

HIS FLOWER GIRL

By Georgia Custis

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When Mr. Ferris Archer was ushered by an obsequious Lulier into the luxurious library of Judge Van Nostrand on a certain cold evening late in November, and sank into a comfortable easy-chair before a bright fire of soft coal, it was with a feeling of complete and entire satisfaction.

He had, in short, for months been living in a sort of Eden's Paradise, and he was at this moment awaiting the coming of the woman he loved. A bold and skillful painter of brilliant landscapes Archer was, and, with hosts of friends among the loveliest and most brilliant women in the town, he chose to lay the tribute of his love at the feet of the quietest and least dazzling of them all.

Helen Van Nostrand was not "a man's woman," she had many friends, but they were chiefly among those of her own sex; and in spite of her wealth and position and the charming and gracious hospitality which she dispensed as head of her father's household (for her mother had died when she was a very young girl), in spite also of a certain quiet charm of manner which even birth and breeding do not always bestow, Miss Van Nostrand had the reputation of being rather cold and reserved, and there were even those who rather feared to meet the severe directness of her honest gray eyes. Yet there were others, and Archer was one of these, who knew that under the rather cold exterior there beat a warm, impulsive, woman's heart.

Absolutely free from coquetry, Miss Van Nostrand had never betrayed for Archer the slightest feeling beyond the frankest confidence and good will; they were the best of friends, which was just what rendered the situation most hopeless.

Moreover, Archer was proud. Far too proud to ask the daughter of Judge Van Nostrand to cast in her lot with a vagabond artist like himself. And so he drifted on, trying to be content with the half sovereignty of a kingdom upon whose throne he could never hope to sit; and at least his secret was his own.

He was kept waiting for her coming rather longer than usual on this particular evening, and he had fallen into a reverie from which he was aroused by a little ripple of a laugh which made him spring to his feet. It was good to hear Helen Van Nostrand's laugh.

"Ah!" she said; "I was wording an apology for keeping you waiting while I was finishing the copying of father's speech for the great meeting to-morrow night—and here I come upon you so absorbed in thoughts of somebody else that you do not even hear me enter the room."

She was tall for a woman, yet she was obliged to throw back her head a little to reach the higher level of his eyes.

She dropped her own presently, blushing a little at the expression in his, which had in it something more than his usual attentiveness, and she gently disengaged the hand which he had held while she was speaking. With the other hand she lightly touched a bunch of double violets, the only spot of color about her dress of soft gray. "You see," she said, "I have your violets, and you must be prepared for a little lecture on extravagance; flowers are not to be had at this season just for the plucking, nor should my selfish passion for them be indulged in so often."

"But," said Archer, smiling as he drew up a chair for her beside his own, "what if I could prove, that aside from the quite immeasurable pleasure which I receive in sending you the flowers, you are also indirectly helping somebody who could perhaps be helped in no other way?"

Helen raised questioning eyes. "I fear I do not understand," she said, shaking her head. "If you mean the florist or the person who grows the violets—"

"Right as usual," cried Archer; "but how did you guess the secret of my pretty flower maiden?" Another question in the gray eyes. "I have wanted to tell you about her before," Archer went on, and he paused a moment and smiled thoughtfully, as though he were conjuring up a pleasant vision, Helen thought.

"You see," he went on, "I have always known your fondness for violets, and I always procured those I sent you at one particular place. One day, a few months ago, I went in and found the proprietor (a very good sort of a fellow, by the way) talking to a pretty young woman, whom I recognized at once as the daughter of an old friend of my father's whom I had not seen for years; she remembered me, strangely enough, and I

walked home with her, talking over all that had happened since we parted. Hers was a sad story, poor child; her father had embezzled and then died, leaving his wife (a chronic invalid) and his young daughter to struggle on as best they could. They had a small house, the only thing left from the wreck, with a large, old-fashioned garden in the rear. I remember as a boy how fond Amy was of digging and planting there; she could always make anything grow, and it occurred to her that she might raise flowers for the market. She had arranged with Mather & Grau, it seems, to send all her violets to them, and they send them directly to you; she does not suspect me, of course, and so you see we are really rendering her the assistance which she so much needs, without in any way wounding her pride."

Helen had been watching Archer attentively as he talked, biting off



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little pieces from a violet with her white teeth. "Is she pretty?" she asked suddenly.

"Yes, and more than that," said Archer. "She has the most unusual and delicate coloring, and a pretty trick of drooping her head, which always reminds me of a flower."

"I should like to see this dainty beauty," said Helen, but somehow her voice lacked its usual cordiality. Archer did not notice it.

