

# MY COUSIN OLIVER.

BY THOMAS COBB.

"What do you think about it?" asked my cousin Oliver, with a solemn face.

"I think you are the most foolish boy I know," I assured him.

"Anyhow, I can give you three years and a half," he said.

"Yes, but a woman of two and twenty—"

"Are you two and twenty?" asked Oliver, thoughtfully stroking his fair mustache.

"Twenty-two, Oliver!"

"That is a ripping dress you've got on today!" he exclaimed, abruptly.

"Never mind my dress—"

"Such jolly color!"

"We were discussing Ivy Romer," I reminded him.

"Upon my word," he said, "it's rather nice to have a cousin."

"To give you good advice?"

"To talk to about things, you know," answered Oliver.

"Besides," I said, "if I am your cousin, nobody can say how many degrees we're removed."

"I like this color immensely!" he cried, and, leaning forward, he took a portion of my sleeve between his fingers.

"So you really think of marrying Ivy Romer?" I suggested.

"I've been thinking about it all night," he admitted.

"Provided she will have you."

"O, there's not a scrap of doubt about that," he said, with an air of perfect assurance.

"Of course," I added, with engaging candor, "I was a humiliated idiot."

"To dance five dances with her last night?"

"Only somehow," he answered, "as soon as we finished one dance, she hinted at the next. After all," he muttered, "Ivy's no end of a decent girl."

"You found her mother pleasant also?" I asked.

"I was never quite so surprised in my life," said Oliver.

"What did you say to Mrs. Romer?" I asked.

"I told her I had an appointment."

"Whom with, Oliver?"

"O, well," he returned, "I came along to you, you know."

"To ask me to help you make up your mind?" I suggested.

He looked gravely into my face, although it was not often that he was grave for many consecutive minutes.

"I believe you have got your hair done differently," he exclaimed.

"Nonsense!" I said. "You will tell me I have altered the color of my eyes next."

"No," cried Oliver, "when I look at your eyes, I always fancy you never could change—"

"Please don't be absurd."

"By Jove!" he said; "I never saw you with such a color before."

"Don't you know," I answered, sitting more erect, "that it is objectionable to make personal remarks?"

"Not to a cousin."

"How often have I told you that we are only very, very distant cousins?"

"Still," he urged, "you always seem rather near, you know. I always think of you in that way," he added.

"Henceforth," I suggested, "you will only think of Ivy Romer."

"Don't you think of me in that way, too?" asked Oliver, quite eagerly.

"Really, I have more important things to trouble about," I retorted.

"O, well," he said, "I shouldn't like to be brute enough to trouble you."

"Then you should mend your ways, Oliver."

"How?" he asked.

"Try to be a little more constant!"

"I think I will," he said, heartily.

"It is to be hoped so for Ivy's sake," I remarked.

"O, bother Ivy!" he exclaimed.

"I understood you had made up your mind—"

"I told you I had changed it," he said, hastily.

"For no apparent reason?"

"I don't know how it is," he answered, thoughtfully, "but a chat with you always seems to make a fellow more sensible."

"When you get outside the house," I suggested, "you will most likely forget my good influence and change back again. Besides, what shall you say to Mrs. Romer?"

"I thought of going out of town!"

"He who fights and runs away—"

"It isn't exactly fighting, you know," he interrupted.

"You can't tell what it might come to," I said; but obviously Oliver was not listening.

"I feel certain you've done your hair differently," he exclaimed.

"Indeed, I have not," I assured him.

"But those waves, or whatever you call 'em—"

"They happen to be as nature made them," I answered.

"All I can say is that nature made them most awfully well," said Oliver.

"But about Ivy," I reminded him.

"I shall write to Mrs. Romer to-night."

"What shall you say?"

"O, well, I'll make up something," he answered, casually. "Anyhow, I'm not going to be forced into marrying the girl."

"Poor Ivy!" I murmured.

"Of course," he cried, "I'm awfully sorry if I—"

"If you have raised false hopes?"

"Perhaps I have," he admitted.

