

Her Perfect Indifference

By Louise J. Strong

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"Why, Stella, where is your ring?" Daisy seized the hand that was slipping itself under the bonnet box as if to conceal its nakedness.

"Returned to the jeweler at a discount likely, or whatever fellows do with discarded engagement rings," Stella laughed, with some constraint.

"You don't mean to say that you and Ned—"

"Yes, I do," Stella interrupted. "You might as well know it; everybody will soon."

"I couldn't be more astonished if the sky had fallen! Why, you and Ned were the most utterly—"

"Appearances are often deceitful," Stella observed, with a wise air. "I thought again, 'I suppose you thought I was—well, as they say—entirely gone on Ned.'"

"That's right! Might one ask the why?"

"We might. We simply found that we were mistaken in our interest in each other. Isn't that sufficient?"

"Sufficient, if true. But I don't believe it's a little bit. Why, if I were ever a pair of turtles—"

"You can believe it or not, but I am entirely and perfectly indifferent to Mr. Ned Whitting and he returns it fully."

"I don't believe it, when you two were so intensely devoted to it—only a silly quarrel."

"We did not quarrel," Stella asserted coldly. "And if you have observed his conduct with that plain, poky Lewis girl you cannot say much for his devotion to me."

"I shouldn't call her exactly plain, though she isn't a beauty. And there may be reasons—besides, he has not been so very—"

"It was because so very that you have noticed it, I see," Stella interrupted sarcastically.

"But she is visiting in town and has not many acquaintances here. I doubt if Ned has been more than polite. Did he explain?"

"There was nothing to explain—there was absolutely nothing he could say"

for himself, as I told him when he asked it. I asked him to drop her, and if he had cared half as much for me as he professed to care he wouldn't have hesitated an instant. But of course it doesn't matter at all. I care as little for him as he does for me. Really, I did not realize till this happened my indifference to him."

She explained elaborately, then added, with animation: "I am going on the loveliest trip with Charlie in his new auto. I told Bell Smith all about it on purpose. I knew Mr. Whitting would hear of it. Her eyes snapped triumphantly.

"Your ring was too exquisite," Daisy murmured regretfully. "Think of Laura Lewis carrying off such a trophy when she goes home!"

"I wonder if he will give it to her?" Stella started up angrily. "I would have pounded it to pieces before his face if I had dreamed of such a thing!"

Then at Daisy's smile she leaned back, yawning again. "But of course it's nothing to me. Let her wear her old secondhand rings if she likes."

"Secondhand rings is good. I'll look out that the one I'm offered is not such," Daisy laughed.

"Well—"

Stella's rejoinder was cut short by her small brother, who burst upon them excitedly, yelling: "Stella! Stella! What do you think! Ned Whitting's bicycle smashed into—wrecked his mother? I've got to!"

"He vanished, heedless of the wild shrieks with which Stella received his news."

"Oh, Billie! Billie! Is he killed? Is my Ned killed? Billie! Billie!"

But Billie was flying down the street again. Evidently a terrible accident had befallen Ned Whitting. Stella fluttered about, wringing her hands, moaning: "Oh, Ned, Ned! Dead! Dead! This means—when I've been saying such horrible things of you and Ned, too, every one of them."

"She suddenly snatched a hat and dashed away, oblivious of her kimono and slippers. She reached the corner just in time to be pulled aboard the crowded car, dizzy and breathless."

"Near that," the man next her remarked, examining her unusual attire curiously. "Hastening to see the game?"

"It's a matter of life and death," she sobbed hysterically. Exclamations of sympathy buzzed about her. One held her hat while she put up her hair. Another offered to push her car at her destination.

"Where would Ned be? She had not thought of that. Not away out at his home on the other side of the city, there had not been time to remove—she could not finish the thought. She would go to his office. There seemed no other way of—"

"She gazed in wide-eyed horror as she swept into the vicinity. All was quiet, no commotion, not a sign of any accident. She could not wait for the elevator boy, but flew up the stairs and later the office. There sat—or was it his spirit? She dropped into a chair and stared dumbly at the astonished young man in the next moment, then turned over in a faint."

