

Concerning Consuella

By STACY E. BAKER

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Keating felt a furious tug at his line. He made a wild grab at the set pole, and, like the novice that he was, hauled the long line—fishless—out of the water and flung it back over his shoulder. A frightened bleat punctuated the movement.

As Keating turned the rod was jerked rudely from his hands, and the amazed angler saw an indignant sheep scudding across the sea with the hook of his tackle firmly embedded in its wool, and his expensive rod hillock jumping behind at the end of the unreeled silk.

"Blast it!" growled Keating, too worried about the future of his split bamboo to find the ludicrousness in the situation. "Darn that butt-in-sheep! Why didn't she keep her inquisitive nose out of my business anyway?"

The sheep showed no inclination to stop, and Keating hastily arose from his grassy seat on the banks of the stream and gave strenuous chase. He sped grimly across fields, and the frightened quadruped, after one hasty glance behind, raced madly to the fence and swung her heavy form over it.

Both Keating and the sheep now buckled in in genuine earnest.

Keating had the college honors of his day for long-distance running. He grimly set his jaw and settled down to fancy sod dusting.

The youth made his hurdle with ease. The sheep was now some distance ahead on an open road packed



hard, thanks to the rain of the morning, and perfectly adapted to the handicap race. They passed a farmhouse with the youth gaining. A surprised yokel yelled loudly as Keating passed him, and fell in behind, waving a rusty pitchfork.

On and on ran the trio. Another house sprung into view beside the road, and an aged tiller of the soil, wrinkled and seamed with the years that had fallen heavy upon him, ambled rheumatically out of the yard and joined the gallop.

Keating, after the first brief gain, could not lessen the distance between himself and the animal. From behind came the stentorian breathing of the last one to join the run, and the raspy whoops of the other, who was now just behind.

Keating's cap blew off on the wings of a breeze engendered by his fast sprint, and his heavy dark hair, usually worn slicked to his head, was now flying here and there. The four-legged leader showed signs of weakening. Keating did not stop for his cap.

"You quit that," blared the rustic just behind, who seemed, despite the college records of his pacemaker, to be holding his own remarkably well. "You quit pesterin' that poor sheep!"

Keating had no mind—nor wind—to enter into a controversy. He kept still. The sheep was wavering. It carried too much wool to keep up the sprint. The fishing-rod bobbed awkwardly behind.

Another house loomed up ahead. The ewe dodged madly through the gateway leading up to this, and as the youth put his remaining strength to a final jump, fell panting on its side. With an exultant yell Keating dropped on his knees beside the wind-ed animal, and made ready to extract the hook.

The protested bleat of the sheep was answered by an angry whoop from the road, and 165 pounds of farmer hurled itself through space and landed on the back of the unsuspecting Keating.

"You fool!" yelled the angry angler. "Get off. What the deuce do you mean?"

"Pick on a poor sheep, will you?" rasped the other. "I'll learn you city fellows that property is to be respected."

"Keating spent no time in argument. His fists found the face of the other,

and a beautiful battle was precipitated thereby. The fight was all in favor of the excited fisherman until the arrival of the long-whiskered one who had been distanced in the race. The third man jumped into the battle with a raucous shout. His hands were as hard as boulders and a fluke blow from one of these deprived the fisherman of his senses.

When Keating recovered consciousness he found himself neatly trussed up, and two red and perspiring farmers standing by and eyeing him with little favor.

"You darned city bug," growled the younger. "What kind o' rowdyin' is that you are up to? Chasin' a poor defenseless critter until she falls down winded!"

"You're crazy," snarled Keating. "Couldn't you see that she had my fishhook stuck in her silly wool?"

"Fine thing for you to be doin'," added the other rustic. "Stickin' your hook in other people's sheep."

"If other people's sheep would quit sticking their noses in my affairs they would not be hooked."

"But you did hook her," came from the younger one.

"Certainly I hooked her," snapped Keating. "And now tell me what you are going to do with me. Burn me at the stake?"

An angry snort issued from the whiskers of the ancient. "We're going to hold you until Mrs. Griggs comes home."

"And who, if I may ask, is Mrs. Griggs?"

"She's the owner of that poor persecuted lambie—she's also the local representative of the S. P. C. A.," answered the youthful granger. "She'll fix you for having been cruel to Consuella."

"Consuella!" cried Keating. "Do you mean to tell me that that old sheep is named Consuella?"

"Uh, huh, an' the more names you call her the harder it'll go with you," Keating, in the city, was Charles Keating, Esq., managing an agency for a well-known cash register concern. He bore the respect of his fellows.

In his bonds before these countrymen, fuming and fretting, and with a perspiration running down his forehead, his dignity was conspicuously absent.

The mind of the youth was on the austere Miss Decker, his fiancée.

He mentally thanks fortune that this little misadventure was a thing of the country.

Pad, pad; pad, pad!

Keating, his back to the driveway, heard the approaching rig before it had come to a stop beside him.

"What is this?" asked a chilly voice—a woman's voice.

