

Cleora's Schooling.

By James Buckham.

"Cleora Jones! For massy's sake, what you be'n and done?"

It was mid-morning. Mrs. Tobey's door-bell had rung—an almost unheard-of occurrence, in a small country village, at that hour of the day—and Mrs. Tobey herself, being nearer at hand than Cleora, her hired girl, had answered the summons. She found a young man standing on the front steps, with a yellow envelope in his hand.

"Telegram for Miss Cleora Jones," he said.

Cleora Jones rose from the kitchen floor, which she had been scrubbing, pale as a ghost. The hot water was still steaming from her bare arms. Her mouth was open and she looked from her mistress to the grinning young man in the doorway, and back again, with an expression of terror and amazement.

"I hain't done nothin', Mis' Tobey!" she declared, "I didn't know I was goin' to get a telegram."

"Please sign for this dispatch," interjected the young man impatiently. "And you'll have to pay 50 cents due. The message is paid, but it costs 50 cents to deliver from Goshen over here."

"Huh!" snorted Mrs. Tobey. "I guess there ain't no law that'll make me pay for something I don't want. Fifty cents—huh! I wouldn't take it for a gift. I wouldn't be paid to take it!"

"But the telegram isn't for you," protested the young man. "It's for Miss Cleora Jones."

"Well, I won't touch it, neither!" cried Cleora. "And I won't pay no 50 cents, and I won't sign for it. I hain't got the money, in the first place, and in the second place, I can't write. And furthermore, I don't intend to get any more scared than I be now."

"Is Mr. Tobey at home?" demanded the young man in despair.

"No," replied Mrs. Tobey. "He's gone to Goshen on business."

"When will he be back?"

"He said he'd be back to dinner."

"Well, I'll wait until he gets home," announced the messenger, after a moment's reflection. "I've got to deliver this telegram to someone—that's the rule of the office. I'll go over to the hotel and get my dinner, and let you settle for it. I don't see any other way."

"Well, you can talk with Mr. Tobey about that when he gets home," answered Mrs. Tobey. "If he wants to pay for your dinner he can. But I won't touch your telegram, and I won't have it in the house. I don't see what Cleora's be'n doin' to get the thing, anyway, but it speaks well for her that she won't touch it."

"Ask Mr. Tobey to step over to the hotel, when he comes, will you?" said the young man, restoring the telegram to his pocket. "I'll be there."

Mr. Tobey did not return from Goshen until nearly one o'clock. When his wife told him about Cleora's telegram and its reception, he uttered an exclamation of disgust, and posted straight over to the little village hotel. Unfortunately, the young man from Goshen had been very prompt in going in to his dinner, and had also succeeded in consuming two cigars, which he unblushingly charged to Mr. Tobey. That gentleman, however, was too chagrined over what he considered his wife's "greenness" to dispute the bill. He also paid the fifty-cent charge on the telegram, signed the book for Cleora, and presented the young man with another cigar. "Don't say anything about it over to Goshen," he whispered. "My wife is a fectle old-fashioned about some things."

Cleora Jones would have nothing to do with the dreaded telegram, so Mr. Tobey opened it for her. "Whew!" he exclaimed, running his eyes over the message. "You're in luck, Cleora, by gum, if you ain't!"

"What's that?" demanded Mrs. Tobey.

"Listen to this," replied her husband, reading the dispatch:

"Miss Cleora Jones: You have inherited \$2000 from your Uncle Thomas Wright's estate. It is necessary that we see you at once. Sewall & Leach, Attys."

Cleora Jones clapped her hands to her side and sank into a chair. Mrs. Tobey seized the ammonia bottle and held it to the woman's nose. The effect was magical, is not salutary. Cleora did not faint, but it was several moments before she could speak coherently.

"Two thousand dollars—for me?" she demanded.

"So it appears," replied Mr. Tobey, nodding his head approvingly. He was a good-hearted man, and was well pleased with the result of his investment in the telegram.

