

Bellefonte, Pa., February 21, 1902

COMING AGAIN.

Little grains of quinine—capsules, tablets, pills, Little gulps of whisky, little shakes from chills, Little rounds of sneezing, little weeps of tears, Hully gee! The grip again : You had cause for

Tell your friends about it. Let them all prescribe.

They'll enjoy it, never fear, while you will im

Information that you never thought they had hand-

Know a whole lot more than all the doctors in the land.

"Take a little this and that:" "Drink a lot milk :" "Just a gulp of Breakitup; you'll feel fine

silk. "Take a tonie;" "Take a rest :" "Take a dose o

"Don't take anything at all!" (Paste that in "Honey, tar and sassafras;" "Camphor, brandy,

"Eat a beefsteak twice a day;" Starve the grip

-get thin." "Drink more coffee;" "Stop the habit, and ye will get well ;"

"Lard and goose greese is the ticket-neve mind the smell ' * * * * * * * * * * * *

So it goes. When they have finished, giving you so much advice.

Smile and thank them-tell them kindly that

they're very kind and nice Then, when you are through your troubles, when the doctor's got you sound,

Tell each one the thing he told you was th thing that brought you 'round. -Cincinnati Commercial.

ARDELIA IN ARCADY.

When first the young lady from the College Settlement dragged Ardelia from her degradation-she was sitting on a dirty pavement and throwing assorted refuse at an unconscious policemau-like many of her companious in misery, she totally failed to realize the pit from which she was digged. It had never occurred to her that her situation was anything less than refined, and though, like most of us, she had failed to come up to her wildest ideals of happiness, in that respect she differed very little from the young lady who rescued

"Come here, little girl," said the young lady invitingly. "Wouldn't you like to come with me and have a nice, cool bath?" "Naw !" said Ardelia, in tones rivaling

the bath in coolness.
"You wouldn't? Well, wouldn't you like some bread and butter and jam?" 'Wha's jam ?" said Ardelia conserva-

tively.
"Why, it's—er—marmalade," the young lady explained. "All sweet, you know." 'Naw !" and Ardelia turned away and fingered the refuse with an air of finality that caused the young lady to sigh with vexation.

"I thought you might like to go on a picnic," she said helplessly. "I thought all little girls liked—"

"Picnic? When?" cried Ardelia, moved instantly to interest. "I'm goin'!" She brushed the garbage from her dress

women who disapprove of the senseless multiplication of feminine garments, and nd regarded her rescuer impatiently. "What's the matter?" she asked. "I'm

all ready. Hump along !" 'We'll go and ask your mother first,

won't we?' suggested the young lady, a little bewildered at this sudden change of her horror of foreboding, Ardelia took a

'Jagged," Ardelia returned laconically. "She'd lift y'r face off yer! Is it the Dago pienie ?"

The young lady shuddered, and seizing the hand which she imagined to have had least to do with the refuse, she led Ardelia away—the first stage of her journey to Ar-

Ardelia's origin, like that of the civilization of ancient Egypt, was shrouded in mystery. At the age of two months she had been handed to a policeman by a scared looking boy, who said vaguely that he found her in the park under a bench. The policeman had added her to other foundlings waiting that day at headquarters, and carried them to the matron of the institu-tion devoted to their interest. Around the other baby's neck was a medal of the Blessed Virgin, and a slip of paper pinned to her flaunel petticoat labeled her Mary Katharine. The impartial order of the institution therefore delivered Ardelia, who was wholly unlabeled, to the Protestant fold, and one of the scrubbing women nam-

Later she had taken up her residence with Mrs. Michael Fahey, who had consented to add to her precarious income by this means, and at the age of four she became the official nurse of Master John Sullivan Fahey. A terribly hot August, un-limited cold tea, and a habit of playing in the gutter in the noon glare proved too much for her charge, and he died on his third birthday. The ride to the funeral was the most exciting event in Ardelia's life. For years she dated from it. Mrs. Fahey had so long regarded her as one of the family, that though her occupation was gone, and her board was no longer paid, she was whipped as regularly and cursed as compre-hensively, in her foster mother's periodical

