

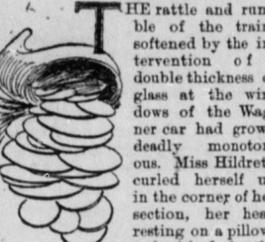
FOUR THINGS.

Four things a man must learn to do if he would make his record true: To think without confusion clearly; To love his fellow-men sincerely; To act from honest motives purely; To trust in God and Heaven securely.

Henry Van Dyke, D. D., in Independent.

COUSIN TOM'S MISTAKES.

BY GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.



HE rattle and rumble of the train, softened by the intervention of a double thickness of glass at the windows of the Wagner car had grown dead and monotonous. Miss Hildreth curled herself up in the corner of her section, her head resting on a pillow, and wished for the hundredth time that the journey was over.

She had exhausted all her limited means of amusement long before. She had read until her eyes ached; she had watched the scenery until the last gleam of daylight disappeared; she had lingered long over the light supper served to her from the buffet. At times she was angry with herself for undertaking the journey.

Brushing off was so suggestive of the journey that she hailed the proposition with delight. When every real or imaginary cinder had been carefully removed she set to work rearranging her few possessions with much care, so that she would be ready to escape from the car on a minute's notice.

A servant, who had been watching for her approach under special instructions, slipped into the drawing-room to give notice of her coming and as she stood under the crystal chandelier surrendering her heavy fur wrap to ready hands, a tall, handsome woman in elaborate evening toilet, her hair and throat adorned with jewels, came into the hall and, putting out her arms, drew the girlish figure in its simple traveling dress toward her.

"There, my dear," said the elder woman, as she kissed the smiling lips turned upward to her face. "I know you forgive me this thoughtlessness. Your cousin has told you, of course, and you are coming down to dinner with us. We are going in a few minutes, but I have explained your delay, so nothing will be thought of it, and you can slip into your places at the table without embarrassment. I know you are tired, my dear, but I will let you off as soon as the dinner is over and you can go to your room and get a good night's rest. And to-morrow we can talk about home matters—about you and about ourselves. Am I right? Now I must go back to my guests. Hilda will show you to your room."

And with another kiss, a backward nod and a smile she returned to the drawing-room. A maid took possession of Miss Hildreth's bag and preceded her upstairs to a pretty little room where her trunk followed her a minute later. A simple evening dress was hunted out, the contents of the trunk being scattered over chairs, tables and the bed in search for it. Miss Hildreth's toilet was not quickly made—no woman's evening toilet ever was—but it was less than three-quarters of an hour later when the patient watcher in the library heard footsteps, and, going into the hall, extended his hand to the figure descending the stairs.

They passed through the library and entered the dining-room. Miss Hildreth saw her aunt from the head of the table nod and smile at her as she entered and then turn to answer the question of a heavy-browed, smooth-faced man who sat at her right. A few of the twenty guests interrupted their conversation to look at the new comers, and they slipped into the two vacant seats on one side of the long table very quietly. Even the occupant of the seat at Miss Hildreth's right did not turn, so absorbed was he in telling something to his neighbor.

As Rosalind glanced around the softly lighted, fragrant, flower-laden table she saw no face upon which her eyes lingered longer than upon that of its hostess, a woman still in her prime, whose loveliness had deepened and softened with her years. She could not help telling something of her thoughts, and it pleased her to see the soft light that came into her companion's eyes and the tender smile that replaced the mocking laugh of a moment before on his lips. His voice had a softer tone as he said: "Yes, there has been a conspiracy among us to keep my mother young, and so far we've succeeded."

which to do it," he said, as the carriage rolled on. "But I haven't asked you if you had a pleasant journey."

"It was anything but pleasant," said Miss Hildreth. "I thought it would never end."

"I am sorry it dragged so. But I must give you my message. My mother has a special favor to ask. She has a dinner party on hand to-night given to an eminent musician. She did not realize that it conflicted with the date of your arrival."

