

Little Dorothy's Courtship

By VIRGINIA LEILA WENTZ

Dorothy knew that it was about time for Joan and the rest of them to be returning from their sail on the lake. It would never do for Joan to find the "big fish" of the house party—that was the name she had given the young English earl—talking to her alone. She was only poor little Cousin Dorothy, and acting in this particular household as Joan's mother's paid companion. So she pretended to be bored with his lordship's society.

"La-la, la-la, la-la," she hummed, sinking back into the depths of the easy chair and stretching her white arms lazily.

"I say," said the earl, "am I tiring you, Miss Dorothy?"

Dorothy stopped humming. "No," she drawled, with mock mischief, "not exactly. But—here she smiled her sweetest smile upon him—"you won't be vexed, will you, if I tell you that I'm a bit sleepy and that I must sleep in the sun? Will you draw this chair over for me, please?"

Rising slowly, she adjusted the fleur-de-lis at her waist while his lordship drew the chair to the sunny corner of the big veranda.

"How'll that do?" asked he.

"Splendidly. Now for cushions."

"How many?"

"Hundreds," said she.

He collected as many as he could carry and fetched them to her.

"Here are thousands," he announced.

"Delicious!" murmured Dorothy, sinking back into them with a sigh of content.

"This is quite perfect."

"It will be when I fetch you a sunshade," he amended.

"Sunshade!" cried she. "Go away, you Goth! I want the sun."

"You'll be pickled!" warned he.

"No," corrected she, dimpling. "preserved." Her long black lashes lay motionless on the wild rose flush of her cheeks.

The earl chuckled and pretending that he fancied her already asleep, crept elaborately away on tiptoe. Joan and the rest of them were in sight, and he advanced to meet them.

Joan Shannon was unquestionably a beauty. She had been photographed in every variety of pose; she had been painted by several of the most celebrated artists on two continents, but in spite of this fact she had passed through the whirl of three seasons and was still unwed.

"She must be waiting for a title," people said, as other girls far less beautiful came out, danced through a season or two, and were led to the altar by men of their choice.

However that may be, included among the guests at this particular house party at the Shannon's big country place on the sound was the young Earl of Stowbridge, and it was common property that, Miss Shannon already had found him very attractive.

"So awfully sorry you couldn't join us in our sail this morning," she began in her sweet, suave voice, with an accent which was the result of much travel. "Is your headache better now?"

"Pon my honor, I've not given it a thought for the last half hour. I found Miss Dorothy reading on the veranda, and she took pity on me and put down her book, and—well, somehow she must have cured my headache. She's got jolly pretty dimples, and she's a cousin of yours, didn't some one say?"

"Yes—distant. Mama never liked me to associate much with her family when we were little, and now, as you can imagine, we aren't very—er—congenial."

"Such fun," observed the earl laconically. His fair companion turned and looked at him reproachfully. "And who would wish to be fun?" said she.

"Oh, I don't know," said his lordship gallantly.

Miss Shannon found herself wondering for a moment as they walked on whether the earl might not prove testy after all. Would he be uneasy under the crushing and ordering about to which her father and mother submitted. If there was one thing she disliked it was obstacular people. She had been brought up to expect people to agree with her.

"Of course," she sighed, shrugging her beautiful shoulders discreetly, "I feel sorry for poor little Dorothy. Mother won't need her after the autumn, and I'm sure I don't know what's going to become of her then. Besides, she hasn't any practical sense. Just look at her now lying asleep in all that sun. She'll be simply black with freckles!"

That afternoon when everybody was reading for a dinner dance in the evening the Earl of Stowbridge wandered into the library, a cool, dim apartment banked with books and made comfortable with couches.

He had just discovered one of his favorite authors and settled down to read when the sound of feminine voices in the adjoining room disturbed his attention. Six seconds had not elapsed when he became aware that it was no ordinary interview and that he should make a step forward to announce his presence. It was not in his character or traditions to be an eavesdropper; nevertheless he found himself curiously unable to move or utter a sound.

