

IT DOESN'T COST A CENT.

It doesn't cost a single cent to pass a pretty compliment; in happy, smiling, gracious way, a cheery, pleasant word to say.

THE LOST SCOOP

By Grace D. Thompson.

A career or a husband—it was an enormous question for such a slim slip of a girl to answer, but she had already decided it a full two hours ago, and was now only amusing herself by playing the arguments on either side against each other, to see how Morton would win every time.

Kate Trent, this yellow-haired, impulsive maid, was only a sophomore in a great Western university, and far too young to be choosing either husband or career, but, having no mother or other living relative, aside from a chemistry engrossed father, an under professor in the science department had taught her knowledge beyond her years.

How well she remembered, during her freshman year, the first little stories she had contributed anonymously to the various college publications; her joy at seeing her own fancies in print, then her bolder ventures in the city papers, till, at the beginning of this year, she had been asked to write a daily column under the nom-de-plume of "Violet," for the Herald. She made no confidants, and no one suspected her as being the author of those witty college notes.

Just before Christmas began to appear sketches of much the same character in a big rival daily, the Tribune, under the name Mac. Then such a competition as there was between the two unknown correspondents for news! Kate didn't know the sex of her opponent, but every indication led her to believe it was a girl.

These minor triumphs had led her to think seriously of taking up journalism as a profession.

But the advent of Morton Cramer, a tall senior, soon after the winter holidays had changed all this. Though she would not own it openly, there was a new ruler who had no tantalizing dimples and wore no frills, but she knew he was king, she was now no more than subject, and, after the manner of all that's feminine, having found her master, she proceeded to worship.

She had not even mentioned the subject of journalism while with Morton, for fear of betraying herself, knowing, instinctively, that he would be displeased, so had kept her two absorbing interests wholly separate, but this afternoon circumstances had drawn them together and one must triumph.

The noon mail had brought a letter offering Morton a fine Government position in Manila, which must be filled immediately after commencement, only a month away. It was an unexpected turn of affairs, and made Kate catch her breath quickly. She had never thought that life would be separated from Morton, but his next statement was a much greater surprise.

"I will get a license and to-morrow afternoon we will drive over to Preston, where I have a friend who will marry us and ask no questions."

"Marry us!" Kate gasped.

"Why, yes; is it anything unusual for lovers to be married? That will give you a month to get ready to go away."

"Your father would refuse to let you leave college before you graduate if you wait to ask him, and in his way he can't help it."

When his plans had been carefully demonstrated to her, Kate had finally agreed and was now waiting in a tremble of excitement for the morning. Her father, always so busy with his researches that she hardly knew him, had gone out of the city for a few days, so there could be no stumbling block in the way, and tomorrow she was to be Morton's wife.

She felt that she could not sleep, but in spite of her excitement was beginning to doze, when, suddenly, she seemed to hear newboys calling, "Special! Special! Kittle Trent, only daughter of Professor Trent, married secretly to Morton Cramer!"

In an instant she was thoroughly awake again. Wouldn't that make a great scoop? Why couldn't she write it up, sign it "Violet," and if anyone suspected who she was that would surely throw him off the track again.

In the morning she wrote out her story that it might be sent in as soon as she returned from Preston, leaving a space at the end for any little incident of the journey. If she was excited at knowing this was her wedding day, she was doubly so at the idea of her triumph over her opponent.

Although she went to no classes the day passed very quickly. They drove to Preston and Kittle Trent came back Kitty Cramer.

It was just dusk when they returned, and Morton went to his own home, promising to come back later in the evening. Left alone, she began to get weary, so curled upon the window seat for a nap. Just forty winks, she thought, then I'll slip down and mail my story, adding, "Oh, you real scoop, you," out loud.

Hardly had she closed her eyes, when again came clear and strong the "Special!" cry of the newboys.

"Kittle Trent, only daughter of Professor Trent, married secretly to Morton Cramer! Tribune! Tribune!"

She jumped to her feet. Was it the same dream? But no, the cry was repeated. Throwing open the window, she listened—yes, it was a real new-boy and a real call.

"Bring me a paper," she cried.

A moment more and she had the Tribune in her hand and was eagerly scanning the first page. There it was, a whole column, signed Mac.

"Oh, my scoop, my scoop," she sobbed to herself, as she read and re-read the story of her marriage. It was all there, even about their little dinner at the Wayside Inn, not three hours ago. Who could have told, at last she began to wonder, for her mind seemed too startled to think quickly. Who could have told!

The minister probably knew Mac and wired in to her. Yet how could he have known about where they dined? No, it must—no, it couldn't—it was Morton. Her own Morton, who never even mentioned another girl's name in her presence, to have confided at once to this unknown their secret. He must have phoned the news to her from the office of the inn. She remembered now that he went out for a smoke.

