

An Experience Meeting

By MARTHA WILLIAMS

Noel Gray came up the drive chanting loud and clear: "Huntman, huntman, blow your horn! Fox has got your goose and gone." With the last word he swept his hat in a wide flourish. Black-eyed Susan upon the portico shook her head at him, saying: "It is sinful to so pervert facts in natural history. You know as well as I that in this case it is the goose that has got the fox and gone," dimpling wickedly as she spoke. Besides the dimples and the black eyes she had red lips, a rose-flushed brown skin that defied wind and weather, leaf-brown hair fine as floss silk, and a figure the perfection of round slender litherness. Naturally young fellows up and down Caney Fork pined to be seen in her company, also to eat the fat and drink the sweet abundantly provided in the home that was her background. Noel was very much at home there—rather more so than at his legal residence, where a thrifty stepmother sold the good things Susanna's folk, the Deans, preferred to eat or give away. But child of the house that he felt himself, he never forgot his manners. Thus he was first favorite with Aunt Milly, Susanna's great-aunt and fairy godmother. The girl was so vivid, so whimsically charming, she harmonized colors and situations that in the face of pallid personalities swore at each other. Witness the soft crimson sash with which she had girdled her dull blue gown; witness also the pair who kept her company. Curate Ayres was still so new and now he blushed at the sound of his own voice, and Judge Jameson, case-hardened in law and politics, whose substitute for religion was enlightened selfishness. "Can she explain, Judge? The fox and goose problem?" Noel asked, meekly, seating himself upon the steps, where he had a view of Susanna in profile. "It's important—or I wouldn't ask," Noel went on: "I hate cats so. It would trouble me greatly to have Black-eyed Susan appear to be one."

Explosive laughter sounded. Through it the Judge rumbled: "Young man, your question insults even your own limited intelligence. In fact, explanation is superfluous. Patently Mrs. Nelson is a goose of the first water—I mean the first weight—and ripe for the plucking. Brother Stacy, with whom she has eloped much against his will, is a fox—all but the cunning. She got the drop on him, so to speak, by learning experimentally his manner of investments—it makes highway robbery seem sincere piety by contrast. So he had to choose between jail for life and matrimony. I know, because I drew up marriage settlements that made the case plain as a pikestaff. And I had just told the tale—knowing well the Stacy outfit will give Caney Fork henceforth a wide berth."

"I see," Noel commented. "Anybody want to do a waltz on me? No? Then I'll try to live it down—" "Ayres should be doing a joy dance—thanksgiving for deliverance," the Judge interrupted. "Widow Nelson had her eye on him till Stacy covets in sight—" "Oh, oh—really—Judge—you're quite wrong," Ayres gasped, his face rivaling a cluster of young beets.

Noel made a feint of amazement, saying: "Why, Judge, I didn't dream the wind blew that way. Thought you were due to be the happy man—that's why I sang as I did." "Shut up, you puppy!" the Judge roared, his countenance a brick red that all but put the curate's out of court.

Black-eyed Susan clapped her hands softly, saying with sprightly malice: "As we have set up the confessional, suppose we all turn mad enough to speak truth on ourselves? Judge, you go first. In right of age and honors. Cross your heart—why did you come here this morning?" "To get ahead of that pulp-it-pretty who haunts you all day," the Judge boomed. "I didn't agree to tell the whole truth, but the chance is too good to lose. I'm not afraid of him; he's merely an irritating excrescence. You give him time you had better spend thinking of me. For I mean to marry you, no matter who objects. Even Aunt Milly; she can give her money to the heathen and be hanged to them. But I've waited ten years for you to grow up, young woman. I'll wait ten more if I have to, but you'll have the devil's own time making me do it."

"Open confession is good for the soul!" Black-eyed Susan commented, airily, turning a beautiful back to her elderly suitor and asking, honeyed: "Ready for the question, Mr. Ayres? You got here next the Judge. Please tell us why?" "I—I couldn't! Not—not before all these people!" Ayres faltered, making a dash for the steps and fairly leaping down them. As he vanished Noel drew a long breath, saying: "At least I haven't got cold feet, whatever else I lack. Fire away, Susan; but you know without telling why I'm here."

"I don't!" stoutly from Black-eyed Susan. The Judge growled and ground his teeth. "Girls like you ought to be drowned when they're babies," he muttered.

"But would you like the job of picking them out?" Susan asked demurely. "Babies, you know, all look so much alike." "They don't!" the Judge thundered. "I'll bet a hat you were a charmer at

three days old. I can speak for ten days—saw you then—just before I left for prep school—" "And straightway forgot me until you came back here to dazzle us with your fame and fortune," the black-eyed one half chanted. "You see, I don't believe that waltz-years story. In fact, all I believe about you is that you're a magnificent lover, but able to love really nothing but yourself."

The Judge's eyes shot sparks—he was deadly angry—so angry his passion demanded an object. Lurching upward, he caught Noel's throat in a strangling grip, saying hoarsely: "Come out of this—away from here, my fine young cock; your comb needs cutting. Let's get about it elsewhere." "Let go! I'll kill you if you don't!" came sharp and clear across the sunny morning. But Noel did not speak the words; he had no breath.

