

THE CHERRY TREE TALE.

The cherry tree that George chopped down from earth has passed away. Naught of its wood, nor bark, nor leaf—Remaineth to this day.

A BALL GAME ON THE ICE.

To say that Captain Steve was surprised would be altogether too mild an assertion; better say he was almost stunned. What brought about this hazy condition was a slip of white paper on which were a few neatly typewritten words.

Well, I'll be a millionaire, he exclaimed, if I am in a trance or actually reading these words?

Again he read the words and became convinced that he was not in dreamland. Then he buttoned his heavy overcoat, left the little postoffice, and rushed up the street to where the "crowd" was impatiently awaiting him.

What's up? Ralph Witham asked. Going to a fire? I should say not. Here is something which beats a fire by a mile.

Witham took the paper and glanced at the words. His eyes opened wide, while his right hand groped about blindly until it found support on the hitching rail. Then he carefully re-read the typewritten epistle.

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The players returned to their positions and the practice was resumed. They were very much surprised at the easiness with which the ball could be fielded by following their captain's directions.

Wear your uniforms and heavy underclothing, Captain Steve directed as they were leaving the ice, and get knit gloves that will allow your fingers plenty of action. Meet here at the landing at one o'clock.

News of the unusual challenge had spread rapidly, so that at one o'clock nearly the entire population of the little village appeared to be at the landing or on the way down the lake toward Otsego.

Hamilton and Otsego had always been rivals in athletic sports. Baseball, football, swimming, rowing and skating had found very enthusiastic exponents, yet nothing like baseball on the ice had ever been proposed.

As soon as all the members of the Hamilton Blues had arrived at the landing and fastened on their skates, Captain Steve told them to keep together and follow his pace. Then he started down the lake with a long, gliding stroke which required small exertion, yet carried him along at good speed.

A great crowd of people had gathered near the Otsego landing. Captain Deering came to meet the Blues.

Do you want a few minutes' practice? he asked, at the same time shaking hands with Steve.

No, I think not, Steve replied. We are ready to start the game at once.

It was difficult for Captain Deering to hide a smile. Captain Steve's refusal to practice seemed like proof that he feared his players would not appear to the best advantage.

The Reds won the toss and Captain Deering chose to send his men to bat. Captain Steve skated to the pitcher's box, while his players quickly placed themselves in their regular position.

Steve gave the next batsmen each four wide ones, thereby filling the bases. Then came a bouncer that got away from the shortstop and rolled far out between the center and left field, allowing two more scores for the Reds.

The next batsman drove a sharp line drive to Witham, who instantly twisted his skates sideways and caught the ball. One hasty stroke carried him across third base before the base-runner, who had taken a long lead, could return.

That was fine. The next batsman put up a high foul ball which was captured by the Blues' catcher, retiring the side.

The Blues did their best, but could not cross the plate in their turn at bat. Steve crossed on a long fly to center field. Witham was thrown out at first base, and the third batsman struck 3 to 0 in favor of the Reds.

In the second inning both teams went out in one-two-three order, yet the Blues were forced to admit that they were more fortunate than skillful. Captain Steve felt that the contest was not an equal one, and almost wished he had not allowed himself to be drawn into it.

It was evident the Reds had been unfair, for their playing showed skill which only comes after long practice.

The third, fourth, and fifth innings passed without any scoring by either team. On one occasion a Red player reached third base, but a quick double play and a high fly ball retired his side.

Refiner, the Reds' shortstop, was the first batsman in the sixth inning. Steve turned and motioned the outfielders back, then threw the ball with all the speed at his command.

One strike, announced the umpire. Spreading his feet wide apart Steve again snapped the ball across the plate without raising either skate off the ice.

Two strikes. That's how, Cap, that's how, Witham cried. You have him now.

The other members of the infield opened up with encouraging words until the display of confidence in their young pitcher was enough to give the best of batsmen the rattles. With the same jerky motion Steve snapped the ball and Refiner swung at it with all his strength. It shot outward, however, and he missed it.

He has discovered how to pitch successfully on the ice, muttered the Reds' pitcher, disgustfully.

When Washington Was A Boy. It seems funny to think that the great man, whose birthday we celebrate on the twenty-second of this month, was once a little boy, like you, doesn't it?

English Ancestors of Washington. In the beautiful county of Northampton, England, stands two ancient dwellings, one 500 years old, the other 400, and they are practically unchanged in appearance from the time when they were built.

Another represents Lawrence Washington: a third his wife Anee; others their sons and daughters weeping. To the house in Little Brington, Robert Washington took his two sons, Lawrence and Robert junior.

Luckily for his neck, young George Washington was a horseman. He conquered, but in the last great plunge the sorrel suddenly burst a blood-vessel and fell dead.

