

LEOFRIC.

A Love Match That Was Broken Off and Happily Renewed.

By MARTHA M'C-WILLIAMS.

Janey Gates was the beauty of the Cane Creek neighborhood. Even Sister Meakins admitted as much in spite of robust prejudice. Janey would have been likewise the belle if it had not been accepted as a fact ever since she put up her hair and let down her frocks that she was, in neighborhood phrase, "mortgaged property."

Possibly it was a triumph of this sort which had first incited the present schoolmaster, Leonard Trabue, Esq., to try conclusions with him in the field of Miss Janey's favor. Janey loved books in the freshest, most whole hearted fashion. Trabue could talk books by the hour and talk very well. Naturally he found himself welcome at the Gates household. Quite as naturally Phil Mayben resented his presence there and showed it outright, after the manner of a masterful man cradling in love. Thus by fate and free will and the obligation of hospitality Janey was in a manner forced to take Trabue's part. The result was a very pretty quarrel and the transfer of Phil's attentions to Miss Dora Meakins.

There had been no set engagement to break. That made Phil's attitude all the more aggravating. Janey was for months bitterly unhappy over the rupture, although she let nobody see it, not even her mother. Outwardly she was gay and carefree, but her charming Leonard Trabue quite lost his head. He had meant at first only to punish that pestilent fellow, Mayben—incidentally, of course, to divert himself and pass time otherwise heavy on his hands. Teaching was merely a stop gap. Literature was his chosen vocation. He meant to enter upon it through the gate of newspaper work as soon as he could scrape together a few hundred dollars.

The Gateses were not rich folk, but still comfortably off, and Janey an only child. It is but just to say the fact had little to do with Trabue's falling in love. That came upon him unawares. But once he had realized his frame of affections he took full cognizance of it. Might it not be easier to make himself immortal even here in the deep country, with a charming wife and assured comfort, than out in the bustle and hurly of a city? To settle it out of hand he proposed promptly to Janey. He was dashed to get a refusal, distressed, almost fearful.

Next week the county paper printed, with flattering comments, a love rhyme signed "Leofric." Cane Creek read it being reading the paper thoroughly was certainly the part of thrift, if not of Christian duty. Still, it felt no curiosity as to the authorship until the rural press quite generally copied and praised the rhyme. A second bit of verse got reprinted in three city papers, so upon the appearance of the third Leofric's identity became a burning question, one that the editor himself could not answer. All he knew was that the copy came to him by the hand of Mr. Murdock, a leading lawyer.

All winter long Leofric wrote intermittently, becoming more and more a riddle and a personage. All winter long, too, Phil Mayben ate Sunday dinners at the Meakins' table, and Leonard Trabue talked books and the world to Janey Gates. He was playing a waiting game, resolved to win her in spite of herself and Phil Mayben. Janey's heart was singularly steadfast. Still, there were times when she thought Trabue would succeed. Phil's going had left her desolate indeed. He could never have cared as he pretended or he would not be able to stay away. Of course she could not make the first move to reconciliation, especially since he was so taken up with the Meakins generation. Since he was forever lost to her it was far from unpleasant to sun herself in Trabue's devotion.

ahead. Before he came to that parting of the ways he felt that he must know exactly where he stood. Janey had grown distinctly kinder. Still, there was something in her kindness that put him further off. She would be an ideal wife for him. A bold stroke would do it now. A year hence would be quite too late.

While the laughter and chatter were at flood he drew her apart and poured out to her his hopes, aspirations, plans. Love he barely named. Might they not, he pleaded, be intellectual comrades? Sustained by her companionship he felt himself capable of great things. He had already made a beginning, and she was all unwittingly the inspiration of what he had done.

Then he tried to take her hand. Janey withdrew it gently. "Tell me all about it," she whispered, a hovering smile about her lips. "Trabue beat to her ear and said hurriedly, 'You must not mention it, sweetheart, but I am Leofric—Leofric, who wrote desolate and despairing things because you refused him.'"

