## The Man She Would Marry.

writer man gone ?'

'He hasn't gone,' yawned Molly, because he doesn't come.'

'Already ? What a case of rapid transit It's only a month since he began coming. Why this unseemly haste in checking him off ?

'It was his own fault,' in an injured 'He would ask me.'

'I see. You tried to keep him outside the skirmish line, but he insisted on advancing to the charge and was repulsed with heavy losses.'

'Not be !' exclaimed Molly, with resentment. 'He retired in good order and, it there were any casualities, he concealed the fact.'

'Humph !'

Dolly mused over a most interesting palm leaf ian for a few moments, then-'Not to be personal, Molly,' she said, 'don't you intend ever to get married?

'Perhaps if I find the kind of a man I

like. Oh! Well, I think you must have refused about sixteen kinds of men. Do you happen to know what kind you wouldn't

'I have my own ideas on the subject.' 'That's lucky. Other people's ideas are so apt to be misfits in such cases. Tell me what sort of man you have in mind when

you think of marrying ?' 'I don't think of it.'

Of course not. No girl ever does. How thoughtless of me. But tell me the sort of men you would like. Or perhaps you wouldn't permit yourself even to think of liking a man.'

Molly maintained a lofty silence.

'Well' said Dolly cheerfully, 'this is what it is to be accommodating. If you wont tell me, I'll bave to tell you what kind of man you think you would like. I am sorry to make so trite a beginning, but that is the penalty of being truthful. You want him to be tall and straight and strong That always goes without saying. So do the next lew items. He must be careful about his dress but with the carefulness of unconscious habit, not that of personal

His neckties? Yes, neckties are a Waterloo for a good many men who are Napoleonic conquerors on other sartorial fields. But you know you could give him his neckties for birthday and Christmas presents it you married him. I wouldn't balk at neckties if I were you.'

Molly made an impatient movement.

'I'm coming to the essentials,' said Dolly calmly. 'Don't hurry me. This mind reading business is hard work. I make out however, that the man you would approve would be like this: In a crowd he would somebow keep you from being jostled, would find quiet corners for you, would always manage to be a feud between you and the world. It you where to get on an open street car he wouldn't put you in where there were already five on a seat and you would have to stand and look a the two persons spreading themselves all over the second seat in front of you.

If you were in a crowd waiting for a closed car you would find somehow it stopped with the step right at your feet and you, first on, would have the only vacant seat. If you took a train you would never be on the sunny side. If you travelled by boat you would always be in a bow stateroom-if you wanted to be there. At the theatre your seat would never be behind a post. In the resturant your table would never be the neglected one.

think that all these little things are simply luck. They never size up a car and pick out a spot to attack. The trouble with them seems to be that they den't think. While they are reading a paper, or talking or watching a crowd, the train, or car, or boat, or whatever it is, is taken by storm and those slow witted men and their wives have to put up with the perches they are left. Am I right so far ?

Ye-es. 'Your man will have a healthy sense of humor but not an abnormal one. He wont make it his chief business in life to keep you laughing. He wont be a professionally

'All alone?' said Dolly. 'Has that | funny man who loses his first wit and recovers only his second wind. A steady course of a man like that would be something like sessickness. At first you would die laughing and afterward you would wish you had.

> But he wont be prosy either. He wont occupy forty minutes telling you that be lost 40 cents. He will be original but not eccentric. Originality is the spice of life, but eccentricity is the tobacco sauce. A little of it goes a long way. It would be all right for a man to have the courage of his convictions if there could only be some way of regulating the convictions. There are men, for instance, who are convinced that politeness is an infirmlty pecular to women and effeminate men. They take a real delight in keeping their bats on when courtesy would recommend uncovering. A hat on the head is next thing to a ship on the shoulder with these men.

> 'I'm not sure that you want your man to have the coursge of all his convictions, even when you approve of the convictions. There is tipping the waiter, for example. You may both think that it is a nuisance and very ofter, a robbery. But you wouldn't want your man to be one of those models of iron-clad consistency who would expose you to the withering treatment always given by untipped waiters.

