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**Everybody hereabouts reads it. Don't you?**

**IN THE ROGUES' GALLERY...**  
 By E. M. Hastings

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When Aunt Milly returned from her visit to Boston, she was a changed woman. She had gone away a staid old maid of thirty-seven, with never a bit of nonsense about her, and she had returned frustrated—that is, she slumped and giggled and acted "girly." She took to wearing bows and jewelry, and she was anxious about her eyebrows and the mole on her chin. Her sister Florence, a widow and the head of the house, noticed these things with something like astonishment, but reserved comment. She argued that they were the legitimate results of a woman getting away from the sober influences of her country home and that they would soon wear off. Her daughter, Susie Warden, was the third member of the household. Susie had been denounced as worldly by the old maid. She had also been charged with coquetry. It had even been hinted that she was heartless. All this because she cared more about her horses than for the young men who bowed to her good looks and her future financial prospects and because she preferred a walk through the woods with a gun in her hands and a dog at her heels to sitting on a rustic bench and flirting with a callow youth.

Susie had never been in love or anywhere near it, but Aunt Milly's symptoms did not escape or deceive her. She judged them to be symptoms of love, and her curiosity was aroused. What manner of man could have touched this old maid's heart? All sorts of men might fall in love with a girl; but according to Susie's reasoning, only one or two sorts would fall in love with an old maid, and especially a homely one. She thought things over until she felt in a measure responsible for the aunt who knew nothing of the pitfalls of the world, and then she tackled her one day with:

"Look here, Aunt Milly, you are in love, and I want to know all about it."  
 "My dear child, but what can you mean?" gasped the aunt as she blushed as hard as she could and bit her finger nails.  
 "I mean that you fell in with some man in Boston who talked soft to you and that you are getting two letters a week from him and answering them with exceeding promptness. It is no



"I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THAT MAN," use to try to deceive me, for you can't do it. This giggling and slumping around and writing for hair dyes and

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complexion powders mean love. Who is the man?"

Aunt Milly blushed some more and fended some more and then owned up. It was a relief to own up and have somebody to share her joys and anticipations, and she was glad of the opportunity. Yes, she was in love. It wasn't the wishy washy love of a young girl, but a strong, deep feeling, founded on respect, admiration and friendship. She had been introduced to a professor while in Boston, Professor Holden. He wasn't connected with any college, but was "professing" on his own book and delivering interesting lectures on physiology. He hadn't called her an angel and fallen in love at first sight. On the contrary, it had taken him five or six days to discover that he had at last met his affinity, and he had skipped her face entirely in summing up her graces. All this and much more the blushing aunt related to the inquiring niece, and the latter finally demanded:

"Now show me this man's photograph. I know you've got it."  
 Aunt Milly almost lied about it, but finally produced a cabinet photograph. She was of course wearing it over her heart. It was the typical "professor" or rather more so, and after a long look at the picture Susie handed it back with the remark:  
 "I don't like the looks of that man, and I'm going to keep an eye on things. If he doesn't know more about corn cures than physiology, then his photograph is way off."

Aunt Milly was shocked, upset and angry, and her defense of the professor was vigorous and decisive. They were not actually engaged as yet, she admitted, but he was coming on soon for a visit and would then doubtless propose for her hand. His letters were beautiful, and no woman could read them without almost reverencing the writer. She refused to exhibit them, but a few hours later Susie had the meanness to steal and read every one. She saw that the professor had neglected orthography and grammar in his schooling, and the only beautiful thing she could discover about the epistles was his statement that he sought for a "harte" to beat responsive to his own. It was no use to say anything further to Aunt Milly. She was "set" in the matter and loyal to the absent one. A week later Professor Holden arrived. He was a distinguished looking man. As Susie looked him over she believed she could distinguish him from most fakirs by the grease on his hair and the set of his ready made coat. He was a fairly agreeable man of big words and eccentric ways. He hadn't come to propose a secret marriage or an elopement, but to boldly declare his love in the face of everybody and ask for Aunt Milly's hand. Aunt Florence was inclined to be neutral, and Susie had nothing to say. So it came about that the lovers pledged themselves, and the marriage day was set for three months ahead. Susie's seeming indifference was annoying to the happy hearted old maid, who wanted everybody to rejoice with her, but the only explanation she received was:

"I'm doing a lot of thinking just now, and you wait till I get through, and I'll congratulate you."  
 She had a dim remembrance of having seen a photograph of the professor before. She stilled doubted as she took the train for New York one morning. On reaching the city she took a cab to police headquarters, in Mulberry street, and when finally ushered into the detective department she astonished the inspector in charge by asking to look at the rogues' gallery.

"Any particular picture?" he queried.  
 "Yes, sir; I want to find the photograph of the man who is going to marry my aunt if I don't stop him, though it just occurs to me that you can't have pictures of professors here."  
 "Oh, yes, we have, scores of them," he replied. "Here's Professor Marshall, who delivered lectures on astronomy and robbed postoffices the same night; here's Professor Massarin, who made a study of plant life and worked the gold brick racket at the same time; here's Professor Du Bois, the eminent student of geology, who went about New Hampshire studying rocks in the daytime and stealing horses at night; here also—"  
 "You needn't go any further," interrupted Susie as she turned away. "Are you looking for Professor Du Bois?"  
 "I'd give \$500 to see him on a little matter of business."  
 Susie said nothing on her return home. It was only when the newspaper containing an account of the arrest of the professor arrived by post that she took Aunt Milly out into the orchard and handed them to her to read and asked:

"What are you going to do about it?"  
 "Why—why," answered the dazed woman as she let the papers fall from her hands and looked about her in a pitiful way, "I—I ought to faint away, oughtn't I?"  
 "Yes, I think that would be the proper caper."  
 "Then I will!"  
 And she did, and when she returned to consciousness her romance was ended.

