A MATCHMAKER.

"I am sure, Cousin Molly, that Mr. Beaumont is in love with you."

"Nonsense, Nellie! He knows very little about me. I have only been twice with you since I came."

"But don't you believe in love at first sight?"

"I am sure I don't know, but —"

"Now, be candid, Molly. You know you are very fond of him."

"I don't know anything about the case. I don't know a bit more about it than I do as to your opinion as to handsome and kind hearted and clever —"

"Yes, might add clever, considering my opinion."

"Why?"

"Because then you won't have greater fear of the question that a woman can expect in the case she would marry."

"Really, Nellie, I believe you are nothing but a scheming little Cupid market."

"Is this business perhaps I am. But it is certainly a very desirable match, and you and Will had your eyes in love with each other."

"I protest I don't love him a bit."

"Why, you know your own mind!"

"Oh, yes I do. I don't love him, and I wouldn't marry him."

"Do you mean that?"

"Well, of course I do."

"Then I'll marry him myself."

"What?"

"Why not?"

"Oh, of course it is nothing to me."

"Quite so."

"But I think it very mean of you—very, very mean—not to have told me that you could fall in love."

"Now, Molly, for horse. Mr. Beaumont, I am sure, thinks you do love him and that you would refuse him if he asked you to marry."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes. So I believe, from something he dropped, that he is going to propose to me one afternoon. Now, if you slip into the drawing room and hide behind the screen—"

"I shouldn't think of doing any such thing. The idea!"

"Do as I tell you, dear, and you will find it very, very, I was quite going when I said I would marry Mr. Beaumont."

"Then you are sure you don't love him for your little self, Nellie, dear?"

"Not in the least. You will hear me tell him so if you want."

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"Well, Mr. Beaumont, I have consented to marry Molly."

"And do you really think I may hope for success?"

"I am sure of it. She is very fond of you, but not yet fully aware of the fact. It is a woman's nature, you know."

"It was very good of you to offer me your advice and help."

"Not at all. We are very old friends. Now, don't you be rash, or you will spoil everything. You must do exactly as I tell you. You must come into the drawing room and propose to me."

"Propose to you?"

"Yes, and mind you act the part well."

"I don't understand you."

"Well, while you are proposing to me, Molly will be behind the screen. When she hears your protestations of love for me, she will think she has lost you and will discover the true state of her heart."

"Oh, really, this seems rather —"

"Now, don't argue. Do just as I tell you. Come into the drawing room at once. I am sure you will succeed splendidly."

"You mean, Don't you think?"

"Not a word. I hear Molly coming down stairs. I will go behind the screen. When I raise my hand, begin. Now, you will not—Mr. Beaumont!"

"Well—I—it is rather a rough—with the mortifying scene to follow afterwards. There are so many different schools of reading as of writing."

"Did you know by this time my love for Molly?"

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"My darling Molly, you have made me happy."

"But don't you feel a terrible big sinner—sacrificed by the woman in the case (?)?"

"It was a great pet of Nellie's."

"Yes she never so have."

"Nevertheless I should like to see her happy in her own way."

"Yes. How can we manage it?"

"Look, Molly! Here is Captain Hart from coming up the drive. We will put Hart and Nellie and I are engaged."

"Do agreed."

The captain entered and exchanged greetings.

"Have you heard the news, Captain Dorrine?" said Molly.

"What news?"

"Nellie has accepted an offer of marriage."

"Yes! I am delighted to say I was quite aware of it."

Molly and Mr. Beaumont exchanged glances.

"Why, who told you?"

"Ha, ha! Who in the world should tell me but your cousin herself?"

"Dearest Harry—"

"Not at all. I have just sufficient the consciousness in the county newspapers."

"Do mean you have?" exclaimed Mr. Beaumont eagerly.

"And why not, sir?"

"Because it is utterly false, sir."

"Sir!" What is the matter?" cried Nellie, emerging into the room. "Surely you two gentlemen are not going to quarrel yet."

"Captain Dorrine states on your authority, Miss Nellie, that you are to be married."

"It is perfectly true," Dorrine Cried.

Molly threw herself into an easy chair and began to sob and show signs of hysterical excitement. Nellie and Beaumont stood looking bewildered, while Harry stood regardless. Nellie with a glance of mingled surprise and resentment.

"I thought," said Beaumont, with face was at an end, Miss Nellie."

"Pause! What do you mean?"

Suddenly a smile broke over her face, and she burst into a peal of laughter. As soon as she was capable of speech she explained that she was primarily in jest to Captain Dorrine, who was to be, and that so far actually gone that afternoon to propose to her. Now she enlightened her future husband as to the cause of all the confusion.

Then everybody laughed, everybody congratulated everybody else, everybody was in the old merry humor again. But close of the company Nellie was a wicked, mischievous, mischievous little thing, and she said that she would have to be kept quiet to hard enough to become Mrs. Dorrine.—London Tit-Bits.

DISTINCTLY MEAN FOR SOLDIERS.

The Country Quite Convinced Why the Sergeant Was So Cruelly.

A pretty story is told of Mr. Harry Hornsby, which shows how little Mr. Hornsby, shooting, was a good man to select the regiment for Queen's guards.

The husband, concerned when she was a prisoner of war, of the Indian Mutiny. Yet, although this, with a sense of his high position, was considered a most fortunate choice, it appears, was not for a favorite regiment. The pride of the pretty wedding dress, however, was soon over the sun to their honeymoon. The girls suggested that if an officer were sent they would forward the honeymoon as soon as possible.

The proposal was favorably, but after very demurely, informed young officers to could not be spared. "Why, sir," said the girl, "if you can't spare one officer, surely you can spare two, and if your fathers are engaged and you will wait for you the moment they are ready to escort."

"Why," said the daughter of the great proprietor, "I think it is very unfair for an officer, even on the Queen's service, to be so mean as to give the poor girl a chance."

"Who is your father?" asked the officer.

"My name is Hornsby," replied the girl simply. "Mine is Hornsby, sir, is to be our husband."

The officer quickly took out a pocket-book and wrote a few words. "Take this letter your father," he said to the officer, "and give it to Hornsby, sir, and he will get the money."

"Why, sir, I know, sir, I know, sir, I know, sir," replied the officer, "I know, sir, I know, sir, I know, sir,