

The Cry on the Trail.

How it Wrought a Great Change at Lone Pine Ranch.

BY GERTRUDE DIX.

IN the high, open, sitting room of a lonely ranch-house, with brown, unpainted walls, and doors and windows open to the pine-clad mountain side, a man sat at a small deal table reading over a pile of cherished letters. They were written by a woman; dated from a house on Beacon street, Boston, and they dealt with books, with music, and with art. To the reader, who was hard-pressed in the battle of life, they seemed to let him into a great treasure-house, while he longed for the more restricted walls of a home; the simpler beauties of a fireside. Ah, they were so intellectual, these letters, and try as he would, he could read nothing between their lines! As he turned over the pages, a child of three years old, with a large rent in her pinafore, ran in from time to time from the open air. At sight of her, the cry in the heart of the man for the woman was stronger than ever. Both of them needed her—man and child, they needed her so much.

At length he took his pen and began to write to her. All her letters addressed him as "Dear Mr. Geraldson"; his letters to this date had been invariably subscribed to "Dear Miss Vining." But now he broke through the veil of reserve. He wrote to her as the dearest woman on earth, calling her his love. He threw aside all the scraps with which he had dallied so long, and wrote simply of himself—of his own hopes and fears. He told her how for years he had been wanting to ask her to come out to him; how his poverty had forbidden his doing so; and how, in spite of all his efforts, he had remained poor and struggling, without anything to give her. Two months ago he had believed that at last his chance had come. He had gone up into the Trinity Mountains to take up an offer of partnership in a promising "prospect" he had received from a friend. But on the long stage-journey from Redding through the heat and dust, he had fallen in with an unfortunate Englishman, very sick with typhoid, who had implored him to stand by him and see him on his legs again. Circumstances had been such that it had been impossible in common humanity not to stay with this man and his little wife of a month or two. So he had nursed and tended him, and had experienced the satisfaction of pulling him through the worst danger. But the poor fellow, who was terribly impatient, had attempted to get out of bed in spite of every warning, and had died suddenly one day from the passage of a clot of blood to the heart, when his nurse and little daughter had left him for a breath of fresh air.

"And so," went on the letter, "I found myself with the child on my hands. I haven't the heart to do anything but keep her. For though apparently she has no relatives or friends, she's a splendid little piece of stuff, and it would be a crime to send her to any institution. And the sequel of this is, my dear, dear friend, that the venture which was to bring me fortune, to give me the right to ask you for yourself, has come to naught. By the time I had freed everything up, my friend, unable to wait for me, had taken in another partner on the deal. I went prospecting near Weaverville, but luck was against me. Then both the little girl and myself fell sick with malaria, and so I came home to my pine trees again."

Here Geraldson's pen fell from his hand, for the fever had him in its grip, and he was shaking miserably. Later on he managed to put the letter into an envelope addressed only with her name, for after all he thought, he should never send it, and he left it on his table, thinking that when he had strength again, he would go on writing, just for the sake of the consolation it was merely to pretend that he could tell her everything. But the letter was never finished. He grew rapidly weaker till one morning he found himself so sick that he could scarcely drag himself to the couch on the veranda to scan the landscape for the help that never came. For Lone Pine Ranch was isolated as only mountain ranches can be, and no one might set foot on it for weeks together. Now as he lay helpless, unable to move, lost sometimes in suffocating blackness, the child brought him water in the tiny cup—drops that tantalized rather than quenched his thirst—and he wondered what would become of her, and in his last coherent moments told her to run out along the trail and call with all her might. That was the last thing he could do. Soon after he ceased to move, and did not hear the desolate wail that resounded through the empty house.

But Geraldson was not to lose himself forever in the dark water of unconsciousness. Once more he felt himself alive, and on the verge of sleep, lay with leader eyelids, unwilling to awake, till a memory of little Margery, whom he had last seen weeping in a corner of the room, forced him to open his eyes. To his surprise his bed clothing covered him very neatly. The sheet was folded under his chin in a strange, comforting way, so that a sense of peace and security fell on him, and he lay very still, sure for some unaccountable reason that Margery was all right. Waking was wonderfully pleasant. In the dim light of the darkened room a slender white hand glided over the smooth sheet to make it a trifle smoother. He held his breath, and half closed his eyes that he might watch it. It went away. "Now wake to turn his head, he waited till it fluttered down again with a cup of milk. There was no woman in the district with such a hand, and full of the wonder of it he fell asleep."

