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A DOGGED WOOING

Mr. Jack Fenner, emerging from his sitting-room on the first floor of Mrs. Poskett's apartment house, began to descend the stairs. Five seconds later he had retreated precipitately back up the stairs and sought the sanctuary of his room again, while, outside the closed door, a yapping, furry little fury dared him to come out again.

"Little brute!" exclaimed Fenner, angrily. "If there's one kind of dog I do object to above all others, it's a pom! I wonder who brought it here? Anyway, either that goes or I do!"

On the other side of the door, the baffled small dog was levelling a series of vicious insults at its craven quarry.

Presently the shrill barking ceased, and Mr. Fenner, after a cautious reconnoitre, began once more to descend the stairs. But his foe, evidently skilled in the art of warfare, was waiting in ambush behind a curtain on the landing. Hence there was an instant of wild confusion; then Mr. Fenner caressed his ankle, while his triumphant foe scuttled joyously downstairs.

"I-I'll break your blessed neck!" raved Mr. Fenner furiously. "Let me get hold of you, and I'll——"

He stopped abruptly, for, alarmed at the clamor, a girl had come out of the dining-room on the ground floor, and was peering up in surprise at the furious Fenner.

"What ever is the matter?" she demanded coldly.

"He—he bit me!" exclaimed Fenner, a little disconcerted.

"He was only trying to play with you," she replied, in tones of scorn.

"Trying to play with me?" echoed Fenner. "Why, the little brute chased me upstairs, and——"

Again he stopped, for the girl, ignoring him completely, picked up the cause of the contention and fondled it in her arms.

"Did the nasty, horrid man tell stories about you, then?" she inquired affectionately, addressing the dog.

And, with these words, she bore it into her dining-room and closed the door.

"Well!" breathed Fenner, helplessly. "That's about the limit! Either that wretched dog goes, or else——"

And for the third time he left his sentence unfinished; though, curious to relate, he had ceased to look angry.

"She can't be a day more than twenty," he remarked to himself, with apparent irrelevance. "And a neat little figure, too!"

. . . . . .

"I 'eard what 'appened this morning, Mr. Fenner," said Mrs. Poskett regretfully, as she prepared the table for lunch. "And very sorry I am it should 'ave 'appened. Mind you, I feared unpleasantness as soon as ever they told me they'd got a dog with 'em."

"Oh, there's no need to mention it, Mrs. Poskett," he returned easily. "Dogs will be dogs, you know."

"Very good of you to take it like that, sir," said the landlady. "Of course, you've been with me a long time now; so if you says the dog must go, why, the party that owns it must 'ave notice. That's all there is to say about it."

"Oh, no, they mustn't go!" exclaimed Fenner, eagerly. "I—I don't mind the dog a bit. Jolly little beggar, I should say—when you know it better."

"Then that's all right," said the landlady, with relief.

"Oh, by the way, Mrs. Poskett," remarked Fenner, "who are these new people you've got downstairs?"

"Came last evening, sir. Name of Cartwright—widow lady and 'er daughter."

"And what is—er—the daughter's name?"

"Sylvia, sir."

"Sylvia!" breathed Mr. Fenner, raptly, and a look half of amusement and half of shrewd suspicion, flashed into the landlady's eyes.

By profession Mr. Fenner was an author, and so did all his work in his rooms. On this circumstance he now congratulated himself, for it afforded him plenty of chances of encountering Miss Cartwright in the hall below. To that end he haunted the hall that evening, but nothing came of it.

"I suppose it wouldn't do to ask Mrs. Poskett to introduce us?" he pondered. "And they'd be sure to see through it if I went in and—er—asked how the dog was after this morning's excitement. Wonder what I can do?"

He was still wondering, when the door of the dining-room opened. Instantly Mr. Jack Fenner's courage deserted him, and he began to retreat up the stairs.

"Jack!" invitingly called the voice of Miss Cartwright. "Jack!"

