

How Matilda Helped the Curate

By JANE OSBORN

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She was not at all pretty; in fact, some persons thought Matilda was not even good-looking, but for all that there was something in her frank, good humor, and a liveliness in her little gray eyes that always began by amusing and usually ended by captivating all those who came in her way. "If she were a beauty," her younger sisters used to say, "we wouldn't so much mind having Matilda walk off with all the laurels." And they perhaps took a little satisfaction in the fact that several years after they had both married Matilda Grant was still Miss Grant—still, to be sure, fascinating and amusing.

Everyone used to think that Matilda would end by marrying her childhood playmate and companion, Paul Meade, and it had been whispered more than once that there was an engagement. And it was also whispered, though Matilda made a confidant of no one, it was Paul's fault that when, not long after Matilda's twenty-seventh birthday, he went off to South America on a big engineering scheme, he did not take Matilda with him.

"Matilda acts exactly like a disappointed spinster," said her sister Clara one day. "She's gone into church work as if her last hope went with Paul to South America. She's at church now taking charge of one of those tiresome guilds, and she spends more than half her time going about and visiting the poor parishioners."

Constance smiled and looked up from her sewing. "Disappointed spinster!" she said with a laugh. "I think you have forgotten our new curate. It's his guild she's working for, and his poor she's visiting, and the end of it all will be that he will propose like the rest, and I almost think Matilda would take him, too."

Clara gasped: "You don't mean that little Mr. Cobb, do you? How perfectly ridiculous! Why, a man like that couldn't even amuse Matilda. He's a mere boy and he hasn't had any experience. To be sure he's the most



I Am Going to Marry Deaconess Gray.

unsophisticated and delightful boy in the parish, but he doesn't know any more how to manage a girl like Matilda than one of his own choir boys would."

A few minutes later Matilda came upon her sisters. "Here," she exclaimed, undoing a package she had brought with her, "won't you take some of this sewing? Stephen—that is, Mr. Cobb—wants to get the work off tomorrow. It is for his mission up in the mountains, where he supports a deaconess with his own money. Isn't that generous of him? I promised to finish these garments tonight, and I never could manage by myself."

Clara looked up in surprise. "The first thing you know, Matilda, that little curate of yours will be in love with you," she said, reproachfully. "I should think you'd have more sense than to trifle with a man's feelings like that."

"Why," laughed Matilda, "I think I'd make a very nice minister's wife, don't you?"

"You aren't engaged, are you?" asked Constance, timidly.

"Don't get excited," Matilda assured her. "He hasn't even proposed yet. I'll tell you when he does."

Before many days had passed it was quite obvious to the two younger sisters that Matilda actually had designs upon the affections of the honest-eyed Mr. Cobb.

"After all," said Constance, "she says she would like to be a minister's wife, and I suppose she has to marry some one some time."

"Yes," sighed Clara, "but I still think she is in love with Paul, and

she'll grow tired of poor Mr. Cobb and break his young heart."

At the very time that the sisters were discussing Matilda's affairs over their sewing she was working with her usual earnestness with the young curate.

"Do you know, Miss Grant," he said, looking at her with an intensity of purpose that almost surprised Matilda and made her feel for the first time the real force of the young man. "I want to ask you something. I thought I'd speak to the bishop about it at first, but it seems as if you could perhaps give me the best and wisest answer. Knowing me so well you can best and naturally advise me. Please don't consider the personal side at all." He paused nervously and then came to the point. "Do you think I ought to marry?"

"You see, I want eventually to devote my life to my little mountain mission. That's always been my ambition, and when I first spoke to the bishop about it he advised me not to marry until I had established myself, because of the hardships of the work. It didn't seem hard then, for a year ago I had never even considered the possibility of wanting to marry. But since I have been here it has come upon me very forcibly. Of course I wouldn't want to marry a woman who wasn't as devoted to the cause as I am; but a young woman like you, a little older than I, with her whole heart in the cause, couldn't help but be an inspiration to me."

