

Miranda's Whims

By A. M. DAVIES OGDEN

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It was afternoon on one of the last few hot days of summer. Through the open windows came glimpses of green-wood bespeaking a delicious coolness and the ripple of brooks, but in the schoolroom the air was undeniably close. The scratch of a pencil, the shuffling of impatient little feet, the drone of a lazy bee, all seemed to intensify the impression of heat, and the young schoolmaster stirred restlessly.

It had meant a great deal to Peter Raymond, securing the village school at Wimberly, but he had not found his task an easy one. His eyes, wandering over the rows of bent heads before him, encountered the glance of a girl seated near the door. The girl, one of the older scholars, with a toss of her curls, returned to her book, and the trouble in the schoolmaster's face deepened. Here was the crux of the situation. If he could win Miranda Hemming to his side the remainder of the pupils would follow easily enough. But it was Miranda herself, with her great blue eyes, fetching dimples and coquettish ways, who openly led the revolt against him. The teacher sighed again. Perhaps he was too young.

From the very beginning of his work, however, Raymond had recognized the primitive instinct of hostility to the unknown in the questioning eyes uplifted to his own. Now, after five weeks, he seemed no nearer the solution of his problem; indeed, matters under Miranda's spirited guidance were becoming even worse, despite his pointed ignoring of her mutiny. He touched the bell.

"First class in grammar," he said. Miranda, with several other girls, ranging from sixteen to eighteen, came slowly forward. It was rather a trying recitation. Most of the girls stumbled. Miranda failed utterly, nor did she care. To all his questions she answered with provoking nonchalance, evidently indifferent as to whether he were pleased or not. Her rebellion had never before been quite so openly manifest. A sudden line of resolution tightened the young man's mouth.

"You may return to your seats," he said. "Miss Miranda, I shall expect you to remain after school until that lesson is recited perfectly."

"What?" cried the girl. Involuntarily she fell back a step, hardly believing her own ears. That any one should dare address her, Miranda Hemming, in such fashion! Raymond's expression did not change.

"You heard what I said," he returned quietly. "It should not take long." For a moment Miranda, stupefied, hesitated, then she frowned indignantly back to her seat. The whole school, which had dropped all work to listen to the passage at arms between Miranda and the teacher, fairly shivered, and Tom Carruthers, a big, loutish chap of nineteen, shot a sullen look at Raymond. To scold Miranda! To the quivering excitement of the school, the time until 4 o'clock appeared fairly to fly. Would teacher really keep in Miranda?

When the others arose, Miranda also sprang to her feet. Then something in the teacher's expression caused her to sink back in her seat, tingling and abashed. It took an unusually long time for the pupils to disperse that day, but at last they were all gone.

"You need not think that I shall study that lesson," she declared with sharp emphasis. Raymond nodded.

"As you please," he answered. "Only here we both stay until you do." "And I'm not to have any supper?" incredulously.

"Not until you learn that lesson." "But"—burst out Miranda furiously. Then she closed her lips with a snap and leaned back, her hands temptuously folded before her. Raymond picked up a book.

"Take your own time," he said pleasantly. But somehow the book did not prove very enthralling. Between his eyes and the printed pages persisted the vision of a willful little face set in its tangle of wavy hair. Yet he must not be beaten now. His whole future hung on this issue, he thought. The shadows lengthened, the sun dropped behind the hills. Miranda, who for some time had been stealing furtive glances at the quiet figure behind the big desk smiled prettily.

"I'm—I'm hungry," she wheedled. For an instant Raymond wavered. This new sweetness was strange and alluring. But before he could speak the door was flung open and Tom Carruthers appeared on the threshold.

"Ben't ye comin' home to supper, Mirandy?" he demanded. "Ye ma sent me fer ye," darting a suspicious look at her jailer. "Ain't ye comin'?" I'll look out fer ye."

"Why," began Miranda feebly. Raymond, a sudden, unaccountable resentment surging into his heart, frowned.

"Miss Miranda is in no need of a champion," he declared stiffly. "She can leave when she chooses. You may go." And Tom, after an instant's scowling hesitation, went out, banging the door. Miranda bit her lip.