"Indeed!" Janey said, getting up from her mossy rock to slip past him. Then, over her shoulder, she added: "You will please wait until afternoon for your answer. I must go help about the dinner."

Dinner was so fine a feast Lawyer Murdock declared he felt more than paid for his long drive out from town. He was Squire Gates' man of business and Janey's sworn friend. Therefore nobody wondered at their confidential talk aside, and even Phil Mayben smiled approval when the lawyer kissed Janey in greeting. But he sure there was a stir as Lawyer Murdock pulled Janey to the middle of the crowd, raised his voice and said, with twinkling eyes: "Ladies and gentlemen, I like unmasking humbugs, so permit me to present to you Leofric, the poetess of Cane Creek. Don't remember it against her that she is a poetess—it's all the fault of that scoundrel, Phil Mayben."

"It won't be any longer, Mr. Murdock," Phil said, bursting through the crowd to catch Janey in his arms and hide her blushes in his breast. "I know I've been several kinds of a fool," he went on. "I don't deserve Janey—nobody does, for that matter—but I'm going to have her or die trying."

"You've got her," Lawyer Murdock said, writing Phil's hand. Dora Meakins turned her back and went off with her head high, but Mr. Leonard Trabue stayed not on the order of his going. Nobody in Cane Creek neighborhood ever saw him again.

Ancient Egyptian Mortgage. Of all the numerous Egyptian papyri dating from the Greco-Roman period and preserved in the British museum none can be said to be of greater interest than those throwing light on the social conditions and customs and customs of the period. Many of these documents are mortgages, bills of sale and marriage contracts. Of the first named class a very interesting one is dated in the twentieth year of Cleopatra and Ptolemy. It appears that a shepherd named Menthu and his mother, Tausir, finding themselves in difficulties, mortgaged their field to a woman named Eter for the sum of 690 pieces of silver, which they promised to repay in eight months' time with interest. In case of failure of this condition they were willing to forfeit the field without further trouble or litigation. After giving the measurements of the land and particulars of its boundaries the document is attested by Heru-se-el, scribe of Usir-ur, alias Amenhetep—London Globe.

Preserving Spiders' Webs. Naturalists employ an interesting method to preserve all kinds of spiders' webs. The webs are first sprayed with an atomizer with artist's shellac, and then, should they be of the ordinary geometric form, they are pressed carefully against a glass plate, the supporting strands being at the same time severed. After the shellac has dried the plates carrying the webs can be stored away in a cabinet. Even dome shaped webs may be preserved in their original form by spraying them with shellac and then allowing them to dry before removal from their supports. Many spiders' webs are very beautiful, and all are characteristic of the species to which they belong, so that, from a scientific standpoint, their permanent preservation is very desirable.—Harper's Weekly.

The Mexican Federal troops have been defeated at Ojinaga and have fled in all directions, many cross the United States boundary.

BASEBALL PITCHING.

Mordecai Brown's Hook Curve and How it is Delivered. Hugh S. Fullerton, writing in the American Magazine about the "Wonders of Pitching," says of "Three Fingers" Brown, the star twirler of the Cubs: "Beyond doubt Mordecai Brown's hook curve is the highest development of the fast overhand ball which curves down and out, as all good curves do. Brown has but two entire fingers on his right hand and only fractions of the others. His first finger is cut off short, and the middle finger is wrenched so that the first joint turns almost at right angles toward his thumb. Perhaps this mutilated hand is the secret of his marvellous curves. Brown pitches the hook overhand, releasing the ball at graduated points after the hand passes the line of the center of the body in swinging. Upon the point at which the ball is released by the fingers the place of the 'break' depends, and Brown can by regulating the point of release make it either describe a wide, fast arc or, after traveling fifty feet, break suddenly at a sharp angle from its original course. If the batter retires to the back of the batter's box Brown, by releasing the ball a flash sooner, can make it break in front of the batter, almost over the plate. If the batter moves to the front of the box to meet the curve before it breaks a sudden jerk of the pitcher's wrist makes the ball break several feet in front of the plate. He controls the point of the break or curve at will, except when the ball slips, as it sometimes will do, even with the greatest of pitchers. Most players who faced him in duels between 'batter and pitcher concede Brown's curve to be the greatest of all, but no member of the Detroit team who battled against Overall in the world's championship series of 1908 will acknowledge that Brown is better. In the game that Overall pitched, the final one of the series, his curve broke in such an astonishing manner to surprise even himself. Overall pitches his curve with a wide, sweeping, overhand swing, releasing the ball over the side of his index finger just as his hand turns downward."