Matilda had listened to this studied, but obviously heartfelt, declaration with the color deepening in her cheeks and her eyes lowered with embarrassment. "If only he liked me for something besides my devotion to the cause," she thought, and then, after a pause, she said:

"I understand your point of view perfectly. I am glad you have put it as you have. Yes, I do think a wife would be helpful to you; one who admires you and would have your interests at heart. Yes, Stephen, I think you are right." She spoke with hesitancy and faltered because of his demonstrative behavior.

"Thank you from the bottom of my heart," said the curate. And then some one, the sexton, no doubt, came into the room and ended his confessions.

Matilda went home that day with a confusion of ideas, some pleasant, some very disconcerting. To devote herself to the mission of the neighboring wild mountain district might be almost as absorbing as being an engineer's wife in South America. And then she thought with her cheeks burning with annoyance that she had hoped for a more ardent declaration.

Matilda kept her promise to her sisters, and when she found her way to their tea table that afternoon she told them that the curate had proposed. "In a way," she explained. "It was a queer sort of a proposal, but I didn't refuse him. The sexton interrupted us, but it is settled. I'm Mrs. Parson Cobb for the rest of my life."

It was while Matilda was waiting for the call from the curate that she was expecting that evening that a telegram reached her from New York. Her heart sank within her as she read, "I will be with you in two days. Paul Meade." And as she re-read it the vision of mountain missions and curates vanished from her and in its place came a thousand recollections of the old friend, Paul.

Fortunately for Matilda's peace of mind, Stephen Cobb had been called to his beloved mountain mission the day after the telegram came and had left Matilda with only a very kind farewell, and did not seem to notice the look of anxiety in Matilda's eyes as he promised to tell her all his plans on his return.

An hour before Paul's arrival Stephen returned from the mountains and hastened to the house of Matilda, who had decided that whatever Paul's reason for returning, she would stand by her guns and marry the only man she had ever really encouraged. If she had made a mistake she would suffer the consequences, she resolved, but when she saw the curate's face before her she thought with a guilty conscience of the telegram and Paul.

"Oh, Matilda," said the curate with beaming blue eyes, "I am going to marry Deaconess Gray in the spring. My little mountain deaconess has promised to marry me as soon as her pledge expires. I am the happiest man in the world. She is so impatient to meet you."

It came upon Matilda in a flash, and because the excited curate was so full of thoughts of his beloved deaconess he did not notice the excitement in Matilda's voice as she congratulated him or the abruptness with which she rose and bowed him to the door.

Two days later Matilda announced her engagement to Paul Meade, her old boyhood friend, who had never known till he left her that he had loved her all his life.

Went Slowly.

"I understand that his wife has run away and left him?"

"She has left him, all right; but she didn't run—she had on a hobble skirt."

CAP and BELLS



MAN WAS TOO ENTHUSIASTIC

Noted Horse Trader Would Not Lie About Horse's Good Traits—Merely Suppressed Truth.

Hank Dobbs was noted as an "honest" horse trader. He would not lie about a horse. He would merely suppress the truth. Incidentally, he always beat the customer who dealt with him. The way he could slur over the defects and buzz about the virtues of an animal amounted to genius.

Once Hank was trying to sell a neighbor a horse that had an eye which was nearly sightless. The neighbor knew Hank would not lie outright to him, so he questioned the horse trader as to the various points of the brute.

"How about his eyesight? Can he see out of both eyes?"

"Sure," said Hank, "he's got good eyes." Here he leaned forward, his eyes fairly scintillating with suppressed honesty. "One eye is particularly good."

Hank's enthusiasm for the truth had carried him too far. The deal was off.

Happy Thought.

"Your story is good," said the publisher to the author who had called to learn his fate, "but there is one thing about it that I can't understand."

"What's that?" queried the author.

"You have the climax in the middle chapter instead of the last," said the publisher. "Why is that?"