"I will never learn that lesson," she repeated stubbornly. There was another long silence while the shadows darkened. At last the young man rose and lit the lamp. "It is nearly 9 o'clock," he said briefly. Miranda, now close upon tears, looked back still defiant. "And if I say it you'll let me go?" "Certainly."

With rapid, choked utterances she

flung the text at him, not pausing for question or comment. And then—"I hate you," she cried vehemently; "hate you, hate you! And I'll never, never come into this horrid schoolroom again!" The bright drops shone in her eyes like dew on forget-me-nots, her cheeks were flushed to a wild rose pink; the girl was shaken, puzzled, hurt. The village boys she had teased and ruled at will. For the first time she had found a man impervious alike to her anger or smiles. From the day that he, a stranger, had met her eyes in calm unconcern she had unconsciously resented the fact. Now the repressed wrath of weeks found vent.

"I hate you," she reiterated stormily. The next moment she had flashed through the door and was gone, Raymond, oddly depressed in spite of his victory, followed slowly.

The world was flooded with the tranquil glory of the moonlight as he went out. A narrow path led to the road where a row of maples lifted their leafy branches to the starry skies, and Raymond, fancying that he caught the gleam of a white dress there under the trees, felt his heartbeats quicken. Somehow he had been looking forward to walking home with the girl. Then as he turned from locking the door a dark figure rushed by the corner of the schoolhouse, there was a woman's shrill scream, something heavy struck his forehead, and Raymond fell.

It must have been nearly an hour later when Raymond and Miranda stopped at the gate of the girl's home. Hearing footsteps, Mrs. Hemming came out to meet them.

"Well," she said. "So I hear you've been having trouble with Mirandy. Tom was here in quite a state and wanted me to interfere. But I judged you knew how to run your own game," comfortably. "Did ye meet him?" Raymond, feeling the bump left by the stone on his forehead, laughed.

"Yes, we met him," he said whimsically. "And he left us in no doubt as to his opinion of me. Indeed, I might say that he left a decided impression. If it had not been that Miranda, suspecting there might be trouble, waiting—But after all, I do not know that I blame him much," he went on. "He could not appreciate that I was acting in Miranda's best interests," with mischievous emphasis, Miranda, very shy and conscious, flushed. Mrs. Hemming lifted her hands.

"What ever am I going to do with that girl?" she ejaculated. "Really, she's growing fairly unmanageable. If she only had a father!" The young man became suddenly quite grave.

"Will you intrust the task to me, Mrs. Hemming?" he asked. "I think I understand her better now."

"Trust you," cried Mrs. Hemming. "Why, ye're nothing but a boy yourself. How could you be a father to her?" regarding him in perplexed astonishment. Raymond bent and possessed himself of the girl's slender hand.

"No, I suspect that I couldn't be a father to her," he agreed, "but she has just promised to marry me."

Mezzofanti's Memory. Cardinal Mezzofanti had a memory little short of miraculous. Dr. Russell, his biographer, says that the cardinal spoke with the greatest ease thirty languages, that he spoke fairly well nine, that he used occasionally, but not with fluency, eleven more; that he spoke imperfectly eight and that he could read eleven more. Taking in addition, the number of dialects he used, some so diverse from the mother tongue as to constitute a different language. Dr. Russell says that the cardinal was master of no less than 111 different languages and dialects. His German was so excellent that he was taken for a native of Germany, while his French and English were equally pure. Dr. Tholuck heard him converse in German, Arabic, Spanish, Flemish, English, Latin, Greek, Swedish and Portuguese at one of the pope's receptions, and afterward Mezzofanti gave him an original poem in Persian and left him to take a lesson in Cornish. He knew several of the American Indian languages and nearly all the dialects of India.

