

CHAPTER X .-- Continued. 1 on the other side of her; I was left to But my vanity was not done with my own reflections, and I was not sure me. Led on by it, I proceeded to have whether this made me more or less one of those ridiculous "generous im- uncomfortable. To add to my torment. pulses"-I persuaded myself that I'grew angry, with myself. I looked there must be some decency in this up and down and cross the big table, liberality, in addition to the prudence noted all these self-satisfied people which I flattered myself was the chief perfectly at their ease; and I said to cause. "I have been unjust to Roe- myself: "What's the matter with buck," I thought. "I have been mis- you, Matt? They're only men and judging his character." And incredi- women, and by no means the best ble though it seems, I said to him with specimens of the breed. You've got a good deal of genuine emotion: "I more brains than all of 'em put todon't know how to thank you, Mr. gether, probably; is there one of the Roebuck. And, instead of trying, I lot that could get a job at good wages want to apologize to you. I have if thrown on the world? What do you thought many hard things against care what they think of you? It's a you; have spoken some of them. I damn sight more important what you had better have been attending to my think of them, as it won't be many own conscience, instead of criticising years before you'll hold everything they value, everything that makes yours."

"Thank you, Blacklock," said he, in them of consequence, in the hollow of a voice that made me feel as if I were your hand." a little boy in the crossroads church, believing I could almost see the an- men drew together, talking of people gels floating above the heads of the I did not know and of things I did not singers in the choir behind the care about-I thought then that they preacher. "Thank you. I am not sur- were avoiding me deliberately as a dices always interest me." prised that you have misjudged me. flock of tame ducks avoids a wild one God has given me a great work to do, that some wind has accidentally blown in the drawing-room, pretending to to do what I have done, what He has done through me, had He not guided

> XI. ANITA.

On my first day in long trousers I may have been more ill at ease than I was that Sunday evening at the Ellerslys', but I doubt it.

When I came into their big drawingroom and took a look around at the assembled guests, I never felt more at home in my life. "Yes," said I to myself, as Mrs. Ellersly was greeting me and as I noted the friendly interest in the glances of the women, "this is where I belong. I'm beginning to come into my own."

As I look back on it now, I can't refrain from smiling at my own simplicity-and snobbishness. For, so determined was I to believe what I was working for was worth while, that I actually fancied there were upon these in reality ordinary people, ordinary in looks, ordinary in intelligence, some subtle marks of superiority, that made them at a glance superior to the common run. This ecstasy of snobbishness deluded me as to the women only-for, as I looked at the men, I at once felt myself their superior.

stood idly turning the leaves of a magazine. I threw my cigar into the fireplace. The slight sound as it struck made her jump, and I saw that, underneath her surface of perfect calm, she was in a nervous state full as tense as my own.

"You smoke?" said I. "Sometimes," she replied. "It is

soothing and distracting. I don't know how it is with others, but when 1 smoke my mind is quite empty." "It's a nasty habit-smoking,"

said I. "Do you think so?" said she, with the slightest lift to her tone and her eyebrows. "Especially for a woman," I went

else to say, and would not, at any cost, let this conversation, so hard to begin, die out

"Your are one of those men who have one code for themselves and another for women," she replied.

"I'm a man," said I. "All men have the two codes." "Not all," said she after a pause.

"All men of decent ideas," said I with emphasis. "Really?" said she, in a tone that irritated me by suggesting that what I said was both absurd and unimpor-

tant. "It is the first time I've ever seen a respectable woman smoke," I went on, powerless to change the subject. though conscious I was getting tedious. "I've read of such things, but I didn't believe."

"That is interesting," said she, her tone suggesting the reverse.

"I've offended you by saying frank ly what I think," said I. "Of course, When the ladies withdrew, the other it's none of my business." "Oh, no," replied she carelessly.

"I'm not in the least offended. Preju-I saw Ellersly and his wife sitting

and those who do His will in this down among them. I know now that talk to each other. I understood that wicked world must expect martyrdom. my forbidding aspect must have been they were leaving me alone with her I should never have had the courage responsible for my isolation. How- deliberately, and I began to suspect

"Will you try to be friends with ne?" said I with directness She continued to look at me in that an 3 steady, puzzling way.

"Will you?" I repeated. "I have no choice," said she slowly. I flushed. "What does that mean?" demanded.

