

# The Match-Maker Matched.

By J. GRAY.

"I wish," said my Aunt Jemima, looking at me somewhat severely over her spectacles, "I wish Mr. Baynes had been at home this summer, so that you could have been introduced."

"Why do you wish that, aunt?" I asked, indifferently. "You expressed the same desire last year. Are you specially interested in Mr. Baynes?" I added, naughtily; "because, if you are not, I don't see any reason for cultivating his acquaintance."

"My dear," Aunt Jemima replied with a decided blush, showing through the tan of her handsome but uncomplaining countenance, as if she were ashamed of what she was going to say—as well she might be—"Mr. Baynes is a very worthy man—"

"I hate worthy men!" I interpolated in the tone which always made Aunt Jemima declare I was a spoiled child. This time, however, she passed my comment by with scarcely a frown, and went on calmly, though the blush increased slightly, "and he is also exceedingly well off—and a widower."

I gave a little gasp, asking wrathfully what that had to do with me. "Oh! well, really, Betty," she stammered, "you are now of a marriageable age, and I do not see any reason why you should not make Mr. Baynes happy. He wants a wife badly."

"Do you know of any reason why he should make me happy?" I asked, with an attempt at sarcasm which was quite unappreciated.

"Yes, several," my aunt replied, calmly. "As I said before, he wants a wife; and I suppose you have no desire to be an old maid."

I tossed my head with some indignation. In my own mind I did not fear that fate very greatly, and I certainly was not going to be palmed off on anyone in order to escape it.

"My dear aunt! I thought you always maintained that it was the happiest life for a woman."

"For some; not for you, Betty. Besides, you have no fortune, and are barely clever enough to earn your own living."

"Thanks!" I said, my temper—which was none of the coolest—rising, and showing itself in my burning cheeks; "thank you for your frank opinion of my mental and moral attributes. As I have not sufficient brains to earn a livelihood I am supposed to be willing to marry a man old enough to be my father—for whom I do not care a straw—so as to have a home! No, thank you, Aunt Jemima!"

To my surprise this did not arouse any corresponding ebullition, yet our tempers were so very much alike that I fully expected my aunt to flare up in like manner.

"My dear child," she replied, in quite a patient and even tender voice—that is, tender for her, for she was of a stern and almost manlike disposition—"I wish nothing of the sort; if you do not get to care for him you need not marry him. Still, I think you would be very fond of him, and I am sure he would like you very much."

"Why do you think that?"

"Oh! he would be sure to," she replied, in what I considered an exceedingly lame manner.

"Well, that is the first time I ever heard you express such a high opinion of my charms!" I said, somewhat scathingly. "Are they so fatal that he would have to succumb at once?"

Aunt's disclaimer to this query was more emphatic than flattering, yet she gave me to understand, distinctly, that though my charms were by no means great, she still believed they were sufficient to fascinate Mr. Baynes.

This only puzzled me more than ever, and I could not understand what possessed my staid aunt to turn her into a matchmaker. She had an uncompromising objection to matrimony in the case of any one, and particularly any one belonging to her own family.

None of us ever much looked forward to a visit to her quiet little house in the quiet little town in Norfolk; but one of us was packed off by mother twice a year, at mid-summer and about Christmas. I generally went in the summer, as I could cycle, while my two elder sisters hated the idea of rushing about on wheels. Besides, Jim—the eldest, who was called after Aunt Jemima, poor dear—had incurred her displeasure by marrying the previous year, so that meant that I must go every summer and Clare every winter. It was rather a dismal prospect, but mother would not let us off. She said aunt had always spent herself on her family when she was young, and we must look after her and cheer her now she was lonely. I did not believe she was lonely, and I know I was, when I had to vegetate for a month at a time down in Norfolk; but we all had to please the dear mother.

I should like to say, in case mother should be misjudged, that there was nothing mercenary in her mind, for Aunt Jemima's money was all sunk. I don't say I might have been more willing to go if I had thought it would have led to my being an heiress some day. There was, however, no consolation of that or any other kind, except that last year the dulness of my visit had been a little tempered by what I considered an exceedingly mild

flirtation; at least, I thought of it in that light at the time, and concluded that the young doctor with whom it was carried on had been sent by a kind Providence for the special purpose of alleviating my terrible ennui.