"This man was a chasin' of Consuella," explained the farmer. "He had a fishhook in her wool, and his pole and line hangin' to it, and he was runnin' her to beat time. We knew—Hiram and I—what store you set by that sheep, Mrs. Griggs, an' we kept him, thinkin' as how you'd like to sick the law on him."

A musical laugh rang out, and the marrow in the bones of the prisoner congealed as he heard it. He knew that laugh.

"Turn him over," came in a soft contralto. "You don't care if I look upon the classic profile of your prisoner, do you, aunt?"

Hiram's foot prodded the youth face about—and a beet-red face it was!

The girl in the carriage broke into a hysterical scream.

"Oh, aunt!" she gasped when she had recovered her breath. "This is too much. Your sheep chaser is—is my fiancée."

Following the orders of Mrs. Griggs Keating was speedily liberated. Explanations followed. Mrs. Griggs laughed. Miss Marion Denton screamed again. Keating, whose sense of humor would not spread to cover the situation, frowned ominously at the two embarrassed ones who were responsible for his predicament. With awkward apologies the two made a hasty departure.

"That is the first time I ever saw you give indications of being real flesh and blood," growled Keating, townbound, and with the girl by his side.

"Now that I find you something besides a business automaton and a creature of conditions, like the rest of us, we may understand each other better," laughed the girl.

Too Many Hospitals.

Medical advices from New Zealand indicate that that country is suffering from a plethora of hospitals. Every town and every rural district in the colony has at least one, and they are supported partly by the government and partly by "subscribers," who give a little more than \$5 apiece yearly.

Every such subscriber within a radius of seven miles of the hospital is entitled to free medical service for his entire family so long as the patient remains at home. This being the case, physicians complain that they have to compete with a service subsidized by the government.

One writer reports that in some towns the misuse of the hospitals has been so serious that medical men have been unable to obtain a living. It is not stated whether the hospital staff in a given community is well able to care for the health of that community.

RECEIPT FOR JELLY TWO KINDS OF FROSTING

NOT NECESSARY TO REMOVE STEMS OF CURRANTS.

Black Currants is Good Throat Remedy and Can Be Used as Beverage—Don't Peel the Rhubarb, as the Skin Gives it a Good Color.

In making currant jelly it is not necessary to stem the currants. Pick over carefully, removing all leaves and poor fruit, then if gritty or if they have been exposed to the ravages of the disgusting and rapacious currant worm, wash thoroughly and drain in a colander. Transfer to a granite kettle or stone jar set in a large pan two-thirds full of tepid water. Heat slowly, mashing meanwhile with a wooden pestle. As soon as pulpy, which will be in a few moments, pour into the jelly bag, preferably flannel, and suspend over a bowl or earthen jar to drip over night. Do not squeeze, or the jelly will be cloudy. In the morning, measure the juice and allow to each pint of juice a pound of sugar. Turn the sugar on plates and set in the oven to heat through, stirring often to prevent its turning yellow. When the juice has boiled just 20 minutes from the time it commenced to boil—being well skimmed in the meantime—pour in the sugar and stir until it is dissolved—no longer. Boil from two to three minutes, test by pouring a few drops in a cup and exposing to the air to see if it begins to thicken, then pour at once into glasses which have been rolled in hot water. To prevent cracking, keep the glasses, while being filled on a hot damp cloth. Fill to the brim, as the jelly shrinks in cooling.

FISH TOAST FOR BREAKFAST

Delicious Dish Can Be Prepared in Fifteen Minutes for the Early Morning Meal.

Half a pound of cold cooked fish, one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, one gill of milk, half a teaspoonful of anchovy paste, half a teaspoonful of pepper, quarter teaspoonful of salt, a little paprika, and one hard boiled egg. Remove all skin and bone from the first and place it on a plate. Add the salt, pepper and paprika and mix all well together. Place the butter in a saucepan, allow it to melt, add the flour, mix well together until smooth, add the milk and stir the mixture till it boils. Take the saucepan from the fire, add the anchovy paste and again stir well, add the fish and place the mixture on a plate. In the morning, fifteen minutes before breakfast, toast a slice of bread, spread on it the mixture, chop the white of the hard boiled egg, sprinkle it over and place the toast on a plate in the oven for ten minutes. Serve nice and hot.

Parmesan Cheese and Sea Kale.

One pound of sea kale, two ounces of grated Parmesan cheese, half a small cucumber, one-half pint of milk, the juice of half a lemon, pepper and salt. Wash and dress the sea kale and cut it up into even lengths and tie in bundles. Place in sufficient boiling milk to cover it; cut up the cucumber and boil it in a little of the milk until tender. When both are done take out the sea kale and lay it flat in a fireproof dish. Lay the cucumber on the top and add the milk, pepper, and salt as required and the lemon juice a few drops at a time. Cover the top with the grated Parmesan cheese and bake in the oven until golden brown.

Dill Pickles.

Stir into cold water salt until the brine will float an egg on the surface. Measure the liquid and add to it half as much clear water as you have brine. Lay small cucumbers in cold water for an hour, then put in a stone crock in layers, covering each layer with one of grape leaves and one of dill. When the jar is full pour in the brine mixture and cover with a piece of muslin, and on this lay a weighted cloth. Leave for several months. Every fortnight remove the cloth, wash well, and replace it.

