

FOR THE LADIES.

FRESHEN UP THE FACE AT NOON.

Take in your bag, along with your lunch, a little vial of glycerine and, if you can afford it, rose water as well. At noon you will find that it pays to freshen up your face by moistening the skin with the water, adding a touch of the glycerine and another dust down with the puff. All this sort of thing is so restful to a tired woman. Try to arrange so that the midday snack will contain something that is a trifle strengthening at least. I could write a chapter on this subject if I had time.

SHOWY PINS.

The showy pins are a feature of the new millinery. Long stick pins have heads of jet that are veritable clubs, pear-shaped and faceted. There are rhinestone heads of the same shape. Generally, two of such pins are used together, crossed in front or thrust in where the trimming most needs them. The very large stones in every gem color are used in pins and are set in jet, and straw, and net, for tiny bonnets. The pins made of these stones have the gem variously set, perhaps circled with a gold equator, or set in the centre of a square of jet.—[New York Times.]

THE CHANCE TO MARRY.

A woman's chance to marry at from 15 to 20 years of age is said to be 14 per cent. From 20 to 25 the chance is increased to 52 per cent; from 25 to 30 it diminishes to 18; from 30 to 35, to 15 per cent. From 35 to 40 the chances of an unmarried woman sink to 3 per cent; from 40 to 45 a still further diminution is seen, her chance being but 2 per cent. From 45 to 50 the old maid's chance of getting a husband is but three-eighths of 1 per cent, while from 50 to 55 she is supposed to have but one-quarter of 1 per cent of a chance. It should, however, be added that the table of average does not apply to widows. Accurate statisticians, who would not be caught in a mistake for the world, affirm that a widow of any age has at least seventy-six spinster drawing power, and some place her figure up to eighty-two. The widow's chances at any age are therefore seventy-six to eighty-two times better than that of a spinster.

THE CULT OF CANDY.

Candy nowadays vies with flowers as a current coin of polite society. It is largely used in acknowledgment of brief hospitalities. A young man who dines and sleeps at a country house, for instance, makes it his first duty on returning to town to forward a three or five-pound box of bonbons to the daughter of the household or to the hostess herself.

The perfection to which what some one calls the "cult of candy" has attained, makes the offering of these sweets one of almost any degree of luxury. Candied violets and other crystallized flowers range from \$5 to \$8 per pound, while some of the sugared fruits are nearly as expensive. When it comes to the boxes which hold the toothsome goodies, it is possible to pay a bill of sizeable proportions for the choicest. Hand painting, real lace, heavy ribbons and even jeweled effect, are not cheap elements, and it is these which go to the perfection of the modern bonbonniere.—[St. Louis Republic.]

SKIRTS OF LACE AND SILK.

A revived Parisian fashion for skirts of lace and silk is to cover the gored silk skirt with three-sevenths gathered flounces of lace. The skirt may be either black or colored, changeable, figured, striped or plain. With it is worn a round bodice of crepe de Chine or a coat of brocade, if the skirt is plain, or of the skirt fabric, if fancy silk or satin is used. For a dress in slight mourning, to be worn South during the spring, is a clinging skirt of black India silk, covered with three flounces of unfigured black silk net, trimmed with rows of narrow black watered ribbon. The round waist is of crepe de Chine, trimmed with huge revers of the net bordered with rows of the ribbon. The silk sleeves are finished with very full puffs of the net, draped with long loops of the ribbon, and the pointed girdle is of India silk.—[New York Post.]

THE FIRST LADY IN FRANCE.

Mme. Carnot is a brunette, with dark blue eyes, a pale complexion, delicately moulded features, and hair as black and glossy as black satin. Her expression is at once intellectual and charming. Outside her official duties, which are many, Mme. Carnot leads a very quiet and domestic life. She rises at 8 o'clock, and her first breakfast, consisting of a cup of coffee and a roll, is served to her in her dressing room. Until 10 o'clock she occupies herself with her private correspondence, which always includes a letter to one or the other of her children, only her youngest son, Francois, who is at school in Paris, being at home.

At 10 o'clock she joins the President in his library, and aids him in examining the voluminous mass of letters which arrives daily at the Elysee. Her thorough knowledge of modern languages and her intelligence and unflinching good sense make of her a valuable assistant. The second breakfast, or lunch, is served at 1 o'clock in the breakfast room of the palace, and is usually a very simple repast. Guests are seldom invited to luncheon at the Elysee, as both the President and his wife prefer entertaining their friends at dinner.