> 'I see that your mind is being led by these semi financial considerations to the question whether or not your man will be rich. It you ever did consent to think of marrying you would find yourself halting between two opinions. You would want the man to be rich. That would be your first thought, but it would be elbowed out of your mind by a great reluctance.

You would find yourself thinking wistfully of the price you would have to pay for a rich husband. None of the fun of economizing together! 'None of the delight of accumulating your lares and penates little by little! None of the housekeeping where a bottle of wine is a celebration and the purchase of a new chair marks an epoch! None of the exhilaration of saving up for a gigantic spree the same to consist of going to the theatre and having boiled oysters thereafter! There's fun in that sort of life. You're getting somewhere.

'It might be only a treadmill,' suggested Molly, 'where you went through all the motions but never got anywhere.

'Possibly,' retorted Dolly; 'but I'd rather do treadmill stunts that have to sit in an invalid's chair and eat sweetmeats all the time.

'Is that your idea of what it would be to marry a rich man ?'

Not exactly, but it bas a family resemblance to my idea. I suppose you and most women-including myself would prefer that the man we married should be rich at the beginning of our matrimonial career rather than have him always poor. But on the whole, the ideal state would be to have him just beginning to win success and have the winning go right straight on.'

Molly nodded thoughtfully.

'Is that all ?' she asked. 'Ail? My dear, your mind is an open book to me, You don't think I read more in it than I have told you.'

'I fancy it is a good deal of a primmer on the sut ject,' with an assumption of in

'Even so. Give a pencil and allow me to retire to the open room for five minutes and I will out bishop Bishop in my mind;

In little more than the time demanded, Dolly returned and handed over the follow-

THIS IS THE MAN THAT MOLLY LIKES. A is for Ardent in telling his love;

D tor Devoted, but never a slave,

B is for Brave all others above; C is for Chivalrous, a good deal like

E Enterprising, success he is after; F is for Fun a flavor of laughter; G is for Generous in money and mind; H is for Honest, the only safe kind; I Independent, takes no ones behest; J is for Jealous, enough to add zest; K is for Kindly to every creature;

L is for Lovable, the very best feature; M is for Manly, without that, just fancy; N is for Neat, but not for Miss Nancy;

O for Original, of which we have spoken. P for Persistent, his will can't be broken;

Q is Quick witted where'er he goes; R for Reserved, wont tell all he knows

S for Sincere, no posing or prating: T is for Tender; A No. rating;

U for Unselfish-make this an equation. V is for Vehement when there's occe-

W for Well Bred, no dandified graces; And X all the good traits omitted em-

braces; Z is for Z alous in loving as few are; &c., in order to make up good measure,

I'll allow you to fill out to suit your own 'There, Molly, that's what you call a

tour de force.' 'Yes, it sounds like it; anybody would say it had been written by main force. It's

what might be called muscular poetry. Isn't it ?' 'Ungrateful creature! I toil like a slave to extract a few scattered ideas from the lonesome corners of your brain and this is

the reward I get.' ·You never found all those notions in my brain!' objected Molly.

'You're right for once. I found them in the dictionary-not to speak of a better mind-I could write better poetry. But tell me, couldn't you love a man like that? pointing to the primer poem.

'Yes,' said Molly. 'I could love himor hate him. It he had the right pinch of all those things he would be adorable. It he got his proportions mixed he would be an insuperable prig.'

'Quite so! sighed Dolly. And so few men have a sense of proportion.'

Good Bot Weather Reading.

Read this, then put away your palm leaf fan, take a hot drink and cover yourself up well with blankets!

'Once upon a time' there lived a man who always kicked when it was hot. He was using one day words that would have risen a thunder shower at the North Pole, when an old sea captain overheard him.

'What would you give," said the old sea captain, 'to be cool again?'

'Ten thousand dollars!' said the man on the spur of the moment.

