

AUNT CAROLINE.

The Sale of The Granite Ledge, and the Visit to New York.

W. R. ROSE, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

As often as possible, John Phillip Guthrie visited his early home in Vermont. There was no one in the dull little village he cared to see except his Aunt Caroline.

John Phillip had lost both father and mother at an early age. Then his Aunt Caroline had taken him to her home and cared for him. She had never married, and all her affection was lavished on the orphan boy. He was grateful for this kindness. He repaid her by obedience and industry. And when the restless longing to get away from the dead dullness of Peterzell became too strong to resist he had left the stagnant village with but one regret—the pain he knew he would inflict upon Aunt Caroline.

But she had let him go without a word of dissuasion.

"I knew 'twas coming," she said. "I saw you wouldn't be contented here, and I ain't going to be so selfish as to try to keep you."

Whereat John Phillip had quietly announced that he would give up his journey if his aunt thought she needed him.

"I don't," she told him. "There ain't a chance for you here. I hoped I could get you into the post-office, but Jim Bronson had promised me that. I don't want you to be a farmer—not on such farms as we have hereabouts. And it ain't a-going to do you any harm to get away and see the world—down as far as Burlington, anyway. But you mustn't forget that you've always got a home here."

There were tears in his eyes when John Phillip started away that bright June morning, so many tears that the blue hills swam before him. He was seventeen, and those blue hills had bounded all the world he had ever known.

So he trudged along with a heavy heart—being only a boy—and was really afraid to look behind, lest the old home should draw him back.

He was going to Burlington with Seth Andrews, who had half a dozen horses to deliver and could avail himself of the boy's services. He had no idea what he would do after the horses were delivered. But he didn't come back to Peterzell.

So he climbed the hills beyond which lay the nearest railway town, and looked off into the great world beyond.

And his Aunt Caroline's last words hummed in his ears.

"John Phillip," she had just said. "I want you to treat everybody just as fair and kind as you treat yourself—and don't forget to save your money." John did not come back. He found something to do at Burlington, he worked his way to Albany and, as a steamboat deckhand, he finally reached New York.

It was a year before Aunt Caroline saw him again. His employer had sent him up to Albany. He seized the opportunity to spend the day at the old home.

Aunt Caroline had drawn him in with a glad cry.

"Prodigal!" she presently asked.

"Not yet," he laughingly answered.

He had a fair job and was working hard—and there was a chance to rise.

"Are you saving your money?" she asked.

"No," he laughingly told her.

"When Saturday night comes there's nothing to save."

She shook her head.

"You're like your father," she said.

"He never saved. No matter what he earned, it was just enough to live on—and that was all. Guess you'll always have to work for somebody, John Phillip."

Whenever he could John Phillip visited the old home. His visits grew rarer, but if the summer passed without his finding time for the trip he always wrote Aunt Caroline a long letter.

He was working hard and doing his best to save something—and she must give up all fear of having a prodigal on her hands.

When John Phillip had been away two years he sent his Aunt Caroline \$50 as a present. His aunt's income was a small one, derived from the rental of a farm and from little loans on real estate. She had taken the money he sent her and put it in the bank.

"The dear boy will need it some time," she said.

So the years wore on thirty of them.

He sent modest sums of money several times, and Aunt Caroline added each remittance to the original John Phillip fund.

She told him finally that the money was waiting his hour of need, and he had laughed in a queer way.

"All right," he cried, "it may come handy some day."

Yes, he had a fairly good job, in a bank, and was doing his best to save something. But living was expensive in the city.

Three weeks later a jaunty young man crossed the threshold of Aunt Caroline's prim little parlor. It was a matter of important business that brought him, he answered in his quick, smiling way.

There hadn't been a book agent or peddler of any sort in Peterzell for a half dozen years. Aunt Caroline wondered what this brisk stranger could be.

The brisk stranger consulted a tall memorandum book.

"You own a farm of 160 acres in Vermont?"

"Yes," replied Aunt Caroline.

"Seventy acres are in timber, there is a granite ledge running diagonally across the land, and an unfailing spring in the northeast corner supplies a fine trout stream."

"Are you assessing?" inquired Aunt Caroline in her mildest tones.

"No," replied the brisk stranger.

