WILLIAM AND MARY.

William gazed on Mary Jane; Longed to tell her that her eyes hone like sunlit drops of rain Falling from enchanted skies. But poor William, scant of nerve, Sought in vain these things to say; Merely managed to observe: "It is rather warm to-day.

Mary Jane will ne'er suspect What a wealth of sentiment Flourishing, despite neglect, In that trite remark was pent. Yows as steedfast as the pole. Though as tender as the May. He is uttering from his soul, When he says "It's warm to-day."

William tries and tries again; Baffled in his elsquence; Weary quite is Mary Jane Weary quite is Mary Jane
Of ridiculous suspense.
But each time, just as of yore,
All his wits grow dark and dim.
William feels that he's a bore; Mary quite agrees with him. -Washington Star.

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His Lady of Dreams

By Susan Sayer Yarmouth.

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S HE came suddenly into his sight, dispelling his brown study and interrupting his pipe. She stood bevond the table, beside the door, tall feet in heavy folds. A cross swung was in shadow. She leaned slightly toward Ashe as he clutched the arms of his big chair and sat forward in amazement.

"I am the Princess Constantia Gregorius," she said gently.

"Of-of Russia?" he asked stupidly, trying to fan away the haze of tobacco smoke.

"There are other lands," she said indifferently. "And not so far away." "Great Caesar!" he breathed, be-

wildered, and his pipe dropped from his astonished fingers. With the feeling that it was the only bond between him and rationality, he stooped to pick it up, and as he rose he friend of mine, Miss Gregory, who adstruck his head sharply against the mires your poems so much." And corner of the library table. Dizzy from the blow, he staggered to his feet and looked toward the door. She was gone, as mysteriously as she had come. He rushed blindly around the table and across the room, stumbling over easy chairs and footstools, and sending a revolving bookcase spinning round. The hall was brilliant after the smoky library, and it was also empty. No trailing gown hall turned up the edges of the rugs, nor could he hear any hurrying steps on the polished stairs. He blinked at the sun pouring red and purple through the painted window for a moment, and then turned back and sat down on the nearest chair. Good heavens! what a dream! Who was she? What was her motive in appearing and announcing herself in that royal way? And he hadn't seen her face! Well, if it was as pretty as her figure-oh, confound his head! and he was still feeling of it gingerly too dazed to think of more than he asked anxiously. one thing at a time, when he heard his friends cheerful whistle in the hall.

"Well, old chap," said Thurston, coming in.

"Phew! but that pipe of your's is a fright! If we don't air this room before the mater gets into it, your goose is cooked!"

"Why, what will she do?" cried the other, uncertainly.

"You'll never get another bid for Sunday," said the first, throwing open one of the windows, "Gee! I didn't realize how rank Cissie is getting. Retire her, Billy, and get another. But say, what's the matter old man? I left you composing a sonnet and going to sleep over it. What's wrong?"

Ashe looked down at his maligned pipe, and then up at his friend. "Say, do you suppose she thought it was rank?" he asked.

"The mater?" said Thurston, puzzled. "She hasn't been here already, has she? If so, we'd better go back to-night. Did she wake you up?"

"No, I just dreamed it," said the owner of the pipe, and began to feel of his bump with a frown of pain. His friend looked at him for a moment curiously, and then aimed a heavy leather cushion from the nearest Morris chair at him.

"Wake up, you idiot!" be said. "This is no sleeping car." The idiot parried the cushion.

"Dick, has your sister a friend

visiting her?" he inquired. "No," said the other.

"Well, there was one here, any way," pursued Ashe.

"One what?" demanded Thurston. "One princess," said the other. His host surveyed him in silence for a

"Ashe, you're crazy!" he said at

last. "Come out and take a walk." Mr. Wilmerding Ashe was making for himself a rather neat reputation with readers of corrent magazines as a writer of elever little occasional verses. Among his friends at his club he was considered a good fellow, and they chose to assume that somewhere he kept hidden away the person who wrote his verses for him. His mother's friends approved of him because he paid his calls, and he was chiefly famous with the young ladies of his rather general acquaintance, as a master of arts of oriental beauty of his latest verses,

of Dreams," and which would have Thurston's?" The girl drew back. done credit to a much more ambitious poet than Billy Ashe. Ashe him- said, a little haughtily, and then she self thought rather well of them; he smiled at his crestfallen face. a most perplexing dream to very Gregory-didn't you realize that you magazine had seemed to take the little laugh. thing out of the province of psychic research.