Aunt Jemima was to be thanked, too, as well as Providence, for she was the unconscious cause of our meeting. It was the result of a bad burn received while baking cakes. Aunt disapproved of girls being idle, and was determined to make me learn to cook. Now, I can make as pretty a blouse as any one, and trim a hat that will compare favorably with a West-end product; but these are only frivolous amusements in the eyes of Aunt Jemima. So she set me to cake-making, an occupation that I detest! It ruins my complexion and spoils my temper; and at home my brothers say they will not have me tampering with their digestions, so what is the good of trying? Nevertheless, I was made to try, and, consequently, I got a perfectly horrid burn.

Aunt Jemima sent for the doctor, who is an old fogey, and said to be very brutal in his manners—or lack of manners. He was away, greatly to my joy, and the assistant came, who is not at all an old fogey, and not a bit brutal in his way of treating one. In fact, he was very nice and polite to the aunt, and awfully nice to me. I was rather glad of that burn, pour passer le temps. I don't deny, however, that the remembrance of it all made the time pass more slowly during the winter months, when I often thought of my nice doctor, and wondered whether I should ever see him again. I pondered over the question, would he be married? and I wondered how I should feel if he were, and whether I should mind if he had forgotten all about me.

Aunt would have been shocked had she known I ever thought of him. I dared not even ask if he were still in the town, but I wanted, dreadfully, to know; and as two days went by without my getting a glimpse of him, I began to think he had gone away. On the third morning, however, I saw him pass the house, and I felt pleased; but it was not till he looked up, and I saw the glad look in his eyes that I was trying to keep out of mine, that I was really cheered. Aunt Jemima saw him, too, and made the ill-adviced remark that he was to be married soon. I did not want the information, even if it were true but I did not believe it was. Aunt Jemima seems very different lately; she never used to take any interest in marriages and such silly local gossip. I can't quite make her out.

"Mr. Baynes will be home sooner than he expected," she remarked to me a little later. "I hear from his old housekeeper that business has recalled him."

"I wish he would keep away!" I muttered, but aunt did not hear me.

"I hope you will like each other," she continued in a somewhat anxious tone, which struck me as exceedingly silly.

"Well, as he is old enough to be my father," I replied, in a provoking manner, "I shall be pleased to accept all the chocolates and other nice things he likes to give me. Perhaps he won't be so gallant enough to offer me any, for though you call him a gentleman farmer, I expect he is a bit of a boor."

"Not at all," was the reply, "he is not at all a boor, and he is certainly a gentleman. Besides, he is quite young—him!—a middle-aged man, at any rate, upright and strong. Oh! there is no doubt he would make a good husband for any girl."

"I thought you disapproved of disparity of age in marriage!"

"I do; that is to say, I object to a woman marrying a man who is her junior."

"Well, I do not see why a young girl should be bothered with an old husband any more than the other way about," I said, aggressively; "besides I am not sure that I do not care for somebody else."

Aunt looked at me shrewdly. "Does he care for you?" It was a confusing question, and I should have liked to say "As much as Mr. Baynes!" but I felt I must not arouse suspicion, so I merely assured her that I meant nothing, only I was absolutely tired of hearing about her friend.

That evening I met Dr. Alwyn, and after our little walk together I could have answered more satisfactorily the question, "Does he care for you?" but as this is not my love story it does not matter what happened then.

After that, however, my visit passed all too quickly. I had my cycle, and that gave me many opportunities of getting off alone—no, I do not mean that; I mean it gave me many chances of getting away not alone. We had some glorious times, and though I should have dearly liked a little sympathy, I did not dare tell Aunt Jemima till the home folks had sanctioned it. Dr. Alwyn—I mean Tom—was going to see my mother as soon as possible after my return home; but it seemed a long time to wait.

The day before Mr. Barnes' arrival I had arranged to cycle over to an old friend of mother's to spend the night. Tom was, of course, going most o' the way with me, but he had to hurry home so see some bothering patients,

so I was afraid he would not be able to take me all the distance. Still, the thought of the ride made us feel jolly, and Aunt Jemima was pleased because I would be home in time to see that wretched Mr. Baynes. Just as I was told to start, however, a note came from him to say that he would be back a day earlier, and as he was driving from the station he would come in for some tea on the way.

"I am particularly sorry you will be out," aunt said, with a worried look. "Could you not wire?"

"No, I could not," I replied, determinedly. "You know this is the only convenient day, and mother would be vexed if I did not manage to go. Besides, I do not want to see the old nuisance, and you can tell him so."

Aunt Jemima sighed, and that was so unlike her that I was a little suspicious immediately. I went over and sat down beside her.