He dreamed of beautiful things—white flowers, white doves, white hands. Waking stronger for long rest, his first movement was one of curiosity. A woman, in a pale blue sun-bonnet that completely shaded her

"Going away?" Dismay was in his voice. "Yes, I am obliged to go. There's another nurse here to look after you." "But I don't want another nurse," he cried. "And you've done so much for me. I can't even thank you. I don't know what your name is. I've never seen you even."

She said nothing, but slowly measured something into a glass. He could not see that she was trembling.

"May I have a drink?" he asked, as she put down the tumbler.

She had intended to go now immediately. She felt she had lingered too long, but she could not refuse his request. She held the cup to his lips, and he drank slowly, looking at her hands, which would flutter away so soon, like white birds of passage. He was very weak, and the tears came into his eyes. The hands were so beautiful—so like her hands.

She took the cup and rinsed it carefully and slowly. At the same moment little feet pattered along the passage and baby hands beat upon the door. She opened it and carried little Margery to the bedside, telling her to be very quiet. But Geraldson had turned his face to the wall, and took no notice. Having looked at him gravely, the child seated herself upon the floor, and began to examine the hoop of treasures in her lap. Suddenly she held out a chubby hand with an envelope.

"A letter!" she said, emphatically, to the strange lady. "A letter!" "Is it for me, dear?" "Ess, for 'oo!" She ran across the room, and held it out triumphantly. The eyes under the sunbonnet glanced at it with indifference. Then at the name on it—a name with no address—the beautiful hands clutched it eagerly. A moment after a touch on Geraldson's shoulder forced him to turn.

"There is a letter," said the quiet voice, "to a Miss Vining. The address is not finished. Do you wish it mailed?"

At the thought of her so far away, so inaccessible, Geraldson's eyes filled again.

"No, no," he murmured, turning to the wall again. "I can't be posted. I haven't any right." The next minute he looked half-querulously, to give it to him that he might put it under his pillow. But the room was empty. She had gone.

Outside, on the veranda, she paced up and down with the unopened envelope in her hand. He had wanted to see her. She had known that even as she had closed the door, but it didn't belong to him. With her name upon it, it certainly belonged to her. But she didn't care—she must! It was hers, after all. Tearing it open, she saw the tender superscription, and all her sorrows vanished like the wind. Then she read it to the end and kissed it many times, and walking up and down, longed, yet hesitated, to go back into the darkened chamber.

Geraldson lay awake without any desire to take up the thread of life again. All his difficulties pressed upon him, and he felt listless and dispirited in his gloomy room. But a soft sound, the drawing of the blind, the flooding of the room with sunshine, caused him to turn with a faint revival of interest. The light was the light of sunset, just bright enough to make everything clear, and some one with shining hair was standing near the window. Surely he knew that pulse of the head just like that! And yet he must be dreaming!

"Who are you?" he cried eagerly. A clear voice came through the stillness. "I've brought an answer to your letter."

"My letter to her? But it wasn't addressed. It wasn't—"

"There wasn't any need to send it. You see, Miss Vining isn't in Boston just now."

"Not in Boston? Then where is she? Where is she?"

She came toward him. He saw her in the level sunlight as men see visions.

"Don't you understand, Gerald? Don't you understand?"

It was her voice. He raised himself on the pillows.

"Elsie! Elsie!" he cried.

She dropped on her knees beside him. She gave him her hands and her face. —San Francisco Argonaut.

Ever Ride on Car 207?

Once every day No. 207, a hotball car of the 1812 vintage, drawn by a gray horse that looks as though it was born somewhere about that period, journeys from the barns near the Fort Lee Ferry down Amsterdam avenue to Seventy-second street and back again. It goes down on the western side of the broad thoroughfare and back on the eastern. Leisurely it rolls along, picking up a passenger now and then who likes to ride in it for the sake of old times.

