

Storming the Castle

By Eleanor H. Porter

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"But I'm determined to win you, Kathleen."

"As if you could against my will!"

"It won't be against your will—you'll wish it."

She raised her eyebrows in unbelief. "I'll make myself so necessary to you that you can't help wishing it," he went on confidently.

"But I don't need you for—anything," she objected.

"Oh, but you may, you know," he smiled, imperturbably. "I'll be your knight and fight for you as in the olden time."

"I'm no princess shut up in a castle, Charlie," she retorted, all the more scornfully because his words had given her a curious little thrill. "The extent of your warfare thus far has been to procure me an ice or to bring me my fan," she went on, with up-tit-tled chin.

"Not very dragon-like obstacles, I acknowledge," he laughed back at her; "still—there's time yet, so long as the princess remains unwed," he finished, bringing his thin, clean-cut lips together decisively, as Kathleen turned away.

When Kathleen Randal had unexpectedly fallen heir to a small fortune, she immediately announced her intention of traveling.

"All my life," she declared laughingly, "I've been like Helen's Babies and have wanted to see the wheels

of the satchel from his hand, and swung himself onto the last car after the train had started.

Kathleen and her aunt had no trouble during the short journey to New York, nor in establishing themselves comfortably in their staterooms on board the boat; but the first three days at sea were very rough and the ladies scarcely left their berths. On the fourth day a clear blue sky and a warm sun enticed Kathleen into her steamer chair on deck. She had sat there half an hour in listless endurance of an uncomfortable position, when a low voice said in her ear:

"If you'll let me put this cushion at your head, and readjust your foot-rest, I think you'll be easier."

"Charlie Heywood."

"At your service."

"Why, how in the world—" she began delightedly, then her whole figure stiffened. "This is never going to do at all," she finished with decision.

Heywood busied himself with the cushion and the foot-rest and did not seem to hear.

"I am traveling with my aunt," she began again, with some asperity.

"Certainly!" he responded cheerfully, picking up her magazine for her. "There, now I am sure you will be more comfortable." And he bowed himself off.

All through the rest of the voyage Kathleen did not see him once, though she watched for him every day—first fearfully, then resentfully.

When once again on land, Kathleen stood guard over her trunks and traveling-bags with a frowning face.

"Why can't they have checks over here and transfer one's baggage in a good, Christian manner?" she demanded wrathfully of her aunt.

"Suppose I attend to it for you," suggested Heywood at her elbow.

"Oh, then you are on earth!" returned Kathleen, a bit ungraciously, though a relieved look came into her eyes. The look remained until Heywood had seen then enroute for their hotel then it changed to one very like regret as his form was lost to sight in the crowd.

"Er—ah—what's Charlie doing over here?" inquired Mrs. Howells, with the hesitation one always showed in asking Kathleen questions regarding Heywood.

"Business, he says," she replied, with a shrug of her shoulders.

In London Kathleen saw Heywood just three times—once when she and her aunt lost their bearings on the Strand, again when he obtained for them permission to enter a certain palace which they wanted very much to see, and a third time when in a panic in a London theater made his presence something in the nature of a godsend.

"Charlie Heywood has a remarkable faculty of making his advent delightfully opportune!" observed Mrs. Howells, with a shrewd glance at Kathleen's face.

"Humph! it strikes me he's a little bit officious," retorted Kathleen, again trying to banish with scornfulness that curious thrill.

Kathleen had friends in Paris, and she danced and flirted and drove and shopped in an endless whirl of gaiety.

Days passed. Save with the eye of her fancy, Kathleen had not once seen Heywood, though she looked for him at every turn. One afternoon, ignoring the fact that Paris is not New York, she slipped out alone for a short walk. She was strangely restless, and her feet flew faster and faster; even then, they seemed to her to be crawling over the pavements. An hour passed and she turned to go back, but after another 60-minute walk, she awoke to a realization that she had lost her way.

"How stupid of me!" she murmured, biting her lips with annoyance.

She stopped to rest at a table in an open-air restaurant, but when a be-ringed, bestudded man slipped into the seat at her left, she fled again to the sidewalk.

"You are looking for some one?" a voice at her side suggested.

A sudden throb of joy tingled to Kathleen's finger-tips.

"Go—go away!" she cried feebly, glorying in the absolute certainty that the man wouldn't obey her.

"Right away—now?" he asked.

She nodded—but drew nearer to him.

"I'm tired of being rescued, Charlie," she laughed, hysterically.

He gave a keen glance at her flushed cheeks and balled his fists. He helped her in without speaking, gave an order to the driver, and seated himself at her side.