"Oh," answered the author, "that is a little scheme of mine to keep women from knowing how the story is going to turn out by reading the last chapter first."

Not According to Webster.

A Bad Copper—A policeman who takes a bribe.

A Mad Bull—A broker who sees the market decline when he wants it to advance.

A Polar Star—The leading lady of an Eskimo operatic company.

A Lyric Note—A singer's "I. O. U."

A Work of Love—Kissing one's sister.

Stays of Execution—A corset too tightly laced.—Judge's Library.

HOT WEATHER FEATURE.



Wicks—What do you consider the most remarkable feature of the present hot wave?

Hicks—That there have been 22 Sunday school picnics, with no rain to break them up.

Already Trained.

"Yes, you see my son served a term in the army and he has gotten so in the habit of obeying orders unquestioningly that it has ruined him; he will take orders from anyone."

"What a lovely husband he will make for some girl."

Haunted.

First Political Graftor—Did you ever see Roosevelt?

Second Political Graftor—Many a time.

First Political Graftor—Where?

Second Political Graftor—In my sleep.

A Mean Suggestion.

He—As I spoke to her a rich, warm color flooded her face.

She—What queer rouge! It must have melted.

COWS IN THE LAP OF LUXURY

Extraordinary Pains Taken by New York Authorities to Provide Babies With Pure Milk.

The milk which is furnished in the seven depots of the New York milk committee to the babies of the tenements is what all country milk could and should be, says Hampton's Magazine. The cows on the farm supplying the committee are taken care of as if a cow were the rarest of animals and likely soon to join the dodo and disappear entirely.

They live in a St. Regis sort of barn, the concrete floors and iron and glass walls of which are kept as clear as a parlor. Twice daily the cow stalls are sterilized with live steam. As a precaution against dust they keep no hay or other food in the barn but send it in as it is needed, by means of a trolley system.

Every day the cows are inspected by a physician and any cow not in perfect condition is immediately removed from the herd. Twice a month chemists analyze the milk to make sure that it is fully up to the standard of richness and purity.

Before being milked each cow is groomed and sprayed with pure spring water by a man who has been medically examined and has just had a bath and put on a perfectly clear white suit. A second man dries the cow with sterilized single service towels, after which the white clad milkers, sitting on spotless metal stools, perform their duties.

The milk is strained through sterilized cotton pads into sterilized cans and cooled in a dustproof room which no one except the white clad workers is ever permitted to enter. Here the milk is bottled, sealed and packed for its journey to the city. Within thirty hours after the milk is packed it is delivered at the doors of the milk committee's model laboratory in New York.

Five men work in the laboratory sterilizing and filling the bottles. In reality they are filling prescriptions for every baby has its food especially designated by a skilled physician, the prescriptions varying from week to week according to the age and condition of the child.

These men in their spotless white suits and caps work in a speckless room that is sterilized with steam every morning, preparing food after the most scientific methods and according to physicians' prescriptions not for infant millionaires, but for babies of the tenements.

PROFIT IN SYSTEMATIC FARM

Light Scratching of Soil and Careless Breeding of Live Stock Proves Quite Costly.

(By WILLIS J. FLANDERS, Illinois.)

I am willing to confess that I did not wake up to the real necessity of system on my place for three or four years after I started in for myself. My land is so rich that if I scratched the surface a bit and cultivated a little I generally got pretty fair crops, taking one season with another. But I finally began to notice that even if my land was rich some of my neighbors whose land was poor were raising better crops. Finally I discovered that the main trouble was located right in my own person and I came to and began to attend the institutes and read farm papers and actually tried to learn something about real farming. I have a great deal to learn yet, but I have found out some things.

One is that careless breeding of live stock is a costly proceeding. It came hard, for instance, to pay \$125 apiece for three thoroughbred cows and then pay \$15 for the services of a bull. But when the time came to sell year-old calves I found out how those investments paid. I sold a bull calf for \$150 and two heifers for \$90 each the first year and three years later I had a herd of nine animals that were worth \$1,000. In fact, they paid me more than that in the long run. That lesson in good breeding helped me to see things right.

