FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

ROBE DE DINER.

Of vieux bleu foulard mousseline, with white embroidered spots; entredeux of Point de Venise forming tablier; collar of the same lace; knots of velvet, with small buckles.

FLAG OF TRUCE.

Jumel Hearing Postponed Till Fall —Daughters and Dames Agree.

Until the numerous Daughters and Dames who have been fighting all winter for the possession of the Jumel Mansion return from their summer outings, a flag of truce will float over that historic building. Both Dames and Daughters want to spend their vacations in peace. There has been no cooling, of course, in the patriotic ardor they have hitherto manifested, but the prospect of having to leave the cool breezes of mountains or seashore and come into New-York on some broiling *hot day in July or* August to attend a hearing at the Park Department does not please them, and they propose to let things remain in statu quo until fall.

The idea emanated from the Colonial Dames of America, was acquiesced in with great willingness by the Daughters of the American Revolution, and hailed with joy by the long suffering and much perplexed Mr. Pallas, Commissioner of Parks.

"Why, yes," he said to Mrs. James Gerard, president of the Colonial Dames, when she made the suggestion a few days ago. "I'm perfectly willing to postpone the matter. I'll postpone it for two years, if you like, and guarantee to take good care of the house in the mean time."

So it was arranged that no public hearing should be called until all the Daughters and Dames had returned to the city.

"And you may be sure I won't call any till they do return," said the relieved Commissioner to a Tribune reporter yesterday. "I think that flag of truce is a splendid idea."

HOLLANDER'S REMOVAL SALE.

Reduction in French and Domestic Gowns and Millinery.

The woman who is debating the purchase of a suit, coat, gown or hat would do well to stop at the store of L. P. Hollander & Co., No. 290 Fifth-ave., between Thirtieth and Thirty-first sts. To-day begins their great removal sale, previous to occupying their new quarters at Nos. 229 and 222 Fifth-ave. They wish to sell every article in their establishment at this sale, and claim to have placed prices extremely low. For instance, they are advertising to sell street suits of serge and novelty cloths that are worth from $50 to $85 for from $25 to $35. They are also showing about a hundred French models and two hundred beautiful gowns, made in their own workrooms, at prices ranging from $65 to $125. These gowns formerly sold, it is alleged, for from $150 to $300. Silk and cotton waists, French hand embroidered collar and cuff sets and chiffon boas are also included in this sale.

A "RAINY DAY" PICNIC.

The Rainy Day Club will have an all day picnic on Friday, June 3, at Fort Washington Park, One-hundred-and-seventy-sixth-st. and the Hudson River. Members are asked to bring their own luncheon and meet the committee at the train leaving the foot of One-hundred-and-thirtieth-st., at 9:39 a. m. In the event of rain the picnic will be held on the following Monday.

DORFLINGER'S TRADE MARK

Established 1852.

ALL JUNE WEDDINGS will have this in common—

Dorflinger Glassware

Either pieces or sets for presentation.

C. Dorflinger & Sons
3 & 5 West 19th St.

Glassware

CARPET CLEANSING

FOR 41 YEARS. ESTABLISHED 1863
Methods up-to-date. Compressed Air Used.
Work done promptly and when promised.
Refitting, Sewing & Relaying.
Telephones 633 & 634 CHELSEA.
326 7TH AV. NEAR 28th ST.
T. M. STEWART.

"AMERICANIZING" NEWCOMERS.

Memorial Day Exercises for Small Strangers on These Shores.

"We welcome you to-day. A few months ago you did the same for us, and we return the compliment. We want to be good Americans. We haven't known freedom long. We are bound to make blunders, and we ask your help to do what is right."

This was the address of welcome yesterday morning to the visitors at the Memorial Day commemoration exercises of the Baron de Hirsch English classes for immigrant children, held at the Educational Alliance, in East Broadway. The welcoming speech was given by Abraham Pisnitz, who little more than three months ago was living in Russia, with no knowledge of the English language. As soon as his family got settled here he was enrolled in one of the classes for immigrant children, and now, with four hundred other boys and girls—Russians, Rumanians and Galicians—he is ready to enter the public schools of New-York City, with a knowledge of English, and with the impulse for making a good American citizen implanted in his heart.

The Memorial Day exercises were scheduled to be held last Friday, but were postponed on account of the death of Judge Myer S. Isaacs, who was president of the Baron de Hirsch Fund. Yesterday's gathering was presided over by A. S. Solomons, of Washington, honorary agent of the Baron de Hirsch Fund.

"These children are elated beyond measure at the flag," said Mr. Solomons in a few remarks to the visitors. "The point we endeavor to reach is to make good American citizens of them, and I hope that when they are needed they will be at the service of their country."

