A MATTER OF PHILANTHROPY.

The young marquis of Shropshire was most emphatic.

"I'm hanged if I go!" he cried excitedly. "Lovelace, it's your fault entirely!"

Robert Lovelace, for six months secretary to his most noble and erratic lordship, gave a gesture of dissent.

"I made a note of the engagement in your private diary," he answer. "In red ink!"

"That's all very well, but why the dickens didn't you remind me? I felt certain it was next Wednesday."

Lovelace preserved an eloquent silence. If his lordship mistook the date, emphasized in all the glory of red ink, clearly it was no fault of his.

"Why don't you suggest something?" went on the marquis, irritably pacing the floor of his study. "You know it's an awful bore for me to have to think these things out!"

"Why not go?" ventured his secretary mildly.

"I tell you the thing's impossible; I've made other arrangements for the afternoon. And yet, if I don't attend this confounded conference of the what d'ye call it—?"

"Society for the amelioration of distress among the respectable poor."

"That's it! Respectable poor! I'm one of them—the committee, I mean. If my estimable aunt fails to see me there I go down one. You understand?"

"Quite."

"And I don't mean to go down one—there's competition now. The countess has some new protege, I'm told, the Hon. Kathleen Gervaux. Sounds pretty, doesn't it? Ever seen her?"

"No," answered Lovelace.

"Neither have I. She's a distant connection and greatly interested in the work. The countess met her only once, and was charmed. She attends this afternoon."

"Then it's very necessary you should go, sir."

"But I can't! I can't and won't!"

"I have it!" he cried suddenly. "You must go!"

"W—what?"

"You must go," repeated the marquis. "You've no objection, I suppose?"

"As representing you—no!"

"How stupid and dense you are, Lovelace! Not to represent, but impersonate!"

The secretary was aghast.

"I should never scramble through it," he answered nervously. "Besides, I don't resemble your lordship!"

"Yes, you do!" cried the marquis. "I've been observing you. You're my height and build exactly, a trifle paler perhaps, but my aunt will easily find a reason for that, bless her! Your mustache must come off, that's all, and my wardrobe's entirely at your service."

Robert Lovelace felt he must obey; it was to his interest just now to please his employer in every possible way.

"That's settled, then," said his lordship. "The countess is half blind, so she won't notice anything. As to the other members there are only three, you've seen them before, and they're too much interested in themselves to notice anybody else. You must be particularly cordial to the honorable Kathleen!"

"Certainly!"

"The countess will rejoice that we get on so delightfully together. I don't think there's anything else. Stay, your card case!"

Lovelace handed a dainty little arrangement in leather to the marquis, who, taking out the cards, substituted several of his own and gave it back.

"That will do. There's another couple of hours till the meeting, and you had better change at once. When I see your appearance I shall feel more satisfied."

Robert Lovelace left the room in no cheery frame of mind.

But when his toilet was quite complete, immaculately dressed, he rather appreciated the situation than otherwise.

"Capital!" said his lordship, when Lovelace displayed himself for inspection.

The most noble marquis left shortly after, and Lovelace procuring a hansom was soon at the countess' residence in Park lane. The countess, a somewhat ancient lady full of nervous energy, came forward.

"My dear boy," she said effusively, "I'm glad you've been able to come! We've so much business on hand this afternoon. How ill you're looking!"

"Do you think so?" answered Lovelace evasively. "The—the weather's trying."

"Yes. Really, it's time you were married. As you know, I don't approve of late marriages. I was married at 17."

"But you forget, dear countess, I've not yet met the right woman. Doubtless one of your choice—"

"Ah!" The countess turned quickly, and at that moment there was a swish of skirts and the young fellow became dimly conscious of gazing upon a vision of ethereal loveliness.

"The marquis of Shropshire, my dear." And, turning to Lovelace: "The Honorable Kathleen Gervaux."

Robert Lovelace bowed, and the countess hurried away to welcome other members of the committee.