She threw a hurried and, it seemed to me, frightened glance toward the for food. One that weighs about four but friendship for you."

put out my hand, and she laid hers the inside with salt and pepper, then

in it. "There isn't anything I wouldn't do to earn your friendship, Miss Anita," I said, holding her hand tightly, feeling how lifeless it was, yet feeling, too, as if a flaming torch were being borne through me, were lighting a prune juice and enough water to make fire in every vein.

The searlet poured into her face and neck, wave on wave, until I thought it would never cease to come. She snatched her hand away and from her face streamed proud resentment. God,

how I loved her at that moment! "Anita! Mr. Blacklock!" came from the other room, in her mother's voice. "Come in here and save us old people from boring each other to sleep.

She turned swiftly and went into the other room, I following. There were a few minutes of conversation-a monologue by her mother. Then I ceased to disregard Ellersly's less and less covert yawns, and rose to take leave. I could not look directly at Anita, but

I was seeing that her eyes were fixed on me, as if by some compulsion, some sinister compulsion. I left in high spirits. "No matter why or how she looks at you," said I to myself. "All that is necessary is to get yourself noticed. After that the rest is easy.

You must keep cool enough always to remember that under this glamour that intoxicates you, she's a woman, just a woman, waiting for a man."

Writer Calls Attention to Inharmoni-

Salad translated into the American A week passed and, just as I was within sight of my limit of patience, Bromwell Ellersly appeared at my office. "I can't put my hand on the necessary cash, Mr. Blacklock-at least, not for a few days. Can I count on your further indulgence?" This in his best exhibit of old-fashioned courtliness-the "gentleman" through and through, ignorant of anything useful.

Ellersly," said I, friendly, for I wanted to be on a somewhat less business-like basis with that family. "The market's steady, and will go up before it goes down."

"Good!" said he. "By the way, you haven't kept your promise to call." "I'm a busy man," said I. "You must make my excuses to your wife. But-in the evenings. Couldn't we get up a little theater party-Mrs. Ellersly and your daughter and you and I-Sam, too, if he cares to come?"

"Delightful!" cried he.

twenty thousand dollars.

STUFFING FOR ROAST GOOSE.

Darky Gives a Proper Answer to a Prunes and Chestnuts, German Style, Make Delicious "Filling." Stranger's Suggestion.

A goose stuffed with prunes and chestnuts, German style, makes a fine dish. Select a young or green goose. An old bird is strong and greasy, unfit

drawing-room. "I didn't intend to of- or five pounds is good weight. In fend you," she said in a low voice. buying, note the fat of the fowl. If "You have been such a good friend to foung, the fat is light and clear; that papa-I've no right to feel anything in an old bird dark. Before stuffing remove the fat that can be reached "I'm glad to hear you say that," said from the inside and under the skin. . And I was; for those words of This may be saved and fried out for which looked as if several dogs had hers were the first expression of ap- goose grease, a time-honored soveron, because I could think of nothing preciation and gratitude I had ever eign remedy for sore throats or cold been trying to pull it to pieces. But got from any member of that family in the chest. Wash the bird inside which I was holding up from ruin. I and out, and wipe dry. Season on

> thumbs into the armholes of that vest. stuff and truss ip shape like a turkey. To make the prune stuffing, soak a quarter of a pound of prunes in cold water over night. Drain, cover with tation to stop him. boiling water, and simmer until ten-"'Look here.' I said, what do you der. Wash one cup rice, add the

three cups of liquid in all, season with you're de trop?' a teaspoonful of salt, and cook until 'De what-what's that?' the rice is tender-about 20 minutes. "'Don't you know that you're de Add the prunes stoned and cut in trop?' I repeated, 'that it isn't permispieces and a dozen large chestnuts sible to appear in full dress before six blanched and cut in pieces Blend o'clock in the evening?' thoroughly and stuff. Put the goose "The darky drew himself up very on its breast on a rack in a dripping

roudly.

pan, dredging with flour seasoned with salt and pepper, and set in an extra hot oven to roast. When it begins to brown pour a pint of boiling water in the pan, and every 15 minutes baste, dredging with flour, salt and pepper after each basting. Cook an hour and a half, lift out on a heated platter, skim off the fat in the dripping pan. thicken with a tablespoonful of flour and pour in a cup of boiling water. Stir until smooth and thickened and

If it lacks a rich brown color, add a tablespoonful culinary bouquet. Strain and serve as gravy for the goose. Always serve a dish of tart apple sauce with roast goose or roast pork.