Frequently two maiden ladies who live in an old-fashioned Colonial house on Morningdale Heights take their afternoon ride in 207. The gray-haired conductor, who has known them for thirty years, opens or closes the windows for them, as they wish. He pockets their fares, as he does those of all who ride with him, for there is no indicator in that car. It is not run for profit, but to hold a franchise.

The grizzled driver who went into the business when horse cars were a wonder in New York, has no use for the trolley cars that whizz recklessly by him. "Little he reckes the jeers and fibes of the motormen. He knows that the truck drivers will block two or three trolley cars any day in order to get out of his way. The Columbia College boys always have a cheer for him. So do policemen and ward politicians perched on bootblack stands. The daily trip of No. 209 is an event to old-timers." —New York Press.

Success in the Law.

Sir John Bigham has been giving advice to young lawyers. "Work hard," he said, "have noble ambitions; be bold, have confidence in yourselves, get married." Sir Edward Clarke has said much the same thing; but Mr. Justice Maule when giving advice on the same point declared that there were only three things essential. "The first is high animal spirits, the second is high animal spirits, and the third is high animal spirits." But he added, "If, in addition, the young man will take the trouble to learn a little law, I do not think it will impede his progress in the profession." —London Vibe.

NEW IDEAS in TOILETTES

New York City.—Such charming and attractive waists as this one are greatly in vogue both for costumes and for separate blouses made from almost any



of the fashionable materials. In this instance sage green messaline satin is combined with cream lace over chiffon, but the design would be equally satisfactory executed in any combination of color that might be preferred and in such pretty, soft wools as velveteen, chambray and the like. The wide chemise makes a special and characteristic feature, which combines with the deep fitted girdle most effectively, and the elbow sleeves with their wide frills are most graceful and attractive.

The waist is made with fronts and back that can be either tucked or shirred at the shoulders to form points and are arranged over a fitted lining, the front edges being finished with box pleats and the closing of the waist being made invisibly, that of the lining at the centre front. The sleeves are finished with frills of lace, but they can be made longer, forming three puffs with deep cuffs, whenever preferred.

The quantity of material required for

Linen Sailor Hats.

Linen sailor hats will be popular to wear with linen gowns, and when the gowns are embroidered, it is the thing to have a matching embroidery on the hat. Several shops make a specialty of these exacting little requirements, and their charges are so moderate that, unless one is an expert embroiderer, it is better not to attempt them at home.

Millinery Hints.

Black and white millinery is modish, as it almost always is. A fine straw hat in a round shape had for trimming a crush band of black velvet and a pom-pom of pure white ostrich tips with a large aigrette. The polo turbans are simple enough, but they are so unobtainably bizarre that they do not look simple.

Brussels Nets Lovely.

The flowered Brussels nets are exceedingly lovely, and mounted over silk slips, or even fine white Swiss linens, make charming, semi-formal gowns. Some are being made up as dinner gowns. These having linings of white Swiss muslin, which laundresses will clean beautifully "freshened" throughout the season.

Tuck Shirred Yoke Waist.

There is a peculiar charm found in the simple blouse shirred to form a yoke that renders it a deserved and certain favorite. This one is graceful in the extreme and can be made high at the neck with long sleeves or low with sleeves of elbow length, so becoming practically two models. All really fashionable materials are soft and well adapted to the shirring and consequently the opportunity for making a satisfactory choice is ample. Dotted crepe de Chine with lace over chiffon is the combination illustrated, and very charming it is, but there are many other silks equally desirable, and the pretty volles and collonnes are always attractive so treated while for evening wear flowered organdies and nets, chiffon and the like are in the height of style.

The waist is made over a fitted foundation, which serves to keep the shir-

A LATE DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.



the medium size is four and five-eighths yards twenty-one, three and three-quarter yards twenty-seven and a quarter yards forty-four inches wide with one and one-eighth of all-over silk lace and two and a half yards of lace for frills, and three-quarter yards of silk for belt.