"Because she danced five times with you last night?" I asked.

"Why, yes."

"It did not occur to you that she might have had a reason?"

"I suppose she rather liked it, you know."

"Not at all. Ivy was here an hour ago," I explained. "She danced with you because she likes Mr. Wentworth."

"A nice way to show it," muttered Oliver, with a start.

"You must understand," I continued, "that Ivy is something of a diplomatist, and she had the idea that Mr. Wentworth took rather much for granted—like you, you know, Oliver!" He stared at the carpet as he tugged at his mustache, and I really believe that he blushed. "There was an explanation this morning," I said, "and Ivy is going to be married in two months' time."

"Then Mrs. Romer knows?" cried Oliver, more cheerfully.

"Of course she is delighted. Ivy is 27, you see, and she has been through a good many seasons."

"Why didn't you tell me sooner?" asked Oliver, as he rose.

"O, well," I answered, "it's rather nice to have a cousin to talk to—"

"Anyhow," he said, "I had quite made up my mind—"

"To ask Ivy to be your wife?"

"That was before I entered the house," he retorted.

"What I can't understand," I said, "is the reason you changed so suddenly."

Oliver rested his hand on my sleeve.

"This color suits you wonderfully well—so does that," Oliver added, for I felt that I was foolish enough to blush.—Chicago Tribune.

# FASHION'S LATEST MANDATES

Popular Materials for the Coming Season's Light Costumes—Gowns and Bodices.

Sacks and skirt negligees of finest lawns and embroideries and lace are pretty. The sacks are short, in a loose back effect and front, fitting slightly at the sides. Soft liberty satin is much used for this style of garment, and makes up beautifully, as it does, too, for tea gowns. The petticoat matches the sack, as a rule, says the Chicago Daily News.

Embroidery white batistes make up beautifully and likely will be much worn, as this summer is to be a white one. White in all kinds of silk, cloth and cotton is proposed for all occasions—for house gowns, yachting and outing wear, afternoon, garden and evening. White brilliantine is used for yachting and outing suits, which are made with blazer or Eton jackets, with shirt waists of wash material. Their skirts are shirred or plaited around the hips, if the material is very thin and the figure will admit of extra fullness.

Madras, ducks, linens, percales, silk gingham, silk and mercerized chambrays all will be made up in shirt waists. The new figured piques and ducks are very fine and soft as a glove. White laced lawns are more beautiful than ever and may be found in numerous designs. Linen colored batistes seem to grow handsomer with each addition to the stock and make up prettily in separate waists. The shirt waist suit will be popular and may be made up in the same materials as the waists.

The popularity of sheer fabrics for the coming season seems already assured. It is shown not alone in textures but also in embroideries. New batistes and linens show great variety in open-work design. They are in pattern gowns mostly, and the embroidery is shaped to suit both bodice and skirt. In some linen pattern dresses the skirts are quite plain. The linens are found in different pale tints and there is a variety of tints in the embroidery.

Several handsome gowns were shown with the deep circular flounce made of materials contrasting with the rest of the skirt, the sleeves and yoke matching the upper part of the skirt. This is an effective combination and in black and white is very fine, but as can be understood readily, is susceptible, in these days of daring contrasts, of being overdone shockingly. Tucking has not gone out of fashion, but is abundant on summer gowns. In the skirts there is noticeable tightness at hips and almost to the knees. There comes flare in graceful flounces or tiny ruffles. Yokes finish nearly all bodices, and some are outlined with fancy lace collars or berthas.

There has hardly been a season on record when there has been so generous a use of sachet powders. A liberal supply is used in nearly every article of the wardrobe. It is used in the linings of all frocks for dressy occasions. And the latest French "wrinkle" is to stuff the hollow just at the front of the shoulders with a bag in which there lies a deal of violet sachet.

Every bodice has a basquette or a little coat tail of some description at the back. The front is more or less pointed—sometimes at the point of the bodice, other times the draped belt is pointed; but in all cases the long-waisted effect is much sought after. Pouched and box-plaited bodices are worn, and the crossover bodice is much sought after, as it is so becoming to the figure.

