

What must it have been in this case when half a score of pairs of bright eyes were gazing in astonishment and as many ears were trained to catch every syllable? Usually, too, the woman addressed is very much embarrassed, or seems to be. This one was not! With a musical laugh followed by an interrogation point, she awaited further developments, Emma, the American girl, rallying her good-naturedly the while

"You know you want to get married," said Emma. "Why don't you say yes?"

Not wishing to prolong the agony beyond the proper limit the reporter produced the following letter:

CHICAGO, Aug. 13.—TO THE EDITOR: One who reads your articles with more than passing interest, and who deeply sympathizes with the cause of honest labor, has sufficient romance in his "make-up" to perform his part in assisting the young lady of brains referred to, and if honesty of purpose, good bringing up, etc., accompany the brains, the lady can find at the head of an honest, temperate, working-man's home a peace and comfort not found in "wearing out her young life" in pursuit of a mere existence. This is in good faith, and any acknowledgment of it will call forth—confidentially, of course—the name and address of the writer.

It was interesting to watch the play of the girl's features as she read the letter. At first curiosity was uppermost; then came an expression of sadness as the passages expressing sympathy for honest labor were reached, and finally a slight flush and a smile as she read the offering clause.

"Will you accept?"

"Don't you do it at once," said Emma, tantalizingly. "Keep him waiting for a while till he gets real anxious."

"Who is the writer?" asked the girl to whom the letter referred. "He must live where girls are scarce."

"The letter is dated and postmarked 'Chicago.'"

"Well, I should like to see the writer. It takes something more than temperance and honesty to make a man. I shall not embrace the present opportunity to answer."

"Nor the man either?"

"Nor the man either," she said with a merry laugh as she caught the gentler force of the play upon the words.

"Will you answer the letter?"

"I will take it under advisement, as politicians say,"

"If you don't accept turn the letter over to me," chimed in Emma. And then noticing the grounds in her coffee she added: "Can you tell fortunes?"

Everybody on the *Times* tells fortunes, and of course the visitor could. "This man is a blonde, tall, somewhat portly, and a widower with three children," he began.

"Can't you make it five? She just dotes on children. If she won't take him I'll be No. 2 and run the chance. Can't you induce him to call here? We are tailoresses here, but when we appear upon the street we are——"

"Well, what are we then?" asked the girl with the light hair.

"Why, then—then we are ourselves. What time is it?"

"Seventeen minutes to 1 o'clock."

"Then we have just two minutes to live," and the trio began preparations for renewing their toil after the forty-five minutes allowed for lunch. The author of the letter might wait a long time before finding a brighter or better head for his household than this girl whose ancestors worshipped Thor and Woden.

"Nell Nelson," in a recent article in the *Times*, described the trousers manufactory of K. B. O., on S. street near Division, as a two-story and basement frame, the stories being used for girls and the basement for horses. This is true as to the girls, and only the qualifying expression "in part" is needed to make it fit the basement, the rear portion of it being used for stabling, with all that the word implies. Miss Nelson, it will be remembered, worked an afternoon at this place, making a pair of trousers for 5 cents, and after relating her experience quoted