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,

And young Miss Demeanor was next her. Who was tail, they don't tell. But I heard 'twas Miss Spell-I lerrned so from Miss Information; Who was told in the street, Where she happened to meet
With Miss Take and Miss Representation,

Poor little Miss Han Spilled the ink in her lap, And Miss Fortune fell on the table; Miss Conduct they all Did a Miss Creant cell, But Miss State declared this a fable.

Miss Lav lost her book. And Miss Lead undertook To show her the place where to find it; But upon the wrong nail Miss Place hung her vail, And Miss Deed hung the book safe behind it.

Then all went very well, As I have heard tell Till Miss Take brought in Miss Understand Miss Conjecture then guessed

Evil things of the rest, And Miss Counsel advised their disbanding.

THE LITTLE JOKER.

Prattville, the last station on a nasty, weedy spur of the Pennsylvania system consists of six or seven thousand people dozing together upon the flat black loam of central Illinois, embowered in its luxuriant vegetation six months of the year, but smothered in its luxuriant mud the other six months. The world knows not Prattville; but, by way of newspaper, book, magazine, and fashion journal, Prattville knows the world, the movements of elegant society both in the east and abroad, the latest creations in

manners, ideas, and dress. One summer the high society of Prattville was enlivened by two notable accessions, who sprang into instant popularity and stimulated the gaiety to the verge of giddiness—what Prattville called and thought giddiness. The reason for this

even curious.

In a brief three months' campaign that Lanky who several years later was course I'll stake you.

lytiched in the Ozark region—sold to four "No, thanks, I'm a leading agriculturists" as many gold good, still." bricks of as alluring an exterior as any that Nosey Gonzalez ever manufactured you?" wheed'ed Joe. in his plant in South Chicago. They came back to Chicago with nearly seventeen thousand in cash; having paid the chief a permit of safe residence, they set about living like gentlemen until their money should be gone. But within a week the chief gave them the tip to jump, and

jump quick.
"One of them jays," expained he—they room of Fatty Jessup's "gilded palace of to my own kind." I ought to have kept to my own kind." ba which Fatty bought at forty-two cents the bottle and sold as champagne at three eyes—a revelation of the abhorrent actuthe bottle and sold as champagne at three seventy-five—"one of them Michigan clod-mashers has got a pull," said the chief. "It's up to us to make a bluff at doin' something. So you and Lanky'll have to still hunt for fresh air a month or two."

queer, ugly look came and went in his eyes—a revelation of the abhorrent actuality that lay in wait beneath that smooth, genial surface of his. You don't mean you're stuck on Olga Morton?" he industry in the dorway, with the drink upon a tray.

"Yes," said Jack curtly. He gave a "Seen Joe yet?" asked Jack.

"Yes," said Jack curtly. He gave a "Seen Joe yet?" asked Jack.

Lanky went east; Joe, not in the best of health "through eating the rotten todder those jays live on because they send everything decent they raise to the city" tiest girl in Prattville, was of its aristoctracy. In all times and in all places ariseverything decent they raise to the city"

—Joe decided to make a visit at home. Home meant Prattville, where his family was of the best and whence he had fled at thirteen with a minstrel show to become a circns-follower and finally an allround confidence man. As he had made his career under ae assumed name, Prattville did not associate the occasional newspaper stories of Gentleman Joe Bemis with the eldest son of Judge Ab-bott, the son who was doing so well with stocks and the like in Chicago and New

would be intolerable for him for more than two or three days, Joe looked around among his acquaintances for one who would be presentable and also could be trusted with the secret. He chose young Jack Candless, handsome, a "swell-dresser," and so well mannered and so correct of grant was that it is a secret of correct of grammar that it was difficult correct of grammar that it was difficult to believe him a graduate of the streets and the gangs. Being a professional sport, Jack was an much the out-cast and the son of Hagar as was Joe; but he was not a crook. His instinct for square play, an inborn contempt for all forms of indiscretion as sneaking, had kept him straight in circumstances that might have crushed mere principle got by association and training. Virtue is as rare in the and training. Virtue is as rare in the slums as vegetation above the snow-line-

and as hardy.

