

CUDDLE TIME.

As the evening shadows gather, Then 'tis cuddle time, I know. When my baby, dressed for dreamland, Comes a-tomping to me so.

ACQUITTED.

He was a little, thin, mild-mannered man, rather shy and diffident—not at all the criminal type. And yet for two years he had been fighting desperately for his life itself. There had been three trials.

cott came in. When he did he had his hat in his hand, and Carter realized—it was an old ruse of Walcott, and he knew its import—that his familiar footing with "the old man" was gone.

He walked along the street, his head down, a pathetic droop to his thin shoulders, debating his next move. When he left the shop, he carried guiltily under his arm, a paper-wrapped baby, dressed in gorgeous pink and impossible lace.

He had his latch key in his hand a half dozen squares before his street was reached. All those months in prison that small, flat key had been his only visible symbol of home; and now he was about to use it.

"Mother, mother, father's home!" There was a wild dash as Edith flung herself at him, and a moment later his wife was crying happily on his shoulder.

"I stopped at the office on my way out," he said, twisting one of Edith's curls around his finger. "Things look about the same there. Haven't even got a new liniment in the outer office."

"You give them twenty years of your life, half paid and overworked. Then, when after being taken away, imprisoned, for no fault of yours; made to fight for your very life, you are acquitted without a word, and no vacancies! Why don't they make a place for you? They know you don't know any business but theirs."

"Well, that's enough, isn't it? You couldn't expect them to do without a credit man for two years, to hold a situation for me, Annie. For one thing, they didn't know whether I'd ever need another position or not. Walcott's all right. I guess there were no vacancies."

"The very day that Riter, the cashier of the Walcott Company, Carter's only enemy on earth, had been found dead beside his desk, his skull crushed in with a heavy office chair, there had come to the little credit man an offer from the Simmons Company so advantageous that he had been sorely tempted. Afterward at the trial, his perturbation on that momentous day had told against him, the office force testifying unwillingly to his changed demeanor before the body was found.

When the dying confession of the janitor of the building set him free, Carter thought at once of the Simmons Company. It was early yet, only about eight o'clock, and he could scarcely hope to see the firm before nine. He went into a barber shop, and leaned back comfortably as the white-coated darkey lathered his face.

He did not have to wait long for Mr. Simmons. He came out in a moment, his hand generally extended, his whole manner breathing cordiality.

"I'm glad they discovered their mistake before it was too late."

"Yes, I remember it," he said, dropping into a chair. "Sit down, Carter; you don't look over-strung. Of course, that was some time ago, and things have changed. In the first place, the only position in which you would be useful to us is as credit man; we can get clerks and bookkeepers for the asking, but good, conservative credit men are rare."

"But, what on Mr. Simmons, 'we have kept the name of Mr. Imprecable; and, while our policy is not narrow, I do not think it would be good business to send letters all over the country signed by a name that has attained—er—unpleasant notoriety.'"

"But I am acquitted, Mr. Simmons. 'I'm really sorry, Carter. But I think you can realize that while the trial made all kinds of a stir, the acquittal has been dismissed with a line or two in the papers. And the—aint it still there?'"

"Yes, I've afraid it's still there. I'm sorry, too; but it would not be good business; and anyhow, Carter, a steady, hard-working man like you should have no difficulty in finding something to do."

He had felt so sure that the disappointment was doubly hard to bear. He butted down his head, and he was working far away from the door. He scarcely heard Simmons's "Good morning, Carter. If I hear of anything I will let you know."

The rest of the day he spent going from one business house to another. He did not take time for lunch, and besides, he felt that food would choke him. It rained in the afternoon, and his feet were soaked through; but he kept doggedly on. The result was the same, varying only as to form. And he went home with a face whose white hopelessness told his wife the story without words.

He began to cough that night, and was alternately chilly and hot. In the morning, however, he felt better, although the cough kept up, and all that day he nudged through the mud. He gave up going to firms that knew him, and tried everything he saw advertised. Once he was almost engaged in a down-town department store, only to lose the chance by too truthfully giving his name.

