

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

THE ANGRY BOY.

He has taken his toys and gone home,
And refuses to play any more;
The jack-in-the-box, and the little tin dog,
And the cart that rolled over the floor,
He is putting, and thinks he's aggrieved,
But truly, what vexes him most
Is to feel 'tis himself who is wrong,
In spite of his home-going boast.

He has taken his toys and gone home,
And refuses to play any more;
The old Noah's ark, with its windows cross-hatched,
He has flung by the half-opened door;
He has taken the animals out,
And piled them along on his chair,
And martyr-like, there on his chair,
He mopes and he sulks by himself.

He has taken his toys and gone home,
And refuses to play any more;
His quaint wooden soldiers with swords in
their hands,
And the red uniforms that they wore,
Are gloomily standing in line,
And hushed is the rattle of drum,
While their juvenile captain near by
Is valiantly chewing his thumb.

He has taken his toys and gone home,
And refuses to play any more;
Well, well, let him go, it was no great sur-
prise,
He threatened to do it before:
His comrades laugh loud by the trees,
And a rattle pipes sweet from a spray,
And violets smile from the grass,
While above are the blossoms of May.
—Ernest Metcalf, in N. Y. Independent.

The "Model" Girl.

HE "model" girl walked slowly about the studio, peering into all its mysterious corners. She studied seriously the pictures and sketches that were scattered about. She did not glance at them, and say that some were "very pretty," as another little girl might have done, but paused gravely before one that pleased her fancy, and as gravely passed judgment upon it. Then she went on to another, and as deliberately scrutinized that.

"I wish Mr. Farnham would keep his engagements a little more promptly," she sighed.

She was fond of talking to herself when there was no one about—the sound of her voice made her feel less lonesome.

"Thank, of course," she went on. "I'm paid by the hour, whether I do anything or not. But somehow it doesn't seem exactly right to take money when I just wait and do nothing. Oh! there he is now!"

A step sounded in the other room, and the Japanese portiere began to tinkle under the sweep of an impatient hand.

But the tall young man who strode into the studio was not Mr. Farnham, but a much younger and handsomer person. He stopped in the middle of the room and looked steadily at the "model girl."

"Are you all alone, little girl? I thought I heard voices," he said.

"I was only thinking aloud," she replied, quickly. "Mr. Farnham is not in just now, but the little colored boy says he will be back directly."

John Lennox smiled. "The little colored boy," Farnham's studio servant, was fourteen years old, while the maid before him seemed scarcely ten.

"May I ask your name?" said Lennox, seating himself and studying with amusement the pretty, demure little figure before him.

"It's Elizabeth French. I'm a model girl."

"A model girl!" Lennox echoed.

"Not a model girl," Elizabeth explained, "but a model girl—I pose, you know."

"Oh, I see!" said Lennox.

"You are an artist," said Elizabeth.

"I'm a model girl," Lennox echoed.

"Not a model girl," Elizabeth explained, "but a model girl—I pose, you know."

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I thought you were grown up years ago, fifty or a hundred, at least."

"Oh, you are making fun," she said, laughing politely. "I'm only eleven, you know."

"And how do you like posing?"

"It's pleasant enough when you only have to sit still. But when it's a standing pose I get rather tired. I like to pose for Mr. Farnham—he always remembers when the time for rest comes round."

"I should hope so," said Lennox.

"But there's Miss Fleck—she never seems to think a model may get tired like other folks. She paints Christmas cards and valentines and such things in water colors; and would you believe?—she always paints my hair red! It isn't red, is it?" She leaned anxiously toward Lennox.

"No, indeed! Miss Fleck must be color-blind. It's the prettiest golden brown I ever saw."

"That's what I always thought," said Elizabeth, with a gleam of triumph in her eyes. "Then Miss Fleck always chooses such tiresome poses! It isn't very easy to look as if you were running when you're just leaning forward on one foot. Did you ever try to stand that way?"