Then I learned that a bunch of sheep neglected, half fed, poorly housed in winter, with no system as to breeding, was a poor investment. My father gave me a flock of ten when I started to farm and after three years this had increased only to sixteen, owing to my neglect. Then when I began to sit up and take notice, I sent the whole bunch to market and bought ten fine grade Shropshire ewes and a thoroughbred two-year-old ram and took care of them. This flock paid me over 100 per cent. in three years and so I was taught another lesson.

Planting Popples.

Ever try planting popples in the fall? They will come through an ordinary winter all right and get an earlier start next spring than those planted then.

Winter weather is mighty hard on buildings and fences. Good time to use the paint brush before the rain sets in.

Loss of Appetite

Is loss of vitality, vigor or tone, and is often a forerunner of prostrating disease.

It is serious and especially so to people that must keep up and doing or get behindhand.

The best medicine to take for it is the great constitutional remedy

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Which purifies and enriches the blood and builds up the whole system.

Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsatabs.

Brown Cuts.

"It's no good looking at me like that, father," said Augustus Frederick, twelve years old, as his parent, having punished Sebastian Claude, fourteen years old, for being in possession of a packet of Rose of the Prairie, looked searchingly at him. "You know perfectly well I chucked smok-nix when I was eight."—London Globe.

Big Bank's Business Methods.

Before discounting any paper the Bank of England requires at least two good British names, one of which must be the acceptor. It seldom holds over \$150,000,000 in bills discounted and securities of all kinds.

Four Pellets of
MUNYON'S
DYSPEPSIA
every hour
will soothe
CURE
and invigorate worn-out
stomachs and relieve distress.

Sweden's Church Boat.

The church boat is a popular institution in Sweden. It brings families to service from the farms around Lake Siljan to Leksand. The water route is the nearest and most convenient, and so the big boat goes from farm to farm along the shore picking up the churchgoers, who later return by the same route.—Wide World Magazine.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE. Write Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures sweating, hot swollen, itching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. All druggists sell it. 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

Anxious Father's Advertisement.

A Frenchman's advertisement in a Boston paper, ran in the following singular strain: "Lost last evening; a child about five years old; whoever will return him to his home, in Fore street, shall be handsomely rewarded by his afflicted father, Jean Baptiste, who likewise deals in French brandy."—From a London Newspaper, 1807.

SOUR STOMACH

"I used Cascarets and feel like a new man. I have been a sufferer from dyspepsia and sour stomach for the last two years. I have been taking medicine and other drugs, but could find no relief only for a short time. I will recommend Cascarets to my friends as the only thing for indigestion and sour stomach and to keep the bowels in good condition. They are very nice to eat."

Formast, Fastana, Foodol, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

SCHUMACHER FUR CO.

Manufacturers of Furs. Raw Furs bought and sold. Furs remodeled a specialty. 209 Madison St., bet. First and Front Sts., Portland, Oregon.

BEAVER ENGRAVING CO. QUALITY CUTS. Engraving and Artwork. 312 Portland, Or.

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

For Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and GRATED EYELIDS. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c. 50c. \$1.00. Murine Eye Salve, in Asseptic Tubes, 25c. \$1.00. EYE BOOKS AND ADVICE FREE BY MAIL. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.



Kow-Kure

Is not a "food"—it is a medicine, and the only medicine in the world for cows only. Made for the cow and, as its name indicates, a cow cure. Barrenness, retained afterbirth, abortion, scours, eaked udder, and all similar affections positively and quickly cured. No one who keeps cows, whether many or few, can afford to be without Kow-Kure. It is made especially to keep cows healthy. Our book, "What to Do When Your Cows Are Sick," is free. Ask your local dealer for Kow-Kure. If you can't get it, write to the manufacturer, Dairy Association Co., Lynchburg, Va.