

Randolph Augustus Malcolm Tait thought he'd invest in real estate...

Aunt Hephzibah's Tramp

By Grace Agnes Thompson

We had expected for a story and gathered eagerly around grandma's chair...

"It shall be a story of the good days when Boston was many years younger than it is today..."

"You must picture a large, old-fashioned farmhouse standing among great elm and maple trees..."

"At the time of my story I was about 17. Our family then included two very quaint people—Simon Gregg, the hired man, and Miss Hephzibah Jones..."

"There was really nothing about Aunt Hephzibah to which one might pin a romance unless it was this mystery, yet my sister Kate and I, who were just at the sentimental age, were all manner of romances around her and often held long consultations about her possible lovers..."

"One day while we were at dinner looking man asleep on the hayrack when I went into the barn this morning I saw him off the premises and tell him to keep away..."

"On Thursday afternoon, as Kate and I walked up the road to Squire Baxter's, two miles away, a man came out of some bushes beside the road..."

"That evening while Kate and I washed the supper dishes, discussing our afternoon adventure, as we considered it, Kate suddenly gave a start and whispered excitedly to me to look out of the window..."

"Whatever he could be seeking around our house we failed to guess. Kate was about to call someone, but I suggested that we wait and watch developments..."

"Aunt Hephzibah was in the dairy putting away the milk. The window was open and the tramp presently appeared before it. We girls tiptoed to the door and peeped through the crack to see what would follow..."

"The tramp was saying something in a low, mumbled tone that we did not understand. Aunt Hephzibah turned and stared in amazement for a moment, and then we were convulsed with laughter..."

"Now, get out! Get this instant, or I'll give you another dose! Clear out, don't dare show your face on these premises again," she screamed. And she did 'clear out' in a remarkable hurry..."

"Half an hour later Simon Gregg was in chucking to himself, as he then did when anything amused him. 'Well,' he said, as Miss Hephzibah came out of the dairy, 'did you ever see a bean?'"

"'Bean!' he exclaimed contemptuously, 'no, I never did and never want neither!'"

"'Well, well,' chuckled Simon. 'I see a poor fellow out by the barn, shivered like he'd been takin' his kind of shower bath. I see to him, see I see he sez, sez he, 'I was goin' to see an old friend, Hephzibah Almyr Jones, an' this is the kind of 'welcome' she give me. And now, Aunt Hephzibah, that man wa'n't your beau, who was he?'"

"Aunt Hephzibah seemed a little cowed for a minute, but quickly regained her composure, and looking sternly in the face, said very dryly, 'Simon Gregg, do you know a tramp when you see one? If you don't, time you learned.'"

"But matters came to a climax next afternoon, when the 'tramp' boldly peeked at the kitchen door and asked Miss Jones..."

"Father invited him in, and then we discovered that he was not really bad looking, and certainly no tramp. 'Presently Aunt Hephzibah appeared from the cellar, but in the middle of the floor she stopped, almost dropping the dish she was carrying. Then she collapsed into a chair. Mother signed to us to leave the room. It was a full hour before dinner was announced, but father said we could afford to wait. Aunt Hephzibah introduced her visitor as Mr. Samuel Brown, whom, she added, she had known when a girl more than 40 years ago.'"

"Mr. Brown apologized for his strange behavior during the past three days. He said he had been a sailor and told a thrilling story of his exile in the frozen regions of the north, where the whaling vessel on which he sailed had been wrecked. Most of the crew perished, but two others with himself had at last succeeded in reaching Boston. He had come at once to seek his former sweetheart, Miss Jones. After tramping all day he had yielded to the temptation of seeking shelter in father's barn, little thinking he was so near the object of his search. In the morning he started out again and chanced to meet someone who informed him of Miss Hephzibah's whereabouts, and he had returned—that was how we girls happened to meet him—and then when he tried to obtain an interview with her that worthy lady had sent him away drenched. Disappointed, he had gone to beg a night's lodging in Squire Baxter's barn, intending to set out for the docks in the morning, but the thought that Miss Hephzibah might not have recognized him had caused him to make one last attempt."

