

CHOICE OF AN ACTRESS.

Being at foundation a womanly woman, she always expected to marry. I say expected, instead of hoped, because she had constantly too many admirers to doubt her opportunities—to her mind it was simply a question of meeting the right one.

She felt sure that when the right man came she would be willing to give up everything for him; indeed, she contemplated with a certain serene satisfaction the coming of a time when her triumphs and ambitions and fame and freedom would be exchanged for the proud servitude of wifehood.

Still she wasn't in a hurry to meet the right man. He would come when he did come—and when he did come it couldn't be helped, and she would be glad. Upon various occasions she had thought him come.

Upon these occasions she had experienced a distinct sensation of fretfulness. She had conscientiously given the admirer a fair chance to prove himself the right man, but had always been down-right glad when he had failed to do so.

Perhaps he lost his head, and went down on his knees; that always immediately settled it. She was much too proud and too humble a woman to be willing to marry a man who went down on his knees about it.

Or he lost his head, and threatened to shoot himself, or drink himself to death, or jump in the bay.

Now and then she was moved with regret at the storm which she had raised, and expostulated in a kindly fashion with her victim, but more often she shrugged her white shoulders, saying, if not to the man, at least to herself, that the man who was foolish enough to want to shoot himself because a woman did not love him, had better shoot himself.

Some men were doggedly meek—of these she was a bit afraid—yet so far from these meek, dogged wooers had presently developed into bores, which, she felt, lessened the danger. I say danger, because she regarded the possibility of marrying any man but the right man a danger.

Sooner or later, in the course of every admirer's attention she made a staunch effort to dismiss or escape him.

She argued to herself that escape from the right man would be impossible, and that escape from any other was to be regarded as wisdom, and hailed as good fortune.

She never went out of her way to attract men—in the first place she had no need to, and besides she really did not care to increase the chances of coming across this more or less to be dreaded right man.

She kept pretty closely to her work, enjoyed the footlights, spent her money freely, rejoiced in her independence, and thought herself a lucky girl.

Of course she had admirers. She considered that a natural result of her position, profession, sex and attractions.

She permitted men who loved her certain privileges—they might kiss her hand, come to the theatre and see her play, and give her flowers and feel miserable about her.

Any one of them, she realized, might develop into the right man, so she treated them all conscientiously. She never misled them or led them on, and since she was frank with them and never discourteous, she felt she had a right to be exacting about their manners, and she always was.

Upon the three or four occasions when a man's devotion had stirred in her a certain degree of interest she had rigidly demanded time to find out and to make up her mind.

To find out meant to satisfy herself that the man in question and the "right man" were of one "identity." To make up her mind meant to decide whether, right man or not, she would have him!

The candidate having always failed to stand this test, she had, directly she was so assured, dismissed him promptly and gently.

By what subtle sign of authority she would recognize the right man she did not know. He would be big, she was sure of that, and very gentle; he would meet her mentally, "understand" her, satisfy her morally and tenderly, master her physically.

He would be above all her little "arts" and caprices, but he would admire them; he would be too dignified to go down on his knees from not being able to help it, yet quite fond enough of her to do it.

For her part, she would never wish it, and she would be very meek and gentle and obedient, and glad to be so; but—but, meanwhile she was free, and of that she was glad, too.

Really, her life was delightful; she lifted her white arms into her pretty lace wrapper and laughed to herself as she settled for her little rest before retiring. Her parlor was warm, and the light softened by colored shades; a bit of sandalwood among the logs sent a spicy fragrance out with the heat, she rubbed her head among the cushions and laughed again to herself.

It was a notion of her own, this half hour rest before retiring. For the sake of it she usually came home at once from the theatre.

Going out to suppers and sitting up and drinking wine was stupid, besides such a course would soon spoil her good looks. A warm, all-by-herself half hour in her own pretty room, with the crackling of her fire for company and her milk punch and biscuit for refreshment, were much nicer.

It was nice to feel that the comfort around her was all of her own making, and to know herself in the midst of it to be very pretty and very sweet, and alone, in spite of the ones she could check off on her pink fingers as at that very moment who were miserable for sight of her.

As a rule, men had sought her out and made themselves as charming as they found possible and permitted; but Craig Demmon attracted her.

He was big, undeniably a gentleman, and by nature apparently a savage. He

fell promptly in love with her, and his personality riveted her attention in an insistent way which she made no effort to oppose. For the first time a man's passion for her seemed to invest the man with strength.

To face his savagery and do as she pleased in spite of his fierce jealousy she found an exhilaration; to command a creature so much bigger than herself, and to feel his strength and not his weakness obeyed, was an excitement.

To look into his savage, somber eyes and melt them with the smile in her own was worth doing, and intoxicating.

One day he asked her to be his wife, adding that unless she gave him some definite answer he would see her no more. She was much interested.

"Could you leave me and not see me again?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Would you shoot yourself?"

"No."

She felt aggrieved. After a pause she asked, "Do you love me?"

"Yes." His teeth were set, his face pale, and he looked at her as if he hated her.

Her breath quickened. "Why do you hurry me so?"

"Because I will be made a fool by no woman."

A throbb of fear went through her. She flung her head back and made answer, "You may go at once," and then, because his eyes frightened her, she began to cry and—"How do you expect one to decide at once like that, if she loves you? I can't, and I won't—you can go."

"How much time do you want?"

"I don't know."

"Much better go. I won't be put on time. I don't think I shall care for you, anyhow, and even if I did you are so ugly maybe I would not marry. Go away and let me alone." She spoke in a frightened rush.

"Don't be foolish," he answered; "I will wait—a while."

During the "while" he saw a great deal of her; he curbed his temper, was always gentle, always devoted, made no effort to kiss her, half strangled a man at the club who suggested that all actresses were alike, and looked at her half the time as if he hated her.