"Oh, Mis' Tobey!" exclaimed the gaunt, toil-worn middle-aged woman, turning to her employer with shining eyes. "That means that I can go to school and get an education—an education! Think of it, Mis' Tobey! I've be'n hankerin' for it ever since I was a girl, but never had no chance—had to work stiddy all the time. But at last the good Lord has heard my prayer, and I can go to school and learn to read an' write an' spell. Oh! thank the Lord!"

"Yes, I'm glad you've got the money, Cleora," replied Mrs. Tobey. "But seems to me you're kind of old to begin goin' to school. I dunno as they'd let

work. It was an odd and yet beautiful sight, to see the tall, stooping figure laboring at the blackboard with childish sums and sentences, or tucked behind a lowly, battered child desk, pouring over a book or slate. The little school teacher at McKinistry Hill was full of sympathy and helpfulness. "I am proud of you, Cleora," she would say. "You are going to learn all I can teach you in a little while."

Meanwhile, Cleora of course retired from domestic service, and went to board with two maiden sisters, "the Johnson girls," as they were called, who lived near the schoolhouse at McKinistry Hill. "I've known Sarah and Ellen Johnson since we were girls together," said Cleora. "They need my board money, and I need their company, for I hain't got a relative left in the world. So it's kind o' nice on both sides."

Cleora had learned to read and write and spell, after a fashion, and could "do" simple sums in arithmetic, when, one afternoon, as she returned from school, she found the Johnson sisters in tears. An open letter lay on the sitting room table, with Sarah's spectacles across it.

"Why, girls! what's the matter?" demanded Cleora. "I never saw you cryin' before. Who's dead?"

"Nobody's dead," sobbed Miss Ellen. "But it would be better for both of us if we was, Cleora. There's the letter—tells all about it. You read it if you want to."

Cleora slipped Sarah's spectacles off the open letter, and began to study out the poorly written words. She could only read them very slowly, but she felt more than half the truth, so she was not long in getting at the rest.

"I was always sorry you let that Mr. Davis have your money, girls," she said. "He seemed to be a good man, but I could see he hadn't no head for business. But don't cry, girls! You've got the house yet, and we—"

"No," wailed Miss Sarah, "we mortgaged the house, and let him have that money, too. He said he needed it in the Lord's work, and it was a work that couldn't fail, and would be sure to net seven per cent. interest, besides doing the world lots of good. We don't mind so much for ourselves, but it's going to be the death of George—poor George; he's helpless. How are we ever going to send him the money that he needs? He can't live without it."

Cleora put on her hat again and started out, and walked all the way to Goshen. The bank was closed for the day, but she went to the treasurer's house and told him she wanted to take up the mortgage on the Johnson sisters' place.

"It's an \$1800 mortgage," protested the treasurer, Mr. Dean, who knew Cleora well, as she had worked in his house. "It would take almost all you have. Why not let the mortgage lie as it is? You know, we would not be in any hurry to foreclose, and the Johnson sisters ought to be able to pay the interest, with you for a boarder."

"No, they couldn't," replied Cleora, sadly. "There's their brother; you don't understand. He has to have money. He's well, he ain't just right. It's drink that's done it, I suppose. But he's their brother, and what they send keeps him alive."

"Ah!" said Mr. Dean, "I do understand, now. But, my good woman, it isn't necessary that you should do this. You need not feel called upon to give up the opportunity you have struggled for all your life. Let me tell you something that I just learned by telegram, about 15 minutes ago. Mr. Davis' investment has not been lost. He wires me that after he had given up all hope of even recovering the funds already sunk, a wealthy church in Milwaukee became interested in the enterprise, indorsed his note and pulled him through, so that now he stands on firm ground, and can make good his promises to all his stockholders and creditors."