The children sang half a dozen songs, ranging from "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," to the lullaby, "Sweet and Low." All the words could be easily understood, although they were accompanied by a hissing sound as the boys and girls twisted their tongues to this strange new language.

David Blaustein, superintendent of the Educational Alliance, said that "in their native country these children had no music, and 90 per cent of them had never heard a musical instrument" before they came to America, yet they sang with a fine sense of time and tune.

Neither did they know anything of physical culture in their old homes, but they went through with a long set of calisthenics, and at one stage of the drill each one of the four hundred drew out two tiny American flags, which they waved with enthusiasm.

Charles Brown, who had such an unpronounceable name that it had to be changed upon his arrival in this country, gave a lengthy patriotic recitation with little haste and much inflection. Charles is only twelve years old, but he is said to have studied the original text of the Jewish Bible and commentaries in Hebrew, and to have also been a student of the Talmud when in his home at Minsk, Russia. Superintendent Blaustein remarked that the latter amounted to about the same as a law course.

A little girl read a poem in memory of Judge Isaacs, written by one of the teachers at the Alliance.

N. Taylor Phillips spoke briefly on the value of education, and Adolph Lewisohn said a word of greeting.

So far all the exercises had been in English, but Mr. Blaustein brought light and interest into the faces of the children by a talk in Yiddish—an explanation of the meaning of Memorial Day.

"America" was sung, and the exercises closed with an oath of allegiance to the flag, written especially for the class for immigrant children:

Flag of our great Republic, inspirer in battle, guardian of our homes, whose stars and stripes stands for bravery, purity, truth and union, we salute thee! We, the natives of distant lands, who find rest under thy folds, do pledge our hearts, our lives and our sacred honor to love and protect thee, our country, and the liberty of the American people forever.

If properly treated, stale bread may be kept for years, always ready for instant use, says a writer in "What to Eat." As the scraps of bread, biscuit, cake and crackers accumulate save them in a dust-proof bag or any other receptacle that will keep them without attracting mould. When enough is collected to fill a baking pan of large size put them in it, set in the oven, and allow them to stay there till toasted crisp. While yet warm put them in a cloth bag or on the moulding board and beat or roll until reduced to wheat grain size.

Put through the flour sieve, and keep the meal in one tin, or in whatever one uses for holding "bread timbers," and the grains in another. The success of the process depends upon toasting the scraps sufficiently without burning.

The limit of bad taste was probably attained by the spring bride who decorated her wedding breakfast table with a miniature altar built of ferns and ornamented with diminutive white candles. From this curious centrepiece radiated four aisles of smilax ropes ending in white candles in crystal candlesticks.

White cheesecloth and seersucker are recommended for kitchen aprons, as these materials are easily washed and require no ironing.

Apples have long been extolled as a cure for physical ills, but it has remained for Professor John T. Stinson, director of pomology at the St. Louis Exposition, to discover their usefulness as a remedy for moral aberrations. As a cure for a disagreeable disposition, for the drink and tobacco habits and for the low morals that lead to crime he recommends apples, and in order to demonstrate the truthfulness of his theory he proposes to distribute, on September 27, a million apples. This will be called Apple Day, and thereafter when people notice a miraculous smoothness of disposition in their friends, they will doubtless take it for granted that they were in St. Louis on Apple Day.

The best hardwook floors for every day usage are those which are either waxed or oiled. A floor that is shellacked, as a great many hardwood floors are, does not wear well. It shows the marks of boot nails and is easily scratched. Unless it is carefully covered with rugs it is as much of a nuisance as carpeting. The waxed floor is really the ideal floor for all rooms, except the kitchen. The ordinary oiled floor is the best for the kitchen, where there is so much hard usage. It does not show boot marks, and can be easily washed. It will often remain, under ordinary conditions, very clean and neat looking for half a year or more, without renewing the oil. The proper oil to use is boiled oil, and it should be rubbed into the floor until the pores are filled with it. In time it becomes oxidized, so that a permanently glossy surface is produced.

TO BE A BRIDE AT EIGHTY.

Miss Fowler, of Dress Reform Fame, to Marry Man of Forty-six.

