By Aldis Dunbar.

gested Nancy, holding open the coupe teer, as Rosalys Haven came flying Nanc down the marble steps. "You said hilf past eleven! You know very sell how much I have to tell you! To the park, Jasper.'

"Of course you have my blessing!" gill trying to decide whether gray-Mae or cream and olive would be betper for the breakfast room."

"Olive and cream, I should say, and there," mused Nancy Blundell, ly back. the impatient frown vanishing from her forehead. "I mean to have mine She drew a quick little breath and bit her lip.

"O-ho! Already!" A slender finger tilted up the wilful chin, as Nancy gred very red. "Let me look well at you, after such open confession as hist evening how glad I was to hear the news. You might have worn some of them this morning, Nancy. He ought not to be jealous."

If Wear what?" with a puzzled "Nancy Blundell! Tell me, if you dare, that nothing reached you from

me about seven, last evening!" Something certainly did come, with your name on the cover!" asserted Miss Blundell, bending down to drag an oblong pasteboard box-a forist's box, by the printed labelfrom under the seat, and struggling with the knotted cord around it. "I brought it, so you could tell me what on earth it meant! There!"

She tore off the cover and pulled out-a boy's coat, somewhat worn, of brown corduroy. Other garments lay folded beneath.

Miss Haven leaned over with a cry of dismay.

"Nancy! Why, it's that suit of Corny's! Mother had packed it yesterday to send to a ragged boy down in Meekin Court, where Miss Cone ives! How did it ever reach you? 0 my dear-when I spent hours hunting the town over for that armful of lilies and Illacs, because you loved them so!

"Lilies of the valley and white lilaca?" demanded Miss Blundell, pulling vehemently at a silken cord. "Jasper! Stop! How were they sent?" She turned to her friend. "Barker promised to take them

without fail before dinner. Mother had some errands for him, too. She was letting Audrey help her when I went into the library. They were addressing some books for him to take to Aunt Charlotte, and a sheaf of carnations for Madame Van Zandt. didn't hear the other places, but I left my-your box, I mean, on the table with the rest, and told Barker where it was. The address was on a card tied to it."

"Then Audrey mixed them up!" fumed Nancy. "Children are too meddlesome! All my lovely flowers gone astray!. Rosalys, I must have them, if I raid every house on the avenue! You mother will tell us where they might have gone, and we'll try every place on her list! Oh, they would have come first of all the congratulations on my engagement, and the dearest! No one but-but ould have had the shadow of a glimpse of them! Drive to Mrs. -

"One moment, Nan!" interrupted Rosalys. "These," crushing the despised corduroys into their box, should have gone to Meekin Court this morning. Miss Achsah told mother that the boy had only tatters and patches to cover him. The society found him a home out West, and he was to be sent on with some other poor little waifs, in charge of their agent, this afternoon; but they had no clothes to fit nim, and mother offered to supply some. Nancy, it's twelve o'clock, and here's the suit! Please! Meekin Court isn't so far. Then I'll go anywhere you choose." Miss Blundell shook her pretty head stubornly, "My flowers before

everything! The boy can go some other day!" Very well. I'll get out and take the next car into town," averred Rosalys, with equal determination. Patsy must have his suit in time." "O Rosalys!" Nancy looked at her blankly. "I thought you—you cared

"I do! You know I do, Nan, dar-ling! But—" She prepared to step out. Miss Blundell caught her back and jerked the cord again.

Meekin Court, Jasper! Drive as

fast as you can! You don't know where it is?" "Off Hopper street," explained Ro-

salys. "You're not angry with me, are you, Nancy?" as the coupe whirled round and off at a rapid pace. But Miss Blundell sat back in her corner without replying, and looked obstinately out of the window as they rolled farther and farther from-her flowers.

Not until they had left the paved business section for the cobblestones of Hopper street did she ask, indifferently:

"Who is your woman?" "Miss Achsah Cone. A queer, withered up old maid who does plain sewing for mother sometimes. She's

pitifully poor, I'm afraid, but the neatest worker. You'll come with me. Nancy?"

"I don't care for slumming," as the carriage stopped, and Jasper, dis-approval of the locality in every seam and button of his livery, opened the door to say, "I can't go any further, Miss Blundell."