"We're distantly connected, I think?" remarked the marquis' secretary to the girl by his side.

"Are we?" remarked the girl. "O, yes, of course; but it's very distant, isn't it? So distant it can hardly be seen."

"And so you, too, are interested in the work of the society for the amelioration of distress among the respectable poor? Rather a mouthful, isn't it?"

"Don't you think," she said demurely, "the poor are always interesting? The respectable poor especially so?"

"Why?"

"Because they keep themselves clean."

Lovelace laughed again, and then the countess sailed over toward them.

"Is the marquis amusing you?" she asked of her protege. "I think we're ready to commence."

To Lovelace the afternoon passed pleasantly enough.

To his regret his charming companion, pleading another engagement, left early, the self-styled marquis being among the last to depart.

"And your opinion of Kathleen?" asked the countess, as he took her hand in farewell. "Isn't she delightful?"

"Delightful! My dear aunt, you don't do her justice. Your words come back to me; I must really marry and settle down."

"I'm glad to hear you say so. Nothing would give me greater satisfaction than such a union. Think over it, there's a dear boy."

And she kissed him.

Robert Lovelace on his two penny 'bus homeward did think over it, calculating that with economy the much-desired consummation might take place some thousand or more years hence.

The next morning, over his solitary breakfast, he opened the Daily Inspector. A paragraph headed, "Alarming Motor Accident," caught his eye, and as he read on he held his breath.

"Yesterday afternoon a handsomely equipped motor car, driven by a gentleman accompanied by a lady, was proceeding down Merstham hill, in the direction of Brighton, when the horse of a gig immediately in front took fright. Happily the speed of the car was well within regulation limits, otherwise the result might have been more serious. The motor attempting to pass, the gig swerved, the motor being overturned and its occupants thrown into a ditch.

"Strange to say, the driver of the gig, a local farmer, was unhurt, but the others did not escape so lightly, and were conveyed with all speed to the cottage hospital. The gentleman, whose arm is broken, proves to be Mr. Robert Lovelace, secretary to the marquis of Shropshire, while the name of the lady, who, so far as can be ascertained, is suffering principally from shock, is given as Miss Sophie Delmarsh, of London."

"The marquis!" exclaimed Lovelace, jumping to his feet excitedly.

There was a knock at the door, the young fellow opened it impatiently, to confront his landlady, newspaper in hand.

"O, sir, 'ave you seen this?" she cried in a breath, a fat, grimy finger on the paragraph he had just been perusing. "It says as you were 'urt mo'ing. It ain't true, is it?"

"I think not," answered Lovelace grimly. "My arms in perfect condition. See how beautifully I can close the door."

The landlady retreated, uttering imprecations on newspapers "as lives on lies," while Lovelace reflected what was to be done. His duty, however, was clear, he must see the marquis without delay. He found a train left Charing Cross for Merstham in half an hour, and drove swiftly to the West End terminus. Arrived there, for appearance sake he took a first-class ticket.

The train was half empty, and strolling along the platform casually glancing at the carriages, to his intense astonishment he discovered, reposing in a corner of one of the first-class compartments, the Honorable Kathleen Gervaux!

Her eyes gave a look of surprise as she saw Lovelace enter.

"Good morning," he observed, raising his hat. "This is a most fortunate circumstance. We're fellow-travelers."

"Yes," she answered faintly, glancing around, as though wishing to escape.

"You're disturbed about something?" queried the man, settling down in a corner opposite her. He thought she looked a thousand times prettier than she had the afternoon before. "Can I be of assistance?"

"No—no. Yet it's true I'm greatly annoyed. It was so foolish of her!"

Lovelace nodded gravely, unaware of the identity of the foolish person. Hon. Kathleen laughed.

"Of course you don't know to whom I'm referring. But if you'll pardon me, I can guess your destination. It's awfully good of you to interest yourself in your secretary."

