

JIMMIE'S COOK

By Epes W. Sargent, Copyright, 1905, by Epes W. Sargent.

"Come in," said Jimmie Caswell, a little embarrassed. "You see, the place isn't fixed up very well, but I haven't had any one to attend to things for a week."

"Help is hard to get," admitted Grace Gorham.

"But I'm very lucky," commented Jimmie, regarding the brown hair that peeped under the dainty hat. He always had liked brown.

"Now, about my place," said the girl briskly. "How much do you pay?"

"Four dollars a week," said Jimmie promptly. "I pay you a certain sum for expenses, and you find all material. It's better that way than having to come to me all the time for money."

"But isn't that very little, even for a beginner?" she asked.

"That's the regular price," assured Jimmie. "Four dollars a week and \$10 for supplies."

"I never would use all that," she gasped. "I don't suppose you will need more than a couple of dollars a week."

"Oh, yes, you will," declared Jimmie. "The last girl couldn't get along with that, even. She used to touch me for more every Friday regularly; never could imagine what she bought with it."

"She must have been very hard on ribbons," suggested Miss Gorham. "Some girls are. Even at that, she shouldn't use up \$10 worth."

"What have the ribbons to do with the expense?" asked Jimmie curiously.

"She couldn't spend it for paper," explained Miss Gorham. "You could not possibly use more than a box a week. The ribbons are about all else she had to get."

"Oh, no," he interrupted. "She had to get bread and meat and things like that."

Miss Gorham rose, her face a bright



"AS COOK," INSISTED JIMMIE FIRMLY.

crimson. "I did not come here to be insulted," she said felly.

"You came to see about a place," he protested.

"As stenographer" she finished.

"As cook," insisted Jimmie firmly.

"I distinctly told them to send up a cook."

"The hall boy said it was three flights up," she went on.

"What has the hall boy to do with it?" he asked curiously. "I never told him I wanted anybody."

For answer, she drew a clipping from her pocketbook. It was an advertisement for a stenographer and gave the house address, but no name.

Jimmie immediately became conscious of his dressing gown. It was all right to talk to cooks in dressing gowns, but a stenographer—and such a pretty one!

"I'm sorry," he said humbly, "but it's the fault of that blame boy. He meant Miss Cartwright across the hall. I believe she writes."

He showed her to the door, but to his surprise she started down the stairs.

"Miss Cartwright is just across the hall—on this landing," he called after her.

"I—I don't think I want the place," she cried, struggling to keep back the tears. "I don't want to work here."

And she went her way conscious, even in her anger, that she was rather sorry that Jimmie had not wanted a stenographer. Even in a dressing gown Jimmie was an attractive fellow.

As for Jimmie himself, he kept thinking about the pretty typewriter all the morning, and even the arrival of a well recommended cook brought no solace to his mind.

Even a telephone summons to dine with his favorite aunt did not give the pleasure it usually brought, even when that kindly lady admonished him to be prompt, as she had invited a particularly attractive young woman on his account. "Better get her to run the house for you," she laughed, just as she hung up her receiver, "you have such trouble with servants."

For a moment Jimmie did not recognize her in her filmy dinner dress. He was merely conscious of a vision of loveliness in something soft and green—or blue, it might have been blue. Then a cool, self possessed voice remarked that she had had the pleasure

of meeting him before. Jimmie's gaze became a stupor, from which only the announcement of dinner roused him, and he was half way to the dining room before he really realized that the vision of the morning was beside him and was saying something to him. Ashamed to acknowledge that he had not heard, he answered, "Yes" at random, and immediately became aware that he had said the wrong thing.

They were removing the fish plates before he had the courage to seek to penetrate the icy air of reserve in which she had wrapped herself.

"What was it you asked me when I said 'Yes'?" he asked desperately.

"Didn't you understand?" she counter-questioned, unbending a trifle.

"To be perfectly frank," he said honestly, "I never heard a word. I was so surprised to find you here that my head was in a whirl."

"My father has a theory that his daughter should be capable of her self support. I am to have the old home on Madison avenue if I can get and hold a position for three months. This morning was my first application."

"But what was it you asked?" he persisted.

"I asked you if you really thought I looked like a cook," she said, with a little laugh.

"And I said 'Yes,'" he cried contritely. "What a fool you must have taken me for!"

"Then you admit your mistake?" she asked smilingly.

What Jimmie answered was not to the point and wholly unworthy of recital. There are times when even a confirmed bachelor may grow suddenly foolish, and through that dinner Jimmie would have rivalled even a college lad making love to his first widow.

A more important conversation, and one more worthy of record, was held a few weeks later in the Gorham library.

"You see, I am at sea again on the servant question. The girl drank everything in the house that was bottled, even the cooking sherry."

"Why don't you go and live at a hotel?" she said. "Now that you have come into all that money through the sale of your western property, you do not need to keep bachelor hall—on ten dollars a week for all material," she quoted.

"I've a better idea than that," he declared seriously; "one my aunt gave me. I think I'll hire a housekeeper."

"What will you pay her?" she demanded, her eyes twinkling at the memory of Jimmie's serious parody on bargaining.

