## THE CHARITY GIRL By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

to the girl.

"There is your ticket, Marse," he said.

Audrey thanked the kind-hearted cler

"Ten minutes to the stables, and then

good hour's hard ride back, and then

lamed, poor old chap! Can't take him out again this week, that's very certain.

Here we are at Glaston, another five

'Ope you didn't 'urt yerseif, my lord :

in like that, when she's on the move

This ain't fit for the likes of your lord

a quarter of an hour ago. Right, Bill;

yes," giving a shrill whistle. "Right she-

She's very poor, at any rate. She's evi

He leaned forward and addressed Au

"This-I am a stranger. I have never been on a train before. I -oh! and I

shall have kept Mrs. Thorngate waiting.

ed Jack Glendurwood in amazement. He

golden-brown mustache. What manne

of creature was this, with ber sweet

childish voice, her curlously black draped

figure in cumbersome cloak and thick

veil; her shyness and her !gnorance? He

laughed a little easily. "It must seem

strange to you. But did ! understand

you to say you were going to meet Mrs.

gate told me she would be waiting for

me, and now-"
His voice was so kind that Audrey felt

"Well, she will not have to wait long,

Lord John answered, cheerfully, and then he all but whistled sloud, for Au-

drey, with a quick gesture, had flung back her veil, and he beheld her face

"Yes; at-at Mountberry. Mr. Thorn-

"Never been in a train before!" repeat-

dently upset at pasing her stetlon.

Mountberry in a very short time.

drey in his kind-hearted way.

way about."

Oh. dear !"

ship What did you say, ma'am?"

he brie! conversation.

Now, then, there!"

Won't you change carriages, my lord?

till a lady speaks to you. She

CHAPTER L. "And is it really good-by, Andrey, really Whatever happens, whatever lies before and truly good-by? Oh, dearest, I am us, I shall love you, darling, till I die!" so grieved to let you go. I don't know what my life will be like now."

The speaker was a thin, nervous look nothing, hearing nothing for the passion ing girl, with large gray eyes, and a ate beat of her heart and the b'ur of sor weak mouth. She stood with her roughened hands clasped tightly together, and tears were rolling down her cheek, and her breast, and as the wheels of the cab falling unheeded on her shabby serge carried all that was precious to her away

gown, but somehow the garment did not seem to be as shabby or as ugly as that When hands were roughened, too, ss with much work, yet their shape was exquisite, the work, yet their shape was exquisite, the fingers slender and straight, not swollen saw that the girl had fainted. and disfigured with chilblains like poo-Jean's; her little head was poised pro ly on her shoulders; she carried herself with a regal air, and gave evidence at this early age of possessing that most of the asylum, she felt she must rare of gifts, a beautiful face.

re of gifts, a beautiful face.

What a dreary place this I'emale Orer driven in any sort of tehicle before, phan Asyplum was, to be sure! There and the curious sensation of being car was an air of gloom in the dirty-grayried over the road at a quick pace added colored walls; an unspeakable sense of to the vagueness that seemed to envelop sadness and restraint in the unlovely. her; but the keen east win1 as it rushhigh-wailed grounds, the severe matron, ed in at the window awoke her, and with the young persons in their d'ngy uniform a sigh, she knew it was no cream, but a of blue serge, with their daster aprons reality full of excitement, confusion and and thick gray stockings. It was called unspeakable pain. The tears she had re the Girls' Home in Broamborough, and pressed rolled down her cheeks as she never was anything under the sun so misthought of Jean left alone in that misnamed. From morning till night the day erable life. Then her young spirit rose above her grief. She was free, and beone long round of drudgery, good hard manual labor, lightened by many fore very long Jean should be free, too, prayers, and by one hour's so-called rec- and they would go away together, as they reation, in which the girls found many had dreamed and whispered ro often in odd tasks to perform that were not exactly in the category of idleness or pleas-