"I am very sorry, but I cannot help disappointing you. You are so matter-of-fact and prosaic, aunt, you do not understand; but really, to me, it would be an awful thing to think of marrying a man for whom I did not care!"

"I know it is," she answered meekly, "and I do not want you to do that."

"And I never could care for him," I continued.

"You do not know—"

"Oh! Yes, I do. Never! never! never!"

Aunt Jemima only smiled at my vehemence and said quietly, "You might in time, child."

"No, I never could! and, aunt, do you want to marry—"

Her look of horror was so great that I tried to improve upon the question. "I mean, do you think it is advisable for any woman to change her state of single blessedness?"

"Not if she can help it, as a rule; but I have already told you some of the reasons why I think it would be wise for you to look favorably on Mr. Baynes."

"And I have already replied to them. No, aunt, I shall not marry for the sake of a home; and I shall only marry when I love someone so much that I want to be his wife, more than anything else on earth."

This speech was evidently too much for Aunt Jemima; and I hurried off to get myself ready for my ride, leaving her to digest it at her leisure.

The next evening when I arrived again at my aunt's, I found, to my disgust, that Mr. Baynes had come to pay a second visit. He was evidently quite determined to see me. "Persistent wretch!" I said to myself. "I hate you already!"

"I thought he was coming last night!" I remarked, savagely, to my aunt, who had met me in the hall with the news, and was looking a little frightened and triumphant.

"So he did—but he would like to see you—dear."

Her hesitation riled me still more. "Then he shall not have the pleasure!" I said, throwing down my gloves viciously. "I won't come in!"

"Oh! you must!" and aunt's look of distress was so real that I relented a little.

"Well, I'll get you out of the difficulty this time. I'll let him know he has not any chance!" I ejaculated, refusing to hear some agitated whisper of my poor aunt's, who was terribly afraid our conversation would be overheard. I did not mind if it were, and I marched in boldly, resolved to give this troublesome suitor his quietus at once.

Aunt Jemima, however, followed on my heels.

I did not look at all friendly, but Mr. Baynes disregarded my grim aspect.

"I hope we shall," he responded generally, "especially as I am going to be her new uncle."

I sank into a chair and gazed at them both. In a moment my heart went out to him—this dear Mr. Baynes! There was something about his open, frank, and friendly countenance that one could not resist; besides, it was such a relief to me.

"Betty, dear," began my aunt, timidly, "I could not persuade him to marry any one younger and prettier, so I just had to give in."

"I am very, very glad!" I said, rising and kissing me, "and I'm sure you will be happy, Mr. Baynes!"

"Ought to be," he replied, laughing; "I've been long enough getting what I wanted. Your aunt tried to convince me that she could find a younger and prettier edition of her self, but it was no good imagining any other woman would do for John Baynes!"

Aunt Jemima blushed most becomingly, and I could not help hoping that Tom would always feel like that towards me.

"Moreover"—and there was a wicked twinkle in Mr. Baynes' eyes—"I am told at last, after all your aunt's romancing, that this 'younger and prettier edition' would not listen to any of her suggestions, but scouted the idea with scorn. Very sensible too, I think! You see, my dear niece—you are my niece, aren't you?" I nodded cheerfully. "Well, a man may not marry his niece, even if he wants to—which I do not; and you don't want to marry your uncle, so we're happy all round—even Jemima, I think, in spite of her long aversion to matrimony." Their eyes met at that moment, and I saw a glance pass between them that told me that Aunt Jemima was already becoming reconciled to her fate.—*London S. S. Times.*

# WHAT WOMEN ARE WEARING

New York City.—The chemisette effect is always a pretty, attractive and dainty one with the result that waists including such are sure to be in demand. This one is very simple and includes the surplice fronts that are so well liked while it is adapted both to the gown and to the odd

## Charming Gowns.

Taking advantage of the similarity of line that characterizes house gowns and evening gowns, some resourceful women are converting their old evening gowns into very charming negligees.

## Over Blouse With Girdle.

Each new variation of the over blouse seems a bit more attractive than the last, and here is one which is grace itself and which can be utilized for a whole host of lovely seasonable materials. In the illustration it is made of marquisette in one of the beautiful new apricot shades and is trimmed with applique and with velvet, but while thin woools of the sort are greatly in vogue and there are a great many light weight silks to be worn throughout the warm weather, there are also innumerable materials that can be made in this way and which are exceedingly charming and attractive in color and in design. Again, the inner edges of the waist are straight, and it consequently can be made from bordered material with singular success. The postillion back is a feature of the season, and it gives a smart touch whenever becoming, but it is not obligatory, and the plain girdle can be made the finish if found more satisfactory. Beneath the waist can be worn any guimpe that may be liked, and one of its many advantages is to be found in the fact that it is suited both to indoor occasions and to the street.