"Love and affection and other valuable considerations, as the legal documents say," he answered promptly.

"And as you were an applicant for a place you shall have first chance—will you, dear?" He had dropped his banter and his voice had become dangerously tender.

"I think I'll have to," she answered shyly. Then with a sudden flash of humor, "If only because you look so forlorn when your rooms have been servantless for a week."

"The blessings of Cupid be upon the mistake," said Jimmie softly. "I think I'll give that hall boy \$5, because I kicked him for making you uncomfortable that morning." Which was an eminently practical termination to a proposal by an oddity like Jimmie.

Supporting the Candidate.

As a specimen of what candidates for parliamentary honors in England have occasionally to put up with from their supporters the following little incident is worth recording:

Visiting a north country colliery during the men's dinner hour, a certain candidate was advised by his agent to ask "old Ben," a supporter who happened to work at the pit, to say a few words to his mates.

After some little persuasion the old man agreed to address his fellow workmen on the candidate's behalf, and this is what he said:

"Well, mates, I ain't a-goin' ter tell ye as we've gotten a real straight, fair, honest candidate. You knows as well as I does as there ain't no sich thing as an honest politician breathin'. Howsumever, I've heard both candidates, and I've picked out wot I think is the best of a sorry pair! Ye'd better vote for him, chaps! This," indicating the by no means comfortable candidate—"this is 'im!"

That was all.

The Soft Answer.

Speaking of bad handwriting, a London bank cashier told this story of his encounter with a clergyman who came in a fury to complain that his written instructions had been ignored, says the London Chronicle. "Really, sir, your hieroglyphics completely baffle"—began the cashier. "Hieroglyphics!" shouted the clergyman. "Bless my heart!" (he was a cautious speaker). "I won't have my writing questioned. Send for my pass book. I'll close my account." Then from the cashier came the soft answer. "But between scholars the hieroglyphics should be a compliment." The clergyman reflected, laughed. "All right," he said, "I don't want that pass book." For he had remembered that "hieroglyphics" denotes simply the handwriting of priests—the scholarly caste.

Ancient Use of the Mace.

The ancient use of the mace introduced us to a remarkable instance of ecclesiastical casuistry. The clergy were

forbidden to sneez blood, and as the sword was inhibited this might have been thought sufficient to keep them from the battlefield. But not so. They adopted the mace. Though they could not cut a man's throat, yet might they break his head. So Bishop Otho, half brother of William, fought alongside of the conqueror at the bitter battle of Hastings with great effect, the brothers being, as you may say, "a pair of nutcrackers."—Notes and Queries.

DISASTROUS EXPLOSION.

San Francisco, Nov. 29.—An explosion which destroyed a building at 10 St. Charles place, off Pacific occurred early this morning and nearly sacrificed the lives of forty people who were in the house. Isador Sellinger and his wife, Augusta Sellinger, were badly mangled and are being treated at the Emergency hospital. What caused the explosion is a mystery. The police are inclined to think it was due to dynamite stored in the premises.

Son Lost Mother.

"Consumption runs in our family, and through it I lost my mother," writes E. B. Reid, of Harmony, Me. "For the past five years however, on the slight east sign of a cough of cold I have taken Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption which has saved me from serious lung trouble." His mother's death was a sad loss to Mr. Reid, but he learned that lung trouble must not be neglected, and how to cure it. Quickest relief and cure for coughs and colds. Price 50c and \$1.00; guaranteed at Charles Rogers' drug store. Trial bottle free.

The great Barnum circus will cross the Rockies shortly—the first time in its history.

A cynical Kansas editor remarks that some engagements end happily and some in marriage.

Chapped Hands.

Wash your hands with warm water, dry with a towel and apply Chamberlain's Salve just before going to bed, and a speedy cure is certain. This salve is also unequalled for skin diseases. For sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists.

Valentine Tarpley, a citizen of Louisiana, Mo., 80 years old, claims to have the longest whiskers in the world. They measure eleven feet, and the old gentleman is very proud of them. For many years he has kept his beard plaited and when he dies he wants it to be left in its elongated beauty. A dime museum manager once offered him a large salary to go on exhibition, but he refused.

Good advice to women. If you want a beautiful complexion, clear skin, bright eyes, red lips, good health, take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. There is nothing like it. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. Sold by Frank Hart.

Our incomes are like our shoes; if too small, they gall and pinch us; if too large, they cause us to stumble and to trip.

The main walls of many of the houses in Mexico are from three to six feet thick, to withstand earthquake shocks.

Man's Unreasonableness.

is often as great as woman's. But Thos. S. Austin, Mgr. of the "Reublican" of Lavenworth, Ind., was not unreasonable, when he refused to allow the doctors to operate on his wife, for female trouble. "Instead," he says, "we concluded to try Electric Bitters. My wife was then so sick she could hardly leave her bed, and five (5) physicians had failed to relieve her. After taking Electric Bitters, she was perfectly cured, and I can now perform all her household duties." Guaranteed by Charles Rogers, druggist, price 50c.

Dan Patch will never again meet another horse in a contest, so his owner says.

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A. H. McDONALD,
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