"Frightened almost out of his senses, Ned carried her to the couch. It seemed to him that nothing short of an earthquake would account for her tumultuous appearance in such garb and her utter collapse."

"Ned," she whispered weakly, resting under his ministrations, "I thought you were killed! Billie said—"

your bicycle—and—Oh, are you sure, sure that you are alive and uninjured?" She pulled herself up and considered him anxiously.

"Billie! The little rascal! I wasn't touched. The wheel is smashed, but he knew I—it is one of his tricks! Just let me get hold of him, scaring you like this!"

She remembered suddenly and made an effort to release herself, donning a freckling dignity. He laughed and held her closer.

"Miss Mayne, I don't believe you do hate me so entirely as you imagined you did. Please let me put the ring upon that dear little finger again, and let me tell you that Laura and Cousin Dick—well, it is a secret yet, and she asked me to pay her some attention while here."

"Oh!" Stella ejaculated shamefacedly, her eyes on the circle sparkling in its old place.

"We were a couple of idiots! Billie served us right. We ought to thank him," Ned declared.

"Yes," she murmured humbly.

VALUE OF SEAWEEDS.

The Use of Irish Moss as a Food and a Medicine.

Irish moss is used as a foundation for many desserts in the dietary kitchens where special dishes are prepared for invalids. An authority on the question of seaweeds states that scurvy, the dread of sailors, caused by the absence of potash in the salt meat which forms a part of every ship's provisions, would be ameliorated by the liberal use of sea moss jelly, which is rich in potash.

Irish moss has always a place in the medicine chest of the old-fashioned housewife, who pins her faith to its healing properties for colds, sore throats, etc. On the coast where the moss is gathered and also in the majority of Irish families the moss is boiled, strained, boiled again with lemon juice and sugar, until it is of the consistency of syrup. It is taken hot, a teaspoonful at a time, and is said to be a very good remedy for the maladies referred to.

The Indians use the ashes of seaweed for granular swellings. It is also used by them both as a medicine and a food that it is gathered in some parts of the Pacific coast, principally at Monterey, and sent back to China.

The supply of seaweed of every description seems inexhaustible, as that pulled up from the rocks is replaced by another and a more luxuriant growth the following year. On the Atlantic coast it is harvested only during the months from June to August, but at Monterey it is gathered every day all the year around.—Leslie's Weekly.

SLOT MACHINES.

They Were Used During the Time and Reign of Rameses.

A correspondent of the Boston Herald writes: "It is true there are few things new under the sun. Air beds, or what we call pneumatic beds, were used by the Romans before the Christian era. The most remarkable duplication of an old invention is the nickel-in-slot machine. This was first used during the time and reign of Rameses, in the eighteenth dynasty of Egypt, for the purpose of supplying holy water, that which had been blessed by the priests, to the people who desired it. The machine was urn shaped, with a small cylinder inside, through which ran a rod connecting a valve at the bottom of the cylinder with one at the top. These were operated by a lever, which closed the bottom valve while opening that at the top, when the cylinder would fill with a fixed amount of water. To obtain the water a cup was placed at the outlet; a coin of three drachme, equal to about 75 cents of our money, was dropped into the slot on to a scale pan in the end of the lever. This opened the cylinder at the top and closed the lower valve, allowing the coin to slide off, the weight of water closing the top valve, opening the lower one and allowing the water to run into the cup. This is the basis of all patented slot machines of the present time and dates back to nearly 3,000 B. C."

Limited Bathing.

Dr. Somerville Hastings, lecturing at the London Institute of Hygiene on "Cleanliness is Next to Godliness," said that people were much cleaner now than in the reigns of Queen Mary and Elizabeth, when the washing of clothes was unknown. Cotton was hardly in use, and linen was expensive. The poor wore rough woolen garments, which were never washed, and the better classes adorned themselves with silks and velvets, which were dyed when they would no longer pass muster in regard to cleanliness. It is recorded, continued Dr. Hastings, that James I. never washed either hands or face during the period he posed as a wisest fool in Christendom, but confined his cleanliness within the narrative limits of winking his finger tips upon damp napk a.—London Telegraph.