Rosalys gave her one appealing slance as the unlucky box was lifted out. "It is awfully poor, Nan, but not quite a slum."

"Oh, I suppose I must! You'll stay an hour if I don't come!" scolded Nancy, under her breath, following with an ill grace as Miss Haven, in her gown of pale gray, delicate lace with a suggestion of green leaves about her neck, passed through a brick archway into Meekin Court, a steps on the stairway became ble.

"Tis a climb!" she confessed. salesman on vacation. "but there is pust such actual radiance in her sallow, wrinkled little face, as she perched on the edge of a low-chair. "But when you do get up here there's sun; and to-day would rather make love than eat."— Chicago News.

"| gave you up half an hour ago!" | dark shaft among crowding tene-

> Nancy caught her own dainty skirts close about her as they entered the door of the tallest and dinglest rookery, and Rosalys Haven led the way up the narrow, rickety stair-

Queer, foreign-looking heads lilacs were openly mutinous.

"It's my dinner," apologized Miss case. hashed Rosalys, dropping into the were thrust from half open doors as headed Rosanys, dropping into the second landget beside her friend with frank reing as they rolled away. "But I ing, as the two girls paused to take ing, a solemn row against the wall to let So Mis' Doni, she fried it and sent it them pass.

whispered one, putting out a hand up. Land! Seemed like he'd eat with a touch of clear, vivid color here toward Rosalys, then drawing it shy- 'em! An' the Matzky baby-'twas a

bellissima!"

But Nancy Blundell hardened her over it kind of eased it for her, poor What did she care for the thing! There's a lot of comfort in wretched ragamuffins?

At the top of the third flight only a single gleam straying through the Miss Achsah!" Rosalys moved as if to the idea, however, that they are inthat. It does sound serious, on my crack in a door panel revealed some to go word! Well, you must have known one crouching on the floor. Nancy, startled by the sound of quick, sobbing breaths, would have turned and fled, but Rosalys spoke at once: 'Miss Cone's door is here."

> With a gasped word, the dark figure sprang up, away from them. Ro- Nor some others, that needn't be salys took one step forward, when talked about, poor souls! I tell you. Nancy caught her arm. "Rosalys Haven! Do you notice

anything? In the air?" "Notice what? Why-why, Nancy!" She gave a hasty wrap at the 'new joy,' " lingering over the words, goldenrod.-New York Press, door. "Let me speak to her!" she warned.

Into the gloom of the passageway came a sudden stream of light and Persen! Her folks, round on Hopper

with loving finger tips. "If you could have been here last night, Miss Haven! Why, I never saw anything like it!

You won't mind that I gave some ay?" deprecatingly. "I s'posed away?" deprecatingly. twas the clothes for Patsy, but when I opened the box-I couldn't think 'twas true! There ain't any one can guess how starved I get for a bit of bloom! Oh, there's 'Renzo!' as she answered a faint tap at the door.

Rosalys stole a glance at her friend, but the eyes fixed on the white

up. Ettory's pretty sick, and I gave "That in the soft color is mine," her some of the lilies to hearten him Burden girl. Miss Burden concluded poor little thing, nothin' but the "No! It is the signorina in red I merest skin and bone, but she went materials were being neglected woechoose," returned a sober atom. "Ah, on dredful when-when 'twas took yesterday. Havin' the flowers lyin'

a posy when you're in trouble."

"Time enough!" smiled Miss Cone, you, if havin' the Doni youngsters, Beppo an' Pia an' Marco an' Sp'ranza, peepin' in all mornin' hadn't flustered me. They can't get done lookin'! Miss Haven, when I saw what you'd writ inside, 'New joy to you, from Rosalys,' 1 just cried! There was never a truer word. There's been a "for all that's been nigh 'em since they came!

