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WHEN BESSIE CHURNED

By BLANCHE SEYMOUR

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Bessie Martin was the only daughter, and only child for that matter, of Farmer Martin and his wife. She had come home from the academy on her summer vacation, and at nineteen years old she was handsome enough and cute enough to turn the heads of a dozen young men between daylight

and dark. Ever since her sixteenth birthday she had been "somewhat engaged," as she expressed it, to Will Burt, son of the village merchant, and previous to her going to school he had driven out to the farm once or twice every week. Farmer Martin and his wife had looked upon it as a case of "calf love" and had neither encouraged nor discouraged, but when three years had passed in the same fashion things had



"GOOD FOR YOU, GAL!" EXCLAIMED ROUGH VOICE AT THE DOOR.

begun to look more serious. The engagement was announced, with the consent of the parents on both sides.

Love did not run smoothly, however. Bessie wanted to put in one more term and graduate, and Will insisted on marriage in the fall. Both being quick tempered and impulsive, they had had many a small quarrel before, but on this occasion it threatened to degenerate into something serious.

Will had driven out to the farm in the forenoon to urge the matter from his standpoint, and as Bessie had that day been chased by a cow, stung by a bumble bee and fallen down the back steps she was in no mood for gentle argument. It wasn't long before the pair were at loggerheads, and when the young man left the house to jump into his buggy and drive furiously away it was with the understanding that if he never returned no hearts would be broken.

"La me, but how silly!" exclaimed In fact, my dear, I was all to blame, the mother as she came in from the and I beg forgiveness, and"kitchen and found Bessie kneeling on the floor, with her head buried in her lounge and sobs choking her utterance. "Do-do-you-you suppose I'm going

to let Will Burt boss me around as if I were a child!" exclaimed the girl as she sprang to her feet and dashed the

tears away. "I don't think he wants to boss."

"He does. He not only wants to happiness in this family!" boss, but he's selfish. I told him I'd almost been hooked by a cow, was stung by a bumblebee and had a fall, but did he sit down and hold my hand and pity me? Not a pity! He just went on to tell me that he could buy a house, and all that, and that we'd be married in October. He talked as if I had no voice in the matter."

"Oh, come now." "It isn't as if I couldn't have forty other beaus if I wanted 'em. I don't openings of any kind; the roof is praclike his saying that he's going to do tically flat, except that in the center this and he's going to do that, just it "dips" a little in order to catch the as if he ran the earth. He knew I'd rain water. cry when he was gone, but did he even turn to look at the house when he which forms the only ventilation, and drove away? He knows how it hurts to be stung by a bumblebee, but when can enter. This door is generally open, I showed him the swelling on my left | and the family sits either inside the arm did he say it was too bad and hut quite close to the door or outside

kiss it?" "He probably forgot," soothed the mother as she handed over her gingham apron as a tear wiper. "I know one time when your father was courtin'

Sanitation is decidedly primitive. me I fell off a fence and"-"But I'm not talking about you and pa," interrupted Bessie as a fresh asjects found at Falerii belonging to the sortment of sobs threatened to stick in her throat. "Will Burt finds me a sixth century before Christ, is a skull sufferer, and what does he do to cheer al false teeth fixed in its upper jaw, me up? Nothing. On the contrary, he makes me miserable and drives me into very similar to the mountings used by saying that I could marry some one better than him before sundown.

know I could, too, but I-I"-"Well, now, you go and liedown awhile until that bee sting gets better and you ably be out here tomorrow to beg your graves of this epoch recently discovsorry. I'll wet a rag in camphor and have been accustomed to regard the put it on your forehead, and if you can | Etruscans as belonging to a primitive sleep for an hour or two you'll be all but never a one since. Come, daugh-

The girl slept not only for an hour, beauty of their workmanship. but for three. She was then awakened

HANGING PICTURES.

by her mother, who explained that she

and the father had to drive to town

to see about some legal business and

that Bessie must mind the house for

the afternoon. A quarter of an hour

later they were off, and, after taking

a little walk in the garden and reading

a story, Bessie happened to remember

that the cream was in the churn ready

to be beaten into butter that evening.

so she decided to go ahead with it.