sprees, as if they had been closely related. What time she could spare from helping Mrs. Fahey in her somewhat casual he hold labor, and running errands to tell that lady's perennially hopeful employers that her mother wasn't feeling well today, but would it do if she came tomorrow, Ardelia spent in playing up and down the street with a band of little girls, or, in the very hottest days, sitting drowsy and vindictive at the head of a flight of stone steps that led into a down stairs saloon. The damp, flat, beer-sweetened air that rushed out as the men pushed open the swing doors was cool and refreshing to her; she was in a position to observe any possible customers at the three push carts in her line of vision, and could rouse a flagging interest in life by listening to any one of the altercations that resounded from the tenements night and day. Drays clattered incessantly over the pavement, peddlers shouted, sharp gongs punctuated the steadier din. A po-liceman was almost always in sight, and one of them, Mr. Halloran, had more than once given her a penny for lemonade. In the room above her head an Italian band practiced every evening, and then Ardelia was perfectly happy, for she loved music. Often before the band began, a hurdy-gurdy would station itself at the corner, and Ardelia and the other little girls would dance about, singly and in pairs, shouting the tunes they knew, rejoicing in the compara-

tive coolness and the generally care free atmosphere. Ardelia was the lightest footed ly of them all; her hands held her skirts out almost gracefully, her thin little legs flew highest. Sometimes the saloon keeper— they called him "Old Dutchy"—would nod approval as Ardelia skipped and pranced, and beckoned her to him mysteriously.

"You trow your legs goot," he would by. "We shall see you already dancing, o? Here is an olluf; eat her." And Ardelia, who loved olives to distrac-tion, would nibble off small, sour, salty mouthfuls and suck the pit luxuriously,

whileshe listened to the Italian band. Except for Mrs. Fahey's errands, which never carried her far off the street, Ardelia had never left it in her life, and her journey to the settlement house was one of interest to her. She was a silent child, but for occasional fits of gabbling and chattering with the little girls in the street; and though she like real milk. Ardelia? I declare, you did not understand why the young lady from the Settlement should cry when she introduced her to two other ladies, nor why so many messages should be left for her mother, and so many local and general baths administered, she said very little. She was not accustomed to question fate, and when it sent her two fresh eggs-she refused to eat them boiled-for her breakfast, she quietly placed them in the credit column as opposed to the baths, and held her

Later, arrayed in starched and creaking ing garments which had been made for a slightly smaller child, she was transported to the station, and for the first time introduced to a railroad car. She sat stiffly on the red plush seat with furtive eyes and sucked-in lips, while the young lady talked reassuringly of daisies and cows and green grass. As Ardelia had never seen any of these things, it is hardly surprising that she was somewhat unenthusiastic; but the young lady was disappointed by this lack of ardor. She was so thoroughly convinced of the essential right of every child to a healthy country life, that she was almost disposed to blame Ardelia for not sharing her eminently creditable conviction.

peace.

"You can roll in the daisies, my dear, and pick all you want-all !" she urged eagerly. But no answering gleam woke in Ardelia's eyes.
"Aw right," she answered guardedly,

and stared into her lap.
"Look out, dear, and see the fields and houses-see that handsome dog, and see the little pond !"

Ardelia shot a quick glance at the blur-ring green that dizzied her as it rushed by; the train was a fast express making up for lost time. Then with a scowl she resumed the contemplation of her starched gingham lap. The sweltering hot day, and the rapid unaccustomed motion combined to afflict her with a strange internal anticipation of future woe. Once last summer, when she ate the liquid dregs of the ice cream man's great tin, and fell asleep in the room where her mother was frying onions, she had ex-perienced this same foreboding, and the climax of that dreadful day lingered yet in her memory. So she set her teeth and waited with stoical resignation for the end, while the young lady babbled of green fields, and wondered why the child should be so sullen. Finally she laid it to homesickness, and recovered her faith in human

At last they stopped. The young lady sighed, seized her hand, and led her through the narrow aisle, down the steep steps, across the little country-station platform, and Ardelia was in Arcady.

Ardelia was of that emancipated order of through the parched country fields. To the young lady's remark that they needed rain sadly, he replied, "Yep!" and held his peace for the following hour. Occasionally they passed another house, but for the most part the only sight or sound of life was afforded by the hens clucking angrily as the travelers drove them from their dust more apparent interest in her situation, and would perhaps have spoken if her chaperon had opened conversation; but the young lady was weary of such efforts, disposed to a headache from the blinding heat, and altogether inclined to silence. At last they turned into a driveway, and drew up before a gray wooden house. Ardelia, cramped with sitting still, for she had not altered her position since she was placed stiffly on the seat between her fellow passengers, was lifted down and escorted up the shingle walk to the porch. A spare, dark eved woman in a checked apron advanced to meet them.

