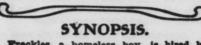




By Gene Stratton-Porter

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taking mine out in music lessons-beg-Freckles, a homeless boy, is hired by Boss McLean to guard the expensive tim-ber in the Limberlost from timber thieves. ging your pardon-voice culture," said Freckles with a grimace. The angel gave McLean the head of Freckles does his work faithfully, makes

friends with the birds and yearns to know more about nature. He lives with Mr. the table. She took the foot, with Freckles on her right, and the lumber and Mrs. Duncan. gang, washed, brushed and straight-

He resolves to get books and educate himself. He becomes interested in a huge pair of vultures and calls his bird friends ened until they felt unfamiliar with themselves and each other. filled the sides It was several days before they com-

Some of the trees he is guarding are worth \$1,000 each. Freckles' books arrive. He receives a call from Wessner.

Wessner attempts to bribe Freckles to down the road where it met the trail betray his trust, and Freckles whips him. McLean overhears them and witnesses the leading from Little Chicken's tree. He had gone to the tree ahead of the gang

Freckles' honesty saves a precious tree. He finds the nest of the vultures and is visited by a beautiful young girl.

She calls Freckles McLean's son. Freckle calls her "the angel" and helps the Bird Woman in taking photographs. McLean promises to adopt Freckles.

Freckles and the angel become very friendly. Assisted by the Bird Woman, they drive Wessner and Black Jack, tim-ber thieves, from the Limberlost.

McLean fears more trouble, but Freckles insists upon being the sole guard of the timber. Freckles calls upon the angel's fathe

The angel receives him as her equal, and her father is kind. Mrs. Duncan has exhad called him her knight. citing adventures in the Limberlost.

The Bird Woman and the angel again visit Freckles, and Freckles falls in love with the angel. The angel kisses him. Lean's expectations, and make the angel proud of him! If he could only

Freckles is bound and gagged by Black Jack's gang, and the timber thieves start felling a very valuable tree.

Wessner is to kill Freckles after the tree is stolen. The angel makes a daring effort to save Freckles and the tree.

McLean's men, notified by the angel, rush to save Freckles. All the timber thieves except Black Jack are captured.

Freckles guards the angel against Black Jack's vengeance. He tells McLean of his hopeless love for the angel.

Black Jack is killed by a rattlesnake The Bird Woman gets a photograph of the baby vulture. Freckles and the angel ind a valuable tree.

> [Continued from last week.] CHAPTER XIX.

FRECKLES OFFERS HIS I

The angel broke from McLean. from his trip to the tree. How jubilant he only told the angel, for he had "Now. Freckles, you!" she cried. been obliged to lose faith in some "It's your turn. Please get up!" A pitiful spasm swept Freckles' face. trusted men of late and had learned The angel took hold of his hand. discretion by what he suffered. He "Freckles, get up!"

planned to begin clearing out a road It was half command, half entreaty. to the tree that same afternoon and "Easy, angel, easy. Let me rest a to set two guards every night, for it

bit first," implored Freckles. She knelt beside him. He reached "I am coming to see it felled," cried his arm about her and drew her up closely. He looked at McLean in an "Tell me, angel," the boss said jestagony of entreaty that brought the ingly; "I think I have a right to know. boss to his knees on the other side.

"Oh. Freckles!" McLean cried. "Not "Freckles," she answered promptly that! Surely we can do something! We must! Let me see!" The boss smiled significantly at Freckles, who had just come up, for they had planned that they would in-

He tried to unfasten Freckles' neckband, but his fingers shook so clumsily that the angel pushed them away and herself laid Freckles' chest bare. With just one hasty glance she gathered the clothing together and slipped her arm under his head. Freckles lifted eyes of agony to hers.

"You see?" he said. The angel nodded dumbly.

Freckles turned to McLean. "Thank you for everything,"

panted. "Where are the boys?" "They are all here," said the boss. "except a couple that have gone for doctors, Mrs. Duncan, and the Bird Woman.'

"It's no use trying to do anything." said Freckles. "You won't forget the muff and the Christmas box. The muff especial?"

pleted a road to the noble, big tree and There was a movement above them so pronounced that it attracted Freckwere ready to fell it. When the saw les' attention, even in that extreme was well in Freckles began watching hour. He looked up, and a pleased smile flickered into his drawn face.