"I can't say that I ever did," Lennox had to admit. "I should fall flat on my nose, I'm sure."

"And then she always makes me smile so much. One day I had to keep on smiling when my mother was very ill at home. At last I just burst out crying. It was silly, of course, and Miss Fleck was very angry. Did you ever have to smile when you wanted to cry?"

"Perhaps I have, dear."

"He took Elizabeth's little hand and stroked it gently, being much moved by the unconscious pathos of her revelations.

Just then the little colored boy stuck his woolly head through the portiere.

"Mr. Farnham jest tel'phoned dat he can't come up to de stujo to-day, Miss French," he announced. "He say he sorry, but he can't he'p it nohow. He be heah to-moh."

"Thank you, Jeff," said Elizabeth, with dignity. Then she turned to her new friend and gave him a grave little bow of farewell.

"So you and Elizabeth have become acquainted?" said Farnham, a few days later, to Lennox. "Well, she's worth knowing. The most original, charming little old maid in all New York! She supports her mother and herself by her posing."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes, French, poor fellow, died two years ago of pneumonia. Too much devotion to art. Used to paint stormy autumn scenes, you know, and sat out in the wind and rain once too often. He painted things full of feeling. Of course the public didn't appreciate them, and as he wouldn't paint pot-boilers, his family were probably no richer than they are now."

"Couldn't the widow earn anything?"

"Mighty little. After his death she tried literary work, I believe; but she's an invalid, and the strain was too much for her. She simply had to leave off or die, poor thing! So she folded her hands, and wondered what in the world would become of them."

"Then the little girl took to posing?"

"Yes. I knew she could pose well, young as she was, for I had often seen her do it for her father. 'Why not let her pose for money?' I said. 'Her fresh, round, sweet face is just what artists who paint children are looking for.' Of course Mrs. French was horrified at first—said the child was too young to go round town, and all that sort of thing. But there really was no other way to keep them from starvation, and Elizabeth has been the head of this little family of two ever since. No one presumes to call her Bessie or Lizzie."

"Such a dignified, clever little creature!" said Lennox.

"And such a capital critic! I declare that if I've painted a thing that she doesn't quite approve of I'm actually afraid to send it off to an exhibition."

John Lennox had just returned from a long absence in Paris to pitch his tent in New York. After some little delay in choosing quarters he opened a studio in West Fifty-seventh street. Elizabeth posed for him occasionally and they became the best of friends.

"I should like to take you with me to New Jersey one of these fine days, Elizabeth," said Lennox one morning. "I want to paint a few sunlight effects with figures if them. Do you think your mother would consent, if I promised to take good care of you, and jump after you if you fell off the ferryboat?"

"Miss Fleck lives in Hoboken, and I've often been on the ferry," said Elizabeth, smiling. "There is really no danger, you know!"

Lennox obtained Mrs. French's consent, and he and Elizabeth thereafter passed many afternoons in the sweet-smelling Jersey meadows.

The last and best study of all was of Elizabeth, in a bright-red gown, kneeling in a sea of starry-eyed daisies, plucking them with a tender yet eager look.

The figure was almost life size. Through the whole picture the intense sunlight streamed. Slight as the motive of the picture was, Lennox felt that it was the best thing he had ever done. He had worked rapidly upon it, fearing that his inspiration or the sunlight might fall before it was finished.

It was nearing completion one fine afternoon, when Lennox got up from his stool, stretched his tired arms and said:

"I'm as hungry as a bear. I can see that you're tired, too, Miss Elizabeth. I'll go up to Holt's farmhouse, and see if they can let us have a quart of milk. Do you want to go with me?"

"I'll wait here," said Elizabeth.

"No fear of that!" said Lennox, laughing. "They're not impressionists in New Jersey. But I'll be back in a few minutes, my dear."

Off he started, whistling blithely. When he had got the milk, he stopped to chat a moment with the farmer's kindly wife.

