

A SONG OF POLLY.

Polly, Polly, the kettle sings. There's a puff of steam like fairy wings. A fragrance of Oolong stealing. Dainty china cozily set. Fragile as frailiest of eggshells, yet strong in my housewife's dealing.

A PRESSED ROSE

Grace Hetherton was happy; that is, young Grace was. There was an old Grace Hetherton too. Aunt and niece they were, one nearly sixty, the other just turned twenty.

For years before Archie Armitage and Grace Hetherton had been betrothed. He was a young Englishman, and a short time before the day fixed for the wedding he had been called home by the sudden death of his father, leaving Grace to wait on this side the water for his speedy, safe return.

The father died, John brought a wife into the big, rambling house. Grace's hair turned from brown to gray, from gray to snowy white; wrinkles came into her sweet, wistful face; nephews and nieces grew up about her; but still she looked out from her rooms at the end of the wing and said, "He may come tomorrow."

Now, after forty years, another Grace Hetherton was to marry another Archie Armitage. John's daughter, Gracie, had met the second Archie while traveling abroad. He was the son of the drowned man's brother, and in face and figure, in voice and bearing, was remarkably like his uncle.

Gracie walked up and down in the sweet smelling June twilight, from the piazza to the gate and back again. She was waiting for Archie. He had but recently come from England, and was soon to take her back with him, his bride.

As she paced to and fro, she caught the gleam of light from her aunt's windows in the old wing. It occurred to her to go and sit there with the old lady until Archie came. She had told Aunt Grace some time before of her engagement, but when she gave her lover's name, the gentle voice had checked her.

the prim, old-fashioned sofa, the face of the woman illumined with joy, her eyes looking tenderly into those of the man, her hands placed caressingly on his shoulders. In her mind the passing years had brought no thought of change in him she loved: she had watched for the same stalwart young figure, the same sunny face she had parted from.

Archie quickly took in the situation, and felt the cruelty of undeciphering her. Better to leave her shattered mind rest firm in the belief that her own Archie had returned as he had promised than to attempt explanations, even if she would have understood them. He determined to act the part as well as he was able.

She plied him with questions as to his health, the voyage, etc., and he answered with whatever apt fiction came to him, taking her hands in his and smiling back into her dimmed eyes.

"You seem to have been gone a long time, Archie. How long?" She paused and put her hand to her head. "A year—was it a whole year? Yes, perhaps as much as a year. It confuses me to try to remember—but there's no matter, you are here. How long it seems since you gave me the rose that night and said goodbye!"

She arose and took down from a shelf behind her an old volume in red and gold, opened it carefully and held it out to him. "You remember how you broke it from the bush at the gate and fastened it in my hair?" Her voice trembled with excitement. "There it is, pressed in my annual, the one you gave me. I have kept it to show you."

Archie took the book and bent over it. On the open, yellow page lay a long stemmed rose, withered and brown with age, the last gift of the Archie of long ago.

"It has turned brown while you have been across the sea and back again." The young girl listening outside caught the quivering strain in the voice, and fearing the effect of the unusual excitement upon her aunt now appeared at the door.

"Come in, Gracie, come in! I have a visitor to introduce to you." She took the girl by the hand and led her into the room. "This is brother John's daughter, Mr. Armitage. Gracie, this is my old friend, Archie Armitage, who has just come from England. We have been talking over old times." In her excited joy all sense of incongruity seemed lost to her.

The young people exchanged a swift glance of intelligence as they bowed to each other, and Grace said to her aunt: "Don't you think you are a trifle tired now, auntie? Perhaps you and Mr. Armitage had better wait until tomorrow to continue your talk? You know you have not been very well."

The white haired woman looked thoughtfully from one to the other. "Yes," she said slowly, "it is probably somewhat late. I will send him away shortly. Will you tell your father he has arrived, dear?"

"Papa knows Mr. Armitage is here, auntie," replied Grace, "and I will go back with him across the lawn. Tomorrow you'll have a long day together." "Yes, perhaps that is best. I seem somewhat dizzy. It has been so exciting to see you, Archie." She stroked her brow slowly with her hand and sat down in her easy chair. "You'll come in the morning?"

"Yes, auntie, I'll come in early and help you dress; but you must get quiet now, auntie, dear. Good night." "And, Gracie, I'll put on my blue figured gown be used to like to see me in, and the broad garden hat, and we'll have the morning on the lawn. I shall have to show him all the old nooks and corners, and we'll have so much to say, so much to tell each other."

She looked up at Archie with a look of exquisite tenderness, and he bent and kissed her reverently. "Do not rise," he said: "you are overtired and we will have so much to talk of tomorrow. Good-night." He followed Grace to the door, and as he closed it behind him on the picture of the white head bent over the withered rose, he thought how much they were alike, the woman and the flower.

When Grace opened the door of the old wing the next morning she stopped abruptly. The lamp still burned on the table, and beside it in the easy chair sat her aunt as they had left her, but with closed eyes, and an odd, happy look of youth upon her face, still holding in her lifeless hand the stem of the rose, its fragile petals lying scattered among the soft folds of her dress and on the floor about her.—Charles Edwin Kincaid in Pittsburg Bulletin.

Seemed Monotonous. The other evening a little girl, a mite of five years, lay on her mother's lap during the children's hour. Play was over and the white robed little figure was ready to be tucked into bed. But she clamored for a story, and the mother told her of heaven; of the golden pavements, the great white throne, the snowy garments of the angels and the perpetual praise from the harps of the great orchestra of the blessed. After the story was finished the child was silent for a minute. Then she asked, "Mamma, have we got to do just that for ever and ever, amen?" It will be difficult to insure the orthodoxy of this precocious young person.—Detroit Free Press.