The little wife at home was making a hard struggle. They had moved into the back of their small home, and a card, "Rooms to let," hung in the window. She had even advertised for and secured some sewing; but seeing her sitting at night with red eyes and stooping shoulders made the evenings a torture to the man across the little center table.

And then one day he got work. The strike on the traction lines had left the company crippled, and there was work for any one who had courage to run the gamut of stones and abuse from the union men. Carter's knowledge of the work was all, but his courage and resolution were dauntless. He took the car once over the route, with a brazen Irishman to show him, and then went out bravely alone, coughing always, and coughing a brick occasionally, looking the other way, so as to avoid forcing a recognition from former acquaintances.

He took the car out for a week, wearing a blue coat much too large over his black trousers, and going home at midnight with blistered hands and aching feet. At the end of the week on the seventh day he was called into the superintendent's office on the next morning. He waited a moment, standing back from the window, for along the curb across the street a half-dozen strikers were watching the office. When the superintendent came in he held a placard in his hand and his face was apoplectic with rage.

"Look what those hell-hounds have been doing!" he snarled. He held up the card for Carter to read.

"The Public Attention! Through ill-treatment and violation of contracts the Empire Traction Company has lost its skilled employees. Now it is insulting the public by filling their places with the scum of the city. They can't deny it."

"Carter's hands clenched as he looked at the scolding crowd on the street.

"I don't like to do it, Carter. Under other circumstances I'd keep you on; but there's been a good bit of talk about our new franchise, and if the public gets the idea into its head that we're treating our cars to ex-convicts, there'll be a howl. Maxwell over there has your envelope."

As Carter left the office he had a bad paroxysm of coughing, which left him trembling and covered with perspiration. With a sudden resolution he took the dime which usually bought his noonday soup and rolls, and going to the steps to the basement dispensary of the hospital in the next square, dropped it into the box.

He set a long time in the waiting-room among a motley crowd of Slavs and Lithuanians, half the women with babies. The place reeked with iodoform and carbolic acid, and having had nothing to eat since early breakfast he was faint and nauseated when his turn came.

"You're anaemic, run down," he said. "Haven't been getting out enough in the Occupation, clerk, I suppose?"

"Well, the lungs are not bad—yet. But there's a bit of solidification in one, and I suppose it's no use to tell you you'd be better off, say, in Arizona."

"No use at all, sir; but thank you." Carter got up stiffly and turned the door. "Sleep with all the windows open," the doctor called after him, "and come again in a week."

He stumbled home, and finding the house empty threw himself on a sofa, too weary and wretched even to think. There his wife found him, late in the afternoon, sound asleep, with little drawn lines of suffering around his mouth; and realizing something of what had happened, she kissed him softly and darkened the room.

She took unusual pains with the supper that night, but little was eaten. Then, after putting Edith to bed, she went out to take home some sewing. Left alone, Carter sat for a time, his chin on his breast, his hands gripping the arms of his worn leather chair. After a bit he got up, and began systematically to go over his papers—if the doctor was right they would need

to be in order. He laid out files of rent and tax receipts, grocery and gas bills, lodge notices—there was little of importance. He fingered his revolver lovingly. It offered an easy solution, albeit a cowardly one—just to his temple, like this, and there would be his insurance. Ah, his insurance!

Some one had been ringing unheard at the open front door. Now, seeing the light, he came in, to stop, startled, at the tableau before him.

"Put that down, Carter!" he said sternly. With a start Carter turned, to see Mr. Walcott in the doorway. He rose to his feet, a trifle dizzy with surprise.

"I wasn't going to kill myself, Mr. Walcott. I might have; but, heaven above, man, I can't even die! My insurance was put up as collateral two years ago to pay my lawyers."

He put the revolver in his desk and closed the drawer. Mr. Walcott was unpleasantly conscious of the tragedy in the other man's voice.

