

Ben and Mary

By LAWRENCE ALFRED CLAY

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It began the day Mary Lester was nine years old and Ben Holmes was ten. He overtook her on her way to the little country schoolhouse, whither he was also bound. They were son and daughter of farmers.

They did not say much to each other on that mile walk. He had a stick of "real store gum" which he divided with her, and she said that if she ever broke her new slate pencil she would give him half of it. There might have been no love but for the red-headed boy who snatched her half-eaten apple away at the noon hour. She burst into tears over it, and Ben Holmes sailed into the offender and forced his head into a snowdrift. From that moment on, she was the vine and he the oak.

During four winter terms Ben Holmes and Mary Lester walked to school together, and when the snow was deep he carried her over the worst places on his back. They felt themselves "engaged" from the day he licked the red-headed boy. They used to discuss marriage in the most sober manner. It was years ahead of them, of course, but if any one had told them that their minds might undergo a change they would have been astonished.

When Mary was 13 she was sent away to stay with an aunt and attend a higher school. Ben had to take his place at farm work. They wrote each other every week, and the boy soon discovered that the girl was getting ahead of him. He spent his evenings catching up. He became his own teacher and added much to his store of knowledge.

At 15, when Mary came home, he saw a great change in her, but she could see very little in him. Higher education hadn't changed her so much, but mingling with the world had. She had a certain assurance and polish that Ben regarded with dismay. She chided him; she corrected him; she criticised him. Her three months at home brought little pleasure to him, and when she went away again for another long stay he felt that he had lost her. A few letters passed, and then they dropped out of each other's lives. It has been so thousands of times.

If plowing, sowing, planting and reaping makes a clodhopper, then Ben Holmes became one. He had freckles and sunburns and frostbites and calloused hands. If Mary Lester came home for a few weeks and he called at the house, he was overpowered. Night after night he had studied to improve while others slept, and yet she had soared above him. She held him at a distance; she wouldn't talk of school days; she smiled at his awkwardness.

It came to Ben at last that he must give it up. They called him a smart young man, but he realized that there was something that must go with education.

He could not quench his love for the girl he had fought for and carried on his back and built play-houses for. He carried it with him every day, but at the same time he recognized the hopelessness of it.

"Mary's home for good, I guess" announced his mother one evening as Ben sat bent over a book.

"He had heard so three days before, but had said nothing."

"She's brought one of her girl chums with her."

"And they say, Ben—they say that a young feller arrived to-day who's going to marry her. He's come to see her father about it. Polly Davis saw him as he drove up to the house, and she says he is slick as a button. Wears an overcoat trimmed with fur, and is rich. She says he will be a great match."

Ben had been preparing himself for the blow, but it came with stunning force after all. The letters in the book turned upside down, and he found his teeth shut hard.

"Polly says they are all going sliding down-hill this evening," continued the mother. "The hill road is as slippery as ice, and Jabez Turner has lent them his big sled and his oxen to draw it back up hill. It's about time for 'em to be at it now. Why don't you go and see the fun?"

The mother didn't know the son. She thought the past was the past with him. Nothing told her that at that very moment his love was burning more fiercely than ever. Go to join the party? Go even to see them from a distance? Not for all the money in the world. He looked at his mother in astonishment as she suggested it. And, yet, ten minutes later, he laid aside his book, put on his overcoat and left the house.

The hill was down the road; he meant to walk in the opposite direction, but he didn't. He turned down the road. He did not mean to descend the hill by the footpath to the railroad tracks running along the valley, but he did that same thing. He did not mean to walk west to where the vehicles coming down the long and winding hill crossed the tracks, but he reached it just as the sled was being drawn up again after its first flight.

There were half a dozen young people, and he could hear their talk and laughter. Mary Lester seemed happiest of all.

