

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

To-day and to-morrow and the days that come after,
Springtime and summer and two seasons more;
The night full of tears and the day full of laughter.

length. But she might use it to scare away the bear.

Seizing the gun with trembling hands, she ran up the stairway to the kitchen chamber and crawled through a tiny "cubby-hole" back of the chimney.

Peering down from the loft, Bessie saw Brunetta rise again on her hind legs and reach into the pork barrel. It was only a third full of brine and pork at that season, and the bear pried so heavily on one side that it was overturned and sent bumping down the cellar stairs.

Bessie thrust the muzzle of the musket down beside the ladder, and shouted at the top of her voice. Brunetta looked up, paused, and showed her teeth, but the next instant again turned toward the oven.

Amos Pickens' hill farm sprawls high up among the springs that feed Ten-Mile Creek, the old frame house being more than a mile from that of the nearest neighbor.

Amos had had his leg broken while felling a tree, and now lay helpless in bed, with the limb in splints. Tuesday noon Mrs. Pickens had set off for the nearest store after groceries.

Bessie, aged sixteen, with four-year-old Nell, was left at home to care for her father and the stock. At 5 o'clock, leaving him asleep, she went to the barn to feed and water the cattle and horses.

Brunetta's days of marauding were over forever. The charge had severed her spine as completely as if an axe had been used, and she had sunk down stone dead, practically without a struggle.

Mr. Pickens was found helpless, half out of bed, from which he had attempted to climb upon hearing the "Bessie! See! See! Big dog!"

The girl glanced off across the big pasture, and stared for a moment in silent surprise. That lurking creature fifty yards away was no dog, but what was it? She had never seen a bear, but she had seen pictures of that animal, and she had heard rumors of the alarm over in Byram Valley.

Men and dogs gathered for the hunt. The trail led to the valley to where Byram Creek, after flowing down Bowker Hill, hugs the foot of the slope for nearly 100 rods before entering the more open country.

Three days later the fact was repeated. Everything was sure that the bear's den was somewhere near the head of the ravine, but the most diligent search failed to find it.

This was on a Friday, Sunday night Lem Porter rushed out at the sound of the frantic squeals of one of his shoats, to see Brunetta bearing off the unfortunate porker in her arms.

James Robertson, an old naturalist living near Byram Corners, who spent his summers in the mountains, and was more familiar with birds and beasts than with men, had a shrewd idea as to how the bear evaded her pursuers.

From a cross road a single shot rang out. Deprived of her dinner of pork, Brunetta had been incensed, and had lingered later than usual.

When Bessie entered the kitchen she heard the muffled cries of her little sister, but could not locate them. She searched cupboard and pantry in vain, and then, with a white face, turned to the wood house.

For at that instant she heard a creaking sound, caused by one of the huge doors that closed the front arch being shoved back. Opening the small door leading from the kitchen, she was horrified to see the bear inside the wood house.

Brunetta growled at Bessie, and then, dropping on all fours, calmly walked across to the cellarway, where she pawed the cover from the pork barrel that stood in an angle at the head of the stairs, and fished out and greedily devoured a piece of pork.

"It's only Nell who's scared!" she cried. "I'll soon quiet her!" Glancing about the room, her eyes fell upon her grandfather's musket hanging on the hooks above the mantelpiece.



Josephine's Lace Handkerchief.

It was the Empress Josephine, says the Springfield Republican, who introduced the lace handkerchief because her teeth were not what they would have been had she lived in this generation of dentists.

Miss C. de H. Benet was the first woman driver of a motor omnibus in England. She was the only woman to take the examination for motor engineering recently held in London.

The gun had been loaded for weeks and the resulting explosion was as vigorous and noisy as could have been desired at a Fourth of July celebration.

Reading on the porch long after the sun has set. Finishing the latest novel in a joggling hammock.

Sitting on the bench with the sun shining on your book. Staring at the water when the sun is at its brightest.

