

THE LITTLE OLD MAN IN THE AUTOMOBILE.

You surely have heard of the old woman, I know. Who lived in a Shoe, so long, long ago. She had such queer notions and terrible ways!

THE DARKEST HOUR

All day carriages had come and gone, and a knot of the curious had stood by the park railings across the street.

Royalty had come and gone. The Premier was there. Only a few minutes before a tiny Pomeranian had escaped from the house and run yelping its freedom into the street.

"What did she look like?" A woman with a shawl over her head edged forward eagerly. "Was she handsome?"

"She was that, and young," a boy this time. He sat on the railing and swung his legs. "She was an American. My cousin is a housemaid over there."

"The dowager Dutchess of Belford," announced the cabman, "and the duke, himself."

"These great folks have their troubles, same as the rest of us," she ventured. He did not hear her. She moved closer to him.

thing in him seemed to have snapped. He knew vaguely that he was in a small room, full of the scent of flowers, and that an organ was playing softly not far away.

"I am her father," the stranger finished for him. His collar felt tight; he put his hand up to loosen it. It was not his collar, after all.

"The organ played on, only now she recognized familiar hymns that she cared for as a child. For a moment she was back in the old church at home, with her husband, her short legs dangling from the high pew, her head against his arm;

"You are wonderful!" a nasal tone now. "In your terrible affliction, to be so capable! It is the only thing American about you—your resourcefulness. Roses for the screen, and—oh, yes—you mentioned lilies-of-the-valley."

"She always loved them. Godfrey is attending to that." "Godfrey is like you, he keeps up quite wonderfully. Only married a year, poor boy. Well, I must not detain you. Lord Avondale is well?"

"I am only too glad to be of use. Good-bye, dear Lady Avondale. You have my deepest sympathy. My heart aches for you. Roses for the screen, you say, and orchids everywhere else."

"Why did you come?" she demanded. He did not comprehend. "Come?" he repeated. "Why should I not come? It was so many years—I thought she had forgotten, but—she asked for me, Helen."

"There is nothing to tell. She had been perfectly well. Everything that could be done was done, but—she went away."

but the American only shifted his accusing eyes to the new-comer. "Her father," Lady Avondale said, quietly, and, turning, she went to the window.

"I am sorry to have kept you," he began. Then he realized that his hand had been ignored, and he thrust it into his pocket. He looked boyish and weary.

"I was in Paris," she broke in. "The acouchement was not expected for a week." "Your mother?" demanded the American.

"The door into the hall opened impatiently. Against the light beyond, a heavy-faced man peered into the shadows of the room. He was the duke."

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just above the lens, as if into some one's eyes. Her toes were turned in unmistakably, and because he had held the camera crooked she seemed to stand on the side of a hill. In the foreground was a foot. It had belonged to the caddie.

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FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT.

The religion of every man must be left to the conviction and conscience of every man; and it is the right of every man to exercise it as these may dictate.

A child's party affords almost unlimited scope to the ingenious hostess in the way of table decorations, so many simple and tasteful devices can be contrived at slight expense, and so many unique ideas can be worked out without much expense.

Arranged as though just emerging from out the pie are a number of little Brownies. A narrow pink ribbon extends from each of these quaint figures to a place-card, which represents a tiny maid.

The Brownies are easily made, and their cost is practically nothing. A piece of an old brown stocking will serve as a covering for the body, and a bit of chamamois will make the head and hands.

The question of what to give the little folks to eat is one that bothers many hostesses. Food that is appetizing and easily digestible must be provided, but what it shall consist of is often puzzling.

Orange punch. Sandwiches; olives. Creamed chicken; rolls. Grape salad. Lemon sherbet; fancy cakes. Fruit glace. Chocolate.

School dresses just now occupy the thoughts of fond mamma who are at home, and of not a few who are away, for daughters must be properly garbed for the term's tussle with brain food.

One woman is to take her navy serge suit with a five-gore skirt for her daughter of 15. Though two years old, it has been worn very little. The whole will be ripped, sponged and pressed on the wrong side.

The all new dress or suit is likely to be of serge, a fine, strong weave. While navy is first choice, taupe and dull, dark blue are good, too.

FARM NOTES.

DAILY THOUGHT.

The religion of every man must be left to the conviction and conscience of every man; and it is the right of every man to exercise it as these may dictate.

—In giving medicine to a fowl, commonly speaking, what would be considered the dose for a child is about right for a fowl.

—Average fertilizer for corn: Use 800 to 1000 pounds per acre of a fertilizer containing: Actual potash, 9 per cent.; available phosphoric acid, 7 per cent.; and nitrogen, 2 per cent.

—Average fertilizer for tobacco: Use 1000 to 1500 pounds per acre of a fertilizer containing: Actual potash, 10 per cent.; available phosphoric acid, 5 per cent.; and nitrogen, 3 per cent.

—The earlier the colt is made used to the harness, the better broken the animal will be when it comes time for him to do some light work.

—Success in milk and buttermaking depends largely upon the feed given to the cow in properly balanced rations.

—Butter made from a single herd of cows in a small dairy locale, the farm, says a Washington State bulletin, should command the highest price of any butter on the market.

The first essential in making good butter is good cream. To get this simply means to take ordinary precautions regarding clean cows and barn, clean attendants and clean utensils.

While the granules are about the size of wheat the buttermilk should be drained, the granules washed and the salt added. Then they are worked together, only enough to distribute the salt evenly.

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