Ben said to himself that he would go home now, but he didn't go. It was blow upon blow to know that Mary and her lover were there, and yet he

would wait and get a nearer view of them. The prisoner who realizes that his case is hopeless is relieved when the judge pronounces sentence. Ben walked a hundred feet up the hill and sat down behind a stump. When the sled came along he could see and not be seen. Ten minutes later the distant shouts warned him that the descent had begun. Then another sound struck his ears. It was the heavy rumble of an approaching freight train. The sled might cross the tracks ahead of it, or it might fall by a few seconds. At best it was running a fearful risk.

Two hundred feet above the watching man the sled suddenly shot into view, and its half-dozen occupants were shouting and laughing. Then came the hoarse shriek of a locomotive. They were higher up and could better see their danger. They began jumping off, and Ben noticed that the first one to go was a man. The last one left was Mary Lester! She was on her knees with her hands over her face. There were only seconds in which to act. Even if Ben could leap upon the sled there would be no time to control it, nor yet to seize the girl and leap off. The long train was thundering up. There was only one thing to do.

The girl did not see it done, but the engineer did. In the moonlight he saw the sled and knew that it must strike the middle of his train and be ground to splinters. Those on the road above did not see it. Their eyes were open, but they were blinded by the coming horror.

From behind the stump a human body shot out on the roadway just a second ahead of the sled and the praying girl. One runner passed over it. It was meant that this should happen. As the runner rose the course of the sled was deflected and it turned to the left and ran parallel with the rails until it struck a stone and overturned with a crash.

It was days after that night that Ben opened his eyes to recognize those about his bedside. There were broken bones and bad bruises.

"Did I save Mary?" he asked his mother.

"Yes," she answered, "but don't talk now."

He had saved her for another, but even if that were so he felt a gladness in his heart and shut his eyes and slept. It was weeks before they would tell him all, and even then it was some one else who told the tale. It was Mary Lester herself. One of her arms was still in splints and she limped a bit, but there was a glad smile on her face as she stood beside his chair and said:

"Ben, dear Ben! He is a gentleman, and he was the first to jump! You are only a clodhopper, and yet you offered your life to save mine. Get well, Ben, because you know that old engagement holds good yet!"

The Delightful Limestone Man.

Forbes Robertson at a dinner praised the American critical sense.

"But," he said, sighing, "isn't your criticism in its clarity and directness too cruel sometimes?"

"I remember a brother actor who played one night in a small western town. At the climax of the third act of his play the limelight was always thrown upon him. In this town, however, the limelight man shot the light nine or ten feet to the left, and it was from the blackest shadow that my friend had to make his best speech."

"Naturally, at the end of the act he indignantly asked the limelight man why the deuce the light hadn't been thrown where it belonged."

"Fly in the way," the limelight man answered, biting a chew from a plug of tobacco.

"Why didn't you move the fly, then?" shouted my friend.

"The limelight man rolled his tobacco to the other cheek, looked at my friend dreamily and drawled, as he turned on his heel:

"If ye could act, I guess ye wouldn't want no limelight."

