

THE BENEFIT OF DOUBT.

There's a subtle fascination in the things that are not known. The mysteries we may not understand. And we very seldom manage to let well enough alone.

There is danger in the contradiction of waking up. Investigation spoils your chance for you. For whether you test the thing, you find it isn't so.

In a little bit of talents between a man and you. Eight shy of anything that you can see the game clear through.

There's a hidden left of interest if you drop the question mark. It's all so common when we know about it.

The pleasure of conjecture is Enjoyment's vital spark. The spicy possibility to doubt it. —Reth Hunsdon, in The Reader.

When a maiden poses, pensive, as to attitude and ease. With a tantalizing curve or two betrayed. And a tantalizing twinkle tempting you to what you please.

You strike a safer medium to rest the matter so. You'd like to know the truth, but do without it. You're not "for keeps," and yet you'd hate to have her.

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He would come back again, and settle down to comfort them in their old age. He was a very clever man, and had been making successful scientific researches for many years.

He was a very clever man, and had been making successful scientific researches for many years. He was making a home for himself, though he lived quietly among the New England hills.

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Woman's Realm

French Wife's Money. In French families of the humbler class the living expenses in many instances are met only by the wife.

Quicker at Twenty-five. When a man asks a sixteen-year-old girl to go to a party with him she will look doubtful and say she doesn't know whether she wants to go or not.

Entered a Nunnery. The Grand Duchess Elizabeth of Russia, sister of the Czarina and widow of the Grand Duke Sergius, who was assassinated in Moscow, entered a nunnery in that city.

Forget-Me-Not Eyes. There is hardly any color or shade that a girl with blue eyes cannot wear in the day time.

Light Muffins. Depend upon the way in which the ingredients are put together as well as on the recipe itself.

Our Cut-out Recipe. Paste in Your Scrap-Book. ing their skin is clear, but the gamut of browns is precisely suited to them.

Women Doctors. Generally speaking "lady doctors" are not greatly in demand. There is admittedly a prejudice against them, and, curiously enough, it is nowhere entertained more keenly than among women themselves.

Wore Man's Clothes. As there is no law against women dressing as men, I fall to see why a woman who wore masculine attire was recently detained at Ellis Island by the Federal authorities.

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THOUGHTS FOR THE QUIET HOUR MEMOIRS.

Good as Overcasting. After sewing up the seams in a garment stitch about a quarter of an inch from the seam and then trim near the last stitching.

A Neat Booklet. Select a pretty piece of white Morocco paper and cut it to form a booklet cover. Fill it with woolen white leaves and fasten at the back with a brown silken cord and tassels.

Place it Loosely at Night. At night a little girl's hair should never be tightly curled or plaited if you want it to grow thick and long.

Home-Made Wireless Cooker. My wireless cooker is made from a common box in which canned tomatoes were packed. The box is twenty inches long, twelve inches deep and fourteen inches wide.

Bay State Cruisers. Break three eggs into a bowl, add one and three-fourths teaspoonfuls of sugar and one teaspoonful of fresh milk.

Good Things to Eat. Sourd Milk Gems.—Two cups sour milk, one egg, spoonful sugar, salt one-half teaspoon, small teaspoon of soda, two large cups flour.

Blueberry Cake.—Berry cake may be made very easily by adding a cup of blueberries, dredged lightly with flour, to a good biscuit dough.

Raspberry Charlotte.—Pick over and wash one quart of canned raspberries, cook in a heavy sugar syrup until tender.

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A Child of Belial.

By LOTTIE BROWN.

'And they removed from Tarah and pitched in Mithcah; and they went from Mithcah and pitched in Hashmonah; and they departed from Hashmonah and encamped at Mose-roth.'

Uncle Levi Swain paused here to take breath, and a sweet voice, with the clear, distinct ring of a laugh in it, called out: "How funny! From some places they 'went,' and from others they 'departed,' and from others they 'pitched,' and in others they 'encamped,' and so on.

"They shouldered arms and marched, marched away. From Baxter street to Avenue A. The drums and fife did sweetly, sweetly play.

And the voice rang out the odd, sweet melody and a pair of smart little boots clicked out the time, in a march across the uncarpeted kitchen floor.

Uncle Levi let the Holy Book fall back, and over his round glasses peered reprovingly at the trim little figure.

"Vashti Osborne, you are a child of Belial!" "Who is he?" she paused, and looked with wonder at the severe old man.

"If you lived as you ought, you'd know." "But would I be a child of Belial if I lived as I ought?" "Certainly not."

"But being his child—I say, uncle, is he a she?" "Uncle Levi looked down at the Good Book, and was very silent.

"Well, as I was saying, being a child of this person—I suppose I can call my own parent a person, if I choose—how can I be any better? Are children of Belial ever good?" "Never!"

"Then it isn't my fault, it's Belial's. Look here! Here's a conundrum: If Belial is my father or mother, and I'm a child of the same, how much—" "Vashti Osborne, go out of the room!" thundered Uncle Levi.

Vashti went like a shot out of a gun, and climbed, with shocking dexterity, over the fence at the lower part of the garden, and went galloping over the field, with her hair flying in a tow-cloud behind her, her hat hanging by one string down over her back, and her voice ringing out like a hunting cry:

"Hello, John! Jo—hn!" A stalwart fellow, with a face dark as a Moor's, stepped out from behind a group of dwarf pear trees, and showed a line of snow-white teeth, in a broad smile, as he asked: "What is all this row about?"

"I am a child of Belial! Do tell me something about this parent of mine? It quite bothers me." "No says so?" "Uncle Levi, and he knows. Now what are we like—we children of this same Belial?"