Never before had Kate known jealousy. Before the storm had even begun to subside, Morton came in.

"Why, sweetheart, what is it?" he cried.

"Don't touch me, don't come near me. Morton Cramer!" came the voice from the cushions, trembling with anger and shrill as a child's.

"Kittle, what do you mean?" he asked, in astonishment. Never before had she showed the least bit of temper.

"Go away at once. I don't want to see you again. Never—do you understand?" Her old spirit was fast returning now. "I hate you, loathe you; go at once."

The next moment she heard footsteps on the stairs, slow, faltering footsteps as of a person dazed.

That night and the following day were the most terrible she had ever experienced in all her butterfly existence. Never before had she known pain, and now it came to her with the blinding, benumbing force of a flash of lightning, with greater effect, since there was no preparation. Morton had been her whole world so long that now she felt completely alone.

Then noon came. The crowds of students, self-absorbed, hurrying by, only seemed to increase her loneliness and desolation.

"I will go wild if I don't see him. If he would only come I could forgive him anything now, for oh, I can't live without him!" she cried, as the afternoon dragged slowly by. But no Morton came. At last she had found a will as strong as her own.

As the shadows commenced to lengthen her spirits seemed gradually to break, her pride to melt. She felt that she could not live through the twilight hour. So, filled with happy memories of former days, alone, so, with trembling, uncertain fingers, she wrote the recall.

In a short half hour, ages to the waiting girl, there was a well known step, the door opened, and in a flash she was in her husband's arms.

"What was it, dear?" as last he asked.

"Why didn't you tell me about the other girl? I wouldn't have minded so much, at least, if you had only told me."

"What other girl? I don't understand."

"Why Mac, the girl who writes for the Tribune. You told her about our marriage."

Astonishment, surprise, incredulity, passed over Morton's face in rapid succession. Then the light of a puzzle solved.

"Didn't you know before, dear? Couldn't you guess by my name, Morton A. Cramer? I am Mac!"—New York Evening Journal.

PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS.

Algeria and Tunis Visited by Swarms of Destructive Insects.

Algeria and Tunis have this year suffered from an extraordinary invasion of locusts. The locusts arrived from the direction of the deserts in swarms so thick as to hide the sun. They cover the ground as with a yellow carpet, and sometimes render the railways so slippery that trains can hardly run. At this stage they are not voracious, being engaged principally in laying their eggs. But 40 days later the young locusts, not yet winged, begin to run about, devouring every green thing, including not only leaves, but even the mark and tender shoots of trees. The hordes, advancing in a body, sometimes cover an area of several square miles. Barricades of cloth, surmounted with waxed strips, erected in the line of march, arrest the progress of the insects, which are unable to crawl up the smooth surface. Passing along the line of the barricades, they fall into ditches dug for the purpose, where they are killed with corrosive liquids. Another method is to smooth descending paths, ending in poisoned ditches. The insects follow the descents, and thus go to their death.

All the Letters.

The following is the shortest sentence containing all the letters of the alphabet:—"Pack my box with five dozen liquor-jugs."—Home Notes.

WHAT WOMEN ARE WEARING

New York City.—The popularity of the over blouse seems to be an ever increasing one, and this model is so



The New Boot. As petticoats will not be worn the new boot is designed to keep women's ankles covered when they are crossing the street and holding up their gowns. It is already widely in favor.

Misses' Three-Piece Skirt. The three-piece skirt is one of the prettiest variations of the circular model. It includes the narrow front gore, which gives the fashionable straight lines and it falls in graceful and becoming folds. This one is designed for young girls and is appropriate for any skirting material, whether the skirt makes part of a suit or an indoor gown. It can be trimmed with buttons as illustrated, with braid or with banding, or be finished in any way that individual fancy may dictate.

The skirt consists of three pieces. The front gore is turned under at its edges and arranged over the circular portions to give the box pleat effect, and the fullness over the hips is taken up in darts, while there are inverted pleats at the back.

pretty, so graceful and so simple in one that it must appeal to every woman.

The quantity of material required for the sixteen-year size is five and



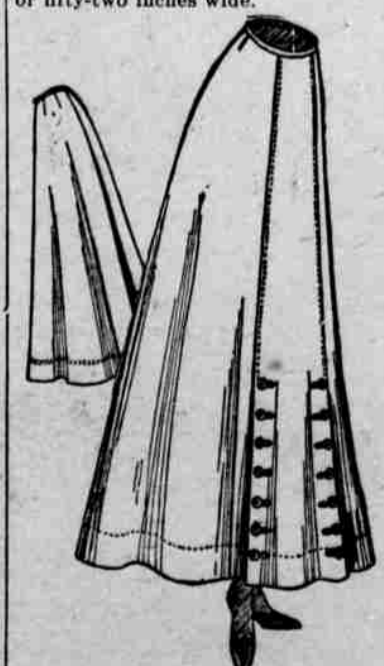
an of taste. In the illustration it is made of crepe de chine trimmed with taffeta, but it is adapted to many materials, and would be very charming for linen and other washable materials quite as well as for silk and wool. It can be made to match the skirt or match the trimming on the skirt as liked, or it can be made as an entirely separate garment, and it consequently suits a great many purposes. The wide girde is very becoming, while it makes one of the latest features and the trimming is unusual and exceedingly smart. Very little material is required and so little labor is involved in the making that the model makes an exceptionally desirable one from every point of view.