"Have a cigar," he said, proffering one and lighting his own. But Carter did not care to smoke. The two men sat down, Walcott impressive and expansive, the other shrinking and crushed.

"I've been thinking things over a little," said Walcott; "the firm had not thought of your not finding another position easily. We had filled your place, and in our estimation that ended the matter. But it seems Mrs. Carter's been doing some sewing for a friend of my wife, and so the story came to me."

"I couldn't wish my worst enemy the humiliation of having his wife work to support him."

"And so," he went on Walcott pompously, "as we've decided to start a San Antonio branch, I am authorized to offer you the position of manager down there. You're the best man we know for the place; you know the business from the ground up."

Carter got up, his small, worn figure proudly erect, his hands clenched nervously.

"You're offering me more than that, Mr. Walcott. You're giving me back my pride, my self-esteem. Thank God, I can be a man among men again!"—By Mary Roberts Rinehart, in Pearson's Magazine.

Good Book List for Children From Ten to Fourteen Years Old.

Ten to fourteen is a difficult period for which to select books. So much depends upon the individual child, and a few of the following list may be advanced for some children. It is an acknowledged fact, however, that a child's mental growth can be stunted or delayed by neglecting to provide it with books that are beyond its comprehension.

Like a young bird many young people must be tempted to do more than they feel equal to doing. This thought has been ever present and though the books here classed together differ widely in subject, style, appeal, I think I can safely claim for each the merit of never taking down to its reader.

Works of Louisa Alcott. These books are too well known to need commendation, but I would suggest the volumes of "Aunt Jo's Scrapbook" and "A Garland for Girls" as excellent short stories for reading aloud.

Katy books, by Susan Coolidge. Good, clean books, full of girlish fun, nonsense and earnestness. Most girls will not be content to part company with Katy till every one of her sisters is safely married.

"The Little Other Girls," by Ross Noyce. Three girls and their mother lose their small fortune and the girls bravely undertake to make the family living by dressmaking. Some tangled love affairs, a rich cousin from Australia and a very unhappy lady added a sufficiency of interest.

"Daisy Chain" and "Pillars of the House," by Charlotte Yonge. Two stories of family life told with skill and a clear insight into the ways of brothers and sisters. The two books are slightly connected by a wedding that takes place in the second, but are otherwise independent.

"Kidnaped," by Robert Louis Stevenson, an exciting tale of adventure by sea and land, in the days when men drank to "the King over the water." The story keeps closely to the life of its hero, being told by himself and greater events are mentioned only as they add to his private troubles.

"Saint of Dragon's Dale," by William Stearns Davis. The quaint story of a little German maid who lived when robbers (barons and serfs) lined the roads. Fortunately for the little lady there were also saints and witches in those days and both equally serviceable.

"Princess and the Goblins," by George MacDonnell. "Every little girl can be a princess," says the author, and sets out to tell how that may be. Better still he shows how a princess should act in the life of Irene, and the struggles of the goblins to get and keep her, but brave, good people have friends everywhere and the old lady of the tower and young Curdie, the miner, prove more than a match for the bad-tempered little people.

"The Alhambra," by Washington Irving. The legends clustering about the romantic home of the Moorish rulers are gathered together by a narrative which makes them doubly beautiful.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Have a heart that never hardens, a temper that never tires, and a touch that never hurts—Charles Dickens.

The short skirt is the fashion. All the tailor-made suits show the trotter, or sidewalk skirt.

It may escape the ground from three to six inches. Four inches will be the average. Small hips are the fashion, and the molded-to-the-figure effects will be the proper thing.

The three-hand skirt, in which the lowest hand is the hem, will be worn. The one-hand effect, in which the fold is placed right above the knee, will be even more worn.

The drop-skirt of taffeta must be fitted very carefully to the figure. A stylish coat will be the cutaway, ending 18 inches below the waist in the back.

The "finger-length" coat, which reaches to the tips of the fingers when the arm is held down, will also retain its hold. In general, an increased length in coats will be noticed.