"How stupid of me—I never thought of a carriage," she quavered, brushing back the loose hair from her eyes. She stole a glance at the man's gloomy face, and a rose-pink flushed to her forehead. "Let me see," she went on softly, "an automobile, a cushion, a—"

"Don't!" he interrupted harshly.



"As if You Could Against My Will!"

go round—If only they were car-wheels and taking me somewhere!" she supplemented. "Now I'm going to go—and go—and go, and see if I can't satisfy this longing that is devouring me."

It was but two days now before she, and the aunt who had been a mother to her all these years, would start on their journeyings. Trunks and tickets, plans and packing, filled the house with confusion and her soul with delirious joy; there was no time for Charlie Heywood and his love-making—love-making that had become trite in its periodic repetition ever since her pinafore days. That Charlie was young, good to look upon, rich, and altogether approved by her relatives, made it only worse—as if she could grow sentimental over her next-door neighbor, with whom she had made mudpies in her babyhood!

At the very outset of her journey, Kathleen seemed doomed to disappointment, for the stagecoach—her only means of transportation from the village to the railroad station five miles away—failed to call at her door, and disappeared far down the road in a cloud of dust.

"Why, Auntie—if they haven't left us!" cried Kathleen, dropping in limp dismay onto the piazza steps.

"Never mind; we'll go to-morrow," soothed Mrs. Howells.

"But the boat—oh, Auntie, we'll lose the boat!" wailed the girl, springing to her feet in sudden realization of what the delay meant.

"Not gone yet?" called Heywood cheerfully, over the fence. "Old Abe's late this morning," he continued, with an airy innocence that gave no hint of his knowledge of the shameful bribe even then in Old Abe's pocket. "I was just going down to the station to see you off."

"Oh, Charlie, he's left us—we've lost the boat!" moaned Kathleen, wringing her hands.

"Not much, you haven't!" shouted Heywood over his shoulder, as he turned with suspicious promptness and ran towards his open stable door. "Here, jump in, both of you," he commanded a minute later, bringing his huge red automobile to a standstill before them.

"Oh, lovely, lovely!" gurgled Kathleen bundling Mrs. Howells into the back seat and leaping in beside her.

"Let's see—your baggage went last night, I believe," said Heywood—as if it had not gone at his own suggestion!

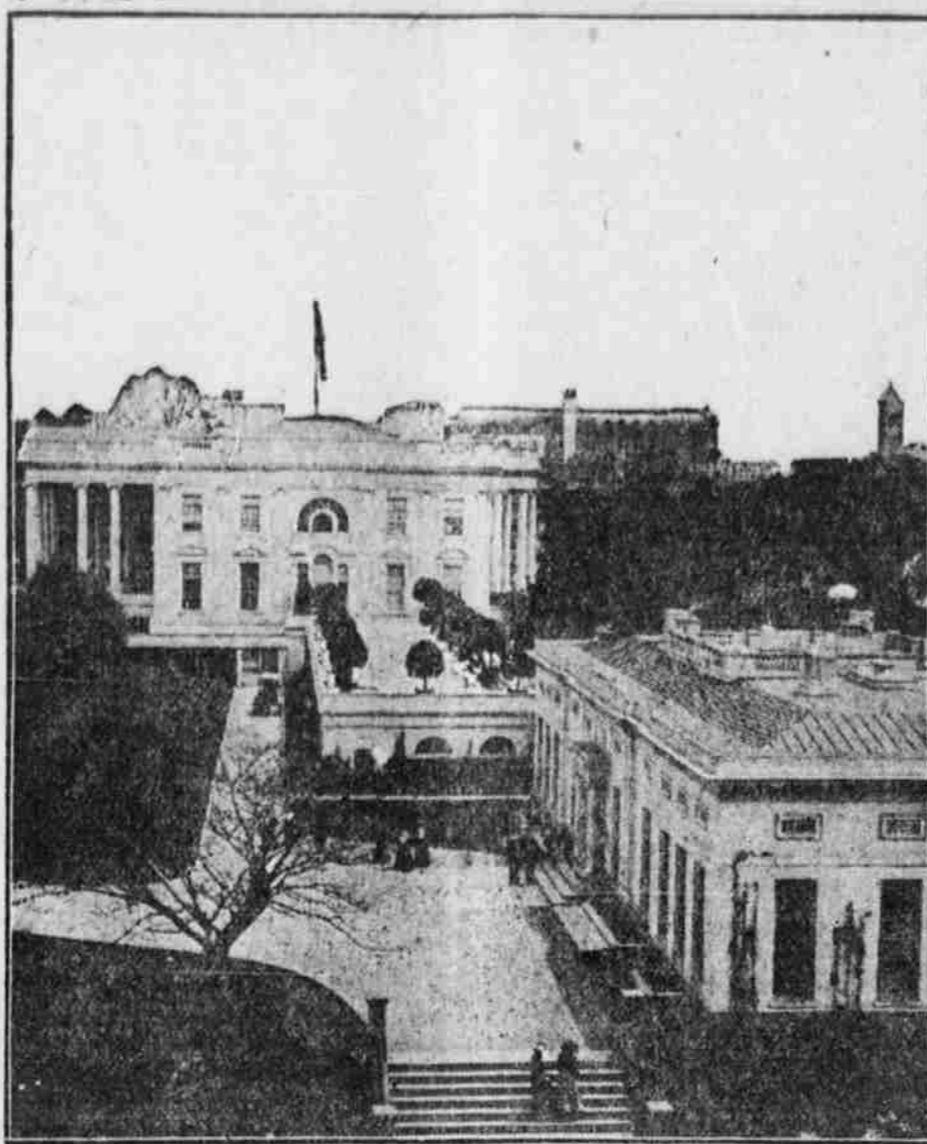
It was somewhat later that Heywood said musingly, as he held her hand in parting:

"Him-m, well, I don't know—an automobile is a pretty good substitute for a rusty sword."

"Don't be ridiculous," she returned with some dignity; then her eyes danced. "I'll take the auto every time, though!" she laughed, as she skipped up the car steps after her aunt.

Heywood gave a few short orders to the man beside the machine, caught

HOME OF THE PRESIDENT



From stereograph, copyright, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y. Looking east from a window of the Navy department building showing White House with Executive office in the foreground.

MAINE HAS A UTOPIA

COMMUNITY OF TEMPERANCE ADVOCATES THRIVES.

Vice Unheard of in Benedicta—Is Without Jail, Poorhouse, Free from Debt and Has Cash on Hand.

Boston.—Benedicta, in Maine, is the Roman Catholic Utopia and the dream of the W. C. T. U. come true. It is tabloided Home Rule. Irish Catholics settled in it. Their descendants, sturdy Americans, run it. Only Catholics live there now, and probably only Catholics will ever live there. It is crimeless, jailless, poorhouseless, free from debt and ideally administered.

As a community Benedicta is more ideal than Moore's "Utopia" or Bacon's "New Atlantis." Though 40 miles from any other town and 100 miles from a railroad, Benedicta has electric light service, a municipal water supply, several fine buildings, and all the conveniences of a thoroughly modern city.

Benedicta is not only free from debt, but has a surplus in the treasury. Moreover there is not a poor family in the place and there never has been any occasion for the establishment of any of the usual institutions for the poverty stricken or peace breakers.

When Fenwick started his colony he purchased more than 12,000 acres of fertile timber lands, comprising the western half of a township in Aroostook county. There he began to build up an ideal community of temperance residents.

Though many of the younger generation have gone to cities for work, leaving their elders on farms, the census of 1900 showed that the colony numbered 350 persons.

WEST LENDS TO EAST

FARMERS OF PRAIRIES SEND WALL STREET FUNDS.

Tillers of the Soil, with All Mortgages Gone, Furnish Money for Stock Operations and Buy Machinery.

Omaha, Neb.—The day has arrived when the farmer in the west is lending money to the banker in the east.

From a state of almost ruin ten years ago and a rebuffed supplicant at the feet of the Wall street brokers he has become a financial power, from whom those same brokers are begging money.

He has paid his mortgages, improved his farms, erected buildings and put thousands of dollars into the latest machinery. He has laid up a surplus of wealth, and the banks are stacked up with his wealth, even as his granaries are overflowing.

The state of Nebraska alone recently in one week sent to eastern cities \$7,000,000, every cent of it on short-time loans, and intended to relieve the financial stringency there.

The demand for money by New York and other eastern financial centers has been the largest in our history," said the cashier of one of the large Omaha banks. "Our bank has carried a great amount of eastern short-time loans, known as commercial paper, for several months, and I understand other national and savings banks are doing the same thing. The demand recently, however, has been greater than ever before."

"The deposits in Omaha and other Nebraskan banks are 20 per cent

larger than a year ago, and money never was so plentiful. The west is particularly fortunate to have this cash at this time, when loans in the east are demanding good premiums, and this condition is largely indicative of the prosperity of Nebraska agricultural interests resulting from bountiful crops.