"I'm a lawyer from New York—Fink, Sessions & Shumway—I'm Shumway. We represent the prospective Burlington and Northern Railway. The

There was a fine looking policeman close at hand. She turned to him.

"Yes," he said, "J. P. Guthrie lives on this avenue just beyond Seventieth. Better take an auto-bus. Here's one now."

But she gave a look at the crumpling and rumbling monster and shook her gray head. She would rather walk.

Aunt Caroline had no idea how far it was. And the avenue was so wonderful with its homes and churches and the swift traffic along the roadway, that she didn't notice the distance. Still, she was pretty tired when the great park was reached and glad when the messenger boy pointed out the Guthrie home to her.

Aunt Caroline hesitated.

Then she went up the marble steps bravely.

It was a beautiful four-story house—although she noted that the lot was rather small—and Aunt Caroline paused on the top step to look at the richly carved doorway.

Then the door suddenly opened and a pleasant faced man in a livery looked at her inquiringly.

"Is this Mr. Guthrie's home?" she somewhat tremulously asked.

"Yes, madam."

"I am looking for the Mr. Guthrie who is in a bank."

"Mr. Guthrie is president of a bank, madam."

"Do you know of any other Mr. Guthrie?"

"No, madam."

Aunt Caroline looked around despairingly.

"Mr. Guthrie is not at home?"

"No, madam."

Aunt Caroline leaned against the iron railing.

"Would you mind if I sit down in your hall and rested for a few minutes?" she asked.

Before the man could answer a sweet voice interrupted.

"What is it, James?"

"A lady is asking for your father, miss."

The owner of the sweet voice came forward. She was a girl, a girl of seventeen, perhaps, a beautiful girl in a soft white gown. Her gentle eyes met Aunt Caroline's anxious ones.

"Come in, please," she quickly said. "This way. Let me take your bag. There, you will find this chair the easiest one."

Aunt Caroline sank back in the big chair with a heavy sigh. Her gaze wandered about the exquisite room

now. And you remember the money you've sent me from time to time? Well, it all amounts—with the interest figured to date—to \$1137.35." She drew something from the shopping bag. "Here's the bank book, and if you need it, John Phillip, you're welcome to every penny of it!"

He put the book back in the bag very gently.

"I'm happy to say, dear aunt," he told her, "that I am not in any need at present."

She stared at him. Then she suddenly laughed.

"John Phillip," she cried, "I really believe you are the railway company that bought my farm!"

"He only laughed.

"Have you seen little Caroline?" he asked. "Well, little Caroline is going to take you to your room—and then we will have dinner. After dinner we are going to inaugurate the time of your life by starting in with a grand opera and a moonlight automobile ride."

Aunt Caroline paused in the doorway with one arm clasped about the slim waist of the girl. Her bright eyes took in the many evidences of taste and wealth.

"John Phillip," she gravely said, "I do hope you are not forgetting to save something."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

An overtrained man is a good bit like an overtrained dog. Sometimes the best hunting dog won't work for a cent.

Don't trust too much to appearances. The bleached blonde may have a light head and at the same time a heavy heart.

Chance shapes our destinies, which may account for the fact that so many of us have such mighty poor shapes.

The man who is always looking for a bet seems to overlook the elevator boy, who will always take him up.

When a man wants to commune with the spirits, he can go to either a clairvoyant or a bartender.

There may be germs in kisses, but about the only thing a girl could catch in that way is a husband.

It is useless for a man to dream of a political career when he is too proud to beg and too honest to steal.

We frequently smoke the cigars a man offers to us when we wouldn't accept his advice.

It is foolish to try to string a girl who already has too many strings to her bow.

The man who has nothing to lose can always afford to take the greatest chances.

Many an actress gets more puffs in her hair than she gets in the newspapers.

The way of the transgressor is hard, but most men seem to like a hard road.

The fellow who boasts that he never takes water should be careful not to find himself between the devil and the deep sea.—From "Dyspeptic Philosophy," in the New York Times.

Decline of Horse Breeding.

The census of horses set going by the Government in Devonshire is nearly complete, and it is found that the police had nearly all the facts already accumulated.

The result of the census is likely to be alarming. It is not so much that the number of horses has fallen off—though there is probably a decrease of at least 15,000 foals in England—as that the right type is wanting. The other day, at special request, a Government buyer of remounts, accompanied by a professor, went down to Cornwall to purchase.

