

Grandma's Way

GRANDMA HARRIS was wrapping up the delicious golden balls of her own make of butter in fragrant, snowy linen cloths, and mentally calculating what the butter and the cottage cream, and the four pair of fat chickens, and the half-dozen pumpkins, and the four barrels of Van Dusen apples ought to bring in the market when grandfather went to town in the big wagon the next day.

And just as she had about decided that, with good luck, they ought to be able to buy the piano for Bessie before spring, there came a step alongside, and she looked up, to see Frank Merrivale, tall, handsome, with his fall overcoat, wearing a rosebud and a spray of bovardia, and his soft felt hat pushed off his forehead.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Frank?" grandma Harris said, patting a butter-ball lovingly as she laid it beside a dozen others in the long, shallow basket.

"It is I, grandma. What are you doing? Give me a taste—don't you know I used always to help you get the butter ready for market? I haven't forgotten how to tell if it is salt enough."

"Of course you have forgotten since you have been such a fine city gentleman. Much you care for anything down here in the country nowadays?"

She twinkled him a look from behind her silver-trimmed glasses, whose foggy lenses slowly changed to solid concern as, for the first time since her "boy" had been home to the farm for a month's visit, she noticed a paler look than she liked to see on his face, and a certain unhappy look in his eyes.

"What's the matter, Frank?" she finished, suddenly, laying down her last pat of butter, and looking steadily at him.

He answered her look with a little, forced laugh.

"The matter—with me? Why, bless your dear old soul, grandma, there's nothing whatever the matter with me. Don't I eat and sleep like a plowman?"

"Do you, Frank? Honor bright, dear— isn't there anything amiss with you?"

"Not physically, at all events," he said, gayly. Then, as suddenly as gravely, he added, "I don't mind telling you, grandma—it's—Lulu Carroll."

"Lulu Carroll! Has she been tormenting you, Frank? Tell me—the whole truth, now mind," she said, solemnly.

"There's not very much to tell," he said, with another constrained little laugh. "She doesn't care anything whatever about me, and I—can't help making a fool of myself over her."

Grandma Harris covered her butter-rolls over carefully with crisp celery leaves, and then went on:

"She doesn't care for you, eh, as much as you do for her? Is that it?"

"That's exactly it."

"Did she tell you so?"

"Not in so many words, but all the same, I have been made aware of the fact."

"But, Frank, if—"

He looked coaxingly at her, but she saw the paleness on his dear face was even more pronounced than before, as he gently interrupted her:

"Don't let's talk about it, please. I didn't mean to mention her name to a living soul; I'd rather endure my sorrow in silence, since it seems to be that Lulu Carroll has it in her power to wreck my life for me. I was sure she loved me—but she don't. And that's all there is of it."

And after that Grandma Harris went on counting her eggs in silence, while Frank leaned against the shelf and looked at her.

And then, after a few minutes, he went away, and grandma took off her spectacles and wiped the tears from her dear old eyes—for Frank was the apple of her eye; and his happiness or misery delighted or wounded her to the very core of her motherly heart.

"I dar' say he's no worse than other men," she decided, after dinner that day. "They mostly do fall in love with the girl that is likeliest to lead 'em a pretty gait. I'll put on my brown cashmere and just run over and see how sister Carroll is getting on, and borrow Lulu's cream-cake recipe. Frank's master fond of that cream-cake of hers."

And so, when Lulu Carroll came down from her own room, into the sunny, cozy sitting-room, about three o'clock that same afternoon, she found her mother and Mrs. Harris enjoying a most comfortable chat over their bright knitting-needles.

She was such a pretty girl, slender and graceful, with big brown eyes and wavy golden-brown hair—grandma didn't wonder a bit that Frank cared so much for her.

"Oh, it's Mrs. Harris," she said, laughing, and showing her pretty white teeth and her dimples.

"Yes, it's me, sure enough. I wanted your cream-cake recipe, dear, and there seemed a good chance for me to get away for an hour or so, so I thought I'd run over myself after it. Frank's very fond of cream-cake—he won't get much of it, either, poor fellow."

Lulu was copying her recipe off from "Common Sense," but Mrs. Harris' keen eyes did not fail to see the little flush of color that surged up to the girl's forehead at mention of Frank Merrivale's name.

"How's that?" Mrs. Carroll inquired, interestedly.