"Why, if it ain't me little chicken!" he cried hoarsely. "He must be makand taken down the blue ribbon. Careing his very first trip from the log. fully folded, it now lay over his heart. Now Duncan can have his big water-He was promising himself a good deal ing trough." of comfort with that ribbon when he

"It was little chicken that made me should go to the city next month to late," faltered the angel. "I was so begin his studies and dream the sumanxious to get here early I forgot to mer over again. It would help to bring his breakfast from the carriage make things tangible. When he was He must have been very hungry, for dressed as other men and about his when I passed the log he started after work he knew where he meant to me. He was so wabbly, and so slow home that precious bit of blue. It getting from tree to tree and through should be his good luck token, and he would wear it always to keep bright the bushes, I just had to wait on him. for I couldn't drive him back." in memory the day on which the angel

A spasm of fierce pain shook Freckles, and a look of uncertainty How he would study, and, oh, how he would sing! If he could fulfill Mccrossed his face.

"All summer I've been thanking God for the falling of the feather and all the delights it's brought me." he muttered. "but this looks like"-He could not understand why the He raised questioning eyes to Mcangel had failed to come. She had

Lean. "I can't help being Irish, but I can help being superstitious," he said. "I mustn't be laying it to the Almighty. nor to me bird, must I?"

"No, dear lad," said McLean, stroking the brilliant hair. "The choice lay with you. You could have stood a rooted dolt like all the rest of us. It was through your great love and your high courage that you made the sacrifice." "Don't you be so naming it, sir!" cried Freckles. "It's just the reverse If I could be giving me body the hundred times over to save hers from this

The angel sprang to her feet. "Then that's all right," she said. with a tinge of her old time briskness. "You just keep sawing away like a steam engine and I will do all the rest,"

The eager men gathered about her. "It's going to be a tough pull to get Freckles out," she said, "but it's our only chance. You four there get on those wagon horses and ride to the sleeping tent. Get the stoutest cot, a couple of comforts and a pillow. Ride back with them some way to save time. If you meet any other men of the gang send them on here to help carry the cot. We won't risk the jolt of driving with him. The rest of you clear a path out to the road, and, Mr. McLean, you take Nellie and ride to town. Tell my father how Freckles is hurt and that he risked it to save me. Tell him I'm going to take Freckles to Chicago on the noon train and 1 want him to hold it if we are a little late. If he can't then have a special ready at the station and another on the Pittsburg at Fort Wayne, so we can go straight through. You needn't mind

leaving us. The Bird Woman will be here soon. When they stood ready to lift Freckles the angel bent over him in

a passion of tenderness. "Dear old Limberlost guard, we're going to lift you now," she said. "1 suspect you will faint from the pain of it, but we will be just as easy as ever we can, and don't you dare forget your promise!"

A whimsical half smile touched Freckles' quivering lips.

"Angel, can a man be remembering a promise when he ain't knowing?" he asked.

"You can." said the angel stoutly. "because a promise means so much more to you than it does to most men." A look of strength flashed into Freckles' face at her words. "I am ready." he said.

With the first touch his eyes closed, a mighty groan was wrenched from

him, and he lay senseless. The angel gave Duncan one panic stricken look. Then she set her lips and gathered her forces again.

"I guess that's a good thing," she said. "Maybe he won't feel how we are hurting him. Oh. boys, are you being quick and gentle?"

She stepped to the side of the cot and bathed Freckles' face. Taking his hand in hers, she gave the word to start. She told the men to ask every ablebodied man they met to join them so that they could change carriers often and make good time.

The Bird Woman insisted upon taking the angel into the carriage and fol-

lowing the cot, but the angel refused to leave Freckles and suggested that the Bird Woman drive ahead, pack them some clothing, and be at the station ready to accompany them to Chicago. All the way the angel walked beside the cot, shading Freckles' face and holding his hand. At every pause to change carriers she moiste ned his

dently prefers death to life. If he were full of hope and ambition to live, my work would be easy. If all of you love him as you prove you do, and there is unlimited means to give him anything he wants, why should he desire death?"

"Is he dving?" demanded McLean. "He is," said the surgeon. "He will strong reaction sets in at once. He is If he is to live, he must be made to desire life."

"Then he must die," said McLean. "Does that mean that you know what he desires and cannot, or will not, supply it?"

"It means," said McLean desperately, "that I know what he wants, but it is as far removed from my power to give it to him as it would be to give him a star. The thing for which he will die he can never have."

"Then you must prepare for the end very shortly," said the surgeon, turnng abruptly away.