Cleora Jones tried to speak, but a lump came up in her throat and choked her. The tears welled from her eyes, and everything in the room seemed to swim in a rainbow sea. Mr. Dean crossed over to where she sat and kindly took her hand.

"Don't try to talk, Cleora," he said, sympathetically. "I know just what you would like to say, I know how grateful and happy you feel. You will have great news for Miss Sarah and Miss Ellen to-night, and besides, Cleora, you won't have to lose your schooling, after all!"

Agricultural.

FEEDING LAYING HENS.

J. R. PATTERSON, IDAHO.

Laying hens need for their well being grain, green food, grit, meat and lime. If they have free range in summer they will provide themselves with all but grain and lime, and in some situations with these, too. If a hen is actually laying she can't be fed too much. The most profitable hens I ever knew were a flock of dunghills that had a box of corn to help themselves to when they pleased, a pile of pounded oyster shells to visit at will, and the whole town to roam over if need be.

They were off the roost at daybreak. They would scratch a few kernels of corn, a dip of water at the barnyard trough, and then off to the fields to catch the sprightly grasshoppers, and the way the eggs were found in the barn, the fence corners and other out-of-the-way places would be thought scandalous by the slow-going, high blooded hens that are confined in back yards and fed carefully compounded rations. But the dunghills have gone and the hysterical hen of the present has to be studied.

The result of my study is that there is no other grain ration like wheat for laying hens. Don't feed them mush, but feed good hard wheat. They have the machinery to convert it into mush a great deal more to their liking than any man can invent.

FEEDING EARLY LAMBS.

R. E. ROBERTS, WISCONSIN.

The lambs will be getting what milk the ewes are capable of furnishing, and if we have been fortunate enough to have a great many more lambs than ewes, and some are not supplied with enough milk, we can aid the ewe by feeding the lambs cow's milk—good Jersey milk, so as to push them right along to get them on the market as early as possible.

I have used for the last few years what I call a lamb feeder. It is a tin pail with a tight-fitted cover that will hold one gallon of milk. On one side are three spouts soldered on near the bottom of the pail and extending outward as high as the top of the pail, made so that rubber nipples can be put on. Being fed in this manner, they will be ready for market at eight or ten weeks of age, weighing from 35 to 40 pounds or more, and will bring more net profit from the feed consumed than at any other age. But if the lambs are to spend their lives on the farm instead of going early to the butcher's block, I would recommend a different grain ration. I would feed but little corn meal, if any. Keep his frame growing. Give plenty of outdoor exercise and let them develop naturally.

Music Hath Charms.

The entire ticket elected by the dealers is as follows:

President—Col. F. B. T. Hollenberg, of Philadelphia.

First Vice-President—Mr. H. Drehr, of Cleveland, Ohio.

Second Vice-President—Mr. Philip Werlein, of New Orleans.

Third Vice-President—Mr. Miller, of Philadelphia.

Fourth Vice-President—Mr. D. G. Pfeiffer, of Baltimore.

Secretary—Mr. George Bradnach, of Middletown, N. J.

Treasurer—Mr. F. P. Anderson, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Executive Committee—Messrs. F. A. Leland, of Worcester, Mass.; G. Wright Nichols, of Baltimore; Robert L. Loud, of Buffalo; and W. H. Carrier, of Toledo, Ohio.

The ticket elected by the manufacturers is as follows:

President—Mr. William D. Dutton, of New York.

Vice-President—Mr. Charles H. Parsons, of New York.

Second Vice-President—Mr. George P. Bent, of Chicago.

Secretary—Mr. John D. Pease, of New York.

Treasurer—Mr. Frederick P. Stieff, of Baltimore.

Executive Committee—Messrs. H. Paul Melvin, of New York; E. S. Conway, of Chicago; William E. Wheelock, of New York; George F. Blake, of Boston; Louis P. Bach, of New York, and J. R. Mason, of Derby, Conn.