"I took a peek at you 't'other day," said Mrs. Holt, "and the way that little midget knelt thar in her red dress

in them poses was as pretty a sight as I ever see. Holt says he's goin' to New York to see that picture when it's hung up. Says he'd like to buy it himself, if he had money enough. But there he is now."

"I thought you'd gone home," drawled Holt, solemnly shaking hands with Lennox. "Am't that little gal of yours along to-day?"

"I left her in the meadow. She was afraid some one might steal my picture."

"Land o' Goshen!" gasped Holt: "I jest let that Durham bull of mine loose in the meadow lot! I thought you must 'a' gone home long ago!"

"Jabez Holt!" screamed Mrs. Holt, rushing for the door, "if their child is killed—"

All three ran toward the meadow. Lennox's heart was beating a wild alarm. Presently they heard loud screams. The artist hardly dared to look before him. They could hear the angry mutterings of the bull.

As they neared the fence of the meadow lot, Mrs. Holt began laughing hysterically.

"Did you ever see anythin' so ridiculous in all your born days?" she gasped.

"Oh, thank Heaven!" gasped Lennox. "She's not dead."

"Dead!" cried Mrs. Holt. "More alive'n you or me, I should say! Did you ever see the like? That little cricket on this side the fence a-hollerin' and a-shakin' his dress, and a-aggravatin' that bull fit to kill!"

Hearing voices, Elizabeth looked round and smiled, still fluttering her red gown at the bull.

"I'm keeping him away from your picture, Mr. Lennox!" she called out.

"He thought the picture was a real little girl in a red dress, I guess, and you know cows don't like red. So he was going to smash it, but when I screamed at him and commenced to shake my dress at him he came over here."

As Jabez Holt went into the meadow and handed Lennox his sketching traps over the fence the bull tossed the dirt high above his head and eyed his master wickedly. But he was afraid of Holt, who had repeatedly subdued him. Besides, it was that tantalizing little girl in red he wanted to get at.

"So you lured him away, eh, Elizabeth?" said Lennox.

"Yes. After you had gone I began to pick daisies for mother. I was near this fence when I heard the bull bawl. He was rushing right toward your picture. So I shouted and climbed over the fence. He turned round and started right for me, but I wasn't afraid, because the fence is so high and strong. It seemed as if I'd been screaming a long time when you came. I feel quite hoarse. May I have a drink of milk, please?"

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Holt. "Ef she ain't a cute one! I guess Mr. Lennox forgot the milk, but you come right up to the house, 'Lizbeth, and you shall hev all you want, and more, too. You are Mr. Lennox's daughter, ain't you?"

"Oh, dear, no! I'm only his model girl," said Elizabeth.

"His what?"

"The sounds kinder conceited like, my dear, but I guess you're 'bout right. You air a model gal, and no mistake!" said Mrs. Holt.

"Oh, she means that she isn't my daughter," Lennox explained, laughing. "She's one of my models. Elizabeth isn't in the least conceited."

"Well, she might be, and no harm done," said Mrs. Holt. "She's got more grit and sound sense 'n most grown folks."

Lennox's picture received many good words from the critics. Jabez Holt went to New York one day, on purpose "to see it when 'twas hung up." He came back to his wife with a glowing account of what he had seen and heard in this his first picture gallery.

"That picture of his looks kinder plastered on, when you see it by the other ones," he said; "but you jest git off a little ways to look at it, and my! jest sticks right out o' the frame. When I fust come inter the room where 'twas, I thought I was a-standin' in my own medder lot, and that little model gal was a-smilin' at me."

"Did you see Mr. Lennox, Jabez?"

"Yes. I see him in the gallery, and he looked joyful, I kin tell you. Says he's hed an offer of fifteen hundred for it. Yes, sir—fifteen hundred dollars! He's goin' to give that little model gal a hundred of it, he says."