"And it you'd seen little Thyra

China For Shirt Waist Sets. l'igh life; and when one doesn't, there New York girls do not a little de- is something in his eye-an expres-

fully, so she decided to employ china the too-popular gold and silver pretise to be favoriten this winter, espe-"But your dinner is getting cold, cially for morning wear. Don't jump expensive. On the contrary, they are "There was more I wanted to tell their cost mounts high. The shirt waist set includes, of course, cuff buttons, pins for the blouse and a square belt buckle of large size. All the patmost of them in faint tints. The sets look smart enough with the gowns of rough silk worn in the forenoon. Miss Burden's favorite frock of that set that goes with it is adorned with

In Favor of Girls.

In the late afternoon they come, In thousands, out of stuffy offices and ful, perspiring, irritating men, or try- reproachfully: ing to satisfy a thousand querulous voices over the telephone, or decipherfeeding insatiable machines.

Their day's work over, they come Weary they may be, but who brainy 'eads than 'air!" would suspect weariness in these straight, independent, firm stepping was sufficient to recall Miss Edith

heated through.

the sight of them is balm for other

Subordination may have been their

place all day, these girls who earn

their living. All day they have been

under orders and prisoners of rule

But when they come forth in the late

afternoon all that is changed. Then

they dominate, and all men are sub-

ject to the pleasant influence of their

dominion. They banish discomfort

and quiet complaint and make habit-

able the cars they crowd. But for

the presence of these marvelously

benefactors, the home-going car in

That telephone manager back East

who said that every girl who is

the evening would be as cages of sui-

len hyenas these trying days.

people's troubles.

Cut-out

signing themselves along the line of sion of remote, respectful, but utterly ornamentation, and one of the new-est ideas sprang from the brain of a billty for the errors of such a hopeless person as yourself-that extinthat, amid the wealth of precious guishes one's last lingering spark of metals and jewels used for belt independence. Under Higgins' disapbuckles and shirt waist sets, other proval I am reduced to a worm of the dust!

Her guests laughed, and several as a relief from the eternal glitter of feelingly assented. But one woman, who visited much in England, deties. In consequence, china sets prom- clared that on his native heath the British butler developed virtues he seldom carries across the Atlantic. The butler at a famous country house where she visited was an aged man, made of the most delicate china, and of silver hair and benignant countenance, whose many years of loyal service in the family had earned their full reward of affection and respect. He felt an almost fatherly degree of terns are of fairy dimensions, and responsibility for the manners and behavior of the younger members of the family, especially upon ceremonial occasions. At a large reception the American guest overheard kind is a golden brown, and the china him speaking to the youngest grown daughter, under pretense of bringing her a lace scarf:

'Miss Hedith! Mim Hedith! The hold gentleman by the 'earth 'asn't 'ardly been noticed by anybody for 'alf an hour.

Miss Edith not displaying any crowded stores and noisy factories. eagerness to hasten to the relief of They've been there all day long, pa- the neglected one, a fat, bald-headed, tiently taking "dictation" from fret- unattractive little man, he continued,

" 'E's a person of himportance if 'e is helderly. I've 'eard 'e's much ing the wishes of impatient or under respected in the 'ouse. Besides, Miss cided women across the counter, or Hedith, in the words of the poet, with twinkling fingers guiding and 'Kind 'earts are more than coronets;' and I 'aven't a doubt, if 'e'd happened to think of it, 'e'd 'ave hadded 'and

The conjunction of bard and butler figures? Warm they may be, but one to her duty as a daughter of the

ASHIONE

Younger girls still cling to the

Crocheted buttons are more in the

The all-black hat still retains much

Zibeline, serge and the chaviots are

The military cape is much used for

Bronze slippers are quite stylinh

Shimmering silk stuffs in two-tone

effects will be seen through the sea-

Travel hats of the lightest possible

Quills are much used to trim walk-

Ottoman cloth-a woolen material

One of the new shades has at least

The new raw silks are woven with

ing hats. They are very long and

with a slightly raised rib-is very

a charming name to recommend it-

a rough finish that makes them look

at first glance like some new genre of

crepe de chine. They are beautiful

Fashion Note.

gowns and theatre dresses.

make of felt have made their appear-

Fish Turbot .- Make a white sauce by cooking together

a tablespoonful of butter and a heaping one of flour, and,

when they are blended, pouring over them a pint of un-

skimmed milk. Add a few drops of onion juice, then pour

slowly upon the beaten yolks of two eggs. Season with salt,

pepper and a teaspoonful of minced parsley. Into this sauce

stir a pint of cold cooked fish that has been freed of bones

and flaked very fine. Turn into a greased pudding dish.