The over blouse is made in two pieces, there being 40 seams whatever. It is attached to a foundation girde and over this the draped one is arranged. It can be closed at either the front or the back, and the inner edges are faced to form the trimming, while the outer ones are finished with shaped bands applied over them.

Coarser Silks. The coarser the ribs the more fashionable the silk.

Like Big Powder Puffs. Up to the very latest minute is the swansdown hat. A model in one of the smart milliner shops was in a mushroom effect, covered with the fluffy swansdown. Around the crown went a twist of gold ribbon and just at one side was a huge pale pink rose. The effect was very babyish and charming, and despite the substantial price asked by the Fifth avenue milliner, such a hat should be contrived at home for a very moderate sum.

Rimmed Buttons. Because women complained loudly of braid and cloth buttons wearing out so soon, the new ones have a metal rim, which entirely protects the edges. The mold inside may be covered with any material desired and the metal cap fitted on. Horn is also used as well as bone, and it is possible that both the latter look better on a rough serge or chevot suit than buttons with rims of metal.



Rhubarb and Fig Jam. To five pounds tender rhubarb, washed and cut in inch pieces, allow one pound figs (the dried), the grated yellow rind and juice of one lemon, and four pounds sugar. Let this stand all night. The next day cook slowly for an hour, then turn into glasses. Nuts can be added if desired.

Chocolate Icing. For a chocolate filling and icing take two squares of bitter chocolate, one tea-cup of sugar, one tea-cup of water. Use one-third of the water to dissolve three teaspoonfuls of cornstarch. Boil the sugar and chocolate with remaining two-thirds of the cup of water for about ten minutes. Stir into this the dissolved cornstarch and let all come to a boil. Add to this a lump of butter the size of a hickory nut and a half teaspoonful of vanilla. After this is well stirred together spread over cake while it is warm.

Mince of Chicken. Cut into small dice the meat of a cold chicken, add to it a third of its volume of chopped tongue and the same of mushrooms. Make a cream sauce, half pint of milk or cream, thickened with a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour to every pint of mince. Season well with salt, paprika and a little nutmeg and pour the mixture into pate shells of puff paste.

Eggs Au Gratin. It seems as though half the people you know have taken to eggs as a steady diet. They eat them at least once a day, and they are looking about for all kinds of good methods for cooking them. Eggs au gratin make a dish that is most acceptable every now and then. It is made by chopping very fine an anchovy, a shallot, and a sprig of parsley. These are mixed with three yolks of eggs to a small cupful of bread crumbs and two ounces of butter, then seasoned with salt and pepper.

Hints for Housekeepers. A crust of bread helps to clean out a sticky bread pan.

Hang brooms in the cellarway to keep soft and pliant.

A piece of zinc put on live coals in the stove will clean out the stove pipe.

Peppermint sprigs laid around where mice frequent will drive them away.

To remove ink stains, wet with spirits of turpentine and after three hours rub well.

Petroleum ointment stains are very obstinate and use best thing for them is to soak them in kerosene.

For the picnic dainty salads can be packed in large green pepper pods or tomatoes scooped out for the purpose.

Do not sleep with the arms above the head; it causes additional strain on the circulation of the blood toward the heart.

A sponging with a solution of one part ammonia to ten parts of water is said to brighten the colors in a faded carpet.

Salt thrown into the oven immediately after anything has been burned in it will make the objectionable odor less disagreeable.

Grease spots may be removed from the carpet by covering with a brown paper and then passing a warm flat-iron over the top.

By rubbing a fresh lemon into a soiled sponge and rinsing several times in luke-warm water it will become as sweet as when new.

Select a dozen or so of the smoothest and largest splitpins from the new broom and law them away to use in testing cake when it is baking.

If you accidentally spill ice cream on a silk waist try using alcohol to remove the grease blemish. It also removes a candy or gum blemish.

Fill custard cups and set them in a kettle with a little hot water, put the cover on and steam until done. They are smoother than when baked.

Put the children out of doors to run and play. Let them dig and delve in mother earth, and absorb the pure air and bright sunshine. Don't be afraid of them getting dirty—it will save doctor's bills.

