he'll join them as sure as blazes if--"

"Bill !" "I beg your pardon," said he, hastily, but you see my point. I've been to him about it, and Wuthers tackled him in the Club the other day, and he said he knew most of the Medlinghan chaps, and liked 'em, and he liked their ground and clubbouse better than ours. and thought on the whole he'd prefer to throw in his lot with them. He's a pig-headed, domineering sort of beggar. The kind of man-well, the more you want him to, the more he won't, don't you know?"

"I know," said I, sympathetically What could lie want me to do here? Bill sat upright and regarded me un-

"We came to the conclusion, Wuthers and I, that the only possible chance of getting Alexander was to leave him quite alone ourselves, and persuade some woman to get at him."

"Bill!" So this was what he want "You're a sensible girl. Molly. Don'

rou think it's a good ptan?" "If you think," sald I, indignantly that I am going to try to influence erfectly strange young man---

Bill stared. "You don't think I meant you?" be eried, in unflattering amazement. I collapsed and returned his stare

blankly. "Oh, no," said he, hastily, "what we thought, Wuthers and I. was that we must get some pretty, fetching kind of girl, with winning ways-" "I see," said I, slowly; "thank you,

"Like that little Miss Meadows," h pursued blindly. "Musette, they call her. She could wheedle a horse's hind leg off, I believe. At least, Wuthers says so. He's been refused by her seven times. He knows her pretty well." "He seems to," said I, coldly, "Would you have liked it, I ask you?"

"Yes," said I, slowly, "I was at school with her. Certainly I know her."

"You know her, too, don't you, Mol-

"Then what do you think of the

iden?" "I think," said I, slowly, "that Musette Meadows can do most things. Oh, yes."

"There!" cried he, triumphantly. "You must talk her round, Molly, and get her to tackle Alexander. Those strong-willed, pig-headed chaps are often like wax with a pretty girl, aren't

"Very often," said 1. "But why not

DISSATISFIED.

er was asleep in an inner drawing room, and we had a most interesting "Did you tell her how you've always

been misunderstood by everyone before you met her?" I asked, He flushed,

"She's been telling you! I didn't think she was that kind of a-

"She isn't," said I, "I only spoke from an extensive knowledge of young men. When are you to see her again? "To-morrow. She's to be at the

White Lodge Bridge Drive," "I thought you thought a Bridge

Drive an insult to the game?" "It is necessary," said Bill, with dignity, "that I should speak to Misa

Meadows at once about Alexander." "I see," said I, gently; and "Well?" asked when he came again two days

"It's all right. She tumbled to it at once. She's an intelligent girl if you like. She said she should be delighted to do anything to help the club. She's dying to meet Alexander, and wants to begin on him without losing any more time. When I told her how obstinate he was and how it was almost impossible to make him change his mind, she just smiled and said, 'It will be worth'

a little trouble, won't it?" "What did she mean by that?" I asked, suspiciously.

"The town club, of course. Getting him for our full-back. How slow you

"I see," said I meekly. And then he went away, and I saw little of him for a long time. I met him once in the town, and he told me hastily that Musette was getting at Alexander like anything, and that he (Bill) was just going to see her about it now, and in an awful burry, and that Alexander was hopelessly smitten as everyone could see from the moment he first set eyes on her, and he for one didn't wonder at that. It was only a question of time now. He couldn't hold out much longer. Wasn't she a little witch?

"Oh, Bill, don't triffe with her young affections-

"Don't be silly---"

"You'll find yourself on the brink of one of those engagements which you find so difficult to elude-"I shouldn't much mind if I did,"

said he, fatuously, as he lifted his hat and left me. I went home feeling cold and neglect-

ed and sadly out of the game. And I went away to stay a fortnight at the Chesters', and all the time I was away fiercely. "I've got into scrapes before I heard nothing of any of them. When by being too nice to a girl. I've had I got home mother told me that Miss the greatest difficulty in preventing Meadows was playing fast and loose with all the eligible young men available. Mother thought it a thing no nice girl should do.

"She must be having an uncommonly good time," said I regretfully, and I sat down and wrote a friendly little note to Bill, asking him to come and discuss developments with me.

There was no answer. Then I met him in the town, looking very confused and rather happy; but he kept the other side of the street, and did not come over to speak to me.

huff, and I looked at my brown reflection in the glass and sighed. It At last I could bear the suspense no isn't always as nice as you might think longer, and I went to pay my long deayed visit to my old school

came again, boiling over with indigsette. I met her coming down her garden path, looking like a Christmas almanac "Of course I am. I'm glad you're in her rose-colored cloth and brown fur. She is the kind of girl who looks "I tried that brute Alexander again sweetest in a fur toque. She has bright yesterday. Met him at the Glovers in thick hair and violet eyes, and has the afternoon and asked him pointalways been celebrated for the irresistibility of her smile. She kissed me and said I was a dear to come, and turned matic as I jolly well could be, and be

back with me. "What have you been doing to my

Bill?" I asked with a laugh. She laughed too, "Oh, Musette, he's a dear boy," she said, "and so easily influenced for his good. He's the first center three-quarter in the county, you know, and he was wasting all his powers on this wretched town team, but I've changed all that."

ought to stand by the town club. You "What!" cried I. wouldn't catch me deserting it for any "Oh, yes," said she, demurely. "He's promised to play regularly for Medlingother. What do you think he had the cheek to ask me as he was leaving? ham now. He'd do anything to please 'Why don't you throw in your lot with me, the dear."

I stopped and faced her, thunder-

struck. "Musette," I said slowly, "are you going to marry that boy?" "Oh, dear, no," she said, lightly. "I've just got engaged to Mr. Alexan-

Baseball in Kansas.

der."-Black and White.

The person who looks upon athletics with contempt and inquires what use there is in football or baseball will be likely to have his views modified by a letter written by a member of a baseball team to the Omaha World-Herald. It goes to prove that the arm which wields the bat and the hand which catches the ball can make play of work.

We left here at 7:50 Tuesday morning to go to Hutchinson, a distance of forty miles. The only train we could catch was a freight. Well, we got out of Wichita about ten miles, when one of the cars had a hot box, and that delayed us about three hours. Between Wichita and Hutchinson there are about ten stops, and we had heavy freight for each one.

It got along until about 12:30, and we had still twenty miles to go. We began purpose to meet her. I've chucked to get very nervous, when McNeely dances lately, because I'm training thought of a plan. It was for all of us to put on our sults and help unload

freight. Everybody agreed, and by the next

stop we were all ready for action, It would have done your heart good to see some of the fellows work. Me-Neely and Davidson, at the first stop. unloaded a whole car of bricks, while Gonding. Austin and myself unloaded She saw what an important thing it two farm wagons and goodness knows

said that she saw plainly that that what else. We kept this up until we finally landwas our weak spot. She's a good sport, ed at Hutchinson. We walked right that girl. Used to play hockey at over to the grounds and beat them by a score of 7 to 2.

"You disapprove of hockey, don't We propose to write a book, entitled 'A Fast Trip Through Kansas on a "It's not a game for men," he said, Freight Train." We all ate dinner on with disgust, "a good game for rough top of the caboose. McNeely was chief golfers I call it. But it's all right for cook and toastmaster.

"I see," said I, "and what did Mu-The real dramatic critics are always talking about "atmosphere" in a play. "On Sunday-oh, something fluffy What on earth does that mean?

and yellowish. She was all pink at the dance, and her cheeks, too, But When a man tries himself the yer-I liked her best on Sunday. Her moth- dict is usually in his favor