sprinkle with crumbs and bake for twenty minutes or until

windsor tie

style than ever.

remain in style.

of its popularity.

opular for coats.

driving and motoring.

for evening housewear.

ance.

very odd.

fashionable.

might marvel at the visions of cool- | house, and she was soon successfully

ness they look in their clean, well entertaining the bald but distin-

fitting gowns of white, and pink, and guished member of parliament .-

mauve. Troubled they may be, but Youth's Companion,

Sauerkraut. Shred fine on a vegetable slicer

some white hearted cabbages. Pack in a jar or wooden tub. Sprinkle over all a handful of salt, a tenspoonful cream of tartar and a little water. Put the big outside leaves or cabbage on top, place a cover on the jar with a weight on it, and keep in a warm temperature. In a week or two the sauerkraut will be ready for use,-New York Telegram.

A Radish Novelty.

Who has ever eaten cooked radishes? - Their devotees declare them more digestible than raw ones and fully as appetizing. Here is the way one woman prepared them to convince doubting friends:

She cut large white radishes into rounds about a half inch thick. These were bolled in slightly salted waternot too much-for about ten minutes, and were then fried in hot butter until tender. They were highly seasoned with pepper, salt, a little sugar and just a drop of vinegar.-New York Times.

Surprise Penches.

Boil one cup of rice in salted water until tender, then drain; butter some cups and half fill with rice; press a hollow in the rice and line the sides of the cup; in the centre place half a large peach or a small whole peach, stoned and peeled; cover the top with rice and steam half an hour, or until the peach is tender; unmould on a plate, and garnish with a spray of green leaves; serve with a rich, boiled custard made from one pint of milk. the yolks of four eggs, four level tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-eighth teaspoonful of sait and flavor with almond; heat the milk to the scalding point in a double boiler; beat the egg yolks less than for a cake; stir in the sugar and salt, then pour in slowly the hot milk, stirring all the time; put back into the double boiler and cook, stirring continually until a spoon dipped into the custard will become coated with it; strain at once, and when cool stir in the flavoring .- Boston Post.

Green Tomato Chutney

Often there are tomatoes which will not ripen, and it is sometimes useful to know of some way of utilizing them. Choose the tomatoes when full grown, but before they have colored, and slice them rather thickly into a clean, coarse hair sieve (sprinkling salt over each layer of slices), and leave them for twentyfour hours. Place five pounds of these sliced tomatoes in a preserving pan, with sufficient vinegar to cover them entirely, then add to elve ounces of loaf sugar, one-half pound of sliced onions (not the Spanish onion, as they are too watery), four or five chillies, halved or quartered (failing chillies, substitute black pepper-corns), five or six cloves and about one-half inch of bruised cinnamon stick, loosely tied up in a piece of muslin; now stew it all gently in an uncovered pan till the tomatoes are perfectly tender, which will take about twenty or thirty minutes, and then put the mixture into two-pound jars, and cover down closely at once while still Black satin revers and cuffs are to hot .- Brooklyn Eagle.

Few people cook cereals long enough.

Oatmeal should be cooked four hours at least, longer if possible.

Try filling a stocking with hot salt and use in place of a hot water bag. Try using fruits and nuts for the middle layer of a brick of ice cream.

Use chocolate creams for a cake filling, or place them on top and frost all over.

Try making a layer hickory nut cake, and fill and cover it with whipped cream.

Try baking a pie shell and filling it with apple sauce covered with whipped cream.

Oatmeal is really best if cooked over night, and in many careful families this is done. Fireless cookers are growing to be

more and more used, and are eminently useful and practical. Cut celery in two-inch lengths,

fringe each, and leaving a half-inch in the centre, use as a garnish. As served in many families, the cereal is thick, lumpy, and, if the

truth were known, indigestible. Frost cranberry pie sometimes, instead of using an upper crust, and see

if you don't like the difference. When you make chicken salad next

time try using canned peas, cucumbers or sliced apples instead of celery. Make a layer of chicken by pressing first a dark strip of meat, then a light one, then a light one, and finally dark

Dip a slice of ice cream in melted chocolate before serving. Or else put it in cantaloupe and garnish with cream.

