

THE WOONG OF ROSYBEL.

By KATHARINE K. CROSBY. Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Farmer John considered him a most ungodly young man and forbade him to enter the yard. He also forbade his daughter, Rosybel, to leave the yard, except on Sundays, when she could go to church under his eagle eye.

It may be that Farmer John's ideas were rather exacting. Rosybel thought them so anyway. To her there was nothing absolutely wicked about a pipe of tobacco, especially if the pipe were of the mahogany type affected by young men who had been to college.

Dick Mellon had been to college. Indeed his A. B. was barely a fortnight old. Now he was touring the country after a fashion, all his own in the search of amusement.

He told his father that he wanted to see something of life before entering upon that gloomy, practical career which his dotting parent saw stretching before his eldest boy.

Now, touring suggests a gay and festive motor-car, all red enamel and starting brass work, but Dick had eschewed such vanities as all too commonplace. He was touring in a hack.

Besides Dick there was in the hack a variety of assorted staves, for instance, a couple of canvas contraptions which when you gave them a chance evolved into a cot bed and a lounging chair, a metal plated pot, which could be transformed by some miracle into a complete evening dress outfit, a small table and chair important of all, a camp organ of the sort carried about by wandering evangelists.

When Farmer John issued his edict that the young man who had dropped into church from nowhere at all and walked home from the meeting with his daughter Rosybel should not enter his premises on pain of death, via bulldog Towser—Dick was rather pleased than otherwise.

His vacation bade fair to furnish more entertainment than he had anticipated. Moreover, he was really very much taken with Rosybel, who was not only the prettiest girl whom he had met with in his travels, but was also blessed with a sense of humor. This is an adorable combination, hard to resist.

and tomorrow is Sunday," said the young man when the rest had gone and his heart was singing songs against the white paling fence. "Tomorrow is Sunday, and I should like to walk home from church with you, Rosybel."

"But you can't," provoked Rosybel, "because dad will be there." "And there's a crowd, I've noticed. Do you happen to know, belovedest, what is wrong about your little Dick?" "Nothing, of course, only dad thinks you are a loafer and don't know how to work."

"We'll show dad his little mistake. Some one said he was short handed for the haying next week. Is that so?" "Yes. He can hardly get help, but what?" "The sound of approaching wheels threatened Farmer John's arrival, and her question was not in-ludged."

Early Monday morning a stranger, applied to Farmer John for work. He wore heavy, silver rimmed spectacles, and his hair was slicked down over his forehead in a bang. His clothes were all that a farm hand's should be, from a straw hat to muffled shoes.

Farmer John was fascinated and never interested in matters of personality. He chuckled afterward over the good bargain he had made, for in addition to the horse and hayrack which the man offered along with his services he would furnish his own meals.

He realized that this was unusual, the stranger said, but he had indignation and could only eat his own cooking. Farmer John was delighted, and Rosybel, listening around the corner, did not know whether to laugh or be glad, at her lover's sense of honor which prevented his eating forbidden meat.

Every evening after that they met under the elm tree, and Dick showed her the new callous spots which the boy had brought from the white-boned days of his prowess in the field. Rosybel listened eagerly and let her eyes tell him what she thought of him, which was very pleasant for Dick and made life altogether worth living.

By Saturday the hay was well in clover from a choice patch of clover which the farmer had been obliged to leave out overnight. It was all sea-soned and packed and ready for the work. The weather had been fine all the week, and when the men turned into their beds at an early hour there was still no threat of change.

In the middle of the night, however, Dick was awakened by a low rumble of thunder. The young man's first thought was of those hayracks over to the west, where his next was to get there before the rain. Stopping only for trousers and shoes, he rushed out to where his horse was picketed. The moon gave light enough between gathering clouds for him to see his way to the field, where he put in a half hour of such work as he had never known, even in football season.

The hayrack was loaded and under way for the barn before the rain struck. Farmer John met him in the farmyard with a lantern as he drove up in a hurry and stared at him in astonishment.

"Open that barn door, you loafer!" Dick yelled in his excitement, quite forgetting that he was addressing the father of Rosybel. Farmer John was not used to being called a loafer, but when he came to understand the situation he rather liked it.

When the hay was safely housed and the barn door picketed he invited the young man into the house to dry off. There he hustled about and built a fire in the kitchen stove, and while Dick was tending his feet in the oven the old man surveyed him thoughtfully. Presently he inquired mildly:

"What do you do for a living, young fellow?" "Going into politics," Dick responded modestly.

"Grange or capital?" demanded Farmer John. It was a crucial question.

"I'll stand for the farmers every time," Dick assured him, and that settled it. The two were earnestly discussing the ownership of wild lands when the sitting room door opened and Rosybel appeared.

THE UPPER AIR.

Danger in the Chill That Comes With the Fall of Night. Few people who visit Denver realize that it is located only a few feet short of a mile above the sea level. At such altitudes the climate is always treacherous. The midday sun may be brilliant, but after dark the air is soon chilled and one is liable to contract a cold.