Why Prison Doorkeepers Are Surly. "Why are the doorkeepers of prisons always surly? I guess it is because they have to answer so many foolish questions," said a prison doorkeeper. "Only this morning a ring comes at the bell. I halt in the middle of my breakfast. I tramp down the long corridor. I unlock my fifty-ton door with my twenty-pound key. Outside stands a tough young man, his hat on the side of his head, who says:

"Boss, when'll Joe Mace get out? Me and another feller's got a bet on it." "People come here and ask me when this prisoner's trial and that prisoner's trial take place. They come here without permits and demand to see a prisoner with the same air as you'd go to a friend's house and demand to see your friend. They bring presents to prisoners—boxes of cigars, bottles of rum, scarfpins and poker dice. It is the constant rebuffing of all these foolish persons that makes the doorkeeper of a prison surly."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Climate and Consonants. In a book on his adventures in Tibet Colonel L. A. Waddell writes: "One curious result of the cold should be mentioned here—namely, its effect upon the speech of the people. A peculiarity of the language of the Tibetans, in common with the Russians and most arctic nations, is the remarkably few vowels in their words and the extraordinarily large number of consonants. For example, the Tibetan name for Sikkim is Hibratsjongs. Indeed, so full of consonants are Tibetan words that most of them could be articulated with almost semiclosed mouth, evidently from the enforced necessity to keep the lips closed as far as possible against the cutting cold when speaking."



THE LEAF ROLLER.

Sometimes Very Troublesome on Strawberry Plants.

Among the strawberry plants now there is a small brownish caterpillar that folds the leaflets by bringing the upper surfaces together and fastening them by silken cords. This is the strawberry leaf roller, and it feeds upon the substance of the leaves until they look brown as if scorched.

It is at times an exceedingly destructive pest and has been considered the most injurious of the insect enemies of the strawberry.

There are three or four broods in a season in the south. It is hardly practicable to attempt to fight the first brood, because the larvae spin a web about the leaf, under which they stay, thus preventing the proper application of insecticides.

The best way of fighting them is to wait until the strawberries are all gathered, by which time the larvae or the pupae are within the folded leaves, then mow the field and allow the plants to remain in the sun for a couple of days, after which cover them lightly with straw or mulch and burn them over. When the plants are very thick they burn without the straw.

WINDOW BOXES.

These Charming Affairs Rapidly Becoming Fashionable.

The fondness for porch gardens, window and balcony boxes and tub plants is rapidly on the increase in many localities, particularly in New York city, where the roof gardens, hotels and similar resorts have been setting a good example by the use of palms, bay trees and decorative plant arrangements. It is only within a few years that this custom became noticeable.

For windows, balconies, porches and the parapets of roof gardens the style of boxes used is as various as the architecture of the house, the tastes of the owner or the ingenuity of the manufacturer can suggest. Some are of elaborate workmanship, with inlaid tiles and carved wood; others are made of pine painted green and their cheapness hidden by luxuriant masses of drooping vines.

Where the leakage can do no injury or where the box itself is sufficiently valuable a zinc or tin lining is used. Some very pretty affairs are strong zinc pans



WINDOW BOXES IN NEW YORK.

set into a light framework of fancy matting, with bamboo handles. Others are of wire mesh sufficiently close meshed to prevent the moss with which they are lined from coming through, and in these the plants are merely set, pots and all, and the pots concealed by moss.

The people who take pride in adorning their residence fronts with these things are invaluable advance agents for the local florist, who should make it his business to encourage it by furnishing the right sort of filling and sound advice on their care, for it will not be long before imitators will be found on all sides, and oftentimes the house fronts of an entire block, with few exceptions, are turned into a veritable parterre of green and bright color as the result of the successful missionary work of one flower lover.—Gardening.

Color in Trees. The variety of coloring of trees is recognized by all, but rarely is it taken into account when planting. In spring, for instance, the beech is peculiarly beautiful during its budding season. Nor should we forget the warming influence of the golden willow upon the landscape in winter and early spring.

Protecting Young Trees. Young trees of a delicate nature are benefited by having their trunks protected from the hot sun for a few years by matting bound around them and a mulch over the roots.

To Keep Ahead of Curculio. Jar plum and cherry trees in the early morning when the curculios are torpid and let the chickens eat them or you will have wormy fruit.

Stake the Tall Plants. Dahlias, gladiolus, hollyhocks and all tall growing plants should be provided with stakes as needed.

A SMOOTH YOUNG SKIN.

The Method by Which One Woman Preserves Her Complexion.