Pocketets are to be a feature. Five may be used. A full length coat sleeve with turnback end will be seen on the severely tailor-made.

The seven-eighths sleeve ending just above the wrist is also prophesied. Hard-finished worsteds will be leading favorites.

These come in stripes, plaids, checks and plain colors. Checks are predicted to enjoy a vogue this fall. The leading colors will be somber. Blue will be more worn than ever before.

Navy, royal, Nattier and Copenhagen are shades of blue that will be rivals in popularity. Greens and coppery browns are also picked as winners.

You can't make a mistake in getting navy blue. To be chic, skirts for little people must stand out well around the hem.

The best examples have tiny ruffles on the lining, and even others employ a ruffle several inches wide on the under part. Large and small tucks trim frocks of all descriptions. They are threaded in the sleeves, run round the yoke or blousy part of a waist and embellish the skirt.

The Japanese style is followed for wraps more than for sleeves, and while the cut is cunning on a small girl it is rather too severe for fluffiness, and that is what is sought more than anything else for summer garments.

Brick red is a color that will have a large part to play in the wraps of the late summer season for daytime occasions, and for automobile wear a smart woman will assume a loose coat made of brick-red drop couple, trimmed about the throat with black satin overlaid with fine silver son-tache. A repetition of the trimming occurs on the cuffs on the very full sleeves, which are really merged into draperies of the cloak.

Another all-enveloping wrap of the same character is one of black cloth, with a collar and vest of vivid crimson silk overlaid with black silk bratid.

Among the stunning styles of the present are immense hats turned sharply back at the front and side and surmounted with plumes of extravagant length and width. The handsomest hats of the kind are lined with silk of a contrasting shade. Big choux of tulle trim some such hats, though masses of flowers are still in great evidence. For evening hats feathers are the approved trimming. The osprey and paradise feathers are the most popular.

The success of the lingerie dress depends very largely upon the way it is lined, for the lining is much in evidence. "Lingerie" must be carefully planned this season, said a couturiere. "If they are thin they wear out, and if they are coarse they show through and spoil the appearance of the gown."

"We advise our patrons to take one of three or four linings which are available this year. The first and most desirable one is the lining of taffeta. Of this we make the drop skirt, the waist lining and the coat lining."

"The second in our lining series is a material which is something like silk, and a great many persons prefer this from a wearable standpoint."

"But there is still another class, and this is the lining of lawn. We have patrons who ask for the lawn drop skirt with its silk ruffle, and we have many who prefer the lawn slips to those of silk."

"We sometimes select a good rough silk, which is sure to do good service and which gives a gown a certain body and a body color."

FARM NOTES.

An ounce of good management is worth more than all the fusine, coddling and dragging ever done, or that can be done.

Why do we always hear of those wheat fields that turn out better than expected, but never a word of those that go the other way?

Moisture doesn't go far or last long on unplowed or unincultivated fields at this time of the year. A hard packed field cannot be plowed too soon after a rain.

More corn can be raised in three ways: Better seed, better soil preparation, better cultivation. These three factors worked together will reduce the acreage and increase the yield.

The hedging has been scientifically investigated by the department of agriculture, and the reassuring information is given that an acre of hedging feeds only once in from 35 to 40 hours.

The hog is very sensitive to cold, and should be well sheltered when the season becomes severe. He will try to keep warm by burrowing into his litter, and when hogs are in large numbers they will crowd together, or upon each other, for the same purpose. This is injurious, and it is opposed to a supply of pure air, and also causes injury by crushing.

Pinching back the new growth is another way of saving a great deal of sap for the formation of fruit. About the time the peaches or other stone fruits are half formed, take a sharp pair of shears and clip off about half of this year's growth of wood on all parts of the tree. This retards the growth of shoot and leaf and the sap is saved for development of fruit.

There is one question we wish our folks would answer for us. If you have an unfenced lot around the buildings, and the pigs have the run of it, they will grow as fast as the weeds and grass they are eating. Fence this in, then turn the same pigs in, and the growth is checked. You will soon notice those pigs are not doing as well. Is it the sense of freedom that makes the difference?