A hundred horses were specially collected and paraded; but of the 100 only six were selected as sound and of the right type. If this happens at Liskeard, the center of the Brood Mare Society, where Mr. Williams is organizing his scheme for ear-marking—in the literal sense—national horses, the results will be twice as bad elsewhere. Among those who know the facts the alarm at the national deficiency is great.—London Daily Mail.

In China.

Railway traveling in China apparently has dangers of its own. Of late complaints have been rife as to the failure of the authorities to afford proper protection to passengers on the Shanghai-Nanking line. It appears that when some irresponsible Chinese meets with an accident through trespassing on the line or not exercising proper caution at a level crossing, it is customary for his fellow-villagers to stop the next train, bombard it with stones and extort compensation from the unlucky travelers, who are fortunate if they reach their journey's end with their heads unbroken. Such attempts at repression as have been made have proved entirely inadequate, and these outbreaks are said to be of frequent occurrence. Near Chinkiang recently a mob hurled through the windows of a train heavy jagged pieces of granite, any one of which might have caused serious injury to passengers.—London Telegraph.

Coyote, Texas Boy's Pet.

A pet coyote belongs to Roy Callaway, a Dallas boy, who declares that coyotes can be made tamer than dogs. This particular coyote came from Stamford, in western Texas, when two and a half months old. It is now a little over a year old and fully grown.

This pet plays with the children, lying down to be rubbed by them. She likes to play with dogs, but the dogs object. The coyote sits on her box and waits for Roy to come home in the evening and shows her pleasure when she sees him.

"I don't think," Roy says, "that any dog could be more lovable than my coyote is."—Dallas News.

Proposes a Hybrid.

There ought to be some way of crossing the Mexican airship referred to in the dispatches, which could be made to fly but not descend, with the more common varieties which come to earth with great facility, but soar only at rare intervals and after much coaxing.—New York Tribune.



Fraternity Mothers.

Fraternity house mothers are suggested by President David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford University, who is trying to devise means for improving the scholarship of the members of the secret societies. He believes that the right woman presiding over each fraternity house would have a very beneficial influence on the scholarship of the students.—New York Sun.

Victory in Denver.

The Professional Woman's Club, of Denver, celebrated its victory in securing the appointment of eight women as members of the county medical force by a banquet. The women appointed were Dr. Elizabeth Cassidy, who was made one of three county physicians, and Dr. Mary L. Bates, Dr. Margaret Beeler, Dr. M. Jean Gate, Dr. Elsie S. Pratt, Dr. Alice Guthrie, Dr. Mary Hawes and Dr. M. Ethel Fraser, who were made members of the hospital staff.—New York Sun.

Workbags.

During the old regime in France it was the custom of the ladies invariably to carry their workbags with them to the evening receptions, in which they had not only their embroidery materials but the latest novel, the popular song and their patch boxes and rouge pots says Appleton's Magazine. Gentlemen also carried deftly embroidered little bags into company, which held a whole arsenal of cutlery and fancy articles, such as boxes of different shapes filled with lozenges, bonbons, snuff and scents.

Moldjeska's Trick.

There are some good stories told about Mme. Moldjeska, the famous Polish actress, who has just died. Perhaps the most amusing, however, is that which relates how she satisfied a private audience who had been

Our Cut-out Recipe

Put in Your Stars and Stripes

Tomato Rabbit.

Take some slices of whole-wheat bread, cut rather thick and with crust removed, and cut into sandwich shape. Drain part of a can of tomato, or use whole tomatoes, canned; spread one slice of bread with either the thick pulp or a slice, and sprinkle with salt, paprika, dry mustard, and a little table sauce; last, cover thickly with grated cheese; put on the second slice of the bread and press together firmly; saute in butter, till the bread is brown on both sides and the cheese melted.—Harper's Bazar.

receiving her to recite something in her native language. Demurring at first, the famous actress at last gave way, and the audience sat spell-bound as she dramatically uttered unintelligible words. Great applause was the reward for the effort, but what the feelings of the people must have been when they learned that she had merely recited the numbers from one to 100 in Polish it is scarcely possible to describe.—Tit-Bits.

Not a Friend.

