

THE MISSES AT SCHOOL.

There once was a school Where the mistress, Miss Rule, Taught a number of misses that vexed her; Miss Chief was the lass At the head of the class...

THE LITTLE JOKER.

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"Not I," said Candless, quietly, in the tone that settles things. "I fight under my own flag."

"But you mustn't let 'em know you're a sport," protested Abbott, alias Bemis. "I'll give you're in the same line as I—stocks and real estate."

"As you please," conceded Jack. Stocks and real estate were of the same nature as cards and horses, were simply legalized branches of the profession, but really none the better for that, in the eyes of any sensible man.

Joe Abbott's rare visits home were always a delight. The whole town welled him, and he threw money about, and moonlight dances, attended church with his father and mother, and in every way conducted himself like a pillar of the best society.

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"Just stepped out for a moment," said Jack, calm and cool once more. "When I want to bring this lady to, how can I do it?"

"Dead easy," Lefty assured him. "Just tie up some salt in the corner of a napkin, wet it, and put it in her mouth. Or slip a piece of ice inside her collar and down the small of her back. Want me to do it?"

"No, thanks," said Jack. "I'll look after her." "Joe coming back?" "I'll settle, if he don't."

"Oh, that's all right." And Lefty withdrew, closing the door behind him. Jack returned to the inner room. Olga was still asleep—sleeping quietly, naturally, her face flushed, her lips parted in a faint smile.

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curious gaze upon the black type of the headlines. Then, the sense of her own plight sweeping over her, she sank back with a despairing wail: "Oh, what have I done? I don't want to marry Joe. I don't love him. I don't even like him anymore. Why was I such a ninny? And I can't go back home. I can't!"

"No, you can't," said Jack. "But I will," she cried angrily. "I won't marry him. I won't do it! He didn't act a bit nice while we were waiting for you. I had to sit on him—hard! I'm sure I don't see why they call him Gentleman Joe in the paper. They wouldn't if they knew him. Oh, gracious! I forgot. You're a friend of his."

"No," said Jack. "I'm glad of that. You wouldn't advise me to go on and marry him?" "No," said Jack. "Then you think I ought to go home and live it down."

"No," said Jack. "But I've got to do one or the other." "No," said Jack. "Then what can I do?" "Silence." "Prattville is a—graveyard. And such gossips!" "Yes," said Jack. "But there is nothing for me to do but to go back"—this with a hopeful, questioning glance at the cool, calm, handsome profile.

"I did think some of going on the stage," "No," said Jack. "No, no, no," she mocked, half laughing, half angry. "As the cat got your tongue?" "No," said Jack. "Now he was looking at her."

"Don't look at me so queer. What does it mean? What are you thinking about?" "That I love you," said Jack. "Miss Morton blushed and gave her attention to the horse's ears. After a pause, she ventured timidly, 'I suppose you think I'm a worthless, flighty girl.' 'Flighty,' said Jack. 'You still—still—' Miss Morton could not finish."

"Yes," said Jack. "And always shall." "Another silence. 'What do you advise me to do?' inquired she. Jack gave a faint sigh, blurted out, 'Marry me.' 'Gracious!' exclaimed Miss Morton, and she sank hastily back into her corner of the hansom."

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FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Ideals are like stars; you will not succeed in touching them with your hands; but, like the seafaring man on the desert of waters, you chase them as your guides, and, following them, you reach your destiny.—Carl Schurz.

Trimmings placed directly at the back are seen on many of the smartest hats. Probably more one-piece silk dresses are seen this season than at any previous time and nothing has in it more satisfaction for a woman.

The two extremes are reached in this summer's hats—there are the immensely broad flat hats and the extremely tall small shapes.

Gloves are dyed in every conceivable shade to match the colored shoes and stockings, which in every case ought to harmonize with the toilette.

This is the first season that materials of all weaves, whether silk, cotton or wool, have been combined, and the effect has been one of artistic merit.

