

AN ORNAMENT TO SOCIETY

JACK HARROWSBY was the only one of the men who had a chair. Some sympathizing woman had carried it out in the back yard and placed it for him. It did not seem proper that the lately bereaved husband and chief mourner should sit on the woodpile or the end of the horse trough as did the half dozen men who had dropped in to condole and smoke with him.

"There was just three things she alius had her heart set on," remarked Jack, taking his pipe from his mouth, and looking with an air of mild reverence at the floating smoke. "One was to quit the farm and live in town. Any town would suit her. She'd never lived in a town—only on a farm. And the farms we rented when we come out here to Nebraska thirty-five years ago was pretty lonely places. She wasn't but a young thing, an' she was skereed to death of redskins. She might well be—might well be!"

The hand that held the pipe shook. "There wasn't never a time when I had to be away but she kept her white pony saddled at the door, an' the rite leaded."

"They'll be a heap of folks into the funeral," ventured the village carpenter. "Most everybody in the county knows Mis' Harrowsby."

"She was a good woman," said Jack Harrowsby; "slews too good for me."

"You was never mean to her, Jack. You let her feed the hull Salvation Army—all of them that come to town for revival. You let her go on the train to St. Joe when you was going in with cattle. You met her there, an' let her see the shops, an' buy what she wanted. You even left the farm to please her."

"That's so. But—great Scott! all the nights I've come home full. An' I never could keep from swearin'. Never meant nothin' by it—it just come nat'ral. Then, when I used to go to Chicago with hogs—but we won't talk about that. An' the way I laughed at her mission-meetin's, an' her prayer-meetin's, an' all! It wasn't the square thing—she bel'n a Christian—a full-blooded one. I'm glad now I bought this house, though she ain't had but one month's wear out'n it. She's goin' to have the second thing she wanted, too. It's a little late, perhaps, but she's going to git it."

The agent tipped his hat back and shifted his quid of tobacco from one cheek to another.

"What was that, Jack?"

"A silk dress—a black silk dress. Hat often said the genteelst thing she knowed of was a black silk dress trimmed with beads—the shiny kind."

A woman, carrying a bulky bundle under her arm was turning in at the side gate.

"I telegraphed to Omaha for the goods right before last when Hat died. There wasn't any goods in town nice enough. That cost a hull dollar a yard. An' I told 'em to send the shiniest beads they had. The things come yesterday, an' Mrs. Magee's been sewin' sense. I told her not to spare any frills—to git any help she wanted, an' make it the latest style—I'd pay."

There was a murmur of approval from his listeners.

"What was the third thing, Jack?" asked the tumberman.

"The third gits me—it jest gits me. It's about Cleo. She's the only one that growed up you know. All the others died. Hat alius wanted as how Cleo should grow up to be an ornament to sassiety. Them's her own identical words. I've heard her say hundreds of times as how she hoped her daughter would be an ornament to sassiety. I'd like awful well to please Hat about it, but—what fetches me is—what is an ornament to sassiety?"

A buggy drew up before the pallings of the house of mourning. Figures came trickling from different parts of the town, and passed in at the little swinging gates. Chickens flocked around the group in the back yard. Harrowsby looked inquiringly from one to the other of the half stolid, half sympathetic faces surrounding him.

Harrowsby sighed helplessly. "I got to figure it out some way," he said. "If I can be sure just what's an ornament to sassiety, I'll see she's made one. Here she is, now. Hallo, Cleo!"

"Hello, pap?"

She crossed over from the back door to where the men sat—an angular, awkward young creature in her ill-fitting black gown. A sun bonnet shaded her face—a tanned, girlish countenance that at once attracted, repelled, provoked. There was evidence of her father's coarser nature in the heavy line of her chin, and the square fullness of her red lips. But this was contradicted and redeemed by the look in the gray eyes—a look of ignorant spirituality, of reserve, of loyalty.

"Is it time to git ready?" Harrowsby questioned.

Farm wagons were rolling up beside the fence, women were climbing down over the wheels from their board seats covered with home-made bed quilts. A block off the minister could be seen walking in the direction of the church.

