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ELIZABETH'S LETTER

By IDA M. BUDD.

PART II.

"Elizabeth,"

There was a world of mingled reproach and heart-break in the cry. The sound of his own voice awoke him. Mabel was bending over him; her hand was clutching the ends of her silken auto-scarf.

"Oh, Chester! you frightened me so! What were you dreaming?" she exclaimed.

"I thought you were at Alice's," he said, with a forced smile.

"Alice was so much better that I came home early. Do tell me why you addressed Elizabeth so dramatically."

"Mabel," he said, evasively, "could you arrange to run up and visit me, and the girls for a couple of days?"

"I suppose so. Have you answered Elizabeth's letter yet?"

"No, but I saw her and I wish you would go. You could take her the money for the machine and find out if she is all right."

"You saw Elizabeth? Where? Chester Mason, you are not awake yet!"

She listened attentively to the story of his dream. "The installation supper must have been too sumptuous," was her matter-of-fact comment.

"But I had a better plan than yours," she continued. "Let me stay with the store and you go up and tell Mother Mason and the girls that you have come to bring them here to live with us. I've been thinking it over for a long time, Chester. It really isn't safe for them to be living alone in that out-of-the-way place. Suppose Elizabeth should fall sick, and she isn't very strong, you know."

"But are you able to take the added care?"

"Certainly! Elizabeth would take the care of Mother Mason and Livy because she knows how better than I do. We could do our sewing together and she could write to her heart's content. Shall we arrange it in that way?"

"Why, yes," he agreed, if mother and the girls will consent. We may be reckoning without our host, you know."

"This is Friday," Mabel continued, elaborating her plan. "You could go up to-morrow and stay over Sunday and—oh, Chester, next Sunday will be Mother's Day! Wouldn't Mother Mason be delighted? You must take her some flowers, and be sure to wear one in her honor on Sunday; I wish I could go with you, but I believe I

must give that day to my own mother."

It seemed to Chester Mason like a repetition of his dream as he walked up the path to the old home that Saturday evening, carrying a large sheaf of carnations and ferns. The light shone out from the kitchen; he caught the perfume of apple blossoms and saw their whiteness through the gathering dusk.

The kitchen door stood open. Elizabeth was putting away the supper dishes. Livy was sitting near the table knitting on a rug of "hit-and-miss" rage.

As Chester was about to rap she spoke, apparently in answer to a remark from her sister.

"You needn't worry about our hearing from Chet. He forgot all about us as soon as father was buried."

Then she wheeled her chair sharply around as a voice said:

"No, he didn't, Livy, although you have had a right to think so."

"Why, Chester Mason?" she gasped, and amazement forbade her further utterance.

Elizabeth came forward with both hands extended and there was no lack of welcome in word, tone, or manner.

"Where is mother?" Chester asked with a sensation akin to that of his dream.

"She went to her room a few minutes ago. She is quite well."

"You brought these for her," Elizabeth continued, lifting the flowers, which her brother had laid on the table.

He nodded. "To-morrow is Mother's Day, you know."

There were tears in Elizabeth's eyes as she said, "Oh, Chester, how thoughtful of you! And we were afraid you had forgotten!"

"See here, Beth!" he exclaimed, lapsing into the old-time, brotherly familiarity. "I'm just going to tell you the truth. I wasn't thoughtful. I would never have remembered that Mother's Day if it hadn't been for that blessed little wife of mine. She sent me up here and told me to bring the flowers and all the rest of it. She would have come with me only she wanted to give her own mother the benefit of Mother's Day."

"Well, good for her!" was Livy's emphatic comment.

"The dear little soul," Elizabeth said. "Aren't they beautiful, Livy?" and she held the flowers before her sister.

She brought a vase for them and her that someone whom she would like to see had called. A few moments later the door opened and mother herself came out with an air of mystified expectancy, which changed at once to joyful welcome, as her big, strong "baby" clasped her in his arms.

And so it came about that one delightful June evening, Mother Mason found herself laughing and crying with Livy and Elizabeth in Mabel's charming living room and declaring that now she was perfectly happy.

And when they sat down at the daintily appointed tea-table and Chester, with an instant's embarrassed hesitation, bowed his head and reverently asked a blessing on the first meal together in his home, she said softly, "My cup runneth over."

"You won't need your sewing machine now, Beth," Mabel said as she was showing her sister-in-law through her beautiful home that evening; you may use mine whenever you wish. But I will show you where you are to carve out your future."

She led the way up the broad staircase and opened the door of a prettily furnished room with two large, white-draped windows, between which stood a handsome desk.

"This is your den," she said, "and we expect you to lift the name of Mason out of obscurity right over there between those two windows."

And Elizabeth is doing her best.

(The End.)

Dust shelves with red pepper and borax or powdered lime to destroy red ants.