"Well, you can guess the ending—that in a few weeks Aunt Hephzibah moved from Maplewood into a neat little farmhouse of her own, for, as she said, it was the best use she could make of the bright gold pieces that had been accumulating in her chest for so many years, and it did not matter whether her Samuel had any or not. One thing puzzled us girls—why had Mr. Brown chosen to see his lady-love for the first time through that dairy window, and not properly through the door? We questioned old Simon, but he would only shake his head and look wise.—Boston Post."

TREE CULTURE IN HOLLAND.

Elms on Canal Banks and Lindens French Monarch Guarded.

There is perhaps no other well populated country in the world which has so many well wooded towns as has Holland. Most of the streets and grachten or canals have avenues of trees. Utrecht has two rows of trees on either side of its quaint canals. Its canal banks are constructed as if in two stories. The lower story, almost flush with the water level, is lined with warehouses and vaults, while the upper story has dwellings and shops. Both levels are planted with trees.

So many avenues of trees make a Dutch town exceedingly pleasant, especially on a hot day. The foliage tempers the glare of the sun and the vistas of green are refreshing to the eye. These abundant growths in thickly populated towns are highly useful as well as ornamental. It is recognized that from a hygienic point of view they are valuable to the citizens.

In Holland these useful services are gratefully recognized and the trees are carefully tended by the municipalities. The cost of this care per capita is the different towns varies somewhat. Last year, for example, Utrecht devoted 21 cents (Dutch) to its trees for each inhabitant and The Hague 28 cents for each of its 259,000 citizens. It takes 2 1/2 Dutch cents to equal an American cent. About ten years ago the annual cost of caring for the trees of The Hague was 10 cents (Dutch) per capita, but since that time many new trees and shrubs have been planted throughout the city and new parks have been laid out.

It has been found that not every kind of tree will thrive in the streets of a town, for trees have many enemies both above and below ground. Gas escaping from pipes underground is the worst enemy of trees, because quite small quantities of it are deadly. For this reason special precautions are taken against the leakage of gas in Dutch towns. How electricity-escaping underground acts upon trees as yet has not been sufficiently studied to be understood. Trees will not grow in very narrow streets where the houses are high; neither will they thrive if the pavement does not let in moisture and air in sufficient quantities.

The best trees for street planting in Holland are elms and lindens, but the elm is the harder of the two and will grow where a linden will not. Trees of these kinds reach a great age, like the old elms along the quiet grachten of Edam, one of the "dead" cities of the Zuider Zee, which saw the fleets of Van Tromp and De Ruyter to the harbor of Edam—the harbor which appears so tiny to modern eyes that one with difficulty imagines "the terror of the North Sea" anchoring there. Then there are the magnificent lindens of the Mallebaan in Utrecht, which appealed to the French monarch King Louis XIV. Those lindens he commanded his soldiers to spare on peril of their lives.—The Hague Correspondence Chicago News.

Our Cut-out Recipe Paste in Your Scrap-Book

Raspberry Jelly With Cream Ice.—Put half a pound or a pint of loaf sugar into a stewpan with half a pint of cold water and the thinly pared rind of two lemons. Let the water come to a boil and then simmer for ten minutes. Strain until all the juice has been drawn from them. Pass the juice through a fine hair sieve.

Then measure and re-heat in the proportion of half an ounce to each pint of liquid. Taste to see if it requires any more sugar and strain it into a basin. Put a cup of milk into a double boiler with eight tablespoonfuls of sugar and the thinly pared rind of a lemon. Stir on the stove until the sugar has dissolved and leave until cold. Whip a cup of cream, stir it into the basin containing the cooked milk and freeze. Serve together with raspberry jelly.

But when she goes into the business world it will seem to fairly bristle with thorns, so many will be the slights she will apparently receive.

Most of the wounds of the sensitive girl are self-inflicted, only unfortunately, she doesn't know it. When she gains this knowledge her suffering and her tears will soon cease.

It is wisdom that is slow in coming, for you can't make the sensitive girl believe that the slights directed her way are not intended. She is so sure in her mind that her grievance is just that argument is hopeless.

Indeed, argument is hopeless most of the time with the sensitive girl. If you number such a one among your friends or in your family, try to change her way of looking at the world, instead of arguing with her that her grievances are groundless.