Mr. Fenner turned and came downstairs again, trembling with delicious excitement.

"Yes?" he asked, eagerly.

Dim as was the light in the hall, he could see that she was surveying him with frigid mein.

"I—I thought you called me?" he stammered.

"I was calling my dog," she explained icily, and Fenner went upstairs again, a crushed man. But during the sleepless night that followed, he evolved a plan, not only to gain the acquaintance of Miss Cartwright, but to win her gratitude as well.

"Seems to be a sort of case of 'love me, love my dog,'" he reasoned with himself. "She's fearfully keen on that little beggar, and if it got lost"—Mr. Fenner smiled wickedly—"they'd be no end grateful to the chap who found it."

On these premises Mr. Fenner laid his plan carefully. A slice of bacon, secreted from his breakfast, was cut into quarters. Caution made him don boots and gloves of extra thickness.

Thus equipped, Mr. Fenner put on his hat and carried out scout-like tactics on the stairway. Chance was plainly favoring him. The dining-room was empty save for the dog slumbering on the hearthrug. Mr. Fenner opened the front door and prepared to put his plan into execution.

"Hist, Jack!" he called softly.

The small dog scented battle at once, and rushed joyously to meet it. Quickly Mr. Fenner extended a propitiatory gift in the shape of a morsel of bacon. The dog accepted it without prejudice, and, having disposed of it, prepared ungratefully to renew the attack. A second taste of bacon mollified it, and the third quarter displayed by Mr. Fenner, was sufficient to lure it through the front door and out to the pavement.

So far, so good. Mr. Fenner had now merely to coax the dog up the road, and, just round the corner, there was a friendly stableman, who would keep the dog prisoner until the time came for Mr. Fenner to "find" it.

Already the third piece of bacon had drawn the dog up the street, but at the corner it jibbed. Mr. Fenner coaxed most enticingly, but it declined to round that corner.

"Come along, good doggie, then!" exclaimed Mr. Fenner winningly, and dangled the bacon before it.

And then something made him look up. Miss Cartwright and her mother had rounded the corner, and were watching him in breathless amazement.

"What are you doing with my dog?" asked the girl.

Mr. Fenner, realizing that the snip of cold bacon in his fingers required some explanation, smiled hollowly.

"Feeding him!" he replied.

"You're trying to entice him away!" she asserted hotly.

Guiltily, Mr. Fenner shook his head to intimate his horror at such a charge.

"I—I was only trying to get him used to me," said the wretched Fenner.

"Well, I don't want him to get used to you, thanks!" she stated coldly.

She picked up the dog, and stood eyeing Mr. Fenner for an interminable moment. Then, without further remark, she and her mother continued on their way back to the house.

"I'm getting on splendidly!" Mr. Fenner told himself bitterly. And for the next seven days he spent a miserable time. It did not even comfort him that the dog had now accepted him as a friend, for Miss Cartwright appeared to consider that as a further proof of guilt, and ostentatiously picked up the dog in her arms whenever she chanced to encounter Mr. Fenner. So that, after all, he got but scant enjoyment from meeting her casually in the hall.

Then came an evening when Mr. Fenner was sitting forlornly in his rooms, wondering how a lovesick young man could gain an introduction to a young lady who clearly did not want to know him, when there came a rap at his door.

"Come in!" he called brokenly; and then sprang to his feet, for it was Miss Cartwright who entered.

"Oh, good-evening!" he exclaimed feverishly. "Lovely weather! I mean—how do you do, Miss Cartwright?"

"I've lost my dog," she stated.

"I say, I'm awfully sorry to hear that. I'll go and look for it, if you like, with the greatest pleasure?"

"Oh, please don't trouble," she answered steadily—"unless you know where to look!" she concluded, pointedly.

"I haven't the faintest idea," he said. "I mean, I might stumble across it. It must be somewhere, mustn't it? I'd do anything——"

Five minutes later he was wildly scouring the streets of London, his eye alert for a small black dog decorated with a scarlet bow.