Efforts are being made to harness for the production of power the swift tidal currents of the Bay of Fundy, where the tides rise to a greater height than anywhere else in the world.

"Father, didn't you tell me it was wrong to strike anyone smaller than yourself?" "Yes, Willie, that's what I said." "Well, I wish you'd write my teacher note. I don't think she knows about it."

SAVE YOURSELF ON WARM DAYS JUST HEAT A CAN OF CLARK'S CANADIAN BOILED DINNER

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About the House

Build for To-morrow.

"I would like to see the twelve-year-old boy I couldn't handle," the large, important-looking woman drew the attention of the entire car as she sniffed at her thin companion. "Catch me waiting till my man comes home at night to tattle on the children. I manage them myself."

"Yes, but you're big and strong. I never could lick Tom and he knows it."

"That's where you made your mistake in letting him know it," commented her companion. "You shouldn't have mented her. My kids know they got to jump when I speak, and I never have any trouble."

The little woman sighed enviously as she gathered up her packages. "Seems as if they've all got out from under my control," she said. "I wish I knew what to do."

It seemed too bad that someone had told her what to do years ago, she wouldn't to-day be envying her friend who ruled through fear of the broomstick. Needless to say, the twelve-year-old child who obeys only through fear of corporal punishment in four more years is going to be incorrigible. And the mother who prides herself on the fact that her children fear her, is due for some pretty rough slurring in a very short while. For of all incentives to good behavior, fear is the least to be depended upon. Love is far more dependable, and self-respect even better. For the child who goes right because he would despise himself if he didn't, is headed straight for all time.

I sometimes wonder why it is that so many women seem ashamed to admit they do not know just what to do with the problems that come up to every mother. Certainly we are not all-wise, and why not admit that we are frequently puzzled? And the more frequently we admit that we do not know just what to do, the more we can do to make it so. It is the most comfortable thing to do in the very worst possible thing, while the course which means most unpleasantness is the one to take if we are to avoid future complications. It would be an easy matter, for instance, to keep the furniture nice and unscratched by making the children spend all the time in the kitchen or driving them outdoors to spend their time bothering the neighbors. But either course is not at all calculated to make them stick closely at home a few years from now, so the problem of unmarried furniture and children using it comes up for solution.

This is only one of the hundred and one things which puzzle the hearts of conscientious mothers. How to avoid the constant bickering of brothers and sisters has turned many a mother's hair gray. Of course, you can peremptorily order them to be still, and they will for that time and while they are in your presence. But the argument, with fists, or an hour later start afresh before you can find some way to work from within them, and get them to avoid the quarrels voluntarily.

Once in a while a solitary child seems to present no particular problem. He will be docile, studious, and thoughtful, obedient, kind—seemingly possessing all the virtues. But even he gives the wise mother thought for his very studious habits make it necessary for her to be constantly watchful that he give more time to play and outdoor life. So, even while allowing for great difference in temperament, the mother who claims that her children give her no anxious moments is either very ignorant of what a well-rounded life needs, or a real, live-wire, normal, healthy, average twelve-year-old can make even the wisest educators sit up and take notice. How much more, then, must they puzzle a poor, half-prepared mother?

Don't be ashamed to admit that your children are sometimes beyond you. Your very admission may bring you help, by getting your neighbor's experience. But don't let your neighbor's boasting of her wonderful success worry you. Her laughs best who laughs last, and child training is not for to-day, but for the many to-morrows. Twenty years from now you may see which of you has been more successful.

This Will Help You to Choose Pictures.

In a dining room the pictures should be conducive to happy thoughts. Cheap pictures and pictures of wooden looking fruit are not effective. Appropriate pictures for the dining room are "Spring," by Corot, "Autumn," by Mauve; "The Ford," by Corot, and "Autumn Gold," by Inness.

Pictures of general interest are appropriate for the living room. Here they should be conducive to deeper thought. Such as Burne-Jones' "Golden Stair," and "Spies," Titian's "Tribute Money," and Van Ruyssdael's "Windmill" are desirable. Many of

Rembrandt's and Millet's pictures are desirable, as are also Raphael's Madonnas. Landscapes are appropriate. In the bedroom, one's choice may have free way so long as the effect produced is restful. Family portraits and photographs of one's friends are appropriate, and any other pictures of which the person is particularly fond.

Pictures in the boy's room should stimulate him to patriotism, chivalry, spirituality, and industry; and should foster kindness to animals. "Hoses," from Sarbent's "Frieze of the Prophets"; "The Forge of Vulcan," by Velasquez; "Oath of Knighthood," by Abbey; "The Sower," by Millet, and "The Charge of the Light Brigade," by Butler are all good. Animal pictures by Bonheur are also desirable. Pictures suggesting noble womanhood are appropriate for the girl's room. Madonna and mother-and-child pictures are especially fitting. Other desirable pictures are Reynolds' "Age of Innocence," "The Strawberry Girl," and "The Broken Pitcher," as well as "The Dance of the Nymphs," by Corot.

