THE

PRINCESS EVELYN

By INA BREEVORT ROBERTS.

Roger sat watching the woman he had come to Woodbourne to see. She was the center of a group of young people who were discussing the details of a euchre party at the other end of the piazza. As Roger's glance wandered past them and across low, fertile fields to the blue hills beyond, there swept over him a realization of the absurdity of coming to the country to play cards.

to the country to play cards.
Roger sighed. He had thought that Roger Signed. He had thought that perhaps away from the town and its artificial life he would sometimes be able to get more than a word or a dance with the woman he loved; he had even hoped they might become comrades, com-

But she had told other men beside him But she had told other men beside him that she was coming to Woodbourne, it seemed; Roger could count at least half a dozen of her admirers in the group over which she was holding court. They had the card party arranged now, and were planning a climb up the nearest mountain next day to watch the sunset. When one of the men came over to Roger and invited him to join the party his refusal was courteous but decided. To watch the sun go down with a chosen companion was something to be remem-

from which he was aroused by a slight movement. Looking up, he saw a little girl standing near him. A he raised his eyes she moved a trifle farther away, and man and child regarded each other granuly.

gravely.

There was something about her that pleased Roger. In her faded gingham dress, with her yellow hair in hard little braids, she was a decided contrast to the pert youngsters with curled locks and fluted skirts who pranced about the lawn, shricking shrilly. shrieking shrilly

shrieking shrilly.

Presently, with a hesitating movement, the child separated a single flower from the bunch of daisies she was carrying and held it toward Roger, who found himself feeling honored by this overture to friendship.

He took the flower and put it in his coat. "Thank you," he said; "won't you sit down?"

The child considered a moment before she took a seat beside him. Roger debated in his mind as to whether he dare put his arm around her, finally deciding not flo venture on so great a liberty. "Will you tell me your name?" he asked.

"It's Winifred. What's yours?"

"Roger—Roger King. That's not a pretty name, is it?"

The child thought a moment. "King is," she said at last.

"Whose little girl are you?" was Roger's next question.

er's next question.
"Mamma's and pana's. I live here al-

"Mamina's and panas. I live here always, in the winter, too."

A silence followed, during which the dusk deepened. Presently Roger felt the touch of small fingers in his and roused himself from his abstraction.

"What do you do with yourself all day?" he inquired, feeling a desire to know how this odd, old-fashioned little

know how this odd, old-fashioned little girl spent her time.

"I play," Winifred answered, "and help manna bake, and sometimes I ride to the depot with papa. After the boarders is all gone he's going to take me for lots of walks, down to the river and up to the top of that hill." She pointed to the towering black mountain behind them.

"I'm going down to the river to-morrow morning," said Roger. "Would you like to go, too?"

"Will you let me throw stones in the water?"

"We will see who can throw them farthest?"
"And we'll sit down under the trees?"

"Of course.

"Of course."
"And stay as long as we like?"
"As long as you like."
"Oh, won't we have a good time!"
ied Winifred, softly. "Won't it be aw-

mon to children. Sometimes she would sit or trot along beside him with her hand in his for an hour vithout speaking, and then suddenly begin asking questions that Roger would have needed to be wise, indeed, to answer.

Sometimes the like in the suddenly begin asking questions that Roger would have needed to be wise, indeed, to answer.

Sometimes the would and I are. Isn't that a pretty story, and wasn't it nice of the shepherd to love the day?"

Miss Hartly's lips smiled. "Yes," she replied, "it is a pretty story, but you have tell only a pretty story, but you have

to be wise, indeed, to answer.

Sometimes they lay in the grass on the river bank and counted the cloud-boats as they sailed across a sea of blue, and when there were no clouds in the sky, as happened often in that perfect weather, they watched countless yellow butterflies or closed their eyes and tried to name the bird-calls.

For the most part they met few people in their walks, and had their favorite spot by the river to themselves; when they did chance to hear voices in the vicinity they escaped down some leafy way as noiselessly as poachers.

way as notsciessly as poachers.

On the first day it rained a very disconsolate and woe-begone little girl looked out the farmhouse kitchen window, but when Roger appeared in the doorway and asked permission to take Winifred to the barn, smiles chased away the tears.

he had made a throne of hay he spread the blanket upon it. Winifred settled back with a sigh of content. "Ain't this awful nice?" she whispered happily.

half a dozen of her admirers in the group over which she was holding court. They had the card party arranged now, and were planning a climb up the nearest mountain next day to watch the sunset. When one of the men came over to Roger and invited him to join the party his refusal was courteous but decided. To watch the sun go down with a chosen companion was something to be remembered, but to flock to see a sunset as if it were a parade or a play—

From inside the house came the music of a plano and the sound of dancing. Roger rose and, crossing the lawn, sat down on a rustic bench out of earshot of the two-step.