"Why, didn't you know he was go-

ing back to New York next Tuesday? They don't ever have any such cream-cake there, you don't suppose?"

Lulu folded the neat little paper up and handed it to Mrs. Harris, who put it carefully away in her pocket.

"Yes, Frank's going back to the city this week, and I don't suppose we shall see much of him after this."

Miss Lulu laughed, and shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"One would think Mr. Merrivale was going to emigrate to the South Sea Islands," she answered.

"He might almost as well be going there, for all the good the nearness to New York will do us."

The air of mystery about the old lady was having a most electric effect.

"Do tell, Mrs. Harris!" Mrs. Carroll said, laying her gray yarn stocking down.

"If you'll both keep it a dead secret, I'll tell you. Frank's going to be married."

A momentary silence followed, only broken by the tic-tac of the eight-day clock in the corner, and the silvery little click of Grandma Harris' needles.

Then, although Lulu Carroll felt that her very pulses seemed stopping, that for her the sunlight was forever to be gloomiest shade, she managed to utter a strange, weird little laugh.

"You don't say Frank is going to be married! That is indeed news. Tell him I congratulate him."

Mrs. Harris peered innocently over her glasses at the sweet, pale face.

"Just so I felt, Lulu—you and Frank'd been such good friends—and that's why I think you ought to be told first. Sakes alive! It really can't be four o'clock already—and me with a mile and a half to walk, and short-cake to make for tea!"

And the little old lady bustled off, while Lulu put on her red and brown blanket shawl and her little Derby hat with the sea-let wing, and rushed out into the crisp November air—some-where, anywhere, to be all by herself, where she could try to realize all the sudden anguish and confusion that had come upon her.

"It cannot be—it cannot be! Frank Merrivale to be married—oh! it can't be true!"

And as she walked slowly through the apple-orchard, rustling the fallen leaves as she trailed through them, the big tears fell thick and fast from her sad eyes.

Frank Merrivale lost to her—and she loved him so! She had been so sure of him, so sure that when she condescended to cease her coquetries upon him she could whistle him back to her feet.

To be married! With his handsome face, his pleading voice, his passionate eyes—and not to her!

With a heart-breaking little sob she leaned her face on her hands, and cried as only a woman can cry when she realizes that her true-love is gone—forever—and that too by her own act.

When she heard rapid footsteps coming up the same narrow path by which she was going down through the orchard—footsteps she knew so well, that thrilled her with jealous pain, for she recognized them before she had the courage to lift her face, all tear-stained, flushed and wistful, yet prettier than ever to Frank Merrivale, as he passed her—with only a society smile on his face as he courteously yet coldly raised his hat to her and—was passing on.

For just one second it seemed to her that her temples, her throat, all her pulses would burst, with the concentrated agony of the moment; should she—dare she—

"Frank!" she said, scarcely above her breath, in a strangely timid, pitiful way.

He turned instantly.

"Did you speak?"

"Frank! Is it true?"

"True? Is what true, Lulu?"

She trembled perceptibly.

"Don't hesitate to tell me—don't put off the news—I know I deserve to be punished so—but you might have known it was I who loved you better than any other girl could! Oh, Frank—I know it is dreadful for me to speak so—but I must—I shall die if I think you don't know how much I love you—even if you don't want me!"

He looked astonished.

"I don't understand you, Lulu."

Her lovely eyes flashed him a pitious, reproachful glance.

"Frank!"—bitterly—"don't seek refuge behind a pretense of ignorance. I know, and you know, what I mean, but—but— and she began to sob in a wholly unbecoming-like manner, "you might have known how much I loved you!"

And then, Frank's eyes suddenly began to shine with a glad glory that had never been in them before, and he remembered what Grandma Harris had said to him, as he started off—"Take my advice, boy, and if you happen to meet Lulu don't let her think you're on your insoluble."

"Lulu!—tell me that again—say it again—you love me!"

"I do—I do—I do, Frank, but it's too late now, since you're going to be married so soon."

"I—married—darling? Not that I know of—until you have promised to have me. Will you, Lu?"

And, with her head on his breast, Lulu told him what Grandma Harris had said.

"I understand it all plainly enough—it was a loving little strategem to catch Cupid, Lulu. Besides—am I not

going to married? Say, aren't we? don't think we're very lucky at Grandma Harris, are we?"