Fishing For Sheep.

When sheep were first introduced into Cornwall, England, a flock which had strayed from the uplands on to Gwiltvan sands were caught there by the tide and ultimately carried into St. Ives bay during the night. There the floating flock was observed from the St. Ives fishing boats, whose crews, never having seen sheep, took them for some new kind of fish and did their best to secure them both by hooks and lines and by netting. Those they secured they brought home triumphantly next morning as a catch, to which even pilchards were as nothing.

An Explorer's Stratagem.

Sir Harry Johnston, the famous explorer, once escaped from a very tight corner in Africa by a queer stratagem. A score or two of murderous natives had surrounded his tent, into which, before rushing in, they sent an envoy. The envoy was told the smallpox was in the camp, and a wretched Albino was sent out as the awful example. In five minutes the scared tribesmen had vanished. As Sir Harry well knew, they feared the "white disease" more than all the inventions of Maxim.

His Works.

"A man is known by his works," declared the irrepressible reformer, who was addressing a large and enthusiastic audience.

"You must be a gas works!" shouted a loud, unattractive person who occupied a back seat.

Ordered to Move.

"What you are not going to move again?" said Mr. Jones to his brother. "I thought you liked your little flat."

Good Nature.

"Good nature is the very air of a good mind, the sign of a large and generous soul and the peculiar soil in which virtue prospers."—Goodman.

BALLINGTON'S CANINE PARADOX

By Angus MacEwan

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It was characteristic of Ballington that he accepted even his dismissal as Katherine Gordon's sutor placidly and with a due regard for the proprieties. His voice was cool and even and shaded to the exact note of regret that a well bred man should permit himself. As Katherine told herself afterward, it was like a John Drew matinee.

But if Ballington showed no outward emotion it was not because he did not care for the girl whose dashing ways were his exact opposite; neither did he give up his hope. Under that carefully groomed exterior there lay a bulldog tenacity of purpose that few suspected, least of all Kittle Gordon.

He kept on at the Bruntons' house party, and even Dickie Hines lost sleep wondering whether Kittle really had given him his answer, so correct had she been in his attentions to her, for which Kittle was devoutly thankful, since Mrs. Bruntion had given positive orders that she marry Ballington, and Mrs. Bruntion's word was law unto itself.

It was her disobedience which brought about the crisis, for when Ballington left these had been an indignation and Kittle, with a fine show of spirit, had flung out of the room, declaring that she would return to her studio and freedom rather than eat of the fleshpots as a slave, and the disappointed Mrs. Bruntion had ordered the carriage around and had taken to bed with a sick headache over the infraction of her pet plan for her niece.

So it happened that Kittle in her impetuosity did not realize that she was without money until she approached the ticket window at the tiny station. With a gasp she turned away from the window and sat down on one of the hard benches to think over the situation.

Town was 150 miles away, so that walking was out of the question. There was no one she could write to send her money, and she would die rather than go back to her aunt's house and ask for her fare. Her brain was still in a whirl when Harding Ballington came slowly into the waiting room.

With a rush she had crossed to him, and in another second was pouring out her tale—a trifle incoherently, but in sufficient detail to enable Ballington to surmise what the matter was.

"That will be a very easy matter," he declared. "I'm going up to town myself and shall be glad to escort you."

"What are you doing here, anyway?" she asked curiously. "I thought you had gone away last week."

"Fred Cousins and I were back in the woods for a little shooting," he explained. "We came out yesterday, and I stayed over to see the county fair. Do you know I never saw a county fair before?"

"I'm glad you stayed to see it," she smiled. "Just suppose you had not come along, I should have been stranded here."

"As it is," he laughed back. "I think I had better be getting the tickets."