Ashe was a modest man, but not quite to his taste, and he went to with amusement. afternoon teas and cotillions with a feeling that to-morrow would be gather his roses while he might. So comething to eat?" Ashe followed astonishing about it. he entered Mrs. Foster's long drawing-room prepared to smile as he listened to his verses misquoted by fair flatterers; he retained that serene attitude of mind while he shook hands with Mrs. Foster, and not one minute longer. For beyond Mrs. Foster, and standing just outside the ring of light from a tall lamp, was the lady of his dreams, with her white gown that clung to her shoulders and and slight, in a white gown that rounded waist, and flared with heavy clung to her arms and shoulders and folds at her feet. This time she rounded waist, and swept about her wore a fan on the long silver chain around her neck, and she had no from her neck by a long silver chain, hat nor veil, so Ashe could see that and she were a broad-brimmed hat she was regarding him with the with a gauzy white veil, so her face frankest interest from a pair of most attractive brown eyes. He flushed with surprise, and his remarks to Mrs. Foster died on his lips. She was not a dream, then, his princess! A sudden recollection of the check from the "Hundred Years" made him warm, and as a corollary came the realization of his narrow escape from the Society of Psychic Research-good heavens!

Meanwhile Mrs. Foster was saying graciously, "So good of you to come. Mr. Ashe, and not forget your old friends, now you are such a celebrity. And to reward you, I am going to introduce you to a very dear young Ashe found himself before his princess, while Mrs. Foster went on fluently, "Constance, my dear, this is Mr. Ashe," and turned to greet another guest. All remnants of his self-possession vanished at the sound of the names, and interrupting Miss Gregory's polite expressions of delight at making his acquaintance, Ashe asked abruptly: "Are you a princess?"

She opened her brown eyes wider and looked at him in surprise.

"Do-do you believe in telepathy and astral bodies?" he went on after a moment's pause. "Or are you only

"Dear me!" said the girl. "Mrs. Foster said you were so nice, and not startling-that no one would know that you were a poet or anything else awe-inspiring, and here you have called me three alarming names in as many minutes. Is this poetic license, Mr. Ashe?"

"Did you really mind Cissy Loftus?" old, and I'm afraid she's a little too strong to be pleasant to strangers. But I didn't expect you, you know, when you came in so suddenly," The girl's face was gravely puz-

zled, but her eyes looked amused. "I'm afraid Mrs. Foster has a mistaken idea of you," she said with a shake of her head. "Where do you live?" inquired

Ashe. "When you are not in dreams, you know-when you are not in Thurston's library. "Well," said Miss Gregory, "I'm re-

lieved. I am glad to find that I can at last take an intelligent in- door, terest in the conversation. The Thurston's library-isn't it a faselnating place?"

"You wern't in it long enough to find out," objected Ashe, "And do you think it was quite kind of you to make me bump my head?"

"Long enough! I've spent hours in Thurstons' library," said the girl in mock indignation. "And I never made you bump your head."

"Well, perhaps not consciously," admitted Ashe, "but it was under your spell." Miss Gregory looked at him with a smile beginning to show at the corners of her mouth.

"You are certainly casting a spell over me," she said. "Really, Mr. Ashe, I don't know what you mean-I'm sure I never had anything to do with your bumping your head, but I'm not sure that it wouldn't do it good,"

"Cruel!" said Ashe, "Well, since you won't admit it, let's begin again. I am very glad to meet you, Miss Gregory. Mrs. Foster is too good to me. Do you know your face is very familiar-haven't I met you before?"

"Mrs. Foster has been kind to me, too," returned Miss Gregory prettily. "No, Mr. Ashe, I'm sure that I should not have forgotten it if we had met before. My home is not in New York, and I'm not here very much. But I have heard of you often, from Mrs. Foster, and the Thurstons in Morristown, and, of course, I have read your verses.'

"How time must clamor at your doors to be killed!" said Ashe.

"Ah, now you are unkind to your little brain-children!" reproached the

girl. "You have been sufficiently over-Weish rarebitry and badinage. But kind to even up accounts in mentionno one was prepared for the almost ling them at all," returned Ashe. "There, you see I can do the which appeared in one of the best proper; now, for heaven's sake, of the monthly periodicals under Miss Gregory, tell me if I dreamed cided hit."-Chicago Post.

the name of "My Lady of the Realm of you, or saw you, that day at Dick

felt that it in some way compensated "It can't be possible!" insisted for the nasty knock on the head Ashe. "The Princess Constantia

Research, which he had thought of do- Lady of-oh, Mr. Ashe! Remember ing in the vividness of his first im- that I'm not a resident-not to the pression, but six months without manor born, as it were. I'm just a told Willy. any further developments, waking or country cousin from Binghamton. sleeping, had dulled his keen con- Do you think it's nice to make fun tiction of its psychic value. Mean- of me? Constantia Gregorius, in- because the children do not while a comfortable check from the deed!" She laughed out, a merry constant and deed!

"'She comes from a land nor near nor far,' said Ashe, guilty of the banality of quoting his own Sion. too much to find a little lionizing verses. Miss Gregory surveyed him

feeling that to-morrow would be she announced. "Aren't you hungry, someone else's day, and he must Mr. Ashe? Shan't we go and have her mechanically.

"Don't you sometimes wear a cross on that chain," he asked. "Sometimes," she answered, with lifted eyebrows.