Broderie Anglaise the Vogue.

Broderie Anglaise, or eyelet embroidery, is still very much the thing, and most of the all-over embroideries and founcings are of this order. The robe patterns, too, both in linen and batiste, are in eyelet designs. The heavy raised embroideries are also popular, and there is a high dot design which is much sought for, apparently. How it is to be successfully laundered is a mystery.

Organdie Lined.

One of the loveliest evening coats is of sage green oriental satin, the softest and richest of weaves. It is built with Empire tendencies, and is finished with cord braiding made of gold tissue. But the beautiful part of it is the lining. It is interesting, too, being of sheerest, softest white organdie, strewn with lusty posies and a wee bit of foliage. It looks both dainty and cool.

Faded Hues.

The great fad for more or less fancy shoes is observable in many directions. Not only are these colored shoes! One white shoe (a suede oxford) has coral flowers faintly painted on the toes. One cannot but wonder if they will not wash off. Certainly they have not been fired!



Household Matters

Dried Pea Soup.

Boil dry peas until they cook up, then press them through a sieve. Add water and rich milk in equal quantities until it is the consistency desired. Season with pepper and salt, and if a richer soup is wanted, add a little water. A large quantity can be made, and it will keep for weeks, if the milk is not added.

Orange Cream.

Into a pint of boiling water mix two tablespoonfuls of arrowroot. Add a cupful of sugar and the juice of two lemons; boil five minutes and remove from the fire. Beat in thoroughly the yolks of two eggs, turn into a mould and when cold serve with the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth with four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and spread over it.

Stuffed Flank Steak.

Have your dealer reserve for you a nice thick flank steak without scoring it, but instead have him make a pocket in it by splitting it through the centre to within an inch of the edge on the three sides. Fill the pocket with a meat stuffing of a bread stuffing made as for poultry, and sew the opening together. Sprinkle the meat with salt and pepper and roll in flour. Put some drippings into a baking pan, and let it get hot, put in the meat and bake in a hot oven. After about ten minutes add a cupful of hot water, cover and cook in a slower oven from an hour to an hour and a half, basting frequently. Serve with the thickened gravy in the pan.—What to Eat.

Orange Cake.

An orange layer cake can be prepared as follows: Beat to a cream the yolks of four eggs and a cupful of sugar. Add three-fourths of a cupful of sour cream and then one and three-fourths cupfuls of flour which has been sifted with half a teaspoonful of soda, several times. Grate in enough of the yellow part of an orange to give the cake a strong orange flavor. Bake in rather thick layers. When cool spread upon one sheet, or upon two, if there were three layers, a thick coating of orange pulp. Cover the top layer with an icing made with powdered sugar moistened with orange juice and grated rind of an orange. A little lemon may also be added. Decorate with a few bits of candied orange peel. Place the cake aside until the icing has become firm and then serve. It will keep several days.

Quince Cake.

A good cake that can be used as a dessert is the following quince cake; it is very rich: First make a simple sponge cake. Spread the cake in two even layers, each about half an inch thick. Let it bake slowly, so as to keep it tender and moist, until it is done. When cold spread each of the layers with quince jelly and cover one with whipped cream that has been stiffened with a little melted gelatine. The whipped cream may be flavored with quince by adding a tablespoonful of hot melted quince jelly to the soaked gelatine. When this cream is spread on one cake lay it aside and spread on the other a meringue, and bake it slowly for about fifteen or twenty minutes, or until it is a light brown. The edges of the cake should be covered with the meringue so that it will not become dry in the oven. After the meringue has become cold pile the layer of the cake which is covered by it on top of the other layer containing the jelly and cream. This is an ornamental cake, and nice for dessert, served cold on a crystal platter.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER

Useful Hints.

Brush pie crust with cream to insure rich brown color.

A new method of blanching almonds is to soak them over night in cold water.

Watch the nap in sweeping a carpet, in order to bring the design out to advantage.

The milk of a beef loaf or farci can be replaced by tomato sauce or catsup for a change.

