Bovril makes you enjoy life

The Purple Lady

BY GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN.

PART II.

"You're going in to Joe first?"

"Yes."

"If he's sleeping, couldn't I—just look?"

"I don't believe I would—his sleep is so light, you know."

"Oh, well—it won't be long now! The baby will cure him. If I didn't believe so—but he will! Now do go and sit with him. Let him find your hand when he wakes. The sound of snow flicking against the window is so desolate. I'm afraid it will make him think—of those things. When you are there it is almost as if I were allowed to go in. I'll go on with this bootee and—then you'll look in the little trunk, if you aren't so tired? I suppose it was only a dream, but I shan't be quite satisfied until I'm sure."

So Joe's mother went softly into Joe's room. Not the room which she had given him and his little wife during their wild snatch of a honeymoon before Joe went away through black seas to that business of putting out a world fire, but the room of his boyhood, with its dado of lacrosse sticks, snowshoes, tennis rackets, etc.

Joe lay on the bed where he had lain as a little boy, and the glimmer of his half open eyes showed he was awake. The half open eyes met hers.

"The world is no place for women," he whispered from his pillow. "You should have told me."

She sat beside him, taking the left hand that lay outside, so white and gaunt and large upon the black bearskin. Had it been a mistake, bringing him home? It had been so costly—so difficult, getting him back into her own care, but she had been so sure that Althea and her great hope would rouse and cure him. But he had only moaned and hid his face, saying again: "This world is no place for women."

It was hard not to plead and argue against this terrible conviction of his. At first she had tried, but it only brought on that terrible shuddering silence—worse even than the outbreaks of cursing. So, as the doctor advised, they were all agreed now, to wait for that person who was on the way, whose journey was nearly done—who might come at almost any minute now, for though, as the doctor had promised, time would cure all by itself, the one who was coming might take the matter out of the hands of time. He had seen such miracles worked before by such tiny persons.

Joe shut his eyes and turned his head away. She would have stayed, but she was alert about her other nestling this stormy night. Besides, there was the furnace to see to, and the question of food, and she was only one mother to do everything—everything.

As Mrs. Mack stood for the moment in the doorway, smiling back at Althea, the girl thought once again how safe and cared for she was, here with Joe's mother, and she wondered at the older woman's fortitude, hoping humbly that when she should be fifty and had troubles she could stand as straight and calm under them. And yet—how little gray there has been in her hair when Joe went away, while now—it was white.

For an instant, as realization of this change came to Althea, she caught at her tears, and had a battle with them before she could smile back calmly, and take up her knitting with a placid face.

Mrs. Mack was merely going down to see about the furnace and to plan the morning's breakfast. That was really quite all she had in her mind at the moment; at least; all except her constant anxiety about the wounded mind and body of her son, and her knowledge of that which was waiting for Althea—waiting to torment and rend, perhaps to slay.

Her only light through all that dark part of the house was one candle, though in Althea's room a pink-shaded lamp burned cheerfully. The house was wired for electricity but there was none in use. She had given Althea to understand that this was not only because of the poor quality of service supplied by the town, but because she really liked candles and old-fashioned lamps better. Althea never had the slightest hint that the meter had been taken out because the bills had not been paid. And when, at intervals, she heard her mother-in-law handling saw and ax in the cellar, and knew by the smell that the furnace was being fed with wood instead of coal, it never occurred to her that they were enduring a sharper coal famine than other families in town. Nor did Althea know of the mortgage, and how the money from it had been licked up by old debts.

When she had fed the furnace with four foot lengths of stout oak planks—for the bins, like the rest of the old house, were solidly and honestly built—Mrs. Mack listened for a minute at the foot of the stairs to make certain that there was no sound of need from above, then lifted an inverted box and took from beneath it a hen which had been indignantly awaiting her fate since morning. She was the last of a flock of fifty, and a pet.

As she mounted the cellar stairs with the candle in one hand and the chicken dangling from the other she almost smiled at a swift grotesque vision of herself making use of her knowledge of her neighbors' hen roosts; roosts which had not been depleted. Yes— was it so impossible? Was there anything in the wide world that she would not do for those two upstairs if it was possible—and safe? She had always sworn she would never get into debt—but she was in debt; that she would never under any circumstances mortgage her house—yet how quickly she had done it when it was a question of getting Joe home!

How would being a chicken thief be worse than being so much in debt to one's grocer that credit had at last been refused? And in her imagination that figure persisted, slinking, witchlike, stealing through the moonlight, calming the dogs that knew and loved her, and quietly, skillfully obtaining food like any other wild mother—loping safely home with it.

As she entered the kitchen she had a moment's glimpse of her reflection in the black circle of the kitchen window, as yet uncovered by frost, and her heart leaped. It was so like the evil face of famine itself peering in!

Yes—if the Purple Lady had been invisibly present and had seen that face one can fancy she would have fled.