Terrible hot today, ain't it?" she sigh-"I'm real glad to see you, Miss For-e. Won't you cool off a little before sythe. you go on? This is the little girl, I s'pose. I guess it's pretty cool to what she's accus-

"No, I thank you. Mrs. Slater, I'll go right on to the house. Now, Ardelia, here you are in the country. I'm staying with my friend in a big white house about a mile further on. You can't see it from here, but if you want anything you can just walk over. Day after tomorrow is the pic-nic I told you about. You'll see me then, anyway. Now run right out in the grass and pick all the daisies you want. Don't be afraid; no one will drive you off this grass !"

The force of this was lost on Ardelia, who had never been driven off any grass whatever, but she gathered that she was expect ed to walk out into the thick rank growth of the unmowed side yard, and strode downward obediently, turning when in the exact center of the plot for further orders.

"Now pick them! Pick the daisies!" cried Miss Forsythe excitedly. "I want to

Ardelia looked blank.
"Huh?" she said.
"Gather them! Get a bunch! Oh, you poor child! Mrs. Slater, she doesn't know how!" Miss Forsythe was deeply moved and illustrated by picking imaginary daisies on the porch. Ardelia's quick eyes followed her gestures, and stooping, she scooped the heads from three daisies and started back with them, staring distrustfully into the depths of the thick clinging grass as she pushed through it. Miss Forsy

the grasped.

"No, no, dear! Pull them up! Take
the stem, too," she explained. "Pick the

whole flower !" Ardelia bent over again, tugged at a thick stemmed clover, brought it up by the roots, recovered her balance with difficulty, and assaulted a neighboring daisy. On this she cut her hands, and sucking off the blood angrily, she grabbed a handful of coarse grass, and plowing through the tangled mass about her feet, laid the spoils awkwardly on the young lady's lap.

Miss Forsyth stared at the dirty, trailing

roots that stained her linen skirt and sigh-

Miss Forsythe's eyes brightened sudden-

'I know what you want," she cried; deep!" "you're thirsty! Mrs. Slater, won't you get us some of your good, creamy milk? Don't you want a drink, Ardelia?" Ardelia nodded. She felt very tired, and

the glare of the sun seemed reflected from everything into her dazed eyes. When Mrs. Slater appeared with the foaming yellow glasses she wound her nervous little hands about the stem of the goblet and began a deep draught. She did not like it, it was hard to swallow, and instinct warned her not to go on with it; but all the thirst of a long morning-Ardelia was used to drinking frequently—urged her on, and its icy coldness enabled her to finish the glass She handed it back with a deep sigh. The young lady clapped her hands.

"There !" she cried. "Now, how do you look like another child, already! You can have all you want every day-why, what's

For Ardelia was growing ghastly pale be-fore them; her eyes turned inward, her lips tightened. A blinding horror surged from her toes upward, and the memory of the liquid ice cream and the frying onions fad-ed before the awful reality of the present

Later, as she lay limp and white on the slippery hair cloth sofa in Mrs. Slater's musty parlor, she heard them discussing

"There was a lot of Fresh Air children over at Mis' Simms's" her hostess explain-ed, "and they most all of 'em said the milk was too strong-did you ever! Two or three of 'em was sick, like this one, but they got to love it in a little while. She

Ardelia shook her head feebly. She had learned her lesson. If success, as we are told, consists not in omitting to make mis but in omitting to make the same one twice, Ardelia's treatment of the milk question was eminently successful.

After awhile Miss Forsythe went away. and at her urgent suggestion Ardelia came out and sat on the porch under the shade of a black umbrella. She sat motionless, staring into the grass, lost in the rapture of content that follows such a crisis as her recent misery, forgetful of all her earthly woes in the blessed certainty of her present In a few minutes she was asleep.

When she awoke she was in a strang place. Outside the umbrella all was dusk and shadow. Only a square white mist filled the place of the barn, the tall trees loomed vaguely toward the dark sky, the stars were few. As she gazed in half terror about her, a strange jangling came nearer and nearer, and a great animal with swinging sides, panting terribly, ran clumsily by followed by a bare legged boy, whose thud-ding feet sounded loud on the beaten path. Ardelia shrank against the wall with a cry that brought Mrs. Slater to her side.

There, there, Delia, it's only a cow She won't hurt you. She gives the milk," Ardelia shuddered—"and the butter, too. Here's some bread and butter for you. We've had our supper, but I thought the sleep would do you more good.'