The Mayor of Broadborough had much to say in the matter of election into this "and when you reach Mountberry you asylum, and it was entirely through his must get out and wait on the platform nfluence that Jean Thwait, granddaughter of old Samuel Thwait, the bookseller, wife, and will look after you. I should was provided with a home when the old have taken you down myself, but I cannot man died suddenly and left her, a little leave Broadborough for another week. child, without a penuy or a known rela-tive in the wide world. Everybody knew and never forget your duty to your emthat Ralph Thwait, Jean's father, had ployers and to heaven." a bad marriage, but the shop of Samuel Thwait had been an institution gyman and accepted his advice gracefully. to an old inhabitant the Mayor did his they were proceeding at a quick, even best to get the orphan girl well cared for pace that had the effect of scothing the In the future. This done, I'ttle Jean girl. The rumble of the whiels buzzed Thwalt troubled no one any more; so a sort of lullaby in her ears. She was Jean was left to the tender mercies of the very weary and was soon lost to everymatron, and grew up from Labyhood to thing in a deep, dreamless slumber. girlhood, working in the gloomy routine She was awakened by a sudden openthe asylum as hard as though she ing of the door, by several voices shoutwith an occasional aunt or cousin to very fast. It was a young man. Audrey

How this latter ever got into the home was a miracle to most people. A founding, the walf and stray child of a vagnant woman who breathed her last in the Broadborough workhouse infirmary, she was, by general consent, considered as "Just twelve," Audrey hard him mut-

ed rebellious; her innate sonse of delibeap of objections that the matron | ing a rapid mental calculation. and her assistants piled on this girl. Every means had been tried to crush Audrey's proud spirit. Every possible bar-rier had been thrown in the way of her they will not be miles away before I even advancement in education, and yet, in am half-way there. Well, it's worth havenite of all, the girl progressed; her hot ling a shot at anyhow. I must get a pride, her extraordinary will carried all brush-down somewhere. Shella will have before her, and to the chagrin of the matron and her other enemies, at the usual house-like schoolroom, before the Mayor Maxse who carried off the first marks for

In all the years she had lived at the asylum Audrey had only one friend, one loving heart to sympathize and help her In her troubles, and this was Jean Thwait. Often and often at night, when the two young creatures were alone in meagerly furnished bedroom, they sat and whispered in the dark of the time when they should be free from the miserable place they called their home.

We are alone in the world. Jean Audrey would say; "there is nothing to We must leae here when we are seventeen—the rules of the bome won't let us remain longer-and then we will go away togther, and work for each othhappy! We will leave England, Jean, and go abroad—I want to see foreign lands, don't you?"

"But you forget, darling; we we may service before we are free!" Audrey always shuddered at the word. The parting was not a thought now; it was a reality, a horrible reality. Three do? Lord John, usually called Jack, tays before this one that saw Audrey glanced at the figure before him with reality, a horrible reality. Three engaged in putting her few coarse clothes into the yellow tin box, the girls had ned into the chapel and catechised by a clergyman, who came in place and much pleasure in examining Audrey on certain points, and the girl's clear, fresh voice, added to her intelligence and wonderful face, made a great impression

a short chat with Miss Irons, the matron, in the course of which he told her he was anxious to find a young woman as maid for a lady who was one of his par

Your girls always give areat satisfaction and so, if there is one ready to go out to service, I might arrange this," he said

Irons gave a cordial consent, but looked vexed when he suggested Audrey and spite against the girl and had deter mined to put her out into the hardest and least comfortable situation she could find. But fate was evidently against her, for board accepted the Rev. Mr. Thorngate's proposal and Audrey was given a hew black gown, bonnet and cloak, and was bid hold herself in readiness to depart on the morning of the fifth day.

Jean spent the whole of the long night that came before that fifth day in comforting her beloved friend and herself, and had the satisfaction of seeing Audrey drop off into a deep, troubled sleep. was torn and bleeding, and no salve was

The parting between the two girls was in all its beauty. Tears were still hang-very quiet; neither of them could speak ing on her lashes, but her eyes shone of farewell, and their eyes were through them like sapphires; her raven black hair, brushed vigorously back from

plexion, and those wondrous deep-blue eyes. He forgot all about his haste, his muddy appearance, or his lame hunterhe even forgot his manners-in his ad miration and surprise, till a deep blush, preading over her throat, cheeks and "Think of me always, Jean, dear.

brow, recalled him.
"Are you going to stay with Mrs. Thorngate, may I ask?" he inquired al-

her brow, enhanced the Adicate patter

f her skin. Jack Glendurwood though he had never seen anything so perfectly

lovely in his life as the straight, small

nose, the red lips, the pale, ivory com-

ost involuntarily.