He reached for his pocketbook, but withdrew his hand, empty, and made a rapid search of his other pockets, finally turning with a look of blank dis-

belief to her. "What do you know," he exclaimed, "that sockets have been picked? I have small change, less than \$2, but enough even for your ticket. I must have to telephone the Bruntons."

"You will not," she begged. "To have Aunt Emma saying all sorts of horrid things!"

"I might report my loss to the town constable," he suggested. "He may find it in time for us to catch the train. I might offer my watch as a pledge for the tickets, only they took that too."

"Don't you know any one else about here?" she pleaded. "Some one you could borrow from?" Ballington shook his head.

"The best I can suggest," he said, "would be to wire for some money."

"But that would not come in time for the train," she objected. "I never could stay in this town all night."

"Why not the Bruntons?" he pleaded. "They seem to be our only quick salvation."

"If you suggest that again I shall never speak to you," she scolded. "She would be sure to find out, and I'd die before I let her know."

"I might put the dog in pawn," he suggested whimsically. "Poor Bruce is about all the light-fingered gentry left me."

He regarded the ragged little fellow with affectionate interest. The dog had been his dead brother's pet, and while his rough coat gave him a shockingly disreputable appearance, Bruce was clever beyond the run of dogs.

During his brother's last illness Ballington had taught the dog a score of clever tricks for the invalid's amusement, and Bruce was proud of his accomplishments. Feeling that he was being made the subject of the conversation, the little fellow gravely turned a somersault and sat up on his haunches. For a moment Ballington regarded his pet's accomplishment with speculative eyes.

"Do you mind if I leave you a little while?" he asked.

"You are not going to the Bruntons?" she demanded suspiciously.

"My word of honor," he said simply. "May I suggest that you get yourself a cup of tea at the hotel?" He placed some coins in her hand and with a bow strode out of the station.

It was difficult to get anything at the

hotel with the fair going invading the place, but at last she succeeded in getting a light lunch and started back to the station.

The special excursion trains were pulling out of the station now, and the platform was crowded with tired pleasure seekers. Off at one side a large crowd had gathered, waiting for the train which had been drinking. Then she strolled over to see what the attraction might be.

With a gasp she saw that Ballington was putting Bruce through his tricks for the edification of the crowd, and with a sudden rush of anger she wondered if he had been drinking. Then she bravely remove his hat and pelt it around the crowd. Most of them melted away, but many of them stopped to drop a coin in the hat and pet the dog. At last they were all gone, and with a flushed face she was looking straight into Ballington's laughing eyes.

"It was good enough for the fares and the 'Pulman seats,'" he said as he came toward her. "Behold Bruce, the rescuer of damsels in distress."

She caught the dog up in her arms and hid her moist eyes in his shaggy coat. "Stella," she turned to Bruce and said, "Ballington laid a hand upon her arm."

"I would suggest," he said, "that since our train is not due for an hour yet and as these excursion trains will be out of the way by then it might prove less embarrassing to you if you waited until they were gone. They might recognize your traveling companion."

"And to think I might have spared you this if I had let you telephone the Bruntons," she said penitently. Ballington laughed.

"Do you know I regretted offering it?" he confessed. "I think Bruce did too. He shall have his reward tonight in the best kitchen to be had in the market."

"And you?" she asked.

"I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that we have fooled Mrs. Bruntion," he laughed carelessly.

She held out her hand. "I refused you the other day because I was afraid you were too dim-witted to be human. Now I know I was wrong. Will you ask me again?"

But there was no need to ask. Eyes spoke to eyes, and each knew the other's message.

Famous Old City of Mexico.

The City of Mexico is the political, social, industrial and financial capital of the republic. At present the best known of the city is the city of iron skivers. When a customer approaches, the hawker takes a small piece of meat, mutton or goat, the latter being the most popular, cuts it with a sharp knife into a long ribbon, winds it around the skewer and places it upon the charcoal fire. Some of the drippings are collected and, with a little salt water, make a pleasant sauce for the kabob when it is done.