While the afterglow of the sunset faded into twilight he fell into a reverie, from which he was aroused by a slight.

Once, upon a day while Roger along walk, there came across the field behind.

Once, upon a day while Roger and Winifred rested by the river after a long walk, there came across the field behind ready made. them footsteps that made no sound in the stubby grass, and so it happened that they were surprised in their retreat by a young lady with a book in her hand, who started at sight of them and would have slipped away again had not the child seen her in a run to her side.

seen her and run to her side.
"Please stay, Miss Hartly," she begged

"Roger's going to tell me a story."
Roger had risen to his feet. "Yes, please stay, Miss Hartly," he said courteously. The young woman hesitated, and fir

ally seated herself on the grass with her back against a tree and one arm around Winifred, who nestled close to the slender figure. She was very beautiful (Roger told

imself this every time he saw her), with fresh, healthy beauty and seemed of piece with the green-and-gold world about them.

"Now you begin the story," commanded Winifred, with what was for he unusual boldness. "Please tell the on about the Princess Evelyn." Roger stirred impatiently.

Hartly may not care to hear a story your majesty," he said, "aed, as she our guest, we must please her. Winifre and I are king and queen, and this our castle," he explained to the new does away with the bulky material at the

Miss Hartly smiled. "The Princess Evelyn!" she repeated; "it is a pretty title for a story. I should like to hear about the Princess Evelyn."

"It is not a pretty story," said Roger: "it ends badly. No child but Winifred would care for it." said Roger: "and extremely becoming. No. 1841 is cut in sizes 32, 36, 40 and 44 inches bust

"Nevertheless, I should like to hear it," insisted Miss Hartly. A short silence followed, during which Winifred looked from one to the other of the pair in a puzzled way; there was something of constraint in the situation and the child felt it.

"I know the story," she ventured, hesi-

"I know the story," she ventured, hesitatingly.

Miss Hartly drew the little girl closer.
"Tell it to me, dear," she said.
"Once upon a time," began Winifred,
"there was a princess whose name was
Evelyn. She was the most beautiful princess in the whole world and many men loved her."

Winifred's hands were folded in her lap and her eyes looked at the shining water of the river. She had heard the story so often that unconsciously she fell into Roger's way of telling it.
"Now, there was a shepherd who loved the princess, and he was sad at heart be-

was in a whirl of gayety; dances, card parties and golf and tennis tournaments succeeded each other in quick succession, and Miss Hartly continued to hold court in a series of bewildering gowns. Roger did not join the train of her admirers, but he was not altogether lonely, for he had found a comrade.

After each meal two figures would leave the house together; sometimes to climb a mountain, sometimes they walked to the river bank, where they rested the hild Roger told stories to Winifred, and the child and the beauty of nature soothed the dull, never-ceasing ache that tugged away at his heart.

Gradually his awe of the child lessened, though it never quite left him. She was a quiet little thing, perfectly healthy, but with none of the restlessness comthe princess, and he was sad at heart b

Free!

wasn't it nice of the shepherd to love the princess always and never marry another lady?"
Miss Hartly's lips smiled. "Yes," she

Miss Hartly's lips smiled. "Yes," she replied, "it is a pretty story, but you have told only part of it—the man's side."

The girl paused and glanced at Roger, but his eyes were on the ground. "It may be," she paused again, to choose her words, "that the princess did not care for the glitter and gayet—of the court; perhaps she, too, preferred the fields and a simple, sensible life. But princesses may not do as they like," the words were coming fast and vehemently now, "they oming fast and vehemently now, "they are hedged about and—how do you know that, though this princess danced at court," the girl drew a quick breath, as if bracing herself for something difficult, "her heart was not with the shepherd all the while."

that, though this princess danced at court," the girl drew a quick breath, as if bracing herself for something difficult, "her heart was not with the shepherd all the while."

This time it was Roger who looked up, but Miss Hartly's head was bent. They had forgotten Winifred, who, with a child's wonderful wisdom, kept very still.