"Most time," she answered. She did not lift her eyes. She was looking at the bow of black ribbon on the end of the yellow braid she had pulled over her shoulder. Harrowsby lumbered to his feet.

"I'll git on that collar now," he said. They went into the house together. The funeral was an imposing one. The prayer and sermon of the minister were of unusual length. The church was packed. The line of teams out-

side the walk extended quite to the main street. Jack Harrowsby was known and liked throughout the county. His great voice had belted many an auction on many a farm. His bluff geniality, his hearty manner, even his amiable vices had tended to win him friends. As for his wife, she had been the model of all the hard-worked farmers' wives around. Her unceasing labor, her rigid religious views, her unrelenting resolution to never spend a penny for pleasure, her stern attitude towards sinners, especially those of her own sex, her liberality to heathen missions, her conservatism, her inflexibility, her passionate penuriousness, these had constituted her a social power to be admired and a leader to be revered.

When, in all the splendor of the new black silk, coveted for forty years, she was laid away in the little hillside cemetery, a different life began for Jack Harrowsby and his daughter. He brought a widowed niece to live with them, a flippant little woman, with round black eyes and a perpetual smile. She insisted on having a hired girl, and although Jack wondered if Hat would not rise in her grave could she hear the startling suggestion, he consented. So there were five around the dinner table now, for Frank Stanley was still with them. He had been chore boy for many years in the Harrowsby household, and under the stern regime of the mistress had developed into a worker after her own heart, bent on accomplishment and insensible to fatigue. After her death Harrowsby came to depend on him more, and to seek his advice in business matters. He was an erect, muscular, young fellow, bold as a lion when "rounding up" or stock lading, but of lamblike meekness of demeanor in the presence of femininity. With his niece Harrowsby discussed the best method in which to make Cleopatra an ornament to society.

"An ornament to society is a lady," his niece said positively, "and a lady never does any work except play on the pianny—or the organ if she hasn't a pianny—and make fancy work."

So the delayed education of Cleopatra Harrowsby was duly begun. She took music lessons, and lessons in painting, and lessons in crewel work, and crochet, and ribbon embroidery. She did not take kindly to the unusual tasks. Her fingers were skillful enough in caring for turkey chicks, or feeding the young calves, or dosing a sick colt, or handling the reins from the seat of a barrow, or even when gripped confidently around a plow handle. The black and white keys on the organ board bore too strong a family likeness to be promptly identified, and the needle became an instrument by which self-torture was involuntarily and frequently administered. Nevertheless, the result of her labors in the field of art became gradually apparent. Pictures were hung upon the walls—painted in six-inch gold frames. Pictures and snow shovels also appeared, and trays and rolling pins tied up by the handles with blue ribbons and gilded piepans, and triangular satin banners, on which flouted such flowers as never saw the sun of heaven shine. Mrs. Maltby—the name of Harrowsby's widowed niece was Mrs. Maltby—looked on with satisfaction as the collection increased, and Jack himself used to make an excuse to take his particular friends through the sacred room of state and seclusion.

"Cleo did them," he'd say airily, with a wave of his pipe. "She painted all of them—hand-painted them. Every blame one—they're all hand-painted."

"Drapes" multiplied also, strips of silk with lace sewn between, pin cushions, sofa cushions, wool mats, and various other elaborately constructed articles. One evening when the latest artistic achievement had been duly exhibited by Mrs. Maltby Frank Stanley ventured to congratulate the young person responsible.

"You're doing fine," he said. "Seems like you've learned an awful lot since she died."

"Fine!" She flared out on him, her face crimsoning. "It's rubbish—everything I try to do. I know it—you know it, too. The people who try to teach me know I'll never learn to do them things well—not if I live to be a hundred. But they get Pap's money. That's all they care about. Pap is the only one who really thinks it's fine. Do you suppose I'd keep on at it if it wasn't for him?"

A few days after that the girl saw Frank coming towards the house. A hot wind had raged that day—was still raging. Through the swirling clouds of brick-colored dust she described the colossal young figure, and the creature that only his powerful hand upon the bridle kept in check—a prancing, coal-black, beautiful creature, that swung its delicate head high, and danced sideways with many curvetings. An instant later she had flung down her colored silks, was out of the room—out of the house.