"I am tired," she said, "a little tired. But if I have time to dress, and your mother wishes it, I will come down. You must promise to do all the talking, though. I shall not open my lips after I sit down, unless it is to eat some salad or drink a glass of water."

"That's a bargain," was the reply. "We'll postpone all of our chatter about each other and our people and I will give you as full and particular a description of the people about us as I can on such a short notice. It will make you acquainted with Rochester society before you have met it; so that when you are thrown into the vortex of the social whirl you will feel perfectly at home. As to dressing," he said, looking at his watch, "you will be able to accomplish that before they are half through, for they sit down in three minutes, and here we are at the gate."

The carriage stopped, the door was thrown open by an attendant and her cousin offered her his hand. As she descended she looked up again to see the house, but the canvas awning that protected the steps obstructed her view. All that she could see was the striped canvas above, the hard marble beneath, and the soft radiance from the half open door, streaming toward her. As she took her companion's arm and mounted the steps, the murmur of conversation from the drawing-room grew louder, until, as the door opened wider, it was drowned by the sound of music from an orchestra concealed behind a screen of smilax.

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tunity to make her own excuses a minute later, for her aunt lingered at the door of the dining room to say to her as she came out: "Run right up to your room, child. You look tired out. It was wrong of me to make you come down. Hilda is awake if you need anything."

Then she went on to the drawing-room. Half an hour later, when the gentlemen had finished their cigars, "Cousin Tom" came to her with the end of a yellow telegram showing at the top of his vest pocket. Tapping it with his finger, he said, "Here's a telegram, mother, that came some time ago. John tells me. It may have been a long time for he is very indefinite. Shall I open it?"

"Certainly, my dear. Come back and tell me what it is."

He left the room for a minute. When he returned it was with a puzzled expression which was reflected in his mother's face when he had whispered to her.

"I don't understand at all," she said, "unless the message was sent yesterday. You say it is dated to-day, though. Well, Rose can explain it quickly enough. I will go up to her room for a minute. Stay here until I return. I have just asked Herr Wulff to sing and I shall not be missed."

A light tap at Miss Hildreth's door aroused her from the drowsy uncertain condition that borders on the land of sleep. She had made quick work of getting to bed, for the glare of the light blinded her aching eyes. She jumped up still half asleep, lighted the gas, drew a wrapper about her, slipped her feet into her knit bath slippers and opened the door. She saw her aunt standing in the hall, a piece of yellow paper in her hand. A smile half of apology on her lips.

"Forgive me for disturbing you, my dear," she said. "I have something here which has puzzled me a great deal. Perhaps you can explain it. It is a telegram from your home. I think it must have been sent yesterday and delayed. If it was, you say it and you will understand it."

At the mention of a telegram Miss Hildreth looked anxious. The thought of a telegraphic message is usually associated with calamities.

"It isn't from papa, telling you on what train I was coming?" she said with a nervous attempt to laugh. "I felt quite certain before I got here that I should come in upon you quite unannounced."

She took the limp message to the light and read it. It said: "Rose will not start until to-morrow."

"Tell me your aunt's address, my dear," said Mrs. Harding, "for we must send her word, late as it is. If she was expecting you, she will be quite wild with anxiety."

"Now I must go downstairs," she said when she had made a note of the address. "Don't worry, and when my son comes back I will bring you word of your aunt. Now go to bed and let me turn the light partly off from these tired eyes."

So Rosalind went back to bed to wait for the return of the messenger. In spite of her nervousness and anxiety she had fallen into a light sleep when Mrs. Harding came quietly into the room and, sitting down on the edge of the bed, said gently: "Your aunt was not expecting you at all, my dear. She had no telegram saying that you were coming, and she would have been thoroughly surprised if you had walked in upon her. She knows where you are now, though, and I have promised that I will send you over to her to-morrow after breakfast."

Miss Hildreth murmured sleepy thanks and, turning on her pillow, was soon sound asleep.

