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 Wm Rudolf, N. G.
 R. M. Braub, Secretary.

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 No. 115, I. O. O. F.
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 Mrs. Jennie Henrichs, Secretary.

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 A. F. & A. M., Moro, Or.
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A Russian Courtship
 (Original.)

Ivan Shouvaloff, a small Russian farmer, was one morning looking in his little patch of ground when he saw Sonia Nichealovitch come in at the gate and go to his house. Ivan knew very well what she was going there for, in Russia among certain classes it is customary for the girls to do the courting. A girl who wishes a man for a husband goes to his house and begs him to marry her. If he doesn't want her and turns her out, her relatives will take revenge upon him for what she considered an insult. Ivan was a bachelor and knew that Sonia was coming to ask him to marry her. She saw him working in his field, but pretended that she did not. Her object was to get into the house, knowing that once there she would have every advantage. Going to the door, she knocked and, receiving no response, opened it and went in.

Ivan jenned on his hoe handle and scolded her. He believed all the lies that fall upon men come from women. He had had an uncle whose wife was a shrew and had seen his uncle under the lash of her tongue. Consequently he had not only resolved that he would never marry, but lived in dread lest some woman should get him in spite of his resolve. And now one had effected an entrance into his citadel, and he saw defeat staring him in the face.

"What do you wish, Sonia?" Ivan asked.
 "I wish to be your wife, Ivan."
 "Do you not know that I have resolved never to marry?"
 "Yes, I have heard of that."
 "Then why do you come here?"
 To this question the girl made no reply.

"There are better men than I want you. Some of them have ten times the land I have, with many cattle besides."
 "And there are better girls than I want you, girls with much more dowry than mine."
 "Then why not both choose for ourselves?"
 "I have chosen."
 Ivan stood a picture of irresolution. He was like one drawn into a vortex without power to resist. On the one hand was the girl, the freight tingling her face, a pair of neat ankles protruding below her short skirt. On the other hand was his shrewish aunt, whom he could never banish from his remembrance.

"Suppose," he said presently, "that I make your mother a present of my best cow."
 "She does not wish a cow."
 "And a horse for your father?"
 "He has already all the stock he can use."
 "Is there nothing I can give to gain immunity?"
 Sonia mused awhile before replying. Then she looked down into the fire and said:
 "Yes, Ivan; there is one thing. Give me that, and I will depart."
 "What is it?" asked Ivan.
 "A kiss."

"Oh, that is easily given!" And, advancing toward her, he slipped his arm around her waist and, raising her face, put his lips to hers. He had intended to give her scant measure, but somehow when his lips had got into position he found it hard to take them away. The consequence was that the clock on the mantel ticked many seconds before the kiss was finished. Then Sonia said:
 "Now I will go, Ivan."
 Ivan followed her to the door and as she was about to depart said:
 "A kiss is a little thing to pay you for giving me up, a very little thing. If you wish I will give you another."
 "No, Ivan; you have paid in full. I will not take another," she replied.
 She stood with her hand resting on the doorknob, Ivan very near her.
 "If you will give me back the one I have given" he said, "I will send the cow to your mother in exchange."
 "That's a fair bargain," she replied.
 Again Ivan slipped his arm about her waist, raised her face and took a long kiss.

She opened the door and was going out when he called her back.
 "Come to the hearth," he said, "and warm yourself before going out into the cold."
 Again she stood by the fire, and Ivan said:
 "For another kiss I will send a horse to your father."
 "I think perhaps father might use another horse."
 This time the kiss was longer than any of the others. When it was finished Sonia asked:
 "Why did you bring me back to the hearth? I was so cold."
 "My horse is very valuable. I wished to be with hearing of the clock to count its beats and be sure I was getting good measure."
 "Would you like your horse and cow back?"
 "How could I get them?"
 She looked down into the flame.
 "Oh, yes; I will buy each back for a kiss."
 "I do not mean that."
 "What do you mean?"
 "You may have them back if you will marry me."
 Ivan repurchased his horse and his cow by giving himself for them. Fortunately for him, he did not get a shrew, but an excellent wife.

Hantway's Punishment
 By JOHN J. O'CONNOR
 Copyright, 1906, by May McKoon

It was October when Tim came to school. The family had been visiting relatives in the west, and he had rejoiced in the prolonged vacation. It seemed rather hard to have to go back to school, and it was with a heavy heart that he entered the school building. The new teacher, a young man, named Tommie English, was waiting for him. Tommie English brought a bean blower and shot the teacher in the back, and all she said was, "Please don't!" I guess there's going to be fun.

Tim smiled weakly. It was encouraging to know that he could practice his devilments without the risk of a thrashing. The last teacher had been a man, and Tim had had good reason to remember him, for of the younger boys Tim was the ringleader, just as Hendricks was the leader of the older boys. That Bill had eventually thrashed the teacher and forced him to resign just before the end of the spring term was no great consolation to Tim. The trustees had put in a woman teacher as an experiment, thinking that perhaps feminine appeal might be more potent than the hickory switch. Tim rather expected a giant old lady, as a certain Miss Flint had been, and when he made his appearance in the schoolroom and presented himself before the teacher he was shocked to find so young a woman.

Marion Murtha was only nineteen, and her fresh coloring and the liquid brown eyes made so deep an impression on him that for the first ten days he was one of the model scholars, and Miss Murtha was beginning to congratulate herself.

Tim was not a bad boy, but he was not a good one either. He was a little of both. He was a little of a scholar, but he was a little of a rascal. He was a little of a student, but he was a little of a truant. He was a little of a worker, but he was a little of a playboy. He was a little of a doer, but he was a little of a dreamer. He was a little of a man, but he was a little of a boy.