Washing Crepe de Chine.

Washing crepe de chine is no more difficult than to wash a frock of colored muslin. If tepid water and good soap are used with care it will come from the laundry as triumphantly as a piece of white linen. Do not let it lie in the water longer than is absolutely necessary, rinse thoroughly, and when half dry press on the wrong side with a medium hot iron. If of a delicate color, the garment must be dried in a shady place and must be placed in a sunless place after pressing.

Pickled Parsnips.

Take nice parsnips, peel them and cut in any shape liked. Boil tender in salt water (not too soft) then drain and put in a gallon jar. Take six sticks of cinnamon, boil in a pint of water for 15 minutes and strain them, add half a pint of good vinegar, a cup of sugar and the peel of half a lemon. Heat this and pour over pickles.

Delicious Pudding.

Here is a very simple and inexpensive one. Into a quart of scalded milk put a cup of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of flour and two tablespoonfuls of cocoa and a bit of salt. Stir until it thickens. This is fine with whipped cream.

Tomato Toast.

Fry a few slices of bacon, take from the pan and in the fat fry thick slices of tomatoes that have been dipped in the same fat, fry as many eggs as there are slices and place on the tomato. Nice for a breakfast dish.

THE MOSQUITOES OF ALASKA

Far North Species is Worse Than Any Found in the Temperate Zone.

"Our summer lasted for three months, and during that time, by day as well as by night, we had the fight of our lives against swarms of mosquitoes which for tenacity of purpose and endavor cannot be equaled in this world, and I have seen a good deal of it in my 15 years as a soldier," said A. O. Gardner, sergeant of Company C, Twenty-second Infantry. Sergt. Gardner was returning home to Milwaukee, Wis., after two years spent at Fort Gibson, Alaska, some 900 miles northeast of Nome, on the Yukon.

"The government maintains six posts in Alaska," continued Sergt. Gardner. "We had two companies at our post and did very little actual military duty. Our principal work was in keeping up the telegraph lines which are owned by the government. The signal corps has large representation in Alaska, and the soldiers frequently are called on to give that department assistance."

"I have fought mosquitoes in the woods in Wisconsin, in the flats of New Jersey, in the swamps of the Mississippi river and in the Philippines, but there are none that can equal the voracious species they have in the far north."—Kansas C. J. Journal.

Recording Indelible Impressions.

You may follow the "man from Cook's" and you may do a lot of things that will fill your think-tank full of new thoughts, but it was yesterday that a young lady from St. Louis registered an innovation upon the records of travelers in all lands.

She had come from Missouri with several persons, and their first stop in the East had been made to see the "Cradle of Liberty." They had spent an hour wandering through the old corridors of Independence Hall, when the young lady in question was seen to pause, draw from the recesses of her shirt waist a notebook, upon which she proceeded to make many and rapid notations.

"What are you taking all those notes for?" asked one of her companions, who prided himself upon a reliable memory.

"I am simply jotted down a few facts which have made an indelible impression upon my mind, and which I do not wish to forget."

Charity Covers, Etc.

Mrs. George McFadden, the beautiful Philadelphia who made the Spanish dance of "The Roses" the feature of the Newport season, said at a dinner, in answer to a compliment on her success with this waltz:

"Yes, I had better luck than a friend of mine in Philadelphia. My friend gave a charity concert in the ballroom of her country house, and the piece de resistance of the concert was the Spanish dance, performed by six young bachelors and debutantes."

"At the entertainment's end my friend shook hands with a group of little old women from one of the homes to be benefited."

"And how did you like our Spanish dance?" she asked.

"The old women looked at one another in some embarrassment, and finally in a soothing voice one replied: "Well, ma'am, least said soonest mended, and besides, the object was so deservin'."

A Counter Attraction.

It was at a ball game between Chicago and Pittsburg. The score was tied, two men were out, a runner was on third, and Hans Wagner was at bat! The crowd was too excited to be noisy.

A sporting editor had taken his neighbor to the game. The neighbor was not a fan, but he had succumbed to the delights of "traveling on a pass," and was having a real, garrulous good time.

At the moment when there wasn't a heart beating on the bleachers, and the grandstanders were nauseated with suspense, the sporting editor's neighbor emitted this:

"Look, Jake! Look at that coke train! Did you ever see one engine pulling so many cars? I'm gonna count 'em!"—Lippincott's.

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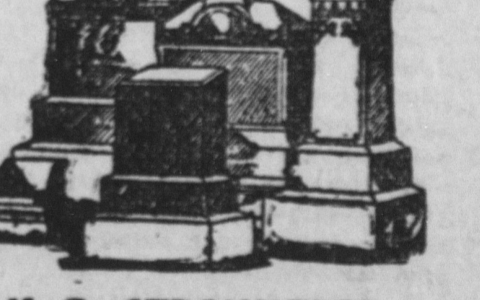
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