Audrey felt strangely shr and childish. He seemed to her like King Ar-thur, with his tall, strong figure and Then they kissed each other and Auurteous manner,
"I wish Jean could see hlm," she drey went swiftly down the stairs, seeing

thought to herself, and then she glanced row before her sight.

Jean stood with her hands pressed at him like a shy, startled oud when he asked her that question.
"I beg your pardon. I—I have no right

to ask you such a question," he stam-mered, hurriedly; "it was only because Mrs. Thorngate is a friend of mine." from her, perhaps forever, she gave one mean and fell forward on her cutstretch-"I have never met Mrs. Thorngate," she said in a quiet, respectful manner. "Nor am I ever likely to become her When the assistant matron came in, scolding and grumbling, as usual, she re-ceived no reply from Jean Thwait, and, friend. You-you have made a mistake, sir; I am not a lady, I am only a ser-

Lord John felt an involuntary confusion in his breast. Audrey's clear, refined voice, her curt, proud words, roused his ire against the fates that condemned As Audrey found herself alone in the cab, driving out of the high, iron gates so fair, so young a being to a menial

"Staple will do everything for you, and there is a train directly," he said hurriedly. "I hope you will reach your hurriedly.

"Good-by, and thank you. Oh, thank ou!" Audrey answered him. Now that he was going, she clung to him as to something bright and pleasant such as she had never known be-fore. In a vague sort of way he seemed

Audrey sighed as she felt berself being whirled along to Mountberry. Now that she was alone again, all her rervousness returned, and she was quivering with exwaiting at the station and spoke kindly citement and fear as they reached ber

(To be continued.)

TROUSERS BIG AS A TENT.

Argentine Cowboy's Garb Is Pictur esque in the Extreme.

Our friend the gaucho is as much in vidence along the line to the west as to the south in Argentina. He still sticks to the inevitable poncho, but he has discarded the chirps, a blanket-like garment that the southern gaucho The train carriage was quite empty, and wears around his legs, or bombachos, even which is the name for absolutely the largest trousers on record.

The bombachos, in the first place were, I believe, brought to Argentina by the Basques. The things went straight to the heart of the gaucho and he adopted them at once. Only were of the stronger, not the feebler, ing, and by some person jumping into the stronger, not the feebler, ing, and by some person jumping into the has steadily insisted on amplifying sex. Most of her companions were cases the carriage and sinking on to the seat, like her own, all respectably connected, breathless, evidently with baving run of bombaches will house a small famof bombachos will house a small fampay them a visit on the day set apart gazed at him in startled amazement lly. There is no particular point of for this function, and who all with one through her veil. He was splashed with utility to be urged for these windbags, accord held up their heads and looked mud from head to foot, but his clothes but they serve to make their wearer a down on Jean's pet. Audrey Maxse. were perfect in make and fit. He were conspicuous figure when he rides into

outside the pale and therefore ineligible ter, and she was bewildered to think pieces of wood to be laid on a blanket for election into the institution sacred to she must have slept for something like behind the horse's withers. Over these the memory of the pious willow of a rich two hours. She drew back a little ner- several thicknesses of fleece or soft the memory of the plous whlow of a rich two hours. She drew back a little her vously into her corner, for the young blankets are strapped, a pair of stirAudrey's pride had brought down many man had folded his arms and was gazing to a weary punishment on her head; her was punishment o As a matter of fact, Lord John Glen- like a crude arrangement and such it cacy and neatness became inordinate van-ity, and her beauty was the last straw was opposite to him. He was busy mak-a number of Englishmen who have used it claim that the recado gives a knee grip in the soft blankets that insures a seat more sure than that possible in any saddle of hard leather.

The most inseparable companion of the gaucho of the west is his rebenka. have or whip. This has a heavily loaded handle about a foot and a half long. how I came such a cropper; making such a jolly fool of myself, too, before every-body. I hope poor Hector isn't badly which terminates in a thick single or double thong of rawhide of the same length as the handle. The handle is sometimes covered with hide or, again, heavily inlaid with silver. A blow from minutes, and then Beignton, and then the handle of a rebenka will fell a horse and a cut from its lash will tear open a gash in the flank of a tough-

and the guard came running down to the carriage. He touched his cap with great The gaucho of the south fights with his knife in one hand and his folded poncho in the other as a shield. The out you know it is dangerous a jumping western gaucho substitutes the rebenka for the poncho and must make a far more formidable opponent. His great facon, or knife, reposes most of the time in his belt; his rebenka never leaves his hand during the day, and please?" faltered Audrey, oreaking in on at night he sleeps with the thong of it "Mountberry? Why, we've passed it about his wrist.-Pittsburg Disputch.