Our days are comparatively few, and we live through each day only once. Therefore it behooves us to make each day worth while.—Ladies' Home Journal.

**THRIFT.**



Mabel (who has just concluded a bargain for a fowl): "Then I'll tell mother you'll kill it and send it up tonight."  
 Mrs. Macfarlane: "Na, na; I'll no kill it till the morn. I'm thinkin' it's goin' to lay an egg this evenin'."

**THE PUZZLER**

**No. 61.—Single Acrostic.**  
 A very useful article made of very useless materials.

1. A fragrant flower; a bright color; the height of perfection.
2. It may be very good or very bad; a division of a drama.
3. Take care of these, and the more valuable coins will take care of themselves.
4. The king of all the birds.
5. A favorite sport frequented by high and low; the people of a country.

**No. 62.—Lost Letters.**  
 [Example: Insert a letter in to crowd and make a dairy product. Answer: Cream, cr-e-am.]

1. Insert a letter in a sly look and make one afflicted with a terrible disease.
2. Insert a letter in an insect and make part of the head.
3. Insert a letter in a boy's name and make a common fruit.
4. Insert a letter in a sex and make the tree which is Canada's emblem.
5. Insert a letter in a legal claim and make to compare.
6. Insert a letter in learning and make a river of France.
7. Insert a letter in small animals and make a kind of pie.
8. Insert a letter in a dock and make a musician.
9. Insert a letter in attitude and make to balance.
10. Insert a letter in a tribe and make pure.

The inserted letters will spell something very popular in the country.

**No. 63.—Charade.**  
 Sweet Priscilla at my side,  
 Gayly o'er the waves we ride.  
 As we banter on the yacht  
 She is happy; I am not.  
 For, beneath my fringe, her eyes  
 Frown and smile and tantalize.  
 Though she rules my very soul,  
 She is governed by my whole.  
 If she'd only marry me,  
 How contented I would be.  
 If I heard our wedding bell,  
 If my second on us fell,  
 Gayly then away I'd ride,  
 Sweet Priscilla at my side.

**No. 64.—Meshes.**

A	A	A	A
A	A	A	A
D	E	E	E
E	E	E	H
I	I	I	I
I	I	L	L
I	R	R	S
S	T	T	T
U	U	Z	Z

Each word consists of nine letters. The horizontal and verticals read the same.

1. The name of a queen of England.
2. Pertaining to the azimuth.
3. Refraining from indulgence, especially in the use of food or drink.
4. Act of attaining in law.

**No. 65.—Tables.**  
 [Example: Best table for horses. Answer: S-table.]  
 It is a "true," but "not to be avoided" fact that even a "to be respected" and

"kind and considerate" man will be, when hungry, "easily annoyed," and his words at times become almost "more than is right," but if when coming to the table he finds plenty of meat and "the best table that grows," he will, you will find, become more "easy, happy."

**No. 66.—Three Diamonds.**

I.	II.	III.
0	0	0
0 0 0	0 0 0	0 0 0
0 0 0 0	0 0 0 0	0 0 0 0
0 0 0	0 0 0	0 0 0
0	0	0

- I.—1. A letter. 2. A verb. 3. Distinguished persons. 4. Before. 5. A letter.
- II.—1. A letter. 2. A broad shallow vessel. 3. Pertaining to ships. 4. A masculine nickname. 5. A letter.
- III.—1. A letter. 2. That has existed long. 3. Shines with intense heat. 4. The abbreviation for pennyweight. 5. A letter.

**No. 67.—Enigma.**

There is a name containing five letters. It begins and ends with 500. The middle letter is five, and the first of letters and the first of figures are the second and fourth.

**No. 68.—Definitions.**

- Ssytoer—Emblems of silence.
- Tals—Sad ending of a Bible character.
- Garenly—Made keen by its mother.

**Key to the Puzzler.**

- No. 53.—Concealed Word Square: 1. Back. 2. Area. 3. Cent. 4. Kate.
- No. 54.—Illustrated Rebus: People who live in glass houses should not throw stones.
- No. 55.—Decapitations: Guelph. 1. G-one. 2. U-sage. 3. E-bony. 4. L-oft. 5. P-earl. 6. H-earth.
- No. 56.—Courtship of Selim Standish: Transpositions—1. Desfire, reside. 2. Tired, tried. 3. Severed, deserve. 4. Perverse, preserve. 5. Discern, veto vote, rescind. 6. Unite, untie.
- No. 57.—Double Acrostic: Primals—Schools. Finals—Lessons. 1. Soul. 2. Cite. 3. Hems. 4. Odes. 5. Ohio. 6. Loan. 7. Seas.
- No. 58.—Enigma: The letter V.
- No. 59.—A Triangle: 1. Exude. 2. Trai. 3. Air. 4. Ly. 5. E. Left side—Elate. Right side—Eyrle.
- No. 60.—Gates: Derogate. Mitigate. Castigate. Fumigate.

**Nature's Use For the Mole.**

When nature wants something done, she is apt to inveigle an animal into doing it. The mole is bent only on catching earthworms. He makes his long burrow near the surface and then, traveling up and down its length, he picks up all the worms that stumble into his way, his slender nose serving as an effective instrument for withdrawing them from their burrows. I think, too, he eats the beetles and cutworms that lie in his path. But while he is intent on his own work he is at the same time loosening up the soil and letting the air through it and mixing up the leaf mold with the earth, thus enriching the land. It is aggravating to see the ridges that mar the surface of our lawns and gardens, but we must put up with that for the sake of the good of the soil. Besides, I suspect his claim to the land is an earlier one than ours.—Ladies' Home Journal.

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