There was some one else—a Parson Weems—who has related a number of stories about the great man's childhood, but the parson was too fond of telling a good tale, and so it is thought that he made up a good many of them.

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FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT.

All that we have willed, or hoped, or dreamed of good shall exist: The high, that proved too high; the heroic, for earth too hard.

Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard; Enough that He heard it once; we shall hear it by and by.—Browning.

The month of February is full of festivities. First comes Lincoln's birthday, then St. Valentine's day, and lastly Washington's birthday, which is really the red-letter event of the month.

Are showing the usual attractive favors in fancy boxes with red, white, and blue satin, and cheaper ones of tissue paper, hatches decorated with small bunches of cherries, and also a small George Washington pie to take the place of the popular Jack Horner ball.

The menu may be cream of tomato soup, bread sticks tied with red, white, and blue ribbon; French chops, the ends of which are covered with tri-color paper potato croquettes decorated with a tiny flag stuck in each, and French peas.

An appropriate salad is apple cups filled with chopped celery and nuts, finished with a cherry on the top of each. For dessert have a cherry ice, fancy cakes, and coffee.

The Father of his Country may never have cut down a cherry tree, and if he did he may have not been as candid about the matter as the Rev. Mr. Weems asserts. The fact remains that the cherry has come to be a Washington emblem.

Since it is a cheerful decoration, it will probably continue to figure prominently on dinner tables of February 22nd. There are charming little candle shades with cherry decorations, both painted and applied with artificial fruit.

Small artificial cherry trees in jardinières go well among the candles. It is needless to warn women of taste against over-decoration. The table should not suggest a millinery opening.

In the best Japanese shops are found artificial cherry blossoms which are exquisite copies of nature. These cost about \$1.25 for a good-sized spray. A spray taken apart with discretion would go a long way towards decorating bonbon boxes, cases for ice cream, etc.

The flowers are realistic enough to bear mingling with the real blossoms. If one wishes to get away from the over-worked cherry motive the Continental buff and blue colors may appropriately be used.

Yellow tulips are already offered. They are charming in blue and white jardinières. All sorts of Continental and Revolutionary favors are at hand—little drums, cocked hats, stacks of muskets and the like. It is easy to devise schemes of decoration with their aid.

For a Washington's birthday luncheon, the centerpiece can be the trunk of a cherry tree made of pasteboard and from the branches artificial cherries can be hung; around the base, hatches should be placed with the handles resting against the tree.

The place cards can be small hatches with cherries tied to them with red, white, and blue ribbon, or small drums with cocked hats tied to them with the ribbon. It is quite impossible to carry out the same scheme in regard to the dishes as for the Valentine luncheon, for the molds and shapes cannot be so easily obtained excepting for the ices; but if the menu is made up with care, and the dishes well selected and dainty, this need not make any difference with the general plan; and when the cake and ices are served, the surprise will be all the greater on the part of the guests at their shape and design.

In the following menu the hostess may be some helpful suggestions for the hostess.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY MENU. Grapefruit Cocktail. Salted Almonds. Olives. Celery. Cream of Celery Soup. Filets of Halibut. Veal Souffle. Mushroom Sauce.

Nut and Crumb Croquettes. Potato Croquettes. Celery and Nut Salad. Maple Parfait. Washington Birthday Cake. Demitasse.

Washington Birthday Cake.—Make a layer cake and serve on a blue plate; cover the lower layers with icing and the top one with a deep pink, thus making a red, white, and blue effect. On the center of the top layer, put a cannon with tiny American flags stuck in it, and around the edge of the cake place hatches with the handles pointing towards the cannon and flags, and a candied cherry placed next to them. Arrange the hatches and cherries so that each guest will be served with one.

Tomato Jelly for Salad.—To a quart of tomatoes add a bay leaf, two cloves, a good sized onion, teaspoonful sugar, and salt and pepper to taste. Stew for half an hour, strain into gelatine (one package previously dissolved in cold water.) Pour into mold (ring) and stand away in cool place to harden. Cut in small pieces equal parts of white celery and apples, dry thoroughly in a towel and mix with a cup of mayonnaise. Turn the mold, now hard, on a round dish. Put the mixture in the "ring," surround the jelly with crisp lettuce leaves and serve.

The long silk Jersey originally brought out as a foundation for a dress is finding great favor as a waist for wear under long tailored street coats. The close fit of the Jersey preserves the seat of the coat and the woven silk is warmer, as well as less bulky, than the waist of cotton or French flannel.

Then a coat slips off and on so easily over a Jersey, which is a great convenience when shopping, etc., while the neck does away with the necessity for a collar, and, of course, a belt is also dispensed with.

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