He Relented. Restaurant Proprietor-Here's your

wages. I don't want such a careless walter around no place. Walter-What's the matter? Restaurant Proprietor-Why, the gen

about her uncertainly; she was fright-ened and bewildered. What should she leman ordered sirioin and you served "Looks like a widow. Can't be, though him porterhouse. she's so small and young. Poor creature; Walter-Well, we all make mis-steak

occasionally. Then the boss relented.-Toledo Blade.

"You can get another train back imme Whipped Cream. diately from Beignton. You will reach "Look here," shouted the Irate neigh bor over the fence, "your youngest getting out at Beignton myself, and I will son has been stening my cats and pilput you in the care of old Staple, the fering my apple trees. He is a master, unless you know your "No, oh, no!" she broke in nervously.

"Don't talk that way about my son. blurted the fond parent. "Why, he's considered the cream of our family." "The cream, eh? Well, I'd like to see him whipped."

"Yes." said the old man, "my daugh ter is still studying French."

"But she can't speak the language a all, can she?" remarked the friend. "She couldn't at first but now she can speak it just enough to make herself unintelligible."-Philadelphia Ledger.

"Sir, the owner of this automobile as not run away from the conse quences of the smashup. He is above

spicion." "I know that, because he is under the auto."-Baltimore American.

First Legislator-Are you going to vote for the charter of this vacuum

company? Second Legislator-What's in it?-Baltimore American

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to-night."

"My bath at once!" she ordered, sharp-

"Yes, miss, everything."
"Let her remain here and watch you

Audrey stood in a dusky corner with

and invigorated herself, sat before the

long, ivory-mounted duchesse mirror, and

Audrey thought she had never see

It had been such a long, wonderful day

ruary sun were streaming in through the

and then a little sigh.

is sure to be nice."

good naturedly.

The housemaid stared at her in amaze-

ment; but when she saw that Audrey still held out her hand, she put her own

rough palm into it, while she grinned

baint, and I likes you! Why, I took you for a lady. There! My name's 'Lisa.

Audrey explained all that was neces

sary, and then Eliza showed her the way

nice? Ain't you 'ungry? You must eat

to giggle, as a young man-a very good

voice to Audrey, "and such a swell!"

Mr. Downs smiled with much superi-

of admiration. He was soon chaffing and

joking with her, while Audrey, who felt

an indescribable vexation and dislike aris-

ing within her at the man's presence,

went to the doorway and walked ou

and fresh in the cold morning air that

she soon lost her vague discomfort, and

began to make friends with the half dozen

"You'll get cold out here, miss," the

she. I'd like to know, though she is so

pretty, to give herself airs 'ke a queen'

It was so clear

into the courtyard.

ority as he caught Eliza's ingenuous

imitation of a gentleman-sauntere

What's yourn, did you say?"

ly; and then, looking across at Audrey

Mrs. Thorngate was waiting for her, | liness about her, and gave little cries of and came up to her at once. At the first surprise and delight as Bir ham lighted glimpse of her sweet, motherly face Authorize pink-globed lamps and stirred the fire drey's nervousness went. The vicar's into a blaze, wife spoke cheerfully and kindly to the girl, and as they walked out of the heaven-sent dream, and that presently station together her thoughts were tary she should wake and find herself in

"What could George have been think-ing about when he spoke of this child as 'nice looking?' Why, the words are and, as the young lady entered, she seemneresy when used to describe her face! ed to bring a rush of cold air with her Poor soul! I am sorry for ber! Such that destroyed the illusion of fairyland. cenuty in her station of life does not mean happiness."

Audrey found herself speaking quite she added: "You must remember to have naturally and easily to this kind man-nered woman, and answered all the ques-out hunting, Maxee. Bircham, you have tions Mrs. Thorngate put to ber in her told her everything?"

fresh, clear voice and refined tones.