# GAMBLING IN SOCIETY.

The Spirit of Gain Is Fostered by Participation in Card Games for Prizes.

The gambling spirit is rampant in the Dorcas society as well as in Wall street. Unfortunately we have ceased to enjoy coming together for the sake of a delightful exchange of the thoughts we have gleaned along life's pathway, or the opportunity of giving helpful greetings from our abundance of happiness and experience to those less fortunate. It is a pity that the spirit of gain enters into our social life, and it is a deplorable fact that the eagerness to secure the almighty dollar or its equivalent has become an epidemic in many social circles. I fear we are all too familiar with the spectacle of drawn, anxious and sordid faces around the card table, all eager to carry away the spoils, which are often useless bits of bric-a-brac or like trumpery which the spoilee has no room for, or could well afford to buy if she had. To the intense disgust of those who are better bred the display of ugly temper or the tears of disappointment makes evident that there is a woeful lack of self-control and high thinking, writes Linda Hull Larned, in Woman's Home Companion.

Nevertheless it is not our province to heal the sick or secure moral reform, as we are not physicians nor clergymen; but we are sufficiently responsible to hope that we may possibly help stamp out that most distressing disease of modern society, "primitis," for it is not only contagious, but demoralizing.

**Suggestion for Luncheon.**

A suggestion for spring luncheons is that of a rather new way of serving oranges. They are peeled and pulled apart in their natural divisions, the tough white skin and seeds removed. The fruit is then piled in shaved ice in some pretty dishes, and is served throughout the meal like olives or radishes. It is delightfully cool and refreshing through a heavy feast, particularly in the spring.—Albany Journal.



# The Order of Succession.

"Of course," said the bachelor, thoughtfully, "there can be no such thing as joint rule in a family. Some one must be the head."

"True, but the scepter passes from one to another."

"How?"

"Well, at the beginning of married life the husband holds it; then it gently and unobtrusively passes to the wife, and he never gets it back again."

"She keeps it forever."

"Oh, no; the baby gets it next."—Chicago Post.

# He Was the Real Thing.

Scenes, having sent a stupid servant to do an errand, was greatly annoyed on finding that he had done exactly the opposite to what he had been ordered.

"Why, you haven't common sense," he remonstrated.

"But, sir—"

"Shut up! I should have remembered that you were an idiot. When I'm tempted to send a fool on an errand again, I'll not ask you—I'll go myself."—Tit-Bits.

# His Great Qualification.

The animals were preparing for amateur theatricals.

"I want to be the heavy villain," said the sheep.

"You!" snorted the intelligent horse. "You'd make a fierce-looking villain, wouldn't you?"

"Maybe not," retorted the sheep, "but I'll bet none of you can beat me saying 'Bah!'—Catholic Standard and Times.

# The Diplomatic Grocer.

"I don't see why you continue to deal with Sands?" said Mr. Hauskeep, "he's the most dishonest grocer in the neighborhood."

"How can you say such a thing?" exclaimed Mrs. Hauskeep, who is growing distressingly stout. "He weighed me on his scales the other day and I only weigh 151. I think he's real gentlemanly."—Philadelphia Press.

# Consider.

Consider well your actions. What's done you can't recall; No use to pull the trigger. Then try to stop the ball. —Lippincott's Magazine.

# HE DIDN'T SEE THE JOKE.



"Really, Capt. Blueblazes, it was so kind of you to make me a present of this little puppy," warbled Miss Nastinook. "It's so like you, 'yknow."—Ally Sloper.

She. She shops all day and she dances all night. And she gads all around as she wishes; But her mother complains that she's never found strength.

# Somewhat Put Out.

"The service at this hotel," said the boarder who was generally behind in his payments, "is abominable, and I'm not going to put up with it much longer."

"You're right," said the landlord, overhearing him. "If you don't put up something pretty soon you'll put up somewhere else."—Chicago Tribune.

# Looking English.

Aunt Debby (viewing the city)—What does that sign "Misfit Store" mean?