She grew frightened and meek, and made an exhaustive study of his tastes.

One day he spoke harshly to her; she cried out that he must not—that she loved him.

Thereat he took her in his arms, kissed her and said, "Will you be my wife?" A month from that time she married him.

Her manager protested, and a good deal of money was paid over. To the wife the manager said, "You are a fool; if you ever want to come back to the stage let me know."

Demmon carried her off to Europe. He was strong and gentle and devoted. There was little trace of his savagery, except in a fiercely jealous guardianship over her.

Now and then he ordered her around. Once she protested vehemently; he looked at her and answered, "You forget you belong to me."

He gave her all the money she wanted, bought her anything she fancied, and insisted upon her dressing richly and indulging in extravagances, but once when she received a check for a story she had written, he tore the bit of paper in pieces, saying: "I will give you all the money you want! Don't forget!"

She was happy—oh, yes. Her one thought was to please him, and to please him made her happy. She gave up all her own fancies, and endeavored only to meet his moods. She kept up all of the pretty prettiness and caprice that had pleased him originally, because sometimes it amused him to see her childish and exacting—she knew when to be silent, though, and how to efface herself.

She read the papers faithfully, and, by dint of study and close attention to a few political arguments within earshot of which she came, she got a fair grasp of the principles of the party opposite to her husband's, and argued with him very well.

To such men as he presented she made herself charming—he liked to have other men admire her; herself, she took no interest in attracting them, and she was always a bit afraid of being too successful and so annoying her husband. Besides, attention from other men made her heart ache; her husband loved her dearly, but he did not tell her so very often, and sometimes when she made mistakes he called her stupid.

Of course she did make mistakes sometimes. Being very anxious to please him, her instinct was not always true. There were times when he liked to have her creep to the side of his chair and push her soft hair against his face, saying nothing meanwhile, unless the little caressing breath from her lips could be called speech; but then again this annoyed him, and he had to be let alone.

Being very fond of him, it was hard to come near or pass him without reaching out a hand to touch his shoulder or cheek, and this fretted him dreadfully when he was not in the mood. Also there were times when she wanted him to take her in his arms and be good to her, and find out how she felt, or when she wanted to cry and be miserable and be petted and coaxed out of it; all this was childish and foolish, but—oh, dear! how her heart ached sometimes.

He loved her—of course she knew that—so there was no need that he should tell her so all the time; besides, he did tell her what an unfurlingly attractive companion he found her, and he praised her tact and sense and the way she kept her pretty looks.

She was happy when she was with him, only happy when she pleased him; and she used to cry her pillow wet very often.

At the coming of the child her husband was distinctly displeased; when it died the mother grew sullen.

They got back to America; a letter from her old manager inclosed a contract for the coming season. She signed, left all her jewels, and with her maid started for New Orleans.—Emma V. Sheridan.

The net cash surplus in the treasury including subsidiary coin, is \$70,088,545, against \$67,571,812 on January 1, an increase of nearly \$13,000,000 during the past month.

Wolff's ACME Blacking advertisement featuring an illustration of a person using the product on a horse.

Pik-Ron advertisement featuring an illustration of a horse and rider, and text describing the product's benefits for horse care.

5/A Horse Blankets advertisement featuring an illustration of a horse and rider, and text describing the quality and durability of the blankets.

Geo. P. Rowell & Co. advertisement featuring an illustration of a horse and rider, and text describing their newspaper advertising services.

Perry & Co. Pens advertisement featuring an illustration of a pen and text describing the quality and variety of their pens.

TO WEAK MEN advertisement featuring an illustration of a man and text describing a medical product for men's health.

JOHN DIEMER advertisement for Napoleon Meat Market, featuring text about meat products and contact information.

E. F. SHUMAKER advertisement for Practical Well Driver, featuring text about well-drilling services.

WM. TIETJEN advertisement for FUNERAL DIRECTOR and UNDERTAKER, featuring text about funeral services.

C. F. BEARD advertisement for Foundry and Machine Works, featuring text about industrial machinery.

Dr. J. W. TALBOTT advertisement for DENTIST, featuring text about dental services.

Joseph Shaff advertisement for HAND-MADE WAGONS, featuring text about wagon sales and repairs.

C. H. GIDLEY advertisement for Insurance Agent, featuring text about insurance services.

J. Overmeyer advertisement for PRACTICAL HORSESHOER, featuring text about shoeing services.

THIENEN & HILDRED advertisement for BUILDING STONE, featuring text about construction materials.

QUICK CURE advertisement for various ailments, featuring text about the product's effectiveness.

TO WEAK MEN advertisement (repeated) featuring an illustration of a man and text describing a medical product.

ATTORNEYS advertisement for R. W. CAHILL, featuring text about legal services.

ATTORNEYS advertisement for JAS. P. RAGAN, featuring text about legal services.

ATTORNEYS advertisement for MARTIN KNUFF, featuring text about legal services.

ATTORNEYS advertisement for J. M. HAAG, featuring text about legal services.

ATTORNEYS advertisement for TYLER & TYLER, featuring text about legal services.

ATTORNEYS advertisement for J. V. CUFF, featuring text about legal services.

JUSTICES advertisement for PHILIP C. SCHWAB, featuring text about justice services.

NOTARY PUBLIC advertisement for JOSEPH WEIBLE, featuring text about notary services.

PHYSICIANS advertisement for DR. J. S. HALY, featuring text about medical services.

MISCELLANEOUS advertisement for PHILIP WEBB, featuring text about various services.

FOR A GOOD SHAVE advertisement for SEITZ & ROWLAND, featuring text about shaving products.

MONEY TO LOAN advertisement for C. E. REYNOLDS, featuring text about loan services.