"Then you've heard of the accident?" he queried.

"Yes. I'm anxious to know something about Mr. Lovelace. Is he—is he a gentleman?"

"Decidedly. I'm greatly attached to him."

"Else you wouldn't take the trouble to see him, would you?"

"Precisely."

"Well, the fact is, Sophie Delmarsh is my companion."

"Your companion!"

Robert Lovelace was thunderstruck. The marquis had refrained from meeting Hon. Kathleen, in order to accompany her companion! He did not know what he had missed. The accident was deserved.

"And Sophie Delmarsh?" asked Lovelace, gravely, equally concerned for his employer. "She's everything to be desired?"

"O, yes!"

"Ah!" The secretary gave a sigh.

As they neared their destination Lovelace grew nervous. He must accompany Hon. Kathleen to the Cottage Hospital, and there explanations were inevitable. It would be such a descent from the marquis of Shropshire that already he could imagine the lips of the girl opposite him curling with scorn when she discovered the truth. He could never endure that; would it not be better to make a clean breast of it now?

"Miss Gervaux," he murmured nervously.

The Hon. Kathleen raised her eyes from the contemplation of a truly pastoral scene—a white cow grazing in a green field.

"Yes," she said.

"I've a confession to make."

"Indeed?" She looked at him amusedly.

"A confession that concerns myself," he affirmed. "I trust you'll not think less of me."

"I can't say. I sit anything very dreadful? My judgment must be reserved," she answered, her eyes smiling.

"The truth is," he blurted out, avoiding her eyes, "I'm not the marquis at all."

There was no answer, and at last he ventured to look up.

"This is a surprise to you," he said.

"Certainly," she answered slowly. "Then I suppose my companion's companion is really the marquis?"

"Precisely."

"Is he attached to her?"

"I cannot say. I've never seen or heard of her before."

Hon. Kathleen looked perplexed.

"It's a tangle," she said. "Would you be very surprised if I, too, were to make a confession?"

"N—no!" he answered eagerly, "what is it?" A ray of light seemed to dawn, it was as though after groping in the dark he were about to grasp something tangible.

"I'm Sophie Delmarsh."

Lovelace's mouth opened wide, and he looked almost alarmed.

"Naturally you're astonished," she murmured coldly.

"Yes," he answered. "Astonished. And—and delighted."

"O!"

"Yes, one is always happy when the apparently unattainable becomes attainable."

"I fail to understand your meaning. But let me explain. The Hon. Kathleen—the real one, I mean—possesses a rather boisterous disposition. She's entirely unconventional."

"Exactly like yourself."

"She chanced to meet a gentleman," ignoring the interruption, "who was unaware of her identity, and who appears to have been the marquis, though she never knew that. She had made her arrangements for yesterday, and not to disappoint the countess asked me to take her place."

"My case, exactly," said Lovelace.

"Yes. Doubtless by now they have revealed their identities."

"As we have. Miss Delmarsh"—earnestly—"there's a vacancy next month in the red tape tying department of the war office. After my sufferings on his behalf the marquis cannot refuse to secure the position for me. And then, may I—?"

He had taken her hand, and glanced at those glorious eyes which drooped just a little beneath his ardent gaze.

"O, yes," she answered softly. "I think you may."—Pearson's Weekly.

DEW DROPS

Most men are willing to admit they were not much better boys than the average.

The woman who talks the most about women's rights usually recognizes it least in other women.

A man likes to believe that women are interested in what he may say to them about himself.

Every woman imagines she has a host of good friends until she starts out to find them.

When a man is overcome by grief he makes the most sweeping charges against all creation.

Some women go around attired in a way that makes people wonder if they really are sane.

As a general thing men think all other men were more fortunate than they in the selection of a profession.

A woman would regard a wedding as devoid of sentiment if no tears were shed.

So gracefully does age sit on some men that no one can guess how old they really are.

When a woman has reached the half-century mark she feels sure she would easily pass for thirty-eight or thereabouts.