The cereal is made too thick in the beginning, because time is not allowed for it to cook long enough to become so. Clear vinegar is usually too strong

for a really pleasant mint sauce, and the addition of a bit of water with the hot vinegar and seasoning before it is poured over the leaves will be an improvement. A novel way to serve pineapple is

to cut the top and bottom from the fruit, cut around the side, clip out the centre, and pile the slices up with powdered sugar, cut down the side of the pineaple shell, replace the slices, then the top, and serve.

Put oatmeal on the back of the stove at night, then the first thing in the morning draw it over the hotter part and let it finish cooking. This is difficult to manage where gas stoves are used. The best solution of the difficulty is a fireless cooker.

PENNSYLVANIA

Feach, Not Boss, Pupils.

Norristown. - Prof. George F. Twitmyer, superintendent of schools at Wilmington, Del., addressed the teachers at the fifty-fifth annual institute of Montgomery County.

"Do not punish your pupils by keeping them in after school for un-

prepared lessons," he said. "Let it be a part of their education to be prepared. Let it be understood that the child has an engagement with the teacher at a certain hour, and once they become accustomed to it will become a habit which will inestimable benefit all through

Prof. A. N. Palmer, of New York, and Prof. C. A. Kirkpatrick, of the Fitchburg State Normal School, also spoke.

By a vote of 300 to 130 the teachers decided to discontinue the publication of institute proceedings, for which they were taxed 25 cents each.

Drill Sergeants.

Adjutant General Thomas J. Stewart announced the assignment of the nine sergeants detailed from the regular army to assist in instruction of the non-commissioned officers and private soldiers of the National Guard of Pennsylvania under War Department orders.

The men will be assigned as fol-One each to First, Second. Third and Sixth Regiments, at Philadelphia; one each to Fourteenth and Eighteenth, Pittsburg; one to Twelfth, Williamsport; one to Thirteenth, Scranton, and one to Ninth, Wilkes-Barre.

The Fourth, Fifth, Eighth, Tenth and Sixteenth Regiments, which have companies scattered over large territory, will not have any of the sergeants assigned to them. Should any more be detailed they will be

Forgives All Officials.

New Castle. - Without fear and expressing his forgiveness for all the officials, Rocco Racco, a wellknown Italian, alleged leader of a Black Hand organization, and convicted of the murder of Selee Houk, a State game warden, a year ago, was hanged in the county jail yard here. On the gallows Racco said:

"Gentlemen, I didn't see Selee Houk killed. I didn't see any one kill him and I have no suspicion of any person. I pardon everybody and expect to go to Jesus right now. Good-by."

Engulfed In Mine.

Wilkes-Barre.—One of the many subsidences of the surface over the old mine workings which have doing much damage at Edwardsville, near here, engulfed 10-year-old Hugh Hughes, while several other children had a narrow escape. While playing on Center Street the young-sters felt the ground giving away beneath their feet and ran. Young Hughes was swalloped up, however, only the heel of his shoe being seen. Some miners risked their lives by jumping into the hole and effected a remarkable rescue, getting the boy out alive, but unconscious. As he was injured internally by the weight of the earth which covered him, he is in a critical condition. The subsidences at Courtdale and Edwardsville extended still further and much damage is expected.

Walks From Window.

Shamokin.-A daughter of Josiah Shaffer, the latter being 82 years, residing at Manadata, went out into the vard early in the morning and found his body lying on the boardwalk directly under his bedroom window. He had frequently walked in his sleep and invariably made an attempt to get out of a window,

C. E. Blocher Ends Life.

Gettysburg.-Clarence E. Blocher, one of the best known residents of Adams County, committed suicide in Littlestown by hanging. His wife found his body before life was tinet, but efforts at reviving him

Attacks Blind Wife.

York.—Lewis Swemly is in jail charged with assault and intent to kill his blind wife, children and his sister-in-law. The prosecution is brought by the Humane Society, Swemly, it is alleged, had trouble with his sister-in-law, when his wife interfered. He is said to have struck her on the back of the head with an earthen cuspidor.