Try to get her to see that the world is too big and people too busy to be occupied in thinking up ways to hurt her feelings, and that in the main people are too kind to do such things anyway. The idea that people are continually shooting arrows her way comes frequently from an overdeveloped ego. She believes other people are thinking as much about herself as she is, and their words and actions she misconstrues as directed to herself, when the probability is they never had her in mind at all nor thought of such a construction being put upon their conduct.

This is particularly true in business. Business people are entirely too rushed to mind words or to consider how people may take what they say. The sensitive girl is extremely foolish to think every unkind word, every slur about poorly done work or slowness is directed at her. Rest assured if her friend doesn't suit, she will hear directly from her employer. He won't beat around the bush about it. And she shouldn't torture herself with the thought that he is whipping her over somebody else's shoulders.

Common sense and a philosophical spirit are good cures for sensitiveness. But these are the very qualifications the sensitive girl is apt to lack. The best thing to help her is to mix with the world and with people, to get a big, broad view of life where she will see how extremely small she and her affairs are. This will gradually give her a saner and more rational viewpoint and her extreme sensitiveness will disappear. She will become much happier, much more companionable. The sensitive girl should endeavor to get this view of life, for she is making herself wretched over things which in the main do not exist, for most of the slights and wounds to her feelings are imaginary, not real. And it is a pity to spoil life with imaginary ills.—New York Times.

Science and Imagination.

Science does not know its debt to imagination.—Buerger.



WOMAN'S REALM

Blue For Walking Gowns.

In Paris, either for walking, for visiting or for the races, women of taste always return after a time to dark blue for their trotteur costumes, and with a smart hat and sunshade and well cut boots or shoes they always appear elegant.

This fact was particularly noticeable at Chantilly, writes the Paris correspondent of the Gentlewoman, and it was amusing to note how every woman introduced her personal taste in the selection of her cloche and ombrelle to relieve the severe classical cut of her gown.

Comtesse d'Hautpoul wore fancy braiding matching her blue costume and a coarse straw hat of the same blue. Princesse Permande de Lucines was also in blue, with a hat and feather to match; likewise Baronne Merlin, her blue hat being trimmed with buttercup.

Comtesse de Saint-Sauveur favored Sevres blue Tussore and a white aigrette in her black hat; Princesse de La Tour d'Auvergne in blue serge had a black hat and a cluster of dark red feathers, and the Marquise de Noailles war in navy blue Tussore, with revers of printed Indian linen on the jacket.

When a girl walks heavily she is always walking incorrectly and is never graceful. Girls are not altogether to blame for this, as they are told from childhood to 'throw their shoulders back,' which has a tendency to put the weight in the heels, a strain on the back and to throw the head forward. Instead the young should be told to throw the chest forward and the head and shoulders will take their right position.

Relaxation is the second thing necessary for grace, as well as for the nerves. But relaxation does not mean merely collapsing in a lachrymose sort of way and being "willow." It means having the power to control the muscles—letting those rest which are not needed for the immediate work. Motion, of course, is at the joints, and the muscles moving them may be made to act rhythmically by a little practice. The body being constructed for movement responds quickly to the pendulum-like swing of the leg from the hip and the harmonious yet very slight swing of the arm. A woman's arms are stiff because her shoulders are usually tense. When the chest is active the shoulders will drop in place, and the arms should hang at the sides.

She has a hard enough time, goodness knows, even among her family and friends, for her feelings are always being hurt by some of them.

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NEWS OF PENNSYLVANIA

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Bound and Robbed. Williamsport.—Edward Williams, a war veteran of South Creek, west of here, his wife and daughter, were made victims of one of the boldest outrages ever perpetrated in this section. Three masked men with a railroad tie battered in the door of Williams' house while the family were sleeping. The man and his daughter were seized and bound. One man covered them with revolvers, while the others searched the house, they found \$207 that the veteran had saved from his meager pension.

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Landmark Burns. Bangor.—While Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Gross, farmers of near here, were asleep their home nearly burned down, both escaping in night clothes. The house was a landmark, built in 1813, and had thirteen furnished rooms. Only a purse and a chair were saved.

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Surgeon Sues Town. Pottsville.—Because he was thrown over an embankment and seriously injured, Dr. J. C. Biddle, chief surgeon at the Miness' Hospital, Foundation Springs, has filed a suit against the town's office here against Ashland Borough. Dr. Biddle was riding horseback at the time of the accident.

