

THE WHO IS MINE.

She who is mine, whose soul is all my own As mine is hers, long loved and early known,

POPPIE'S DILEMMA.

A biting wind has everything its own way out of doors to-day. It whirls away in triumph the few brown leaves that have clung obstinately until now to the shivering branches of the big copper beech opposite to the library window;

It is Poppie, and I know she will want to talk. I bend lower down over the fire, with my elbows on my knees, and pretend not to hear; perhaps she will go away again. Vain hope! She closes the door and comes toward me.

"Susan!" she says again. "Well?" I reply unwillingly and without turning or raising my eyes. "I want to talk to you," says Poppie, coaxingly.

"I knew you did," is my inward remark. "Well," I repeat aloud, "what is it about?" I stand still, my eyes fixed on the page, devoutly praying that Poppie will repent of disturbing me when she sees how engrossed I am, and will leave me in peace.

"Oh, I'm sure you must have told me everything about that visit!" I interrupt impatiently. "Did I ever say anything of a Mr. Harris?" "No, I think not—I don't remember," I reply doubtfully.

"Well, then, you must know he was staying there, too, nearly all the time that I was," says Poppie, sitting on the floor beside me, her hands clasped round her knees and her face turned towards the fire. "He is a youngish-olddish man—

course, there is no use in my saying anything now, since you have refused him," and I end with a regretful sigh.

"Susan," she says, "I want to ask your advice." "I do my best to suppress my astonishment at this remark, for never before was my sister Poppie known to seek advice—at any rate, of me—and respond inquiringly—

"Yes, dear?" "I did not exactly refuse Mr. Harris—wait a moment until I have done, please!"—as I prepare to give vent to a volley of delighted exclamations—"I said 'No' over and over again when he asked me; but—I don't know why it was—he would not take 'No' for an answer—perhaps—

"It is hard for me to advise you, Poppie," I say slowly, after we have sat for some time in silence. "You see, I have never seen this Mr. Harris, and never even heard of him until this afternoon. What kind of a man is he?"

"I don't think he is anything out of the common, one way or the other," my sister answers reflectively. "He is good-natured and generous after a fashion; he has an excellent opinion of his own merits and his money; and—yes—decidedly there is a touch of vulgarity about him."

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upon the fire in anticipation of my visitor. But when I turned again toward my sister I perceive that she has hurried to the door and is in the act of turning the handle. "Poppie," I cry, flying across the room to her side, "where are you going?"

"I have a headache—I— Oh, Susan, let me go! You can tell Jack I was sorry not to see him—anything you like; but—"

"How are you?" I say cheerfully, as I hold out a welcoming hand to him. "I have not seen you for so long that I had almost forgotten what you were like!"

"No," I reply, shaking my head as I shut the lid of the teapot with a bang; "but I might have if—"

"What an enigmatical remark!" he exclaims, laughing. "What does it mean? You might have if—what?" "I am not sure if I may tell you," I answer, casting a doubtful look at Poppie.

"Oh, then it concerns Poppie, does it, this mysterious piece of news?" and he glanced at her too.

"Well, then, Jack, Poppie has had a proposal from a very rich man, and she can't make up her mind whether to accept him or not. Isn't it odd?" "Isn't it odd?"

"That she is not able to decide what to say to him. Of course it would not be a love match; but then she would have—oh, everything she could possibly want; and if that would not satisfy her and make her happy forever after, as the story book says, what would?"

"What, indeed!" says Jack slowly and thoughtfully. "As you say, Susan, it is very odd."

"I have known Jack Neville from my childhood; still I do not quite understand him. He has an uncomfortable way of seeming to agree with one, yet there is an indescribable something in his very quietness of face and manner which arouses a suspicion that he is laughing at one all the time."

across, and then, throwing away the pieces, bursts into tears.

"Poppie, Poppie," I cry, dismayed at this most unexpected turn of affairs. "Why, how can you be such a baby? Of course you needn't!"

"But here Jack gently puts me aside and, coming close up to my sobbing sister, calmly takes one of her hands in his own."

"Poppie," he says kindly, "do not distress yourself, do not cry so. Did you think for a moment that I would let you marry that man? And you actually dared to say it was a matter of indifference to you when you knew that I loved you, and when I know— Oh, Poppie, my darling, did you think I did not know?"

He is not satisfied now with holding her hand; he puts his arm around her and draws her pretty head down upon his shoulder.

At this juncture it dawns upon me that his presence is most unnecessary, so I steal away softly, leaving them alone. And I am very certain that poor Mr. Harris will have to look out for another suitable person to wear his diamonds now.

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THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Man of the World—A Futile Experiment—Not the Office He Wanted—Had Seen Better Days—Often Longed For, Etc., Etc.

A MAN OF THE WORLD. Beggar—Please, sir, will you lend me a dime for my little 'ter ent."

A FUTILE EXPERIMENT. When I proposed to her I thought I would have the last word, and this is how I didn't get it:

NOT THE OFFICE HE WANTED. "What's the matter with Glumm these days that he looks so sour?"

HAD SEEN BETTER DAYS. Mr. Sellit—Well, Uncle Eph, how are you getting along these days?

WHEN SHE FOUND OUT. Before they wed he used to rave about her voice of bird-like pitch.

MR. MECK'S COUNTERPART. Little Terror—Mamma, Mr. Meek's skin is as smooth as papa's. No marks on it at all.

WHEN SHE FOUND OUT. Before they wed he used to rave about her voice of bird-like pitch.

NO GOOD REASON. Pretty Cousin—Your friend Dr. Lanecot passed me down town to-day without even a bow.

A MISAPPREHENSION. "Why, Edwin," exclaimed the tearful bride, "you certainly told me before we were married that you would gladly give me all the pin money I wanted."

FRAGRANT FLOWERS. Florist—Here take this cart-load of flowers to the Highstyle Opera House."

HOW TO EAT AN EGG. Let the lover of a good egg—the one who can eat eggs every morning all the year round, and who rejoices in the real egg flavor—stand the beloved article on end in a small egg-glass and then, ever so cautiously, tap on the other end until a hole is made.

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HE CAN'T SEE WHY HE SHOULD.

"Honor thy father and thy mother," is a commandment which sounds like hollow mockery to the boy who for no reason except "discipline," is sent down to the collar to chop wood just as the parade is passing the house.—[New York Herald.

MISS KATE'S LITTLE JOKE. "They tell me you are a happy father."

A KEENED EFFORT. Charles—I'm trying as hard as I can, darling, to get ahead.

CAUSE FOR LAUGHTER. Jessie—What are you laughing about, Bossie—Before Chappie went away he told me whenever I felt sad to think of him.

HUMAN NATURE CROPS OUT. "Those two dogs across the street look as if they were spoiling for a fight. Who owns them?"

WEAVING A CHAIN. Rosalie—How is your new beau? Grace—Oh, he promises well.

THE MOON WAS WASTING. At different times Willie had been told of the man in the moon, and that the moon is a green cheese.

THAT MATTER SETTLED. "He called me the belle of the party," said she.

TIME TO REBEL. Young Father—What on earth is the baby yelling so about now?

CRUEL. "I've seen very few birthdays yet," she laughed, airily.

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