McLean caught his arm roughly. "Look here!" he cried in desperation. "You say that as if I could do something if I would. I tell you the boy is dear to me past expression. I would do anything-spend any sum. You have noticed and repeatedly commented on the young girl with me. It is that child that he wants! He worships her to adoration, and knowing he can never be anything to her, he prefers death to life. In God's name, what can I

do about it?" "Barring that missing hand, I never handled a finer man," said the surgeon, "and she seems perfectly devoted to him, why cannot he have her?"

"Why?" echoed McLean. "Why? Well, for a good many reasons. I told you he was my son. You probably knew that he was not. A little over a year ago I had never seen him. He joined one of my lumber gangs from the road. He is a stray, left at one of your homes for the friendless here in Chicago. When he grew up the superintendent bound him out to a brutal man. He ran away and landed in one of my lumber camps. He has no name or knowledge of legal birth. The angelwe have talked of her. She has ancesonly child, and there is great wealth.

He sees it more plainly than any one else could. There is nothing for the boy but death if it is the angel that is required to save him."

The angel stood between them. "Well, I guess not!" she cried. "If Freckles wants me all he has to do is to say so, and he can have me!"

"That he will never say." said Mc-Lean at last, "and you don't undererous roll-and a little to the right of the stand, angel. I don't know how you came here. I wouldn't have had you hear that for the world, but since you

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN DAILY THOUGHT.

I will be lord over myself.

No one who cannot master to rule, and only he can rule.

-Goethe

Not only may the fastidious woman select a beautiful hat, but she can rejoice not live this day out, unless some in the becoming one, for so varied are the strong reaction sets in at once. He is so low that, preferring death to life, nature cannot overcome his inertia. for wearing an unbecoming hat this year,

The hat to wear with the tailored suit is the one first selected. The small and the medium sizes prevail in hats of this type. The most severe are developed in felt—the soft French felt, with wondrous colorings and often combinations of colorings, the under brim lending a pleasing contrast to the crown; in hatter's plush in beaver, in velours, in curious toned brocades, velvet, moire, feathers and even kid. Of course, the kid hat is a Paris inspiration, but it boasted a chic little air which was very captivating. A hat which aroused enthusiastic admiration at one of the openings was in the rich, yet sub-dued, new blue which goes by various titles. The crown was quite new, with its

peak on the order of the alpine, the brim was narrow, rolling back all around, and right in the front was notched. Over the peak well to the back fell two ostrich plumes in the same blue tone, but shading—oh, so delicately—to purple. These ostrich plumes, by the way, are not of the willow variety, but are tightly curled. The willow has largely passed from favor, having suffered from the numerous cheap imitations.

In the beavers there are all manner of becoming shapes. Beaver in itself is al-ways soft and pretty. Here again ostrich is used, ribbon, and stick-ups and stick-outs of every description. One very stunning hat in the new golden brown tone of the fall resembled in many respects a man's hat. Directly across the front was placed a silver buckle, and from this rose a most effective feather fantaisie in exquisite shades of yellow, browns and

Hatter's plush and velours share the popularity with beaver. Some of the velours hats are very severe, displaying only a ribbon drape, or one of kid in a contrasting shade. Others are lightened with feathery fantaisies in brilliant col-orings. Ostrich plumes are likewise adapted for velours hats, and even lace is not thought too dainty. There is a certain air which hatter's

plush produces that makes it dressy, and yet at the same time it is appropriate for tors reaching back to Plymouth Rock the tailored hat. Take, for instance, a and across the sea for generations hat of white hatters' plush faced with back of that. She is an idolized, petted black. The crown shows the rounded derby shape, with the narrow brim, some-times straight, on other hats rolling. White aigrettes, several sprays bunched, adorn one side of one of these hats, on another a small pair of mercury wings had been perched on the right side and caught with a black moire bow. The plush hats, while not as silky and smooth as those developed in hatters' plush, are very smart. One in white plush was distinguished by its simplicity. It had the rounded crown, with rolling brim-a gen-

front a bow of black velvet ribbon-not a big bow at that-was tilted right on the top of the brim. It was saucy, it was have, dear, you must be told that it piquant and it was certainly smart. Isn't your friendship or kindness. The curious little closely fitted hats and have, dear, you must be told takes The curious little closely interviews are caps of brocades and fancy velvets are with satin flowers or chiffon blossoms, ostrich plumes, feather fantasies and other unusual adornments. On certain types of people they are "You don't understand," he reiterat- charming, but, like the picturesque hats, they must complement the wearer.

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17?