Little coats or jackets of changeable taffetas are worn with voile or mull lingerie frocks. They show the high line and the plaited frill on the lower edge.

Pierrot collars or enormous frills of tulle with hanging ends of ribbon are used by Parisiennes who do not accept the collarless condition of the summer bodies.

White felt hats have come flying over the sea and their vogue for autumn is undisputed. They are generally trimmed with a bow of black velvet or taffeta ribbon.

Hints on Cutting.—If a dress be well cut you will have no trouble at all about putting it together.

When you are cutting out a skirt always allow plenty of turning around the waist and hips.

Remember that if your hips are large in proportion to your waist it is best to get a couple of inches larger than the waist rather than one that just fits.

It is easy then to take the goods in at the waist if the pattern is too large at the hips.

When you are cutting a striped skirt remember that even though you may be told on the pattern to place one side to a selvage, it is advisable to use rather your own common sense and, as a rule, at least, to cut each side slightly on the bias.

If this is done the joining place is not nearly so noticeable as if one side is on the bias and the other on the straight.

Before cutting out sleeves always double your material and cut the two together.

Then you are bound to cut them right and they will match properly.

If the material be striped see that the stripes come directly over one another.

Pin the material and make sure, as nothing looks worse than two sleeves, the stripes in one of which do not match those in the other.

Housekeepers are often confused by the mingling of weights and measures in a recipe; therefore an accurate schedule is a good thing to have around. The following measures of the most generally used articles will be found correct:

An ounce of granulated sugar equals two level tablespoons.

An ounce of flour, four level tablespoons.

An ounce of butter, two level tablespoons.

An ounce of ground coffee, five level tablespoons.

An ounce of cornstarch, three level tablespoons.

An ounce of thyme, eight level tablespoons.

An ounce of grated chocolate, three level tablespoons.

An ounce of pepper, four level tablespoons.

An ounce of salt, two level tablespoons.

An ounce of mustard, four level tablespoons.

An ounce of cloves, four level tablespoons.

An ounce of cinnamon, four and a half level tablespoons.

An ounce of maize, four level tablespoons.

An ounce of curry, four level tablespoons.

An ounce of chopped suet, a fourth of a cupful.

An ounce of olive oil, two tablespoons.

The girl who likes a few growing things around her, no matter how simple they are, should not bother about procuring handsome vases. She should take up the new fancy for using old English beer jugs. They are made in America as well as England, and have all sorts of pictures on them, from Westminster Abbey, in London, to the Independence Hall in Philadelphia.

The jugs are low and broad and have wonderful coloring. They come in purple, in green and in brown, and sell for reasonable prices.

Announcement Party.

"Rice and slippers, slippers and rice. Quaint old symbols of all that's nice. In a world made up of sugar and spice. With a honeymoon always shining; A world where the birds keep house by twos, And the ring dove calls and the stock dove coos, And never shall love go pining."

This pretty quotation was written on the heart-shaped place cards which each maid found at her place at a lily-of-the-valley luncheon recently. (If these dainty flowers are not in season, use white roses or whatever is easily obtainable, according to the locality.) There were little slippers, the bag top being filled with rice, also tiny white tapers in wee glass holders at each place and the girl's candle that burned clear, without sputtering, was supposed to be the next bride. The symbols told the story and the huge bow of white tulle on the bride-elect's chair told who was the honored maid.

Small quantities only should be placed before the invalid. The serving should be as dainty as possible. A sprig of parsley adds much to the appetizing appearance of any savory dish, and the variety should be as large as the prescribed diet will permit. Never let the patient feel for the want of food.

Do not consult the invalid about meals if it can be avoided; an unexpected dish will sometimes create a relish for food. Beef tea and soups should always be free from grease. Warm food is more easily digested than cold. Everything should be the freshest procurable, particularly fish, milk and eggs. Barley water is a nourishing diluent for milk when the latter is not easily digested.