"Well, he'd oughter," said Mrs. Holt. "Why, she certainly saved that picture from total destruction!"—Anthony E. Anderson, in Youth's Companion.

They All Know Her.

"Now," said the clairvoyant to her group of visitors, "I will describe a person known and loved by everybody in this room. The person has the characteristic of always being in a hurry and always being delayed. I will run two blocks for a waiting street car and then stop to wait for the next one. Generally stands on the wrong side of the crossing and is invariably unable to find change. Does anyone recognize this person?" And every man in the room got up and shouted: "It's my wife!"—Philadelphia Record.

BATHING IN THE SURF.

It Is Not Without Its Dangers and Foot-holdy Men Take Rash Risks.

The swimmer who once becomes initiated in all the briny degrees of surf-bathing invariably loses his appreciation of still water. There is a special danger in the surf which makes it doubly attractive. There is something for him to battle with. Things are not all his own way, and he encounters breakers so full of force as to bowl him over as easily as though he were a wooden ninepin. But really, with all this, the dangers of the surf to a swimmer who knows something of the water are not great, unless, perhaps, there are certain tides and currents which are so subtle, yet so powerful, as to make prey of even boats which venture on the surface. But it is from the carelessness or foolhardiness of the swimmer that drowning accidents are so frequent. For some years past a small newspaper published on the Jersey coast has announced with commendable regularity the arrival of the "dumphy swimmer"—to wit, the man who goes about a half-mile from shore.

The man who comes to the seashore to swim had better be very sure of his strength before he attempts any lengthy excursions beyond the big swell near the shore. He can get all the excitement he wants, and more, too, perhaps, within a very short distance from shore, and no one will consider him cowardly if he "hugs close" and rides the breakers instead of going outside to exhibit his doubtful aquatic accomplishments.

It is a notorious fact that it is always the best and strongest swimmers who come to grief at the seashore and pay with their lives the penalty of knowing too much. The reason for this is because a man who has confidence in his own ability to keep afloat will take longer chances than the man who can swim a little. To become exhausted in the surf means to go under, to get into the maw of a marine pugilist who fights with a hundred hands and who deals upper cuts, jabs and swings without a rest. If there is anyone about who is able to help the vanquished swimmer is pulled out as limp as a bit of sea moss, and it is a toss-up as to whether or not he will ever get his breath back.

Perhaps the most ordinary danger of the seashore—if danger can be called ordinary—is what is known as the three waves. The breakers as a rule come in a series of three. Sometimes the three are small and sometimes are very heavy, but as a rule the sequences run about the same size. Imagine a bather inside the surf line with the surf breaking over a bar about fifty or one hundred feet from shore. Those big green waves that rise higher and higher as they come toward him do not seem very formidable. The first one rears its head before it reaches him with an angry swish; a curl of foam like a feather edge crops out along the top and fills the air with spray. Then the wave takes a most decided shoreward curl, the line of foam becomes deeper, there is a crash as it drops to a level and the bather finds himself thrown down in a caldron of seething surf. Say he is in three feet of water on the level. After the wave has passed, he struggles to his feet choking, gasping and half blind with the salt water. He doesn't really know what has happened, but he has a dim idea that something has hit him. Before he has time to collect his senses the second of the series is upon him, and he goes down again. He is dazed and confused, and he flounders around hopeless. The third wave is always the finishing stroke, and gives the life-saver, if there is one, a chance to do some work. Guided by an outstretched arm thrust above the water involuntarily, or by a bobbing head with which the surf is playing foot ball, he drags the unappreciated one out on the sand. That is the most common danger of the surf.