The waist is made with two over portions that are pleated at the shoul-



waist. In the illustration soft finished white mesh pique is trimmed with bands of the same ornamented with flat pearl buttons while the chemisette is of embroidered muslin. Such a simple blouse as this one, however, can be made from a great many materials and as there is a



choice allowed of three-quarter or full length sleeves it is suited both to afternoon and to morning wear. All the many and attractive washable materials are in every way appropriate for immediate wear while a little later, or even for traveling or the mountains at the present time, such materials as taffeta, light weight flannel and the like would make up most attractively and satisfactorily. The chemisette being separate, can be of any contrasting material that may be liked or several can be made to wear with one waist, so providing change without difficulty.

The blouse is made with fronts and back. The back is tucked for its entire length and there is a trimming band that finishes the neck and front edges, the extensions on which conceal the shoulder seams and combine with the box pleats in the sleeves to give the long line so necessary to correct style. Whether the sleeves are long or short they are laid in box pleats at their lower edges and are finished with straight cuffs. The pointed belt is held by two large buttons.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is three and one-half yards twenty-seven or thirty-two or two and one-eighth yards forty-four inches wide with three-quarter yard eighteen inches wide for the chemisette.

## Snow White.

While this is by no means a white season, as many of its predecessors have been called, the white gown and the all-white toilet are in strong evidence among the most fashionable sets. But the white gown with colored accessories, such as a hat, parasol, girdle and often coat and scarf or ruff, is more prominent. Rose shades, khaki color and the golden browns and soft dull blues are popular tones for such combinations.

ders and gathered at the ends and that are joined to a foundation girdle. Over this foundation girdle the draped one is arranged and the closing is made invisibly at the back. The postillion, which is optional, is



separate and when used is arranged over the girdle at the back, attached to position with ornamental buttons. The quantity of material required for the medium size is two and one-half yards twenty-one, two yards twenty-seven or one and one-eighth yards forty-four inches wide with two and one-half yards of applique.

## A New Collar.

There is a new collar in evidence on French blouses. It is of transparent lace, very high under the ears and shaped to the chin at the front. It is boned and finished at the top with a band of silk or velvet.

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### Securing Conviction.

This story comes to The Church Standard from an English correspondent: A barrister, accustomed to practice in criminal courts, made sneering remarks concerning preachers. "If," said he, "I were to address a jury in the average way you clergymen do, I should never get a conviction." The elderly clergyman to whom he spoke, replied: "If you had to address the same jury 104 times a year, and your object was not to get them to give a verdict against some other person—which they might be willing to do—but to induce them to convict themselves, I doubt if you could do any better than we do." Silence on the part of the barrister.

### New Homes in the West.

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### Origin of "He's a Brick."

The expression "He's a brick" is traced back to Lycurgus, King of Sparta. The king was conducting an ambassador from Epirus through his kingdom. The envoy was much amazed to find that the cities were very poorly supplied with walls of defense. He remarked to the king: "Sire, I have now visited most of the towns, but find no walls built for their defense. Why is this?" "Indeed," replied the king, "thou canst not have looked carefully. Come with me to-morrow, and I will show you the walls of Sparta." Accordingly on the following morning the king had his army, drawn up in battle array, and pointing proudly to the serried host said: "There thou beholdest the walls of Sparta, and every man a brick."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

### Peculiarity of Hair.

A woman leading two children stepped into a barber shop with her charges. "I want their hair trimmed," she said, "but not all the way round. I only want it trimmed off even. It is just the right length on the right side, but too long on the left side. I had her trimmed only a little while ago, and here it is noticeably longer on the left side. I don't believe it was trimmed evenly in the first place."

"Oh, yet it was," the barber assured her. "It grows faster on the left side, that is all. Most people's hair does grow faster on that side, but it is on children's heads that we are most likely to notice it."—*New York Press.*

### World's Diameter.

Up to this time the diameter of the globe has not been arrived at within 1,000 feet, but Nikola Tesla says that his system of wireless telegraphy will be the means of reducing this margin of error to within 50 feet or less.

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