Several of the Spanish cities stand upon the crests of tall hills, where such climatic changes occur after nightfall. When, as a boy at the grand opera, I saw Spaniards in "Carmen" or "The Barber of Seville" toss their long cloaks or capes about their faces I assumed that the act was intended to disguise them—to hide their faces. Nothing of the sort. The Spaniard, like the Italian of the Alpine regions, always covers his mouth after sundown to minimize danger to his lungs from the night air.

Curiously the women haven't any fear of the chill that follows the darkness. They may be seen in low cut bodices at all hours of the evening in the cafes, at balls and on the streets. The men, however, are in terror of cold night winds. Pneumonia and tuberculosis carry off a great many victims in Spain and northern Italy—Julius Chambers in Brooklyn Eagle.

Not a Dead One. The hour was long past midnight, but the young girl had not yet retired. Musing, wringing her hands, she walked the room distractedly.

"Oh, father!" A stately, white haired figure in evening dress had entered.

"Father, speak. Has Winterbottom Hance killed himself? I heard a commotion about midnight—a crack of a revolver, a fall as of a heavy body. I refused Winterbottom early in the evening, and as he staggered from the room, despair writ large upon his pale brow, he swore wildly to take his own life."

The old man's eye gleamed as with some secret joy.

"Refused him, did you?" he queried. "Refused Winterbottom, eh? Well, I'm glad you did. He's just cleaned me out of \$7 in a poker game at the club."—New Orleans Times Democrat.

Legend of Moses. The story of the cause of Moses' stammering is given in the Talmud and runs as follows: Pharaoh was one day sitting on his throne when Moses on his lap when the child took off the king's crown and put it on his own head. The "wise-men" tried to persuade the king that this was treason, for which the child ought to be put to death, but Jethro replied: "It is the act of a child who knows no better. Let two plates be set before him, one containing gold and the other red hot coals, and you will find he will prefer the latter to the former." The experiment being made, the child snatched up one of the live coals, put it into his mouth and burned his tongue so severely that it was ever after "heavy and slow of speech."—New York American.

See Economics. The organization of bee life is a fascinating study. The workers in a beehive may be divided, says the University Correspondent, into (1) harvesters who bring in honey and pollen from flowers, wax from buds of pines and poplars, water to mix with pollen and honey to make the party food for the larvae; (2) scavengers, who in early morning carry out debris, including dead, sick or injured workers; (3) ventilators, who stand erect and keep their wings in continual movement in order to ventilate the hive; (4) guards, who defend the hive from wasps, robber bees and other enemies.

Her Baseball Idea. Elsie—What are goose eggs in a baseball match? Harry—They are in slugs when no runs are made. Why did you ask? Elsie—Oh, I thought maybe they were laid by the fouls in the game.—Chicago News.

They Have Horns. Teacher (giving a lesson on the rhinoceros)—Now can you name any other things that have horns and are dangerous to get near? Sharp Pupil—Motor cars.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

PUMPKIN PIE.

Praise For This Culinary Triumph and Gastronomic Delight. American literature is replete with the praise of pie, and Harriet Beecher Stowe says, "The pie is an English institution, which, planted in America, flourished with a rampart and burst forth into an untold variety of genera and species." The average American echoes, "Let it run." He has the same desire that possessed Simple Simon of Mother Goose fame when he fed the pie man. But Mother Goose flourished before the pie reached the acme of its glory. The most famous pie of which she wrote was a meat pie, for she said:

Sing a song of sturgeon, pocket full of rye; Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie. When the pie was opened the birds began to sing. Wasn't that a dainty dish to set before a king?

A pie containing live blackbirds sounds like a fairy tale, but it is not, as a Venetian publisher of a cookbook printed in 1869 gave a recipe for making pie—that the birds may be alive in them and fly out when it is cut up. The gay revelers who sat down before such a dish may have thought that they were eating a Venetian specialty, but the pumpkin pie is a gastronomic delight to every American citizen beside which blackbird pie

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ortolan pies, lombard pies or battalia pies are and of right ought to be back numbers.—Washington Star.

A Tart Retort. A good story is told of a prominent society woman at Newport whose name cannot for obvious reasons be given here.

It appears that an extremely wealthy matron who has not always enjoyed her present social pre-eminence was making certain supercilious references as to a young girl who had been presented by the lady first mentioned.

"By the way," languidly asked the wealthy matron, "who is your friend Miss Blank?" "Miss Blank is a charming girl," was the smiling response, "well bred, as you see, accomplished, entertaining."

"Oh, yes, of course," continued the other, "but, my dear Mrs. So-and-so, you know what I mean—who is she?" "My dear woman," retorted the first lady, "I can no more tell you who Miss Blank is than I could have informed those who asked me who you were when you first came to Newport."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

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