A Ghost Story.

A London daily tells a short modern ghost story. A man was traveling on a northbound train out of London. Opposite him was a silent stranger, his only companion. Between London and Derby no word passed. Then, as the train drew out of Derby, he said pleasantly, "Good line, this, sir, eh?" The stranger replied, "I think it's a beastly bad line. I was killed on it two years ago."

Business Methods.

"May I ask if I am in the market for a bid for your affections?" asked the youth who did everything in a businesslike way.

"You must go to par before I can take any stock in your offer," answered the dutiful brother's daughter.

An Exciting Moment.

"Above all," said the throat specialist, "the lady must talk as little as possible."

"Doctor," eagerly asked Mrs. Grey-Martin's husband, "is there any hope of it becoming chronic?"—London Tit-Bits.

Had a Gelp of the Subject.

A tall old lady, dressed in black and with a very businesslike manner, walked into a well known London establishment, and declining the service of the shop walker, made directly for the crape counter. She had rather a thoughtful air as she examined the stock, and the obliging young shopman remarked affably:

"I have a very large stock of crapes, madam. Just allow me to show you some new French goods, very popular just now for every kind of mourning. Now, these light crapes are all the rage for half mourning for cousins. May I ask, madam, if he addressed hesitatingly, "for whom you are in mourning?"

"Husband," said the customer briefly.

"Ah, yes. Then I have just the material you require. The best style is—"

"Young man," interposed the old lady severely, "I am much obliged for your explanation. You may know a lot about the fashion, but as I buried my fourth husband yesterday you may be sure I've got a grip of the subject."—London Tit-Bits.

servants Cooks and Diet.

As a rule, salt meat is not adapted to the requirements of nervous people, as nutritious juices go into the brine to a great extent. Fish of all kinds is good for them. Raw eggs, contrary to the common opinion, are not as digested as those that have been well cooked. Good bread, sweet butter and lean meat are the best food for the nerves. People troubled with insomnia and nervous starting from sleep and sensations of falling can often be cured by limiting themselves to a diet of milk alone for a time. An adult should take a pint at a meal and take four meals a day. People with weakened nerves suffer frequently a larger quantity of water than those whose nerves are strong. It adds the digestion of these by making it soluble and seems to have a direct tonic effect.

Sulphur Baths For Rheumatism.

Sulphur baths are of value in rheumatism. Take one tablespoonful of burnt lime. Mix into a paste with one wineglassful of cold water, and let it remain for ten minutes. Then stir into one gallon of water. To this add one ounce of milk of sulphur. Raise to the boiling point in a suitable vessel and keep boiling for ten minutes. Now transfer to the bath, and add two gallons of hot water. Use when pleasantly warm. Keep from the face, as the particles of sulphur, etc., are intensely irritating to the eyes.

Made a Sale.

The sad-faced man, with the small, square face, inspected the woman at the house a moment, and then turned away from the kitchen door.

"It ain't no use askin' you if you've got any corns that need curin', mum," he said. "I can see as you're wearin' shoes three sizes too large."

"Come in," replied the matron.

The Case With Him.

Mrs. Henpeck. They can't punish bigamy too severely. No one should have any sympathy for the man who takes one wife too many. Mr. Henpeck. (The Rev. Maria). Do you think I should be sent to jail?—Philadelphia Press.

Fitting.

She (on the Atlantic liner)—Did you observe the great appetite of that stout man at dinner? He? Yes, he must be what they call a stayaway.

John Hixson

The man who stands in his own light must expect to be thrown in the shade.

LOOSE TEETH.

Sometimes They Are the Result of Nervous Troubles.

He was an honest dentist, and no one could have accused him of tinkering with a sound molar unless it actually needed attention. When the handsome young woman patient came to him and complained that her teeth were getting loose and she was afraid she would lose them he gave her some good advice and charged her nothing, although it was worth a good stiff fee.