Woman Fly-Maker.

It is said that the best artificial flies that can be bought are made by a woman in Maine. Left a widow without means, she studied the ways of a fish with flies and soon became an expert in providing an imitation of what Monsieur Trout prefers on his bill of fare each week in the season.

The Virtue of Cheerfulness.

Cheerfulness is a small virtue, it is true, but it sheds such a brightness around us in this life that neither dark clouds nor rain can dispel its happy influence.

Regularity of Meals.

Regularity in the taking of wholesome meals would do much toward beautifying some persons who never have time to conduct their affairs methodically.

Treatment of the Hands.

After disagreeable tasks the hands will not suffer if thoroughly cleansed (with acids if necessary), and then treated to cold cream and soft gloves.

OLD FASHIONED NAMES.

Coming Into Favor Again After Many Years.

Old fashioned names for girls are in favor again, after these years of Gwendolen, Eloise, Marguerite, and Aillen, Katharyne and Mamie. The girl who spelled her name Carrye now signs it Caroline, and rejoices in the beautiful old-fashioned name. Sara has resumed her final h which she once dropped in disgust. Mollie, Marie and Mae are now Mary, that most beautiful of names. Lizzie would be horrified if called anything but Elizabeth and Jennie wants to be known as Jane with no mistake about it. Suzette and Susanne are glad to return to the plain, dignified old name of Susan and Nanette calls herself Nancy with more pleasure than she ever dreamed. Lou, Louie and Lulu are plain Louise and one girl who was christened for her grandmother but always called herself Annie is proud in displaying Hannah on her cards.

Sleeves That Are Becoming.

Fashions in sleeves are as varied as fashions in gowns. A badly fitting or an unsuitable sleeve would spoil an otherwise perfect costume. Few dressmakers pay sufficient attention to what is to them only a necessary detail.

More of a study should be made of the combination of styles. For instance, imagine how strange a gown of to-day's fashion would look with a sleeve that dates a few years back, and yet such errors are made.

A favorite style is the sleeve with the little circular cape, just reaching to the elbow, and the full undersleeve of some soft material, tucked, pleated or shirred, according to choice, and fitting into a tight wristband.

For muslin the three-quarter length sleeve with ruffles of lace or embroidery and caught in with a band of ribbon is very simple and pretty.

The surprising part of these fashions is that none of them are new; they have just been put away till it came their turn to be worn again. Every one will remember it was not so long ago that leg of mutton sleeves were worn, and they are here again the only variation a few little tucks at the top instead of gathers.

A style that is very useful to know about is this one, slashed up the back. It is a splendid way to remodel old sleeves. The full part may either be made of the same material or a contrasting one. The latter is better as a rule.

For people with very long or very thin arms, the next style is most becoming. It is simply shirred in graduated puffs to a tight lining.

The next sleeve is a combination of puffs and ruffles, little ruching trimming the ruffles.

The severe lines of a plain coat sleeve can be modified by a ruffle of lace at the hand. For afternoon wear it is more suitable than a very severe tailor-made.

Though no elbow-length sleeves are shown in this cut, they are still very popular, especially in Summer gowns.

Woman Office Holders.

There are already several women holding the office of city treasurer in Colorado, where women have votes. This is conclusive proof that the granting of the suffrage to women operates for the correction of the ancient injustice in the matter of payment for her services. The women officials in Colorado receive the same salaries as did their male predecessors. It has long been held that "the laborer is worthy of his hire." When shall we all agree, also, that the laborer is worthy of her hire?—Housekeeper.

Serving at Meals.

A housewife who "does her own work" has equipped herself with a big serving tray such as waiters in hotels use. When she is getting a meal ready she sets this upon the kitchen table and as fast as the dishes for the table are ready she places them upon it—bread, butter, pickles, celery, etc. Then she carries in everything at one trip, thus making "her head save her heels." When the meal is over she "carries the dead," as they call it in the restaurants, in the same way.