A pathetic story was revealed at an inquest on Marguerite Hebert, aged fifty-nine, at Steopney. She was found by the relieving officer in a room at Old Montague street, White-chapel, lying on an old mattress. There was no other furniture in the room. On admission to Whitechapel infirmary she said she had not a "friend in the world." In the room was found a book, "French Pronunciation Made Easy," by M. H. Hebert, published in 1905, and on the flyleaf was written: "To Her Majesty, the Queen of England, from her grateful subject, Marguerite Hebert." Death was due to heart failure and pleurisy.—London Mail.

Hair Famine is Imminent.

There are few women in this country to-day who are not wearing collars or toupées shorn from the heads of maids in France, Switzerland, Germany or Hungary. There will be less false hair dressing in the future, unless a new source of supply is found. The several governments of Europe are legislating to make it illegal for a girl to sell her hair or for an agent to buy it. But there is another reason for the growing scarcity of hair for artificial purposes, and that is the practical exhaustion of the European supply. So great has been the American demand for the last six months that there is hardly a peasant girl to be found with long tresses. The girls of Brittany, for many years have given the finest locks to the market, and every head there has been shorn. As it takes several years to grow colls to equal the first crop, it is evident that a hair famine threatens. Its first effects will be felt by the American woman, who, however luxuriant her own hair, is not satisfied, but needs must borrow.—New York Press.

Safe From Destruction.

There is no hint at the destruction of the home or at the dissolution of the family in the suggestion that possibly some day women workers may continue to work after marriage. This is the conclusion to which William Hard and Rheta Child Dorr come in "The Woman's Invasion," in Everybody's. It is interesting—especially so—in the light of the misleading statements of the case that have been spread abroad lately.

"It is not believed that such a continuation of work on their part would in any way imperil either the home or the family, provided the following conditions were observed:

"First. The education of their children, from babyhood up, shall be properly carried forward for five hours or so every day in day nurseries, kindergartens, etc.

"Second. Cooking shall be done in central kitchens from which meals shall be distributed to homes.

"Third. For women with children there shall be a shortened work-day.

"Fourth. At childbirth women shall rest from their industrial work

Household Matters

Pistachio Ice Cream.

Three cupsful of thick cream, one cupful of milk, one cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of almond extract, one teaspoonful of green coloring, quarter teaspoonful of salt, half a cupful of finely chopped pistachio nuts, half a cupful of chopped almonds. Mix the ingredients together and freeze.—New York Press.

Squash Salad.

Cut a round slice off the top of a good squash, and scoop all the inside when a neat cup will result, into which the salad may be put. Prepare a lettuce and an endive, using only the white part of the latter, and pulling both into small pieces. Peel a cucumber and a tomato, and cut them into neat pieces. Mix these with a little mayonnaise sauce, then put them into the case of squash. Garnish with lettuce, slices of tomato and endive.—New York Press.

White and Green Bonbons.

Divide one pound of uncooked fondant into two portions. Color one portion green and flavor it with almond extract, dust the slab with confectioner's sugar and roll the fondant into a square, one-third of an inch thick. Flavor the second portion with vanilla extract, roll it out the same size and thickness as the pink, and lay it upon it, passing the rolling pin lightly over so as to join the two together. Let it stand for four hours, then cut into neat pieces one and a half inches long by one inch broad.

To make the uncooked fondant, break the white of one egg into a basin, into this sift about one pound of confectioner's sugar, adding it very gradually till the mixture is stiff enough to roll out.—New York Press.

Salsify Fritters.

To make the frying batter put two heaping tablespoonfuls of flour and half a teaspoonful of salt into a basin; beat up two yolks of eggs and add them with two tablespoonfuls of milk; mix well and add one tablespoonful of olive oil, season with salt and pepper and beat for three minutes.

If possible let this stand for an hour, then add very lightly to it the white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth. Wash and lightly scrape one and a half pounds of salsify, then throw it into cold water.

Boil for forty minutes in boiling water, to which has been added one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of dripping and a little lemon juice.

When tender drain off the water and cut into pieces about two and a half inches long.

Sprinkle lightly with oil, vinegar and a little white pepper. Dip the pieces of salsify in the batter, drop them gently into plenty of smoking hot fat and fry them a golden brown color. Drain and serve in a hot vegetable dish.—New York Press.

Where Servants Stay.