"Where did you get it—the beauty?" she cried. Her hand was stroking the horse's satiny neck, her finger tips tingling with the delight of feeling the quivering muscles grow calm beneath her touch.

"Your father's bought it. I'm going to take it out to the farm to-morrow to break it in. It's never had a saddle on."

"O!" said Cleo. Her gray eyes were shining, and she breathed more quickly. Then, "Did pap get off to that auction?" she asked.

"Yes. He won't be back till to-morrow night. He don't need to hold auctions. He's too well off. He's most too old for the work anyhow. But he hates to give up. Everybody expects him, and he likes meeting his old friends."

She started. "You were saying—yes," she murmured absently. Her hand fell from the horse's neck. She moved away towards the house.

The next day she was not at home for her music lesson, nor for her painting lesson, nor yet for her rick-rack lesson. The old mare, Molly, was gone from the barn, and so was the black horse. When Frank found her that noon she was riding the black horse homeward in leisurely fashion. It was dripping, trembling, and flecked with patches of foam. He noticed that she was white. Even her lips were white. But her eyes shone triumphantly.

"We had a grand time," she cried. "A lovely time! It took four hours' hard work, but I broke him. He's as tame as a old Molly now. O, it was splendid, but—but—" she lurches a little in the saddle. Frank sprang down—put his arm around her. "I think he—he broke my arm about—an hour ago. He threw me, and fell against—"

"Cleo, my dear—my girl—"

Dr. Eldridge was cutting the sleeve from her arm when she regained consciousness.

"A dislocated shoulder," he declared. "Bad? Yes, it's bad, because it has been so long neglected."

When Harrowsby heard the story his heart gave a queer leap of exultation, but his expression was one of dismay. He could hardly reconcile with the opinions which had been forced upon him that breaking wild horses and having your arm jerked out in the accomplishment of this gentle pastime was quite the most approved manner of becoming an ornament to society. So, when Cleo was well enough to resume her interrupted career of culture he betook himself one evening to the abode of Mrs. McLelland, and to that wise and outspoken matron gravely stated his doubts and the difficulty of his position.

"Do?" echoed Mrs. McLelland, "you'll send her to a convent—that's what you'll do. I sent my daughter to a convent—the only daughter I ever had—Eliza Louise. Do you know what they done with her? They transmogrified her. They made a lady of her—yes, sir, a real lady."

So to a convent—a convent over in Kansas—Cleopatra Harrowsby was duly dispatched. Letters came from her at intervals. These letters Harrowsby showed to every one in town. The writing was laboriously symmetrical, and wherever a word had been misspelled it had been carefully scratched out and in which no orthographical error could be detected duly substituted. They were the mildest kind of letters—the most irreproachable and dutiful of letters. Harrowsby thought of Mrs. McLelland with a glow of gratitude warming his breast. One month passed—two. There was to be a cattle fair of importance in Kansas. Harrowsby had injured his hand in the door of a stock car, so sent Frank Stanley in his place. It was only the matter of a little horseback ride of twenty miles out of his way for Stanley to go to see Cleo. He went. That young lady, rushing into the reception room, flung herself into his arms in a paroxysm of homesickness broken loose—gone mad.

"O, Frank, I can't stand it. Take me away. The letters? You thought of course you did. That was all for pap. Unkind? Dear, no. They are kind enough—but they don't understand. The barred doors, and the time to walk out, and the time to stay in, and the time to say your prayers—why, I get wild!—wild! I want the old farm—the good times we had there before we came to live in town. And the dogs—the dear dogs! And the riding—and the corn shucking—and the creek! O, I want the creek! The oak tree with the seat—you put the seat up there for me, Frank! And the berrying—and the nutting—and the wading when your feet were hot and the water was cool—O, I can't stay here! Not if I was to be ever such an ornament to society—I can't—I can't!"

Just then the Superior came in. Her gentle counsel, combined with Frank's friendly advice, prevailed. At least it seemed to prevail, but when, two days later, Frank got home from the cattle fair, he found the daughter of his best cuddling a young litter of puppies in the barn.