Most pictures are best framed without a mat. The exceptions are a small print or etching and Japanese prints. The color of the frame should harmonize with the color of the picture. Water colors and oils are usually best in dull gold.

A flat moulding is better than one with a decided height at edge.

Frames should be lighter than darkest part of picture.

A picture with strong action, color, or composition needs a wide frame. Delicate scenes are better in narrow frames.

Frames of bright gold with much ornament are not good.

Rectangular frames are better than round or oval shapes.

Frames of imitation cirencion walnut are in poor taste.

The Reason.

The roses riot by her door. All through the summertime, And down her garden's fragrant aisles, Uncounted blossoms hide.

(The secret of their growth I know: It is because she loves them so!)

The childish hearts about her glow Like flowers in the sun; Her home is rich with peace like that Of dusk when day is done.

(The hidden secret I have guessed: Her home by her great love is blessed!)

THE HUMMING BIRD

Ecuador, in South America, Abounds With "Feathered Jewels."

Not far from the northwest corner of South America is the small triangular republic of Ecuador. It comes pretty near to being the least important country in that continent, but in one respect it is the most remarkable. Nowhere else in the world are there so many humming birds.

Humming birds mostly prefer high altitudes, and some of them are found nowhere else than along a belt of the Andes close to the snow line. Certain species are restricted to single mountain peaks.

The Indians of Ecuador, Colombia and Brazil make profitable business of hunting humming birds, shooting them with small pellets of clay discharged from blowguns. These latter are weapons of great precision—long reeds deprived of pith—and do no damage to the delicate plumage of the tiny feathered creatures.

It is necessary for the hunter to know how to skin the birds; and he must understand the art of preserving the skins in order that they may reach the dealer in first class condition. They are sold to agents, who ship them to Guayaquil and other seaports, where they are exported to Europe.

London is the principal market, and in that city 400,000 humming bird skins have been sold at auction in a single week. But they are mostly prepared for military and other ornamental uses in France and Belgium—though in the latter country the industry has been interrupted by the war.

No white man ever saw a humming bird until after Columbus discovered America, this feathered tribe being unknown to the Old World. Tropical America has at least 500 species. The closer one gets to the equator the more numerous do humming birds become.

They are unlike any other birds in several respects. Their mode of flight is like that of a bee, their wings vibrating so rapidly (the rate is estimated at 500 times per minute) as to make a blur to the eye. Practically, they are unable to walk, relying wholly upon their wings for locomotion.

Their nests are built chiefly of plantdown, interwoven and strengthened with spiders' webs. In the forests of Brazil the "hermit" humming birds fasten their nests to the ends of long leaves, so that monkeys cannot get at them. The nests of other

species resemble tiny hammocks attached to the face of rock or cliff with spider webs.

CLEANING BY DRY METHOD

A Simple Process That Can Be Done Cheaply at Home.

In earlier days every trade had its secrets. They were even called "mysteries," and were commonly handed down from father to son, generation after generation.

Nowadays there are relatively few of these, but among them is the process known as "dry cleaning," odd, too, because it is perfectly well understood—except by the average housewife, who might gain much convenience and save herself no little expense by knowledge of it.

There are some things that will not stand washing with water. They have, therefore, to be "dry cleaned." Among them are furs, delicate laces and many other articles.

Misses Hungepeper sends them off to a shop, whence they are returned beautifully "done up," but at a fancy price. The price is high chiefly for the reason that she is known to be ignorant of the inexpensiveness of the process.

Why should she not do her own dry cleaning? She can, if she wishes. All she needs is the very simple "know how."

A gallon of gasoline with four tablespoonfuls of benzine, soap and two quarts of flour, will furnish the essentials. Stir thoroughly and work the mixture well into the fabric, giving special attention to spots. Let the dirty gasoline drain off; then rinse in clean gasoline and shake well until dry, brushing out all the flour. She will then have a "dry-cleaned"

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Habit of Decision.

Most people who have succeeded in any direction of activity can trace the measure of their success to the habit of deciding things for themselves. One of the greatest temptations we have is to confide in others. By yielding to it we not only become a nuisance to our friends, but keep lowering our own powers of resistance.

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Problem to Inventors.

The great problem to inventors is to decide upon the means to be used to reach their goal. The next problem is to decide upon the time to be spent in reaching it. The third problem is to decide upon the place to be reached. The fourth problem is to decide upon the manner in which to reach it. The fifth problem is to decide upon the cost to be incurred in reaching it. The sixth problem is to decide upon the risk to be taken in reaching it. The seventh problem is to decide upon the reward to be expected in reaching it.

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