To a surf-swimmer it represents no danger at all. Notice the difference between the two. The experienced urfman knows to a dot the strength of each wave, when it will break and whether or not an undertow will be the result. In describing how to bathe in the surf I am going to give the language of perhaps one of the best swimmers and surfmen on the New Jersey coast. He is Mr. T. N. Lilligore and he has not yet lost the air and bearing of a graduated collegian. He is big, brown and strong, with a decided personality, and gives one the impression that he could kick a goal without much trouble and would be a hard man to meet if he lined up on the opposing team. He has been spending his summers on the coast ever since he can remember and can talk more learnedly about the surf than all of the life-savers from Barnegat to Sandy Hook.

"A good surfman," he said, "if he is on a strange shore where there are liable to be any currents, will study them before he enters the water, but, as a rule, dangerous currents are few. If he knows the coast he will wait until a wave is about to break, then make a dive through it; not too deep a dive, though, for sand will scrape like a file. If the surf is heavy and rapid, as soon as his head is out of the water he will look for and expect the next one. If it break before it reaches him he will dive under the whirling stretch of foam and save a lot of his strength. If not he will either ride over it or dive through it. But he never becomes careless. He looks upon the surf as an enemy if he is not careful, and as a means of giving him pleasure if he handles himself as he ought. The most dangerous bathing is where there is a sea-push, or, as the sailors call it, a sea-puss. It is a current which runs from the shore along a channel between two sand bars. The waves breaking over the bars meet on shore and run out together in the deep channel. There is no chance for the ignorant swimmer who is caught in a sea-puss. The experienced one, will never swim against it; he will go with it, keeping his feet well up, until he gets a chance to cross it.

"The danger of the undertow is not great except in rare places. But in the cases of women and children the undertow might be considered as rather a bad thing in this way: If a strong sea breaking well on shore by its force

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

Baked Macaroni.—Wash thoroughly with water to which a little vinegar has been added. Soak over night in clear water. In the morning wipe dry, put in a baking pan, dredge well in flour, place bits of butter over and add one cupful of water. Bake in a quick oven from twenty minutes to one-half hour, according to the size of the dish. Serve with dark gravy.—Toledo Blade.

Cooking Cabbage.—Slice a small head of cabbage or chop quite fine. Put a generous tablespoonful of butter in a spider and heat quite hot, then stir in the cabbage and pour on half a leucup of boiling water. Cover close set it on top of the stove and cook slowly until tender. Add the yolks of two eggs well beaten, one cup of sweet milk and half a cup of vinegar. Serve hot.—Home Queen.

Oyster Soup.—Strain the liquor from a quart of oysters and add one cup of water, and let the two become scalding hot, using a double boiler. Then add a quart of milk, and when this boils add two tablespoonfuls of butter rubbed into one tablespoonful of flour. Add lastly the oysters, and let them cook three minutes. Season to taste with a little salt and white pepper, and serve very hot.—Harper's Bazar.

Cheese Fagots.—Mix well together four ounces flour, two ounces butter, four ounces grated cheese, a little cayenne pepper, some salt and one egg; roll out very thin, cut into little strips one inch and a half long, put about a dozen in a bundle and twist one around them, finish as if tied in a knot; bake in a hot oven to a golden brown. Dish them in a heap on a napkin and serve with a salad.—Housekeeper.

Sponge Pudding.—Two cups of flour; one tablespoonful of melted butter; one cup of powdered sugar; six eggs, whites only, whipped stiff; two cups of milk; one teaspoonful of rose water or other preferred colorless extract; two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Rub butter and sugar to a cream, stir in gradually the milk, then the frothed whites, lastly, and very lightly, the flour which has been sifted twice with the baking powder. Bake in cups or a mold and cut with liquid sauce.—Detroit Free Press.

Chicken Creme.—Parboil a couple of young chickens, cut them in pieces and throw into warm water for half an hour; then do them over the fire in a little fresh butter, with salt, parsley, pepper, etc., sprinkle with flour and dilute with a glass of boiling water; cover the steppan close and let it stand on hot ashes until the water has soaked into the chicken, then add half a pint of cream and a little butter. The yolks of three eggs may be put in also; but, in that case a small quantity of verjuice should be put in before the cream.—Boston Herald.