But whatever the vicar's wife was turning over in her mind it was never permitted to ripen, for just as they were passing in at the rectory garden—a pret-ty place even in the chill February weathher hands folded, as Miss Fraser, having plunged into her bath and thus refreshed r-a young lady, mounted on a bay horse with black points, and attended by a smart groom, rode swiftly along the put herself into Bircham's hends to have destination safely, and—I will say good road. She drew rein as she saw Mrs. her hair dressed. Thorngate.

"Good morning," she cried, in a clear, anything so beautiful as Shella Fraser's rather hard voice. "Have you seen any thing of Lord John? They tell me he came a cropper just by Deif Woods, and the lamp light shone on it, and when by went back by train to get another mount, as he had lamed old Hector. You have not seen him, Mrs. Thorngate? Dear me, how tiresome! The day is quite hot, how tiresome! The day is quite hot, and around her and we shaped the have such a rattling was quite dazed. good run."

"It is a pity," Mrs. Thorogate assentfull of such agitation and so many new ed heartily, for in her youth she had been experiences. a first rate sportswoman, and she sympathized with the girl's disappointment warmly; "but can't you catch them up somewhere, Miss Fraser? Where was angry Miss Irons would be that she was late. The faint, golden rays of the Feb-

CHAPTER III.

Shella Fraser explained everything in sides of the blind; the bell was not ring-ber sharp way, and Audrey, standing ing. She looked about her in a dazed. modestly in the background, looked in admiration and surprise at the neat, well with her mass of black hair tossed loosely turned figure sitting easily in the saddle, on her shoulders. at the small, oval face under the straight hat brim, and the coil of red gold hair Jean's bed in the other corner? Jean t the nape of the neck.

How pretty this Miss Fraser was! Her eyes, shivered a little with the old, and

teeth were so even and so white, her then was wide awake. She was not in cheeks so rosy warm in color; only her then was wide awake. She was not in the cheeks so rosy warm in color; only her that sleeping form across in the other about quickly, and to Audrey were just corner was not Jean's small, thin one, but the large-boned, heavy frame of like sharp needles.

"I rode back to inquire after Lord Bircham, her fellow-servant.

John at his mother's request, because some one said he was really hert. Now, down stairs, and brushed away briskly wish I had not been so quixotic. I at the riding habit and other garments really don't quite know what I shall do." Miss Fraser tapped her smell foot with laugh, she determined to go on to the her whip impatiently, and then frowned.

The wind had blown the veil over Audrey's face again, but she could see later," she thought. through it easily, and she did not like A rosy cheeked housemaid was busy that frown, it made the eyes more sharp and cruel than before.

and cruel than before.
"I suppose it is no use asking you to have some luncheon with me, Mrs. Thorn-there were always two or three strangers.

"you had better go up to Dinglewood at old house as their dead and gone wearers once; ask Bircham; she will tell you did in the days of yore. The bousemaid's what your duties are, and—or—what is

gate replied, quickly.
"Well-er-Maxse, you must your dress. That funeral cloar and veil are simply absurd. Please see to that at Miss Fraser bent from her saddle to

ask one or two questions confidentially of the vicar's wife, and then her face flushed. and she uttered an exclamation of pleas-"Here he is, after all!" as a horse

man came fleetly toward them. Jack Glendurwood pulled up with "Halloo, Sheila, you here? Why,

thought you would have been at Sher-wood Downs, at least, by this time." to the housekeeper's room, the servants wood Downs, at least, by this time.

He was thoroughly well cleansed of all mud, and looked as speck and span as the said. "Them's the ones you must she said. "Them's the ones you must use," pointing to her right. "Here's the

Miss Fraser herself, as he removed his she said. "Them's the on use," pointing to her right. kitching. My! Don't the brekkus smell "Heard you had a cropper, and, as your mother was anxious, I rode back a lot, and then you'll get red cheeks, to see what was left of you," Sheila re- Here's Mr. Downs!" and Eliza broke of

"Poor mother," he said, lightly. "Well, through the open doorway that led to the best thing we can do is to tear down to Welland! The hounds went through the courtyard, thence to the stables and the kitchen garden beyond. "He's Lord here a few minutes ago, I heard; I John's valley," she whispered in a loud thought I might catch them up here, but as they have not come this way, we are pretty sure of tumbling in with them in that direction."