A professional model whose complexion is of the classic type has this to say about her smooth skin and its treatment:

"I suppose I ought to say that I owe my complexion to soap and water; but, to tell the actual truth, neither soap nor water agrees with my skin very well. I seldom wash my face, vulgar as this may sound.

"I am accustomed to taking a cold bath every day, which is a matter of habit. It is good for some people and bad for others, but it agrees perfectly with me. I feel invigorated by it.

"In the natural course of events my face gets its dash of cold water, but otherwise I do not wash it except for a light steaming which it gets once in awhile, say once in ten days or so.

"At night I cover my face thickly with cold cream. I put it on in great layers. I let it remain on for a few minutes and then remove it with a soft cloth. I then apply another thick coating of cold cream, and this I leave on all night. It seems to sink into the pores and to supply the moisture which has been taken out of it during the day.

"You cannot expect to have a smooth young skin unless you use lots of cold cream on your face. You must experiment until you find the right kind of cold cream to use. If glycerin hurts your skin, do not use it. If you cannot stand rose water and alcohol, why, it is best to omit them. Discover the kind of cream you can use and stick to it. That is the way I did."—Brooklyn Eagle.

WOMEN ARCHITECTS.

Why They Are Better Adapted to the Work Than Men.

In America we are on the highroad to perfection in domestic architecture owing, possibly, to the acknowledged supremacy of our women. Where a woman reigns supreme it is the end and aim of her men to make her comfortable and happy. Now the American architect, being a man and belonging most likely to some woman, makes it his pride to provide for her—or her sex which she represents—the most comfortable, convenient and pretty house to adorn with her taste and her presence until she moves.

A woman is not wasteful in small things, but a man is. Who, then, is so adapted to utilize the small space which constitutes the average home? A house can be the visible expression of her cleverness, her economy, her taste and her common sense. It will give her an opportunity to be great in the minor aspirations.

When she builds a house she will put herself in the place of that other woman whose destiny it is to live there. She will warn that house comfortably because she herself hates to shiver. She will put in plenty of cupboards because without cupboards life is not worth living to a woman. Her kitchen will be in just proportion to the size of the house and not a kind of banial hall in which even the beetles look lonely.—Mrs. John Lane in London Outlook.

THE HANDS.

Don't cut the nails in points, but carefully arched.

Don't cut the cuticle or any part of the flesh around the nails.

Don't cut the nails without first holding them in wax to soften them.

Don't wear rings that are too small. The inevitable result is red and swollen hands and knuckles.

Don't wear bracelets tight enough to affect the circulation or so that they rub on the joints of the wrist.

Don't wear gloves every night or the hands will become yellow. Occasional use of gloves, however, is advisable.

Don't forget to pinch the ends of the fingers now and then. This will do a good deal toward making the fingers taper.

Don't dry the hands carelessly after washing. Use a soft damask towel or a silk handkerchief and dry thoroughly.

Accessory For the Closet.

The bottom part of a closet is often little more than a catch-all for boots and dust. A good way to utilize the wasted space is to have a carpenter fit the lower part with frames which will hold two or three dressmakers' boxes. These may be brought from a box factory or from one's modiste. They are of heavy cardboard, and the top of the lid is arranged so that it may be lifted without taking out the entire box from the shelf. These boxes may be covered with cretonne and fitted with brass or nickel handles, to be bought at a hardware shop. The shelves which the carpenter has made for them will then come into service, and one may keep one's boots in the lower drawer and other belongings in the upper one. The wooden framework may be painted white or a darker color to make the cretonne glow.

The "Anticipation Box."

A fad among young society people is the "anticipation box." This is really a revival of the old custom of our grandmothers of collecting things, useful and beautiful, for the wedding trousseau or for the new home which is also anticipated. Into this box go various gifts that come to a girl from time to time and which will be appropriate at the time of her wedding. Silver handkerchiefs, bits of rare lace, pretty pieces, china, pictures, fine towels, table linen, pieces of hand embroidery, pieces of pretty lingerie, drawn work, sofa pillow covers and a host of other things find their way into the "anticipation box." As all these things will doubtless come into use some day, this is really a sensible fad after all.