Miss Hartly smiled faintly. "Perhaps he did not seem poor to her," she said not seem poor to her, she said not seem poor to

Although the picturesque and eccentric

play the leading parts on fashion's stage

this season, there are many charming

styles that are decidedly conservative and simple, so that it is merely a matter of taste whether one be dressed conspicu-

ously or with quiet elegance. Fashions

are so elastic that "becomingness" is the

This is the period for wash gown

and the clever woman who can sew of the machine is able to make herself half

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she would be obliged to expend on one of

these smart creations if she bought it

orset cover is always welcome. The one ere pictured is made with a high girdle elt which, while permitting all the fluffy fullness so dear to the feminine heart

waist line. The trimming may be varied

to suit individual fancy, but the way it

is arranged on the model is very pretty

measure.

only real essential of good style.

FADS AND FANCIES.

MINNA SCHATT CRAWFORD

"The princess would not have left the court to be the shepherd's wife," declared Roger, bitterly.

The girl's eyes looked straight into his. "He could not be sure of that since he never told her that he loved her," she said. "It seems a pity, does it not," here her glance fell, "that she had to live all her life—without knowing."

Roger crossed to where Miss Hartly was and bent down so that he could look into her face.

was and bent down so that he could look into her face.

"Ah, but he was so poor, not in money perhaps, but in everything else, beside her!" he exclaimed passionately. A him of wondering gladness had crept into his

Miss Hartly smiled faintly. "Perhaps

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1615

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in a rather quick oven until a nice brown. Split in two, butter and sprinkle with a very little finely chopped parsley.

Egg Savories.—Pass the yolks of three or four hard boiled eggs through a sieve and pound them with an ounce of butter and a tablespoonful of grated cheese. Season with celery salt, pepper and a little cayenne. Add a teaspoonful of warm butter. When it is hot, spread it on some triangular shaped pieces of toasted bread. Heat carefully in the oven and serve sprinkled with chopped parsley.

hopped parsley.
Indian Toast.—Take all the bones and Indian Toast.—Take all the bones and the skin from the remains of some cooked, smoked haddock. Weigh four cunces (this is sufficient to cover six pieces of toast) and pound it in a bowl with a dessertspoonful of fresh butter. Then add a teaspoonful of mustard, a teaspoonful of curry powder and a few drops of vinegar. Pass the fish through a wire sieve and make it hot in a small saucenan containing about a teaspoonful a wire sieve and make it hot in a small saucepan containing about a teaspoonful of warm butter. Have ready some carefully toasted pieces of bread of medium size minus the crust. Place a little heap of the prepared fish on them. Then sprinkle over this some hard boiled white of egg which has been passed through a sieve, and after placing in the oven for a minute send to the table topped by a stuffed olive.

for a minute send to the table topped by a stuffed olive. Curried Beans.—Soak half a pint of butter beans for a couple of hours and then boil them in salted water until they are tender. After draining them well, season with salt and pepper and put them aside until they are required. Cut a large onion into slices, chop it coarsely and out into a stewpan containing three large onion into slices, chop it coarsely and put into a stewpan containing three tablespoonfuls of butter. Add two tomatoes, sliced and cut into small pieces, and as soon as the onion begins to acquire a golden color sprinkle in a tablespoonful of curry powder and let it cook very gently for ten minutes. Pour in three cups of boiling water, and when the sauce has boiled, draw the pan to the side of the stove and let it simmer gently for a quarter of an hour. Then add a tablespoonful of tomato catsup, a teaspoonful of vinegar, two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice and the beans. Cover with buttered paper and place the stewwith buttered paper and place the ste-pan in a moderately hot oven for

pan in a moderately hot oven fo hour. The curry stirred once or twice during ... and the heat should not be allow-increase, or the curry will be too when done.

The principal of one of Washington's gh schools relates an incident in con-

ection with the last commencement da of the institution mentioned. A clev girl had taken one of the principal priz At the close of the exercises her frien

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for he is a fine young man.

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"So the young king of Spain carried to the artist his bag of laundry and placed it, with a hearty laugh, on a settures, and took a fancy to the man him-

"The painter's studio was on the fourth floor of an old house in the Latin quarter. The king asked the concierge, or janitor, if the painter was in, and the latin the latin that is the painter was in, and the latin t "The part of an old manager of the king asked the concerns arter. The king asked the concerns arter. The king asked the concerns arter. The king asked the identity of his coyal visitor, replied:

"Yes young man. Fourth floor back,"

"The king started up the old steep, dusty and dark stairs. He had reached the second floor when the concerns, poking his head out of his little office, shouted:

"O, see here, the king interrupted, laughing, 'why not? No matter who you are, it would be cruel and silly to refuse a favor to a fellow creature, when you could easily save him a journey up four flights of starts."

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popularity.

"'Your laundry,' he said, 'which the

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