The churn was placed near the open

kitchen door, and when she first sat

was getting mad-and I say I won't

stand it-I won't-I won't-I won't!

If Will Burt doesn't come back and say

he's sorry he can just go to pot, and

rough voice at the door, and she

I'll-yes, I'll marry some one else."

the bottom of my heart."

from the table he said:

till the old folks come home."

The girl placed a meal on the table,

and after ordering her to sit opposite

his appetite. When he shoved back

horse. As he opened the kitchen door

he saw that the pantry door opposite

"And there's a tramp in the house!"

"Waal, I should say!" exclaimed the

Rock Caves as Homes.

Tenerife dwell in rock caves at the

present time, while those who have

made more progress inhabit huts that

The dwellings of these islanders are

Arts of the Etruscans.

which has the gold mounting of sever-

resemble the caves.

How to Produce a Harmonious Ensemble Pleasing and Restful. There are a few little things that every woman who has in her care the welfare of a home should know and remember. Take, for instance, the matter of hanging pictures. Everybody does not know how to hang a picture so as to bring out not only the best points of the picture itself, but so as to produce at the same time a harmonious ensemble that will be pleasing and

down she had a book in her left hand. Thoughts of Will Burt were upper-In the first place, in hanging pictures most, however, and gradually the book there must be a general scheme to sank down to her lap, and she worked which the tone of the pictures should the dasher and reflected at the same conform. A dark carbon, for example, must not hang near an etching drawn "If I hadn't been chased by a cow. in delicate lines and bordered by a and stung by a bumblebee, and fallen broad, white mat. Then, too, if oil down the steps and rolled over among paintings, with their bold tones, are the weeds, and was feeling all broken allowed to elbow water colors, with up it wouldn't have mattered, but he their soft tints, the latter will be coarsnever pitied me, and he didn't ask to ened by the proximity. see the sting, and he wanted everything his way, and when he knew I

Here are a few things that may be brought together on friendly terms: Etchings, photographs, drawings, azure engravings, water colors and pastels. Even here, however, a great deal of discretion should be used in bringing together these pictures, as there is still "Good for you, gal!" exclaimed a a possibility of a clash. Dark, heavily shaded pictures should not always hang sprang away from the churn with a in the strongest light, but in some scream to find herself facing the cases should seek a sheltered position toughest looking tramp she had ever away from the glare of the windows. "No call to git skeert, gal," he said The pictures in fainter tints, the line

when the old folks drove away, and I belong near the light. know you are alone in the house. I Sometimes this order may be reain't half bad unless I'm riled. When versed with perfect safety, when the I'm riled, then look out. Now, then, corner farthest from the window shows don't make any mistakes. Firstly, a decided need of brightening by light put some wittles on the table. Do as pictures. Always, however, the grada-I say and you shan't be harmed. Do tion of tints should be borne in mind .some other way and I pity you from Exchange.

MESSAGE TO GIRLS. The Best and Most Enduring Goods

to him the tramp fell to and satisfied Life Has In Its Gift. I write it down in solemn sincerity, "Now, then, I'm goin' through the befitting one who has a message for crib. I might ask you to go along and the girls she loves, that the woman p'int out where the valuables are kept, who dies without knowing for herself but I shan't take any chances. I see the dear delights of a home where she that there are wooden bars outside the is the sun and center, who has never held children of her very own to her pantry window, and in there you go heart and grown richer with each passing year for their love, who has never Bessie entered the big pantry withhad the chance to set upon the coming out a word, glad to be out of the presence of the man. He fastened the door age the stamp of her real personality, has been cheated out of the best and on her and then went on a prowl through the house. There was another most enduring goods life has in its door, however, which he had closed, gift, says Marian Harland in the