Vineland, N. J., May 31.—All the sensations Vineland ever had sink into insignificance compared with the surprise occasioned among the people over the wedding announcement of Miss Susan P. Fowler, who is one of the original dress reformers and who has been photographed as a lecturer and farmer in the newspapers for years. Miss Fowler has conducted a farm here for forty years, and in all that time would never have a man about the place. Last fall, however, at the age of eighty years, she concluded that her farming days were over and advertised for a man to do the work. George Edward Fowler, forty-six years old, of La Moiles, Minn., saw the advertisement and applied for the place. The answering letter pleased him so much that in his reply he intimated that his real object was to seek a wife. Miss Fowler was at first astounded at his audacity, and wrote that she was thinking more of adopting a helper than of marrying. As is the case with lovers, the Minnesotan refused to take no for an answer. More correspondence followed, and finally Miss Fowler says the psychic forces, or that higher power in which she has always believed, drew her with irresistible force toward the man of all men in the universe created for her. As time went on the lover pressed his suit, and finally wrote that "if

MISS FOWLER OF TO-DAY, TO BE A BRIDE AT EIGHTY.

you deny me the right to claim you as my bride it will be withholding the crowning blessing of my life." In answer Miss Fowler penned these words: "I am not and never was a marrying woman because the prevailing thought regarding marriage is unworthy of thinking people." Then came a more pressing proposal than ever from the West, with the statement that "I am looking and always have been for a pure woman, and you must be my bride." The psychic forces, Miss Fowler says, refused to cease their exertions, and the result was that the ardent lover came to Vineland last week to make arrangements for the wedding. Receiving a cable dispatch announcing his father's death in England, he was hastily called away, and sailed on Thursday. His intention is to hurry back and claim his Vineland bride the last of June.

Miss Fowler is said to be highly educated, and taught school in her native town, Amesbury, Mass., until she was twenty-eight years old. She espoused the cause of dress reform when it originated in the Oneida Community, New-York, and when it was advocated by such women as Susan B. Anthony, Lucy Stone and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who, however, gave up the bloomer suit. Miss Fowler has worn the garb for over half a century and says she will never discard it. During the courtship by letter she told her lover that perhaps he had formed a mental picture of her and had fallen in love with it. To test his sincerity she sent him a picture showing herself at work in the suit. Dress made no difference in his affection. Miss Fowler is respected in Vineland for her honesty of purpose, and the people are preparing en masse to give her the largest wedding serenade possible.

COUNT CAGIATI AT WOMAN'S COLLEGE.

Count Francesco Cagiati, the special representative of the Vatican to the St. Louis Exposition, who is the guest of Archbishop Farley, has just visited St. Elizabeth's College, at Convent Station, N. J. As he was shown through Xavier Hall, the college proper, with its library of 15,000 volumes, its chemical laboratories and complete, up-to-date equipment, he expressed his astonishment at the progress made toward the higher education of women in the United States.

HER IDEA OF IT.

Mrs. Noorich—The picture's one of the old masters.

Norah (the new maid)—Well, it can't be of any value, ma'am, or sure, he'd 'av' taken it wid him whin he moved.—(Home Note.

TRIBUNE SUNSHINE SOCIETY

GOOD CHEER.

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
'Twas not given for you alone—
Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears—
Pass it on.

THE GUARDSMAN.

A knock at the door of my heart to-night.
I have heard that knock before.
It is Doubt, come back from the Long Ago,
To enter my heart once more.
But Time has emboldened the guards of Self,
And stronger are they than of yore;
I summon the watchman whose name is Faith,
And bid him unbar the door.
With resolute courage he girds himself,
And, clad in his armor strong,
He hastens to challenge the foe without,
But lo, Doubt has vanished—gone.
—(Esther Hooker Trowbridge.

NOTICE.

Letters are received occasionally from admirers of the Tribune Sunshine Society showing that they have confused it with organizations of nearly similar name subsequently started by persons whom they mistakenly believed to be still in the service of The Tribune. To avoid error all communications, packages, etc., should be addressed "The Tribune Sunshine Society, Tribune Building, New-York."

FOR CONVALESCENT HOME.

The Allendale, N. J., branch, Mrs. Frank Drummond, president, has made the first contribution, $10, toward the fund for a Sunshine convalescent home, a good cheer work which was suggested at the semi-annual meeting on May 12. With the money came the following letter from Mrs. Drummond:

An idea came to a few of our younger girls—Dorothy Carver, Mary Hubbard, Mabel Quackenbush, Matilda and Anita Van Houten—that they would like to do something to raise money for the T. S. S. They held a fair at Mrs. Van Houten's last Saturday, and had a very enjoyable time themselves, besides contributing pleasure to many others in town. They made $52. After paying small expenses and giving $5 to our branch fund for expressage, they thought they would like to send the remaining $40 to the fund for the convalescent home. We feel quite proud of the girls' work, as they planned it themselves and asked the little ones to help them. The eldest were thirteen years old.

During the month clothing has been distributed by the following members: Mabel Quackenbush, Matilda Van Houten, Vivian Dewsnap, Frank Drummond, Gertie Borger and Alice Barrett.