HE gang had been carefully sifted, and McLean now felt that there was not a man in it that was not trustworthy.

They had all heard of the angel's plucky ride for Freckles' relief, and several of them had been in the rescue party. When she was ensconced on the wagon load of tenting she sat on a roll of canvas like a queen on her throne. There was not a man of the gang that would not have fought for

As they raced toward the wagon-"Let me tell about the tree, please." she begged Freckles

"Why, sure," said Freckles.

He would probably have said the same if she had proposed to cut off his head. When McLean rode up he found her sitting on the wagon. flushed and glowing.

"Everybody listen!" cried the angel. "I have something to say. Freckles has been guarding here over a year now, and he presents the Limberlost to you, with every tree in it saved. and for good measure he has just this morning located the rarest one of allthe one around in from the east line that Wessner spoke of that first day. nearest the one you took out at first. All together! Everybody! Hurrah for Freckles!"

With flushing cheeks and gleaming eyes she led in three cheers and a tiger. Freckles slipped back into the swamp and held himself tight for fear he might burst wide open with pride and with his love for her.

The angel subsided on the canvas and explained to McLean about the maple. The boss was mightily pleased. He took Freckles and set out to relocate and examine the tree. The angel was interested in the making of the camp and preferred to remain with the men. With her sharp eyes she was watching every detail of construction. but when it came to the stretching of the dining hall canvas

she proceeded to take command. The men were driving the rope pins when the angel rose on the wagon and. leaning forward, spoke to Duncan who was directing the work.

"I believe if you would swing that around a few feet farther you would find it better. Mr. Duncan," she said. "That way will let the hot sun in at noon, and the sides will cut off the best breeze.'

"That's a fact." said Duncan, study ing the condition.

So by shifting the pins a little they obtained comfort, for which they blessed the angel every day.

When Freckles joined in the work about the camp he caught glimpses of her enthroned on a soapbox cleaning beans. She called to him that they were invited to stay for dinner and that they had accepted the invitation. She was having the time of her life when McLean came back, jubilant

trunk, and directly in line of its fal the bushes swung apart and the laughing face of the angel looked in on them. A groan of horror burst from the dry

wanted to see their tree felled. She

would be too late if she did not ar-

rive soon. The men were sending

ringing blows into the felling side of

His first word was to inquire for

the angel. When Freckles said she

had not yet come Mc Lean gave orders

to stop work on the tree until she

arrived. As the men stepped back a

stiff morning breeze caught the top

that towered high above its fellows.

There was an ominous grinding at

the base, a shiver of the mighty

the tree when the boss rode up.

be a real knight!

promised to be a rare treasure.

Who really did locate that tree?"

struct the company to reserve enough

of the veneer from that very tree to

make the most beautiful dressing table

they could design for the angel's share

"What will you have for yours?"

"If it's all the same to you, I'll be

the angel.

and emphatically.

of the discovery.

asked McLean of Freckles.

throats of the men, and, reading the agony in their faces, she stopped short. glanced up and understood. "South!" shouted Mc Lean. "Run south!"

The poor child was helpless. It was patent that she did not know which way south was. There was another slow shiver of the tree. The rest of

the gang stood as if rooted, but Freckles sprang past the trunk and went leaping in great bounds. He caught up the angel and dashed through the thicket for safety. The swaving trunk was half over when, just for an instant, a nearby tree stayed its fall. They saw Freckles' foot catch, and

with the angel he plunged headlong. A cry broke from the men, and Mc-Lean covered his face. Instantly Freckles was up, with the angel in his arms plunging on again. The outer limbs were on them when they saw Freckles hurl the angel. face down, in the muck, as far from him as he could send her. Springing after. in an attempt to cover her body with his own, he whirled to see if they were still in danger, and with outstretched arms braced himself for the shock. The branches shut them from sight. and the awful crash rocked the earth.

McLean and Duncan ran with axes and saws. The rest of the gang followed, and they worked like madmen. It seemed an age before they caught a glimpse of the angel's blue dress. and it renewed their vigor. Duncan fell on his knees beside her and tore the muck from underneath her with his hands. In a few seconds he drag-

ged her out, choking and stunned. Freckles lay a little farther under the tree, a big limb pinning him down. Duncan began mining beneath him. but Freckles stopped him. "You can't be moving me," he said.

You must cut off the limb and lift it. know."