"Angling for him—I?" It was Dorothy's voice, low and impassioned, but with a quick little gasp or two, such as would come from one who had suddenly received an unexpected douche of cold water.

"There can be no doubt of that," came Mrs. Shannon's icy tones. "Only yesterday Joan was telling me of her own misgivings!"

"Misgivings!" There was still that tremulous catch in the breath.

"Oh, of course young men will be young men," continued Mrs. Shannon, with a pur in her well bred tones. "They will pursue the girl who holds out the angling iron. You are clever—and calculating—but one thing I have to tell you:—If you wish to remain in this household you must assume a different pose. And, remember, not an ordinary conversation alone with the Earl of Stowbridge while he is under this roof. You may go now."

There was silence just for an appreciable fraction of a second; then little Dorothy seemed to be drawing herself up to her full height as she flung a defiant, passionate answer into her aunt's face:

"I thought at least you were a lady, but you're not. You're cowardly and cruel and vulgar. Oh, how can you be so?" Dorothy, sobbing miserably in her hot anger and insulted girlhood, was obliged to leave the room. Mrs. Shannon, cool and collected, as always, touched a bell and sent the cook some orders about the salad.

After dinner, while they were dancing, the earl sought Dorothy out in the star sprinkled night, where she had wandered to a hammock under the trees far from the chattering groups on the veranda.

"I've been wondering who was behind that lighted cigar," she said lightly as he joined her, and then, more seriously, drawing in her breath deeply: "Isn't it splendid out here tonight? I like to catch that strong breeze from the sea. It gives one courage."

"Is that what you want—courage?" asked the earl, looking at her tenderly in the starlight and feeling his big, honest heart a-throb. He sat down on a stump of a tree close by. "You're plucky enough, I fancy."

"I shall need it all, all the courage I have. I—She faltered, and under the sweet, sudden spell of sympathy her lips trembled pitiously. The earl leaped forward impulsively and gently imprisoned one of her hands.

"I know," was all that he said. She measured him, not understanding.

"You see," he started to explain in his straightforward fashion, "I was in the next room this afternoon when your aunt—"

She drew away from him with terror in her eyes. "Oh," she cried bitterly, "you overheard all that—cruelty—and it's made you pity me!"

"It's made me love you, little one," he corrected solemnly. "I liked you from the first moment I saw you, but now I know that I love you. Of course," he added, seeing that she still shrunk from him a little, "a thing like that's easily enough said, but just give me a little hope, and I'll make it my life's business to prove it to you, dear." He held out his hand to her like a knight of old.

Dorothy tried to speak, but her lips would not respond. Then she did a curious thing. She took his outstretched hand in her own and pressed it close against her eyes, and they were wet.

Virgins Which Commands Love.

Should some women need encouragement they may learn with interest that men are rather apt to be vain and that it is enough sometimes to be a good listener in order to be a most successful hostess. The following typical anecdote proves this. Gimbleville, the old courtier, somewhat of a poet, too, was known to be paying a deal of attention to a certain lady of the hotel de Rambouillet. One day some one had this conversation with him:

"You are the 'cavalier servant' of Madame—?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Do you love her?"

"With the most devoted respect in my heart."

"Why? She is not beautiful."

"No."

"She is not young."

"No."

"She is not graceful."

"Not very."

"She is not witty."

"No, not particularly."

"Well, then, what is it?"

"She can listen admirably."—Prof. Albert Schinz in Lippincott's Magazine.

Anecdotes of Quin.

James Quin, a noted actor of Garrick's time, loved to dine, and was often fuddled in consequence when he went on the stage. Once while playing Sylvia, his daughter, in "The Recruiting Officer," instead of asking her, "Sylvia, how old were you when your mother died?" he said "married," Sylvia laughed, and being out of her cue, could only stammer, "What, sir?" "Pshaw," cried the more confused Quin, "I mean, how old were you when your mother was born?"