Chauffeur Nearly Killed.

Williamsport.—George Kohn, a chauffeur, was nearly killed by a blow on the head, sustained when cranking his machine. John Yarrison, with whom he was about to start out, found Kohn unconscious, his head in a pool of blood. The blow had nearly scalped him.

Loses Life Ta Save Cap.

Pottsville.-When Harry Shadle, aged 18 years, stooped to pick up his falling cap, while riding on some cars at Lincoln colliery, his leg was caught between the bumpers. member was pinched off. He died shortly after the accident.

Reading Veteran Dies.

Reading.—John A. Grenier, a well known Civil War veteran, who participated in the battles of Winchester, both battles of Bull Run and Gettysburg, besides many skirmishes, died of a complication of diseases, aged 70 years.

Berks County Man Dies. Reading.—William Schaeffer, the

oldest resident of Jefferson, died of apoplexy, aged 82 years. He was a veterinary surgeon and was the owner of several of the finest farms in Berks County.

Bars School Dances. Altoona.-Dancing classes, carry

ing the name of the Altoona High School, have been tabooed by Prof. G. D. Robb, dean of the faculty. He informed the students at "chapel" that hereafter no pupil would be permitted to conduct a dancing class using the name of the school.

Then The Man God Mad.

At Charles and Baltimore Streets At Charles and Battimore Streets the other day a newsboy walked up to a man wearing one of the fuzzy hats that are this season's fashion. "Say, mister," the youngster said, "If I was you I'd take that hat to a blacksmith shop or a livery stable and have it clipped and curried."

An eight-track swing bridge across the main channel of the Chi-cago drainage canal, near Thirty-first Street will be operated by

*********************** IO VICTUS.

SING the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the battle of life.
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died over-

whelmed in the strife; Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows were the chap-

let of fame. But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart. Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and des-

who store and who failed, acting bravely a sheft and desperate part;

Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes away.

From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at the dying of day

With the wreck of their life all around them, unpitied, unheeded, alone,

With dath everyling days clear their fellows and all help

with death swooping down o'er their failure, and all but their faith overthrown.

While the voice of the world shouts its chorus—its paean for those who have won; While the trumpet is sounding triumphant and high to the breeze and the sun, Glad banners are waving, hands clapping and hurning feet Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors, I stand on the

In the shadow with those who are fallen and wounded and dying, and there Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted brows, breathe a prayer. Hold the hand that is helpless and whisper, "They only the victory win

Who have fought the good fight and have vanquished the demon that tempts us within.

Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds on high. Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight-if

need be, to die.
history! Who are life's victors? Unroll thy long Speak, history! annals and say,

Are they those whom the world called the victors, who won the success of a day?

The martyrs or Nero? The Spartans who fell at Ther-

mopylae's tryst, Or the Persians and Xerxes? His Judges or Socrates!

Pilate or Christ? -William Wetmore Story. *****************

field of defeat

with eagerness to speak.

Do sit down after climbin' up them

half mechanically. there! He never havin' had anythin' ways remember!" decent before, one oughtn't to blame 'Oh!" cried Nancy Blundell, hor him, I told him Mis' Haven never bright eyes wet. "I-I'm so glad forgot anythin' she said she'd do in you had them for her, Miss Achsah!' all the years I've done plain sewin' for her! And to think of your comin' with it yourself! I'll be right up

again.' "It is as well that I did give in than in giving advice. It should seland bring you here!" began Nancy, dom be taken whole. The great when they were alone, with defiance thing, as we believe, is to take none

in her voice. ploring look, but let her eyes wander slow of decision, we shall be hurried round the bare garret room with the into promptness at our peril. If we sloping roof and two gable windows are by nature placable and polite, we that let golden sunshine in on rough must not take advice to be arbitrary board partitions, the strip of faded even in the best cause. If we are ingrain carpet that crossed the uneven floor, and the glory of white, with a man of the same temperament scented bloom that was everywhere and stronger mind; but not with the -in tin cups, in cracked glasses, in phlegmatic, though he be the wisest blue, green and red jugs, on table, slowcoach on earth. We all know ewing machine, shelves. Even on the little iron stove, in which was no fire people at all our moral constitution cher with a blossoming branch.

mistake!" went on Miss Blundell, rashly accepted advice may be good "Such flowers in a place like this!" resentfully. "You get her explanation, and then I'll have a few words started on a course which is out of with her." "Nancy! Could you, to-day?"
"That's just it! It's my day!