THE BALLAD OF PRUE.

Miss Prue Priscilla Perkins was a prim New England maid. And she never had a suitor since her hair came out of braids. Though she looked like Dresden china, when in Sunday best arrayed.

But Prue went West one summer and she proudly wrote her name On a stake upon the prairie, where the wild sunflowers flame, And she built a painless dwell on a treeless, manless claim.

It wasn't long, it happens, ere the news was spread broadcast, And the cowboys came to view her—and they came a riding fast— And Miss Prue, who'd had no suitors, said: "This tide has turned at last!"

Now the ponies cluster Sundays round the Perkins ranch house small, And the Perkins parlor bursteth with admirers short and tall, And a ticket to New England wouldn't please Miss Prue at all!

—Arthur Chapman, in Denver Republican.

WIT HUMOR AND SARCASM

"Her repartee was brilliant." "Yes, they say she has everything money can buy."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

"Your wife never sings any more. Did she lose her voice?" "No; she found her senses."—Cleveland Leader.

Young Man—Why do you advise Miss Smith to go abroad to study music? You know she has no talent. Old Man—I live next door to Miss Smith.

—Town and Country.

"Swell wedding, wasn't it? Who gave the bride away?" "She wasn't given away. The papers had all been made out for a regular sale."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

O'Hoolihan—O'ld lolkie t' see some mirrors tho'd do fer a Christmas present. Clerk—Yes, sir. Hand mirrors? O'Hoolihan—No. O' hand wan that yez kin see yer face in, b'gorry.—Judge.

"Pa, is an abyss a sleepy hollow?" "No, child. Whatever put such an idea into your head?" "Well, pa, whenever you hear or read about an abyss, it is always yawning."—Baltimore American.

"I compel my daughter to practise four hours a day," said Mr. Cumrox. "But you will make her hate music so that she will never want to go near a piano!" "That's what I am hoping."—Washington Star.

Nell—Why doesn't Maude join your sewing circle? Belle—She wouldn't be of much use. Nell—Can't she sew? Belle—Oh, yes, she can sew, but she has an impediment in her speech.—Philadelphia Record.

Mother (to bedraggled little daughter—Good heavens, child, where have you been? Child—Bobby and I tumbled into the pond. Mother—But where's poor Bobby? Child—Oh, I expect he's out by now.—Punch.

"By the use of a little cleverness," began Brokeley, "I know a way to secure a very excellent substitute for gold." "How?" asked Markley, eagerly. "Ask for silver. Haven't got a half-dollar or so about you, have you?"—Philadelphia Press.

Mistress (angrily)—How dare you talk back to me in that way? I never saw such impudence. oYu have a lot of nerve to call yourself a lady's maid. New Maid—I don't call myself that now, ma'am; but I was a lady's maid before I got this job.—Chicago Daily News.

"I don't know much about the politics of your country," remarked the visiting Englishman, "but I have read of your politicians. Mr. Bryan belongs to what is known as the Democratic party, does he not?" "No, sir," answered the man with the bulging brows. "What is known as the Democratic party belongs to Mr. Bryan."—Chicago Tribune.

The Suspected Beaver. "Sense I tol' you 'bout the ol' man havin' a blind tiger in a walkin' stick an' gettin' kitched up with," said the old lady, "he's been keepin' unusual quiet—ain't even kicked the house cat or tried to raise the roof. Pears like it wuz a lesson that done him good, but it's like to cause him to move out the settlement, for Deacon Jones, who seen the licker spilled out-en the walkin' stick, spread it all over, an' sense that if you shake a walkin' stick at the ol' man he hunts fer kiver—jest takes to the woods. I dunno what new scheme he'll try to work to hide it hereafter, he bought him a beaver hat t'other day, an' I'm suspicious that it's got a false inside to it, an' that thar's somethin' like half a gallon hid in the top of it whar his bald head ought to be. I ain't had much of a chance to investigate, kase the ol' man never lets that beaver out o' his sight; but the other day when I was a-goin' through the settin' room I tapped it-easy-like—an' in my judgment it didn't ring as hollow as what a beaver hat orer. So as I said before, I've got my suspicions, an' I ain't goin' to rest till I satisfy 'em. It's my firm an' onfallin' beliefs that thar's a blind tiger in the top o' that new beaver hat!"—Atlanta Constitution.

In Debt on \$125,000 a Year. Extravagance is a disease just as much as nerves and appendicitis, and a most fashionable ailment at that. The Empress Josephine, poor thing, suffered intensely from this malady.

She had an income of 650,000 francs a year, and never could make it do. She was in a chronic state of debt. But then she changed her linen three times a day, and never wore a pair of stockings twice. This love of fine raiment followed her to the very grave, for she died robed in rose color and adorned with knots of ribbon.—Gentlewoman.