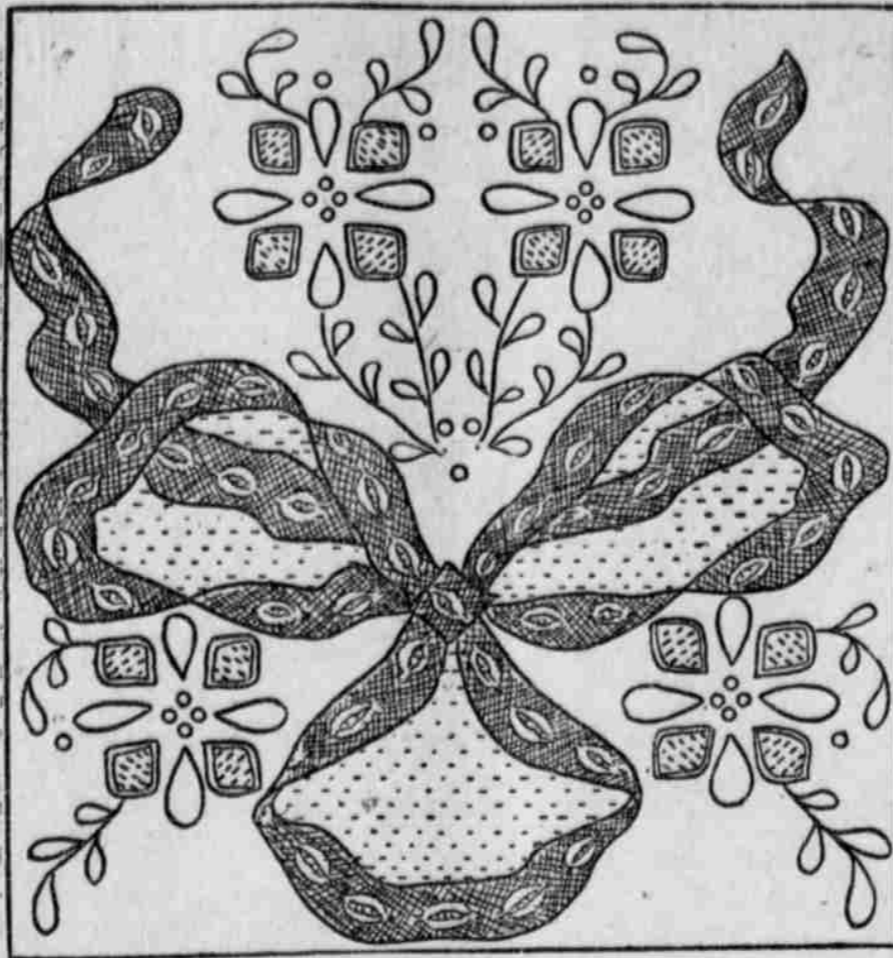
Gods of the Pueblo Indian.

The religions of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico and Arizona embody a complex mythology in which a very large number of gods have part. In the sacred dances of the Indians these various deities are impersonated by men wearing masks and costumes, each peculiar to the particular god impersonated, and the details of which are rigidly adhered to year after year and generation after generation. To perpetuate the religion it is needful of course, that instruction in the character and attributes of the divinities be given to the children of the tribe; and to enable the young minds to grasp the intricacies of the study, small images of the gods are made of wood, painted and dressed in every detail just as the masked dancers are dressed who represent the same gods in the religious ceremonies.—Wide World Magazine.

Iron Cross of Prussia.

The iron cross is the Prussian order of knighthood instituted March 10, 1813, by Frederick William III., and conferred for distinguished services in the war when carried on. The decoration is an iron cross with silver mounting. The grand cross is one of double size, presented exclusively for the gaining of a decisive battle or the capture or brave defense of a fortress.

Cuff for Shirt Waist



To-day we are giving the design for the cuff of a shirt waist. The work is done in French embroidery with a bowknot of Valenciennes lace. Seeding is used in the bowknot. Transfer the design to the linen by means of light blue carbon paper. The cuff is attached to the sleeve by a row of the lace.

COLOR ALWAYS IN DEMAND CARING FOR HAIR RIBBONS

Just Now More Popular Than Ever—On Shirt Waists and Linen and Crash Suits.

Color on the shirt waist is more popular this year than last. There are frills, turnover collars, and cuffs of blue and pink lawn on white or vice versa.

A smart looking blouse of white madras has lengthwise tucks with the front laid in an inverted box plait. On each side of this plait was an inch wide knife plaiting of old blue madras, which was also used around top of collar and to edge cuffs.

These touches of color are even shown on the linen and crash suits. One of natural colored linen had a vest of pink net over white lawn, while buttoned across it were cords of twisted white cotton, with small pink buttons on each end.

Other crash suits have borders of color done in oriental tones in cross stitch. Where the mesh of the linen is not sufficiently defined, canvas is used for the embroidery, and the threads later drawn out.

To Improve the Hair.

To keep the hair bright and glossy, and encourage a strong and rapid growth, few better methods exist than that of ventilation.

The treatment should be practiced for five minutes each day. The tresses should be separated one by one and shaken gently and slowly, so that the air may penetrate between the strands. If a maid's help is obtainable, a still better result can be secured, the attendant fanning the air gently onto the hair with the right hand, while supporting one lock at a time with the other. This must be persisted in until the hair feels light and the scalp cool and refreshed.