But, though he searched energetically for the better part of three hours, no glimpse of the vanished dog came to cheer him, until, not three streets away from home, he saw the wanderer, trotting aimlessly along the pavement.

In a flash he had snatched it up, and was walking swiftly back to Mrs. Poskett's house.

Joyously, he rapped at the door of the dining-room.

"Come in!" called a voice.

Mr. Fenner entered, and then life seemed to become to him as a puffed-out paper bag which had been burst, for there before him sat Miss Cartwright, with her dog on her lap.

Mr. Fenner's gaze passed blankly from one dog to the other.

"Jack came home again not five minutes after you left!" Miss Cartwright informed him, and there was the glint of a smile in her eyes.

"But I made sure this was Jack," said the crestfallen Fenner.

"One little black dog is very like another little black dog, especially in a dark street," pointed out Mrs. Cartwright, sympathetically.

A frenzied knocking came at the front door, and Mrs. Poskett hastened to reply to the imperative summons.

"My dog!" gasped a feminine voice exhaustedly. "My dog! I see 'im bring 'im in 'ere!"

Mr. Fenner started. Involuntarily his eye sought Miss Cartwright. She was smiling now in open enjoyment of the situation.

"Snatched up my dog, 'e did!" continued the irate caller on the doorstep. "I see 'im do it! And follow 'im, I did, and I see 'im come in 'ere with my dog!"

Evidently Mrs. Poskett sought to offer soothing words, but they were brushed aside.

"Don't think I'll be turned aside from my purpose, ma'am," stated the caller. "I'll 'ave the lor on 'im, sure as sure! And, if 'e says 'e 'asn't, I'll bring in the police and 'ave the place searched from attic to basement! So now, then!"

Mr. Fenner quailed at the ultimatum, and stood helplessly waiting for what might happen.

"What on earth can I do?" he groaned helplessly.

"Why, go out and speak to her!" advised Miss Cartwright, still smiling. "Here, give me that dog. Now take Jack, and go out to her!"

Mr. Fenner automatically obeyed her behest, and stepped into the hall, with Jack in his arms.

"Ah, there 'e is—the dog-stealer!" exclaimed the caller, with savage relish. "And with my Flossie in 'is arms!"

"Pardon me!" said Mr. Fenner. "You appear to be laboring under a delusion. This dog's name is Jack."

Carefully the lady examined Jack; then she withdrew, rather dissatisfied, promising further inquiries on the morrow.

"Now, take her dog, and carry it as near home as you dare," directed Miss Cartwright. "Here's the address on its collar!"

To his surprise, when he had accomplished his mission, Miss Cartwright came out of the dining-room and thanked him effusively.

"Perhaps," she suggested softly, "if you'd been more familiar with Jack's looks, you'd never have made the mistake. Hadn't you better come in and have a look at him now?"

And Mr. Fenner went. Hence, as postscript, one has only to add that Jack is still one of his wife's dearest possessions—the lucky dog! —London Answers.

The Exile.

(Gordon Johnstone, in May Canada Monthly.)

'Tis me that's here a-digging in a
dirty yellow street,
A-rubbing elbows with a man
that's neither black nor
white, sir,
And I'm that dead and fainting in
this hole of stifling heat
There's not a smile left in me;
faith, I'll thank ye for a light,
sir;
And, oh, I do be hearing
The linnets in a clearing
Of the ould, ould sod.

'Tis me that do be climbing to a
little box-like room,
Shut in from God and heaven
with the great roofs frowning
over;
And not a primrose to be seen in
all that darkening gloom,
And not a breath of heather
fields or whistle of a plover
But, oh, that bed of rushes,
And, oh, the morning thrushes
Of the ould, ould sod.

'Tis me that's nightly drameing
till 'tis time to go to work
Of one as sweet and shyful as a
rose—what's that ye say, sir?
'Tis ye that has the same soft
drames to haunt the whispering murk?
God bless ye both, avic machree,
and hasten swift the day, sir;
But ere he binds ye sweet, lad,
I hope he'll plant me feet, lad,
On the ould, ould, sod.