DUES.

Miss Stella Jordan, treasurer of the "Inasmuch" branch at Williamstown, N. J., has sent $1 as branch dues to the T. S. S.

NEW BRANCH.

Mrs. J. R. Adams has organized her T. S. S. branch at Tola, Va., of which she will serve as president, assisted by the following officers: Mrs. Tucket, vice-president; Miss Barnes, treasurer, and Mr. Alams, secretary. There will be an executive committee of five.

These new members have a correct idea of what sunshine means, and have entered upon their good cheer work with zeal and enthusiasm. A poor sick old man, a crippled boy and an aged woman dying with consumption have been placed on the list for special care by these Sunshiners. They will be visited regularly, and such things taken to them as will be most beneficial and comforting.

REPORT FROM FLORIDA.

President of the T. S. S.: The nice package of wools from the office has reached me, and I thank you for the same. I shall begin knitting at once, and the work will mean many pleasant hours for me this summer. As the articles are finished, I will send them to the office for future distribution. If you could send me a few pieces of lace to trim the neck and sleeves of a shirtwaist and wrapper I should be grateful, for, even if I do live in the woods, I like pretty things. My crippled husband enjoys reading historical novels, and if any of the kind members have any of Louisa Muhlbach's works he would be glad to have them.

I continue sending out reading to the lighthouse and to the fishing and logging camps, and all are very glad to have the papers and magazines. The lame girl I am teaching to sew is making patchwork, and is doing so well that I share my pieces with her. With the sincere hope that God will bless you in your good work and with grateful thanks for all your kindnesses to me, I am, yours in loving sunshine, (Mrs.) JANE LEYLE.
Farmdale, Fla.

SUNSHINE GIFTS.

The Battenberg materials contributed by Mrs. Scribner, of Ithaca, have been forwarded to Phebe Baughman, of Cuba, Ill., who does this kind of work for self-support. A large contribution of bound books and novels, from W. G., will help in several distributions where reading matter has been asked for.

RECEIVED BOOK.

Nelson McCartney, of Penn Run, Penn., desires the Sunshine friend who sent a copy of the "Arabian Nights" for the crippled boy to know that it was received, and that he sent an acknowledgment with thanks to the sender from himself and the boy, and is very sorry that his letter was not received, as he did not wish to have the donor think him neglectful or unappreciative. Mr. McCartney says that some time ago he was getting such a large amount of reading matter that he felt he was receiving more than his share, and wrote to that effect to the office. Now he is sorry he did, for nearly all contributions have stopped, and he feels himself lost, and hardly knows how to get through the long days. Will some of his former contributors please put him on the list again?

So widespread and genuine has the interest in genealogical research become that a little monthly magazine has been started in Buffalo, entitled "The Genealogical Exchange," for the benefit of persons who desire material of this kind, not accessible in places where they live. More persons than ever, as Mrs. Natalie R. Fernald, the editor, remarks, are tracing lines of descent to prove their eligibility to patriotic societies, or are engaged in the more ambitious work of preparing family histories for publication. The editor has long been interested in genealogical and historical matters. She is a member of the Buffalo Genealogical Society and of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and is now registrar of Washington Heights Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.

The Kyofukai (Japan) Woman's Christian Temperance Union has found a new channel for its activities since the war broke out. Dividing about thirty of its members into groups of eight, it asked and received permission from the officials at Kencho to entertain and aid the common soldiers during the hour or two that the passing trains were obliged to wait at the station. Each committee of eight women, provided with thread and needles, thimbles and buttons, went to the station, met the soldiers as the trains arrived and busied themselves in mending rents and rips, sewing on missing buttons and in every way possible making the boys as comfortable and tidy as they could. After half a day's labor the first committee was relieved by the second. This kindly work has been carried on continuously ever since.

The abuse of the public parks by tramps and loafers of all sorts seems to be as pronounced a phenomenon of warm weather in London as in New-York. Indeed, London appears to have the worst of it, for the parks there are described as being absolutely unfit for use by respectable people, being invaded by dirty and dangerous degenerates, often the worse for drink, who spread on the grass or the seats, to the exclusion of decent folk, leaving behind them loathesome insects and germs of disease. Many of these men are tramps who flock to the city in summer, knowing that if they beg in the country they will be expected to work, and who find a life of lounging in the parks with an occasional tour of Regent-st., a few pencils or matches in hand, a preferable mode of spending their time.