Committee on Grievances—Messrs. Mittie—Messrs. Adolph H. Fischer, of Handel Pond, of Boston; William H. Poole, of Boston; W. B. Price, of Chicago; E. H. Story, of Chicago, and Charles Jacob, of New York.

Nominating and Membership Committee—New York (chairman); George A. Gibson, of Boston, and Robert C. Kammer, of New York.

The proceedings closed with a banquet tendered to the convention by William Knabe & Co. Four hundred plates were laid.

Woman's Realm.

The shirtwaist costume will be as much worn as ever this season. The attractive model here shown comprises two useful patterns, which are given as one. The waist extends below the belt under the skirt, and has a plain one-piece back.

The fullness of the fronts is laid at each shoulder in three backward-turning turns that are stitched to yoke depth; below this, the material is allowed to fall freely over the bust, but is regulated at the waist line by means of a tape run through a stitched casing. The edge of the right front is finished with a narrow box plait, and white pearl buttons of good quality and medium size are used for the fastening.

The sleeve is a blouse model of an entirely new design, completed with a pointed cuff; it is moderately full at the shoulder and gradually widens from the elbow to the wrist. At the throat, the regulation collar band is covered with a detachable stock of the material, which may be substituted for any fashionable accessory now in vogue for neckwear.

The skirt, which is simply made, is cut with five gores; over each hip the fullness is taken up in a small dart and the two back gores are gathered into the belt. As illustrated, the costume is made in one of the new spotted linens, but the design is suitable alike in silk or woollens. For summer wear, percale, Madras, cotton chevrons, batiste, and the lovely mercerized linens in white, blue, or strawberry pink would develop this costume charmingly. The pattern is cut from 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 9½ yards of 32-inch material. All wash fabrics should be shrunken before making up.

HOW TO CUT, FIT, AND FINISH.

To cut out, place the several parts of the pattern on the material as shown in the diagram, following the instruction given on the envelope in which the pattern is enclosed. Trace the outer edges of the pattern and mark the perforations that indicate the box plait and the little hip-darts in the skirt.

Allow one-inch seams on the shoulder and under-arm seams of the waist, and a wide margin around the stock collar and cuffs. One-half inch on the sleeve and gores of the skirt will be a sufficient allowance, and one-quarter inch on the outer edges for finishing. Allow also a generous margin at the lower edge of the skirt.

The next step is to baste the gores of the skirt together, according to the notches and directly on the tracing lines. If the skirt has been properly cut, the upper and lower edges will come out perfectly even. If, however, there is any discrepancy, even to the fraction of an inch, it is better to have it come out at the bottom, so that it is advisable to baste the gores together from the top down.

Take up the hip darts; gather the fullness at the top of the back gores. Pin or baste the top of the skirt to the belt. Keeping the skirt next to you with the front and sides held in easily. Care must be taken to place the center of the fronts and backs of both skirt and belt together; otherwise the skirt will be one-sided, which is an exceedingly bad fault.

Slip the skirt on, fasten the belt snugly, and if any alteration is required make it at the lower edge. Next, stitch the seams of the skirt, finish a placket at the center of the back and join the skirt to the belt. Underface the lower edge of the skirt with a bias strip of the material that is cut about three and one-half inches in depth according to the length of your skirt.

If the costume is made of silk or woollen goods, interline the lower edge with crinoline which must also be cut bias. In washable fabrics, the interlining may be made of coarse muslin, or of linen cut bias and shrunken like the material. Swiss, organdie, and all such transparent materials cannot, of course, have this interlining.

I would advise making dresses of this description on entirely different lines. This model is especially designed for heavier goods, and is much smarter when made severely plain, in tailor fashion. Finish the hem with one, two, or as many rows of stitching as may be preferred. Fasten the placket with snap fasteners, and the skirt is completed.

Tinting is again restored to fashionable popularity, and is used with good effect in making borders for handkerchiefs, doilies, and (in very fine thread) for the turnover collars.