Spoke Too Late.

Judge George Gray, of Delaware, who is building up a unique reputation as an arbitrator of strikes, is a graduate of Princeton, a member of the class of '59.

Talking one day in Wilmington, Judge Gray said:

"There used to be a Princeton janitor named Jerome McWade, who was as witty and amusing a chap as I have ever met. Whenever you would strike McWade, he would halt you, and for three or four minutes you would have to listen to some odd yarn or other that he would relate as though it had been a personal experience.

"'I saw a funny Irishman in a tavern last night, Mr. Gray,' he said to me one morning. This Irishman sat by the fire reading a newspaper and sucking raw eggs that he took, one by one, out of a paper bag. He paid no attention to anybody. He just read and sucked as though he was alone in his room at home.

"'All of a sudden it happened that he got a very bad egg, and before he knew what he was doing, he bolted a little live chicken. The chick chirped as it went down, and the Irishman said philosophically:

"'"By the powers, my friend, ye shpoke too late."'"—Exchange.

One on the Prince.

In the event of Queen Wilhelmina leaving no direct heir, the throne of Holland would fall to the share of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar. On one occasion, when visiting a public school, he noticed two boys of striking similarity and appearance.

"Those two must be twins," the prince said to the principal, who assured him that such was the case. Then, turning to one of the lads, he said to him:

"What is your name?"

"Heinrich."

"And how old are you?"

"Six."

Then, turning to the other, he asked: "And you?"

Even the boys saw the blunder the prince had made, and grinned their appreciation of the royal "bull."—Exchange.

His Inference.

"The young women of a Connecticut town have organized a 'Tongue Guard,'" she remarked as she looked up from the paper she had been reading.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Why, every time one of them says an unkind word about any one she is fined a penny."

"Do they have clubs and sewing circles and card parties and other gossiping organizations?" he inquired.

"I suppose so. Why?"

"Because, if they do, and the fines are paid, their fathers must be millionaires."—Chicago Post.

One Kind of Judgment.

"How did he gain his success?"

"Oh, his judgment of people was good."

"Knew whom to trust, did he?"

"Well, not exactly that. He made it a point to cultivate those who seemed likely to be able to help him and to ignore those whom he might help, and he made few mistakes in selecting his friends on this basis."—Chicago Post.

History Up to Date.

The princes in the tower were trying to fathom their uncle's motive. "But why do you suppose he wants to murder us?" asked Edward.

"I don't know," returned his brother, "unless somebody has been trying to tell him some of the bright things we get off."—Harper's Bazar.

Brains for the Baby.

"Of course," said Mrs. Extragood, "you are fond of bright, precocious babies?"

"Oh, yes, certainly," replied Old Bach, "but I draw the line on the supposed smart sayings made up by the parents and loaded off on the poor infants."—Baltimore American.

Case for Wonder.

"Whenever I read of a farmer losin' a thousand dollars on a gold-brick swindle," said the Pruntytown Philosopher, in his customary grim way, "the feelin' that surges up in my bosom is a great wonder how such a contaminated fool ever managed to accumulate so much money!"—Puck.

East and West.

Mrs. Enwye—Frankly, I confess I am surprised. In New York, of course, we never allow people to be introduced to us unless we know them.

Mrs. Shok—Is that so? Why, out West here we treat people like old friends until we get to know them.—Life.

The Proper Relation.

Politics and police begin with the same letter, but that is the only proper relation between the two.—Ex-Change.

The chauffeur scorches like the deuce,
"I know my brakes," is his excuse.
But one day o'er the dash he goes,
He knows his brakes, and breaks his nose.

No work is worth doing badly, and he who puts his best into every task that comes to him will surely outstrip the man who waits for a great opportunity before he condescends to exert himself.

"What makes you think that nobleman's intentions are dishonorable?"

"Why, he wants to marry her."—Life.

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