Some Englishman devised a clever scheme for converting these enemies of the public wellbeing into friends, or, at least, into innoxious beings. He introduced a Cleansing of Persons bill, which empowered any constable or park keeper who saw men or women who stood in need of cleansing to take them to a place provided for the purpose, where their clothes and persons would be made sanitary. But this sensible clause was stricken out in favor of another, which compelled every parish to provide a place to which any one can go on declaring himself to be in an uncleanly state, and demand to be fumigated. It is trifles of this sort that prove the average Britisher to be an inhumorous individual. Whoever heard of a professional "hobo" declaring himself to be uncleanly or repairing voluntarily to the neighborhood of soap and water? Dirt is part of his stock in trade. It betokens poverty and wretchedness, and so is calculated to work on the sympathies of the beholder.

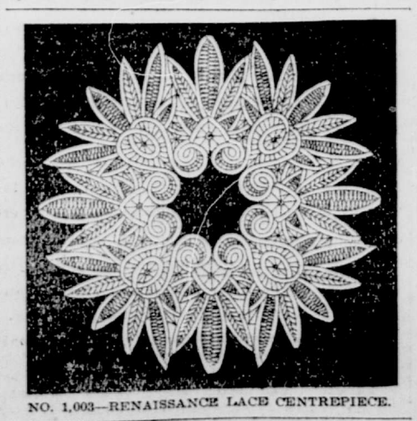
An equally effective method of getting rid of loafers in the public parks has yet to be devised. One thing is certain, "Reserved for Ladies" on the back of a settee will not do it.

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

A Stamped Cambric Pattern of Renaissance Lace Centrepiece, No. 1,003, for 20 Cents.

This design will appeal to all lovers of home decorations, as it is extremely ornamental. Made in pure white braid and thread, with a white linen centre, it makes an attractive centrepiece for a dining room table, but made in ecru shade it enriches a polished parlor table.

We will send this handsome centrepiece, size 17 by 17, to any address upon receipt of 20 cents. If



NO. 1,003—RENAISSANCE LACE CENTREPIECE.

desired, we will send complete materials for working, including linen for centre, for 40 cents extra. The design, stamped on cambric, will be sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents. Address Pattern Department, New-York Tribune.

Cecil Morpeth's Funny Story.

BY C. EDWARDES.

The great ball was over, and even the men of the house party were scattering. Most were for bed. The pheasants in the famous Long Coppice of the Butterby estate had given them plenty of exercise earlier in the day, with a downright winter's soaking afterward ere they could get back to the hall. And dancing had lasted until 3 a. m.

"You're not going yet, old chap," said Lord Butterby, taking Cecil Morpeth by the arm. Cecil had begun the evening in moderate spirits and ended it gloomily. He seemed to be hesitating between bed and the smoking room.

"No, no, of course he isn't," said Louis Guise. "He's going to tell us a funny story or two for a nightcap. Cecil's stories always cheer a fellow after a big day."

"Do they?" said Cecil himself, with a grim smile. "He isn't in a funny humor to-night, though, let me tell you."

"Come along!" said Lord Billy, with great positiveness. "I want to tell you something before you go to nighty-nighty, but whiskey and soda first. My word, yes, I should think so."

Lord Billy, for all his frivolousness, was masterful in a way. Besides, he was in his father's house, and, as he urged, had the right to set the tune. Cecil yielded carelessly to Lord Billy's guidance. With them went Louis Guise, Harry Houst and Elijah Wood. The others yawned and were so sorry; there was another large day looming, with a Cabinet Minister to dinner in the evening.

Fresh cigars were lit, soda bottles pooped, and the lusty five stretched their legs easefully. A few comments passed about the dance, and then Louis appealed to Cecil.

"Do, old man, tell us something funny! Anything new about your wonderful and very estimable aunt, par exemple, who nurses you in the lap of luxury with such"——

"That'll do!" said Cecil.

The next moment he broke into an exceedingly curious laugh. It had all the sound of genuine merriment, but his eyes were savage and his mouth seemed protesting hard and in vain.

"It's a very queer thing, Louis," he explained, before the others had formed their estimate of his laugh. "What made you think of that particular relation of mine? Well, never mind. If it was a chance shot, it's landed. My Aunt Eugenia, whom you flatter me by remembering, has just played me the—well, I won't say what."

"No, don't worry, old chap," interposed Lord Billy. "She's a splendid old party, in her way."

"I have always said," remarked Elijah Wood, "that Lady Eugenia could teach Solomon things if he'd happened to live on to our time. For wealth, wit, knowledge of men"——

"And women!" put in Lord Billy, with a sly grin at Cecil, who was frowning at his cigar, as if it were a personal enemy. "Eh, Cecil, old chap?"