"The Nebraska farmers are buying more machinery, building material and live stock than for many years. They have had several good crops in succession, and they are all on 'easy street.' The sale of their products has brought much money to the state, and this has gone mostly into local banks, which carry their cash balances in Omaha national banks. Comparatively few mortgages are held."

"The money made by the farmers has piled up in the banks until it became necessary to seek short-time loans in the east. Eastern borrowers have not been slow to ask for these loans, however, and eight of the largest Omaha institutions receive daily quotations on eastern securities. Most of these loans are placed through New York and Boston financial institutions which act as brokers."

52 Gotham Murders in Month.

New York.—Four hundred and ninety-eight deaths were reported to the coroner's office in June. According to the monthly report of Chief Clerk Jacob E. Bausch, 226 were due to violence or accident, the remaining 272 being sudden deaths due to natural causes. Of the deaths by violence or accident 52 were homicides and 29 were suicides. Thirty-nine bodies were found floating in the rivers. Sixteen persons were killed by carriages or wagons, 15 by the street railways and three by automobiles.

JEWS PLAN UNIQUE BANK.

Profits to Be Given for Development of Palestine.

Tannersville, N. Y.—At the next session of the legislature of the state of New York the Zionists will have a bill presented authorizing the establishment of a bank in New York city, which will be unique in that it will be closed on Saturdays and the profits of which will be devoted to the development of Palestine.

A committee headed by Nathan Prenskey, a merchant of Brooklyn; Henry Jackson, of Pittsburg, and Dr. B. L. Gordon, of Philadelphia, reported at a session of the Zionists' convention here that stock to the amount of \$50,000 had already been subscribed for, with promises of a similar sum as soon as the bank is established. One of the features of this bank will be a steamship brokerage department, which will serve to protect the poor and ignorant Jews of the East side of New York city from the frauds practiced on them, by irresponsible men.

As soon as the bank in New York city has been established branches will be opened in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Chicago and Cincinnati and in other cities where there are large Jewish settlements.

It is anticipated that the profits of this enterprise will be so large that many projects for development of the industrial and agricultural possibilities of Palestine, which are now in abeyance, will be successfully carried out and the way opened for the settling there of an enormous Jewish peasant population.

TO SAVE THE COAL SUPPLY.

Crude Methods of Production Have Caused Intense Waste.

Washington.—The government, through the United States geological survey, is planning with the producers of coal to place far in the distance the day when the country's coal supply shall be exhausted. Crude methods of production, with more attention paid to cheap production than to saving and scientific methods of mining, have resulted in an astonishing waste of coal. This will never be recognized, for it lies buried deeply in abandoned mines now filled in. Also, it is planned to prolong and regulate the supply of coal by new methods of mining, which will, no doubt, result in adding many years to the existence of the now available supply.

The extravagance in the production of coal, amounting to almost criminal waste, has not had the effect of reducing the cost to consumers. This, at least, is the opinion of Edward W. Parker, of the geological survey, who was a member of President Roosevelt's coal strike commission, and probably is more familiar with coal conditions than any man in the country. "One of the greatest problems to overcome in the production of coal," said Mr. Parker, "is a reduction in the waste of mining. Only a few years ago only 40 per cent of the coal in a mine was marketed. Sixty per cent was lost. Cheap mining methods caused this waste. Under improved methods the waste has now been reduced to from 30 to 40 per cent."

GIVES LOCATION OF THE SOUL.

Man Who Hopes to Photograph It Says It is in the Throat.

New York.—The soul of a man is soft and gelatinous, small, practically shapeless, and situated beneath the first rib. Below the Adam's apple in a man, and in a woman at the base of her throat, is a spot of little or no resistance. It is from this place when the hour of death has come that the soul must be taken. It does not pass like a shadow. It is not a flight. The soul must be drawn out by an angel sent by God to perform this operation, and this seat of life is transferred, warm, palpitating, to a body the counterpart of the one it has left. It is substance, material, and could be as well caught by the camera as the human face."

It was thus that Henry Price of Mount Vernon explained recently his theory of the soul's passage and the possibility of obtaining a photographic reproduction thereof.

"I do not think, by any means, that all men have souls. You may and may not have a soul, according as you have merited it."

TURBANS SOLVE RACE PROBLEM.

Secretary Wilson Discovers Way to Settle the Jim Crow Laws.