He looked eager to be off, and his eyes never went toward the gate where Audrey stood, shrinking back shyly, in her black carments. A few more words exchanged and the two young people rode off, and Mrs. Thorngate came up to Audrey. "Well, how do you like your young mistress' looks?" she asked, k'rdly. Audrey paused for a moment, then

dogs of every sort and description, who numb sort of way she answered: came from the stables to inquire into "She is very pretty, I think."
"Miss Frase is the acknowledged b the new arrival. A voice from behind broke her silence, and, turning, with a ty of these parts she is an beiress. Dinfrown, she saw that Downs had followed glewood is a lovely place. I hope you will get on well with her, my dear, and

some excitement. Never, in her wildest

happy in your new home." young man said, fixing his eyes on her Miss Fraser came home very tired exquisite face with astonished admiraabout 6 o'clock, and found Bircham, her tion; "and you're much too prettyfirst maid, carefully instructing the new-comer in the various duties expected of Audrey drew herself up. She was very young, and she had never had occasion her. Audrey, mindful of her mistress commands, had put on her only other to feel the sort of angry resentment that this man's bold stare awakened in gown, a thick gray one of rough material, her breast. She was too nerrous to make with neat collar and cuffs, and a black-ribbed apron. Her hair was brushed any reply, but she turned tound quickly and went indoors before he knew what she was doing knot at the back of her exquisitely shaped head. She was pale, but her eyes were shining with admiration and surprise and Mr. Henry Downs to himself. "Who's

dreams, had she conjured up so many Well, we'll soon take that out of her, or lovely things as were massed together in Shella Fraser's apartments, with their my name ain't Downs." And, dispensing a few bicks to the silken hangings, their dainty furniture. costly ornaments, and the hundred and dogs, the man walked away down the courtyard to give his master's order to one appointments which daished every the head groom. Audrey, to her great rehef, found that over and over again in her bewilderment. She hardly liked to tread on the Pera message had come for her to go to Miss Fraser's room at once. Shella Fraser

was lying in her luxuriant ted, her red sian rugs and furs thrown on the floor, gold hair thrown over the pillows in picand she held her breath as she stood be "Light my fire at once," she ordered, ide the ivery toilet table, and gazed at the brushes and array of bottles and other knickknacks in old Dutch si'ver.
"If Jean could but see them!" sharply; "then pull up the blind, and give me those papers and letters, Maxse." Audrey stirred the smolfering embers her thought.

"I don't think I shall "ke this giri," she said to herself. "She is evidently stupid, and stares at one in an uncanny fashion. Go to Mrs. Fraser's roomyou know where it is give her my love, and ask how she is this morning." she said, shortly.

and then drew back the silken curtains

She lay quite still as Audrey wen' stay, then, with a sudden movement, she hired a farm on the Maine coast and slipped from the bed, went across the rich set out to raise chickens, he absorbed at her own image. Never before, in the whole of her life, had she ever viewed her own reflection with saything but pleasure. What was it that jarred her now? Not only the lack of symmetry in feature, the difference in coloring— was it not a certain air of unaccountable refinement—a something that bespoke the patrician in Audrey's face, and that was wanting in her own?

She was not patrician born-she was of the people. Her father had been a hard-headed Scotch merchant, born of re-spectable Scotch tradesfolk; her mother the rich and only daughter of a Cumberland brewer. They were wealthy, they are are all paste, as I say. They ain't had land, they had retinues of servants. hardened into good fiesh. Come to get but still they were beyond the sacred inner social round. Sheila could remember distinctly the days before her mother's death; she was only a c'rl of eight, but she was wonderfully sharp and pre-cocious for her years. Mrs. Fraser had other children. She was an unloved wife, her ambitions did not keep pace with those of her husband, and the rift, begun almost immediately after the mar-riage, widened and widened until they were virtually separated altogether. George Fraser neither felt nor pretended to feel any sorrow when his wife died. hal rooster, "Zeke," of which he was He was considerably enriched by her for-

(To be continued.)

HELPS TRADE IN MOLASSES.