Besides proving excellent for the hair, the treatment is wonderfully stimulating after severe brain work, and has been much recommended in nervous complaints, of which headache and insomnia form a part.

Suede and Steel.

A gray suede bag shaped like a fleur-de-lis is most attractive in its unique cut. Its mounting is steel, plain in design, which does not interfere with the outlines of the bag, and the beading differs from that usually seen, in that it is done with large instead of small beads.

They measure about an eighth of an inch in diameter and are of cut steel. They are used to bring out a pattern on the bag and also to outline its edges, and at the same time to sew the two sides of the bag together.

Bead Trimming.

The girl who has now a little leisure, which no one has between October and January, might improve her gowns by making wonderful bead trimming. This seems to be the fancy work of the day. It is the edition de luxe of simpler embroidery.

One gets coarse net in any color, or gold or silver, then buys boxes of colored crystals and beads with a good many bugles thrown in, and goes to work. One can follow a design or string them on in a haphazard fashion.

Gray Chiffon Drapery.

Each week finds it more fashionable to put a loose drapery or smoked gray chiffon over a colored satin gown. This drapery may be in the form of a tunic or in one of the popular decollete coats that do not meet in front, but drop from shoulder to

Belts.

The newest belts for shirt waists are wider than have been worn, and leather girdles are much in fashion.

For a long waisted person a belt of the material like the skirt is in good taste, and for a short waisted woman a belt to match the waist looks better.

Use of Rolling Pin, Damp Cloth and Various Little Attentions Will Preserve Them.

Ribbons will last longer if they are cared for than if they are carelessly tossed into the bureau drawer. One mother I know has given her small daughter a set of toy rolling pins on which she expects the child to roll the hair ribbons when they are taken off. Light colored ribbons will keep clean much longer if they are laid away in a box. The process of rolling or folding will keep the ribbons fresh and they will not require such frequent pressing. When this becomes necessary place the ribbon between cloths which have been slightly dampened and then press with a warm iron until the cloth is dry. Only a good quality of ribbon will stand pressing and although a good quality costs more in the beginning it is worth the extra money because it outwears the cheap ribbon.

The test for quality is the test of wear. Do not be deceived into thinking that a stiff, heavy ribbon is of purer quality than one of light weight. In all probability the stiff ribbon has been adulterated and while it looks well at first sight it will not wear at all satisfactorily. Such ribbon has generally been weighted with artificial matter in the dyeing process in order that it may stand up stiffly and to give the impression of heavy silk. The result is far from lasting.

Quality in ribbons costs money, but in the end it is worth the additional outlay. It is true economy to buy good quality.

EVENING WAIST.



Blouse of white tulle, with collar of gold, silver and silk embroidery, ornamented with pastilles of gold and silver soutache.

This collar forms three deep points in front, two of which are finished with tassels. The blouse itself, the sleeves and the gumpie are trimmed to correspond.

A Brown Sweater.

One of the most fetching examples of the long sweater coat is of leather-colored yarn made with cuffs and a turn-down collar of rich green and ornamented with brass buttons.

These durable colors should appeal to the knitter whose desire is to make a garment not so perishable as the delicate white sweater.

Braid and Embroidery.

Coarse cotton embroidery appears intermingled with many of the braided designs upon heavy linen frocks. Any little open space in the braiding may be thus filled in with solid work of a color matching either background or braid, and it will add to the richness of the general effect.

HORTICULTURE



HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

Protect the young trees or expect to lose them. Plan to set out at least a few trees every spring.

Salsify improves by freezing, the same as parsnips. Tame grapes are self-fertilizing, but wild ones are male and female.

If you wish an early garden this spring, see that it is well drained. If there are no fruit trees, San Jose scale will attack forest trees.

Are your trees half starved? If so, feed them with bone-meal, nitrate of potash and a little stable manure.

Both sweet peas and vegetable peas like deep cool soil. Plant them just as early as you can get them into the ground.