Good Time to Turn Farmer. In theory there never was a better time than right now for a sensible man to move from city to country. The movement has been away from the farm until prices of all kinds of food and fiber are high. There is nothing in sight to indicate that prices will be greatly reduced by increased production. A crop well grown and handled with good business judgment will be reasonably sure of sale at a fair price. There never was a time when it was so easy to learn new methods and the principles of scientific farming. A man starting now may receive at once the benefit of thirty years of the experience and study of good farmers and scientific experts.—H. W. Collingwood in Metropolitan Magazine.

Cradles Unfashionable. Cradles are going out; children are not wearing them any more. People tell us that rocking is unhygienic. Babies, according to modern idea, should go to sleep naturally in a stationary germ proof bed with antiseptic pillows and a sanitized rattle. Sentiment may save the cradle for a little while, but sooner or later it will go to the dusty attic along with the haircloth sofa. Maybe the infant of tomorrow will bear up somehow under these accumulated misfortunes, will struggle along somehow to maturity, but what about the artists, the poets, the song writers? What a world of sentiment and melody has been woven around the theme of the mother and the gently rocking cradle! What kind of song will the poor poet of the future be able to make about an enameled iron crib with brass trimmings?—Success Magazine.

Telephoning With Light. Phototelephony has reached a commercial basis in Germany. Ernst Rumber of Berlin has contrived an apparatus by which intelligible speech can be transmitted over a distance of nine miles with the aid of a beam of light. The principle of the machine is based upon the sensitiveness of an arc light to sound, combined with the property of selenium, of varying its electrical resistance with the slightest variations

of Iceland. Iceland is perhaps the only country in the world with a strongly developed literary history which remains in the same unaltered state of nature today as it did 1,000 years ago, when the characters of the great sagas roamed the rocky slopes of the picturesque island or when Leif Ericson and his hardy oarsmen sailed the seas, even to America, several centuries before Columbus was born. Professor W. H. Schofield of Harvard university will head an expedition to Iceland this year and hopes to find much of interest connected with the ancient myths and legends.

The twenty-four young men applying for admittance as students to the Ontario Law School include Robert aurier, a nephew of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.



SOMBER FROCKS POPULAR FOR THE TEA DANCE

Paris dances at 5 o'clock and New York dances at 5 o'clock. In the afternoon after matinees and concerts the old who have come for tea and the Tango. The costumes worn in the afternoon are a bit darker than those for evening wear, although the general style is the same. Colors favored are dark blue, brown and the new brick reds. One form or another of the tunic is generally a feature of the frock, with a line of fur around the bottom and outlining the throat. No. 5114 is a chic little frock fashioned of Tango-Brown chiffon veiled with an overblouse and tulle of chiffon in the same shade of brown. A contrasting satin sash encircles the waist, and a narrow strip of fur trims the blouse. To copy this design in size 36 it will require 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material with 3 1/2 yards of 42 inch chiffon. Corduroy coats and coats of the light weight, warm wool materials are smart to slip on over the one-piece dancing frock. The coat illustrated is made of brick red velours de laine with collar and cuffs of fitch. For size 36 this coat requires 3 1/2 yards of 42 inch material. No. 5114—size 34 to 42. No. 5126—size 34 to 44. Each pattern 15 cents.

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THE GREAT HERBAL HEALER

In the intensity of a ray of light falling upon it. A searchlight projector at the transmitting end and a selenium cell in a telephone circuit at the receiving end are the essential features of the apparatus. For use in misty weather, when speech would be inaudible, the inventor has contrived a method of transmitting Morse sound signals by periodic pulsations of the light.—St. Louis Republic.

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