Jack did not like Bemis, and had to do with him only as there is compulsion throughout the brotherhood of out-casts; but he accepted promptly. On his way from city to city he had often gazed with admiration and a certain vague envious longing at the quiet, beautiful little houses and villages, living a life exactly the opposite of that which had been his from birth in a tenement in Hell's Kitchen. And Joe's "invite" not only meant exploring that life of eventless peace; it also meant seeing and mingling with respectability. Jack had no desire to be respectable; on the contrary, he had a deep prejudice against respectability, the phases of it he had known having been repulsively smeared with hypocrisy—and in Jack Candless's view hypocrisy was the quintessence of the vices, the most craven form of cowardice. Still, he felt there must be something of value in anything so eagerly sought after and so tenaciously clung to as respectability; and until he found and weighed that something his education as a man of the world would

not be complete. "Don't forget my name's Joe Abbott down here," warned Bemis, as the train drew near Prattyille. "Perhaps you'd better take a new handle, too, though you're not so well known as I—at least

not yet."
Like all the criminal class, Joe was exceedingly proud of his fame and of the solid basis in audacious achievement. "How would Montague, or, better still, Champirey, strike you? Yes, John Champirey—that'll do, as you've got all your stuff initialed 'I. C.' "

"Not I," said Candless, quietly, in the make a clean breast of it, and try to get her to wait a few years for him. But the tone that settles things.

my own flag."
"But you mustn't let 'em know you're sport," protested Abbott, alias Bemis. "I'll give out 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 wel-comed him, and he threw money about, flirted with the girls, organized picnics and moonlight dances, attended church with his father and mother, and in every way conducted himself like a pillar of the best society. Bringing the good-looking, agreeable if rather shy and silent Mr. Candless—"on his way to be a rich man," Joe assured everybody—Joe was doubly welcome. That month of June was the gayest Prattville had ever known. It was an old story to Joe, albeit an amusing one; to Jack, it was entirely new, and he was having the time of his life. Toward the end of the month, however, he sud denly sobered. On the first day of July as he and Joe were shaving in their ad-joining rooms at the old Abbott home-

stead, he called out. "I'm leaving this afternoon." 'Leaving!" cried Joe. "Why, I thought

"So I do," replied Candless. himself he added, "Too well." himself he added, "Too well."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Abbott. "You're going to Olga Morton's picnic on the Fourth. I heard you tell her you'd come, in that stiff, cool manner of yours. That manner's great, Jack. It has made the whole town think you've got millions already. God, what a haul we could make if this wasn't home, sweet home! But I suppose you'd balk. It's dashed queer about you. For the life of me I can't see about you. For the life of me I can't see about you. For the life of me I can't see about you. For the life of me I can't see lack knew Fatty's and its ways. He about you. For the life of me I can't see what difference it makes how you separate a mutt from his money. If anything, my way's the most novei. I always frame he has only learned a powerful moral lesson in the folly of trying to swindle. If the preachers would soft-pedal the alluring wickedness of sin and bear down hard on the folly of it, we'd have to go out of business, eh, Jack?"

No answer. Candless was shaving just under the jaw-bone, a difficult place when

one has a jaw.

"Why shouldn't we give this town a lesson?" pursued Joe. "We could float a mine. You could get away with the goods, and I could save my face here by pretending you'd took me in, too.

"I'm leaving this afternoon," said Jack.
Young Abbott came to the doorway. "Look here, old man, if it's a question through southern Michigan, Gentleman "Look here, old man, if it's a question of Joe Bemis and Lanky Carr—brother of funds, you know I've got a bunch, and of "No, thanks, I'm a whole lot to the

"Sorry, Joe, but got do it."
"What's up? Too slow here?" And Joe so much of experience, of character; for character begins with the struggle to live, and that struggle had begun for Jack soon after he was weaned.

