#### WHICH ONE?

"You don't mean it."

But I do, though.' "Isn't it a rather sudden conclusion?" "On the contrary, my dear boy, I have an thinking of it for some time. Fred Bent gave a low whistle.

Well, I must say you have kept it you enjoy it?" mighty private.

The best policy. If I had told you in the first place you might have permaded me out of the notion. Now it is impossible."
"But you said you should never

"All blow, my dear fellow. When a man is young, a mere boy, he does well to rail at marriage and declare that he will never wed. When a man arrives at my years and gray hairs he will think better of it."

\*\*But Laurie, honest old fellow, were

"Me—never!" And Laurence Weston laughed scornfully at the idea as he tighted a fresh cigar.

"Then you are not going to marry for love?" inquired Bent.

"What for, then?"

"Oh, a variety of things, I suppose." "Money, for one thing, I fancy," he went on, "and then I am growing older: my chances to marry well—to my liking -will not always be as fair as they are now, and I always intended to marry

"Oh, did you?"

"Yes, though I would never own it; but I am in earnest now, and I mean to marry before this year is out.' "Have you selected the lady?"

"There are two of them. \*Oh, you are going over to the Mor-

"No, but you know a reserve force nes handy. 'If one won't'-you know the rest. Now, my dear Fred, all this ense about falling in love is boshpure humbug. I never could love one man any better than another, unless I knew her better and discovered in her nature more lovable qualities. I think it is much better to select a woman bom you think in every way likely to suit you, and then set about learning to like her. When a man is head over ears in love his judgment is warped and his eyesight proverbially poor.'

Fred Bent laughed good naturedly. 'I don't know, Laurie. I am always in love, so of course my advice is worth-

"Exactly," said his friend. "Now these two young ladies"

"Would you object to telling me their mes?" interrupted Bent. "Not in the least. They are both called

Manche. "What, the two Blanches?"

less to you.

"Yes, Miss Sturtevant and Miss Wellington-both very suitable in every way. and, as far as I know, 'heart whole and

"Well, you ought to win," said Bent. "You are good looking, and, by Jove, you have plenty of assurance. But I must be going," and he arose.

At the door he turned and called back: "Shall I see you at the Leonards' tomorrow night?

"Yes, I shall be there." The next night found him, fautlessly

attired, at Mrs. Leonard's reception.

A shimmer of peach bloom satin in the moving mass of humanity attracted him, and taking a pair of sparkling brown eyes as guiding stars he made his way to the side of Blanche Sturtevant. As she made room for him beside her she said:

"I thought you didn't like receptions." "I do not as a general thing," he replied, "but this had a peculiar attraction for me."

The meaning he threw into the glance he bestowed on her sent the delicate rose bloom to her cheeks, and she looked ten times as lovely to his fastidious eyes.

But suddenly, while he gazed at her pretty flushed face, a queer sensation seized him. He felt actually timid about asking this beautiful girl to be his wife, even though he had been for years a man of the world. Somehow he felt as though she could read his very thoughts with those bright eyes.

"Do I look very badly?" Her musical voice recalled him to his

"I beg your pardon. Was I staring at you? Your dress is beautiful-and you.' "Thank you," she said hurriedly.

"I fancied from the intentness of your ze you had not quite decided whether I would do or not." and she laughed. "I was in a brown study," he returned.

The crowd surged around them, and two or three men looked anxiously at the seat occupied by Weston.

Some music was playing in another room, and when the strain had ended he spoke again.

"Miss Sturtevant," he said, "I wanted to ask you a question tonight, but the crowd is so great that there is not much opportunity for confidential talks. If I write to you tomorrow will you favor

me with a reply?"
"Certainly!" and the brown eyes
miled sweetly, and perhaps unconsciously at him, as he rose to relinquish his seat to another admirer.

"There—that was neatly done," was his mental comment; "no fusz, no love making to undergo, nothing disagree-able, and if the fates are kind I shall have one of the finest looking and one of the richest women in C-for my wife."

He threaded his way carefully among the crowd, replying to a kindly greeting here and there, and presently found himself in the conservatory.

But it was occupied. Standing under a tall palm, a radiant vision in blue and gold, stood Blanche

His face brightened as he approached her, for anything beautiful always ap-pealed strongly to the artistic side of his sture, and what could be more beautiful than this tall, queenly woman, with a crown of golden hair and the deep blue of a violet lurking in the cool depths of her eves!

What an opportunity there was to win for his own this lovely girl!

His conversation with Miss Sturte-

vant, a few moments ago, crossed his mind, but be dismissed it with a thought.