Lunch once concluded, Mme. Carnot, on the days of State dinner parties or balls, gives audience to her chief cook. Then she drives out, either to accompany her husband to the opening of an exhibition or the inauguration of some charitable institution, or to some other official function. The ordering and superintending of her toilettes takes a good deal of her time, and is really one of her official duties, the dress of the wife of the ruler of State exercising a widespread influence over the commercial interests of France. Then she is interested in a number of charities, and drops in from time to time to see how her proteges are progressing.—[Ladies' Home Journal.]

A CAREER FOR LADIES.

Many women whose birth and breeding

make numerous occupations out of the question when necessity calls upon them to do something to earn their own living, will be pleased to hear that a new field was opened to them, one which heretofore has been solely owned by the ignorant and unqualified. This new occupation is that of child's nurse. Perhaps at first it may seem a menial position, but when one considers that there is no work that needs greater care or more refined feeling, the tending of helpless babies assumes an entirely new and different light.

There is no royal road to learning, and to be a thoroughly competent nurse a woman must have a training that will fit her to cope with the ailments and discipline of the little ones under her care, says the Philadelphia Times.

When a true woman considers the trust that is placed in her by the mother who gives over her baby to her charge, there can be no position more honorable or worthy than that of child's nurse. An infant is far too precious a thing to be tampered with by inexperienced or ignorant people. There is the mind as well as the body to be carefully nurtured.

This does not mean that any system of teaching should be undertaken, but the active brain in its unfolding should have ever before it an example that will furnish the fundamental principles of a gracious and refined manhood or womanhood. Very few would think a doctor's student of only six months' training competent to undertake a serious case; therefore the child's nurse should be able to cope with the sudden attacks of croup, the convulsive fits and other ills of babyhood that come without warning and need both prompt and efficient treatment. Think over all these requirements and the position will not seem so menial or unimportant as you have been wont to consider it.

FASHION NOTES.

Sombre serge is woven with shot and reversible effects in very bright hues, and is both durable and effective.

Tailor suitings come in fine stripes and new colorings.

Oriental sideband is a plain stuff with wide, fantastic Eastern border.

Poplins sprayed all over with rambling flowers and foliage are exceedingly popular.

A fashionable tint for evening gloves in undressed kid is that called beurre frais, or fresh butter.

Some people have a positive mania for jet. They wear it on their bonnets, on their dresses and on their cloaks.

Silk-and-wool chevrons are the rage. Gowns made of such stuff in tiny checks are appropriate for miss, maiden or matron.

Sheer organdies, bestrewn with dainty flowers, striped and plaided gingham, and crepe challies, are all among summer fabrics.

Silk-and-wool diagonal is a new and beautiful fabric. Jacquard has a rather indefinable silky surface, with design much lighter than the background.

Entire bodices of lace and ribbon in Empire-style are a convenient addition to the wardrobe. They are to be worn with different skirts, as fancy dictates.

Paris-made jackets of pale heliotrope cloth lined with mauve and gold-stitch sunah, and elegantly braided in black and gold, are cut in extra long princess style.

Something new in veils is made of very fine Russian net, bordered around the lower edge with three rows of very narrow black velvet ribbon, tied in front with three tiny bows.

Petunia is a fascinating new color. A graceful afternoon dress of black crepon is adorned with three rows of petunia velvet ribbon. It has petunia velvet sleeves and a belt of the same.

New felt hats of pale rose pink and heliotrope are trimmed with violets, heartsease or jonquills intermixed with green velvet ribbon, or with damask roses and cerise silk guipure lace.

Lace capes fashioned much like the winter models, with velvet or jetted yokes and collars, have made their appearance, like many other of the season's fashions, long before they are required.

New tailor-made costumes for early spring wear in Directorate, Russian, and strictly English styles, showing shortened skirts and natty open coats, present an unusual amount of odd and novel effects in their composition.

Among the many new adjuncts to dress are smart little capes of shot velvet for theatre wear, tied at the neck with broad satin ribbons. They are ornamental, but of little use for a wrap, for they do not even cover the shoulders.

