

CONFIER.

Shouldst thou bring to me a joy of thine... Secure as a Benedictine shrine...

I would hold thy trust as a warder, true... Until thy grief would mine—would be mine...

The Heiress From England.

A Tale of Colonial Days. By ETTA W. PIERCE.

"Captain Pakenham," said His Excellency, the Governor, turning toward the hearth...

tree rattled against the chimney. With sudden resolution the man spoke: "I am His Excellency's secretary..."

"Pakenham," said the Governor, "you hear the preparations for your wedding on the morrow..."

"I am lost on the marshes, sir," she said, with quiet dignity. "And why did you leave the Gov-

But the moment its door closed upon him his countenance changed. With a groan he started to descend the staircase...

er? But I see! Pakenham confessed the truth to you even as Miss Winslow did to me."

"Yes," assented the secretary. His Excellency withdrew. A light tap sounded on the door...

Kind words are the music of the world.—F. W. Faber. Wisdom, like flowers, requires cultivation.—Hoshea Ballou.

"Margaret, what jest is this? Your face is like chalk—you tremble!" "And well I may! Look! she is at hand—I see the outriders—the heads of the horses, yonder in the curve of the road..."

Waste of Oak Trees. There is no more striking example on the Pacific Coast of the ruthless destruction of timber than that which follows the gathering of oak tanbark.

The bleak winter night was brooding on the marshes. Over the barren waste a man came, running like a fox, looking behind him now and then as he fled.

His Excellency was walking his council chamber in great disturbance of mind. The house was still—all sounds of festivity had long since died in it.

"It is evident that you are not the owner of this house?" She shook her head—a fair, graceful head, with hair like the silk of corn.

"What! have you dared to come back, sirrah?" he cried, and fumbled for his gold snuffbox. "Yes," answered the secretary, "to take my punishment."

"Punishment—for what?" "The slaying of Pakenham, in your Excellency's garden."

"And what will you do with Miss Keppel?" queried the secretary. "Together we have made a strange journey to-night, and I would know your plans for her future."

WORDS OF WISDOM. Weak the conflict of one hand.—Euripides. Do not put off under false pretects.—Homer.

Her International Menu. (From Judge.) This is what she had on Monday: Breakfast—Spanish mackerel, English muffins, Brazilian coffee.

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"Fisherfolk live here. They are about now on an errand for me." The wind screamed around the cabin; the boughs of the borstbaum



Author Lays Down Pen. "Helen Mathers," who in private life is Mrs. Reeves, and who is known over the English-speaking world as the author of the novel of country life, "Comin' Thro' the Rye," has decided definitely to lay down her pen.

Trade Developed by a Woman. There may be a thousand and one ways of going into business for one's self, but Mrs. Augusta Matzner, of New York City, seems to have found the one thousand and second.

Our Cut-out Recipe. Paste in Your Scrap-Book. Drawn-Butter Sauce.—The drawn-butter sauce ordinarily served with boiled or baked fish is often imperfectly prepared.

Scissors in Kitchen. Not "a" single scissors in the kitchen, but several; for the kerose-scissors intended for wicks and rough usage generally is sacred to some shed or closet to which is banished the kerosene can.

Long sashes are worn with coat suits. Neckpieces are very wide and muffs are huge. Rat-tail braid seems to be supplanting souches.

FOR THE EPICURI. Ham Balls.—Chop fine cold cooked ham; add one egg and a little flour; beat together; make into balls and fry brown in drippings.

Bacon and Sweet Potatoes.—Slice the bacon very thin, cut off the rind and hard part before slicing, fill a shallow pan with cold sweet potatoes sliced, cover the potatoes with bacon and bake until pork is crisp.

False Economy. John D. Rockefeller, ere he adopted the policy of silence, said one day to a reporter: "Young men must not think that I advocate miserly habits. Economy I advocate, of course; but wise spending I advocate, too. The miser, laying nothing out, can never advance."

Household Affairs

Scotch Stew. A Scotch stew makes a tasty and nourishing meat dish of moderate cost. Procure the neck of two lambs, cut them into pieces and roll in flour that has been well salted and peppered.

Macaroni Mousse. The favorite dessert of a young French bride was a mousse made of macaroni and whipped cream.

Stuffed Cabbage. To stuff cabbage, select a compact head that is not too large, wash it thoroughly, cover with boiling water and let it stand until the leaves are softened entirely through the head.

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LIMITED KNOWLEDGE.

He doesn't know that Homer ever sang a thrilling song. He doesn't know who won at Waterloo; He doesn't know that Caesar every awayed a cheering throng.

He doesn't know an adverb from a pronoun or a noun. He mixes up his tenses when he speaks; He doesn't know who Byron was, or that he won renown.

He couldn't name a dozen of this country's Presidents. He doesn't know who lost at Buaker Hill.

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