Joe was puzzled for a moment; then a

short, savage laugh, and went on with

his shaving. Olga Morton, the gayest and the pretand in Prattville, dry goods, retail dry goods, was about as lucrative a line as sport, a common gambler, a man with no about eleven or twelve sport, a common gambler, a man with no wealth, no reputation, no prospects—for such a person to aspire to marry Olga Morton was an obvious absurdity. Joe felt like laughing in his face. If he hadn't been physically afraid of Jack, he would have told him what he thought of such impudence; for, in the bottom of his heart, Joe was an utter snob and looked on him as high removed above all his pals because he had a father, two grandfathers, and three great-grandfathers. But his physical fear of his guest, who had been a light-weight champion and would have swept the ring as a middle weight if he hadn't graduated into gambling, restrained him from even a covert bling, restrained him from even a covert

"Well, what are you going to do about

it?" said Joe.

Jack shrugged his superb shoulders.
"Forget it, and hustle back to my own kind. I couldn't get her if I wanted her, and I wouldn't take her if she'd come. So it's me for Chicago by the two o'clock

express. "Guess you're right, old man," said Abbott with a promptness of acquiescence that wounded and angered his guest. "Nothing doing there for you. She may have led you on, just to make things more interesting. But she'd simply levels more interesting. But she'd simply laugh

at you if you got sloppy."
"She'll not have the chance," retorted Jack, color high and head haughty. "I'll clear out and forget her. I think I'll push on east-make a little tour of the summer resorts. I'm playing a little too close

to the edge of my velvet, anyhow."
"Go to New York," suggested Joe. "The boys there have got next to the reform crowd, and everything goes again-even my line. I'll join you in about ten

Without saying good-bye to anyone but the Abbotts, Jack departed for Chicago, a brave and smiling figure until the train pulled out of the Prattville station, then a melancholy, crushed heap in a corner chair in the parlor-car. He roused him-self, tried to jeer himself out of his weak-ness. In Chicago he bucked the tiger like a crazy man. All in vain. There, before his eyes, always, were the big, honest, innocent eyes of Olga Morton, and

At times he almost decided to go back,

folly—and worse—of this was too clear for so clear headed a man. "I'm a born sport," he reminded himself. "I'll live and die one. Might as well talk about a nigger becoming a white man. If I told her I'd change, I'd be lying. And while she's gay and lively, it's in an innocent sort of a way. She'd hate this kind of life—and I'd despise her if she didn't!"

So Jack hung on at Chicago, like a man with a frightful pain who endures it because he feels it can't last and who wonders each moment if the next won't bring relief. He fell into the habit of dropping in at Fatty Jessup's every afternoon and every evening. Fatty's place had not theretofore been one of his hang-outs; Fatty ran rather to crooks and the politicians that live upon the criminal class; and while Jack knew all that crowd, he preferred to associate with and to build himself up among the straight sports. He went to Jessup's because he was hoping to see Joe Bemis. Joe ought to be coming back; Joe would bring news of Olga Morton. One afternoon about a week after he left Prattville, he strolled in among Fatty's gilt columns and vast mirrors with their summer dress of pink gauze. He stood at the far end of the bar, with a sandwich and a glass of beer. Without realizing it he was watching the "barkeep," Lefty Rucker, mix a singularly elaborate drink in a small tin glass, hardly larger than the kind used for liquors. His attention was finally fixed by Lefty's expression-a grin of wicked good nature