"Would you, really?" he said eagerly. "Do you mean that you would go and see the poor little thing? She has no friends, you know; that is, no women-friends, and ever since I have discovered how sad and lonely her life is I have wished that she could know you."

Helen paused a moment before replying.

"Certainly I will go and see your friend," she said, speaking in spite of herself a little coldly. "I do not quite see, however, how I could help her, since of course she would not accept—"

"Oh, no! not that," said Archer quickly. "But you see I have told her about you, so that you would not be quite strangers, and your interest, your sympathy would do for her"—he would have added, "what they have done for me," but something in her manner made him pause, and then they drifted on to talk of other things, but there was a subtle change in her manner which Archer's quick sensitiveness did not fail to note, and much earlier than usual he rose to go. She held out her hand with her usual graciousness at parting, and when Archer had reached the hall he re-

membered that after all he had failed to give her the address of the young grower of violets.

As he reentered the room, he stood for a moment in the doorway waiting for Helen to turn her head, and thinking to surprise her as she had done earlier in the evening. And then Miss Van Nostrand did a strange thing; she was standing where he had left her before the mantel, and presently she unpinned the violets from her dress, held them for a moment in her hand as though irresolute, and then, stooping, she laid the flowers deliberately on the glowing coals. And then she turned and saw Archer watching her in astonished silence; with a little cry she instinctively clasped her hands over the place where the flowers had been fastened on her dress. A great wave of color had swept all over her face, but Archer was very pale as his quick glance traveled from the little clasped hands to the flowers smoldering in the fire. Presently he came close to her and tried to read her eyes, veiled beneath impenetrable lids. "Helen," he said hoarsely, "you do not care for the violets—is it—because I sent them that you scorn them thus?" And then, as she did not reply, he went on, "I knew you did not care for me," he said, "but oh, Helen! it is cruel to learn it in this way!"

She could not endure the agonized entreaty of his voice, and she raised her eyes, full of a penitence, whose full meaning he did not dare to understand.

"Oh, Ferris," she faltered, "can you not see? I thought you loved her—your flower girl—and so—"

But she did not finish her sentence. Archer had seized both her hands and was laughing in a perfect delirium of joy. "You thought I loved Amy!" he cried. "Oh, Helen, how could you be so blind! And besides, I forgot to tell you she is going to be married to Mr. Grau, the rich florist, in the spring. But, Helen!"—he had drawn her so close that he could whisper the words in her ear—"she shall force her choicest violets to bloom for our wedding, shall she not?"

And Helen threw back her head with a happy little laugh. "Violets are the only flowers I shall ever wear," she said.

BERLIN HAS PRIZE GARAGE.

Tanks in Building Can Hold 12,000 Gallons of Benzine.

Berlin.—The biggest automobile garage in the world will be the one to be established by the Berlin Omnibus company, which will have tanks holding the unprecedented quantity of 12,000 gallons of benzine.

To safeguard the building against explosions, the benzine will be stored on the Martin Huneke system, which has prevented an explosion of 24,000 gallons in a fire which destroyed a huge Berlin storage building.

The benzine will be kept in two underground tanks, upon which will be a strong pressure of carbonic acid gas to prevent the formation of explosive gases, and the carbonic acid gas will provide the power for pumping the benzine up to taps.

The establishment of this great garage was not possible until after months of negotiation with the Berlin municipality, which was rather unwilling to grant permission for the construction of such a gigantic auto-house.

Must Pay for a Corpse.

Fort Worth, Tex.—Another kink has been found in the anti-pass legislation.

With death a man ceases to be a railroad employe, and fare must be paid for the transportation of his body.

Application was made to the Trinity & Brazos Valley line for transportation for the body of a former employe of the Cotton Belt.

Investigation shows that under the interstate act the pass privilege is limited strictly to employes.

CARE OF TABLE LINEN.

One Great Mistake That is Made by Some Housewives.

It matters not how neatly one may have the table arranged, if the table linen is not spotlessly white the appearance is marred by the defect. Care must be taken of fine table linen or it soon gets the yellow "dip" so much dreaded by careful housewives.