And Mrs. Frank never makes a cream-cake for her liege lord but that she blesses the day his grandmother came for the recipe.—The Housewife.

IN A SWEDISH IRON MILL.

Domnarfvet Works, the Largest in Sweden, Operated by Electricity.

The Domnarfvet Steel Works, belonging to the Stora-Kopperbergs Company is the largest iron and steel producing concern in Sweden, and which concern probably has the largest charcoal iron works in the world. The present company is of quite modern date—1878—but iron had been manufactured by its predecessors as far back as 1644. The plant now consists of six ore-roasting kilns, five blast furnaces, two Bessemer acid converters, three basic converters, four Siemens-Martin open-hearth acid furnaces and nine rolling mills of various sizes.

The annual output of the Domnarfvet blast furnaces averages 43,000 tons. The production of steel ingots amounts to 51,000 tons, by which it will be seen that they do not produce all of the pig iron consumed by them. Only the highest quality of steels are produced, it being claimed that the average pig iron will show but 0.019 of phosphorus and 0.01 of sulphur. Water power is used. The rolling mills and blowing engines are run by directly coupled turbine wheels; the smaller machines are driven by about forty electric motors, the current for which, of course, is also derived from water power. They now have a rolling mill which is run directly by electricity, about 2,000 additional horse-power being obtained by electrical transmission from a waterfall about three miles away. There are about 7,000 horse-power produced at the main plant by twenty-four turbines. The Swedish Bessemer converters are all small, five tons being quite the maximum capacity.—Cassier's Magazine.

Waiters Who Speculate.

Stories of the successful speculation of waiters in popular resorts on "tips" received from the patrons are often true; but there is the other side—that of losses. Said Philippe at Delmonico's:

"If one of our waiters constantly speculates on tips' loss and failure are certain to come sooner or later. As in the case of Beau Brummel's neckties, one never hears of the unsuccessful, and their losses. It generally happens that a waiter is successful at first. If he puts the money he makes into real estate he prospers; but let him continue to speculate and he generally loses his all. I have had some good winnings, but prefer investment in real estate."

"Stock speculation really distracts a waiter," continued the Philippe, according to the New York Times, "and he cannot properly attend to business. As soon as we find a waiter getting too engrossed in speculation we discharge him, as he cannot keep away from the ticker, and confuses his orders. One poor fellow nearly went crazy here last winter in consequence of his stock speculations. He would forget his orders and call for 'one Western Union,' when he should have said 'one steak underdone,' and so on, until we had to discharge him. I do not know what has become of him, but expect to hear he has landed in the insane asylum."

Roosevelt Surprised Him.

Alfred Bowker, officially known as the right worshipful the Mayor of Winchester, the youngest man in 700 years to occupy that office, on his recent trip to this country visited the White House, where he was made welcome by President Roosevelt. Just before sailing for home he said that the most interesting man he had met in America was the Rough Rider President.

"The thing that most astonished me," said the English Mayor, according to the New York Times, "was his great and very intimate knowledge of the history and character of Alfred the Great. Knowing that I was here as the representative of England at the American celebrations, he at once began talking to me of the wonderful king of Wessex. There is not one man in 10,000 who knows more about him than your President. We had a long chat and he really gave me some ideas about Alfred and the lasting effects of his reign. I had not thought of, and I have been a very close student of English history, and particularly of the immediate story and tradition of my own people. If President Roosevelt is as learned on other things as he is in this he is even a more wonderful man than his admirers credit him with being."

Didn't Care for Any, Thanks!

A lawyer of this city who gets fish hungry about once a week dropped into a restaurant the other day to discuss a funny dish.

"What have you got in the way of fish to-day?" he inquired of the waiter.

"Snapperback, sir," was the reply.

"I've never heard of that kind of fish before," said the attorney, "but I'll just try some to see how it goes."

The snapperback proved to be nothing but a common mudcat about the size of a minnow, and the disappointed man, casting one glance on the unsavory article, shoved it from him and exclaimed to the sheepish-looking waiter: "You just snap her back and bring me a codfish ball."—Memphis Scimitar.

Language.

"Do I understand," said the silk-stocking in politics, "that you desire me, as a candidate, to make contribution toward the legitimate expenses of the campaign?"

"Yes," said the practical politician. "Cough up!"—Somerville Journal.

They say loafing is hard work. Still, we'd like to try it.

WHEN YOU STRIKE A MATCH

Did You Ever Inquire How Many Follow Your Example?