OBLIGING.

Creditor—"I should like to know when you are going to pay this bill; I can't come here every day in the week."

Debtor—"What day would suit you best?"

Creditor—"Saturday."

Debtor—"Very well; then you can call every Saturday."

As hot weather approaches the wise housekeeper plans to make simple desserts early in the day, so that she can put them away and have them chilled hours before dinner is served.

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HOME

Some Maple Dishes.

Delicious desserts and sauces are made from maple sugar and maple syrup. The syrup, of course, if kept in tightly closed jars or containers, will be quite as rich in flavor next winter as now, but sugar even under the best of conditions, does dry out.

Maple parfait is simply made: Take the yolks of four eggs and beat very light; gradually beat in a cupful of maple syrup, put the mixture into a double boiler and stir until it thickens so as to coat the spoon. Remove from the fire and add a pint of cream, whipped. Stir in half a pound of walnut meats, place in a mold and pack in ice and salt for four hours. This will serve ten or twelve people.

Another parfait recipe calls for three-quarters of a cupful of maple syrup brought to a boil; then add the yolks of two eggs beaten stiff and cook till very thick. When cool, fold in a cupful of cream beaten stiff and a little vanilla. Place in a mold and pack in salt and ice for three hours.

Maple syrup rolls are delicious for tea. Make a crust of a pint of flour sifted twice with half a teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Then add gradually a cupful of milk and three teaspoonfuls of melted butter. Roll out the dough till about an inch thick, spread with butter and cover with a cupful of maple sugar scraped fine and mixed with chopped citron and chopped walnuts to taste. Roll up like a rolled jelly cake, cut in slices an inch thick and bake in a moderate oven.

For a filling for maple sugar cake, boil a cupful and a quarter of the syrup till it hairs; then add an eighth of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and pour this on the beaten white of an egg, beating all the time till it is of a consistency to spread.

Maple cocoanut pralines are made by mixing together a cupful of maple syrup, half a cupful of shredded cocoanut and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Boil the mixture till it is a mass of bubbles; pour on a buttered platter and mark when cool.

An excellent pudding sauce is made by beating a cupful of maple syrup and then adding a tablespoonful of melted butter. Cook for five minutes.

If scraped maple sugar is used for sweetening whipped cream it will be found a delicious sauce for any pudding.

Still another sauce is made by creaming butter and stirring in scraped maple sugar, in place of confectioners' sugar, till it is the right consistency.

With the Pineapple.

Canned Pineapple—One and one-half pounds of granulated sugar, one quart water, six pounds of pineapple cut in small pieces. Put all together in a kettle and cook until pineapple can be easily pierced with a fork. Can hot.

Fried Pineapple—Bought pineapple, canned in slices, is excellent fried in butter, turning frequently until tender and browned to a golden color. Use as a garnish to meat, pork particularly. It takes the place of apples in that case and is delicious. Use no sugar. Goes well with a broiled steak, too. Home canned pineapples are just as good fried this way, only one must sprinkle on a little sugar to make them brown.

Pineapple Salad — Pineapples served upon lettuce with a French dressing or mayonnaise makes a delightful salad. Filling the centers with cheese balls stuffed with nuts is an improvement on the foregoing.

Pineapple Compote—Dice pineapple, grape fruit, oranges, stoned white cherries, white grapes, candied green and red cherries and a few dices of candied rhubarb make a charming compote.

In preparing pineapple remove the eyes with a different knife than the one with which you slice and dice the fruit. There is an acid about pineapple eyes which causes sore mouth. The juice from pineapple is excellent for frozen ices. Combine with lemon to give the desired tartness.

If your child is not clever at his lessons do not worry. Perhaps he is clever at putting watches together, or mending electric bells, and he'll be all right about his book-learning later on. The world's work isn't all done on paper.

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