'Done!' said the old sea captain. 'Go into the city and order a fur overcoat.' The man laughed. But the sea captain said not a word. but fitted up his boat

with hardtack and plenty of sal pork. He also had a keg of hot stuff. Shiver my timbers, said he, 'it I haven't

torgotten the way, I will take him where he will long for the bad place,' Only he didn't say 'bad place;' sea captains seldom They sailed for a month. It grew cooler

every day. By the beginning of the second month it was very cool indeed. It was 40 degrees below zero. It might have been more, but no one could tell because this was as far as the thermometer was built to

'Let us go home,' said the man.

'Aye, sye, my hearty,' said the sea cap-

But when they tried to go they discover ed that they were frozen in.

As far as they could see there were only large chunk of ice. The man shivered. His teeth chattered.

His knees knocked together and his nose was very blue. Whenever he took a ong breath, it felt

as though someone had rammed an icicle down his throat. ·Give me some of the hot stuff,' he said.

But he had to eat it in junks and it only made him colder. It grew so cold that they had to wrap the candle flame in blankets to keep it

Then the wind blew. It was full of little pieces of ice that felt like mosquito

bites when they struck. 'Odds bobs,' said the captain, 'I did not forget.'

The man shivered for two months and then he got so cold he couldn't shiver. All be could do was to lie on his back on duty. the ice and look up at the icy roof, and try not to breathe.

A rescue party found the man and the captain and brought them home. But the man has not thawed out yet, and the sea captain has so much money that he keeps disgracefully full of, "hot stuff" all the New Faces At Windsor.

Visitors at Windsor these days hear a good deal about the changes that are taking place in that venerable castle with the accession of its new occupants. Queen Victoria had a practice of retaining her at tendants as long as they were useful, and as a natural consequence, being a very old woman, most of the peopls around her were of a similar age.

The new king is sending them all off with comfortable pensions and replacing hem with younger, active and up to-date men and women. Of course the old ones who have to go imagine that the kingdom is going to the bowwows, and that the changes will be the ruin of the royal establishment, and the new brooms, according to the proverb, are sweeping clean.

Capt. Fraser, who was a sort os general superintendent of Windsor, and was almost as much venerated as the queen herself, has been retired and a young military officer tanes hisplace.

The gardeners, the ushers, aud the an cient clerks who have been in the office of the household from a third to half a cen tury have all disappeared and smart look. ing young men are filling their places.

Even greater changes are taking place in tha material affairs of the castle. The furniture and decorations are being thoroughly overhauled and brought up to date. Queen Victoria had a passion for closing up the rooms of her relatives and attendants when they died, and as a consequence considerable portions of Windsor Castle and other palaces were left unused, including some of the best apartments' much to the inconvenience and diacomfort of those who lived there.

The apartments of Prince Aldert, the royal consort, at Windsor, have remained untouched since his death. No one but the queen and a few of the servants were allowed to enter them. The rooms once ccupied by John Brown, her famous Schtch gillie, have been locked up in a similar manner for eighteen years and a brass plate recording the date of his death amerting his loss and commending his virtues, was screwed upon the door.

King Edward has caused his father's days. rooms to be opened. The entire furnishings have been removed and new ones substituted. He will use them for his own study and private purposes.

John Brown's room has been cleared out, redecorated and converted into a billiard-room.

Bill Nye Scored,

A good story is told about a Maine newspaper man, now working in New York journalism. It was when he first begun his newspaper career in a Maine city that he was sent by his city editor to interview Bill Nye, who was lecturing in Maine. It was the first time that J. Otis Swift had interviewed a great light, and he was at a loss how to begin. He was ushered into the room of the funny man and received with a good deal of annoyance by Nye. The writer of personal funny incidents had not got up right that morning. His coffee and rells had not agreed with him. He was annoyed by the noise of the falls in the river a little distance away, and rang for the proprietor to have it stopped. Then turning to Swift he said: 'Ask your questions, quick, young feller, or I have got to go to a dentist soon's you are through'. After a few details about when he arrived, etc; a brilliant idea struck the reporter. Bill Nye in his funny articles was always writing about his bald head. The reporter thought it would en courage the great artist to be lunny if he spoke of it. 'How did you lose your hair?' asked Switt. There was a momentary pause during which Nye observed Swift severly through his glasses and then jumped up excitedly and threw open the door. 'I didn't come down here to be made fun of you, sir!' he exclaimed. 'Get out of here, sir-ec! 1'll have you thrown out by the hotel detective!' Swift tried to apologize but found himself outside the door. In this iucident he learned that professional tunny men do not relish funninessat their own expense when off

Two Pasengers Dislikes.