Making of Vinegar Out of Blackstrap Now a Thriving Industry. portion of her molasses trade, which a rooster of Willie's, and old Zeke is those good old days before the trusts one rooster learning how poor those Audrey woke with a start the next torning, and her first thought was how molasses-laden schooners were always paste critters are, it would save him to be seen in the harbor, having money in the long run. I'll be back in brought their cargoes from Louisiana half an hour or so." and Porto Rico. With the forcing from He ambled amiably down the way, business of the small bakery by the accordingly, although not without castbig biscuit and cake companies the deling expectant glances over his shoulder mand for molasses in large quantities while he was still in sight of the two dropped off until it became a unique roosters-now quickly approaching event when a molasses-laden schooner each other. Where was she? Surely that was not made port.

returned, the use of the ordinary Porto face. The exhibition that he thought Rico blackstrap molasses for other to see was not there. The "paste" purposes has within the last year rooster, still vigorous, stood valiantly brought about a resumption of the on the cooling clay that had been old trade, and furing the last season no Zeke, and was emitting lusty crows. fewer than five large cargoes of mo- Uncle Ethan stopped with the shock lasses have come to port, with more to of it. Then he hastened to interview She shut the door quietly and went

The large four-masted schooner Rob- "Ma," he said, apologetically, that ert H. McCurdy has lately been in port evening, "I've been and bought Willie for a good half hour; then, with a shy unloading a big cargo from San Juan, Bixby's biggest and pastiest rooster. Porto Rico. Her cargo consists of It ain't that that kind is any good. I 3,008 barrels of blackstrap. As is the might just as well throw away the two custom, the barrels are rolled to Bow- dollars and a half I paid for him, as far ley's wharf and placed on their sides.
With her cargo almost completely discharged the McCurdy's molasses bar- torpedo-boats, the navy says, is torpedo-

have some luncheon with me, "Mrs Thorngate said, and then, all at once, she regard said, and then, all at once, she rediction membered Andrey, and uttered an exclamation. "I very nearly forgot," she said, turning to Miss Fraser, "your new maid has arrived. This is she."

Shella Fraser looked carsissiy at the Shella Fraser looked carsissiy at the said of the said of the straight of the said of the said of the straight of the straight of the said the said the said that met her gaze at every turn; her young, buoyant, nervously excitable heart thrilled as with delight at the carvitation that the best table vinegar is not made at the said of the said of the said of the said of the said the said the said that the best table vinegar is not made at the said to defend ourselves."—Youth's that the best table vinegar is not made kind to defend ourselves."-Youth's Well-known wholesale grocers are au thority for the statement that this vinegar is of the best quality. It is likely that from now on the molasses schoon-"I want to find the kitchen: am I ers will be making port every three going wrong?" she said, and then she put out her hand. "I am the new maid, Au-drey Maxse! Shall we be friends? What News. weeks during the season.-Baltimore is your name? If it is like your face

All Honor to the Apple

The apple is a splendid fruit, almagnitude-is as marked as the difference between a Connecticut bank clerk a small black person waits for him to and a Kentucky colonel. The man who get through, holding two bundles of invented or discovered the Baldwin sweet-smelling fodder to give him afterconferred on humanity a boon and he ward. did more to tickle the palate than has ever been realized.

Of many uses is the apple capable. Whether it is eaten raw or converted dy!" "Sick 'em, Tige!" And away go into sauce or made the basic element the chickens, with the dogs and pickaof pie or subjected to other forms of ninnies after them. There is a vast artistic treatment by the American clatter and uproar of clucks and housewife it serves a useful and im- screams, and, presently, somewhere portant purpose.

History has never done adequate justice to the apple. Poets have never adequately celebrated in song the virtues of the fruit. Political economists have never fully recognized the full part that the apple plays in the affairs of men artford Times.

His Mistake.

Fred-The ways of women are past all understanding. Jack-What's the trouble ncw? Fred-While I was in the parlor you feast!

alone with Miss Pinkleigh, she lowered the gas, and, thinking it was e hint for me to propose, I did so, but she refused just such a home in almost any South-

known that negatives are always developed in dark rooms.