Whip cream in a pitcher. It whips more quickly than in an open bowl with less spatter.

Some babies are partial to warm water and others to cold; if one is refused try the other.

A few drops of kerosene added to the starch makes ironing easier and lends a gloss to the linen.

Roast a bird with the breast down the greater part of the time; the flesh will then remain more juicy.

Outer leaves of lettuce, which are not attractive for salad, can be boiled or steamed and served as greens.

Mayonnaise dressing is less tiresome to make when beaten with a rotary egg beater instead of stirred with a spoon.

Hot water and soap generally remove grease spots. If fixed by long standing, use ether, chloroform or naphtha.

Flies hate the odor of kerosene, it is said, and if the outside of a screen door be rubbed with the oil, the opening of the door will not be followed by an influx of the winged pests.

Baking powder this should not be recklessly thrown away. They are useful in a number of ways, as for example, moulding small jellies, creams or rice desserts.

The appearance of meat pie crusts, and in fact almost any pastry, is much improved by brushing with a mixture made by beating the yolk of an egg in two tablespoonfuls of milk.

Perhaps it is not generally known that leftovers from a gelatine dish can be remembered. The jelly should be warmed just enough to melt, poured into a mould, and placed on ice.

The city of Vienna has established a phyto-pathological institute for the study of the diseases of plants.

THE KEYSTONE STATE

Latest News of Pennsylvania Told in Short Order.

First Assistant Postmaster General Hitchcock made public the following increases and decreases in the salaries of postmasters in Pennsylvania: Connetquot, \$1,000 to \$1,100; East Brady, \$1,500 to \$1,400; Knox, \$1,100 to \$1,200; Leesdale, \$1,100 to \$1,000; Littleville, \$1,200 to \$1,300; Littlestown, \$1,400 to \$1,500; Mansfield, \$1,800 to \$1,700; Marysville, \$1,400 to \$1,500; Mercer, \$1,900 to \$2,000; Middletown, \$2,100 to \$2,000; Monongahela, \$2,300 to \$2,400; Morrisville, \$2,200 to \$2,100; Myerstown, \$1,400 to \$1,500; New Bethlehem, \$1,600 to \$1,700; Newburg, \$1,800 to \$1,900; North Clinton, \$1,600 to \$1,700; Ostrica Mills, \$1,500 to \$1,600; Parnassus, \$1,100 to \$1,200; Pottsville, \$1,700 to \$1,800; Phoenixville, \$2,400 to \$2,500; Pottsville, \$2,500 to \$2,600; Ridley Park, \$1,700 to \$1,800; Dunlo, \$1,000 to fourth class; Falls Creek, \$1,400 to \$1,300; Kutztown, \$1,500 to \$1,600; Lilly, \$1,100 to \$1,000; Lititz, \$1,600 to \$1,700; Malvern, \$1,900 to \$1,800; Martinsburg, \$1,700 to \$1,800; Mechanicsburg, \$2,100 to \$2,200; Myerstown, \$1,900 to \$2,000; Millersville, \$1,200 to \$1,300; Montgomery, \$1,600 to \$1,700; Mount Carmel, \$2,100 to \$2,200; Nazareth, \$1,700 to \$1,800; New Salem, \$1,300 to \$1,200; Northampton, \$1,400 to \$1,500; Ogontz, \$1,700 to \$1,600; Palmyra, \$1,500 to \$1,400; Pen Argyl, \$1,600 to \$1,700; Philadelphia, \$2,400 to \$2,300; Pine Grove, \$1,100 to \$1,200; Red Lion, \$1,200 to \$1,100.

The Jones and Laughlin Steel Company, a subsidiary concern, has purchased 10,000 acres of Washington county coal land at an approximate cost of \$3,000,000. This land adjoins 500 acres already owned by the steel company and renders it independent in the matter of coal supply for the next fifty years.

A deal has been completed for 5000 acres of coal land in Morris Township, Washington county, at \$75 an acre. G. W. Cutler, of Indiana, was the purchaser. It represents Philadelphians closely affiliated with the Pennsylvania Railroad.