Uncle Abner (a close observer)—I s'pose that's where these 'ere englermaniacs gets measured for clothes so folks'll think they was made in London.—N. Y. Weekly.

# No Place at Home.

Mr. Flushing (hospitably)—So you have joined our club?

Mr. Elmhurst (wearily)—Yes; my wife has got the house so full of "cozy corners" there isn't any place where I can sit down and be comfortable.—Tit-Bits.

# As the Twig Is Bent.

Bacon—That fellow's mother says that when he was a baby he was always putting his toe in his mouth.

Egbert—Yes; and he's been putting his foot in it ever since.—Yonkers Statesman.

# WAITING MOTHER.

BY EMILY F. GRINNELL.

"You see," said the lake engineer, in reply to a question I had asked, "it's strange the sort of thing that will stick in your memory longest. Take, for instance, an experience I had a few years ago. I expect I'll forget lots of more important things before I forget that."

"There wasn't any railroad along the shore then, and all the little towns and the summer resorts depended on the shore boats, sometimes one and sometimes two, that plied up and down and carried freight and passengers."

"Some of those small places have good harbors and some you can't get near in rough weather, although they have docks a quarter of a mile long. This place I am going to tell you about was one of that kind."

"That summer Capt. Jim Elliot and I, we bought the Kittie Clark. She was a stanch little craft, and we figured to run her ourselves and save expense. Ours was the only shore boat then."

"One day early in the season we made this village I speak of on our way down and took on a passenger, a young boy who had consumption, and was going away to some sanitarium to see if his health wouldn't improve. He didn't look to me as if he would ever be any better in this world, but we brought him down, and he took the train and went wherever he was going."

"It got along in the fall. The resorts were all closed and business was pretty near over for the season. It's just about then we got our first and often our nastiest storms. The big freighters run longer, but we were not working for anybody, that expected us to risk our lives for the sake of making another trip, so we were ready to lay up."

"When we were about starting up-shore, thinking probably we wouldn't make but one more trip, if he didn't come this consumptive again, waiting to be taken home, and this time he was on his last legs, certain."

"He did not look so though he would live 24 hours, and what made it worse, it was fixing for a spell of weather, and 'twas likely to be about all we wanted to do to run the boat, without taking care of any sick folks."

"Still, it didn't seem the square thing not to carry him, as he hadn't any other way of getting home. So Capt. Jim and I talked it over, and we got him aboard and into the captain's berth, and there he stayed."

"Then we got that spell of weather. It rained and blew and froze till everything on that boat was sheeted over with ice, her captain and engineer included. We made out to keep headed up the lake, and that was about all that little Kitty Clark would go ahead a bit, then she'd stop and kind of shiver as the sea took her, for all the world the way a horse will when it's in mortal fear. Seemed as if she was something alive and fighting for every next breath in those smothering waves. Well, that was just the way with that sick boy. He laid there struggling to catch his breath, and the captain and I we'd run in every few minutes to see if he was alive yet, and give him a swaller of water."

"When I look back at that now, it seems like a kind of blurred-over nightmare, but the figure in it stands out clear enough. That was the boy's mother. When we finally pounded our way to within sight of this place where the boy belonged, there she stood, watching for us, clear out to the very end of that dock. She had a shawl over her head, and the wind thrashed and switched her clothes as if it would tear 'em to tatters, but she appeared to lean 'way out over the water to get nearer to us. I don't know as I ever saw anything that seemed to mean more. Course I knew well enough that we couldn't get into that place for hours, and she knew it as well as we did. All we could do was to beat along up to Tawas and drop anchor there till the weather cleared, and that's what we did."

"We were pretty near worn out with all we'd been through, but we turned in and took care of that boy. We did all we could think of to keep life in him, and in about 12 hours, when things let up a little, we went back flying."

"There was that woman standing out there looking, looking, as if she'd waited there all the while—she had, for all I know. We got her boy off all right, and he died in his own bed, with her tending to him."