"The darlings!" she cried. "No—pap doesn't mind now. He did at first. He's bought a new farm at Guide Rock, and he's so much interested in it he doesn't mind much that I ran away."

Harrowsby was interested in his new farm—so much so, indeed, that he went up there more frequently than one versed in farm lore would consider necessary, considering that he looked upon his tenant as competent and trustworthy. At home affairs went rather more happily than they had done since the morning of the funeral of the mistress of the house a year and a half before. Mrs. Maltby had gone on a visit to relatives in the East. Frank's time was taken up on the farm, and he seldom came to town. Cleo made friends among the young people, lived almost all her waking hours in the open air, and left the drudgery of the household to the maid who was paid to attend to it.

"How pretty Cleo Harrowsby is growing!" people in Bubble began to growl! Remarks were current, too, as to how she would endure a stepmother. For it was hinted that Jack Harrowsby's frequent visits to Guide Rock were not wholly in the interest of his new farm. They said his tenant had an attractive sister. They said Cleo

would do well to take the hardware man or the new doctor, both of whom were her ardent admirers. They said Cleo wouldn't stand out of the way for any woman, and they said—indeed, they said a great deal.

Harrowsby, coming in from the West on the train one evening, found quite a number of his old comrades at the depot. There was going to be a turkey raffle at the saloon. They wanted him to preside. They'd have a drink first—two or three drinks—and a bite of supper in the restaurant—some oysters, say, and then the fun would begin. But Harrowsby jostled his way through their ranks.

"Not to-night, boys. Important business on hand. Got to git home. One drink—haven't time. 'Pon my word, boys—got to go!"

And he strode up the town to his home, and into the sitting room where the table was set for supper and a wood fire burned in the cylindrical sheet-iron stove.

"Cleo."

She came running to him, pushed him into a chair, tossed his valise in the corner and his hat after it.

"Cleo," he choked a little and then coughed. "I've got something to tell."

"So've I, pap."

"You first, then."

"No." She sat down on his knee. "You first. Go on."

"Cleo, you know my tenant up to Guide Rock? Yes, well, he's got the nicest sister you ever seen. She ain't overly young—not young enough to be silly. She's maybe 35. We'll say 35."

"Yes, pap. Go on."

"She ain't ever worked reel hard. She's had all the heavy work done for her. So she's kept that cheerful an' rosy—it would beat you! She's easy on her—they like her too well. She ain't reel strong on foreign missions, but the minister he told me she was the best home missionary he ever knowned. She sings, an' as for playin'—well, I never heard the like except when I was to a show once. An' the cookin'—my! You know your ma didn't go much on cookin'—jest plain fried pork, an' coffee, an' now an' then plum sass or crullers she 'lowed was good enough for plain folks—with bread an' potatoes thrown in, of course—of course! But the things Esther makes an' n' jest milk an' eggs an' sech common truck—'twould astonish you, Cleo."

"Yes, pap."

"An' when it comes to dressin', she alius looks so trim. Don't seem to think any old thing is good enough to wear around to home like your—like some folks does. Bottom gowns that's right pretty, an' when she goes out the kind of style a man likes to see when he's goin' along, an' knows she'll be pined out as his wife—got the feelin' besides that she kin afford it. She's kind, too—kin an' lovin'."

"Yes, pap."

There was silence in the dim room.

"That's—I reckon that's all, Cleo."

"All?" She leaned forward and swung open the door at the end of the wood stove. A flare of light fell full upon his face. "Is it all, pap?"

"Well, all except that I thought some—in face, I was figurin'—to be square—we was alius square with each other, Cleo—I calculated—that I'd—you ain't got no objection, have you, Cleo?—that I'd—I'd marry her."

The logs crackled merrily by way of comment. Their sweet, summertime smell, silence, and frelight filled the room.

"Dear—dear me, no!" She took his handsome old head between her hands and kissed him. "And when will you be married?"

"I was thinkin' some of a month from now, Cleo."

"Dear—dear!" she said again. "And it's just three days since I was married."

"Cleo!" he sprang to his feet.

"Yes. Esther wrote me about her engagement to you. She thought she could break it better to me. I told Frank, and—well, we were waiting until you should be at home, but he said—I said—we thought—"

"By—thunder! Well, he's a good fellow—but they tell me you could have had the hardware man or the doctor, Cleo. But if you're happy—"

She kissed him again.