"Oh, confound it all!" cried Cecil, putting down his cigar and dashing his hands into the pockets of his trousers. "After all that, I think I must tell you about it. Just you four. Don't any of you ever lean on a woman for anything. That's my advice. They only let you down when you least expect it."

"That's true!" murmured Harry Houst, with capital affectation of sincerity. "It's very true, indeed. They're meant to do the leaning—on us."

"Shut up, Harry!" said Lord Billy. "Go on, Cecil, old chap. That is, if you really want to."

He tried to catch his friend's eye, but Cecil was staring at the fire, as if he had transferred his hatred to that now.

"I don't want, but I will—to amuse you fellows," said Cecil dryly. "She sent me a letter this morning to say that she had made a fresh will, and that my brother Bob interested her more than I do. After taking me up from my Eton time, running me into the diplomatic service, letting every one know that I was her darling, and that the two thousand a year she allowed me was only a foretaste of the quarter of a million I was to have when she had lived long enough—after all this, she springs this joke upon me: 'My dear Cecil, I have been thinking, and it seems to me I can be more useful to your brother Bob than to you. Don't think me harsh, my dear. You have excellent brains and you must be made to use them. Smith & Pogsley will pay you a hundred every quarter on my account, instead of the old five hundred, and Bob's my heir, not you. It's all for the best, my dear Cecil, and believe me always your affectionate aunt.'"

The others greeted this extraordinary news with exclamations of astonishment and sympathy. Only Lord Billy seemed to see good points about it.

"She means well, Cecil, old chap," he said. "Bob's such a fool, you know. They say he's the greatest ass in the Guards."

"That is precisely the plum of comfort she wishes me to pick out of the—er"——

"Cake," suggested Elijah Wood. "Oh, you must buck up. She'll change her mind, perhaps."

Louis Guise shrugged very completely, and said, in his usual shrill voice:

"Surely there's more in it than that, Cecil! Isn't there a sort of—secret clause, if you don't mind my saying so?"

"There is," replied Cecil, with apparent calmness. "That is to say—it's a well, I don't mind getting it all off my chest and telling you that it's about a woman."

"I would not worry, Cecil, old chap!" put in Lord Billy, with some significant eyebrow action for the others of the company, which it is possible at so late an hour was not quite understood as he meant it to be. At any rate, Louis Guise defied it.

"Any advice, Cecil," said Louis, "that we can give you, we will."

"Advice be burned!" cried Cecil. "I hope I haven't been wearing my heart on my sleeve these months past, and so I'll go on with the yarn. I got her letter this morning, after I had stated my case to the girl. Yes; she was here to-night among the five hundred, and you may guess if my excellent aunt knew it or not; and you may guess at the girl, too, for all I care. Oh, yes, it would be fair, Billy, if I choose to say so. She hadn't said 'Yes,' for the very sufficient reason that there were others after her, and she didn't feel quite sure of herself. That was her tale to me the day before yesterday. You know how they handle their teams of admirers—the mountebanks! Well, now, I felt such a crocky sort of coward this evening that I fairly shied at telling her of my altered prospects. I couldn't believe them, myself, you know, till I telegraphed to my aunt to make sure she meant it all. She wired back 'Every word true!' and then I had to. I fancy I can't have looked very lively, Billy, during the dance, though I tried to do my duty."

This in a tone of gentle apology, which Lord Billy acknowledged by putting his hand on Cecil's shoulder and saying:

"You were all right, Cecil, old chap. Any one else would have cut it, but you went through it like a hero. I swear you did."

"Did I?" asked Cecil, derisively. "All you know about it, Billy."

"And, of course," put in Harry Houst, with a curled lip of contempt for the sex, "when you told her, she said, 'Not good enough, farewell!' 'You're well free of her. That's your aunt's game. She is a Solomon.'"

"Wait a bit," said Cecil, with a fresh attack of frowns for the fire. "I don't mind confessing something else. I'm not mentioning names, so it doesn't matter. There was another one here to-night I had thought a good deal about before I met the—second one. You fellows are precious decent, I think, not to laugh at me, but you'll laugh soon. Do you know, I couldn't face it with the later one, whom I'll call B. But I found myself with A., the other, and she—she—after the dance, was so awfully good that I did the maddest thing ever a fellow did in his life, I should think. I told her the whole wretched story, and asked her if she'd break it to B. that I was pretty much of a beggar. I said I'd be guided then by B.'s manner, looks, and so on; and just pull myself together afterward if the worst was to be—er—inferred from them. She was just simply splendid about it—A., you know. Goodness! I'm glad none of you can guess at the individuals themselves. As it is, it's not much worse for me than doing an algebra sum. Anyhow, that's what happened. A. told B. By and by I had to waltz with B., and she asked me if it was true what she had heard about my aunt Eugenia. And then, when I'd told her, if she didn't fairly rush me with the intelligence that she was engaged two dances ago, to—well, to some one. It was a lie, for I watched her, and if she didn't bring it off with her own artful tongue more or less at supper time, I—I'll say 'Thank you,' to my aunt for her thunderbolt. And that's all about it. I'm off now. Good night!"