"How many matches are struck in a single day?" asked an enthusiastic young statistician, "and how many cords of wood and how many tons of sulphur and how many units of heat are represented in the world's daily consumption of matches? Here is an interesting problem. Matches, of course, are not used in all the countries of the world. There are many primitive peoples who are still kindling fires by striking sparks from flinty substances, just as our ancestors did in the long ago, when they made pots and kettles out of clay and stones and knives out of bones and the harder formations in the crust of the earth. Some countries are so damp that matches cannot be used with convenience. In many of the tropical countries which may be classed as civilized matches cannot be struck on account of the dampness except on the rough sandy edge of the box.

But in the great and more advanced countries of the world matches are in almost universal use. Exceptions may be found in rural sections that are almost completely isolated, like some portions of agricultural Germany or remote parts of the United States, for that matter, but these exceptions are very rare. Getting back to the daily consumption of matches, it is really an enormous thing. The consumption in the United States daily is something enormous. Roughly there are 80,000,000 persons in the United States. On the accepted allowance of five for each family this means 16,000,000 families, so right on the jump we would have 16,000,000 stoves which would consume at the very lowest an average of three matches each and every day, or a total of 48,000,000. In the evening the lamps must be lighted in each of these homes.

Then there are the hotels, the restaurants, the saloons and the business places generally which keep open at night, with their millions of gas jets and lamps, and it is reasonable to assume that the consumption of matches in those places would equal, if it did not surpass, the consumption in the homes of the country. Mind you I have said nothing about the factories and institutions of that sort, and nothing about the vast quantity of matches consumed daily by the smokers of the country, the cigarette fiends and the fellows whose pipes are always going out. Why, a fortune goes up daily in matches' smoke, and the sulphur and wood and units of heat wasted in this way is something startling. Electricity has to some extent cut down the consumption of matches, but the consumption is large enough, and the fellows who are to come after us may have reason to deplore our extravagance in this respect, for wood is getting scarcer all the time."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

NOVEL RULING IN A PIE CASE.

Man Whose Teeth Suffered in a Restaurant Gets Damages.

An interesting case to the public was disposed of recently in the City of London Court by Sir John Paget, Deputy Judge, in a claim made by Andrew Moyes, clerk to the Bank of Tarapaca, 97 Bishopsgate street, against Joseph Lyons & Co., Limited, caterers, to recover £10 under peculiar circumstances.

Mr. Abinger, the plaintiff's counsel, said that in April last the plaintiff went to the defendants' establishment in Bishopsgate street for some refreshment. While eating a beefsteak pie his false teeth came into violent contact with a button on the shank of a stud and knocked off two teeth, breaking the plate in his mouth. When he claimed redress he was referred to an insurance company. He had had to get a new set of teeth, which cost him £5 and he claimed another £5 for inconvenience in being without his top teeth for a week.

The defendants said there was no responsibility upon them. When a member of the public went to a restaurant the presumption was that he was fully equipped with teeth to eat ordinary food. It was not an extraordinary circumstance to find a piece of bone in steak pie, and the plaintiff's teeth ought to have been strong enough to contend with it.

Sir John Paget said there had been negligence on the defendants' part. It was their duty to see that the food which they supplied contained no hidden danger alien to its character as described in the bill of fare. When a man eats a beefsteak pie he did not expect to find in it a piece of bone or a button from the coat of the man who made the pie. As to the suggestion that a man was bound to have a perfectly solid set of natural teeth before he ventured into a restaurant of high-class caterers it was perfectly ridiculous. Firms who provided lunches took the risk of the teeth the public were likely to have. He should find for the plaintiff for £5 the price of a new set of teeth, and costs, but he could not allow him anything for inconvenience.

Beware of Needless Words.

Don't write "photo," "photo only," "printed matter," "calendar" or any other descriptive phrase on mail packages unless you desire to pay first-class postage rates. Most people do this without knowing that it increases the rate. Packages should have no inclosure whatever on the wrapper except that which strictly pertains to the return card and address.

Clothing that fits does not seem to be fashionable this year. Look at the overcoats worn by the men, and the cloaks worn by the women.

Lack of sense is too often blamed on lack of confidence.

MANY BOLERO SUITS.

NUMEROUS AMONG SPRING MODELS FOR SPRING WEAR.