Thurstons' last September?" he pur-

"Yes, I was in Morristown, but only occasionally at the Thurstons',

she returned. "Then you did walk into the library one Sunday afternoon and tell me

Gregorius," he said, positively.
"Mr. Ashe!" she said, reprovingly. "Have you a twin sister?" asked to their wants.

Ashe, desperately. "I am all the daughters of my father's house," she said lightly, but thin children Scott's Emulsion her eyes were dancing as she gave him his chocolate.

"Don't you remember the painful ment. taking off of Sapphira?" he inquired

Miss Gregory counted on her fin-"A princess, Constantia Gregorius, an astral body-let me see! a dream, and now a liar!" she said. "Oh, fie, Mr. Ashe!"

"I have \$50 that belongs to you," said Ashe, irrelevantly.
"I beg your pardon?" said the girl

blankly. "By rights," asservated Ashe, with nod. "Half of what I got for that poem, you know. I calculate that my thought and labor are good for half, but you furnished the idea, you see." Miss Gregory sat down

on the nearest chair and laughed

aloud. Ashe sipped his chocolate meditatively and watched her. "For a poet," she said at last, "you are most unexpectedly practical."

"When I've offered to share my income with a comparative strangera chimerical, elusive dream-lady at that?" he asked, raising his eye brows.

"I'm not sure about chimeras, but think they were monsters of some kind," said the girl. "And your in come is too small to be alluring, Mr. Ashe. If you don't wish any more of that chocolate, won't you have something cold? No. Well, then come back to Mrs. Foster. I'm afraid you'll be borrowing money of me next, to say nothing of the way in which you are straining your poetic to find flattering my favorite pipe, but she's rather me." She took his cup and turned at home? Before he could follow he was seized upon and carried off in triumph by some fair admirers, and a quick glance back showed him that a fortunate elderly gentleman had taken possession of her, so he re signed himself to the inevitable, and did not see her again until just as he was leaving. He had looked for her to say good-by, but in vain, and Mrs Foster did not know where she had hidden herself, so he was starting off, disappointed, but resolved not to let the thing drop, when her voice fond of the national game?" stopped him with his hand on the

"Au revoir, Mr. Ashe," she said, leaning toward him from the lowest step of the stairway. "Au revoir."

"Thank you," he responded, heartily. "And very soon, most fair lady of the realm of my dreams."

"That is really a loving thing, Mr. Ashe," she said, "and I am very proud to think that you think that I had any part in it."

"But didn't you?" he demanded. "Do I believe in telepathy?" she asked, mockingly. "Am I an astral body, or a bad dream?" He shook his high hat threateningly at her.

"The truth is not in you, Mademoiselle Sapphira," he announced. "Hear the lion growt!" she retorted, with a saucy nod, and turned to go upstairs. He took a step toward

"Miss Gregory!" 'he said, imploringly. "Seriously, now?" she looked at him over her shoulder with daneing eyes.

"Do you know, until to-day, I always supposed it was Dick Thurston that I woke up that afternoon. she said, confidentially, and ran lightly up-stairs,-N. Y. Evening Post,

Cause and Effect.

Mr. Quipps-The last time I saw Mrs. Newbryde she said her husband

Mrs. Quipps-Yes, the last time I saw her she was making some sort of a dainty dish for him.

"Ah! then I must have seen her shortly after you did."-Philadelphia

Contradictory.

"Is she a Miss or a Mrs?" was the question regarding a late popular arrival at the seashore,

"Well," was the reply, "while she's a Miss, she also seems to be a de-

"When the butter won't that the lady had been the means of Gregorius—and I was ass enough to giving him, and that he had turned ask of what! Don't you know, Miss come put a penny in the churn,' is an old time dairy good account. It was better than are my 'Lady of Dreams'?"
taking it to the Society of Psychical "1?" said Miss Gregory—"I your proverb. It often seems to work though no one has ever

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NOW SHE KNOWS WHY,



Dolly-Please, Miss Sharp, mamma

Miss Sharp-Yes, dear. Why? Dolly-Well, papa says "it sounds too good to be true!"-Punch.

She Couldn't Stand That.

All pailtd in her shroud she lay; A woman sadly said: "How wretchedly her robe is made"— The lady in the coffin laid. Woke right up from the dead. -Chicago Record-Herald.

"Miss Mamie," began the basso pro

fundo between the anthems, "are you "Well, Mr. Deepvus," replied the blushing young thing, "I think I-ermight like to take a bass."

And he, not being a natural born chump, there was another fee for the preacher.-Baltimore News.

Unappreciated Sermon, Wife-I think it was awfully mean of Keystone Law and Patent Co., 2012-2024 Betz Building,

the minister to preach against wom

an's extravagance in dress. Husband-I don't see why that should trouble you. The gown you had on was plain. Wife-that's no reason why he should

call everybody's attention to it .- N. Y. Journal. Chewed Food Fine.

A little girl was overheard talking to her doll, whose arm had come off, exposing the sawdust stuffing.

"You dear, good, obedient dolly . 1 knew I had told you to chew your food fine, but I didn't think you would chew it so fine as that."-Cincinnati En-

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