A lady of a truly masculine spirit, accompanied by a small poodle, is said to have tailed sadly the other day in an attempted reformatory movement. She entered the smoking car of a suburban train and sternly refused when approached by a conductor

to go into another car, observing that her presence would keep the other occupants from smoking.

One thick-skinned wretch, however, insensible to the claims of refinement and reform, began to erjoy his accustomed igar, which was suddenly snatched from!" his lips with the remark in a high treble:

'If there is anything I do hate it is tobacco smoking!'

For a time the offender was motionless, then, gravely rising, amid the curiosity of the assembled smokers he took that little poodle out of the lady's lap and gently threw him through the window sighing: 'If there is anything I do hate it is a poodle.

Three Londons.

He who has trodden surface London, and seen the modern city, has yet not known all there is, or was of London. It has been fairly well proved that Roman London lies buried about eighteen feet below the level of Cheapside. Therefore he who would see what I ondon was must dig. In nearly all parts of the city there have been discovered tessellated pavements Roman tombs, lamps, vases, sandals, keys, ornaments, weapons, coins and statues of the Roman gods.

Popular Science News recalls that when a little over a century ago, deep sections were made for the sewers in Lombard street, the lowest stratum was found to consist of tessellated pavements. Many colored dice were lying scattered about. and above this stratum was a thick layer of wood ashes, suggesting the debris of charred wooden buildings.

While building the Exchange the workmen came upon a gravel pit tull of oyster shells, bones of cattle, old sandals and shattered pottery. Two pavements were dug up under the French church in Thread needle street, and other pavements have been cut through in several parts of the city. Authorities on the subject say that the soil seems to have risen over Roman London at the rate of nearly a foot in the century. Still further must the searcher dig to find the third London, the earlier London of the Britons. It is supposed to be buried under the London of Roman

To Save Them.

The Chicago News prints it, but his is the Hon Joseph H. Choate's story of the readiness of the late Wm. M Evarts in replying to an impossible toast.

At the Harvard dinner over which Mr. Choate presided, instead of asking the men who were down for speeches to respond to the regulation toasts, he read off to each a question from one of the college examination papers.

. Why is it that the stomach which con tinually digests foods, is never itself di gested ?'

Mr. Evarts in response said: 'I have attended a good many Harvard dinners before this, and long ago as a result of my experience with them, before setting out from New York to attend one of these teasts I always divest myself of the coats of my stomach and hang them up in my wardrobe.'

'I understand that trading is rather quiet at present.'

'Yes,' answered the stock operator. There's no use of a man's trying to watch the figures in the market quotations and on the thermometer at once.'-Washington

Mrs. DeVorse-I don't like people to call me a grass widow.

Mrs. Chumm-No, because of course. you're not really a widow.

Mrs DeVorse-O! I don't mind the widow,' if they'd only 'keep off the grass. -Philadelphia Press.

'Wait a minute,' she said to the young

Now the young man being a wise party, immediately went to the telephone and told his freinds he would possibly be with them Elephant-What an elegant throat you

have for a cool drink! Giraffe-Yes, it is grand; but say I wish had a skin with a nice, breezy fit like

Premeditated Disability .- 'I'm straid

of this half-ripe watermelon.' We've all eaten some of it.' 'Well, I'll eat some too; I don't propose

to be left in a condition to nurse the rest 'Papa,' asked Dickey Tredway, 'what is

a non-suit? 'I think,' replied Mr. Tredway, 'it was the kind that Adam and Eve wore the summer before the fall.,