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Geary's Home Bakery

Adelia York's Pride

One Good Deed Deserves Another

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Adelia York looked very despairingly around her immaculately clean and quite bare pantry. Cooking utensils were arranged in orderly neatness, and the everyday china was shining on its particular shelf, but of provisions there were none to mention.

The bread box was empty as well as the cake box and the cookie can. The tea canister held only a dust of tea on the bottom, and the coffee jar had been empty for two weeks.

This was the day that Adelia had held out against for weeks. Little by little her store of ready money had dwindled until at last there remained only 15 cents in her little beaded purse.

Adelia was proud, and she was now poor, since she had received a letter from New York saying that the railroad stock whose dividends provided her modest income was quite worthless now.

Without the semi-annual dividend, which was due now, Adelia was penniless. She owned the little house where she lived, for she had inherited it from Aunt Rebecca York, whom she had nursed through an irritable and eccentric old age and whose death did not bring to light half of the securities which her will had named as Adelia's portion.

"I must go to Mr. Brown and see if I cannot get a loan on the house," sighed Adelia as she closed the pantry door and sunk weakly into a rocking chair.

To her dismay, the office door was locked and a card on the door said that Mr. Brown had gone to Albany on business and would return two days later.

Adelia smiled bitterly as she turned away. Mr. Brown had been her last hope. He was the principal business man of the little village, and to note other would she have confided the desperate condition of her affairs. Foolish she might have been, absurdly proud she undoubtedly was, but the Yorks were all that way, and Adelia was a York to the very marrow of her delicate bones.

She stepped slowly up the brick paved street toward her little home, now and then pausing to give greeting to some friend or neighbor.

Miss Cherry Downs popped her head out of the door and urged her to come in and stay for supper.

"I'm all alone, Adelia," she insisted. "I'm going to have some warmed over succotash and a peach shortcake. I feel too mean for anything eating it alone."

Adelia flushed warmly, but she shook her head. "I'm sorry, Cherry, but I put some biscuits to rise, and I must get home at once. Thank you just the same," she ended, hurrying away.

went to the china cupboard in the dining room and took down Aunt Rebecca's britanna teapot. This teapot was Adelia's most cherished possession and had belonged to her grandmother before Aunt Rebecca possessed it.

Mrs. Mason had admired the teapot more than once and had hinted that if Adelia ever desired to sell it she would like to have an opportunity to become its owner.

"It will hurt me more than anything else to give this up," said Adelia to herself as she wiped off the shining treasure, "but I guess that pride of mine will have to pay for it. I shall give it to Annie Mason right now in exchange for those things, and I shall accept anything more than the value of that food. I've often seen grandmother pour tea from it, but Aunt Rebecca never used it that I remember. It's odd how she asked for it the day before she died and went to sleep with it in her hands. Poor Aunt Rebecca! She was so eccentric. But she wasn't well, I'm sure."

Wrapping the britanna teapot in her little red shawl, Adelia went through the orchard to the little gate in the fence that opened into Mrs. Mason's vegetable garden.

Annie Mason was on her knees pulling beets. Her rosy face grew rosier when she saw Adelia standing there, pale and ill looking.

"What is it, Adelia?" she asked quickly. "Is anything the matter?" She sat back on her heels and shook the earth from a monster beet root.

Adelia's voice trembled with emotion. "I've got to see you alone, Annie," she said hurriedly. "It's very important."

Mrs. Mason arose with difficulty, for she was very stout, and with a troubled expression on her comely face she led the way to the house and into the sitting room.

"There ain't a soul to home this morning. They've all gone off, Adelia. What on earth's the matter?" She dropped into a chair and waved Adelia into another.

Adelia unwrapped the shawl and set the britanna teapot on the table before she spoke.

"Annie Mason, I've got a confession to make," she said in a low, shamed tone. "I've been short of money ever since the railroad went to smash and they stopped dividends. I was too proud to borrow money on the house or to get in debt, and I've been hungry—just plain hungry. So yesterday when I got home I found a big basket of groceries on the back porch—and— I was so hungry I kept them!"

She paused tragically. "Well?" gasped Mrs. Mason. "Well, they're yours, Annie Mason, I'm sure they are. All I had ordered was a loaf of bread and 10 cents' worth of tea, and I've kept your provisions, and to pay you back for them and to punish myself for being so wickedly proud I've brought over the britanna teapot. It's for you!" Adelia sank back in her chair, and her lips were very white.