Outdoor Affairs Are Mostly Simple, and Few Striking Fancies Are Seen—Blouse Fronts Continue, Though Quieter in Cut and Color.

New York correspondence:

UNLESS a quick shift is made soon, bolero suits will be as numerous in spring as they have been recently. They are present in impressive numbers among spring street models, in checked tweeds, striped heavy cloths and smoothly finished materials. Boleros have been so varied in recent seasons that dress designers would be lacking in sense if, in an attempt to continue the stylishness of such jackets, they offered but one general kind. Yet those spring bolero suits that are outdoor affairs, are simple for the most part, and few striking fancies are seen in the jackets. A representative type appears in the initial picture. It was red cheviot, with black velvet sailor collar and much stitching. Boleros for dressy get-ups are variously complex, and while they may be, as heretofore, the most highly

cause of their extreme length. In the middle of to-day's first group is one of these, a willow green ladies' cloth, with pipings of white silk. Black velvet passementerie and stitching were the only other trimmings. Coats of this type may be trimmed strikingly, if that is desired, show suits including now a little of such treatment. An extreme example is presented here. It was tan panne velvet trimmed with black velvet and white lace. A more frequent and, it would seem, a more sensible source of originality, is the separate waist, and these are numerous, handsome and in all manner of materials. Handsome striped cloths are shown for these bodices and make up beautifully with passementerie or ecru lace.

Afternoon dresses are not productive of a deal of novelty at just this season, but this is because the output of them is small. Those made now reflect new fashions as surely as does the more abundant product. Three are shown in the second of the accompanying pictured groups. At the left is a pale biscuit cashmere, the skirt's three flounces edged with white silk polka dotted with black velvet. Elaborate applique of heavy ecru lace appeared on both skirt and jacket. Dull yellow crepe de chine was the material of the second dress, white silk hemstitching, cream lace and blue velvet, the last for the belt, finishing it. The third gown was mahogany red, light weight broadcloth. Black velvet in tabs and belt, and white satin covered with ecru lace in front and sailor collar, were other features.

The belt buckle of this last gown was placed as are many such ornaments, but the buckle worn in front is likely to be a practicable fastener. In either place the buckle is likely to be very showy. For such there is a great variety in enameling, which is so beautifully tinted that it looks like jewels. Gold, or enamelled buckles are the more stylish sorts, except



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CONTRASTED TYPES OF BODICES.

brought feature of the costume, their trimmings usually are matched or echoed by those of the skirt. This rule for close mating is illustrated by the right hand gown of the next picture, a white broadcloth trimmed with black satin bands and with tabs of the goods. All-over ecru lace appeared in front and sleeves, a rose ruching of black chiffon topping the former. For this style of gowns the diversity in boleros is as great as that of the gowns themselves, since the jacket's complexities are the keynote of the entire costume. Fancy vests and waistcoats furnish a fair share of surprises, too.

Designs for late winter and early spring show interesting changes in skirt and bodice gowns of crepe cloths, cashmeres and the numerous soft, clinging cloths and silks. Skirts for the newer of these suits usually are trimmed with some kind of passementerie or handsome

with gray and white gowns, when silver is more harmonious. Gun metal comes in here, too, both in buttons and buckles. Belts still have a place among the pretty novelties. They are made of strands of black velvet held by metal slides, which gives them the pointed effect in the back. Bead studded elastic belts, belts of handsome gold braid and embroidered silk belts still are worn.

Spends Large Fortune in Spite of Work.

It is hard to understand any one taking revenge upon a government, but a Spaniard, a well-known merchant, for some years fought the Argentine Republic. He was employed by that government until for some reason or other he was dismissed. He then vowed vengeance against the whole country, and spent \$200,000 in endeavoring to thwart Argentine commerce in every



FOR AFTERNOONS AND CALLS.

ance, while the bodice has a yoke of some form or other. As a rule the bodices are rather severe, the belts being stitched to the waist and worn over the skirt. Some bodices are made with yoke backs, others are plain with a few gathers at the waist line. All are boned and intended to fit perfectly all around. Blouse fronts continue, though they are not as pronounced for the coming season. Coat bodices are striking even when simply made be-

way possible. When this sum was exhausted he formed a band of gachos to rob people on the highway, pull up the railways and make things generally uncomfortable for all residents in the republic. It ended in his being captured and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

The word Bequimaux means "Raw Fish Eaters."