The all-white hat is too becoming to most faces to be hastily abandoned, and it will continue in favor for some time to come.

Embroidered Empire gowns are being worn for evening in Paris, made of cloth, lace, net, satin, or chiffon, heavily encrusted with jet and iridescent spangles and jewels.

Coin purses of tan-colored leather decorated with the Prussian double-headed eagle are reminiscent of Prince Henry's visit, and in good style.

Gray will continue a popular color for summer costumes, enlivened with touches of turquoise, pink, or mauve about the throat or belt. Foulards and crepes de chine are especially pretty in gray relieved with white.

FACTS AND FIGURES

You recognize this as the figure of the majority of the stout women you know.

The corset makes the figure, and makes it either good or bad.

There is no longer any excuse for a bad figure. The "Century" is constructed especially for stout women. Diagonal boning underneath makes it simply impossible for the abdomen to protrude or for the corset to break at the waist line in front.

Every stout woman who reads this will buy the "Century" Corset. We want you to take orders for us in your town.

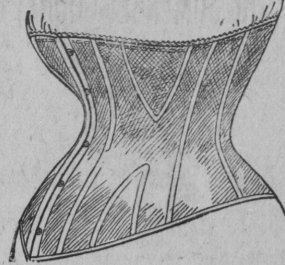


Figure No. 1.—OLD FASHIONED FIGURE

Our goods are not sold in the dry goods stores. We give you exclusive territory. We give you big commission. Our bright women are making easily \$25.00 a week. You can't make that amount in any other work.

We teach you thoroughly, so that you can become an expert corset fitter.

Write us to-day for territory. Send \$3.00 for outfit complete, including our two most popular corsets, advertising matter to distribute, etc.

We will send you measurement blank and make one of the sample corsets to fit you.

Secure territory at once. There is a substantial income in it for you.

CENTURY CORSET CO.,
109 South Fifteenth Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

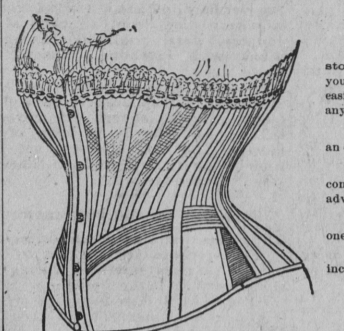


Figure No. 2.—UP-TO-DATE FIGURE. Acquired by fitting Figure No. 1 with the "Century."

THIS IS ABOUT STRAWBERRIES.

Strawberries for preserving should be hardly full ripe. Weigh after capping; use pound for pound sugar and fruit. Make a syrup—a pint of water and the strained juice of a lemon to each three pounds of sugar. Cook it fifteen minutes, skimming it very clean, then put in the fruit. Use the shallow pan as for canning, and do not have the preserves more than two berries deep. Thus you insure the quick cooking, which is the secret of beautifully clear-colored preserves and jellies. Cook briskly, taking care not to scorch, until the fruit is clear, then put into small hot jars, lay a brandied paper on top and seal while hot. Keep dark and cool. Preserves taste, or changed his mind from other made thus will not spoil after opening; still it is best to use small jars, as the preserves candy if left to stand.

TO MAKE CORDIAL.

For the cordial, measure the juice; bring it to a quick boil, and skim well. Pour it boiling hot upon lump sugar—a cupful for each pint of juice. Stir until the sugar dissolves, then add to it one-quarter its own bulk of good dry sherry and the same amount of whiskey strongly flavored with orange peel. Stir hard for a minute. Fill small bottles with two or three blanched bitter almonds in each. Seal the cork and put away, heads down. It will be fit for use in a week, but improves very much with age. By using strained honey instead of lump sugar—half a cupful for the cupful—you make a cordial sovereign for people with bronchial tendencies, or weak lungs generally.

BRANDIED STRAWBERRIES.