Two men ran for the big saw. A number of them laid hold of the limb and bore up. In a little time it was

off, and Freckles lay free. The men bent over him to lift him. but he motioned them away. "Don't be touching me until I rest a

bit," he pleaded. Then he twisted his head until he

saw the angel. who was digging muck from her eyes and wiping it off her face on the skirt of her dress.

"Try to get up." he begged. McLean helped the angel to her feet.

"Do you think any bones are broken?" gasped Freckles. "You see if you can find any, sir."

McLean assured Freckles that she was not seriously injured. Freckles settled back with a smile

of ineffable tenderness on his face. "Thank the Lord!" he hoarsely whispered.

I'd be doing it and take joy with every pain."

He turned with a smile of adoring tenderness to the angel. She scarcely seemed to hear or understand what was coming, but she bravely tried to answer that smile. "Is me forehead covered with dirt?"

he asked. She shook her head.

"You did once," he gasped.

Instantly she laid her lips on his forehead, then on each cheek, and then in a long kiss on his lips.

"Freckles," said McLean brokenly, "you will never know how I love you. You won't go without saying good by to me?"

That word stung the angel to quick comprehension. She started as if rousing from sleep.

"Goodby?" she cried sharply. "Good by! What do you mean? Who's saying goodby? Where could Freckles go when he is hurt like this, but to the hospital? You call up the men. We must start right away."

"It's no use, angel." said Freckles "I'm thinking ivry bone in me breast is smashed. You'll have to be letting me go!"

"I will not," said the angel flatly. "You are alive. You are breathing and no matter how badly your bones are broken. what are great surgeons for but to fix you up and make you well again?"

"Oh, angel!" moaned Freckles, " can't! You don't know how bad it is I'll die the minute you are for trying to lift me!"

"Of course you will, if you make up your mind to do it." said the angel. "Really you have to do it. Freckles. no matter how it hurts you, for you did this for me, and now I must save you, so you might as well promise. You will promise, Freckles?"

"Angel, darlin' angel," pleaded Freckles, "you ain't understanding. and I can't for the life of me be telling you, but, indade, it's best to be letting ne go."

He appealed to McLean.

"Dear boss, you know! You be telling her that, for me. living is far worse pain than dying. Tell her you know death is the best thing could ever be happening to me!"

CHAPTER XX.

his

LOVE AS A REMEDY.

HE caught Freckles' hand to C her breast, and, bending over him, looked deep into stricken eyes.

"'Angel, I give you my word of faltered McLean. honor that I will keep right on breathing.' 'That's what you are going to promise me," she said. "Do you say are not necessarily fatal. I told you Freckles, set her lips on his forehead. it?"

Freckles hesitated.

"Freckles," imploringly commanded the angel, "you do say it!" "Yis," gasped Freckles.

face and lips and counted each breath with heartbreaking anxiety.

She scarcely knew when her father joined them, and, taking the branch from her, slipped an arm about her waist and almost carried her along. To the city streets and the swarm of curious, staring faces she paid no more attention than she had to the trees of the Limberlost. When the train pulled in and the gang placed Freckles aboard. Duncan made a place for the angel beside the cot. With the best physician to be found.

and with the Bird Woman and Mc-Lean in attendance, the four hours' run to Chicago began. Not for an instant would the angel yield her place. or allow any one else to do anything for him. The Bird Woman and Mc-Lean regarded her in amazement. The only time she spoke was to ask McLean if he was sure the special would be ready on the Pittsburg line. He replied that it was made up and waiting.

At 5 o'clock Freckles lay stretched on the operating table of Lake View hospital, while three of the greatest surgeons in Chicago bent over him. At their command, McLean picked up the unwilling angel and carried her out to the nurses to be bathed, have her bruises attended to, and be put to bed.

In a place where it is difficult to surprise people, they were astonished women as they removed the angel's dainty stained and torn clothing. peeled off hose muck baked to her limbs, soaked the dried loam from her silken hair and washed the beautiful. scratched, bruised, dirt covered body. The angel fell fast asleep long before they had finished, and lay deeply unconscious, while the fight for Freckles' life was being waged.

Three days later she was up early and hovering near Freckles' door. The surgeon was with him. The angel had been told that the word he brought that morning would be final, so she curled up in a window seat, dropped the curtains behind her, and, in dire anxiety, waited the opening of that closed door.

Just as it unclosed, McLean came hurrying down the hall and up to the surgeon, but with one glance at his face he stepped back in dismay, and the angel, who had risen, sank to the seat again, too dazed to come forward. The men faced each other. The angel, with parted lips and frightened eyes, bent forward in tense andiety. "I-I thought he was doing nicely?"