"I don't know as I can make you see it the way I do," the engineer resumed, after a pause. "I suppose I sensed it more, my mother being dead. She died when I was little, mother did. There was a snarl of us boys. I used to wake up nights and hear her praying that the Lord would spare her till we got some bigger. Well, whenever I get to thinking about that woman standing out there all alone, with the wind and the sleet and the mad lake itself beating over her, it puts me in mind of mother. I expect somewhere she's waiting with just that same look in her eyes."—Youth's Companion.

# Glee.

"I met Bliggins this morning," said the man with the muffer. "It's a good joke. He was so hoarse he couldn't talk."

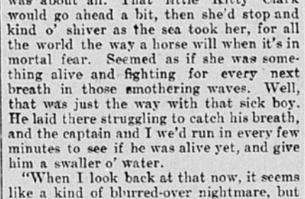
"You don't mean to tell me you are glad your friend has a cold?"

"Well, I'm not exactly glad. But I have one myself, and it was a great comfort to meet some one who couldn't talk loud enough to tell me what to do for it. All I had to do was to stand three feet away and he was powerless."—Washington Star.

# Lenten Sacrifice.

The dear girl sought some way of keeping Lent. And chose her special sacrifice with care; She thought and thought, and then in good intent Gave up the chappie whom she couldn't bear. —Louisville Times.

# FOUND THE REASON.



Newsboy—Pape, papry, sir? All de news.

Editor (in a rush)—Go 'way, boy, I make those things.

Newsboy—Gee! If dat's right, no wonder we can't sell 'em!—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

# The Saddest Yet.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen, The saddest are these: "Just loan me ten." —Detroit Free Press.

# Longing for One.

"By the way, Miss Quickstep," said the young man, brightening up a little, "I am awksed to take the part of the foolkiller in a charade. How ought I to dress for the part?"

Suppressing a wild desire to tell him it would be suicide for him to act such a part, she merely replied, with a despairing glance at the clock:

"I don't know, Mr. Longstayer. I don't believe there is any such person."—Chicago Tribune.

# It Puzzled Her.

"I can't understand about this wireless telegraphy," said Mrs. Wunder.

"Why, it's plain as day," said Mr. Wunder. "They just send the messages through the air, instead of over wires."

"I know that," said she, "but how do they fasten the air to the poles?"—Baltimore American.

# How Binks Was Hooked.

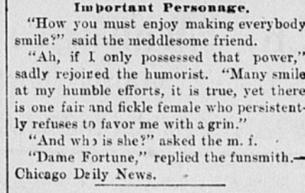
"Mrs. Weeds," said Mr. Binks, "I asked your daughter to marry me, and she referred me to you."

"I'm sure that's very kind of Susie, but then she always was a dutiful girl. Really, Mr. Binks, I hadn't thought of marrying again at my time of life, but since you insist suppose we make the wedding day the twentieth of this month."—Tit-Bits.

# No Fun in It.

"Though 'brevidty's the soul of wit,'" remarked the busted sport, "I really cannot see a bit of fun in being short." —Philadelphia Press.

# EXCUSED.



"How you must enjoy making everybody smile?" said the meddlesome friend.

"Ah, if I only possessed that power," sadly rejoined the humorist. "Many smile at my humble efforts, it is true, yet there is one fair and fickle female who persistently refuses to favor me with a grin."

"And who is she?" asked the m. i.

"Dame Fortune," replied the funsmith.—Chicago Daily News.

# Important Personage.

"So you resigned your situation again, I hear," said the old gentleman to his son.

"Yes," said the gay youth, "it was too hard."

"Too hard? Don't you know that no situation is easy?"

"Yes, sir. That's why I prefer no situation."—Philadelphia Press.

# Circumstantially Impossible.

Wife—I cannot account for the strange sensations I have had for the last hour or so; I feel as if I were going to have a bit.

Husband—How absurd! Didn't you tell me it was a Raglan you ordered?—Boston Courier.

# ODD WAY OF GETTING A WIFE.

The Peculiar Manner in Which the Faroese Islanders Do Their Love-Making.