"What makes you think so?"
 "You used to drive her home," cried Tim, "and now you don't come any more, and I know you're up to something." The attack was so sudden that he did not think she cared.
 "I'll hitch up and go right over to tell her I'm sorry," he said. "Will that do?"
 "If she says yes," agreed Tim. Hanway went out.

That evening Tim was at the Presbyterian social when Miss Murtha and Hanway came in. Miss Murtha bent over and kissed him.
 "My little champion," she whispered. "You have made me so happy."
 "Then I won't lick her again," promised the pleased Tim. "I thought you'd want me to."

The Star and Her Public.
 Of course matterly the star is extremely well off. She can, if she has any business instinct whatever, easily become a rich woman. She earns, we will say, \$500 a week and a percentage of the box office receipts. At that rate she need not be miserly to accumulate a tidy fortune in the course of a few successful years. Ah, there's the rub! The public is dear, kind, sympathetic, dastardly and spiteful. Its regard is immediate and ephemeral. It adores you this year, looks to see you, bursts its gloves applauding you, warms the cockles of your heart with its ready smiles, its ready sighs, tosses you flowers, sends you notes, makes you walk upon air with gladness. And next year it doesn't care for your play or there is some one new, some one who is catching every dime of your personal popularity has evaporated. And you see yourself going the inevitable way—the way that greater actresses and greater favorites than you have gone before you, to their neglected, half contemptuously pitted old feet on the drummed up benefits and the condescendingly bestowed charity. —Ethel Barrymore in Harper's Bazar.

Woman's Diplomacy
 (Original.)

Providence, who manages all things wisely and economically, wastes no talents on man for the management of woman. The wisdom of this course is that man needs no such talent until after marriage, and after marriage he has a wife to manage other women for him. The economy consists in the fact that men shall marry. A single man never appreciates the sensitiveness of the opposite sex. Woman hides her wiles, and man often stamps through her feelings with seven league boots. An incident that occurred to me after my marriage taught me this, and since then I have invariably left the settlement of my differences with other women to my wife. I had passed middle life before marrying. I had met ladies, as other bachelors meet them, socially, but my club was my home, and I was never thrown into intimate association with any woman. But I considered myself sufficiently mild mannered and deferential to the softer sex for ordinary social purposes. What wounds I had inflicted I did not know, nor was I conscious of having inflicted any.

The honeymoon over, my wife took me in training, and it soon became apparent that I needed a great deal of it. However, in about a year I supposed I was thoroughly educated. One day my wife informed me that her dearest friend, whom she had not seen since we had been married, was coming to visit her, and she was especially anxious that I should make a good impression. I resolved to be on my guard and put on my most affable and deferential manner.

The first evening of Miss Bland's arrival my wife, my sister and our guest sat down to a game of whist. I was of course assigned to play with Miss Bland. I got on swimmingly. I saw that my partner knew little of the game, and it gave me an opportunity to show my wife that I could pass her friend's mistakes without the slightest reference to them. I would probably have gone through the evening without trespassing on my partner's feelings had not she made a play that I thought to be a brilliant stroke in soothing her.

I had a fine long suit, all of which I could make if I could draw my opponents' trump; but, having only four trumps myself, all depended upon my partner's husbanding hers. My wife led a small spade, and I, desiring to get the lead, put on the king. When my partner played the trick was made. She trumped it. I winced, but said nothing. My partner's error gave our opponents the odd trick.

"I shouldn't have trumped your trick, should I?" said Miss Bland, regarding me with a glance of sarcasm in my voice.
 My wife explained to her that to trump one's partner's trick was not considered always the best course, but that in this case it didn't matter since we were playing for fun.
 "I didn't see the fun in playing that way, but refrained from comment."
 "Now I think of it," said Miss Bland, much mortified, "somebody told me once that to trump one's partner's trick was the worst mistake a player can make."
 My wife looked at me appealingly to say something to make my partner feel easier, and it was then I tried to soothe her.
 "You only trumped my king. There's a worse thing than that," I said softly.

"What is it?" asked Miss Bland.
 "To trump your partner's ace," said Miss Bland cast a quick glance at me, and I cast a glance at my wife, expecting to see approval in her face. I saw a frown.
 There was an ominous tremor on Miss Bland's lip, and presently she arose, left the table and went upstairs.
 "Now you've done it," said my wife as she left the room to follow her friend.
 I walked up and down the floor cursing myself for a fool and wondering if my wife would be able to explain matters and get me out of the scrape. I also wondered how she would manage the diplomatic task. Of course she would tell Miss Bland what she could, but she told her—that I had intended my remark to make her blunder seem less a blunder. But had I solely to see a slight, and perhaps Miss Bland might have detected a trace of sarcasm in my voice. "Thank heaven," I muttered, "it's woman against woman. I'm sure the more I excused myself the worse I would make the matter."
 My wife returned, but without her friend.
 "Well?" I asked eagerly.
 "She's coming down presently, after she's got rid of the appearance of tears."
 "Tears?"
 "Of course. Do you suppose her feelings are as hard iron? Then, seeing the pain she was inflicting on me, she added, 'It's all right now.'
 "Did you tell her I intended?"
 "Nonsense! I told her nothing of your intention."
 "What did you tell her?"
 "Why, I told her that you had been a bachelor all your life, had lived at clubs and all that and hadn't been used to playing cards with women—in a short, that's all."
 "I didn't now any better."
 "Yes."
 "And it made her feel all right?"
 "Yes."
 "My love," I exclaimed, folding her in an embrace, "you're a brick. You can beat me at diplomacy every time."
 Miss Bland came down, and the game proceeded. She and I became fast friends. ALEXANDRE REY.

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