Courage Promoters. great incentive to manly courage." "What's the explanation?" queried his

friend Singleton. "Well," replied Wedderly, "since I've been up against the matrimonial game and had a few little tilts with my wife. the prospect of a scrap with the toughest citizen in town seems like mere

child's play to me." Slow March of Music. It takes time for some operas to some to England, but Gluck's "Armide," beloved of Marle Antoinette, probably establishes a record in this respect. To be exact, "Armide"-produced at Covent Garden last night-has taken 120 years to reach our shores since its initial production in Paris,-London Dally Mail.

The Usual Variety. Jaggles-Is his flying machine

Waggles-Half way so. It always comes down flying .- Pu k.

2222222222 UNCLE ETHAN'S ROOSTER. beverevere

Knowledge is acquired in various ways. Some persons absorb it as a sponge takes up water. Others require the drilling of holes in their skulls to enable it to enter. When Willie Bixby carpet to the mirror, and sared silently all available information and put it to use. As a result of special food and good care his "white rocks" grew with amazing rapidity, so that in October roosters hatched in May had reached the generous weight of seven pou Uncle Ethan Spofford scoffed

"Those chicknes are all paste," he declared to whoever would listen. "Willie is trying to do with this booklearning. I never saw a fellow yet try to get along with book-learning what he came to grief sooner or later. Chickens that are stuffed the way they hardened into good flesh. Come to get a spell of weather, and they're like to waste away. And more'n that, they ain't got enough muscle to scratch for themselves. Get turned out once to hustle their own grub, and they'd stand stock-still and starve 'emselves.'

Uncle Ethan raised chickens himself good old barn-yard fowl that, if hatched in May, could be safely trusted to lay their first eggs not later than next Easter. Uncle Ethan had a big Shangwonderfully proud. "Zeke can lick all creation," was his daily boast.

One day, looking across the meadow, Uncle Ethan saw a sight that made him chuckle.

"Ma" he said to his wife. "I calculate I better stroll down the road a Baltimore is getting back a small piece. Here comes that biggest paste quarter of a century ago was a large loose in the yard. I don't want to burt tem in the commerce of the city. In Willie, but as I see it, if he was to lose

Half an hour later he came back up While this bakery trade has never the road, a grin of expectation on his

his neighbor.

rels cover a little more than an acre. beats. The thing to fight battleships

HERE IS RURAL CONTENT.

Hospitality that Greets the Stranger on a Southern Farm. Ever hang your horse up at the gate of the average small farmer's house about an hour before noon or sundown and get his promise of "a meal's victuals" and a night's rest? If not you've missed a great experience. You are taken out to the back porch, where a though particular specimens of it are big tin basin sits on a long, low shelf. bum. The different varieties have a There is cool water a-pienty, with yelpronounced individuality. The personal low soap and clean, rough towels. You equation is prominent. The difference and the master of the house compose between the Porter and the Baldwin- yourselves in big splint-bottom rocking each a pomological star of the first chairs, light your pipes and watch your "critter" rolling in the stable lot, while

> with an assortment of cur dog comes trooping into the yard. "Hi, dere, Cin under the house you catch the sound of chokes and squawks which signify asassination.

> At last, after inhaling many grateful odors, you are summoned to the living room and there, assembled without octentation, are the fried relics of your feathered friends, great cuts of savory home-made bacon, heaps of fresh eggs, cooked on both sides, bot biscuits and cornbread, honey, yellow milk, steaming coffee and slabs of butter, with the perfume of the clover rich upon it. So

Any industrious and patient and determined man can build for himself ern neighborhood. There is no room in Jack-Huh! You ought to have that region for the incendiary agitator -for the man who preaches discontent and expects to thrive on social chaos, But the honest toiler, equipped with the very smallest glimme rof intelligence "Women," remarked Wedderly, "are and thrift, can build a competence for himself and bestow upon his family heath, happiness and civilization. Take it or leave it.-Washington Post.

Sure of Going to Heaven. "What are you looking so sour about?" "Our minister is always talking about white-robed angels."

"Well ?" "Well, I know I'll be just miserable in heaven: I look horrid in white."-

Houston (Tex.) Post.

Ample Room. The Plano Mover-Think I can get through this door?

Mrs. Reed-Piper-Oh, my, yes! We take in the Sunday paper here, regu larly.-Puck.

The man who acquires a military title by serving on the governor's staff, or being an old-time auctioneer, is more particular to be addressed by that title than the man who served in the