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Bank Clerk A Suicide. Pittsburg.—M. L. Ottman, Jr., 30 years old, a clerk employed at the Metropolitan National Bank, committed suicide by shooting himself in the head in the directors' room of the institution shortly before noon. The officials say his accounts are straight and give ill health as the motive.

Death Calls Aged Clergyman. Lancaster.—Rev. Robert Gamble, of Bridgeton, York County, a well known Presbyterian minister, died in the hospital at Columbia from a stroke of paralysis received a week ago. He was 80 years old, and for the past ten years had lived retired.

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Crushed To Death Under Car. Altoona.—After a careless employe had removed a danger flag from a tank car in the Pennsylvania shops here, an engine was coupled to the car to remove it, and David Stewart, aged 65, who was working underneath, was crushed to death.

Drill Fractures Man's Skull. Bangor.—Struck by a drill, which fell upon his head while in the hole of the Grand Central Slate Quarry, forty feet below, James Broad suffered a fractured skull. He will probably die.

Wife Gone, Kills Himself. Reading.—Because his wife had left him, John T. Miller, a barber, aged 32 years, residing at 226 Robeson Street, committed suicide by drinking laudanum which he had obtained at a drug store on the plea that he was suffering with toothache. "Tell my wife I cannot live without her," he remarked earlier in the day to a sister. Miller was a son of a former resident of Philadelphia, and a son of William J. Miller, of that city. He had been engaged in business in Reading for several years.

Woman Gored by Bull. Lancaster.—Mrs. Catharine Oberdorf, of Manor Township, narrowly escaped fatal injuries by being gored to death by an angry bull. She was driving a herd of cattle to pasture when the animal attacked her. She was knocked down and terribly gored before her cries for assistance were heard by her son-in-law, Jacob Lutz. The man secured a fork and succeeded in driving off the animal. Mrs. Oberdorf had four ribs broken and was injured internally.

Tried To Wreck Express Train. White Haven.—Two boys, giving their names as Alvan Sorlin, of New York City, and Moe Garrett, of Brooklyn, both aged 17, are charged with attempting to wreck the Lehigh Valley passenger train due at White Haven at 2 o'clock P. M. A large crowd was placed between the rail and guard rails on the bridge over the Lehigh River. Fortunately, the engine kept the track and no serious damage resulted. The boys were captured and taken to Wilkes-Barre.

Dogs Quarantined. Norristown.—The State Live Stock Sanitary Board has declared a quarantine of 100 days against the dogs of Norristown and part of Plymouth Township because of the supposed prevalence of rabies, which supposition is not believed to be well founded by many citizens, especially dog owners. It practically cuts off the use of dogs during the fall hunting season.

Smokes Himself To Death. Pottsville.—Believing that he could with safety smoke a dozen packages of cigarettes, Michael Sculler, of 310 West Railroad Street, tried the experiment for several days. Tuesday he was found dead in bed. The deputy coroner, O. J. Carlin, who investigated found heart failure from excessive smoking the cause of death.

Complie To Fight Murder Charge. York.—William R. Brown and Mrs. Minnie Tracey, against whom the grand jury has found a true bill, charging them with murder by poisoning Joshua Tracey, appeared before the Court here, plead not guilty to the charges and they will proceed to defend themselves at the coming October court.

Killed by Falling Slate. Easton.—Aaron Shover, aged 65 years, of Wind Gap, was struck by a falling block of slate in the Courtney quarry, Pen Argyle, and killed. He had been employed in the quarry ever since it was opened thirty years ago.

Quarrel Ends in Wife's Suicide. Mahanoy City.—After a domestic quarrel, due to jealousy over another man's alleged attentions to her, Mrs. John Witosky swallowed a quantity of Paris green here. She died within a few hours.

Collapse Injures Four Men. Pittsburg.—Four men were seriously injured and heavy damage caused when the roof of the Twenty-eighth Street power house of the Pennsylvania Railroad collapsed.

Practically all the valuable rubies of ancient and modern times have been found in the Mogok Valley of Burma, where much of the work is still carried on by the natives in the most primitive manner.

A French fisherman who dyed his net a color very nearly that of sea water with bluestone made off a larger catch than any of his comrades, who used the familiar brown net, until his secret was discovered.

J. P. Morgan has ended his vacation and he is regularly at his desk.

COMMERCIAL

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