Mrs. Mack hung her fowl upon a nail and went the rounds of the kitchen. There was a little rice, a bit of dried codfish, perhaps half a dozen jars of jelly. And there was a little fat left over from her last cellar sacrifice but one. How strange, how unbelievably strange, that there should be no more credit from the grocery where she had traded for thirty years!

Rice, chicken, jelly—that would see them through to-morrow. Perhaps she could bring herself to lay the case before Dr. Robson if she must. He would not let Althea suffer—surely not! And, in time, the Government would send Joe's pay—some day. And when Althea was all safe, why, then—then there were all sorts of work one could do.

And so she smoothed her face, straightened her shoulders, and went to look at the children again.

Joe was asleep; really asleep. After all, this was not so different from that time she had so nearly lost him with scarlet fever. He had been delirious then, and her heart had died within her. This was only the same agony on a larger scale—what else?

She stole out and went to look at Althea. But that wise child had gone to bed and was asleep also. Here, too, Mrs. Mack paused. So austerely lovely—so childlike still. Rough fate must surely turn aside from that!

She lifted her clenched hands and held them against her dry eyes for a moment as she turned away, then, seeing the gay, expectant garments still airing before the dying fire, she took up her candle once more and went up the garret stairs. She could do that much. Though, of course, there would be nothing. She had promised.

The garret's time-darkened rafters gave back no light at all from her candle flame; only the remote square of the tiny window flung back a spark as dim as her own, one small flash of greeting as she passed. It was by that window Althea and Joe had played with their paper ladies and animals. Indeed, had she cared to search them out, Mrs. Mack could have found the faded fragments still in a box of toys that stood there. Even the Purple Lady, not much different in appearance from that other day, although gone a little spider webby and dusty, still pointed her one graceful toe, and showed a trace of her smile under the smudge left by Althea's greasy fingers.

The machine was not perceptible until she brought her flame almost against its dark skeleton, but she knew it well—could, indeed, have almost gone about this business blindfold. She hoped, as she set her candle down and laid hold of a dusty lever, that the noise of its dragging would not reach her sleepers.

(To be concluded.)

Women Can Dye Old Faded Things New in Diamond Dyes

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint her worn, shabby dresses, skirts, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, draperies, hangings, everything, even if she has never dyed before. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is sure because Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to spot, fade, streak, or run. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.

If life is hard for you, try to make it easier for somebody else.

Minard's Liniment For Colds, Etc.

Woman's Sphere

Keeping a Diary.

Every child, as soon as he is able to write legibly, should be encouraged to keep a diary. The material benefits that result from the practice are many; and as time goes on, reviewing what, if properly done, will be a miniature history of his life will give more and more pleasure to him who keeps a diary.

For the beginner, one of the smaller sizes of regular diaries that provide half a dozen lines each day will do.

One of the first things to consider in beginning a diary is persistence. Mentally pledge yourself to write something every day. All else failing, there still remains the weather. You can at least jot down "Fair," "Foul," "Cold," "Thundershowers" or "Windy," as the case may be. However, you will rarely find yourself so hard put to it. Something in some degree noteworthy happens every day, and, although incidents may seem trifling when they occur, many of them will be found in later years to have had an important bearing on your subsequent life.

Be methodical. Give the first line of every entry a half-inch margin and, at least in the case of the more important subjects to which you are likely to refer in the future, begin the entry with a word that will most readily suggest the matter recorded. For example, "Freshet—Swift River sweeps away dam, mill, other buildings"; or, "Fire—Smith's garage burned, Park Hotel damaged." By following that method you make it possible, when you desire to find a particular entry, simply to run your eye down the left-hand side of the pages until you find the index word.

You should keep carefully a record of births, deaths and marriages in the family and among intimate friends, for you are likely to have to refer to them to verify dates or other circumstances.

Of course the regular entries in a small diary must be brief; but if you wish to make a more elaborate account of any particular event, you can write it in the space devoted to "Memoranda" that appears in the back of all standard diaries. Append the note, "See Mem.," to the regular entry.

As you gain experience you will no doubt outgrow the small diary and make your daily entries in an ample blank book, which will enable you to give more important matters the comprehensive treatment to which their special interest entitles them.

The other departments included in the back part of commercial diaries, "Bills Payable," "Bills Receivable," "Cash Account," "Addresses," can be utilized for jotting down matters of transitory interest. But a boy or a girl will make no mistake in learning to keep a careful account of all money received and expended. An occasional review of such a record serves as a valuable lesson in handling your finances properly.

Do not enter upon the work lightly and waste time and space in careless and irregular entries of nonsensical paragraphs, but rather take it up with the serious aim to make the most comprehensive and worth-while record possible in the space that you have. Above all, write plainly. On completing each volume mark the year on the binding and place it on file. Get a new book well in advance, so as to be sure to be ready on the first day of the new year. Filling in from memory is an untrustworthy method, to be avoided at all times.

Combination Suits for Home and School.