It was nearly ten o'clock when Miss Hildreth opened her eyes and looked about, wondering at her strange surroundings. The white silk gown thrown across the back of a chair brought her back quickly to the adventures of the night before. She went over them slowly, one after another. They were all amusing in a way, now that her headache was gone and she understood what had happened—that is, all but one. Her thoughts returned to that single incident more than once and waves of color played across her face as she recalled it. It was bad enough for her cousin to have kissed her, she reflected. She would have been inclined to resent that on second thoughts. But to have been kissed in a public railroad station by a perfect stranger was something from which she would never quite recover. Her feeling was not all resentment. The big, handsome man who had sat beside her all the evening had begun to interest her very much—more, perhaps, than she would have cared to have him know. But now there was no chance that she would ever know him better. She hoped (and her face grew crimson) that she would never see him again. Would he come to the breakfast table? Or would he spare her the embarrassment of a meeting?

A tap at the door and the maid entered. Breakfast would be ready for Miss Hildreth whenever she wanted it, she said. The children had their long ago and Mr. Harding had just gone down to business. Young Mr. Harding and his mother were at breakfast now, and Mrs. Harding would wait at the table for Miss Hildreth.

Rosalind dressed very slowly and went slowly downstairs, yet (she felt almost ashamed to confess it even to herself) she half hoped that she would see her pseudo cousin as she glanced about the breakfast-room after returning Mrs. Harding's pleasant greeting.

"Your aunt sent over early this morning to make quite sure that you were safe," said Mrs. Harding, smiling. "I sent back word that you were so tired that I would not wake you and that as soon as you had breakfast my carriage should take you to your uncle's house. My son was here a short time ago, but I think he holds himself personally responsible for the discomfort you have suffered and is afraid to face you."

Miss Hildreth guessed another reason why young Harding was afraid to meet her, but she did not suggest it. An hour later she had finished her breakfast, packed her traveling bag and her trunk, and was standing in the hallway, ready for her departure, when the library door opened and Mr. Harding stood before her, holding out his hand. There was a roguish twinkle in his eye, as he said:

"Do you forgive me all my mistakes of last night?"

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

SWEET-PICKLED WATERMELON RINDS.

Peel the rinds with a sharp knife that will take off the green skin evenly. Trim off also every trace of the pink flesh of the fruit, because it is too juicy to make a firm, crisp pickle. Then cut the strips of rind into small pieces two to three inches long, and placing them in a large earthen dish, sprinkle them lightly and evenly with salt. Cover the dish, and let it stand overnight. In the morning drain off the water that will have formed, rinse the rinds in cold water, and cook them in a steamer until a broom splint will readily pierce them. Cooking the rinds by steam is an easy method, as they are less liable to burn than when cooked in the spiced vinegar. When the rinds are tender, take them out carefully with a skimmer, and put them into a stone jar.

Take good cider vinegar for the basis of the pickle. Allow a pound of sugar to a pint of vinegar, and add also half an ounce of stick cinnamon broken into inch pieces, and a half-teaspoonful each of whole cloves and blades of mace. The whole amount of vinegar, sugar and spices used must of course depend on the quantity of rinds to be pickled, but a quart of vinegar is usually sufficient for the rinds of a medium-sized melon. Boil the vinegar, sugar and spices together vigorously half an hour, skimming off the froth, and pour the pickle boiling hot over the rinds. Press the rinds down under the pickle by means of an earthen plate or saucer, fasten the cover on, and tie a cloth over the whole. These pickles will be ready for use in two weeks.—Harper's Bazar.

TOMATOES RIPE AND RED.

It is not so very many years since tomatoes, or "love apples," as they were then called, might be seen ranged along the country mantelpiece, dividing the honors with shell flowers and wax wreaths.

They were considered then as rank poison, unfit for the proud position they now occupy on the table. Even after that belief was disproved, they were widely suspected of being the subtle cause of cancer, and their popularity suffered not a little thereby. But now they are recognized as one of the chief of vegetables, and new ways of preparing them are being constantly devised by knowing cooks.