Extravagant. Some Japanese real estate boomers went out and founded a town and advertised as a leading feature "a great avenue, fifteen feet wide, running the length of the town." This extravagant waste of land was reported to the government, and the boomers were ordered to simmer down or go to prison.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Let Him Try It. A Philadelphia surgeon says that by three strokes of his lancet he could paralyze the nerves acted on to make a man get mad, and thereafter anyone could pull his nose, cuff his ears and spit on his boots and he would simply smile a soft, bland smile.—Detroit Free Press.

SPANISH DISHES.

How to Use Oil in Cooking Without Its Disagreeable Effects.

Though, as a rule, Spaniards of the better class are not early risers, they begin the day with the desayuno, as they call the meal. This usually consists of a large cup of milk and coffee, or a small cup of thick chocolate, with a kind of cake called ensaimada. The chocolate is made with milk, never with water, except in the poorest families. Between 1 and 2 p. m. old-fashioned Spanish folks have their dinner. The table is very simply laid with a clean cloth and several plates of sweets and fruits; flowers seldom appear; saltcellar, pepperbox and mustardpot never. A spoon, fork and knife lumped together, a tumbler for water and a small wineglass are set at each place.

A Spaniard never commits the heresy of mixing wine and water; he says it is spoiling two good things. A goodly sized loaf of bread flanks each plate. The soup tureen is first handed round, and, although its contents are a trifle greasy, nothing can be more nourishing. It is compounded of all the good things that go to make up the classical cocido or puchero. The substantial portion with which the soup is made is placed in three separate dishes and served up immediately afterward. On one dish figure large, thick slices of boiled beef and pieces of fowl with slices of bacon; on another appear the garbanzos, or chick peas, and on the third are the vegetables with slices of chorizo, or sausage.

The cocido is usually eaten as it is, though in some houses tomato sauce is added. The puchero, or cocido, takes its name from the pewter pot in which it is slowly boiled. In every well regulated home throughout Spain the cocido is made once a day, and a right good thing it is, as at any hour you may chance to need a cup of broth you can be supplied with it. The next dish is the frito. Frito means a fry, and the dish usually consists of fried brains, fried sweetbread, croquettes of fowl, etc.

In no country are things fried better than in Spain, because good olive oil is used to fry them in, and oil makes those delicacies more crispy. That Spanish oil may be turned to good account for anything in cooking will no doubt cause unbounded surprise. There is no denying the fact, however. Food ill prepared with oil is no doubt a trying case in so far as the palate and nostrils are concerned, but a good Spanish cook knows well how to disguise the taste of the oil in many ways.

The simplest and perhaps the best advice is to let the oil come to a boiling point and to throw in a piece of bread, which is taken out as soon as it becomes brown and thrown away. This takes off any bad taste the oil may have. The pan is then carried to an open window and the steam blown away, a process which as effectually clears it of any unsavory smell.—Boston Transcript.

Nearly Everybody Is Superstitious. "The amount of mental suffering ignorant people undergo from the fear of ill omens being fulfilled is inconceivable to persons of well balanced minds," said a well known physician.

This doctor spent two years at one of the charity hospitals on Ward's Island, and while there had an excellent opportunity for observing many peculiarities and various phases of humanity among the outcasts of a great city. Continuing after a short reverie the doctor said: "Of course superstitions have existed and will exist as long as there remains a belief in the mysteries of future life. It is seldom admitted by persons of intelligence that they are, to a greater or less degree, at all subject to the uneasy feeling an uncanny event will produce. But it is really an exceptional thing to find a person who has no superstitions whatever. Generally the presentiments are so unimportant that they are but seldom alluded to by the one experiencing them, and are soon forgotten. But that they do exist in nearly every mind is undoubtedly true."—Chicago News.

Correcting the Teacher. In one of the Springfield grammar schools the teacher was explaining an example in arithmetic on the blackboard, and had finished it with the exception of the last two figures of the answer, which was in dollars and cents, when she was called out of the room. On returning one of the pupils raised her hand and said, "There are some cents to the answer in the book, but there isn't any on the board." "Why, Nellie, what do you mean by speaking to me like that?" the teacher exclaimed in anger. After the school had been in a roar of laughter for fully a minute it dawned on the teacher's mind that it was "cents" instead of "sense" that the girl was talking about.—Springfield Homestead.

Wanted It to Float. Timothy Sheeler had become very rich, but he remained very ignorant. Having traveled about the country by land he began to think he ought to visit the coast states and have a yacht.

He consulted his friends on the subject of the kind of boat he should buy. "What you are about it," said one of them, "you'd better get an iron boat." The old man saw in the suggestion only an attempt to play a joke upon him. "What d'ye mean?" he roared. "An iron boat! Have me go sailin' round the world in a cook stove, would ye?"—Youth's Companion.

Superstition About Spiders. Even school boys are led to forego their usual destructiveness when spiders are in question. I remember that when I was a lad at Winchester it was considered a most unlucky thing to do any injury to a particularly large kind of spider which is sometimes found in the college buildings, and which went among us boys (or men, as we called ourselves) by the name of a Wykehamist.—Cornhill Magazine.

Strained Relations. Archibald—You are related to her by marriage, are you not? Frigiday—No; I'm her brother by refusal.—Puck.

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