but not bolted, the outside kitchen Philadelphia North American. door. He was taking his time to make These are deep truths too often unup a bundle of plunder when the door suspected until the heyday of youth is was softly opened by a sturdy young passed. It is the fashion, and a vile one it is, nowadays to sneer at the Will Burt had gone away angry, as mother of half a dozen children and to many a lover has done before, but he belittle her sphere. "Her mind is narhadn't driven a mile before he wished rowed by the four walls of her nurshimself back. Out of sheer pride he ery," say the college mates and ardrove on to the village and tried to dent spirits with missions. "She is but an hour after noon he was return-

make himself believe he didn't care, asphyxiated by domestic cares." Give her and the children time, time ing over the same road. He would not for the children to grow, and for her call, he said, but just drive by the to grow with them. Nurseries have farm and give Bessie a chance to call windows out of which the wise mother him in. He had driven up and down and eager little ones look together. three or four times when the silence of Hers is the choicest of "select classes." the house began to mystify him and She is teaching, and they are learning he forgot his dignity and hitched his -for eternity.

TOILET TIPS.

was fastened. Crossing the room, he Don't bathe the face while it is very pulled the stick from over the catch warm or very cold. and was rewarded by a voice saying: Salt, moistened by a little lemon "Oh, Will, but I'm so glad-so glad!" juice, quickly removes fruit stains "I-I meant to kiss that bee sting," he replied, "and I was a brute not to. from the hands.

If you wish to make your hair fluffy powder it well with talcum powder, brushing it out before combing. For whitening the hands try two

ounces each of lemon juice, glycerin and bay rum. Apply after bathing the hands and allow to dry on the skin.

mother as she entered the house an hour later. "Two fond hearts have For a good camphor mouth wash try been reunited, and here's an old tramp the following: Take a pint of hot water bound hand and foot and ready to be and dissolve in it two drams of powcarted to jail and leave nuthin' but dered borax. When the water cools add one dram each of spirits of camphor and tincture of myrrh. A large number of the natives of

Even the ordinary woman in these days understands that the toilet of a lady is incomplete without a touch of face powder and that it is a protection, covering the pores and preventing the dirt and dust of the streets from lodging in the skin.

simply large boxes, often built, if such a term can be used, on the rock. They Patriotic Organizations. have three completed sides without Eight organizations of women have grown out of the American civil war on the northern side, to say nothing of those that exist in the south. Besides the Woman's Relief corps, which is the The front of the hut has a door, best known of them all and is auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Repuboften the only means by which light lic, there are the Association of Army Nurses, the Ladies' Aid society, auxiliary to the Sons of Veterans; the Daughters of Veterans, composed of in the open. They usually have a kind daughters and granddaughters of Unof cellar, which is a natural or artiien soldiers; the Woman's Veteran Reficial excavation in the rock foundalief union, auxiliary to the Union Vettion, and in this cellar they keep a pig. erans' union; the Woman's National association, auxiliary to the Union ex-Prisoners of War, and the Ladies' National Association of Naval Veterans. In the Etruscan museum at Rome in the Villa Papa Giulia, among the ob-

When You Bake Pies. Have ready a roll of strips of old cotton about an inch wide, and when you have a juicy pie to bake wet one of them in cold water and put it around dentists of our own day. Cremation is the edge of the pie, pressing half the width firmly on the outside of the as old as the days of Romulus and Remus. If Romulus did not cremate Re- plate and the other half on the crust. mus his contemporaries certainly cre- Pull the cloth off when baked. This mated their dead, as is shown by the prevents all escape of the juices and is

Dandruff. The following will cure dandruff: era of civilization, but in some of their | Three ounces rose water, half an ounce utensils they were astonishingly mod- tincture cantharides, half a dram liquid ern. Their bronze tripods for holding ammonia, a quarter of an ounce of glycmodern breakfast table except for the thyme. Brush the scalp thoroughly

once a week at least.