MISTAKES OF SALAD MAKERS.

ous Combinations.

XII. "UNTIL TO-MORROW."

language seems to mean conglomeration with a mayonnaise dressing. The way natural affinities in the order of growing things are violated in American salads is fairly (and horribly) indicative of the way principles of nature are confused in our social order. Oranges and lettuce leaves, celery and bananas, olives and pineapple, are a few of the original combinations of-"Don't let that matter worry you, fered to me in the United States in the

name of salad, always with mayonnaise dressing and usually with nuts. I like nuts and I have not followed the teachings of Boston domestic economists without learning their nutri-

tive value. But I want to know when they are coming. I like to be prepared for them-indeed, a normal stomach needs to be prepared for them-and when, under its mayonnaise mask, the frightful uncertainties of an American salad have entered my mouth, and, unwarned, I find the supposedly soft

neglected margins; we understood

each other. When he left he had ne-

tecture, decoration and furniture.

to its value by what Ellersly and his

white skin, remained closed. She

spoke only when she was spoken to,

and then as briefly as possible. The

dinner-and a mighty good dinner it

was-would have been memorable for

strain and silence had not Mrs. Ellers-

mired her for being able to talk at all.

TIME TABLES FOR CLOTHES. BOUND TO GO THROUGH GATE.

> Colored Man Had One Very Well De fined Idea in His Mind.

"I was walking on Pennsylvania ave-Some twenty-five years ago one of nue in Washington one day at high the village characters of Stockbridge, noon when a nigger loomed up on my Mass., was an old darky named Horace horizon coming rapidly toward me," Bird.

said a well-known negro comedian. Coming home one evening, consider-"He was wearing the most outlandish ably fuddled, to his tumble-down outfit I ever saw on a human being, on "shack" which stood on the outskirts or off the stage. His trousers were of the village, and was surrounded by frayed and torn above his shoetops. a board fence, he found the latch of He wore a muck-colored woolen shirt, the gate broken, making it a matter of a celluloid collar and a tattered sack | considerable difficulty to open the gate coat. On his head was a sombrero from the outside.

His wife, a buxom person upon whom he largely depended for support, rethe crowning glory was a new and im- lated his subsequent proceedings to maculate full dress vest. He had me when she brought our washing pulled back his coat and shoved his next day. Said she:

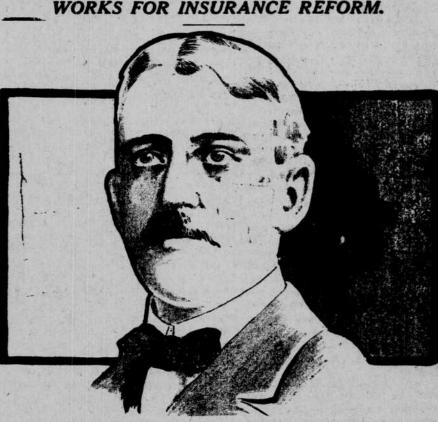
"Dat fool nigger he fumble de latch As he came sailing before the wind he fo' mo'n ten minutes. Den he heave a certainly was the most comical figure big sigh an' start a-climbin' de fence, I ever saw. I couldn't resist the temp- an' I gits de rollin' pin handy. He gits ober de fence at las' and bang de gate wide open from de inside. Den wha's

mean by appearing at this time of day dat crazy nigger do but climb back in such a dress? Don't you know that ober de fence an' walk in troo de gate jes' like a major gin'ral."

Civilization Doubted.