"There is nothing in the world the matter with your teeth," he said. "Each one is as sound as a new dollar. But you should consult a nerve specialist. Evidently you have been worrying a great deal lately."

The woman confessed that she had. Her sister had been very ill, and she had been compelled to help nurse her.

"Quit it unless you wish to lose your teeth," commanded the dentist. "But you should put yourself under the care of a physician. In some nervous diseases the outward symptom is a shrinking of the gums. This is not an unfailing sign, however. Some persons lose their teeth through a shriveling of the gums on account of an excess of uric acid in the system. If they drank plenty of water the trouble would disappear. I have had several patients whom I have cured simply by getting them to drink plenty of water."

"The gums are pretty good indicators of the general health. Persons whose gums bleed frequently think there is something the matter with their teeth. The trouble is constitutional instead of local. A good tonic would put them on their feet, and this, accompanied by plenty of exercise in the open air, would stop the bleeding of the gums."—New York Press.

An Egyptian Delicacy.

Every country has its own little delicacies, and Egypt is famous for its kabobs. The kabob is broiled meat, and is broiled in so ridiculous a fashion as to be really funny. The peddler uses a little charcoal furnace, something like that in use by our plumbers. In it he keeps up a small but hot fire. Attached to the side of the furnace are a lot of iron skewers. When a customer approaches, the hawker takes a small piece of meat, mutton or goat, the latter being the most popular, cuts it with a sharp knife into a long ribbon, winds it around the skewer and places it upon the charcoal fire. Some of the drippings are collected and, with a little salt water, make a pleasant sauce for the kabob when it is done.

Checked Career of the White House of France.

The Elysee palace, situated in the Rue Faubourg Saint-Honore, is a cross between a country house and a hotel. It has had a checked career since its erection in 1718 and has harbored some queer characters. Louis V. presented it to Mme. de Pompadour. Who knows how many letters de cachet went out of the gates to imprison those who hampered her? Under Louis XVI. it was called the Elysee Bourbon. During the revolution it became national property, was put up for sale, found no purchaser and was turned into a government printing office. During the direst days there were gay doings in the fine old rooms, and the merrillous and merry dances and gambled from sunset to sunrise. The rooms were let to a syndicate who made a large fortune out of the speculation. Since then the palace has been occupied by Murat, Napoleon I., Louis Bonaparte and Queen Hortense, Alexander I. of Russia and the Duc de Berry. After the revolution of 1830 it remained unoccupied until Louis Napoleon made it his residence while he was president of the republic. Nearly all the subsequent presidents of the present republic have added to it. The large glass awning seen from the Faubourg, called by the scoffers "the monkey palace," was the work of Carnot. His also is the large ballroom. The left wing was built by Louis Napoleon, and Grey added a room overlooking the garden. None of the presidents since have used it as a bedroom, nor do they write at the Louis XVI. table, ornamented with brass work chased by Gouffier. They have one and all preferred to furnish small rooms away from the solemn state apartments and use an ordinary desk such as we find in any office.—Boston Transcript.

Holland Cheese.

Holland is the land of fitness, wind-mills, dikes, canals and cheese. Of the latter they produce 40,000 tons and more in a year and consume only a fourth part. Alkmaar, one of the most noted and historical towns in the country, is the great cheese market, and in its streets over 12,000,000 pounds are sold annually.

The Servant Switched.

In any certain village there is only one swin herd, and he lends all the pigs of the community. In the morning he goes through the streets blowing his horn, and the pigs come out of their own accord and fall in behind him and follow him to the pasture. And he drives them home, and they disperse to their sties in the same orderly way as they pass the houses to which they belong. They require no attention worth singling out.

Puzzled.

"Are you the proprietor of this restaurant?" said the man who had waited for his order until he became sleepy. "Yes, sir. What can I do for you?"

"You can give me some information. I want to know whether you have told the waiter to stay away so that you can bring in a bill for lodgings against me?"

Did His Share.

"Every human being should do his share toward uplifting the masses of his fellow men."

"Well, I did my share. I ran an elevator seven years."

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