

say these various efforts on the part of her young admirers seemed quite lost upon Miss Theo. To say that she did not enjoy the situation would not be true. She was quite too fond of fun, and too much enjoyed admiration not to be highly pleased at the interest she excited around her. You could perceive that she had not studied the curl of a feather, the location of a flower, the color of a ribbon or the effect of a particular gown, without a clear and distinct purpose. To an observant eye she was plainly desirous not to detract from her natural graces of face and figure, and all watched to see what would come of it. Yet in church Theo sat as demure as a little nun, slowly wagging her fan—her constant companion on most occasions—with eyes calmly fixed upon the minister's face, apparently intent upon nothing in the world but the sermon of the day. This affection of holy indifference to so many anxious eyes was really too exasperating to the sufferers. The matter would soon become serious.

At last the qualities of latent greatness in our Napoleon showed evidence of blossoming into decisive action. It was on one of the rarest Sundays in early May and everybody came to church radiant in smiles and such fashionable attire as they had been able to assume with the season of bud and blossom. Theo was there with the entire Brown household. Likewise the aspiring troop of expectant youth were out in full force, and each had made especial effort to outdo himself in the glory of smart clothes and flaming neckwear. The occasion seemed to be one of unwonted promise and many a manly heart beat full of well-merited confidence.

But the day was destined to be from first to last a day of defeats. The pretty Theo sat in the paternal pew cool and self-possessed. She knew that she looked unusually bewitching in her new spring suit of gray with just a suggestion of color at the throat, and as she looked soberly from above her fan at the solemn-faced old clergyman, she might have been alone in the world so far as she appeared to notice the admiring young men in her neighborhood.

Our Napoleon sat through the entire service with his tender and affectionate heart burning with eager desire, and when his ardent glances met with no response whatever from the direction of the Brown pew his breast was filled with unwonted emotions born of anger and blighted hopes. He could scarcely wait for the good old minister to put an amen at the close of his benedic-