A notable feature of the new season will be the elegance of its all-black wools. The silk mixtures will be prominent. These will show silk dashes on a twill body, silk dots on a plain weave, and too many designs to be noted now.

The richest of the new coats are of brocade or lustrous corded silk, not infrequently made up in colors. One of the choice models is the Olga, significant of its Russian origin, and is of heavily repped silk in dark hunter's green.

The going-away gown of a bride was of gray-blue "alligator crepon" trimmed with black silk moss garnitures. The bodice was made with an Eaton-jacket front and a vest of soft pink silk. The cape and toque were made of a very fine gray-blue ladies' cloth.

"Draperies are returning; not a word is breathed about the transformation, but it is surely being effected." Thus predicts a French authority on dress matters, who points to certain new theatrical toilettes from leading Parisian artists as notable signs of this transformation.

The new stylish redingote dresses of faille, with petit pois satin dots and a satin-striped brocade, are among the positively attractive dresses of the season. As a rule, these dresses are simply made. For dinner and other dress uses they open in front over lace-trimmed underskirts.

Soft tweeds, English meltons, chevrons and chuddahs in silver blue, pale tan, stem green, beige, marine blue, leaf brown and prelate purple, or pair mauve shades, with lines or stripes of harmonizing color, are used by tailors and modistes alike for spring walking and traveling costumes.

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

Queer Facts and Thrilling Adventures Which Show That Truth is Stranger Than Fiction.

CHANCELLOR MCGILL, judge of the prerogative court of New Jersey, has filed an opinion revoking a probate he had previously granted on a pretended will of George P. Gordon, the late millionaire printing press manufacturer of Rahway. The judge's decision in effect declares the will a forgery, and the sensational feature of the evidence upon which the decision is based was the discovery in the red ink used, in what was asserted to be the original draft of the will made in 1868, a chemical not invented until 1874, and not imported to this country until after that. The chemical is eosine. It is commonly used now in the manufacture of red ink, and is the substance which gives red ink its bronze coat, which is noticeable where the ink has been used in writing, but is more noticeable on the edge of inkstands and on pens and rulers. A will offered for probate soon after the death of Gordon was not probated, owing to the discovery that the witnesses had not signed it in each others' presence. The principal beneficiaries, however, under that will, the widow and daughter of Gordon, agreed to a division of the estate, which was satisfactory to the other heirs at law, and the matter apparently was settled.

But a retired lawyer, named Henry C. Adams, came forward with a will which he said he had drawn for Gordon in 1868. It was a long document with interlineations in red ink. It contained a provision that the Adams farm was to be purchased for \$32,000. Experts examined the will and found the red ink to have contained eosine, which was not discovered till 1874. On this testimony probate was refused.

EXPEDITION Island is no more. Your map shows it lying on the northwest coast of Australia, about twenty-two miles from the mainland. When it flourished in all its glory, as it has since time out of memory, it was a beautiful tract of land, thirteen miles long and one and a half or two miles broad. The Swedish trader Laemström visited it early in the spring of 1892, and the Dutch naturalists of the Thibign gathered rare botanical specimens and collected many hundred sets of eggs, to say nothing of the many other objects of natural history, during the months of May and June last year. A vessel was sailing in those parts quite recently when the officers remarked the absence of the island. The captain ordered that soundings be made. All around thousands of feet of water was found. Finally, upon observing that there were no signs of breakers on the former site of the island, he ordered that they sail directly across where the island had formerly been. Soundings were again taken, which resulted in finding that the island had only sunk to a depth of 48 feet below the surface. It was one of the largest islands of the Australian Coast and its sudden subsidence is a mystery.

A RECENT incident related in Russian correspondence indicates that the hardships of Siberian exiles are by no means over when their sentences expire. A little girl of ten recently appeared before the Governor of Yaroslavl, M. Friede, with a petition in her hand asking aid for her starving self alone. Her father, it was learned, had been an official, and for some offense or suspicion of offense was sent to Siberia. When his term expired he was told to get home as best he might. His wife was ill and he was penniless. He wheeled her in a barrow all the way from Siberia to Yaroslavl, the journey occupying many months, and the little girl trudged on foot beside the barrow begging alms on the road. Arrived in Yaroslavl, the wife was so sick they could go no farther. The father could obtain no work, and was asked to sell his little girl into servitude. As a last resort the unfortunate man sent her to the Governor. The Governor could do nothing, but the townspeople heard of the case, and a subscription was opened for the sufferers.