To hasten germination make the soil very fine and compact it well about the seeds for close moisture contact.

Sharpen up the pruning tools, for next month is the time to trim blackberries, raspberries, currants and gooseberries.

When a thaw comes, see that the grapevine trellis is put into nice condition. Straighten posts. Tighten and fasten wires. Tie up vines. Remove and burn brush.

If all the fence corners and waste spots now given over to worthless weeds were planted in fruit trees the face of the landscape would be changed for the better.

Many good farmers will keep everything on the place in ship shape all the year except the orchard. These men are always complaining that it doesn't pay to raise fruit.

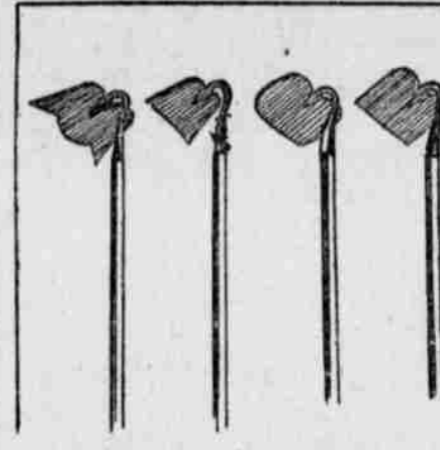
It is best to prune shade trees in summer. Never leave a ragged wound. Such is likely to cause decay. Summer pruning induces fruit bearing, while winter pruning encourages a heavy growth of wood.

To prevent currant worms from troubling currant and gooseberry bushes dust them with hellebore as soon as the leaves appear while wet with dew. Make a second application a few weeks later. Hellebore may also be used as a spray.

HOES FOR GARDEN PURPOSES

Good Tools Spell Good Work—Illustration Shows Four Implements Handy in Garden.

Good tools spell good work. Hoes can be had in all kinds of handy shapes nowadays, as you will notice



Hoes for the Garden.

If you look over any good garden tool catalogue, the cut shows four useful styles, one an onion weeder.

I have found a common hoe with the handle cut off to about half length the best tool with which to set out cabbage, strawberry and such small plants, says a writer in an exchange. Strike into the ground, pull the hoe slightly towards you, raise it a little, holding the earth on it while you place in the root of the plant; then let the earth drop back. Step forward so as to bring the ball of your foot over the root of the plant, and you are in a position to repeat the process. Stepping on the root sets the earth firmly, which is very important. It is not at all necessary that plants be put in upright; the plants will do quite as well if on a slant, and indeed, the outer leaves will often wilt down and cover the eye, and protect it much better than when placed in an upright position.

Moisture for Fruit Trees.

All small fruit requires much moisture when the fruit is ripening. If surface cultivation for conserving soil moisture or irrigation cannot be practiced, mulching with straw or other litter will hold the moisture in the soil and help the fruit to ripen and grow to large size. Blackberries ripening late in the season often suffer for lack of moisture. Keeping the weeds down in the blackberry patch and mulching between rows and among plants with an old straw stack or spoiled hay will help wonderfully.

Profit in Trees.

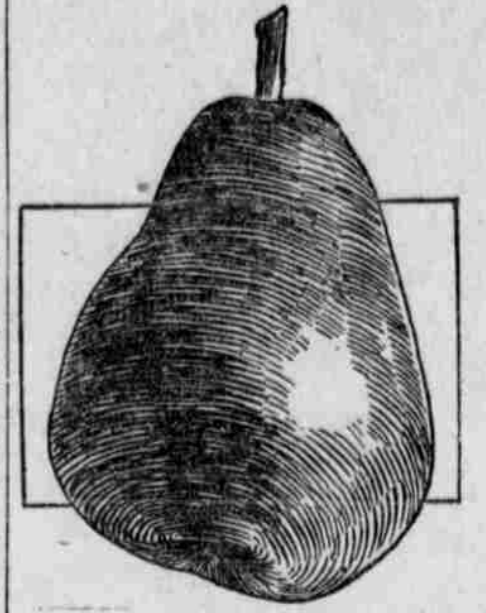
Farmers all over the country are taking great interest in tree planting, both for ornamentation and utility. Every farm should have an acre or more of grove or wood lot. It adds beauty to the general farm landscape and it is a refreshing retreat to man and farm animals in summer and will also grow into money fast as the years go by.

