

# In the Realm of Women--Some Interesting Features

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## Gilbert's Grocery

194 Barrie Street. Phone 254.

## JOSELYN'S WIFE

By Kathleen Norris

Author of "The Heart of Rachel," "Marie, the Unconquered," "The Story of Julia Page," "Mother," etc.

Gibbs, followed by the inevitable guard, came in, and they turned to him. His silver crest was, as always, as smooth as satin, but he looked ill-groomed and haggard; worst of all, he looked beaten. There were lead-colored circles about his dark, anxious eyes, and his manner had a certain nervous apprehensiveness that was unlike its old imperial certainty. He had been overpowered, disbelieved, he had been triumphantly convicted of one of the most hideous crimes in the calendar of crime, he faced years—twenty interminable years or all the rest of his life—of moral and mental degradation, of social ostracism. This brisk, positive District Attorney was master here.

"Mr. Joselyn," Ryan said, "has your wife informed you that we have found some most important testimony bearing upon your case?"

"You regard it so, Mr. Ryan?" Gibbs said lifelessly.

"I regard it as more than important. I regard it as so vital that I feel free to congratulate you upon it, Mr. Joselyn, upon a miraculous escape from an error of the law. I hope to God," Ryan added, "that we will soon find means to get you out of here!"

"I thank you," Gibbs answered briefly. But Ellen saw his lip tremble. "Gibbs—my dear, dear boy!" George stammered, taking both his hands.

Ellen had a quick sensation of faintness and nausea. She looked bravely at George, and smiled waveringly. "We—we mustn't be too sure—" she stammered. A moment later the harsh, whitewashed walls and the rodded doors, the warden's desk, and the tall, bare windows, vanished. She saw them all blur together, like a picture in a bubble, and, like the bubble, suddenly become flecked with widening black spots. Then everything was black.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

On a quiet September morning, about a year and a half later, a young man, his pretty wife, and their very small baby, got out of the long train of dusty pullman coaches at the dry, sleepy little California town of Los Angeles. From the station platform, with eyes eager for new impressions, they looked down the small straggling Main street, where "The Red Front" dry-goods store, the "Palace Picture Plays," and "The L'Accommodacion" millinery, in their hideous brightness of paint and glass, were scattered among the older adobe buildings, blank-faced buildings, with narrow porches running across the upper floors. There was a small bank, its wooden steps baking in the sunshine, just opposite the station, flanked by two open markets, where figs and sprawling grapes made an unfamiliar note among the tomatoes and peaches. Dusty farm wagons were tied along the curb, and between them stood occasional motor-cars. To these wagons a burdened man or woman sometimes made approach; various bundles and boxes were stowed away: apples, coiled rope, groceries, a great unwieldy lump from the butcher store, a smoothly wrapped armful from "The Red Front." There was lively coming and going at the post office. It chanced to be a Saturday morning, and Los Angeles was experiencing the busiest business hour of the week.

After a smiling survey of the scene, during which they were apparently entirely unnoticed, the man crossed the street to the bank, and asked a question of the teller.

"Sure you can; you can come from here," said that delicate, blond, mustached official pleasantly. "Fome Murphy's Garage, and they'll take you up there. The Joselynys who have the old Perry place, isn't it? Sure, it's about six miles out of town, up in the hills." He meditated a second, and then with a sudden burst of interest he added, "Say, Mrs. Joselyn was in here about a minute ago! Know her car? Her car must be right outside here."

And he obligingly stepped to the door with the newcomer, and looked up and down the street.

"That's the car," he said, indicating one that had been left empty before the post office door. "If you get in there and wait for Mrs. Joselyn, she'll be right out of somewhere. Visiting here?"

"I'm just in from New York," said the new arrival, smiling. "I'm her brother."

"That so?" The blond teller was pleased. "You'll not get any weather like this there!" he added complacently, going back to his cage.

Joe went across the street again, and took the baby from its mother's arms.

"That's Ellen's car, there!" he said, smiling nervously. Lizzie did not speak. Her cheeks were burning with excitement. For four months she and Joe had talked of going to California to see Ellen, but it seemed a mad dream to her still. "I can't believe we're here!" Joe echoed her

thought. "In a few minutes we'll see her!"

"Oh, don't!" Lizzie said faintly. With the baby on one arm, and the big suitcase in his free hand, Joe went to the waiting motor, and Lizzie, carrying the little suitcase, followed. He put his wife and baby in the tonneau, where various packages were already piled, but was too nervous himself to join them there, and walked up and down the sidewalk instead, turning his head whenever a screen-door banged, to look for Ellen.

Suddenly they saw her, in a doorway a hundred feet away, talking to some other marketing woman. The same Ellen, with her blue honest eyes, and her sensitive, sweet mouth, with white-shod feet, and a soft white hat crushed over her dark hair, and a trim little striped gingham gown showing under her loose dust coat. There was some new quality in her face and manner: what was it?—responsibility, gravity, tenderness, Joe could not tell.

He walked up to her, and she raised surprised eyes.

"Mornin', Mrs. Joselyn!"

The puzzled look in her eyes changed swiftly, and she put her hands out and caught at him vaguely, as if to hold a dream. For a few seconds she held him at arm's length, staring at him amazedly, then with a little sound between laughter and tears she put her arms about him in the old way.

"Joe Latimer! Joe!" She groped for her handkerchief, laughing as she wiped her eyes; tears of joy stood in his own.

"But Joe dear, what brings you here! I simply can't believe it! I can't believe my eyes!" she said. "Lizzie brought me!" Joe grinned. Ellen dropped his hand to go swiftly to the motor-car.