The first mistake is made by throwing the tablecloth in the laundry bag with napkins which are damp, and they always are when the finger bowls are used. Each piece should be dried and stains removed before placing it away for washing. To properly wash them they cannot be made pure and white if placed in with other clothes. This is a warning to heed. Soak the linen in tepid water for three-quarters of an hour, and always wring the pieces by hand, for wringer creases do not come out at times even under a heavy hot iron. Next put the clothes in a good suds, wash carefully and put in a boiler of cold water which has nothing but borax to soften it. Bring the water to a boil, give the pieces a second suds, then carefully rinse. Two persons should stretch the long tablecloths and place on a line, hanging them perfectly even. In ironing they must be rather damp. Fold side to side with one seam only. Iron perfectly dry until a gloss appears. They must not be starched, since good linen is stiff enough when properly ironed. Hang the pieces over a rod where they hang perfectly straight and allow to dry before they are put away. Now would you know why it is that some women have their table linen always looking new? It is done in folding the ironed pieces. Boards such as are used to fold dress goods on are what you will need. Cover the pieces with any old muslin and carefully roll the table cloth on this. If the sides are too long carefully fold the edges toward the center. Put in the linen closet and when ready for use you have a new-looking piece for the table. Do not comb fringe on pieces, but use a moderately stiff bristle brush for the purpose. In ironing monograms lay the right side down on a Turkish towel and the letters will be beautifully ironed in this manner, which is an improvement over the soft blanket method.

Popular Charlotte Russe.

One quart of sweet cream beaten stiff, one-half cup of pulverized sugar stirred into the beaten cream; vanilla flavoring to taste. Dissolve one-half a package of gelatin in as little cold water as possible, set on the stove and let come to a boil. Then let stand until partly cold and stir quickly into the beaten cream. Dip a mold into cold water and line with lady fingers, cookies, or sponge cake. Turn the beaten cream into mold and set away in ice to cool; should stand four or five hours before using. If in warm weather and without ice, let it stand overnight. When ready to serve, dip the mold in hot water for an instant, then the cream will turn out on a plate like jelly.

This makes a good dessert, too, at a dinner or luncheon. The full recipe will make enough for eight people.

How to Can Plums.

To every dozen plums take one cup of sugar, one-half cup of water, two whole cloves and a small piece of whole cinnamon (spice can be omitted). Boil the sugar, water and spice, wash your plums, fill jars full of plums and put jars in a pan of hot water. After the syrup has boiled skim and let cool a little so as not to break jars; then fill the jars full of the hot syrup, put the pan with jars in a warm oven but without rubbers and covers, close the oven door and let them bake 15 minutes. Then take pan out, put on rubbers and covers, fasten down tight and put back in oven again and bake 10 minutes longer and your plums are done and as whole as when put in jars. Will keep fine and never fail.

Cranberry Pie.

Line your pie tins with paste with crimped edges. Stew three cups of cranberries with one and a half cups sugar. Run through sieve or fine colander and fill the lower crust moderately full with the fruit mixture. Wet edges of pie crust and cover the top with narrow strips of pastry, forming diamond-shaped openings. Each strip is pinched to the rim of the pie to hold it firmly. Wash the top with an egg beaten in a little ice-cold water. Bake in a quick oven. The egg gives the pie a brilliant glare.

Apple Indian Pudding.

Two quarts of milk, put one in double boiler, one cup of corn meal, one-half cup flour. When the milk begins to boil, when all thickened, take off, put in a large baking dish, add one cup of molasses, one teaspoon of cinnamon, one-half nutmeg, one teaspoon salt, one egg, the other quart of milk. Pour in large sweet apples, chopped fine, cooked with one cup of water, at the same time you put on the milk. Now add all together and bake slowly about three hours and serve with whipped cream.

BEST EVER WRITTEN

PRESCRIPTION WHICH ANYONE CAN EASILY MIX.

Said to Promptly Overcome Kidney and Bladder Afflictions—Shake Simple Ingredients Well in Bottle.

Mix the following by shaking well in a bottle, and take in teaspoonful doses after meals and at bedtime:

Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. A prominent physician is the authority that these simple, harmless ingredients can be obtained at nominal cost from any druggist even in the smaller towns.

The mixture is said to cleanse and strengthen the clogged and inactive Kidneys, overcoming Backache, Bladder weakness and Urinary trouble of all kinds, if taken before the stage of Bright's disease.

Those who have tried this say it positively overcomes pain in the back, clears the urine of sediment and regulates urination, especially at night, curing even the worst forms of bladder weakness.

Every man or woman here who feels that the kidneys are not strong or acting in a healthy manner should mix this prescription at home and give it a trial, as it is said to do wonders for many persons.

The Scranton (Pa.) Times was first to print this remarkable prescription, in October, of 1906, since when all the leading newspapers of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburg and other cities have made many announcements of it to their readers.

Grieg as a Schoolboy.

Grieg was not a pattern schoolboy. In a description of his days at school he wrote: "Knowing that by arriving late I would not be allowed to enter the class until the end of the first lesson, I used, on wet mornings, to stand under a dripping roof, until I was soaked to the skin. The master then sent me home to change my clothes, but the distance being long this was equivalent to giving me a dispensation! You may guess that I played this prank pretty often, but when at last I carried it so far as to come one day wet through, though it had hardly rained at all, they became suspicious, and kept a lookout. One fine day I was caught, and made an intimate acquaintance with the birch!"