"He bore the operation well," re-

that yesterday, but I did not tell you He smiled faintly. that something else would probably kill him, and it will. He need not die

from the accident, but he will not live the day out because he so evi- all the news in the WATCHMAN.

"Well, I do love him." she said simply.

McLean's arms dropped helplessly. ed patiently. "It isn't the love of a friend, or a comrade, or a sister. that Freckles wants from you; it is the love of a sweetheart. And if to save the life he has offered for you you are thinking of being generous and im--in the absence of your father it will become my plain duty. as the protector in whose hands he has placed you, to prevent such rashness. The very words you speak and the manner in which you say them proves that you are a mere child and have not dreamed what love is "

"I have never had to dream of love." she said proudly. "I have never known anything else in all my life but to love every one and to have every one love me. And there has have been through a good deal together. I do love Freckles, just as I say 1 do. 1 don't know anything about the love of sweethearts, but I love him with all the love in my heart, and I think that will satisfy him."

"Surely it ought!" muttered the man of knives and lancets.

"As for my father." continued the angel, "he at once told me what he learned from you about Freckles. I've known all you know for several weeks. That knowledge didn't change your love for him a particle. I think the Bird Woman loved him more. Why should you two have all the fine perceptions there are? My father is never unreasonable. He won't expect me not to love Freckles, or not to teil him so, if the telling will save him.".

She darted past McLean into turned the key.

Freckles lay raised on a flat pillow, his body immovable in a plaster cast, his maimed arm, as always, hidden. The angel's heart ached at the change in his appearance. He seemed so weak, so utterly hopeless and so alone. She could see that the night had been one long terror. it mean to have no purents, no home, no name? No name! That was the worst of all. That was to be lost, indeed-utterly and hopelessly lost. The plied the surgeon, "and his wounds der the pillow, and, leaning over

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The Supreme Sorrow. All the bodily pangs and labors which motherhood and mother-care have cost age after age, is the least of their giving. All the patient pulsive enough to sacrifice your future toiling which millions of mothers have imposed upon themselves when they ne have reared and fed their children, all the watchful nights, all the tired steps -all that mothers have denied them-selves for the sake of their children, is not the greatest of their sufferings. That is their greatest sorrow, which a man has expressed in the poem wherein the mother throws her heart at her son's feet, who, as he angrily stumbles over it, hears the heart whisper, 'Did you hurt yourself, my child?' "-Ellen Key in the Atlantic.

The thing that strikes one most forcinever been any one so dear as bly in a survey of the new models is per-Freckles. If you will remember, we haps the predominance of the thick, soft woolens wherever models of wool are in view. They are wonderfully light in weight, these new wool stuffs, and very beautiful, but they are not easy to handle successfully.

Some of the most beautiful and modish of these thick woolens are plain or mixed velours de laine (wool velours), peau de chamois and peau d'agneau, which have soft, chamoislike surfaces, the peau d'agneau showing a trifle more curl or wave in the velvety nap than does the peau de chamois; cut velours, which is a wood velours in which lines have been cut, exing a foundation of contrasting color which shows like an undershot pin stripe; tyl-tyl, which is a wool eponge, wool cor-duroy, a soft thick wool corded like corduroy, zibelines in various new weaves, ratine plain or broche, and pavement block diagonal and striped velours de

While serges, cheviots, corded stuffs of the Bedford cord type and similar tailoring materials are acceptable and correct for the coat and skirt costume, the fad She darted past McLean into Freckles' room, closed the door and of the moment is the tailored costume of the thicker softer wool, says a New York Sun writer.

Choose rather large peppers, wash clean, cut off the tops and scrape out all seeds. Fill with a mixture made as follows: To two quarts of finely chopped cabbage add four large onions, about two tablespoon-fuls of the pepper seed, two tablespoon-fuls of salt, and either two cupfuls of chorned celery or one-half teaspoonful For the first time she tried putting herself in Freckles' place. What would it mean to have no parents, no home. It is possible, taking care not to burst ly as possible, taking care not to burst them, and press the tops back on. Lay in jars or crocks and cover with hot vin-egar. To one gallon of vinegar use about half water if the vinegar is very strong; angel lifted her hands to her dazed head and reeled as she tried to face that proposition. She dropped on her well can be used. Cover the peppers and knees by the bed. slipped her arm un-der the pillow, and, leaning over Freekles, set her lips on his forehead. from two to three weeks and will keep until the next fall.

the WATCHMAN Office.