He could easily explain to her his request. Thank heaven, he had not committed himself! Miss Wellington turned to him with a

"So you are here this evening. Do

"I have not-until now." What did it matter if that sweet speech was false, it was very neat. At any rate it brought a beautiful color to the soft cheek of the maiden before

"Is it not beautiful in here?" she said. "Yes, it is a fit setting for you."

"Now you are flattering me." "Indeed I am not; I am always truthful," and he threw a world of counterfeit tenderness into the dark eyes he turned

It was only a step from that to something more-and he took it.

Holding her soft, white hand in his, he began:

"Miss Blanche, I am growing very tired of a lonely life. I want some one to share my griefs and joys. Will you be my wife? "Really-I-hardly know," she began.

At that moment gay voices were heard coming in their direction, and she drew her hand away from his clasp. In another moment the lively party

were in sight, and he had only time to murmur, "I will write tomorrow-will

"Yes," and presently the cool, retired place was invaded by the merrymakers, and Laurence Weston beat a hasty retreat.

The next day he wrote the two letters he had promised-for he was a man of

To Miss Sturtevant he wrote this: DEAR MISS BLANCHE—I wish to apologize to you for some remarks I made to you last night, and to say that I have changed my mind concerning the matter I spoke of. It was really of no consequence, and I beg you will not give it any thought. It was only an idle question, which merely amounted to nothing. question, which merely amounted to nothing, and in fact the cause which existed for my request no longer exists. Please treat the whole affair as a joke, and oblige, Yours, L. WESTON.

On another sheet of the fine cream note paper he always used he wrote to Miss Wellington thus:

DEAR MISS BLANCHE-Had time permitted DEAR MISS BLANGHE—Had time permitted tast night I should have urged you to accept my hand and heart. But the crowd was so great and the opportunity for private conversation so limited that it was impossible. You promised to write to me—may I hope for a favorable answer? If so, please appoint a time for me to call and tell you all I would say more fully than I can commit it to paper. Yours.

L. WESTON.

"There," as he folded both letters and placed them in their envelopes, "I feel sure of her reply.'

This was in the morning, and in the evening Fred Bent dropped in, as was his custom. For a few moments the two men

moked in silence. Then there was a knock on the door. which Mr. Weston answered. When he came back into the room he

held in his hand two letters. "If you will excuse me, Fred, I will

"Oh, certainly-go ahead. From the fair charmers, I suppose,"

Laurence Weston opened the letters at

random. The first read like this:

DEAR MR. WESTON—Although your proposal was a great surprise to me, for I always thought you were not a marrying man, I can say that I am inclined to regard it—and you—favorably. If you will call tomorrow at 10 I shall be glad If you will can tours, to receive you. Yours,
BLANCHE STURTEVANT.

Blank dismay was pictured on his features as he opened the other, and read:

Mr. Weston DEAR SIR-It is entirely immaterial to me whether your language of last night was a joke or not, and no apologies are necessary. Allow me to advise you, though, that in well regulated society such jokes are considered insults to a woman. Yours,

BLANCHE WELLINGTON. "What's the matter, Laurie? You look as though you had had a shock." said Bent.

"So I have. Here, read these," and he pushed the letters toward his friend. Bent read them. Then he burst into hearty laughter.

What are you laughing at?" asked Weston. "Ha, ha! Because really, old fellow, I can't help it. It's too good—well, if it

isn't rich. Did you mean to do it?" "Mean to do what?" "Can you ask me?" said Bert, tragic-

ally, waving the two sheets of scented note paper in the air. "What have I done? For heaven's sake tell me if you can, Fred.'

"Is it possible that you don't know? You are not very shrewd, Laurie, or else

A sudden ray of intelligence darted over Weston's face.
"I believe I did," he said ruefully, "and see what a scrape I have drawn my devoted head into."

"Could you make it up with Miss Wellington?" "I feel sure I could. But Miss Sturte-

your assurance and sound common sense have brought you to. For my part, I prefer romance. Goodby, old fellow."

"Goodby," came mournfully from the depths of the easy chair.

At the door Bent halted.

"I say, Laurie, I might help you out I might marry one of them."

"If you only would; but which one?"

"Aye, that's it," echoed Bent, as he closed the door and went down the hall; and the evening breezes wafted his words back, "That's the rub—which one?"—Agnes L. Pratt in Boston Globe.

d a datated field; the skies were fair;

The meadow lark flung out such liquid notes, My happy soul stood still and leaned to hear: The wild canaries fluffed their yellow coats, And turned their restless heads in jealous

And, oh, my beart was glad, for it was spring; Blue, blue the dappled skies that awung above! But still more glad my soul, remembering The world was sweet to me because of love.