From Over The Sea

By KATE M. CLEARY

Copyright, 1904, by Kate M. Cleary A resplendent mid-March morning; overhead a turquoise sky, across which

shallops of pearl raced in radiant rivalry. The trees that bordered the broad avenues of the residence district were murmurously important, each having harbored secrets of the coming summer to confide.

Bertram Hale approached a charming residence set back from the street. It was a new house, all gables and gargoyles and jutting windows and varihued shingles. The windows glittered goldenly in the morning sunshine. "Mr. Hale!"

A shadow crossed the broad, kindly face of the Swedish maid who opened the door to him.

"I-I am sorry, but"-She faltered. It was easy enough to utter the falsehood sanctioned by convention to any other caller, but to him who had always been so gay, so courteous, so truly the kind of lover that all the world perforce must love, she found it impossible to speak the sentence with which he was to be greeted.

"That's all right, Lena," he said door. "I was lyin' under the hedge whose best points need illuminating, quite as cordially as though she had fashion instead of standing stolidly on



'LENA," CRIED THE GIRL, "TELL ME WHAT IS WRONG!

wished you to say she was not at home me. I want you to take her this box, Lena." He extended a square parcel

friendly willingness. "Come into the him? Her heart gave prompt reply. hall-the parlor."

"No; I'll wait here," young Hale decided and sat down on the ledge of the

Ruth Seldon looked up from her desk.

"Come!" she called. Lena, her flat, muscular figure gowned in trim blue and white, her girth of body encircled by the strings of a snowy apron, and a bit of a cap ad-

vanced, parcel in hand. says will you come down to see him | sies over her heart. just one little minute."

Ruth Seldon was not a beauty, although Bertram Hale would have disputed this assertion. But she was a mighty attractive looking girl. The kimono of silvery silk which she wore, with its shell pink lining and loosely knotted, gold fringed girdle, was just the thing to bring out the fresh tints of her skin and the clear luster of her blue, black lashed eyes.

not receive him. Tell him that he will be handed a-a package from me this afternoon."

stood, but the handsome face that used to smile forth from it so sunnily was there no longer. A tiny leather box topped the letters. Lena could not be positive what the box contained, but she did notice that no ring with one white flaming stone sparkled, as formerly, on the hand of her young mis-

"He does look that sad, miss!" Lena remarked, lingering. "I-I think maybe he is sick," she insinuated. Ruth flushed and her lips parted ir-

resolutely. The next instant she turned back to her desk. "Take him back the flowers-I suppose they are flowers-and the mes-

sage at once!" Lena's sigh seemed to be drawn from the very soles of her low shoes, but she went away-an obedient laggard. Hale saw her descending and stood up. "Never mind, Lena!" he said gently. "Leave the flowers on the hall table. She may change her mind. And here's

your trouble." "Thank you, sir. I hope so, sir. One of the guests, who had noticed Young folks do make mistakes some this little byplay, slyly slipped out a

the avenue. The maid went back to her work. And Ruth, the package with all her love letters and little love tokens tied neatly up and ready to return, sat looking with a feeling of strange desolation at the frame which had held the picture of Bertram Hale. She wondered as the glorious spring

day wore away how it would seem go on and on without him through all the days to come. She was right to break with him. He had been wrong to show Mabel Harvey so much attention, even if she was his cousin and here on a visit. He had almost forgotten one of the dances she had promised him because he had been showing Mabel the family portraits. But how strange it would seem not to look forward to his approval whenever she donned a new dress or learned a new song or chanced on some beautiful

Yes, it would be all very strange thought or story! and sad-but doubtless she would become used to the separation. Only-

A quick shriek startled her. It came from below stairs. It was such a choked cry of horror as she fancied might be uttered by one suddenly assailed-

She sprang up, ran to the door and stabbed! down the stairs.