Still shaken by the shock of that panting hairy beast, Ardelia put out her hand for the hread and butter, and ate it greedily. Then she stretched her cramped limbs and looked over the umbrella. On the porch sat a bearded man in shirt sleeves and stocking feet, his head thrown back against his chair, his mouth open. He snored audibly. Tipped back in another chair, A bare legged boy in blue overalls and a wide straw hat then drove them many miles the supports of the porch roof, sat a younger man. He was not asleep, for he was smoking a pipe, but he was as motionless station. Occasionally he patted a mongrel collie beside him, and yawning, stretched himself, but he did not speak.

"That's Mr. Slater," said the woman softly, "and the young man is my oldest son, William. Henry brought you up with the team. They're out in the field all day, and they get pretty tired. It gets nice an cool out here by evenin', don't it?"

She leaned back and rocked silently to and fro, and Ardelia waited for the events of the evening. There were none. wondered why the gas was not lit in all the shadowy darkness, why the people didn't come along. She felt scared and lonely. Now that her stomach was filled, and her nerves refreshed by her long sleep, she was in a condition to realize that aside from all bodily discomfort she was sad-very sad. A new, unknown depression weighed her down. It grew steadily, something was happening, something constant and mournful—what? Suddenly she knew. It was a steady, recurrent noise, a buzzing, monotonous click. Now it rose, now it fell, accentuating the silence dense about it.

'Zig-a-zig! Zig-a-zig!" then a rest. "Zig-a-zig! Zig-a-zig-a-zig!"
She looked restlessly at Mrs. Slater. Wha's 'at ?" she said.

"That? Oh, those are katydids. I s'pose you never heard 'em, that's a fact. Kind o' cozy. I think Don't you like cozy. I think. Don't you like 'em ?"

"Naw," said Ardelia. Another long silence intervened. The ocking chair swayed back and forth, and Mr. Slater snored. Little bright eyes glowed and disappeared, now low, against the dark. It will never be known whether Ardelia thought them defective gas lights or the flashing changing electric signs that add color to the night advertisements of her native city, for contrary to all fictional precedent, she did not inquire with interest what they were. She did not care, in fact. After half an hour of the katydids, Wil-

"Nick Damon's helpin' in the south lot t'day," he observed.

"Was he?" asked his mother, pausing a

noment in her rocking. Again he smoked, and the monotonous

mor was uninterrupted. "Zig-a-zig! Zig-a-zig! Ziz-a-zig-a-zig!" Slowly, against the background of this pachine like clicking, there grew other

"Wheep, wheep, wheep!"
This was a high, thin crying.
"Buroom! Brrroom! broom!"

This was low and resonant and solemn. Ardelia scowled. What's 'at?" she asked again.

"That's the frogs. Bull frogs and peepers. Never heard them either, did ye? Well, that's what they are." William took his pipe out of his mouth. "Come here, sissy, 'n I'll tell y' a story," he said lazily.

Ardelia obeyed, and glancing timerously at the shadows, slipped around to his side. "One't they was an ol' feller comin' 'long "Ono't they was an oi'feller comin' long cross lots, late at night, an' he come to a pond, an' he kinder stopped up an' says to himself, 'Wonder how deep th' oi' pond is, anyhow?' He was just a leetle—well, he'd had a drop too much y' see—"

''Had a what?'' interrupted Ardelia.

'He was sort of rollin' round—he didn't the was sort of rollin' round—he didn't

know just what he was doin'—"
"Oh! jagged!" said Ardelia comprehend-

peepers; his voice was a high, shrill wail.
"Oh, well,' s' he, 'if it's just knee deep

l'il wade through, an' he starts in.
"Just then he hears a big fellow singin' out, 'Better go rrrround! Better go rrround! William rolled out a vibrating base note

that startled the bull frogs themselves.
"'Lord!' says he, 'is it s' deep's that?
Well, I'll go round, then.' 'N' off he starts to walk around. "Knee deep! Knee deep! Knee deep!"

says the peepers.
"An' there it was. Soon's he'd start to do one thing, they'd tell him another.
Make up his mind he couldn't, so he stands there still, they do say, askin' 'em every night which he better do."

Stands where?" Ardelia looked fearfully behind her. 'Oh, I d'know. Out in that swamp, mabbe.

Again he smoked, and the younger boy chuckled.