To brandy strawberries, take the finest berries, full-ripe but firm, with their weight in sugar after capping. To each pound of sugar allow the strained juice and grated peel of a lemon. Make a thick, rich syrup, skim it very clean. Pack the berries in glass jars, sprinkling them well with blades of mace finely broken, whole cloves, grated nutmeg, and slightly bruised ginger. Half cover the fruit with cold brandy or good whiskey, then fill the jars brimful with the boiling syrup; let stand five minutes, fill up again—the syrup will sink a little—and seal. If bitter almond flavor is approved, put two or three freshly-blanched kernels in each jar along with the spices. Cinnamon and allspice can also be used, but will darken the color and in a measure blur it.

The June Bride.

When the garden closes
Are bright with silver dew,
And pools of crystal water
Reflect the morning's blue,
She sits among the branches,
In spotless satin dressed,
With pearls to fringe her mantle,
And diamonds on her breast.

A black and yellow spider
Has made a veil of lace,
And o'er her frills and flourishes
Has fastened it in place.
Her bridesmaid is the lily,
Her lover is the bee,—
He carries on his courting
Where all the world can see.

The wind has ranged the meadows,
And robbed the scented lanes,
But here it is that, sighing,
The longest he remains;
And here the wood-lark lingers,
And sings his sweetest tune,
For the white rose is the fairest
Of all the brides of June.

Harold—My ancestors were all honest, but they were not stylish.
"That's all right; my ancestors were all stylish, but, so far as I can learn, they wouldn't pay their debts."—Detroit Free Press

THE PINES OF CAROLINA AT YOUR HOME.

For any one having pulmonary asthmatic or bronchial trouble—here!

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OUR MEDICATED PINEY PILLOWS

They are treated with our new discovery—a secret process and fully protected, whereby we get the concentrated extract Pine Needles. It is the result of long trial and experiment, and we guarantee this specific to prevent it. All the elements of pine and tar are in it and the price is such as to place it within reach of all—\$3.00, and fit for any home. If you are in doubt, send 10c for small sample and submit it to your physician, they all endorse it. Or send us your own pillows, which we will thoroughly renovate and medicate to any degree of strength to order, for \$1.00 each. This is no fake—we want agents and the first in each territory or city will get a special opportunity. Write at once for further particulars.

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Senator Grab—A man called on me this morning and offered me \$1000 for my vote on a certain measure, but I refused it.

Political Purist—Bravo! You ought to have the approval of your conscience.

Senator Grab—I have; we finally agreed on \$2000.—Boston Post.

Doctor—I am slightly in doubt as to whether yours is a constitutional disease or not.

Patient—For Heaven's sake, Doctor, have I got to go to the expense of appealing to the United States Supreme Court to find out whether it is or not?—Richmond Dispatch.

Little Willie (at a restaurant)—Pa! His Father—What is it, Willie?

Little Willie—This planked shad has got lots of slivers in it.—Judge.

A lawyer was questioning a witness about some chickens that had disappeared from the back yard of an old negro, who accused several of his neighbors of stealing them. The examination of one witness is reported by the Atlanta Journal as follows:

"Were the chickens in the yard?"

"Yessar."

"Did you see them in the yard?"

"Yessar."

"Were they in a coop?"

"No, sar."

"Were they at large?"

"What, sar?"

"Were the chickens at large?"

"Well, sar, some er 'em was large, but mos' er 'em was li'l' ones."

Paul and Malcolm Ford Buried Together.

New York—There was a meeting of relatives of Paul Leicester Ford and Malcolm W. Ford today, at which E. H. Kidder, Mrs. Paul Ford's father; Roswell Steele, Worthington Ford and a sister were present.

Later Worthington Ford said there would be but one funeral and that the service would be conducted by Bishop Burgess, of Long Island, formerly rector of Grace Church, Brooklyn, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Stires, rector of St. Thomas' Church, New York. Immediately after the service the bodies will be taken to Irvington-on-Hudson for interment.