These little combinations are convenient and comfortable. Daughter likes them because they button down the front so she can button herself up, and because being all in one piece it only takes a minute to dress. Mother likes them because she does not have to stop her work to button up little underwaists and petticoats.

They can be made of any fine material for the best suit but for every day and even common school wear I have found that sugar sacks do very well. Using this material and some coarse crochet lace I made dainty little suits for less than thirty cents; of course, not counting the labor. Two sugar sacks, two spools of No. 40 crochet thread, some buttons and a little sewing machine thread are the materials needed.

First cut a band or strip twelve inches wide and long enough to go around the child's body comfortably and lap over enough to make an inch hem at each end. For my seven-year-old daughter this strip was twenty-seven inches long. Make an inch hem in the top of this and a narrow one in the bottom. Also an inch hem in each end.

Cut two pieces for the bloomers from your regular bloomer pattern. Do not sew all the way up the front of the bloomers but finish about three inches of top for centre front closing. Make four-inch slashes at centre top for seat opening. Sew up back of bloomers.

Join under parts of the legs and put on bands long enough to go around leg well above the knee so they will not be too tight if crowded up when playing. Place a band at top of back for top of seat. For average size this will be about twelve inches long and three inches wide before finishing. Sew the bloomers to bottom of underwaist on each side of front and about one inch up on the underwaist.

Make a skirt of the required depth and sew onto waist at a point about one inch above the bloomers. This one was twelve inches deep and had three-inch lace, making fifteen inches in all, but it is deeper than you will want if you wish to expose the bare knee. Sew on lace yoke and you are ready for the buttons and button holes. This requires about four down the front and three for the back.

The crochet lace used was an easy pattern and quickly made but any kind may be used or it may be finished with two plain bands over the shoulders and a hem on the bottom of the skirt, bringing the cost down to about fifteen cents.

One suit was made from the bottom of a lace trimmed pillowslip which was worn in the centre. Another was from sister's worn petticoat. One for best was made of fine white linen and trimmed with a fine crochet lace. The coarse lace usually sold for pillowslips makes a satisfactory substitute for the crocheting if one has no time to make trimming.

Try these and see how well sister will like them.

A Thought.

Wishing star that shines to-night,
Do not smile at me.
Look you toward some lovely child
Who in the dark may be.

Bluebird, sing not at my door,
But be you swiftly flown
To where perhaps some little child
In silence sits alone.

Roadside berries, red in June,
Change your place to grow,
For fear some lonely little child
May empty-handed go.

—Josephine Van Dolzen Pease.

Remedy for Scorched Fabric.

A white waist was scorched so badly that the print of the iron had gone through both sides of the sleeve and colored the ironing board. It seemed a ruined article, for nothing could have been rubbed on it without breaking the fibres of the cloth.

The scorched sleeve was dipped into cold water, hung dripping on the line in the hot sunshine. As soon as the water had dried it was dipped again, and the process repeated over and over. It took two days and one night's exposure out of doors to bring the cloth to whiteness, but it came so perfectly that one would not know which had been the sleeve browned by the iron. Just cold water, hot sunlight and persistence worked the cure. The sleeve has been worn months since then and shows no indication of breaking.

Penny Savers.

Save a little every week of what you have to spend,
And then when trouble comes to you, you'll always have a friend.

If the soles of shoes are dipped in melted wax once every two or three weeks, the soles will last twice as long and will be waterproof.

Adhesive tape is an article for which there are innumerable uses. One of the best, however, is to paste a strip of the tape over corset- stays when they begin to break through their covering.

Orange peels should be saved and dried. They are excellent for reviving a dull fire or building a new one. Laid on a hot shovel and carried about the house, they will counteract the odors that remain after boiling cabbage or onions.

Materials can be dyed in beautiful shades of fast brown, by drying and using the green and brown lichens from rocks, trees, and fences. Boil the moss in sufficient water to cover it. Strain the liquid, then put in the cloth, which must be clean and free from spots. This is a cheap and lasting dye for rags which are to be used for rugs.

To use pieces of stale bread or biscuit, dry them in the oven until brown, butter them slightly and put them in the pan under the meat that is to be roasted. The juices of the meat will soften and flavor them finely. They may be made even more tasty by spreading over them a thin layer of chopped celery or onion before putting under the meat.

Worn-out fabric gloves furnish an excellent substitute for chamois skin. Cut off the fingers, slit the palm and you will have a cloth which is unexcelled for washing windows. The cloth is very absorbent and does not squeak over the glass. A pair of short gloves may be stitched together, but one long glove is usually large enough for convenience.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

Misunderstood.

He was in his first week at college, and when he went to the stationer's to buy a fountain pen he felt desirous that the young woman who waited on him should know that in spite of his youth he was no high-school boy.

When she handed him a sheet of paper he wrote on it, with many flourishes, in a large, bold hand, "Alma Mater, Alma Mater," eight or nine times.

The clerk watched him with a simper, and at last she spoke:

"Why don't you let her try it herself," she suggested, "and then if it doesn't suit, of course, we'll change it."

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