According to a decision furnished to State Highway Commissioner Hunter by Deputy Attorney General Fleitz, the good roads law of 1905 displaces the road law of 1903, and must be the Commissioner's guide. All money apportioned to counties that was not drawn by them for good road purposes past two years, in Mr. Fleitz's opinion, reverted to the State Treasury.

Mrs. Blanche E. Nourse, a prisoner in the county jail at Norristown, where she is awaiting trial on the charge of setting fire to the barn of Dr. Thomas S. Lippincott, in Lower Pottsgrove Township, last April, instituted civil suit against Dr. Lippincott for alleged breach of promise to marry. She claims \$7000 damages.

John Parker, white, and John Waters, negro, were arrested charged with attempting to murder the prominent Lancaster Spield in Feagleyville, a suburb of Lancaster. Spield, who had been breaking up lawless gangs, was covering his heat when he was started by a volley of revolver shots. His helmet was shattered by the bullets, several of which grazed his head and body.

The ninth annual commencement of the Homeopathic Training School for Nurses took place in the Academy of Music, Reading. The graduates are Miss Adelaide L. Dautrich, of Reading, and Miss Margaret L. Wright, of Clover Creek, Va. The address was delivered by Prof. John E. James, of Philadelphia.

Constable Michael O'Leary, of Shamokin, took an appeal from Judge C. R. Swiderski's decision that constables are entitled only to 5 cents mileage fees while serving court subpoenas. O'Leary claims to cents. Other constables are backing O'Leary.

By pouring kerosene on the kitchen fire a son of Joseph Mitchell, of Pottsville, caused a blaze which destroyed the dwelling.

As Paul Biscup tried to board a train in Pottsville his coat was caught on a guard rail and he missed his footing. He fell beneath the wheels and was killed.

The Reading Board of Trade passed resolutions demanding that City Councils levy an extra tax of one mill for the purpose of completing the house sewage system of that city. The board also decided to ask in the next Grand Jury to take up the matter of moving the county jail from the city park to the county farm.

A gas explosion occurred at the home of Mrs. Ella Stauffer, in Reading, and her 16-year-old daughter and W. H. Adams, who lives with the family, were injured. The Stauffers recently moved into the house and when an attempt was made to start a fire in the gas stove the explosion ensued. A side of the house was blown out.

Dr. G. I. McLeod and Dr. J. N. Mitchell, of Philadelphia, of the State Board of Lunacy, inspected the Schuylkill Almshouse buildings and complained of the cramped condition of the quarters for the insane.

John F. Beck, the motorman, who was injured in the collision of a Pottsville trolley car and a Philadelphia & Reading coal train on a grade crossing at Mill Creek, died from his injuries. All of the seven injured passengers are out of danger.

The annual report of Berks County School Superintendent Rapp to the State Department of Public Instruction contains a plea for wider educational facilities for the farmer and his children, and indorses the study of gardening, domestic science and the mechanic arts in the township high schools.

Joseph Handler, an oiler, employed at the plant of the Lehigh Portland Cement Company, Allentown, was crushed to death between a large cog wheel and the concrete pit in which the wheel runs. The office buildings of the Cresson & Clearfield Railroad, at Cresson, were sold by Sheriff Lenhart, of Cambria County, for debt. About a year ago Peter Wargo was killed on the railroad at Cresson. His widow brought suit for damages and the jury awarded her \$2652. A company refused to pay and the Sheriff then sold the buildings. The company's attorney bought them.

Elsie McCormick and Blanche Kelly, two 14-year-old girls, were riding their bicycles along Baltimore Avenue, Clifton, when they collided with a crowd of boys. Elsie McCormick was thrown over the handle bar and fell in the road, sustaining fractured wrists and a contusion of the eye. Blanche Kelly escaped with slight bruises.

The lighting of No. 3 furnace of the Lebanon plant of the Pennsylvania Steel Company, which has been idle for several months to make repair, brings the last of the furnace plants in the Lebanon Valley into operation, a condition that has not prevailed for many years.