There are several varieties of clover, some better adapted to certain soils than others. Alsike clover produces seed from the first crop, while red clover produces that from the second crop only. The seed from the second crop only, the Alsike is fertilized by the honey bee and the red variety by the bumblebee. The latter is being exported to some countries where clover has not been introduced, in order to fertilize the bumblebees.

The fall is the time to renew the orchard. Remove the dead wood and then plow the land, applying bone meal and wood ashes. Manure may also be applied with advantage, the ground being well harrowed after the fertilizer and manure have been broadcasted. In the spring the ground may be used for potatoes, early cabbage, carrots, beets or parsnips, which will permit of growing a crop while cultivating the orchard.

To keep onions over winter put them in a dry location, such as a barn loft, and spread them on the floor or shelves in thin layers. If they should happen to freeze it will not damage them, provided they are not disturbed when frozen. They should be covered with sheets of paper, in order to prevent sudden thawing, but normally, if the layers of onions are not too thick, and the location is dry, they will keep without difficulty.

Selling prepared fruit and garden-stuff, such as mustard, canned kraut, canned tomatoes, horse radish, canned fruit, preserves and the like, will be the source of a great deal of income to the farmer. In the case of fruit, especially, it will furnish a profitable market for a great deal that would otherwise go to waste. It is a very small town and a poor market indeed that will not consume all the stuff that can be sold from the farm in this way.

Any plants growing where they are not desired are weeds. One of the most detestable of weeds is rye in the wheat field, and yet such cases are frequent. Even two varieties of the same kind of plants should never be allowed to be together. If two blades of grass or stalks of corn are growing side by side, and not thrive, one of them should be removed in order to allow the other the plant food for potatoes is being taken by both, as one performs the service of a weed to the other.

It is sometimes an advantage to plow the ground and spread the manure in the fall, but the kind of land and circumstances of local nature must be considered. If the manure is thoroughly worked into the soil with a harrow there will be but little risk of loss of the soluble matter. Manure, as a rule, is mostly solid matter, and the frost and moisture will assist in disintegrating it. There will also be a saving of time in the spreading of manure, as less work will be required during the busy season.

It is claimed that if the roots of hyacinths and tulips are left in the bed where they bloom, and the stalks out after blooming, they will bloom annually, providing the bed is well protected in winter. A shower of well-rotted manure over each stalk, with straw or some other covering over the manure, will serve as a protection.

When tulips or hyacinths are grown in glasses the flowers are produced at the expense of the bulbs, but when grown in rich soil the exhaustion does not so readily occur.

The land that was devoted to potatoes this year should be seeded to rye, limed in the spring, and corn grown on the same land next year. Such a plan gives the land two windings, and cleans it thoroughly. It is also an advantage not to grow potatoes on the same land oftener than one year in four, as a precaution against disease. Rye should cover all land that is plowed in the fall, as it prevents loss of fertility, and when turned under in the spring adds fertilizing material to the soil, the lime being used to neutralize any acidity that may exist therein.

In the garden and in the fruit patch the balance of soil and water has a great deal to do with the success of the cultural operations. Many of our orchards do not produce the fruit they should because the soil has never been drained and the soil becomes waterlogged after heavy rains and so remains for a long time after fair weather has come. The drains in clay soil should be at least 30 inches deep, so that the water table may be lowered to that point. More drains in our orchards would make it possible to get better results from the fruit trees and fruit plants growing in them.

PHILLS VS. PILLS.

A little pill may often save a big bill for medical services. When the bowels are clogged a condition is created which invites disease. One of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets as a regulator of the bowels will prevent this condition, and if there is constipated habit the use of the "Pellets" will effect a complete cure.

For banana Salad—Roll until fine one cup of peanuts and heat until light the whites of two eggs. Quarter your bananas, dip into the egg, roll in the peanuts and serve with mayonnaise or lettuce leaf.