A Rock Island engineer at Herington was talking about the duplicity of farmers who bring claims against railroad companies for the killing of blooded stock when, as a matter of "Look heah,' he said. 'I'll have you fact, the animals were walking scare-

to know that I don't 'low nobody to crows. "About four years ago," said



Insurance Commissioner E. E. Rittenhouse of Colorado, who drafted the measure striking at parasite companies operated in connection with insurance corporations, was one of the most active members of the committee of fifteen appointed to divise restrictive insurance legislation. Commissioner Rittenhouse's attention was directed to this abuse by the prevalence of such companies in his home state. He conducted a preliminary campaign which resulted in the retirement of a member of such companies from Colorado.

make time tables for my cloas." -- the engineer, "before the Rock Island bought the Choctaw, I was on an en-Kansas City Times. gine on the Choctaw Northern run above Geary. Gray daylight was just Merely an Outward Sign. Miss Fluff-The other day at the well ahead, and I noticed two horses show I saw a woman carry a man on the track. They didn't appear to around on her head. mind the whistle or the bell and I Miss Vassar-That, my dear, was slowly drew up to them and stopped. merely the physical expression in acro- The horses, two poor, old, worn-out batics of a common psychological explugs, were still standing across the perience of the sex. road, and on climbing down off the Miss Fluff-Dear me! What do you engine to drive them away I found mean? that the hoofs of their forefeet were Miss Vassar-That nine women out spiked down to the planks at the road of every ten have a man on their minds. crossing the track. How's that for a civilized country?"-Kansas City The Lost Label. Times.



my every step.'

They were an inconsequential, patterned lot. I even was better dressed than any of them, except possibly Mowbray Langdon, and if he showed to more advantage than I, it was because of his manner, which, as I have probably said before, is superior to that of any human being I've ever seen-man or woman.

"You are to take Anita in," said Mrs. Ellersly. With a laughable sense that I was doing myself proud, I crossed the room easily and took my stand in front of her. She shook hands with me politely enough. Langdon was sitting beside her; I had interrupted their conversation.

"Hello, Blacklock!" said Langdon, with a quizzical, satirical smile with the eyes only. "It seems strange to see you at such peaceful pursuits." His glance traveled over me critically -and that was the beginning of my trouble. Presently he rose, left me alone with her.

"Yon know Mr. Langdon?" she said. obviously because she felt she must sav something.

friends. What a tremendous swell he old Ellersly's constrained efforts to get courage and self-possession returned is-really a swell." This with enthu- me into the conversation, and angrily as summarily as they had fied. suspicious that Langdon was enjoying siasm.

my discomfiture more than the cigar-She made no comment. I debated with myself whether to go on talking ette he was apparently absorbed in. Old Ellersly, growing more and of Langdon. I decided against it bemore nervous before my dark and sulcause all I knew of him had to do with matters down town-and Monson had len look, finally seated himself beside impressed it upon me that down town me. "I hope you'll stay after the was taboo in the drawing-room. I others have gone," said he. "They'll leave early, and we can have a quiet rummaged my brain in vain for ansmoke and talk." other and suitable topic.

All unstrung though I was, I yet had She pat, and I stood-she tranquil the desperate courage to resolve that and beautiful and cold, I every instant I'd not leave, defeated in the eyes of more miserably self-conscious. When the one person whose opinion I really the start for the dining-room was cared about. "Very well;" said I, in keep up my end." made I offered her my left arm, reply to him. though I had carefully planned be-

He and I did not follow the others forehand just what I would do. Shewithout hesitation and, as I know now, the library adjoining. From where 1 | of hers. out of sympathy for me in my sufferseated myself I could see part of the ing-was taking my wrong arm, when drawing-room-saw the others leavit flashed on me like a blinding blow ing, saw Langdon lingering, ignoring in the face that I ought to be on the other side of her. I got red, tripped the impatient glances of his wife, in the far-sprawling train of Mrs. while he talked on and on with Miss Langdon, tore it slightly, tried to get | Ellersly.

At last Langdon arose. It irritated to the other side of Miss Ellersly by walking in front of her, recovered me to see her color under that inmyself somehow, stumbled round be- different fascinating smile of his. It hind her, walked on her train and irritated me to note that he held her finally arrived at her left side; con- hand all the time he was saying goodscious in every red-hot atom of me by, and the fact that he held it as if that I was making a spectacle of he'd as lief not be holding it hardly myself and that the whole company lessened my longing to rush in and was enjoying it. I must have seemed knock him down. What he did was to them an ignorant boor; in fact, I all in the way of perfect good manhad been about a great deal among ners, and would have jarred no one people who knew how to behave, and not supersensitive, like me-and like had I never given the matter of how his wife. I saw that she, too, was it," suggested another of the party. to conduct myself on that particular frowning.

occasion an instant's thought, I should In an aimless sort of way Miss Ellersly, after the Langdons had dishave got on without the least trouble.