WILDER PEAR IS VALUABLE

Early Market Variety, Being Beautiful in Appearance, of Fair Size and Good Flavor.

A valuable early market pear, being beautiful in appearance, of fair size and very good flavor; probably the best of its season.

Origin: chance seedling on south shore of Lake Erie. Introduced by Green's Nursery Company, Tree; quite vigorous, productive, and an early bearer when grafted on the quince. Fruit; fair to large in size,



Wilder Pear.

form ovate, obtuse pyriform, sometimes shouldered at stem, color greenish yellow, with deep red cheek and numerous gray dots, stem stout, three-quarters to one inch in length, calyx open. Flesh; white, texture tender, fine grained, flavor sweet, aromatic and very pleasant. Quality is very good.

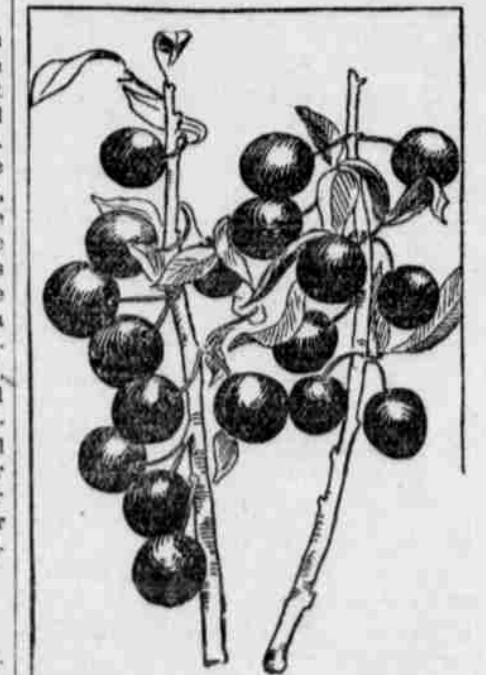
The Wilder is first class for home market says America Cultivator. It ripens in August. The fruit is two and one-half to three inches in diameter, color, greenish yellow, with deep red cheek and numerous gray dots. The flesh is white, tender and sweet. The tree is hardy and generally described as a good grower, but in the writer's experience, it is not such a vigorous grower as some of the other kinds and does not come into bearing especially soon. It does well grafted on quince stock. The Wilder yields fair to large crops under average conditions. It is not a very good shipper, but is most suitable for the early, nearby trade.

COMPASS CHERRY FOR NORTH

Originated with Minnesota Man Over Ten Years Ago By a Successful Plum Cross.

The Compass cherry originated with a Mr. Knutson of Springfield, Minn., something over ten years ago by crossing the pollen of the Prunus Americana on the native Sand cherry, P. besseyi. It is really a small plum, and the term cherry is something of a misnomer. Since this variety was introduced a number of other seedlings have been raised from it, which closely resemble the parent. It ripens here between the cherries and early plums, and is about as large as the small native plum.

The tree is dwarf in habit and of upright form, with foliage between that of the sand cherry and the plum, says a writer in Orange Judd Farmer. It flowers abundantly every year, and the fruit sets well. The tree is extremely hardy, never killing back even in severest winters in Minnesota. Its chief weakness is a liability to attack



The Compass Cherry.

of plum rot, which sometimes will take all the fruit. If, however, the trees are well sprayed with bordeaux the injury from this source may be prevented. The fruit makes a good preserve, and is much esteemed for this purpose, but is too puckery to make it desirable for eating out of hand.

Transplant in Winter.

Winter is one of the best times of the year for transplanting trees. Take them up with a large ball of frozen earth about their roots. The frozen ball of earth is a perfect protection to small and tender roots.

Our Apple Crop.

It is estimated that the total apple crop of the United States for 1909 will be about 3,500,000 barrels less than last year.