The front door stood ajar. Ruth could see the gray clad form of the postman crossing the street from their house. Lena, ghastly white, an open letter in her rough hand, was leaning against the banister. She had received

some terrible shock, "Lena," cried the girl, "tell me what

Mutely the peasant woman held out "I cannot read it," Ruth cried. "It the letter.

is in your language. Tell me! You have had bad news?" "De worst news-de worst!" she panted. Her stricken face was uplifted. Its pathetic hopelessness, its bit-

ter abandonment, went straight to the heart of the girl beside her. "It is my lover, Miss Ruth! He vas to be my man, but I did get angry and sail avay with mine own people, and say no, I vould not marry him. But he did write to me, and I vas sorry,

and I did answer and say to him to come. But now he is dead-he is dead!" Her voice rose into a pitiful wail. "He is dead, and he can nefer come any more at all-not efer any more!" Then there was no sound save her

broken, desolate sobbing. Ruth Seldon put her arms around the broad shoulders. She kissed the wet cheeks and soothed the coarse, yellow hair. "Poor Lena!" she whispered. "Poor

Lena! Come and lie down. No, never mind the work! Come!" She shut the door and drew the

maid away up to her own room. "I said I did not lofe him, but I did! I vas angry, and I say vot vas not true. Now he vill nefer know that I did lofe him alvays; that I vill never have no other man in all my life, for he vas the only vun for me!"

When she had quieted the suffering creature, Ruth left her and went back to her desk. She looked at the package, at the frame from which the picthe threshold. "I know Miss Ruth ture was absent. It seemed as though this news that had been sent from to me, but—she is at home—if not to over the sea had come directly to her. What if the message had been of Bertram? Would she be angry now, reas he spoke. "There are pansies in it. sentful? Bit by bit she went over Pansies, you know, stand for kind their little dissension. Was it worth a heartache when all was said? Could "I will try," Lena assured him, with she ever love any other as she loved

Mechanically she untied the package and replaced the picture in the frame, the letters in the drawer, the other treasures each in its accustomed place. Then she opened the tiny box and took out a ring that sparkled like a star of promise and slipped it on her finger.

"For he vas de only vun for me!" "Poor Lena!" said the girl, who, with shining eyes and rose red cheeks, went justed stiffly on her sandy hair, ad- downstairs to the telephone. On the way she paused to open the little box "Mr. Hale," she said coaxingly, "he on the hall table and to fasten the pan-

Polite Conversation.

In the days when conversation ranked as an elegant art to be cultivated with care exception might have been taken to Miss Janet Miller's application of the word. Miss Miller, however, had her own ideas as to what constituted conversation in Brambleville. Miss Miller was entertaining the

sewing circle on the day when Mrs. "Take it back, Lena!" she com- Gregory, a summer resident, made her manded. "Say to Mr. Hale that I can- first appearance as a helpful member, and Miss Miller greeted her with great cordiality.

"You've come a mite late," she said Lena knew well what that package | cheerfully, "but that's no matter. The would contain, for on the desk were folks are in the full tide of conversaletters-many letters. On the shelf tion, two groups of 'em, you see, and over the desk a photograph frame still I'll introduce you round soon as you choose which you'd rather join and I can hand you your work. I circ'late from one group to the other. "Those six ladies over in the bay

window are hemming, and their subject o' conversation just now is dish mops. Those out in the back room are cutting and basting, and they are conversing about gas stoves. So you just name your choice, either one."

Advantage of Denf Mute Husband. At a social gathering some time ago a number of deaf mutes were present. Refreshments were served during the evening, and in handing a glass to one of the guests a deaf mute gentleman happened to spill a few drops of the contents on his wife's skirt. The wife is a 30 a deaf mute, and it was evident that she took the mishap in a rather irritable way. She wrinkled up her forehead and at once made a series of remarkably swift movements with her nimble fingers. The husband, looking something to buy a pair of gloves for exceedingly apologetic, made a few

motions in return. bit of paper and, penciling something He walked down the path and off up on it, handed it to a friend. This is what the latter read:

No matter how badly afflicted, woman

can still scold. The friend scribbled this in return: Yes, but in the present case the husband is luckier than the average. He doesn't have to look.

-Philadelphia Ledger.

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