It was with a sigh of profound re appeared, left the drawing room by lief that I sank upon the chair be- the same door. Still aimlessly wantween Miss Ellersly and Mrs. Lang- dering, she drifted into the library by don, safe from danger of making the hall door. As I rose, she lifted her "breaks," so I hoped, for the rest of eyes, saw me, and drove away the the evening. But within a very few frown of annoyance which came over her face like the faintest haze. In box at Sixteenth and California and minutes I realized that my little misadventure had unnerved me. My fact, it may have existed only in my the men retired a few feet to see what hands were trembling so that I could imagination. She opened a large, would take place, says the Denver scarcely lift the soup spoon to my square silver box on the table, took Post. Several poorly dressed women lips, and my throat had got so far out a cigarette, lighted it and holding went by and saw the handkerchief, in a very few words." beyond control that I had difficulty in swallowing. Miss Ellersly and Mrs. Langdon were each busy with the map

"SHE LOOKED AT ME-JUST LOOKED."

lace.

asked

"Oh, yes," I replied. "We are old ever, I sat alone, sullenly resisting | she was in the plot. I smiled, and my "I'm glad of this chance to get better acquainted with you," said I. "I've

wanted it ever since I first saw you." As I put this to her directly, she dropped her eyes and murmured something she probably wished me to think vaguely pleasant. "You are the first woman I ever ly kept up her incessant chatter. I knew," I went on, "with whom it was can't recall a word she said, but I ad-

hard for me to get on any sort of terms. I suppose it's my fault. I don't know this game yet. But I'll I knew she was in the same state as learn it, if you'll be a little patient; the rest of us, yet she acted perfectly and when I do, I think I'll be able to at her ease, and not until I thought it

over afterward did I realize that she She looked at me-just looked. I had done all the talking except ancouldn't begin to guess what was swers to her occasional and cleverlyto the drawing-room, but turned into going on in that gracefully-poised head sprinkled direct questions. (To be continued.)

Studying Human Nature.

and noticed the prize. She glanced But in the End the Crowd Drank With about her and then took the hankerchief. Around the corner she stepped Both Bettors.

into her automobile. W. H. Milburn and several friends "There," said Mr. Milburn, "what were walking along Sixteenth street did I tell you?" the other day when one of them picked "You win," said the man that had

up a woman's handkerchief made of the other end of the bet. "What shall I do with it?" he Just then they heard the woman speak to her chauffeur. "I lost my

"Put it on the mail box at the corner and watch some poor woman steal found it again on that mail box. Wasn't I lucky?" "It won't be a poor woman who steals it," said Mr. Milburn. "It will bet with Mr. Milburn, when the auto

be some woman of means." "I'll bet you it won't be a well-to-do lost that bet or not." woman," came from the other. "What will you bet?" plied Mr. Milburn.

"Refreshments for the crowd." "Done," said Mr. Milburn. The the bet," said another member of the

handkerchief was placed on the mail party. And so it came to pass.

> He Knew Maria. "I could tell you what I think of you

"To tell the truth, neither do I." re-

"Then I think you both ought to pay

"Whichever one of the next five this is an affront to nature, an abuse evenings you say," I said. "Let me of confidence, which I find it exceedknow by to-morrow morning, will ingly hard to condone.-Harper's you?" And we talked no more of the Bazar.

mass full of small, hard substances.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

gotiated a three months' loan of To bleach a garment hang it on the line during nice weather and let it They were, so surprised that they take dew and sunshine but no rain couldn't conceal it, when they were Broiled meats are more nourishing ushered into my apartment on the than fried meats and roasted meats Wednesday evening they had fixed upon. If my taste in dress was someyield more nourishment than broiled what too pronounced, my taste in my ones.

surroundings was not. I suppose the Utensils made of the popular alumi same instinct that made me like the num must never be washed with soda music and the pictures and the books or their appearance will be hopelessly that were the products of superior minds had guided me right in archiruined.