It was Susanna's voice—Susanna's hands groping to loosen the madman's grip, the while she taunted: "You coward! You had lost! For very shame—you should let a better man have his say!"

The Judge fell back, almost staggering, muttering, as he sank into his chair: "I must be crazy. Shoot me, Noel, I deserve it; it may make you feel better—" "Now you're talking foolish," Susanna interrupted. She was still clinging to Noel, her face close to his shoulder. "Think he would harm anybody who has done him kindness—great kindness, and greater kindness to me? I knew why he came, but I didn't know something else. He came for love. I found when you clutched him that there was love to draw him. So in the depth and delight of our happiness we will more than forgive you—love you as much as you will let us, and forget everything but love."

The Judge sat, his head bowed on his hands, hard, slow tears gathering, but not falling. A long minute he was silent; then his head went up as gallantly as might that of an old war horse at sound of the rally. Rising, he took both their hands in a strong clasp, saying solemnly: "I have plumbed the depths of myself and found myself level with the lowest of my fellows. In the redemption of your forgiveness I shall henceforth strive to help others redeem themselves."

GREAT BELL SELDOM TOLLED

That of St. Paul's Cathedral in London is Only Rung on Extremely Special Occasions.

The great bell of St. Paul's is only tolled on the death of any member of the royal family in the line of descent from any English sovereign. The honor is paid only to a member of the royal family who could under any conceivable circumstance succeed to the throne; though it may be doubted whether the bell would toll for a royal infant not in the direct line of succession. This rule does not apply to the consort of the sovereign, of the heir apparent, or of a prince or princess on the steps of the throne. The booming of the great bell of St. Paul's was the first intimation which the citizens of London received of the death of the prince consort, which occurred at 11 o'clock on the night of Saturday, December 14, 1891. Outside the royal family the only persons for whom the bell is tolled are the archbishop of Canterbury, the bishop of London, the dean of St. Paul's and the lord mayor of London dying in his year of office. The bell tolled in his great Paul, but the old great bell on which the hours are struck. On the occurrence of a death in the royal family the home secretary at once communicates with the lord mayor, desiring him to convey news to the dean of St. Paul's with a request that the great bell be tolled. The bell is then tolled at intervals of a minute for an hour.

Come Easy, Go Easy.

Whenever a rich West Virginia coal operator visits Richmond, the expert but impoverished poker players of the town get up a game, says Capper's Weekly. At a recent sitting there were many sensational hands, big ones that gathered in small pots and big ones backed by sturdy self-confidence that brought in chips by the quarter of a peck. Hearts beat fast that night. It was a party that took courage and continued until daylight. The next morning when settlement was made the good provider from West Virginia had lost \$30,000 and one Richmond poker player had cashed in \$16,000, which may be the reason the price of coal is so high.

Arsenic in Nature.

It has long been known that traces of arsenic are to be found not only in human and animal organisms but in certain plants such as the cabbage, turnip and potato and in wheat. Jadin and Astrue, members of the French Academy of Sciences, found also that arsenic is to be encountered in rice, peas, beans, lettuce, celery, asparagus, parsnips, and in most vegetables used as food by man, as well as in apples, pears, pineapples, oranges and nuts. Since plants undoubtedly get the elements from the soil arsenic must occur far more widely in nature than was at one time supposed.

Strange Experience.

While in a training camp we used to put all new recruits through a regular initiation. One of the boys wore a wig and when we bounced him up on a blanket it fell off. Because he kept it on, even when bathing, ashamed to let anyone know he had a wig, it chafed his scalp, making it red. We all were speechless and scared stiff, thinking we had scalped him.—Chicago Journal.

CLOTHES FOR OUTDOORING; KNITTED TOGS SCORE HIGH

NOW that vacations are in sight, clothes for outdooring are uppermost in the minds of women who intend to get all the enjoyment possible out of the good old summer time. They are looking about for things that possess smartness—along with casual style—in which they will feel well enough dressed, and not too much dressed, for almost any summer background. They will not have to look far, for, meeting them more than half-way, come all the



Straight-Line Models Predominate.

modish knitted dresses, attractive sport coats and jackets made of fiber silks, that contribute so much to the beauty and variety of the season's styles. Nearly all the dresses are made on straight lines, as shown in the model pictured, and many of them employ a figured pattern embellished with a plain weave which provides panels, insets, collars, sashes and covered buttons. White with a collar in the figured patterns makes the most successful of costumes, worn with white hose and slippers, but sand or beige provide effective backgrounds for color, and footwear to match is plentiful. The



Knitted Golf Coat and Slipover.

choice of colors is a matter of becomingness. Such a costume, with a hat in harmony, leaves nothing to be desired. No matter how varied the requirements, knitted underwear, as styled these days, is equal to the occasion. The more one indulges in knitted garments the more one appreciates their intrinsic merit from every standpoint of color, style, utility.