II.

The other four were as nice and sympathetic in their brisk responsive "good night" as the mere word gave them scope for.

Louis would have stopped the disconsolate Cecil but for Lord Billy, who caught his arm as he rose with a cry of "But, I say, old man"—in the strength of a vigorous afterthought.

"Just you sit still, Louis Quatorze!"" said Lord Billy, in a whisper of authority.

Cecil shut the door with a subdued bang. Then the other four exchanged looks, the looks of the three at length centring on Lord Billy, who was breaking slowly into a very interesting smile.

"What's up, William?" inquired Elijah Wood, and the other two nodded to back him.

Lord Billy laughed out.

"I wonder if it's fair to split on the old thick-head," he whispered. "I think it might be you know, considering; but, for gracious goodness' sake, not a word, any of you, not a subsequent word, or even a betraying look, don't you know."

They satisfied him on that point.

"Well, then," continued Lord Billy, still on the grin. "I know for a fact it's that wideawake puss, Maud Shannon, who threw the poor old fellow over. You can guess how that aunt of his squinted her rapture when she heard he was after Sir Moses Shannon's heiress. Heiress, begad! There's not a twopenny piece for her to inherit. I have it from Tom Riley, who knows everything, that Sir Moses has blued every acre and every chair in his house. And the joke of it is that Cecil's Aunt Eugenia is the chief mortgagee. So Tom says. The girl's a beauty, right enough, but our Aunt Eugenia don't see the force of letting Cecil play the fool. Besides, she's a good quarter Jewess. That explains something more. Trust her to tell at a glance buttered toast from dry toast. And that's why she stuck her hat pin through Monty Marlborough's heart, as Cecil says, more or less during the supper hour, after she's squared her book with Cecil. My word! Cecil ought to remember his escape in his prayers to-night."

"And who's the other one, Billy?" asked Louis Guise, when the three had digested this information.

But Lord Billy now went back on his word.

"No," he said, "I don't think it's all that fair. I'm not going to split on her. I wouldn't mind if it was only old Cecil, but, hang it! one must draw a line. Here's to her, anyway!"

The others also drank to her. Perhaps they had suspicions, perhaps not. Anyway, she had had an awkward part to play, and apparently had played it like a lady.

"It all depends," murmured Harry Houst, "on the great Aunt Eugenia, I imagine, whether Miss A. has a chance?"

Lord Billy fired at that.

"Don't you make any childish mistake of that kind, Harry," he said. "Cecil's aunt's a bit of a wonder, but she doesn't run the universe. Miss A., as you call her, doesn't even know Lady Eugenia Morpeth, except by sight."

"That's not my point," said Harry Houst. "Does our Aunt Eugenia know her?"

"You can mind your own business, Harry," said Lord Billy to that. "And now, boys, what do you say? Isn't it 'Lights out'?"

They all thought it ought to be; and in a minute or two the smoking room was deserted and each man had gone to his own chamber.

III.

About five minutes later, Lord Billy, in his dressing jacket, went down the wing corridor and tapped at Cecil's door.

Cecil was not in bed. Truth to tell, he was feeling immensely mad with himself, as well as with things in general.

He was brooding over the fire.

He had had visions since leaving the smoking room. Maud Shannon's pert little face, with its slightly retroussé nose (nothing of the Hebrew about that part of her!) and very intelligent as well as very beautiful blue eyes, seemed to him to have lost their charm strangely now. Of course, it was due to the exposure of her mind. But that wasn't nearly all.

With his chin in his hand, Cecil had paled in the recollection of his imbecility in making Lady Florry Butterby his confidante and mediatrix with Maud. Lord Billy's younger sister had never seemed to him so lovely and amiable as when she had listened to his little story and—promised to help him. They had been boy-and-girl friends; else, of course, he would never have dared. And no sooner had he told her than he felt—yes, he knew it now—he felt that he had not outgrown the boy-and-girl affection of the old days. She was so perfectly sweet, with the faint flush on her cheeks, the faint smile on her lips, and after her generous whisper of "Never mind, Cecil, I hope it won't quite break your heart."

And here he was, when Lord Billy came to him in his dressing jacket, with the very last cigarette of the day in his fingers, moping before the fire and realizing thoroughly—most thoroughly, if it may be said—that he had never really loved any girl as he had loved, and still did love, Lady Florry.