Have the shelves and floors of the kitchen storeroom washed at least I was pleased out of all proportion three times a week with a solution of permanganate of potash.

wife looked and said. But, though I Cranberries can be made very pal watched Miss Ellersly closely, though atable with much less sugar by mixing I tried to draw from her some comthem with about half their bulk of apment on my belongings-on my picples. Rub both cranberries and apples tures, on my superb tapestries, on the through a colander. beautiful carving of my furniture-I

A mother-of-pearl buckle should be got nothing from her beyond that first cleaned by covering the buckle with a look of surprise and pleasure. Her paste made of whiting and water, and face resumed its statuelike calm, her when quite dry brushing it off and poleyes did not wander, her lips, like a ishing with a dry cloth. crimson bow painted upon her clear.

Raw Eggs as a Tonic.

Those who take raw eggs as a tonic declare that an egg is spolled by any kind of cooking. The fresher the egg the better. The most popular and pleasant way of serving the egg is in sherry. Very little is needed in the glass. Into this the egg is broken, and it is then swallowed whole. One will be surprised how easily the egg slips down the throat and the pleasant taste it reaves. Some believe that half the benefit of the egg is lost if the yolk is broken. The best time to take raw eggs is before meals, especially breakfast. After taking this diet for a week or two, it should be discontinued for several days and then resumed. Raw eggs are more easily digested than cooked ones. Hard boiled and fried eggs are the most difficult to digest.

Tea a la Russe.

The popular Russian tea-served in tall glasses-can be prepared in many ways, the addition of lemon or not to the decoction of tea being a matter of taste. Some people prefer the substitution of a few drops of orange flower water to the acid of the lemon, while others flavor with essence of ginger or handkerchief, John," she said, "but a few grains of cinnamon.

To Darn Serge. "Hold on," said the man who had When darning cloth, serge, or tweed it is best to unravel a strand of wool had gone. "I don't know whether I

from the raw edge of a turning, if it can be procured, and use this to mend the material with.

A Three-Cornered Tear. A three-cornered tear is best mend-

ed invisibly with tailor's mending plaster, which is applied to the back of the material.

Roses Very Popular. Roses are positively the most fash-

onable flower of the moment and they sloom on felt, silk and velvet hats as eautifully as if it were June.

Collywobs.

"What's the matter, my little man?" this here potted turkey or deviled lobasked the kindly old gentleman. "You seem to be in great pain."

"G'on! Yer mixed," groaned the little boy. "I ain't in no great pain, but dev's a great pain in me, all right."

STILL ANOTHER FLYING MACHINE.

On the bleak heights the miners

"Bill," said a red-whiskered man, "is

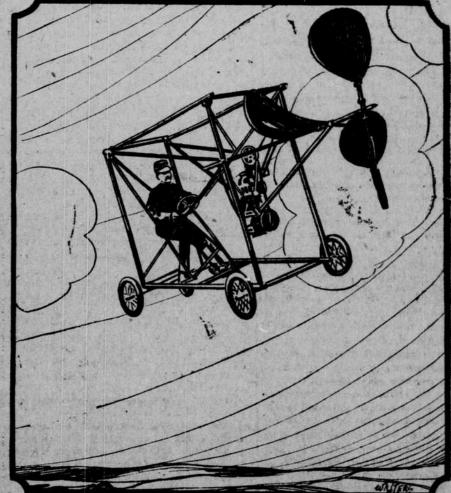
"I can't tell you," he faltered. "The

Bill blushed and hung his head.

were preparing their dinner.

label's got torn off the can."

ster?



The recent experiments made with the screw-propelled motor cycle invented by M. Archdeacon, have called the attention of the aeronautical to some equally amazing experiments which Capt. Ferber has been making in Paris with a machine constructed on somewhat silimar lines. Capt. Ferber's machine is designed to sail through the clouds exactly as shown in the ac-companying photograph.—New York World.

"'A-n-g-e-l-o,' spelled the other. How

"Oh," the cartoonist replied. "I and

making a cartoon about this Angelo-

American alliance."-Saturday Even-

are you going to use it?"

High Art.

There is a certain great cartoonist who is an ardent advocate of spelling reform because he is so poor a speller himself. His editors watch with the greatest care the inscriptions he puts ing Post. on his work and correct misspelled words almost every day. A short time ago the cartoonist was

The Way to Millions. One of the first acts of a millionaire on returning to his old home in Ohio working on a picture that had to do with the international peace congress. was to search for a dime that he lost when he was five years old. Do you He looked up from his board and said wonder that he became a millionaire. to his peistibor: "How do you spell Angelo?" -Montreal Star.