Two or three of the oldest houses in the United States are standing in and about the fishing village of Port Penn on the Delaware River in Newcastle county, Delaware. The main portion of the Dilworth homestead, occupied by a family descended from a British post-captain, who romantically married during the Revolution the daughter of the patriot Governor Alrich, is nearly 300 years old, and an earlier part of the dwelling is supposed to be half a century older. Ivy Lodge, the charming old Stewart home, occupied by descendants of that Sir William Stewart who forgot home and title to become a pioneer in the new world, is a lozenge-shaped brick dwelling of the Revolutionary period. A picturesque story-and-a-half cottage in the rear of Ivy Lodge is much older. There has been a Doctor David Stewart practicing medicine at Port Penn for 200 years.

The pluckiest school teacher in Connecticut, and as pretty as she is brave, is Miss Effie Walcott of Newtown. She teaches a small district school in Land's End, two miles from the Hawleyville station on the Housatonic Railroad. She lives in Newtown and goes to Hawleyville on the train every morning. On the day of a recent blizzard, she found that there would be no train, owing to the road being blockaded with snow. Wrapping her cloak closely about her, pinning her skirt up to the height of her knees, with a pair of rubber boots on her feet, she started out and walked the distance from Newtown to Hawleyville, a little over ten miles, and then to the schoolhouse, two miles further on. She suffered no inconvenience from the remarkable walk, and won the hearts of the district committee by her plucky exhibition of endurance.

JOHN J. MAYNER, an old resident of Ironton, Ohio, was drowned in the back-water in Storm's creek a few days ago, having accidentally fallen into the water. His fate was not positively known till the finding of his hat on the bank set searchers to work who found his body. After dragging in vain for many hours, a peculiar plan was resorted to locate

the body. A shirt lately worn by the man, and which had not been washed, was placed in the creek. It floated at the surface for seventy-five feet or more, then suddenly sank. At the spot where the shirt disappeared hooks were lowered and there the body was found and brought forth.

CHATTANOOGA has an ossified girl. The girl is a remarkable sight. Her flesh is ossified exactly the same as Jonathan Bass, the famous ossified man who died two years ago. She has a pair of large, expressive dark eyes that suggest intelligence. But if intelligence is apparent, there is no other evidence of it. She cannot articulate, and her eyes follow one's movements the same as one of the lower order of animals. She enjoys perfect health, and her father says that she is never so happy as when he carries her about with him, in street cars, on the railroad trains, or in his arms while walking.

A DEVONSHIRE (England) landowner, who has a large sheet of water in his park, threw the skating open to all comers during the frost, at a charge of twelve cents or twenty-five cents (on different days) for entrance, employed a large number of men all the time in keeping the ice clean, gave universal satisfaction, and at the end of a week had a clear balance of over \$300 in hand to distribute among the poor of the district. In this way all the distress specially caused by the cold weather was more than alleviated.

CAPTAIN William T. Bernard of the steam tug Plymouth, which recently arrived at Philadelphia from Boston, with three barges in tow after, one of the roughest passages ever made, had more than the elements to contend with during the trip. She was attacked in the Vineyard Sound during a hurricane by a large flock of wild ducks that had been carried from the land by the wind. They fought desperately against the side of the tug's house and the powerful electric light on the masthead which was the object that first attracted them. Mate Willard went on deck and was knocked flat by one of these infuriated birds, which flew directly at him, striking him on the breast. Fully fifty of the ducks were caught.

PENDELTON, Oregon, has a dog, a Scotch colly, which lives in the cellar of a drug store and has acquired the kerosene habit. She remains in her abiding place for days at a time and derives sustenance by lapping the kerosene that drips from the oil-cans. Once in awhile the dog comes forth to be patted by the boys, but very soon returns to the cellar in search of her favorite article of diet. If food or water is offered, she will accept neither, but a dish of kerosene she appears to regard as a choice dainty.

THE Naking correspondent of a Shanghai (China) paper says that a Tiansai man came to that city, bringing with him a remarkable freak of nature in the shape of his two sons, aged eight years. The boys were like their fellows in face and form, with the exception that they are connected with each other by a piece of flesh as thick as a man's arm, and joined together just below the waist, making the twins stand face to face. The twins never fall asleep at the same time.