You rarely hear a woman complain of servants leaving her who know what she wants, insists upon it being done, and knows when it is done. The work in some households is like the prayer chain; the one way to end it is to break away from it.

Servants are stayers in homes where their rights are regarded and they are expected to regard the rights

Tomato Rarebit.

Take some slices of whole-wheat bread, cut rather thick and with crust removed, and cut into sandwich shape. Drain part of a can of tomato, or use whole tomatoes, canned; spread one slice of bread with either the thick pulp or a slice, and sprinkle with salt, paprika, dry mustard, and a little table sauce; last, cover thickly with grated cheese; put on the second slice of the bread and press together firmly; saute in butter, till the bread is brown on both sides and the cheese melted.—Harper's Bazar.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

A large pinch of salt put in a tank of the coal oil lamp will cause it to give a better light.

When a small hole breaks in the floor or other paper bag, cover with a piece of court plaster and save waste and bother.

Two or three slices of lemon in a cup of strong tea will cure a nervous headache. A teaspoonful of juice in a cup of black coffee will relieve a bilious headache.

The work of skinning onions, which usually ends in tears, can be made a pleasure by pouring boiling water over them and covering a few minutes before peeling.

A sheet of thin oiled paper placed under a child's plate protects the tablecloth and is not so unightly as many other expedients, and is quite as successful and inexpensive.

Common table salt makes a good dentifrice. A table spoonful dissolved in two-thirds of a tumbler of water, used in brushing the teeth, hardens the gums and whitens the teeth.

Always line a cake pan with paper. The medium weight yellow paper, used for wrapping, can be bought for ten cents a roll. Grease the paper, not the pan, except on the edges.

If your lamp smokes or gives poor light it may come from clogged pipes. Take the lamp apart, boil the burner in soda water and pour hot water through connecting rods and tubes.

Cake pans can be more quickly greased if the pans are first heated. An easy way is to put small lumps of butter over the lining and stand pan on top of stove for a minute before spreading the grease.

Dampened salt applied to a mope quite bite will relieve the itching at once. In fact, dampened salt is a good cure for the bite or sting of any insect. It should be applied quickly and bound tightly over the spot.

A simple method of testing whether milk has been watered is to take a well polished knitting needle and dip it into a deep vessel of milk and withdraw it immediately. If the milk is unwatered some of the fluid will adhere to the needle; but if it has been watered in the least degree, the needle will come out quite free of milky fluid.

Boil the silver in two quarts of water to which has been added a tablespoonful of sal soda. The tarnish is thus loosened and after washing the silver with soap and water and rubbing well with a dry cloth it will be as bright as if cleaned in the old laborious way.

Carbolic acid is an excellent and cheap disinfectant. A solution of it should be poured down all sinks and drains once every week or fortnight during hot weather. To make this solution allow ten ounces of liquid carbolic to three gallons of cold water. Use about half a pint for each pipe and bottle the remainder for use as required.

Pretty Things to Wear

Lace will have a great vogue unless all signs fail.

Giant bows are popular, pinned close to hats.

Some French chevrons show Roman stripe effects.

In chiffon veils for motoring, high colors are favored.

There is a hint of the pointed bodice reappearing.

Figured as well as striped Henriettas are in the shops.

Shirt waists should be worn only by girls over fifteen years.

Little mantles of taffeta and satin with printed ends and tassels are in grande mode.

Plain, simple effects are coming to be more admired than the gold and glitter of the hour.

The delicate faille ribbons are even more prominent than the soft satin and glace silk upon hats.

The showing of straw embroidery and jet band trimmings has never been exceeded in richness.

At fashionable luncheons an bridge parties coats and gowns alike of black velvet are often seen.

Jet, as the modish touch, threaten to supersede in every kind of apparel the glint of gold that has had a full year's stay.

The latest hatpin is of gold, and like the seal of a masculine watch box, engraved with the monogram of crest of the owner.

Net girdles of wide, soft mesh are embroidered in ribbons and fringed with it. They come in all the fashionable colors.

Pongee ribbon about six inches wide, printed in Oriental designs and colors, is one of the useful things brought in for dressmakers.

The fashion for narrow braids a trimming includes the old-fashioned rick-rack braid which we used to crutch into collars and edgings of all kinds.

The bordered materials are especially good for the tall girl and at all other new effects is obtained by many of the borders being lighter than the material itself.