"Pretty, I should say. Sweet, bright, lovely, womanly. Oh, Vashti, as far as I know, they are altogether beautiful and perfect!" John dropped his pruning knife, and would have kissed her then and there, but for the sudden surprise that for a moment filled the blue eyes.

"What a goose! I'll go straight up to Uncle Levi and tell him." "Don't! For that would not at all agree with his idea of Belial's children."

"Then, if you please," and Vashti's eyes dropped and her mouth grew grave, "let us say no more about it." "All at once she became a dainty, lady-like young person, who had come down from the city to spend her summer, and who really hadn't an idea of flirting with her Uncle Levi's step-son, even though he was big, strong and handsome, and knew a thousand times as much as she did.

It did not matter very much whom Vashti fell in love with, for she always fell right out again; and everybody who knew her minded no more about her infatuations than they did for a puff of wind, unless the victims resented and made themselves disagreeable.

But this John Madison was a little different from Vashti's former lovers. They had been young men, with no particular reason for loving her, beyond the fact that she was pretty and jolly, and who were easily consoled with somebody else; or they had been old fellows with plenty of money who wanted a wife to reflect credit upon themselves, and to gracefully hold the position as mistress of a fine house.

When Vashti's mother brought her wild young daughter down to the farm house, and saw the splendid

young man for the first time, she said: "My little girl, don't make love to John Madison. He is too good a man, and it would grieve me when I come for you to see a shadow in those honest eyes, and to know that my naughty daughter had placed it there. For where this man's heart fixes itself, there it will stay forever."

So Vashti never tried at all to captivate him. That is, she did not wear her French dresses, or do her hair fashionably, or quote poetry, or put on any pretty airs, but was her own laughing, rollicking self, and treated John as she would have treated a brother.

And yet on that bright morning she came out, and heard enough with her own ears, and saw enough with her own eyes, to assure her that, in spite of all her naturalness, John Madison was in love with her.

What could she do about it? She wouldn't hurt him for the world, for he was the best, the very best fellow she had ever known; and she liked him, and thought him handsome—very handsome—and well, she must say something, so she sat down at the foot of one of the trees, and began:

"I don't wonder Uncle Levi thinks me awful. I suppose I am. I have got a furious temper. Nobody ever

"Why should I stay?" "Nothing," she said. "Then don't cry, little girl! I don't want to carry away an unpleasant memory of you."

"Don't carry away any!" "Then I cannot go." "Don't go!" she said. "John looked down at her, with a strange look in his eyes, and asked, softly: "Why should I stay?"

"Because I—we—all of us, you know, want you to stay." "You don't care!" She sprang up. "I do—I do! Don't go, John—stay!"

"For what? To see the woman I love always before my eyes, or to be able to turn her away but what I see something which her presence has hallowed, or to—"

"John, don't go! and don't talk in that melancholy way! I like you;—"

"Go on!" "I like you." "Well, I won't stay for that." "Well, then, I like you very much." "You love—can't you say that?" "Yes, I think so."

A half hour later, Vashti and John came into the sitting-room, where Uncle Levi was roaring to Aunt Mary and Vashti's mother something about nations and tribes, and at the first lull, Vashti came forward crying: "John has forgiven me, and if you will, uncle, and will adopt me as your own child, I'm sure Belial will give me up."

"And John—"

"John will stay at home," said the young man himself, putting his arm about her.

And John did stay at home, and Vashti with him as his wife.—Saturday Night.

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Our Cut-out Recipe.

Paste in Your Scrap-Book. ing their skin is clear, but the gamut of browns is precisely suited to them.

There are evening "woods" for a day and for evening teas, café au lait, cream and yellow. If the eyes have a hazel tint a girl will do well to go into grays, not the cold steel varieties, but soft dove, pink and blue grays, some verging into mauve, says Woman's Life.

The exceptions in this class come from the muddy skin. In those cases tans and café au lait and grays should be rigidly avoided, for they will only accentuate all the "fuzziness of the complexion."

Women Doctors. Generally speaking "lady doctors" are not greatly in demand. There is admittedly a prejudice against them, and, curiously enough, it is nowhere entertained more keenly than among women themselves.

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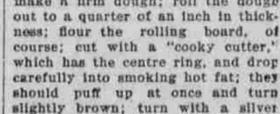
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The lapel is seen on everything. Flannel waists are to be much worn. Ottoman silk is a favorite in millinery.

There will be an unusual demand for satin. Skirts are narrow and trains positively skimpy.

School girls will wear immense flat hats of plush. The rage for things Oriental is quite as virulent as ever.

The modern muff consists of staring eyes and wagging tails. It is a noticeable feature of the girdles that they all fasten at the side.

Little neck pieces, composed of fur bands and ruffles, are the thing just now. It is a fancy just now to line coats with brocade in the shade of the skin.

Single buttons at prices current in jewelry departments are not at all unusual. Sets of bon, muff and a fur toque to match are to be the latest thing for winter.

Very long, full wraps for evening and afternoon are made of old-fashioned brocade. A wreath of tiny pink pompon roses is a charming head-dress for a young girl to wear at a school dance.

All of the favorite forms of hair ornaments come in jet, flints, combs, barrettes and ornaments of all kinds. Among the new trimmings there are hand-riveted metal effects, copied in work and pattern from Egyptian vells.

Even debutantes will display a train, and matrons will think nothing of carrying one three or four yards long. The best petticoat to wear with Directoire gowns is the one made of wool or silk jersey that clings tight as one's skin, and blossoms around the foot into silk ruffles and flounces.

Muffs are square, of bad form, and much larger than those of last year, when there was a return of favor to the smaller types. They are adorned with heads and tails, frequently in groups of three.

In all the gowns and in all dresses for morning wear, or simple afternoon wear, dark colors are those most in vogue, but there are certain bright tints of old rose and saffron that are exceedingly fashionable.

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