"I'll give Frank the farm, an' half the hogs—an' them hundred young steers. Are you sure you're willin' to go back on the farm, Cleo?"

"I'm glad! I've ached for the farm, pap."

"But after all you learned! An' now you won't ever be—"

She put her hand over his mouth and laughed.

"Never—never!" she said.—Chicago Tribune.

HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT

How to Economize with Eggs.

Left-over yolks of eggs if put at once into a tumbler of cold water will keep fresh and soft for several days. If dropped into a cup and covered the yolks would be unfit for use the second day. The left-over white of eggs may be made into macaroons, kisses, or used for meringues. The whites of two eggs with a quarter of a pound of sugar and the same quantity of almond paste will make two dozen macaroons. Where hard-boiled yolks are wanted it is much better to break the eggs, separate carefully the yolks from the whites and drop the yolks into water that is boiling hot; cook slowly for twenty minutes. In this way you save the whites for another purpose.—Mrs. S. T. Rorer in the Ladies' Home Journal.

Testing Soap.

It is said that nearly all of the impure soap is bought by women with whom the delicacy of the perfume and the attractiveness of the box and wrapper go a long way. Highly scented soap is far more likely to be impure than the unscented variety, for reasons which may be easily comprehended. The presence of too much lye in soap can be discovered by merely touching it with the tip of the tongue. If a biting sensation results, the soap will be injurious to the skin, if used. It is always a saving to buy soap in large quantities both for toilet and laundry use. If in bars, the soap should be cut while fresh with a string.

Creamed Sweet Potatoes.

Ingredients: One pint of milk, eight medium-sized cooked sweet potatoes, butter the size of an egg, salt and pepper to season, and flour to thicken. Make a cream sauce by heating the milk in a double boiler, thickening with flour and adding the butter and seasoning. Cut the sweet potatoes into small dice, put them in the sauce and let the whole cook for ten minutes. If liked, sprinkle chopped parsley over the top when serving. Another way of cooking sweet potatoes is to place them in the pan around a roast, and let them cook with the meat. They should be frequently basted with the dripping.

Griddle Cakes.

To each cupful of buttermilk add one tablespoonful of shortening, a little salt, a small half-teaspoonful of soda, one egg to each two cupfuls of milk, and flour, entire wheat flour (or equal parts of both), Indian meal and flour in equal proportion, to make a batter that can easily be spread on a well-greased griddle. Do not turn until the cakes are nearly done. Indian griddle cakes are luscious served with cream and sugar. Some use one cupful of milk, one cupful of flour, one egg, etc. Very good for cream toast if any cold flour or Indian cakes are left. Heat and put into cold cream.

Scalloped Oysters and Veal.

Take one cupful of cooked veal, free from bone and gristle, and chop with one cupful of raw oysters—not too fine. Grate over the meat a little nutmeg and add a little celery salt. Put a layer in an earthen dish, then a layer of crushed crackers. Moisten with oyster broth and water, milk, or gravy in which is a beaten egg. Dot with bits of butter. Then the meat and crackers, as before. Salt, if needed. Moisten with more of the liquor, dot with butter. Bake from thirty to forty-five minutes.

Farina Cups.

Make a syrup of one pint orange juice, two cups sugar, one cup water, rind of one-half an orange, juice of one lemon, and sufficient liquid to make one quart of whole. Bring to a boil, and add gradually one cup farina. Cook for ten minutes, stirring constantly. Fill cups or punch glasses previously wet with cold water. When hardened and ready to serve turn out, and garnish with whipped cream and fruit. Strawberries, cut peaches or almost any fruit may be used.

Snow Pudding.

Dissolve half a box of gelatine in one pint cold water; when soft add one pint boiling water, the juice and grated rind of two lemons, and two and one-half cups sugar. Let it stand until it is cold and begins to stiffen. Then whip in the well-beaten whites of five eggs. Pour into wet moulds and place on ice. Serve with soft sauce made of one pint milk, yolks of three eggs and half a cup of sugar. Flavor with vanilla.

Macaroni Creamed.