Those are my flowers, that I might never have seen at all! It's intoler able! Say what you like to her, Rosalys, but afterward-" There fell ominous silence between the two, as Miss Achsah's labored

rich perfume. Half dazzled for an street, were mad with her for want- bright and neat and clean is a pretty instant, the two girls could scarcely in' to marry Teddy Hamilton, that's girl, is everlastingly right. Kansas make out the tiny, worn figure that a nice, decent, hard working boy, if City Times. stood before them, fairly trembling he is poor. Thyra'd told me her aunt, down-stairs, was going to let 'em get "Miss Haven! The'-the' ain't no married in her room last evening, but words to tell! You—you never could her folks wouldn't do a thing to make know what it's been! But there! it nice. My, Miss Haven, when the I'm lettin' you stand in the hall! You flowers came from you, I just ran! can come inside for just a minute, We had 'em all down there-sweetcan't you? I'll take your bundle, ening the whole room-and some for Thyra's little white dress, that had been washed almost to nothing, and "It's the suit for Patsy Whalen," some for Teddy's buttonhole, and we explained Rosalys, as they obeyed, tied some into a wreath for her hair. She has pretty vellow hair. Miss Ha-Then would you mind if I ran ven. Why, it made all the difference right down with it? He's that fid- between just getting married and a gety, for fear 'twasn't comin'! But real beautiful wedding, that she'll al-

-Youth's Companion. How to Receive Advice.

More wisdom is required in taking which is out of character. To do so She would not meet Rosalys' im- is to regret it. If we are naturally impulsive, we should take counsel our own defects, and if we are decent to temper the chill air, stood a pit- has set up certain compensations. To disturb these is to court failure. So "She must have known that it was far as the isolated act is concerned, enough-and successful enoughhow are we to go on? We have character, and we shall stumble until we get back into our stride.-London Spectator.

> Fair Warning. "You are a likely looking chap."

said the gilb tongued proprietor of must be secondary to the main pur-the summer hotel, "and there are pose of popular education." lots of pretty girls around here. Why

Athletic Training. "Mothers," said Mrs. Agnes A. Botha, of the Philadelphia Children's Home Care Society, in the New York Telegram, "should have more to say about the athletic training of their young boys in our public schools. Many fine boys are being weakened physically and neglected mentally through too much athletics between the ages of ten and eighteen.

"A mother is inclined to let the boy's father decide this matter, but this is all wrong, because nine men lime blossom. out of ten will encourage a boy to stand at the head of his school athletics even at the sacrifice of his oth-

er studies. Every man likes to stand up with and will be effective in reception his business associates and brag about what his boy is doing in the chool athletic classes.

'As a matter of fact, no boy should be allowed to go seriously into ath-letics until he is twelve or fifteen years of age. Ordinary play is enough to keep a boy strong and growing naturally without abnormal muscular de-

velopment. "The usefulness of public school athletics, in their prevailing extent of development, is more or less open, and there is a considerable difference of opinion as to the best methods of conducting such by-plays of public education. But there is no question of the desirability of placing scholarship unreservedly foremost in the adjustment of conditions.

"In private schools each institution

may fairly decide the question of the

importance of athletics at it chooses Parents who do not approve of athletics have the privilege of sending their children to schools where athletics are not exalted-and there are some such. The question of athletics in the public schools, however, is quite a different matter. It appears to be the desire of the public, who support the schools and for whom they are conducted, that athletics shall have a place. But that place

An Arbiter of Manners.

"Of all the complex requirements of modern civilization, the hardest to

of modern civilization, the hardest to live up to is an English butler!" declared an American hostess recently in humorous despair. "You see, he gives no sign of satisfaction when one does fulfill his demands for a lady in