Jack knew Fatty's and its ways. He scowled. "Knock-out drops, eh?"
"Not on your life," replied Lefty. "We
don't do nothing of that sort. We're high up the game so that the come-on thinks he's going to do me, and when I do him class—which," he added with his nasty

carrying out his designs upon the victim he had lured to one of the famous infamous private dining-rooms up-stairs; Lefty's skill as a mixer of drinks had been enlisted. Jack was not profoundly shocked, not more shocked than one of the upper world would be at hearing that a high financier was swindling a multitude by an issue of worthless stocks, or that some rich man had circumvented a poor girl by offering her luxury, or had led her into the horrors of a hateful marriage by stupefying her moral sense and sense of decency with a dowry. He was as used to the "little jokers" of the underworld as we to the "little jokers" of the upper ed; for cowardice always disgusted him. He had no impulse to interfere; it was none of his business. He did not approve —far from it. But, as between underthousand in cash; having paid the chief of police the usual two thousand each for young face in which was already written who lived by the various favored forms of commerce and finance—of sanded sugar and overworked toiler and jobbery in necessities, money, stocks, and bonds commerce and finance—of sanded sugar and overworked toiler and jobbery in necessities, money, stocks, and bonds—as between his own world and that other world with which he himself was at open war, he stood aloof when he could not stand with his own. He answered Lefty's Before Joe's scrutiny, Candless hesitated, flushed. Then, gazing into the mirror, he said: "I ought never to have stand with his own. He answered Lefty's goes it?" laughter with a scowl, and turned about

"He's in the house right now," replied efty. "Want him?"

Lefty. "Want him?"
"I'll wait, if it isn't too long."
"I think he can come, said the barracy. In all times and in all places aristocracy means money, means those pursairs and tell him to come down." suing the occupations that bring most wealth with the least labor and happen to be regarded as respectable. In those days and in Prattville, dry goods, retail dry goods was about as liverative a live of the stairway to the floor of small thickwalled dining rooms with their padded doors. A few minutes later he returned goods, was about as lucrative a line was known. Hence the Mortons, the was known. Hence the Mortons, the biggest dealers in dry goods in that secbiggest dealers in dry goods. A few minutes later the way "Joe's gone out," said he. "But he'll sure be in to-night. tion, were of the very top-notch aristoc-racy. For a Jack Candless, a professional If I was you, I'd drop back here along "I'll see," said Jack. "Tell him to come

to Simpson's. I'm eating there. I'll be upstairs afterward." He gave Lefty a dollar and went out. A few steps and something, some light missile from above, struck the top of his hat and ricochetted into the street. He saw it was a bit of bread-crust and global. hat and ricochetted into the street. He saw it was a bit of bread-crust, and glanced up. The Venetian blind of one of Fatty's second-story windows was swiftly and softly descending. Jack saw only a hand, a man's hand, a heavy ring on the little finger. Ring and hand and Lefty's little finger. Ring and hand and Lefty's retarement together enabled him to recognize the same statement together enables th statement together enabled him to recognize Gentlemen Joe. On impulse he smiled at the window shade and waved candless. Neither was looking at the wildless. Neither was looking at the wildless of the wildless. She began to dabble the tips of friendily; then, remembering the "little joker," he frowned and strode on. It might not have been of Joe's ordering, but Joe was of the "little joker" sort of man—and not fit for a high-class sport to associate with. At the corner he glanced upward at the shaded open window. The slats of the blind were level, and the light from without on fell that he and the light from without so fell that he had a faint, fleeting glimpse of the interior. He turned, strode on. As he went the fainter features of the interior that had been photographed for an instant on his retina began to come out not clearly, but in hazy and elusive fashion. What had he almost seen? Whom had he al-

most seen? Joe and—and—
Round he wheeled, rushed back to
Clark Street, fling men and boys out of
his way, leaped across the street, dashed
round to the "family entrance, of the dive, up the stairs four at a time. He tried the door of the room whose window he had been inspecting. It was locked; he put his shoulder against it, and it bent so that the lock gave and the door flew open. On the threshold of the adjoining connecting room stood Joe Abbott. As connecting room stood Joe Abbott. As Candless, blazing insane rage and murder, advanced upon him, he hurled a champagne-bottle. It struck Jack full in the front of the head, crushing his hatbrim, sending him staggering against the wall, to slide to the floor. But before Joe could spring upon him, Jack rose. Joe darted out through the door, and Jack

heard him leaping and crashing down the honest, innocent eyes of Olga Morton, and her slim, trim figure, and those slender hands and feet of the thoroughbred.