Break twelve sticks of macaroni into one-inch lengths and boil in one quart salted water twenty minutes. Turn into a colander and drain. Make a cream of one tablespoon each of butter and flour rubbed smooth and added to one and a half cups of hot milk. When thickened, season and return macaroni to heat. A little grated cheese may be added just before serving.

Coddled Eggs.

Have a saucepan nearly full of boiling water, drop in the eggs carefully, cover, set back where the water cannot boil, and cook six, eight or ten minutes, according to the size and freshness of the eggs. A fresh egg, full to the shell of albumen, requires more time than an older egg that has lost something by evaporation.

SOME WONDERFUL CROPS IN WESTERN CANADA.

The Territorial Government Reports Show Results Beyond Belief. Regina, Assiniboia, Canada, January 10.—At the Agricultural Statistics branch of the Department of Agriculture for the Territories, reports are now being received from grain threshers throughout the Territories for statistical purposes. The reports are somewhat delayed this year, owing to the extensive crop and the delay in getting it threshed. The Department of Agriculture is leading the way in a new departure in regard to the collection of crop statistics. In the older provinces, crop estimates are based entirely on the opinion of persons interested in the grain business who ought to be, and no doubt are, well posted upon the probable yields. Still the reports are simply a matter of opinion, in which a mistake may easily be made. The Territorial Department, however, has adopted the system of returns of crops actually threshed, upon which to base their reports. The accuracy of these reports cannot, therefore, be gainsaid, for they represent a compilation of actual threshing results. In this connection, it might be mentioned that the department is organizing a system of growing crop returns, which will be in operation next summer. The information thus obtained, with estimated acreage, will be available for business men, banks, railway companies, and other interests which have to discount the future in making provision for the conduct of their business.

The crop reports already to hand show some remarkable cases of abnormal development. In the Regina district, many returns are given of crops of wheat running from forty to forty-five bushels to the acre.

J. A. Snell, of Yorkton, threshed 25,000 bushels of oats from 250 acres, an average of 63 bushels per acre for a large acreage.

W. R. Motherwell, of Abernethy, threshed 2,650 bushels of wheat from a 50-acre field, an average of 53 bushels per acre.

In the Edmonton District, T. E. Hutchings threshed 728 bushels of wheat from a 10-acre plot, an average of nearly 73 bushels per acre.

S. Norman threshed 6,950 bushels of oats from 60 acres of land, an average of 116 bushels per acre.

The publication of the actual yields of grain threshed will likely open the eyes of the people to the great capabilities of the Western Canadian prairies.

N. S. According to Program.

At Pievna, Kan., a "joint" keeper ordered the Rev. W. H. Houston in the postoffice and informed the reverend gentleman that he must take a ticket on account of a temperance sermon which he had preached the day before. "All right," responded the pastor, cheerfully; and two minutes later the friends of the "joint" keeper were taking him down to the butcher shop for the application of a steak to a pair of beautiful black eyes.

G & J Bicycle Tires

You Judge the worth of a tire by its speed, good wearing qualities and ease of repair.

G & J TIRES are made from the best materials and are light enough to run fast, strong enough to be durable, and may run long, thus insuring comfort and safety.

Write for catalogue or by mail, G & J TIRE CO., Indianapolis, Ind. Also makers of G & J Tires for Motorcycles, Carriages and Automobiles.

GOOD WEATHER FOR DUCKS

IS GOOD WEATHER FOR YOU IF YOU WEAR THE GENUINE TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER

WET WEATHER PROTECTION IS GUARANTEED UNDER THIS TRADE MARK. OUR FULL LINE OF WATERPROOF CLOTHING IS SOLD BY REPRESENTATIVE TRADE EVERYWHERE.

A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS.

LIBBY Luncheons

We want the product in buying cans. Turn a key and we find the most easily as it is. We put them up in this way.

Potted Ham, Beef and Tongue, Ox Tongue (whole), Veal Loaf, Baked Ham, Baked Beef, Sliced Smoked Beef.

All Natural Flavor Soak, Palatable and Wholesome. Your grocer should have them.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

How to MARK Good "Tinned" Ham? We'll send free if you ask us.