The Secret of Good Coffee

Even the best housekeepers cannot make a good cup of coffee without good material. Dirty, adulterated and queerly blended coffee such as unscrupulous dealers shovel over their counters won't do. But take the pure, clean, natural flavored **LION COFFEE**, the leader of all package coffees—the coffee that for over a quarter of a century has been daily welcomed in millions of homes—and you will make a drink fit for a king in this way:

HOW TO MAKE GOOD COFFEE.
Use LION COFFEE, because to get best results you must use the best coffee. Grind your LION COFFEE rather fine. Use 1/2 tablespoonful to each cup, and use extra for the pot. First mix it with a little cold water, enough to make a thick paste, and add white of an egg (if egg is to be used as a settler), then follow one of the following rules:
1st. WITH BOILING WATER. Add boiling water, and let it boil THREE MINUTES ONLY. Add your cold water and set aside five minutes to settle. Serve promptly.
2d. WITH COLD WATER. Add your cold water to the paste and bring it to a boil. Then set aside, add a little cold water, and in five minutes it's ready to serve.
3 (Don't boil it too long.
DON'TS (Don't use water that has been boiled before.
TWO WAYS TO SETTLE COFFEE.
1st. With Eggs. Use part of the white of an egg, mixing it with the ground LION COFFEE before boiling.
2d. With Cold Water instead of eggs. After boiling add a dash of cold water, and set aside for eight or ten minutes, then serve through a strainer.

Insist on getting a package of genuine LION COFFEE, prepare it according to this recipe and you will only use LION COFFEE in future. (Lion-head on every package.) (Save these Lion-heads for valuable premiums.)
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A BEAUTIFUL NECK.

It is Not Difficult to Obtain if One is Willing to Work For It.

A beautiful neck is not a difficult thing to obtain if one is willing to work for it, and as a beautiful neck makes its possessor look fairer and younger than any other beautifying feature it is something worth working for.

Develop the muscles of the neck by the following gymnastic exercises, and developers and skin goods of various kinds can all be dispensed with: (1) Slowly, but firmly, bend the neck forward until the chin nearly touches the neck, then gradually raise the head; (2) slowly, but firmly, bend the head backward as far as you comfortably can; repeat this movement twenty times; (3) bend the head sideways to right twenty times and to the left the same number of times; (4) roll the head slowly to the right, then to the left, twenty times and afterward bathe the neck in warm water and olive oil soap and rub it firmly, but gently, with a soft towel.

If the neck is very thin a little cream rubbed in at this time will hasten matters, and if the treatment be persisted in for six or eight weeks the improvement in the appearance of the neck will be so apparent that the treatment will not be discarded until a beautiful white neck is the reward.—American Queen.

HAPPY GIRLHOOD.
From Fourteen to Twenty is the Time to Form Character.
There should be no happier time in a girl's life than the years from fourteen to twenty. She should have no serious responsibilities during those years, though she should not be permitted to give up her time entirely to frivolity. She has much to learn, and her character is usually in such a formative state that these years may be the making or the marring of her whole life, says Woman's Life.

There can be no laying down of hard and fast rules for this age. Individual needs must be considered always, and solicitous parents must remember that something must be left to the girl herself and that too close supervision is as bad as too little.

There is no need to be discouraged over the number of foolish fancies which the girl will take up at this time, for they are transitory, and in a few years she will be the first to laugh at them. The chief things are to lay the foundation for a true womanly character and make her girlhood so happy that she would be only too glad to live it over again.

Matches and Gas.
Close to the gas range there should be a match safe and holder for burnt matches. Not the little boxes sold for the purpose, but a big tin case, roomy and at the right height, from which matches may be easily taken and into which they may be easily thrown when burnt out. Plenty of matches there should be in every kitchen, for they are cheap, while gas is not.

Homemade Night Light.
For a homemade night light take one ounce of oil of almonds, put half a dram of phosphorus and two or three grains of flowers of sulphur into it. Hold it in a gentle warmth to dry it. Then shake the bottle and draw the cork and you will have a fine glow-worm light. If you rub a little on any part of the bottle it will appear to be in flames.

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