"It ain't fair," he said to himself. "If I'd had a ghost of a chance, I'd have won her. I know I could. She played up to me strong—as strong as a decent girl dares.

At the staggered into the adjoining room. It was a mere box, gaily if cheaply furnished. On the sofa lay Olga Morton, in a sleep—or a stupor. Jack rang the bell violently; Lefty came on the run. He stared, mouth agape, when he saw Candless where he had expected to see Bemis.

"Why, where's Joe?" he exclaimed.

"Dead easy," Lefty assured him. "Just tie up some salt in the corner of a napwet it, and put it in her mouth. Or slip a piece of ice inside her collar and I can't go back home—I can't!"
down the small of her back. Want me "No, you can't," said Jack. 'No, thanks," said Jack. "I'll look

after her.' "Joe coming back?" "I'll settle, if he "Oh, that's all right." And Lefty with-

drew, 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. Jack arranged her skirts smoothly, so that even her feet were concealed; then he sat down to wait. Never had she been so pretty or more charming in the youth and grace of her figure, the youth and grace of her small oval face, the delicate form and color of her small ear, peeping coquettishly from her thick wavy auburn hair. As the young sport looked his expression grew tender, tragic. Her eyes opened; her glance, sweet, frank, innocent, like the soft friendly inquiry in the eyes of the young deer that has not yet heard about hunters, rested upon him, puzzled, then as-tonished, then smiling. As she became completely conscious, she blushed, sprang

"Gracious!" she exclaimed. "Why, I must have fallen asleep." With a frown and a pout, "I told Joe I couldn't drink, that the least bit made my drowsy." A quick glance around then, "Where is he?"
"Gone out," said Jack.
"Oh!" Her exclamation seemed a care-

less comment upon a matter which was at her.
of no cohsequence. She stood at the "Don't look at me so queer. What does window. "So you decided to come back it mean? What are you thinking about?" anyway?"

Yes," said Jack. "I saw you, and I couldn't resist the temptation to throw that bread on your She was sparkling and showing hat." her even white teeth; her glance fell upon his brow. "Why! Your forehead's swollen!

"Yes," said Jack. "Let me put some ice-water on However did you get such a bruise? "It's nothing," said Jack.

She ran into the otner room; he rose and followed. As she advanced toward him with a wet napkin, he waved her

"Sit down," he commanded. "I want to toward the table. There stood the little glass, almost full. "You can see for yourself, I barely touched it." with one man, then a few hour run away with another. Then— "Then you marry him." "You don't really mean that."

'Lucky," said Jack. A strange silence; then she said, "How much longer is Mr. Abbott going to be "He's not coming back," replied Can-

"Please sit down." "Don't stare at me in that queer way," she commanded impatiently. But she seated herself at the table. "After all,"

She glanced at him in a pleased, startled way, blushed, laughed. "Why didn't you say so down home," she demanded, "when"—with a mischievous smile when I gave you every chance?" "Because I'm not actually crazy about making a fool of myself."

Another strained silence, he gazing at her, she gazing into the little glass with the innocent-looking, pale-gold poison. She rose. "I'm not going to wait any longer," said she. "Anyhow, it's no use." She seated herself again and, with forearms on the table and clasped, nervous hands and flushed cheeks, she leaned toward him and talked rapidly: "On the way up here—on the train, I realized I "Jack, then," said she. "You acted so may doing something very, very silly. I'd never have rnn away from home with Joe if father hadn't forbidden me to see him. I don't know what got into father. He's always been so busy, he never paid the least attention to me. Anyhow, he just up and said I wasn't to see Joe again out his arm around me that I got so mad the least attention to me. Anyhow, he just up and said I wasn't to see Joe again out his arm around me that I got so mad the least attention to me. way up here—on the train, I realized I was doing something very, very silly. I'd just up and said 1 wasn't to see Joe again —said he had heard something about him, but wouldn't teil me what it was, he being such a friend of Joe's father. I got

cigarette.
"Besides," continued the girl, "I was sick and tired of Prattville. It always has seemed dull. It seemed duller than ever seemed dull. It seemed duller than ever steady hand—light, but not too easy, and you'll go the whole race without a break.