I crossed a lonely field; the skies were gray; The winds crapt in from sea with sullen moans; lee locked, ice bound, the brook grieves night

Above the hollow sound of falling cones With drumming wings the mottled pheas

flew:
The ghostly trees reached barren arms across
And, oh, my heart was sad—so well I knew
The winter world was dull because of loss.
—Ella Higginson in West Shore.

An Amusing Scene in Court. One of the most amusing yet unexpected sensation scenes ever witnessed in a theatre occurred at the Theatre Royal, Manchester. The curtain drew up for Mr. Toole to address the court in re Bardell vs. Pickwick, when the whole of the jury mysteriously disappeared, their "box" suddenly giving way and ingulfing the "good men and true."

At first the vast audience who crowded every part of the theatre were silent, some dreadful accident had occurred, but as the unlucky jurymen rapidly reappeared, unhurt, though looking very foolish, they broke out into a perfect hurricane af laughter, which lasted several minutes

The curtain had to be dropped to allow the jury to be "boxed" again, and when Mr. Toole began his address he provoked another burst of risibility by alluding to the jury as "that worthy body of steadfast and immovable men.

A peculiarly amusing feature of this novel scene was the fact that the majority of the "jury" were stage carpenters, whose duty it was to erect the "court." and they suffered in this case for their own carelessness.—London Tit-Bits.

with felton, the assassin of Buckingham, but torture on a small scale continued to be practiced on military offenders down to the Eighteenth century. The form most frequently resorted to was that known as the wooden horse, to ride which was the punishment accorded for petty thefts, insubordination, and so on. The wooden horse was made of

planks nailed together so as to form a sharp ridge or angle about eight or nine feet long. This ridge represented the back of the horse, and was supported by four posts or legs about five feet high, placed on a stand made movable by truckles. To complete the resemblance with the noblest animal in creation a head and tail were added.

When a soldier was sentenced, either by court martial or by his commanding officer, to ride the horse, he was placed on the brute's back, with his hands tied behind him, and frequently enough, in order to increase the pain, muskets were fastened to his legs to weigh them down or, as was jocularly said, to prevent the fiery, untamed, barebacked steed from kicking him off.-London Graphic.

A New Glove Mender. It is quite a difficult matter to repair one's gloves so neatly and perfectly that it cannot be detected as an nonprofessional's work, but there is a little invention which facilitates this work to such a degree that even untrained hands can do it with neatness and dispatch. The apparatus is made of nickel, and consists of two parts, which press against each other by means of a spring. Part of the top edge is provided with small teeth in close range to each other. The seam of the glove to be mended is carefully pressed between these teeth, and the needle passed in and out at every opening. Repairing done in this manner is so perfect that it cannot be noticed.-New York Journal.

As the fly glides rapidly over a smooth surface every step presses out a supply of gum strong enough to give him a sure footing and to sustain him in safety if he halts. So strong is the cement that that upon one of his six feet is quite sufficient to sustain the weight of his whole body. But if he stands still the gum may dry up and harden quickly, and so securely fasten the traveler's foot as to make a sudden step snap the leg itself.

The sponge reproduces its kind mainly by eggs. In each animal are contained you are in love, and love, you know. is 'proverbially blind.'"

"Go on," said Laurence impatiently.

"Why. man alive, you put your letters in the wrong envelopes, as near as I can the water. At first the young are free swimming, and afterward they attach the male and the formula are contained both the male and the female elements, and it throws out the young are free swimming, and afterward they attach the male and the female elements, and it throws out the young are free swimming, and afterward they attach themselves to convenient spots and grow.

Primarily, sagacious dogs seemed to have had their origin in southern Europe, the fighting dogs in Asia and the swift running dogs, like the greyhound, among the Celtic nations. Nevertheless, there is no doubt that the mastiff, which is a

"I feel sure I could. But Miss Sturtevant has practically accepted me, and see how I must insult her."

"And yet," mused Fred, "you ought to explain to Miss Wellington."

"I know it," distractedly, "out if I do I must also explain to Miss Sturtevant."

"Now, honestly, Laurie, do you care anything for either one?"

"No, honestly, Fred, I like and admire one as much as the other."

"Why not give them both up?"

"And get into the mire deeper than I am? Besides, I am determined to marry one of them."

"Well," said Bent, rising to go, "I am sorry for you, Laurie. This is what your assurance and sound common sense years brought you to. For my part, I presented and sound common sense favorite breakfast was "a pie of goose."

favorite breakfast was "a pie of goose."

"If a man pulls up a mandrake," says an old time writer, "he will surely die soon thereafter. In common prudence it is best to tie a dog to the plant, and thus escape the evil thyself."

Kossuth usually finishes the day with a game of billiards, and, though he is 89 years old, he plays with a steady hand and usually wins

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