Time passed by. To Ardelia it might have been minutes, hours or generations. An unspeakable boredom, an ennui that struck to the roots of her soul, possessed her. Her muscles twitched from nervousness. Her feet ached and burned in the stiff boots.

Suddenly Mr. Slater coughed and arose "Well, guess I'll be gettin' to bed," he said. "Come on, boys. Hello, little girl! Come to visit with us, hey? Mind you

don't pick poison vine."
He shuffled into the house, and the boys followed him in silence. Mrs. Slater led Ardelia upstairs into a little hot room, and told her to get into bed quick, for the lamp

drew the mosquitoes.

Ardelia kicked off her shoes and ap proached the bed distrustfully. It sank down with her weight and smelled hot and queer. Rolling off, she stretched herself on the floor, and lay there disconsolately. Sharp, quick stabs from the swarming mo-quitoes stung her to rage; she tossed about, slapping at them with exclamations that would have shocked Mrs. Slater. The eternal chatter of the katydids maddened her. She could not sleep. Across the swamp came the wail of the peepers.

"Knee deep! Knee deep! Knee deep!"

At home the hardy-gurdy was playing, the women were gossipping on every step, the lights were everywhere-the blessed fearless gas lights-the little girls were dancing in the breeze that drew in from the East River, Old Dutchy was giving Maggie Kelly an olive. Ardelia slapped viciously at a mosquito on her hot cheek, heard a great June bug flopping into the 100m through the loosely waving netting, and burst into tears of pain and fright, wrapping her head tightly in her gingham skirt. In the morning Miss Forsythe came over to inquire after her charge's health, accom-

panied by another young lady. "How do you do, my dear?" said the new lady kindly. "How terribly the mosquitoes have stung you! What makes you stay in the house, and miss the beautiful fresh air? See that great plot of daisiesdoes she know that she can pick all she wants, poor little thing! I suppose she had a chance! Come out with me, never Ardelia, and let's see which can pick the biggest bunch."

And Ardelia, 'ortified by ham and eyes went stolid'y forth into the grass and si-

lently attacked the daisies.

In the middle of her bunch the new young lady paused. "Why. Ethel. she ien't harefoot!" she cried. "Come here, Ardelia, and take off your shoes and stockdirectly. Shoes and stocking in the coun-Now you'll know what comfort is. as she unlaced the boots rapidly on the porch.

"Oh, she's been barefoot in the city," explained Miss Forsythe, "but this will be different, of course

And so it was, but not in the sense she intended. To patter about bare legged on the hare, safe pavement, was one thing; to venture unprotected into the waving, tripping tangle was another. She stepped cau-tiously upon the short grass near the house, and with jaw set and narrowed lids felt her way into the high growth. The ladies clapped their hands at her happiness and freedom. Suddenly she stopped, she shrieked, she clawed the air with outspread fingers. Her face was gray with terror.

"Oh gee! Oh gee!" she screamed. eried, lifting up their skirts in sympathy.

Mrs. Slater rushed out seized Aidelia, half rigid with fear, and carried her to the porch. They elicited from her as she sat with her feet tucked under her and one hand convulsively clutching Mrs. Slater's apron that something had rustled by her, "down at the bottom," that it was slippery, and she had stepped on it and wanted to go

"Only a little hop toad, Delia, that wouldn't harm a baby, let alone a big girl nine years old, like you."

But Ardelia, chattering with nervousne wept for her shoes, and sat high and dry in a rocking chair for the rest of the morning. "She's a queer child," Mrs. Slater confided to the young ladies. "Not a drop of anything will she drink but cold tea. It don't seem reasonable to give it to her all day, and I won't do it, so she has to wait till meals. She makes a face if I say milk. and the water tastes slippery, she says, and salty like. She won't touch it. I tell her it's good well water, but she just shakes her head. She's stubborn's a bronze mule, that child. 'Smorning she asked me when did the parades on the later head. did the parades go by. I told her there wa'n't any but the circus, an' that has been already. I tried to cheer her up, sort of, with that Fresh Air picnic of yours tomorrow, Miss Forsythe, an' s'she, 'Oh, the Dago picnic!'' s'she; 'will they have Tony's band?''

"She don't seem to take any int'rest in th' farm, like those Fresh Air children, either. I showed her the hens an' the eggs, an' she said it was a lie about the hens lay in' 'em. 'What d'you take me for?' s'she. The idea! Then Henry milked the cow, to show her—she wouldn't believe that, either—and with the milk streamin' down before her, what do you s'pose she said? 'you put it in,' s'she. I never should 'a'believ-ed that, Miss Forsythe, if I hadn't heard

"Oh, she'll get over it." said Miss Forsythe easily; "just wait a few days. Good-by, Ardelia, eat a good supper."