Candless. Neither was looking at the other. She began to dabble the tips of her rosy fingers in the finger-bowl, he to fidget with the matches. He finally set them off. When the excitement and smoke and smell had subsided, she said: "We can leave word for him-that we'll be back. My train don't go till four brain o'clock."

"Yes, we can leave word." "What are you thinking about?"
"You and Joe—and me," said Jack.

"You and Joe—and me," said Jack.

Miss Morton went into the little sittingroom, arranged her hair and her hat,
reappeared, looking radiant and more deliciously young and innocent than ever.
"Come along," said she to Jack, who was
in a brown study. "What are you thinking about?" With a frown: "How I do
hate to go back to Prattville! But I simply con't marry loe."

to make a dash for the railway station.
When they were aboard the train and she
sank back in the great upholstered armchair in the parlor-car, Jack gave her a
long strange look that made her cheeks
blanch and her eyes widen.

"Yes, dear?" she inquired breathlessly.

"It's settled now," replied he—the train
had just got under way. "We go on together—to the end."

ply can't marry Joe."
"No," said Jack. She went out and down the stairs, he repeated softly, "To following. As they advanced into the David Graham Philips. street, a newsboy came along shouting an extra—"All about the elopment of a Prattville heiress with Gentleman Joe!" Miss Morton halted, gasped, grew white, caught Jack's arm, leaned heavily

up."
"I reckon you're right," admitted she,
rather reluctantly and with a lingering

"Just stepped out for a moment," said curious gaze upon the black type of the Jack, calm and cool once more. "When I want to bring this lady to, how can I do plight sweeping over her, she sank back plight sweeping over her, she sank back with a despairing wail: "Oh, what have 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

"No, you can't," said Jack.
"But I will," she cried angrily. "I
won't marry him. I won't do it! He didn' act a bit nice while we were wait-ing 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. I think father was right about 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?" said Jack.

Then you think I ought to go home and live it down." "No." said lack. But I've got to do one or the other." No," said Jack.

"Then what can I do?" Silence. Prattville is a-a graveyard. And such

"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. las the cat got your tongue?"
"No," said Jack. Now he was looking

"Don't look at me so queer. What does "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. A very long silence, the hansom moving at a quiet pace along the shady drive.

She looked astonished, a little frightened. What a strange tone?" cried she, glancing anxiously up at him. "Are you offended? Do you think it wasn't right for me to take that drink?" She turned toward the table. There stood the little

were highly eloquent, seemed bent on making up his clumsy tongue—and more.
"You wouldn't marry a girl that had had-done what I've done.'

"I'd marry you, no matter what you did. If you hadn't—hadn't broken away, I'd never have had a chance at you." "Why not? Oh, why didn't you say these things down home? You won't be-

when Joe asked me to run away with him, I—I just up and did it." "You will marry me?" said Jack. She

looked at him searchingly. Her eyes filled with tears. "Will I?" she exclaimed.

"Just try me"

Jack laughed. "You'll love me all right, all right," he said. "I'll make you the happiest woman that ever wore a wedding ring"

An ounce of corr tablespoonfuls.

An ounce of thyme spoonfuls.

An ounce of grate level tablespoonfuls.

An ounce of pepper tablespoonfuls.

ding ring.' Their eyes met. She looked long into his; then she said in a low sweet voice that made him thrill as he had never thrilled in all his life, "Yes-you will-

"Mr. Candless!" They both laughed.
"Jack, then," said she. "You acted so

put his arm around me that I got so mad a cupful. in the restaurant." Mr. Candless took the hint. And then he kissed her—it was exactly in front of the Lincoln statue. "We'll take the train

for Milwaukee now," said he, "and be married there this evening. Is it a go?"