THE ceremonies and festivities in connection with the recent marriage at Cairo of Mahmud Pacha Riaz, Governor of the Suez canal, to the daughter of the late Rasm Pacha lasted one week. More than four thousand guests were invited to the wedding. Many dinners in both the Arabian and European style were served, requiring the services of seventy cooks and 100 waiters. The marriage was one of the most brilliant celebrated in Cairo in many years.

ONE of the most zealous letter-carriers in Maine is a little black and white dog who lives at the Government buoy station on Diamond Island, Portland Harbor. The steamer does not make a landing in the morning, but the captain blows two whistles as he approaches, and then throws on to the wharf as the boat passes a newspaper wrapped around a piece of wood for the dog's master. The spaniel never fails to answer the summons.

An old lady looking out of the window of a cable car in Kansas City, Mo., the other day, saw in one of the yards a silk patchwork quilt, old and faded, hanging on the line. Instantly she stopped the car, went into the house and found, as she knew she would, an old friend she hadn't seen in years. She recognized the quilt as one she had seen her friend placing in central Missouri eighteen years before.

Chinese Edible Dogs.

The Chinese edible dog is destined from the beginning for the table. Like the edible "rat" of the same country, he is fed mainly upon vegetable food, which is often delicately prepared and specially devised in order to give the dog's flesh a peculiar flavor and aroma.

The result is something quite different from the flesh of the ordinary dog of the Western world, which feeds generally in a very miscellaneous way, and never with a view to the suitability of his flesh for human consumption.

The genuine Chinese edible dog is known by his bluish-black tongue, which is a peculiar mark of his variety. In his infancy and early youth the dog's tongue is red, and upon reaching maturity and the edible age it suddenly becomes black, sometimes within a single fortnight.

Another peculiarity of this dog is his lack of the barking faculty. It is said that the dog can bark, and on occasions does so; but these occasions are rare. Ordinarily he is entirely taciturn.—[New York Dispatch.]

A Primitive Time-Keeper.

A very primitive timekeeper is in use among some of the islanders of the South Pacific. They wash the kernels of the candle tree nut and string them on a rib of a palm leaf. This is placed in a vertical position, and the upper kernel is lighted. All the kernels being of the same size and substance, each burns a certain number of minutes and then sets fire to the kernel below. Bits of bark cloth are tied along the strings at regular intervals to mark divisions of time.—[New York Post.]

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

JEST AND YARN BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Wanted More Tragedy—Probably the Latter—Bobby's Ambition—Two of a Kind, Etc., Etc.

WANTED MORE TRAGEDY.

Seeker—How did you like the tragedy last night?

Sage-man—There wasn't quite enough of it.

Seeker—Good heavens, man! There were five acts; I'm sure you ought to have been satisfied with that.

Sage-man—Oh, I'm not saying there wasn't enough of the play; I mean there wasn't enough tragedy. A massacre of the entire cast in the first act would have been about the right thing.—[Boston Courier.]

PROBABLY THE LATTER.

Is it love when your heart beats faster?

Whenever the pair of you meet?

Is it love that when you passed her,

Your cheek felt a sudden heat?

Is it love if your vision trembles

And swims when you see one girl?

Is it love that for you she dissembles

The defiant all of a churl?

Is it Cupid that causes these feelings;

Is it love—who'll answer the question?

These throbbings and whirings and reelings;

Is it love—or just indignation?

—[Chicago News Record.]

BOBBY'S AMBITION.

"I'm going to be a postman when I grow up," said Bob, who had been chided by his father for whistling. "Then I can go around ringing front-door bells and whistling all I please."—[Harper's Bazar.]

TWO OF A KIND.

He was inclined to be didactic when his friend put his head in the door and asked hurriedly:

"Have you matches?"

"I have some matches," he answered, in very distinct tones. "When you know the English language, why not speak it, hey?"

His friend laughed, secured the matches, and said:

"Well, I must hurry. Good-bye."

"Gooby," was the response from the didactic one.

The other put his head in at the door again. It was his chance now.

"I don't know what 'gooby' means, but probably you do. Is it slipshod English for 'good-bye,' hey?"—[Detroit Free Press.]