This season especially emphasizes accomplishment of fanciful design through the medium of knitted stitch. The gamut of ideas is expressed in plaids, stripes, squares, diamonds, mottled backgrounds, all-over jacquard patterns, embroidered fancies and other effects too numerous to itemize.

Julia Bottomley

The KITCHEN CABINET

Do you know what fairy palaces you may build of good thoughts?—Ruskin. It is a greater compliment to be trusted than to be loved.

GOOD THINGS WE MAY ENJOY

Liver is a dish which most families serve "once in a while," but usually fried. Try this method of the Italian woman: Slice the liver as for frying and cook at a simmering temperature for 15 to 20 minutes in salted water. Drain and chop fine, mix with a tablespoonful of chopped onion (or a clove of garlic is delicious if you are trained to appreciate it), salt and pepper to taste. Into the bottom of a casserole place a half cupful of well-washed rice, spread over this one chopped carrot, then the liver and the liquor in which it was cooked; there should be two cupfuls; two tablespoonfuls of butter are then spread over the contents of the dish and bake for sufficient time to cook the rice. Just before taking from the oven add one-half cupful of cream and a tablespoonful of parsley sprinkled over the top. Remove the cover and let stand in the oven for five minutes, then serve.

Beef and Barley Stew.—Take two cupfuls of barley, wash and cover with four cupfuls of boiling water and soak three hours. Turn the barley and water into a casserole, add one pound of beef cut in serving-sized pieces, one carrot and one onion finely sliced. Season with salt and paprika, cover and bake four hours.

Cornish Pasty.—Make a good, rich biscuit dough, roll half an inch thick and line a deep pie pan—the size of the family will determine the amount of meat and vegetables needed for the meal. Into the pastry-lined dish place half-inch cubes of round steak with plenty of fat or suet, sprinkle with salt and pepper, cover with a layer of sliced potatoes, a few slices of turnip or rutabaga, an onion or two, season well, cover with a top crust, making vents for the steam, adding a tablespoonful of water, or none at all if the vegetables are fresh and full of water, and bake slowly for two hours. When the vegetables are tender remove from the oven and wrap the pastry with a large cloth to steam for ten to fifteen minutes; the steam flavors the crust making it much more palatable.

Apples in Maple Sirup.—Cut eight apples into halves and remove the cores, put into a saucepan with one cupful of maple sirup, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one and one-half cupfuls of water. Bake until the sirup is thick. Serve cold with whipped cream. Pears are delicious baked in this way using lemon juice, butter and sugar instead of the sirup.

The moon and the stars are commonplace things. The flower that blooms and the bird that sings; But sad were the world, and dark our lot. If the flower failed and the sun shone not, And God who sees each separate soul, Out of commonplace lives makes a beautiful whole. —Susan Coolidge.

SPRING VEGETABLES

Perhaps there is some vegetable better than tender well-cooked asparagus, dressed with a generous allowance of butter, perfectly seasoned and hot, on crisp well-buttered toast; if so it may be a dish of tender sweet green peas simmered to the nth degree of delectability and buttered lavishly; both are dishes fit for the epicure, and he who does not enjoy them is indeed hard to suit.

Asparagus Soup.—Cook two cupfuls of asparagus in three cupfuls of water; when tender rub through a puree strainer, add one pint of white sauce, using two cupfuls of milk thickened with two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour well-cooked together; season with one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, a few dashes of cayenne and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of white pepper, with a teaspoonful of sugar. Boil up once and serve with a spoonful of whipped cream on top of each cup and with crisp, thinly-shaved bread well-browned in the oven.

Chicken Smothered in Asparagus.—Cook a fowl until very tender and divide into eight pieces of serving size. Roll in seasoned flour and brown lightly in sweet fat. Make toast cut in good-sized rounds, butter them and lay in a shallow serving dish, place a piece of chicken on each round and surround with hot cooked asparagus which has been cut in half-inch lengths. Pour over all a hot white sauce to which beaten egg yolk has been added after taking from the fire. Stir rapidly to prevent curdling and garnish with toast points.

Puree of Peas.—Boil four cupfuls of peas until tender in salted water with an onion, a bunch of parsley and two sprigs of mint. Rub through a colander and return to the fire, adding one cupful of strong stock; season with salt and pepper and one teaspoonful of sugar.

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SMALL WONDER THEY LOOKED

Girl Realized With Consternation the Appearance That She Must Have Presented.

It was when willow pines were in style. I decided to retrim a hat which was adorned with an unusually large plume. In loosening the trimming I loosened the crown also, but did not know it. I had an engagement with my best beau that afternoon and started out from home looking well, I thought. Everyone seemed to be looking at me closely, and I went on my way feeling more than satisfied with my appearance.

As soon as my beau saw me he exclaimed: "What has happened to your hat?"

I went to a mirror to find out. I had lost the crown of the hat, and my blonde hair was sticking out of what was left of the large black velvet hat.—Exchange.

Fame is won as much by opportunity as by ambition.

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