To make "tomato eggs" cut three or four good sized and not too ripe tomatoes into halves. Take out a little of the inside, lay them in a pan containing two ounces of heated butter, and fry them lightly; when nearly done carefully drop raw egg from the shell into each tomato; watch till it has set perfectly, then take each one separately from the pan and lay it on a slice of buttered toast cut to the side of the fruit. Dust over them a little coralline pepper, and sprinkle a little finely grated ham on the white of each egg. Serve on a hot dish, and garnish with the leaves of the tomato.

Here is another way of making a dish that will be a feast to the eye as well as to the palate: At the blossom end of six ripe tomatoes make a small hole of sufficient size to hold a dice-shaped piece of butter that has been dipped in pepper, salt, and grated nutmeg (mixed). Place them in a cup-shaped mushroom, previously soured in heated butter and slightly dusted with pepper. Arrange them on a well-oiled dish and set them in a hot oven to cook. Take the soft roes from six blisters, season them with oil and pepper, curl them round, and grill quickly on buttered paper over a clear fire. When the tomatoes and mushrooms are cooked remove them from the oven and place a roe on each one. Round the whole pour a gill of ham coulis.

COOLING SUMMER DRINKS.

Bottled Coffee Syrup—Simmer together three cups of sugar and one of water for five minutes; add this to a cup and a half of strong coffee; strain and bottle. Mix with soda water and cream, or with plain cold water and cream.

Hot Milk—This can scarcely be called a cooling drink, and yet its immediate effect is to induce perspiration which tends to reduce the temperature. Patients who are troubled with sleeplessness can often be put to sleep by a glass of sterilized milk served hot.

Barley Water—A very safe and nutritious drink in summer, and one that is pleasant as well, is made by boiling a tablespoonful of barley or rice flour for fifteen minutes with a quart of water; then let it get ice cold and add lemon juice and sugar to taste. Pearl barley or rice may be used instead of the flour, but it requires to be cooked in a double boiler, and for at least an hour, and then strained.

SUFFERED EVERY MINUTE

Since I came out of the war, with catarrh in my head, chronic diarrhoea and rheumatism," says Mr. J. G. Anderson, of Scotland, Pa. "I had pains all over me, my sight was dim, and there seemed to be flames in my eyes. The food I ate seemed to be passing through my stomach. The rheumatism was in my right hip and shoulder. Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills did me more good than anything else. All my disagreeable symptoms have gone." HOOD'S CURES.



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I simply state that I am Druggist and Postmaster here and am therefore in a position to judge. I have tried many Cough Syrups but for ten years past have found nothing equal to Boschee's German Syrup. I have given it to my baby for Croup with the most satisfactory results. Every mother should have it. J. H. HOBBS, Druggist and Postmaster, Moffat, Texas. We present facts, living facts, of to-day Boschee's German Syrup gives strength to the body. Take no substitute.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT



CURED ME.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Gentlemen—I desire to tell you just how I was, so that the public may know of your wonderful Swamp-Root. Two years ago last October I had spells of vomiting; I could not keep anything in my stomach; the Doctor said I had consumption of the stomach and bowels; continued to run-down in weight; I was reduced to 60 lbs. I would vomit blood, and at one time as much as three pints; we had two of the best Physicians and they said my case was hopeless. "Oh, my sufferings were terrible." A neighbor told us of your Swamp-Root, and my husband got a bottle; I took it to please him. I used six bottles of Swamp-Root and I am now nearly as well as ever. I weigh 108 lbs., do my own work and take care of my baby. Every one says, I was raised from the dead, and many will not believe that I am still living until they come and see me, and then they can't believe their own eyes. I am looking so well." Very gratefully, MRS. JOHN CRAMPIN, Antwerp, N. Y. Jan. 10th, 1900. At Druggists, 50c. or \$1.00 Size. "Reliable Guide to Health" and "Cures for Free." Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. U & O Anointment Cures Piles. Trial Free. At Druggists 50c. N. Y. U-30

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A half to a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharge continues, and a flannel saturated with Ready Relief, placed over the stomach and bowels, will afford immediate relief and soon effect a cure. There is not a more certain agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers, known as "MALARIA," as quickly as DADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Price, 50c. a Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

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