But this Ardelia did not do. She gazed fascinated at Mr. Slater, who loaded fork with green peas, shot them into his mouth, and before disposing of them ultimately added to them half a slice of rye bread and a great gulp of tea in one breath, bread and a great gulp of tea in one breath, repeating this operation at regular intervals in voracious silence. She regarded William who consumed eight large molasses cookies and three glasses of frothy milk, as a mere after thought to the meal, gulping furiously. He never spoke. Henry she dared not look at, for he burst into laughter whenever she did, and cried out. "You put it ever she did, and cried out, "You put it in! You put it in!" which irritated her

"I guess so. An' he heard a voice sing-in' out, 'Knee deep! Knee deep! Knee biting great round bites out of countless slices of buttered bread, and in utter silence. Now Ardelia had never in her life eaten in silence. Mrs. Fahey, when eating, gossiped and fought alternately with Mr. Fahey's old, half blind mother; her son Danny, in a state of chronic dismissal from his various "jobs," sang, whistled, and performed clog dances under the table during the meal their neighbors across the narrow shrieked her comments, friendly or otherwise; and all around and above and below resounded the busy noise of the crowded, clattering city street. It was the breath in her nostrils, the excitement of her nervous little life, and this cold blooded stoking took away her appetite, never large.

Through the open door the buzz of the katydids was beginning tentatively. In the intervals of William's gulps a faint base note warned them from the swamp.

"Better go rrround! Better go round!"
Mrs. Slater filled their plates in silence. Henry slapped a mosquito and chuckled interiorly at some reminiscence. A cow bell jangled sadly out of the gathering dusk. Ardelia's nerves strained and snapped.

Her eyes grew wild. "Fer Gawd's sake, talk!" she cried

sharply. "Are youse dumbies?" The morning dawned fresh and fair : the trees and the brown turf smelled sweet, the homely barnyard noises brought a smile to Miss Forsythe's sympathetic face, as she waited for Ardelia to join her in a drive to tablespoonfuls of flour and stir well till it the station. But Ardelia did not smile. Her eyes ached with the great, green glare, season with pepper, lemon juice, salt and a the strange scattered objects, the long, unaccustomed vistas. Her cramped feet wearied for the smooth pavements, her ears hungered for the dear, familiar din.

shrieked at the passing oxen. At the station Miss Forsythe shook her

limp little hand. "Good-by, dear," she said. "I'll bring the other little children back with me. her left hand, she sliced into it with a You'll enjoy that. Good by."
"I'm comin' too," said Ardelia.

"Why, no, dear-you wait for us. You'd only turn around and come right back, you know." urged Miss Forsythe, secretly touched by this devotion to herself. "Come back nothin'," said Ardelia dog-

gedly. "I'm goin' home."
"Why, why, Ardelia! Don't you really like it?"

"Naw, it's too hot." Miss Forsythe stared.

"But, Ardelia, you don't want to go back that horrible smelly street? Not truly?' "Betcher life I do !" said Ardelia. The train steamed in; Miss Forsythe

nounted the steps uneasily. Ardelia clinging to her hand. "It't so lovely and quiet," the young lady pleaded. Ardelia shuddered. Again she seemed to

hear that fiendish, mournful wailing: 'Knee deep! Knee deep! Knee deep. "It seems so good, Ardelia! All the

green things!" Good! that hot, rustling breeze of noon day, that damp and empty evening wind! They rode in silence. But the jar and jolt of the engine made music in Ardelia's ears. The crying of the hot babies, the familiar jargon of the newsbody: "N'Yawk moyning paypers! Woyld! Joynal!" were a breath from home to her little cockney

heart. They pushed through the great station, they climbed the steps to the elevated track they jingled on a cross town car; and at a away and kept for weeks. Age will imfamiliar corner Ardelia slipped loose her prove their flavor. Here is the recipe: hand, uttered a grunt of joy, and Miss Forthe looked for her in vain. She was gone. But late in the evening, when the great one and one half tablespoonfuls hot water, sythe looked for her in vain. She was gone. dirty steps; when the hurdy gurdy executed brassy scales and the lights flared in endless sparkling rows; when the trolley gongs at the corner pierced the air and feet tapped cheerfully down the cool stone steps of the beer shop, Ardelia, barefooted and abandoned, nibbling at a section of bologna sausage, secure in the hope of an olive to come, cake walked insolently with a band of little girls behind a severe policeman, mock his stolid gait, to the delight of Old Dutchy

who beamed approvingly at her prancings "Ja, ja, you trow out your feet goot. Some day we pay to see you, no? You like to get back already?"