"What's the matter?" asked Cecil of Lord Billy.

"Nothing, I hope," said Lord Billy. "I wanted to tell you something, old chap, that's all. A deuced queer thing it is, after what you've been telling us. I don't know that it's quite fair to her, you know; but you've given me a good lead, anyway, with your yarn about the Shannon miss."

Cecil looked his impatience.

"It's about Florry, old chap," Lord Billy went on. "I must tell you. What do you think? I found her in a corner of the terrace an hour or two after supper—weeping."

"Weeping, Billy!" cried Cecil.

"I said weeping, old chap, and weeping it was. She denied the fact, and then she shed more of 'em. And, by George! I bullied her like a brute until I got the truth out of her, and the truth is this—she's most ridiculously in love with—steady, Cecil, old chap—in love with you. Wait a bit. Yes, of course, I was surprised. But I'm not all that sorry, and she's got a hundred thousand of her own, don't you know, and a heart of gold, as they say in the story books. That's all. It mayn't be fair to her, but I want to be fair to you, and—and—I can't think what you were up to to let yourself to be caught by Maud Shannon. Thank goodness, it's off now, and you can see for yourself how tickled I must have been by your yarn just now. Well, nighty-nighty, old chap, again, and, as Elijah says, 'Buck up.'"

Lord Billy made for the door, but before he got to it Cecil was upon him with flashing eyes.

"Billy," he whispered hoarsely.

"Yes, old chap."

"Do you mean it? Is it possible she can love me after—after"——

"My dear chap," said Lord Billy, "you must judge for yourself. She loved you before, so you can just work it out in a sum. Yes, you donkey, of course she loves you, and, if you want the very straight tip, that's what your sapient Aunt Eugenia's been steering for. Well, night-night. She's a great hand at the pumps, is your Aunt E——, and, between ourselves, she's asked even me what they call leading questions."

Cecil grasped Lord Billy's hand, cigarette and all, and almost made pulp of it.

"I don't deserve it," he said, quite humbly. "You dear old Billy, do you really think"——

Lord Billy freed his hand and put his foot on the cigarette.

"We none of us do, old chap, I suppose, but we get there just the same," he said, cheerfully.

With his head on the pillow, Cecil felt grateful to Providence for the day long ago ended. He felt grateful also to Lord Billy and Aunt Eugenia. He knew now that there was only one woman in the world for him, and she was his for the asking.—(The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

JELLIES FOR THE SICK.

There are dozens of women in New-York City to-day preparing to go away for the summer, whose closets are yet well stocked with jellies left over from the winter supply. Why not let the hospital sick have these delicacies? The trustees of the Bible and Fruit Mission to the Public Hospitals have made a request for this delicacy, as well as for fruits and flowers from friends in the country. All such contributions should be sent to No. 63 Lexington-ave., from where they will be distributed to the different public hospitals.

NEW-JERSEY DAUGHTERS.

The Daughters of the Revolution are especially active in New-Jersey, as there are so many historic spots and interesting associations in the little State across the river. The Wallace House, at Somerville, once occupied by Washington, was purchased and fitted up by the State Society, and will be the scene of an open air meeting on June 4. The newly elected State Regent, Mrs. Louis D. Gallison, lives in Orange, and many members of the Orange Chapter will go with her to Somerville. Recently the Orange Chapter held its annual entertainment, a "Flower Festival," at the house of Mrs. Charles R. Squire, in Orange. The occasion was purely social, and the rooms were embowered in spring blossoms and leaves. Refreshments were served on the piazzas. Miss Adeline W. Torrey, the founder of the State Society, read the first of the papers on flowers, treating of the arbutus, hawthorn and fleur-de-lis. Other flowers were considered by Mrs. Gallison, Mrs. G. W. Curtis, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Amos Thompson, Mrs. William Lyndon Lyman, Mrs. Bray, Mrs. Gardner, Mrs. John E. Dix, all of Orange and East Orange, and Mrs. Trimble, of Montclair. Mrs. Dix had the cherry blossom as her subject, and described the flower fêtes in Japan, exhibiting pictures and kimonos embroidered in cherry blossoms, which she had brought from that country. There was a brief musical programme.

Mrs. Gallison has recently attended the annual meeting of the General Society in Washington, where she was elected a member of the board of managers.

Among the rank and file of the Daughters of the Revolution members, the desire for consolidation with the Daughters of the American Revolution and with other patriotic societies has by no means died out. It is generally felt that union would add to the prestige and achievement of the several associations, if it could be accomplished upon an amicable basis.

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