Between Christmas and Lent dancing in the Faroese islands reaches its culmination in frequency. On Christmas night the great saga of "Olufa Kvadet" is sung. The unhappy Queen Olufa's faithfulness to the king, which is the theme of the song, is doubtless intended as a reminder to young couples who engage themselves during dancing time, says a London journal.

As if in defiance of the warning youths and maidens seem to prefer to link their lives together under the very notes of the Olufa refrain. At any rate, the great majority of betrothals occur during dancing time.

There being no parlors in Faroese cottages, nor corners to hide in and tell the fairy tales of the heart, the young people are obliged to do their courting in the open, that is, as the dance goes on, and under the eyes of every one partaking. If you have been courting a Faroese girl for some time and wish to get her "yes" or "no," you will have to line up alongside of her in the dance and make your proposal then.

Take care that sharp eyes do not detect your secret and your purpose before you have got what you want—the girl's "yes." If they find you out before you succeed they will point their fingers at you, and sing ditties with sarcastic little flings at you.

At the same time, the tempo of the dance will be increased, and if you don't withdraw, it is likely to develop into a sort of native can-can. Of course, as soon as the ditty making sport of you begins to circulate among the crowd the girls all prick up their ears, and the particular girl you may be heading for gets out of your reach at once.

If you are a shrewd man you will retreat; you can always try again. If you are obstinate, you may always be sure of a refusal, for no Faroese girl will take a man who is too clumsy to get hold of her hand without other people noticing it.

Absolutely nothing is said during the courting. The man says nothing, and the girl says nothing. If he can but get hold of her hand—that is his only chance.

A slight pressure from hers, and he is accepted. Then both are supposed to blush and clap hands.

The dance stops. With smiling faces and expectant looks the crowd faces the lovers in bested silence to see that the first kiss is bestowed according to Faroese rule. The dance is then renewed with vigor.

That's a neat and handy and straightforward way of courting. The Faroese style is well suited to people who know their own mind, and marriages there are happy, divorces exceedingly scarce.

A refusal is even more prompt. The young man, having secured the girl's hand, she quickly snatches away from him, and turns her back on him. There he stands then, the target for a shower of sarcastic speeches, the blushing, awkward victim of the cold shoulder literally.

A Faroese wedding without dancing before and after was never heard of. Not infrequently the priest gathers up his long sable robe and joins the dancers. The dancing and singing are sometimes kept up for several days after the wedding, but no orgies ever occur, as the Faroese is a very sensible man and moderate drinker.

# FIGHTS ARE GOOD FOR BOYS.

The Archbishop of Canterbury Believes That Lads Should Learn to Use Their Fists.

That broad-minded old gentleman who signs his name "F. Cantuar," by virtue of being Archbishop of Canterbury and primate of all England, and who takes precedence of all the peerage except royalty, made a stir in England the other day by saying in the course of an address that it was not at all a bad thing for boys to fight. Various benevolent old ladies were of the opinion that the responsible head of the Church of England had been misrepresented, for this doctrine was startlingly at variance with the teaching that if one is smitten on the cheek he should turn also the other. As no denial was forthcoming, a note was addressed to the archbishop for further information on the subject. The reply received came from his grace's chaplain, who said the archbishop desired him to say that the report of his observation was quite correct—"that it wasn't a bad thing for boys to fight." His grace thinks, he added, "provided there be no feeling of malice."

The statement is especially interesting in the light of the fact that the archbishop was head master of the famous institution for boys at Rugby at the time everyone was first reading "Tom Brown's School Days," of which the most memorable incident was Tom's fight at Rugby with the champion of the school. Not a few Sunday schools refused to place the book on their library shelves because of the ugly details of that fight.

# Impossible Inconsistency.

Miss High-Way—Poor Fido cried so when I drove away in the victoria without him!

Mr. Quizz—Why didn't you take him with you?

"Because I didn't go in the dog cart, of course."—Smart Set.

# A Bolus.

Gilholly—An' phwat is one av thim Filipino bolos, anyway?

Foley—Whoy, the bolos is a shillaly made out av a knife.—Puck.