Washington.—If the negroes of the south will take to wearing turbans and the long flowing robes of the orientals the race question may be solved so far as the railroads are concerned. The suggestion comes from Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, whose genius in making two blades of grass grow where one had grown before, was called upon to plan for a tour of four Hindu students through the south. The students, who are now the guests of the government, want to visit the cotton fields, but it quickly developed that they were in danger of being forced to ride in compartments in Jim Crow cars provided for the negroes. As the young men are of high caste they could not be subjected to such treatment, and the outlook seemed desperate until Secretary Wilson proposed that the Hindus lay aside their American clothes and wear their turbans and robes. So attired they are promised the best railroad and hotel accommodations.

HOSPITALITY OF TO-DAY.

Very Businesslike Indeed is the Modern Hostess.

In these days it would seem that the word hospitality has assumed a new and strange significance, or rather suffered a transformation, and we who float along on the stream of social life accept the idea with thoughtless ease and take it for granted that mere forms and ceremonies, social bargaining, lavish display, and elaborate entertainments stand for true hospitality. When we are so exact as to look up the meaning of the word we find that, according to the best authorities, hospitality is the reception and entertainment of guests without reward, and with kind and generous liberality; also that to be hospitable is to be sociable, neighborly, given to bounty, generous, large minded.

There is something that pleases our imagination when we read about the hospitality in the olden times, when life was simple and when a delightful leisure existed which does not belong to modern times. In an old-fashioned novel we read that the heroine, in the fourth week of her visit at a friend's house, was in doubt whether she should continue her stay, and the painful consideration made her eager to be rid of such a weight on her mind. She resolved to speak to her hostess, propose going away and be guided in her conduct by the manner in which her proposal was received. It was directly settled between her hostess and herself that her leaving was not to be thought of and the limit of her stay depended on her own inclinations. Not so the hostess of these days, who invites a guest for a stated period, and it is tacitly yet positively understood that from Saturday until Monday does not include even luncheon on the day of departure. All this is far more sensible and more satisfactory, although so businesslike.

To-day we are told that those who entertain consider that they are paying their acquaintances a sufficient compliment by inviting them to a crowded reception, when the hostess has hardly time for a greeting. Society is nothing if not "practical and businesslike," and if a hostess "entertains lavishly and is well gowned" she does all that could be required and "cannot be expected to take much interest in her guests." This touch of satire shows how hospitality masquerades under false colors.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A crust of bread put into the water in which greens are boiled will absorb all objectionable rankness of flavor.

The rollers of a clothes wringer may be easily and effectively cleaned by rubbing them with a cloth which has been dipped in coal oil.

When ironing colored clothes see to it that the irons are not too hot. Excessive heat will fade the clothes. Iron on the wrong side.

When too much salt accidentally has been used, the effect may be counteracted by adding a tablespoonful of vinegar and a tablespoonful of sugar.

If the clothes line becomes kinked or twisted when it is being taken down wind the line toward you, instead of away from you, and it will wind smoothly.

If flour sacks are to be washed, turn them wrong side out and put in cold water. Wash and rinse in cold water. The use of hot water for this purpose will make the flour sticky and hard to wash out.

To do up ruffled net curtains stretch out on a sheet after starching. Pin just to the ruffles and leave until dry. Take up and iron only the ruffles, dampening as you go along. This will leave the curtain perfectly straight.

Maryland Chicken.

Joint a small chicken, roll in seasoned flour, then egg and crumb the joints, says Good Housekeeping. Lay in a dripping pan and on each joint lay a thin slice of fat bacon. Bake 20 minutes in a very hot oven, removing the bacon to a platter when thoroughly crisp. Arrange the joints with the bacon, thicken the fat in the pan with two level tablespoons of flour, add one cup of thin cream, and when thoroughly blended strain over the meat.

Sardine Salad.

This is a delicious luncheon or tea dish. Remove the skin and bones from six big sardines and cut into tiny pieces. Place these in a salad bowl with six cold boiled eggs cut in quarters, and one big firm apple cut into strips, and three cold boiled potatoes cut into dice. If you like the flavor, add half a teaspoon of finely chopped chives, and then four tablespoons of French dressing. Serve very cold.

To Clean Leather.

To clean leather upholstery wash the leather with warm water to which is added a little good vinegar. Use an absolutely clean cloth. To restore the polish prepare the whites of two eggs with a teaspoonful of turpentine to each egg. This should be whisked briskly, then rubbed into the dry leather with a piece of clean flannel and dried off with a piece of clean linen cloth.

Alsation Salad.

Arrange the usual bed of lettuce. Cook three frankfurter sausages for a few minutes in boiling water. Chill these and cut into very thin slices. Slice four medium-sized cold potatoes, and one small white onion, half a dozen firm pickles and stir this mixture lightly with four tablespoons of French dressing. Serve on the bed of lettuce leaves.