Ardelia performed an audacious pas seul and reached for her olive. "Ja, danky shun, Dutchy," she said air-"Oh gee! Oh gee!" she screamed.
"What is it, Aidelia, what is it?" they and the oboe of the Italian band began to run up and down the scale, she sank upon ner cool step, stretched her toes and sighed. "Gee!" she murmured, "N'Yawk's the place!"—By Josephine Dodge Daskam, in February McClure's Magazine.

Big Cases, Big Fees.

A business enterprise must be highly profitable to obtain the exclusive services, for any purpose, of a lawyer who is at the top of the New York bar. Lawyers' serves when they are in demand here carry terrffic charges. Some of the high-priced legal talent of this market belongs to John 2. Parsons, Joseph H. Choate and Elihu Root. Choate charges anything he pleases and gets it. John E. Parson got \$100,000 for drawing up Sugar Trust articles of in-corporation. Elihu Root's charge for going into court is \$1,000 a day. Both Choate, as Ambassador to the Court of St. James, and Root, as Secretary of War, are out a lot of money in the services of their country. In a court Root could make his yearly salary as Secretary of War in a

A Pigeon Ranch.

The only pigeon ranch in the world is at Los Angeles, Cal. It covers eight acres and its gigantic lofts shelter 15,000 birds. It was started three years ago with 2,000. Nearly 250 dozen squabs are sold each mouth excepting in the moulting season, when the supply is only one-quarter as much. They bring \$3 a dozen in Los Angeles and sometimes \$10 when scarce. The cost of feeding is over \$5 a meal, the flock consuming daily one wagon load of screenings, two sacks of wheat and twelve gallons of boiled meal. They also have three barrels of stale bread soaked in water during the week. The pigeons never leave the ranch and seldom does one get beyond the wire fence that surrounds the yard. clear shallow stream runs through the place, furnishing an excellent bathing and drinking place.

The Wives of Great Men all Remind

Admiral Schley, in one of his Southern speeches, went beyond what Mrs. Schley considered the proper limit, and she told him to stop. And the Admiral obeyed. He is in good company. At the foot-ball game between the Army and Navy Mrs. Roosevelt had to call the President to order, and was a way we between the stopping and the property to good at the president to order, and was a way we have to prove the stopping at the stopping and the president to order, and was a way we have the stopping at the president to prove the stopping at the president to be a stopping at the president to prove the stopping at the president to prove the stopping at the president to prove the president to prove the president to prove the president to prove the proper than the provent the provent the provent the provent the proper limit, and she told him to stop. And the Admiral obeyed. He is in good company. At the foot-ball game between the proper limit, and she told him to stop. And the Admiral obeyed. and years ago Mrs. Webster tugged at Daniel's coat tails when he insisted upon helping Jenny Lind to sing the National

A Cooking School Chapter.

A recent lesson at a cooking school dealt with veal cutlets with brown sauce, potato salad, milk sherbet, and Boston cookies. The work was divided up among a class of eight pupils, and in two hours a delicious luncheon was served.
"We have here a thick slice of veal cut

from the leg," said the teacher, Miss Downing. "Eight out of ten people are prejudiced against veal. They complain that it is tough and tasteless. The fault ies more in the cooking than in the meat. If you get veal that is worth buying improve it by careful cooking. Veal is the meat of the immature creature; consequently needs long, slow cooking. Wipe off the veal, then take a sharp knife and divide into small, neat fillets. Cut out the round bone in the middle and pare away every particle of skin. fat and gristle, then put in a small saucepan with one and one-half cups of cold water to make the stock for the brown sauce. Cut the meat into neat fillets about three inches by two. If there are any long, irregular-shaped pieces roll them and fasten with small wooden skewers or toothpicks. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and dip in flour, then in egg and bread crumbs. Fry out some thin slices of salt pork in an omelet pan and put the veal in to fry slowly till well browned. Prepare a brown sauce from the stock made from the trimmings of the veal. Brown three tablespoonfuls of butter, add three season with pepper, lemon juice, salt and a tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Strain and pour over the veal. Set it back on the stove where it will simmer, and allow it to cook very slowly 40 minutes. Arscowled at the winding, empty road; she range on a hot platter, strain the sauce over it and garnish with parsley.' Miss Downing gave a practical illustra-