AN ITEM FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

The committee of the legislature that visited the State Agricultural College at Port Collins on Saturday tells a good story on Superintendent Anderson. The members of the committee had looked over the building, and highly complimented the Superintendent on the cleanliness and order that prevailed. Senator Lockwood and Representative Hunter were a little ahead of the others in leaving the building, and, stopping to chat a few minutes at the entrance, overheard the conversation of a couple of boys un- seen by them that put a different complexion on affairs.

"Thank God," ejaculated one of the youngsters, heaving a big sigh of relief, "we don't have to go through this thing again for a while."

"No," was the hearty response of his companion, "we don't have to sweep out under the beds for another year now."—[Denver Times.]

A NEW KIND.

The two drummers were standing up at the railway restaurant counter feeding. Pretty soon one of them, after a slight manipulation, handed something to the other.

"Have a Liliuokalina sandwich?" he said.

"What in thunder kind of a sandwich is that?" said the other, taking it.

"Try it and see."

"Come off," exclaimed the other one, as he pried it open with his knife, "there's nothing in it."

"That's why we call it the Liliuokalina sandwich," explained the first one, and went on eating.—[Detroit Free Press.]

A DISGRUNTLED GHOST.

She—Mrs. Jackson used to be a fine medium, but she says she has lost her power.

He—Yes; Jackson hates table-rapping, so he put her up to asking her first husband's spirit where he used to spend his evenings.—[Judge.]

AN ARTIST IN HIS LINE.

Jasper—The idea of that barber calling himself an artist! He is simply a scraper.

Jumpuppe—That's just the reason why he calls himself an artist. Look what a picture he made of my face this morning.

HORRORS!

She's my Sandwich

I'm her ham.

She's my Lillie,

I'm her Sam.

Soon I'll annex her,

You may bet;

Little Hawaii

Will be my pet.

—[Defiance News.]

A DOG'S LIMITATIONS.

First Boy—"I got the smartest dog you ever saw. He can do anything."

Second Boy—"Bet he can't."

"Bet he can."

"Can you make him fight?"

"Course."

"Can you make him wag his tail?"

"Course."

"Well, I'll bet you can't make him fight and wag his tail too."

—[Good News.]

WANTED TO KNOW.

New Boarder (gently)—Hasn't this butter rather er—a peculiar taste, Mrs. Slindiet?

Mrs. Slindiet—That! That's roll butter, sir.

New Boarder—Yes—er—I suppose so; but where have they been rolling it?—[New York Weekly.]

POETRY AND PROSE.

Tragedian (pathetically)—Give me, Letho, the wine in which I can drink forgetfulness.

Unkeeper—No, no. Then you would forget to pay.—[Fliegende Blätter.]

SHE WOULD BE MIXED.

Mamma (pathetically)—What would my little girl do if I should die? Little Flossie—If I don't know, I suppose I should have to spank myself.—[Life.]

THE PROBLEM SOLVED.

Little Josie—What do you suppose all these holes are in the cheese for? Little Leah—Oh, I'd think you would know. It's to let the smell out.—[Inter Ocean.]

VERY LIKELY.

"There's a great deal of jealousy among the flowers, said Hawkins. "It is my firm belief that the violet is blue because it isn't a rose."—[Judge.]

VERY CLOSE.

He—Is there much between George and Hilda?

She—I saw them sitting on the sofa last evening and you couldn't have put an oyster knife between them.—[Judge.]

A CASE OF DESIRE.

Jones—You can get the position if you find somebody that can go on your bond.

Smith—Which do you prefer, Willie Vanderbilt or one of the Astors?

"Are you acquainted with them?"

"Not at all; but they can go on my bond, can't they, if they want to?"—[Texas Sittings.]

WORSE AND WORSE.

One of Them (who likes him)—I don't see why you think George is half-witted, I'm sure.

The Other (who doesn't like him)—I don't. He hasn't any wits at all.—[Truth.]

THE UNVARYING IMPULSE.

Mrs. Van Wilde—Helen, go down to the library at once. Charles wants to speak to you over the telephone.

Helen—Gracious! Is my hat on straight?—[Chicago News.]

PARADOXICAL.

"Charles's trying very hard to win your affections."

"Yes, he's a man after my own heart. But I won't have him."—[Chicago News-Record.]