Not protecting the eyes with glasses or thick veil when motoring on a dusty road or when traveling with open windows.

These may seem trifles not worth minding, but they often lay up a store of eye strains that give trouble for years.

Mrs. Howe's Answer.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has sent a letter to the London Times in answer to Mrs. Humphry Ward's recent attack upon the woman suffrage cause in America.

Old-Fashioned Doughnuts.—Work to a cream half a large cup of butter and a pound of sugar.

America for nearly ninety years, and thinks that she knows conditions here better than a transient English tourist.

The change in favor of the movement among women is especially marked. The organized opposition among women is very small compared with the organized movement in its favor.

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Bromidish Actions That Live. In every theatre there are always some who can be depended upon to applaud the stage hand who carries on a chair; there is always somebody at every ball game to applaud the umpire when he catches a ball thrown out to him.

With Humorous Intent. The sense of the comic is much blunted by habits of punning and of using humorous phrase; the trick of employing Johnsonian polysyllables to treat of the infinitely little.

Consistent. The people who say that women are inconsistent and inconsistent, declares the philosopher of folly, are dead wrong.

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whom, it may be, her husband happens to admire. Let her think for herself, act for herself, and express her own honest opinions.

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Dresses Not Her Own. The curious legal point has just been made in one of the London county courts that a wife's dresses are not necessarily her own absolute property.

It seems that the legal position is this: the term paraphernalia includes all wearing apparel and ornaments suitable to the wife's station in life which are given to her only to be worn as ornaments of the person only.

Usually a cake batter is of such consistency that it needs to be spread in the pan. Sometimes the heat of the oven will cause it to sink to a level before cooking begins.

The framing and hanging of pictures has become an art. They are an important decoration of a room. In hanging pictures, a study of surroundings is necessary, and care should be taken as to wall coverings.

Very much of a late fashion, and are beginning to fill dainty picture frames. Barrettes are wider and broader than heretofore and almost cover the head under the knot.

Black facings are used with dark or black hats and dark facings relieve bright or light colored hats. The hood is quite fashionable, and nothing accommodates itself so well to the sort of hair dressing now in vogue.

Gray suede pumps are permissible with all sorts of gowns for evening wear, and the newest ones are very pretty.

The "points" of gloves, the stitching down the backs, are much heavier this season than they have been in a long time.

Hat models of 1830 are closely copied in some of the latest creations, and rare paintings of that period are in demand for patterns.

Again the white and colored knitted gloves are in high favor for walking and sometimes they are drawn over the fine gloves when it is quite cold.

Though fashion cares not whether they match in material, there is an absolute decree that the skirt and corsage of this season shall match in color.

Among the new separate waists there are Persian crepe de chine models with tucked waist net yokes and underleaves. The yokes and frills trimming the waists are run with silk floss to give the needed color.

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Household Matters

To Keep Hands Nice. Many a woman complains because the peeling of potatoes keeps her fingers in an untidy condition. A little precaution will prevent this.

A Simple Refrigerator. Procure a wire meat safe, that is, a box covered by wire netting on three sides, with a fly-proof door.

Upholstery Laces. It is interesting to know how many women this season are buying lace at the upholstery department for gown trimming.

To Keep Ice Cream Freezer Steady. A cheap, handy device for keeping the freezer steady when making ice cream can be made by screwing three large size galvanized screen door hooks to the floor and putting the eyes an equal distance apart near the bottom of freezer.

Cake Batter. Usually a cake batter is of such consistency that it needs to be spread in the pan. Sometimes the heat of the oven will cause it to sink to a level before cooking begins.

Framing Pictures. The framing and hanging of pictures has become an art. They are an important decoration of a room. In hanging pictures, a study of surroundings is necessary, and care should be taken as to wall coverings.

Graham Pudding.—One cup raisins seeded and chopped fine, one cup molasses, one teaspoon soda dissolved in scant cup of sweet milk, one-half teaspoon salt, two cups graham flour. Steam three hours.