"Lizzie!" she echoed radiantly. Her eyes fell upon the bundle in Lizzie's arms, across which Lizzie must lean to return her kiss. "But—but—what!" Ellen stammered. "You



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"You two haven't got a baby?" Joe thought that one moment was worth all the fatigue of the long trip. "Haven't we!" he said, as Ellen, standing on the curb, with the precious bundle in her arms, opened the tissues that screened the tiny face, and bent her own cheeks against the warm, unresponsive little cheek. "And such a tiny one!" she exclaimed. "But how old is he? And you never wrote me a word!" "Well, the truth was, we didn't know it ourselves until most people have got everything ready down to the last safety-pin!" Joe explained.

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"And then I was so sick I didn't really dream it would all come out right!" Lizzie added eagerly. "We planned to keep it a secret until it was over. And then Joe got your birthday present, and he said, 'Lizzie, we'll take the baby out to call on Aunt Ellen!'"

"Well, I have never had such a delicious surprise in my life!" Ellen exclaimed. "You darling!" she crooned to the baby. "What did you name him, Joe?"

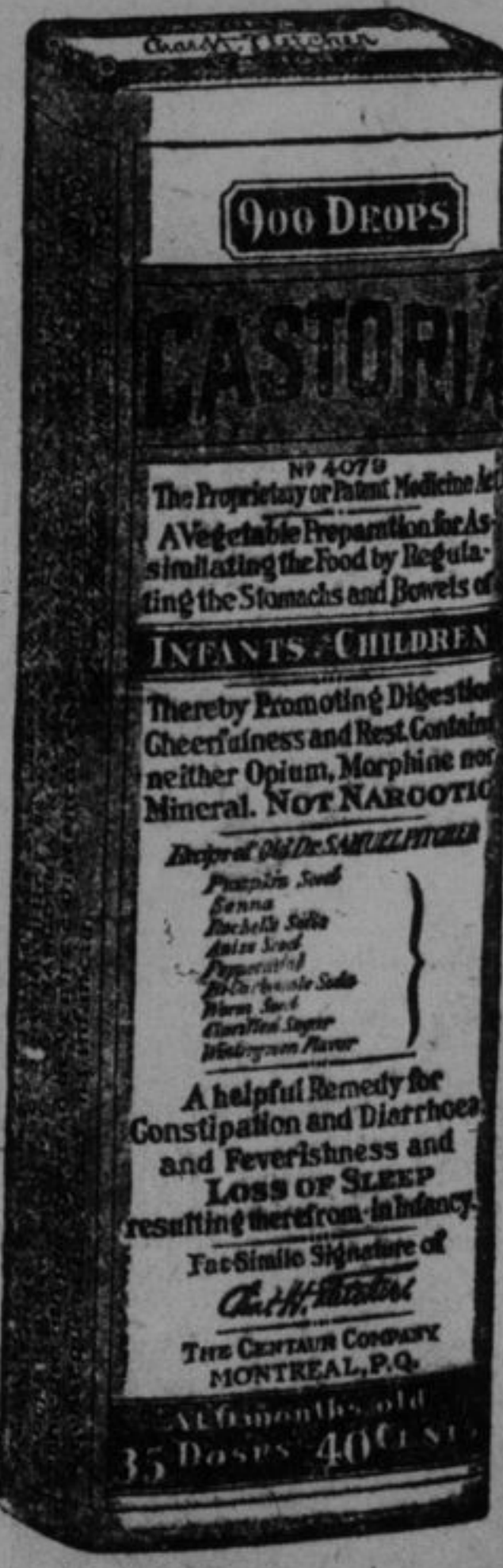
"We thought a good name for him would be Ellen," grinned Joe. It was good to hear her old laugh again, and see the pleasure in her eyes as she glanced from face to face.

(To be Continued.)

All About Coal.  
(Providence Journal)  
There is a New York scientist who is greatly interested in coal mining. He decided to subscribe to a press



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- Stewed Raisins**  
Cover Sun-Maid Raisins with cold water and add a slice of lemon or orange to each half pound. Place on fire; bring to a boil and allow to simmer for one hour. Sugar may be added, but is not necessary, as Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins contain 75% natural fruit sugar. Serve with or without cream.
- Raisin Rice Pudding**  
1/2 cup Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins  
1-2 cup rice 1/2 cup sugar  
3 cups milk 1 cup water  
2 eggs 1-4 teaspoon nutmeg (may omit)  
Wash rice and place in double boiler with 1 cup water. Cook until water is absorbed. Add 2 cups milk, cook until rice is tender. To the remaining 1 cup milk add the sugar, rice and raisins, pour into pudding dish set in pan of hot water and bake until custard is set.
- Sun-Maid Raisin Bread**  
4 cups flour  
1 teaspoon salt  
6 level teaspoons baking powder  
1 1/2 tablespoons of sugar  
Mix well together.  
1/2 package Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins  
1 1/2 cups milk  
If desired to make bread a little richer, 2 tablespoons of butter and 1 beaten egg may be worked in. Bake 50 minutes. Will make one loaf. Cannot fail. This recipe makes delicious raisin muffins.
- Raisin Salad**  
1 cup Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins  
1-4 cup lemon juice  
2 cups chopped apples or pears  
2 cups coarsely shredded lettuce.  
1 cup cream mayonnaise.  
Wash and dry the raisins, add to the apples and lemon juice. Line bowl or plates with shredded lettuce, pile raisins and apples in center, cover with mayonnaise, serve with Neufchatel cheese balls and garnish top with small pieces of red, tart jelly. Shredded lettuce is a matter of taste. It will go farther and decorates better if shredded.

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