tion of how to cut a cold potato into neat cubes for a salad. Holding it upright in sharp vegetable knife, cutting in long deep slices nearly to the end of the potato. Then she turned it and cut into it the other way till it was merely a handful of strips held together by one uncut end. Holding it over a bowl she cut it into slices, and the potato was neatly and deftly sliced into half-inch cubes. Four cupfuls of this neatly chopped potato were used for the salad. The potato was sprinkled with pepper and salt, then a French dressing was made, DRESSING FOR POTATO SALAD. "For the dressing," said the teacher pour six tablespoonsfuls of oil into a cup

and add to it two tablespoonsfuls of vinegar. Cut the end of an onion and scrape from it finely a few drops of juice, stir it into the dressing. Slowly pour the dress-ing over the potatoes and allow it to marinate for an hour. Boil two eggs hard, and when cool separate the yolks from the whites. Chop the whites fine till they look like grated cocoanut and press the yolks through a potato ricer. Arrange the potatoes on a flat glass dish in a mound, divide into four quarters, separating each portion from the other by a garnishing of parsley. Cover two opposite sides with chopped beets, one quarter with the riced yolks of eggs, the other with the whites. Put small sprigs of parsley in lines dividing the beets from the eggs; also garnish with parsley at the base.

AND NEXT THE COOKIES. The Boston cookies were delicious. These are rich fruit cookies, which can be put One cup of butter, one and one-half cups

city turned out to breathe, and sat with three and one-fourth cups flour, one-half teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful cinnamor one cup of chopped walnuts, one-half cup currants, one-half cup seeded chopped raisins. Cream the butter, add th gradually and eggs well beaten. Add soda dissolved in water, half the flour mixed and sifted with salt and cinnamon, then add nuts, meats, fruit and remaining flour. Drop by spoonfuls one inch apart on a buttered sheet and bake in a moderate oven.

MILK SHERBET. The milk sherbet was an idealized form of common sherbet make from milk and lemon juice. The result was an ice cream with a smooth, rich creaminess and a delicious tang of sourness, an agreeable contrast to the sweetness of the majority of

frozen desserts. Here is the recipe : Four cups of milk, one and one-half cups of sugar, juice of three lemons, juice of one orange. Mix the juice of the fruit and sugar till half melted, then pour in the milk slowly. If the milk is added too rapidly the mixture may curdle. Freeze in three parts of ice added to one part of salt. For the foregoing "The WATCHMAN" is indebted to Good Housekeeping.

Tried to Slaughter His Brother.

A story comes from Marshlands near Williamsport that a 6-year-old boy of that place tried to imitate his father's method of slaughtering cattle and thereby nearly

killed his 4-year-old brother. The boys' father is a butcher and they had often watched him at his work. To-day, it is said, the elder boy put arope around his younger brother's neck and led him to the slaughter house. Fastening the rope to a ring in the floor he picked up a piece of iron and dealt his brother a blow on the head. Then lowering the windlass rope he tied the rope around his brother's eet and drew him up, as he had seen his father do with beef.

Going to the house the boy asked his mother for a knife, saying that he had the cow killed and was ready to skin it. She ran to the barn to investigate and found her son hauging by the feet, apparently lifeless. It required several hours' work

Pearson is a Unitarian

Professor Charles W. Pearson, of the Northwestern university, has announced his intention of resigning from the faculty of the institution and withdrawing from the Methodist church. As a parting shot to his orthodox critics, who have taken him to task for his recent utterances that miracles are mere tales and legends, he also denied the divinity of Christ, and pronounced himself to be more in accord with the doctrines of Unitarianism than of Methodism. Professor Pearson will be brought before the trustees of the North-western university for trial some time shortly, but the exact date of the trial has not been given out. "I have decided to abandon the chair of English literature which I now occupy at Northwestern university," said Professor Pearson, "and I will also quit the Methodist church. I love the Methodist church but my views upon the Bible are more in accord with those of the Unitarian church."

MILLIONS PUT TO WORK .- The wonderful activity of the new century is shown by an enormous demand for the world's best workers—Dr. King's New Life Pills.
For Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, or any trouble of Stomach, Liver or Kidneys they're unrivaled. Only 25c. at Green's Pharmacy.