The body of Duke Humphrey was returned from Egypt, embalmed in the rarest wine and the richest spices. Upon seeing this Quin soliloquized as follows:

Oh, plague on Egypt's arts, I say! Embalm the dead? On senseless clay Like sturgeon or like brawn shall I Bound in a precious pickle lie, Which I can never taste? Let me embalm this flesh of mine With turtle fat and Bordeaux wine And spoil the Egyptian trade! Than Humphrey's duke more happy I Embalmed alive, old Quin shall die, A mummy ready made.

The Spoiled Child.

"No," wailed Tommy, "I don't want that big pink necktie on!"

"It doesn't matter what you want," replied his mother. "You must have it on."

"Well, if you put it on me I'll cry all over it and that'll spoil it."—Philadelphia Press.

AN EFFECTIVE BAIT.

Clever Detective to Send After a Missing Debtor.

A registered letter is mighty effective bait. The Seventy-eighth street woman nibbled at the first throw.

"Of course it is for me," she said. "That is my name and that was my address before I moved here."

"Yes, that part of it's all right," the postman admitted, "but it says 'esquire.' You're not esquire."

"No," sighed the woman, "but I'm sure."

"Of course you are sure," he put in, "but I can't leave the letter. This is a registered letter, and we have to be very careful of registered mail. The best I can do is to give you the name and address of the writer. Then you can make inquiry and ask to have the letter addressed properly."

The woman eyed the prosperous looking missive yearningly, but since the compromise offered was the best bargain obtainable she accepted it. The situation was puzzling. The name of her benefactor was totally unknown.

Fortunately he was situated in a downtown office building, so immediately after luncheon she attempted to elucidate the mystery of the registered letter. Once inside the office she recognized her correspondent as the manager of a concern to which she had owed \$2 for typewriting supplies for the last six months. She mentioned the letter; the man produced a bill.

"It was a copy of this," he said. "You had moved—we could not find you—mere oversight on your part of course—still, in order to keep our accounts square—you understand."

The woman was so mad she wasn't sure whether she understood or not, but she paid the bill. When she had gone the manager treated himself to a fresh cigar.

"Registered letters," he said, are the best detectives going when the person you are after moves frequently and is guilty of no greater crime than shirking a little bill. An ordinary letter, even though forwarded to the proper address, may elicit no reply, but very few people can withstand the appeal of a registered letter. To bring results it must, of course, be properly directed, so that the addressee cannot receive it. In that case it either arouses sufficient curiosity to bring the delinquent down here to investigate or is returned with the proper address marked on the envelope. In either event we get on the track of the debtor and are pretty sure to collect the money."—New York Press.

A Step Too Far.

Author—It's a wise man who knows when he's well off.

Friend—Yes?

"C. told me that everybody was talking about my new book."

"And what then?"

"I was foolish enough to ask what they said."

Palliation.

"We are going to give an amateur dramatic performance in aid of a worthy charity."

"Why, that, of course, is an extenuating circumstance."—New York Press.

He Wanted to Know.

Scotchmen are fond of an argument, and delight to find flaws in an opponent's logic. Two blacksmiths were once conversing as to which was the first trade in the world. One insisted that it must have been gardening, and quoted from Genesis: "Adam was put into the garden of Eden to dress it and keep it." "Aye, John," retorted the other, "who had stood up for his own trade, 'but who made the spades?'"

One Dollar Saved Represents Ten Dollars Earned.

The average man does not save to exceed ten per cent of his earnings. He must spend nine dollars in living expenses for every dollar saved. That being the case he cannot be too careful about unnecessary expenses. Very often a few cents properly invested, like buying seeds for his garden, will save several dollars outlay later on. It is the same in buying Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It costs but a few cents, and a bottle of it in the house often saves a doctor's bill of several dollars. For sale by J. F. Mynderse, Altamont; Elam Williams, Knox.

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