Mrs. Mason said not a word then, but she flew around and brought a pillow for Adelia's head and a little glass of blackberry wine. When the color came into Adelia's cheeks Annie Mason leaned over her frail neighbor and spoke impressively.

"Now, don't you dare say a word, Adelia, till I'm through. I want you to know that I haven't forgotten how you helped me when the children had the measles last winter and all the kind and neighborly things you've done since we've been here. And somehow I knew that you was having some temporary trouble, and yesterday morning when I was giving my grocery order I said to the new man, 'My neighbor, Miss York, forgot to tell you all she wanted this morning, and you can just add these things to her order. And then I made up a list, and those you found on the porch were your own, Adelia York. I won't hear a word against it! What's the use of having neighbors if they can't help each other out? 'Neighbor' means to be 'near to,' and the time to be near to is when we're in trouble. Don't you dare cry, Adelia York!"

"SHOOTING THE SUN."

Simplest Way of Locating a Ship's Position at Sea.

Out of sight of land a ship's geographical position is determined either by keeping a careful record of the course steered and the distance run, known as dead reckoning, or by the combined use of chronometer and sextant—that is, by observation of the heavenly bodies. The operation of finding the latitude and longitude of observation can be performed in a number of ways, of which the simplest and most convenient is by measuring the altitude of the sun above the horizon at noon, as is indicated on the vernier of the sextant and spoken of at sea as "shooting the sun." An arithmetical computation by the aid of logarithms is thus quickly made which shows exactly how far the ship is north or south of the equator, or, in other words, the latitude.

Finding the longitude, however, is a somewhat longer process. An observation is made either in the forenoon or afternoon, the chronometer time of the horizon contact of the sun's image being noted. A calculation is then made which gives the exact time at the spot where the ship happens to be, and as the chronometer carried aboard shows the exact time at Greenwich, the prime meridian of longitude, the difference between the two expresses in hours and minutes—easily convertible into degrees and minutes—the distance east or west of Greenwich.

Having thus, roughly speaking, found the latitude and longitude, a dot pinned on the chart at the exact point where the lines of latitude and longitude cross denotes the ship's position.—Travel Magazine.

FLOGGED THE FAT MEN.

Spartan Cure For Those Who Grew Too Stout For Military Duty.

Among the ancient Spartans everything was considered secondary to military efficiency, and with a view to securing this the boys and men were by law kept in a continual state of "training." No deformed child was allowed to live. Boys were taken from their homes and subjected to military regulations at the age of seven. They were compelled to wear the same single garment winter and summer. At twenty they joined the ranks and from that age till they reached sixty were required to dine at the public tables, where only a certain quantity was supplied for each man. The magistrates interfered in absurdly small matters. They regulated the degree of fatness to which it was lawful for any citizen to extend his body.

Those who dared to grow too fat or too soft for military service and exercise were sometimes soundly flogged. Aelian in his history relates that Nauclic, son of Polytes, was brought before the ephors (magistrates) and his unlaful fatness was publicly exposed, and he was threatened with perpetual banishment if he did not bring his body within the regular Spartan compass and give up the culpable mode of living, which was declared to be more worthy of an Ionian than a Spartan.

A Literary Coterie.

Gubbins, who calls his sitting room the library, but is otherwise a good sort enough, brought home a near-sighted friend to dinner the other night. A young lady was standing near the door to welcome the guest.

"Allow me," said Gubbins, "to present you to my daughter."

The guest bowed, but the courteous inclination was directed not toward Miss Gubbins, but toward another of the household treasures, a plaster pillar surmounted by a bust.

"No, no," hastily interposed Gubbins, "to the right, not to the left; the one on the left is Honier."—New York Post

Very Little Difference.

"Men have an advantage that woman never can possess," she complained. "Whenever a man wishes to hide his identity he can, by letting his whiskers grow or by shaving them off as the case may be, change his expression completely."

"That isn't so much of an advantage," he replied. "A woman can by putting on her complexion or leaving it off as the case may be, make just as much of a change in her appearance as a man is able to make in his with or without the aid of his whiskers."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Ma Knew.

It was nearly midnight. "That fellow who is calling on Maude bates to go," growled Maude's papa.

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