She nodded, eyes dancing with excitement and delight. Then suddenly serious, "You don't think I'm altogether frivolous, de you?"

"That's just so,"assented she emphatically. "I don't see how you ever came to understand me so well

"A man that couldn't understand a proposition after thinking about nothing else for more than a month wouldn't be fit for much in my line," replied he.

"No, I suppose not," said she. "I've always heard that real estate takes lots of lin a world made up of sugar and spice,

But Candless seemed not to hearless his reckless smile was evoked by her remark. He was busy telling the driver to make a dash for the railway station.

gether-to the end." She gave a little sigh of happiness, and epeated softly, "To—the—end."—By

Are looked upon generally only as an annoying disfigurement, something to be got rid of in some was as speedily as poswhite, caught Jack's arm, leaned heavily on it.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "It's out! Oh, hide me somewhere. What shall I do? Hide me, please! Oh, I can't go back now. I can't! Why however did it get out so soon? Papa must have gone wild and made a fool of himself. He hasn't any head at all. Oh, dear!" And she began to sob.

Jack hailed a hansom. When it was before them at the curb he said to the driver, "To Lincoln Park," and to her, as he helped her in, "The air will do you good."

"Get one of those papers," said she.

"Get one of those papers," said she.

"Get one of those papers," said she.

"To Lincoln Park," and to her, as he helped her in, "The air will do you good."

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"To Lincoln Park," and to her, as he helped her in, "The air will do you good."

"Get one of those papers," said she.

"Will only stir you are caused by impure blood, are natural-left for freshest procurable, particularly fish, are caused by impure blood, are natural-left for freshest procurable, particularly fish, are caused by impure blood, are natural-left for freshest procurable, particularly fish, are caused by impure blood, are natural-left for freshest procurable, particularly fish, are caused by impure blood, are natural-left for freshest procurable, particularly fish, and though the symptom be suppressed the disease is unaffected. Pimples, blood as papers, said though the symptom be suppressed the disease is unaffected. Pimples, blood as dainty as possible. A sprig of pars-look the disease is unaffected. Pimples, blood as the signs of bad blood. Make the blood can be clear and smooth. The blood

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FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN DAILY THOUGHT.

Ideals are like stars; you will not succeed in ouching them with your hands; but, like the seafaring man on the desert of waters, you chase them as your guides, and, following them, you

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 satisfac tion for a woman.

The two extremes are reached in this summer's hats-there are the immensely broad flat hats and the extremely tall

Gloves are dyed in every conceivable shade to match the colored shoes aud 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 bodices. White felt hats have come flying over the sea and their vogue for autumn is undisputed. They are generally trim-med with a bow of black velvet or taffeta

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

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

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 to-

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

If the material be striped see that the "You don't really mean that."

"Indeed I do." Candless's tongue was still recalcitrant, but his gray-blue eyes 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 ground coffee, five level An ounce of cornstarch, three level

An ounce of thyme, eight level table-An ounce of grated chocolate, three An ounce of pepper, four level table-

An ounce of salt, two level tablespoon-An ounce of mustard, four level table-

spoonfuls. An ounce of cloves, four level tablespoonfuls. An ounce of cinnamon, four and a half level tablespoonfuls. An ounce of maize, four level table-

An aunce of curry, four level tablespoonfuls. An ounce of chopped suet, a fourth of An ounce of olive oil, two tablespoon-

spoonfuls.

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 Westminister Abbey, in London, to the Independence Hall in Philadelphia.

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

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-themaid 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 clearest, 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.

"Get one of those papers," said she.
"No," replied Jack. "It'll only stir you pp."

"It'll only stir you present the blood is pure the skin diseases, which are caused by impure blood, are naturally the freshest procurable, particularly fish, milk and eggs. Barley water is a nourishing dilutent for milk when the latter is ishing dilutent for milk when the latter is not easily digested.