Orange Straws.—After removing all the white membrane from orange skins cut into narrow strips. Soak in cold water for two hours, then wipe dry. Boil two cups sugar with one of water until the sirup threads, dip the straws in this and lay on an oiled paper in the warming oven until quite dry.

Frozen Rice.—Roll one pound of rice in milk, soak gelatine in enough water to dissolve, add half a lemon or any flavor, one pint of whipped cream, sugar to sweeten. Mix all together lightly, put on ice to harden, serve with cream, garnish with bits of currant jelly on top, eat any shape desired.

Lemon Pudding.—One lemon sliced thin, one cup of sugar, one-half pint boiling water. Moisten three tablespoons of cornstarch with a little milk and stir in. Let it come to a boil, then simmer for five minutes. Place two oranges and lay in a dish. Scatter on a little sugar. Pour over cornstarch when cold, and whip white of two eggs; add sugar.

Cheep Fruit Cake.—Three cups cake crumbs, one and one-half cups flour, one cup molasses, one cup currants, one cup raisins, one cup currants, one cup sugar, one egg and a piece of butter the size of an egg, one-quarter pound citron cut fine, one teaspoonful soda, one level teaspoonful each of nutmeg, cinnamon and cloves, one teaspoonful vanilla.



SOME DAY. A kindly nurse shall come some day to us with solemn mien, and say, 'Tis time to go to bed and sleep.'

As to Revivals. The churches are looking forward to the time of revivals. There may be a few exceptions, but not many.

The church should rally to the support of the pastor, and use the stated means of grace to edify believers and impress the unawakened.

The Glory in the Cloud. Phillips Brooks once preached a sermon from the text, 'Who passing through the valley of weeping make it a well.'

A Personal Interest. Do you know your Father? Have you found God your Father? Have you learned to shape all those mighty forces and laws which constitute this universe as a personal being to yourself?

The Root of Spiritualism. Spirituality issues from God-conscience. God is with us. God is here because He wants to be with His children.

Sublime Patience. Enter into the sublime patience of the Lord. Be able to wait in view of it. God can afford to wait; why cannot we, since we have Him to help us? Let patience have her perfect work and bring forth her celestial fruit.

Remember the Sabbath. The interests of the Sabbath are the interests of the poor.—Professor George Adam Smith.

CHRISTMAS COUNSEL. 'My wife and I,' remarked the young married man, 'have agreed not to give each other anything for Christmas.'

'How's that?'

'So that we may save money.'

'Better save plenty of it,' advised the old married man, kindly. 'For if you carry out that program, my boy, it will take something handsome to pacify her the day after.'

The Restoration of the Church: From "The Servant in the House."

When you enter it you hear a sound—a sound as of some mighty poem chanted. Listen long enough, and you will learn that it is made up of the beating of human hearts, of the nameless music of men's souls—that is, if you have ears.

The pillars of it go up like the brawny trunks of heroes; the sweet human flesh of men and women is moulded about its bulwarks, strong, impregnable; the faces of little children laugh out from every cornerstone; the terrible spasms and arches of it are the joined hands of comrades; and up in the heights and spaces there are inscribed the numberless meanings of all the dreamers of the world.

Returning toward the house she slammed and bolted the pig-pen door, and then ran to the kitchen. By this time Brunetta was in the yard seeming to guess instinctively from the girl's fright that no able-bodied man was about.

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Men and dogs arrived and were speedily at fault as before. Then some one saw the old naturalist, and called to him, "Did you see the bear, Robertson?"

"Yes. She knows more than you and the dogs put together. She's a veteran. But I reckon Byram Valley has seen the last of her."

That night she passed over the watershed of Ten-Mile Creek, and hid herself in a thicket near that stream. It was a lonely place, with not a

Our Cut-out Recipe. Paste in Your Scrap-Book. America for nearly ninety years, and thinks that she knows conditions here better than a transient English tourist.

