

"ADOPTED."

"It's very strange," muttered Blanche Penroy, slowly weaving together the wreath of scarlet autumn leaves with which she was decorating her broad-brimmed straw hat.

"I suppose I shall be an old maid," she thought, walking up and down in the fire-lit darkness of her room, her dimpled hands clasped behind her waist.

"I wish I knew!" she muttered, aloud. "Knew what?" demanded a calm voice, and Mr. Evering took up the bunch of flowers and coolly seated himself beside her.

"How much does it mean?" questioned Blanche, half archly, half timidly. "Everything!"

"Then you may stay." "My Blanche—my little daisy!" he whispered, bending his stately head over the slender hand that lay on the autumn leaves.

"I'm not disposed to be unreasonable," Blanche said in white lace shawl for her amid the merry tumult of the picnic ground.

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I do not know his address," she thought, with clasped hands and tearless eyes. "Well, it is my fault and I must abide the consequences."

"No, but, Blanche—" "Yes, but, Blanche—" "You are not Mrs. Marchmont's son?"

"I am—by her first marriage. And although I am by no means the penniless infant you seemed to suppose, as all my father's wealth comes to me, I am quite willing to be adopted—particularly as you are not married to Walter Birmingham."

"All well after all," said Blanche, demurely. "All I wanted was somebody to love and care for, and—"

"And I shall do very well in that capacity, eh?" "And Sanderson, who had been listening earnestly at the door, crept down stairs to inform Mrs. Brown that "they were going to have a new master."

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thought Blanche, with that instinctive yearning for love that enters every woman's heart, as the door opened.

"Here's the young gentleman, miss," said Sanderson, with a half-suppressed sound between a laugh and a snort.

"I am—by her first marriage. And although I am by no means the penniless infant you seemed to suppose, as all my father's wealth comes to me, I am quite willing to be adopted—particularly as you are not married to Walter Birmingham."

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A Remarkable Feat.

W. L. Rosekrans, of Albany, while on a trip during the past week performed the remarkable feat of being in three counties at one time.

Remarkable as the above may seem to our evening contemporary, a feat still more remarkable can be performed by any person who will take the trouble to ascend the mountain which separates the towns of Pownal, Vt., and Petersburg, in this county.

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Points in Favor of Sheep.

A Spanish proverb says: "Sheep have golden feet, and wherever the print of them appears the soil is turned into gold."

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A Bridal Trouseau.

The London Queen gives the following description of a trousseau prepared in Paris for an Italian lady: The bride is Signorina Ruccellani, of Florence, and the bridegroom Prince Odessalch of Rome.

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A Story for the Young Folks.

Mary Clark, or Mamie, as she was frequently called, wanted a pretty red hood. Susie Gray had one. Dot Miller had one also.

"I wish I could give you one, my darling," said her mamma. "I wish you could, too."

"I would not use that word 'awfully, Mamie.'"

"Why not, mamma?" "Because you do not mean it. Let us think for one moment. Awful means filled with awe, terror or dread."

"I see mamma. I do not want the hood awfully, but very much."

"Here is one for thirty-five cents," said the man.

"I want one, sir, for my little sister."

"My uncle sent them from New York."

"Well, boy, you may have the hood for twenty-five cents. To-morrow, if your ma is willing, you may come here and do my errands. I will pay you well."

Table Adornments.

The dishes on which fish, jellies and creams are placed should be large enough to leave a margin of an inch or so between the food and the lower edge of the border of the dish.

It is well to pour the sauce for cold puddings around the pudding, especially if there will be a contrast in color.

It is a great improvement to have the sauce poured around the article instead of over it, and to have the border of the dish garnished with bits of parsley, celery tops or carrot leaves.

When sauce is poured around meat or fish the dish must be quite hot, or the sauce will cool quickly.

Small rolls or sticks of bread are served with soup. Potatoes and bread are usually served with fish, but many people prefer to serve only bread.

It is a good idea to have a dish of sliced lemons for any kind of fish, and especially for those broiled or fried.

Melons, cantaloupes, cucumbers and radishes, and tomatoes when served in slices, should be chilled in the ice chest.

Be particular not to overdo the work of decorating. Even the simple garnish adds much to the appearance of a dish, but too much decoration only injures it.

Potato balls and thin fried potatoes make a nice garnish for all kinds of fried and broiled meats and fish.

Cold boiled beets, carrots and turnips, and the whites of hard-boiled eggs stamped out with a fancy vegetable cutter, make a pretty garnish for hot or cold meats.

Thin slices of toast, cut into triangles, make a good garnish for many dishes.

Whipped cream is a delicate garnish for all Bavarian creams, blanc manges, frozen puddings and ice cream.

A Kentucky Lochinvar.

The story of a romantic chase, in which two young lovers and an irate pursuer figure conspicuously, comes from Kentucky. Joseph Carpenter and Ollie Brown, a lass of fourteen, have made one or two attempts to elope, the girl's parents, who live in Scottsville, about fifteen miles from the Tennessee line, having opposed the marriage of the young people.

A few days ago, however, their love affairs reached a climax. Young Carpenter drove to the house of his sweetheart in a buggy, and pleaded as only an anxious lover can, with the mother of the girl, who proved as obdurate as ever.

"Nothing daunted, he asked the girl to choose between himself and her mother. Her answer was all he could desire, and "catching her in his arms," as the chronicler reports, he leaped into the carriage and drove off.

The alarm was raised and a young justice of the police court, mounted on a fleet thoroughbred, started in pursuit of the runaway pair.

The race was a hot one, and now fortune seemed to favor the lovers and now the arm of the law. The Western Lochinvar had provided himself with a good horse, and he reached the Tennessee line a few minutes before the justice. A town was reached. Squire Fikes was hastily summoned; the knot was almost tied, when, alas, up rode the horseman, hot and angry, and forbade the marriage.

The prudent Squire hesitated, and while he was pondering over the case the young people slipped away and started in hot haste for Gallatin. The justice was after them with equal speed, but his horse threw a shoe and he succumbed to fate.

He arrived, however, in season to congratulate the couple with the best grace possible a few minutes after they were married at the principal hotel of the village, in the presence of some "specially invited guests."

A Boston Lady Bountiful fell into ecstasies about the lovely, saillike expression of a boy of nine who formed one of the poor children's excursion to Walden pond, but her feelings sustained a cruel shock when this "thing of beauty" was heard to exclaim when sandwiches were dealt out: "How in h— do these ladies expect a feller to eat sandwiches without mustard?"

Youth is the tassel and silken flower of love; age is the full corn, ripe and solid in the ear.