Pretty seats for bedrooms or the small sitting room of the house are the short wooden benches sold in the home furnishing shops. These are painted in white or delicate shades of enamel paint and cushioned. An extremely pretty one is of white enamel, with light English violets painted on the legs and along the side pieces. The cushion is covered with a white silk, dotted with bunches of hellebore violets. The cushion is merely laid on the bench and held in place by a broad band of hellebore ribbon, passed around under the bench at either end, and tied on top in a handsome flat bow. Some strips of an old quilt, washed and cut into the requisite length and width, make an excellent filling for the cushion; a muslin cover is fitted over it before the silk one is slipped on.—N. Y. Times.

JOANNE KOERTEN'S WORK.

A Little Dutch Girl and Her Really Wonderful Sewing.

More than two hundred years ago a little girl was born at Amsterdam, in Holland, who was named Joanne Koerten. She was a peculiar child in that she cared nothing whatever to play and sport, but found her greatest delight in making copies of things about her, imitating in wax every kind of fruit, and making in silk, with colored floss, exact copies of paintings, which were thought wonderful.

But after she had become very accomplished in music, spinning and embroidery she abandoned all these for a still more extraordinary art—that of cutting. One is seized with astonishment in looking at her work, for all that the engraver accomplishes with the graver she effected with her scissors.

She executed landscapes, marine views, flowers, animals and portraits of people of such striking resemblance that she was for a time called the wonder of Europe.

She used white paper for her cuttings, placing them over a black surface, so that the minute openings made by her scissors formed the "light and shade."

The czar, Peter the Great, and others of high rank paid her honor. One man high in office vainly offered her 1,000 florins for three small cuttings. The empress of Germany paid her 4,000 florins for a trophy she had cut, bearing the arms of Emperor Leopold, crowned with eagles and surrounded by a garland of flowers. She also cut the emperor's portrait, which can now be seen in the royal art gallery in Vienna. A great many people went to see her and she keeps a book in which princes and princesses wrote their names. After she died, which was when she had lived sixty-five years, her husband, Adrian Block, erected a monument to her memory and had designed upon it the portraits of all these titled visitors. Her cuttings were so correct in effect and so tasteful as to give both dignity and value to her work and constitute her an artist whose exquisite skill with scissors has never before nor since been equalled. So both her art and her monument were unique and have kept her memory green for more than two hundred and fifty years.—Wide Awake.

The Public Must Be Amused.

Hustling Correspondent.—By the way, can you give me an interview on the political situation?

Gen. Bigboom—I know nothing about it.

Hustling Correspondent.—Well, give me an interview telling what you don't know about it.—Puck.

Very Humble.

Mrs. Pepper.—What do you mean, sir, by tapping me on the shoulder in that familiar manner?

Mr. Meeker.—Beg pardon, ma'am, but please see if my left eye is sticking on the point of one of the ribs of your umbrella. I am sorry to say you gouged it out just now, unintentionally, of course.—National Tribune.

A man's friends never find out just how big a fool he can be until he gets up to his neck in politics.—Ram's Horn.



"I'M A MODEL GIRL."

"and you must know very well what a model is."

"How do you know I'm an artist?"

"Oh, artists are not like other people," said Elizabeth, sagely. "They're different."

"In what way?"

"Oh, sometimes it's their hair and sometimes it's the expression in their eyes, and sometimes it's the way they walk. My father was an artist. That's why I know all about them. He painted very well, I think, though he didn't sell many pictures. He was an impressionist. People don't seem to care much for impressionist pictures. But I mean to be an artist myself when I grow up," she added, modestly, "and I think I shall paint like my father."

Lennox tried to keep his amusement out of his face.

"I'm an impressionist myself," he said. "But you said when you grow up,



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going to smash it, but when I screamed at him and commenced to shake my dress at him he came over here."

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"His what?"

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