Liquor She Floated In.

On their arrival in New Zealand, according to London Tit-Bits, a party of English people drank the health of the vessel which had brought them safely to their destination. One of the gentlemen who was asked to join in this ceremony replied: "No, I am a teetotaler; but I'll willingly drink success to the ship in the liquor she floats in." A friend disappeared and returned with a glass of water. After a complimentary apostrophe to the ship, the recipient tossed the water off at once, but immediately spluttered: "Ugh—ah—oh—this is—oh—what on earth is this?" "That?" said his friend. "Why, you've drunk success to our noble ship in the identical liquor she floats in."

Terms That Seem Strange.

There are many puzzling differences between Scottish and English law terms. For instance, bankruptcy is in Scotland "an act of sequestration," a solicitor is either a "writer" or a "law agent," the argument in a case is the "debate," and assizes is the jury, a wrongdoer is a "delinquent," an idiot—in Scottish law—is "a fatuous person," and a burglary is (with true Scottish caution), "housebreaking with an aggravation." Finally, an author is, in Scotland, not a person who writes, but the vender or seller of real property, from whom the title to it is derived.

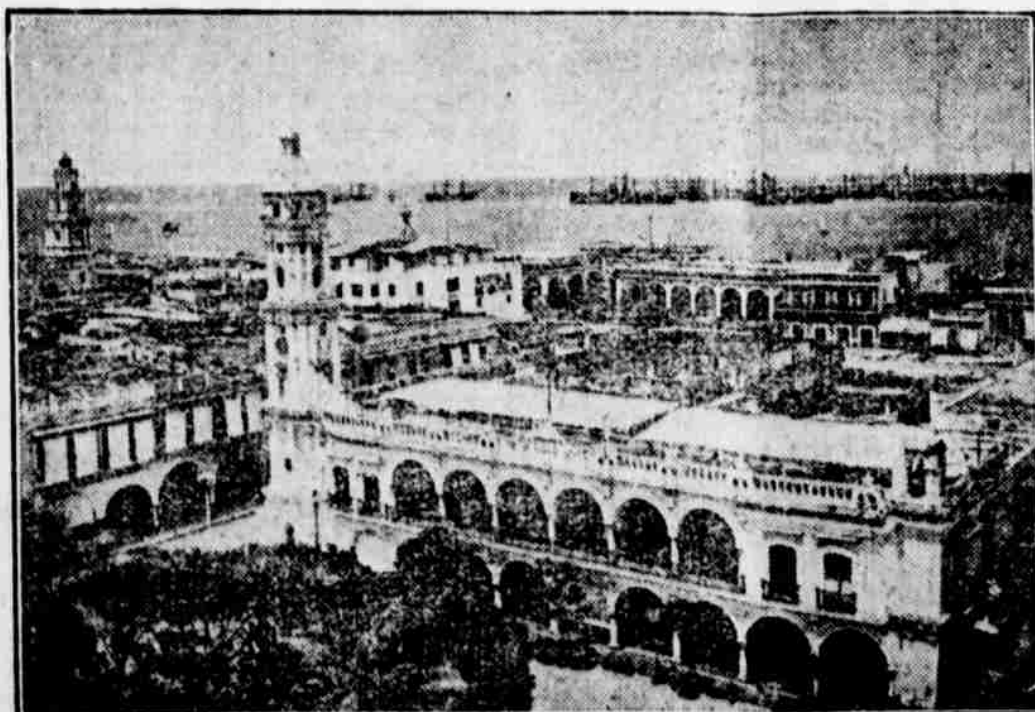
Mutilate Art Treasures.

Authorities who have in charge some of England's ancient treasures try to discourage the habit of carving initials on these relics. A fine of \$15 was recently imposed on a man who had chipped his name in letters six inches high on one of the stones in the "Druids' Circle" near Keswick. Close to the giant stone globe at Swanage a special slab is provided for the harmless reception of the names of all who are addicted to this self-advertisement. On popular Alpine summits names are left on cards in emptied wine bottles.

Will Not Supply Pigs.

Bacon curers are usually among the most prosperous firms in Belfast, but they have had to warn the farmers throughout the north not to kill any more pigs until the strikes are settled, for it is impossible to handle the carcasses. Business has thus been diverted to other Irish bacon-curing centers, although the majority of farmers have simply respited their pigs and are making no attempt to supply the market. Danish bacon factories will thus profit.—London Standard.

VERA CRUZ, MEXICO



View showing palace and ships at anchor in the harbor.