

REAL HOMESPUN

YES, Nettie, it has come to this, bread and butter is a scarce commodity in our house. Here we are, three of us, and with reasonably good appetites. Herbie is too small to earn anything, and you are at present too frail to do much, my plaques and hand-painted pin-cushions don't sell, no one wants my worsted work, I'm not educated up to any of the professions, and can make no practical use of my piano playing. I am loathe to tell it, dear, but we are sadly in need of daily bread. What can we do? And Eleanor Wray went to the low couch where her invalid sister lay, and tenderly smoothed the brown hair, then bent to kiss the quivering lips.

"Is it so bad as that, Eleanor? I knew papa did not leave us much money, but had no idea—"

"That we were so poor. We have this little house and the grounds, and have no debts, and have many comforts in the house. I have thought carefully over it all and mean to lay aside fancy work, plaque painting, and the so-called genteel ways of earning a livelihood and try real work."

"Oh, Eleanor, you are not fitted for it. Don't you think that Charlie Leigh had serious intentions of—"

ventured Nettie, looking timidly toward her stronger and somewhat willful sister, not at all certain of the reception of her suggestion.

"Asking me to be his wife? No, little sister. Charlie was a pleasant escort and I think liked me, but as to serious intentions, my dear, they did not exist, save in your lively imagination. I'm not sure that I am ready for the Prince's coming, if I am all of 20 and not married and minus a lover, and now for my plans."

"I am going to open a bakery, real homespun everything shall be, and for you I'll have a mending department. Now do not discourage me, Nettie, I know the idea is neither new nor a brilliant one, that this is a country town, and all good housewives do their own baking and mending. We are going to give them a chance to get it done. My bread and cake shall be so light and sweet, that they will patronize the Real Homespun bakery in spite of old customs."

"What will you mend?"

"Lace curtains, collars, handkerchiefs, fine table linen, every valuable article that needs a few stitches, that none but a real lady and skilled fingers can give."

"I hope you will succeed, Eleanor, but—"

"Didn't I tell you that I wanted your help and counsel? I am going to begin my show window now."

Bilthely, Eleanor sang at her work of resurrecting from the wood-house an old flower-stand, with broad shelves. "Just the thing," and very nicely they looked after being cleaned and stained a dark brown.

Eleanor was not used to rough work. Dr. Wray had brought up his two motherless girls tenderly, "spoiled them," so the gossips said, and when he died poor, there was a general headshaking, and "I told you so, those extravagant girls have ruined him," among the good people of Troy.

The shelves were fitted to the front window, the panes were polished crystal clear, and charmingly decorated with wheat ears, vines, feathery grasses and evergreens.

"To-morrow I'll make my sign, and then I'll bake up things. What a mercy it is, that I have always liked to bake, and was not old Kathleen a dear to teach me how to concoct so many old-fashioned things. Let me reckon up my capital, not much money, Nettie, and it remains to be seen whether I have energy or brains."

Three hours Eleanor spent upon her sign, a background of dark-green moss, "Real Homespun" lettered in German text, materials delicate grasses crystallized in alum, the effect pretty and graceful, the sign broad crescent shaped and wreathed in holly leaves and berries, made a novel and attractive "shingle," as Eleanor called it.

At any rate it will contrive to tell the public "that bread and buns are sold within, and now for my baking."

Nearly all her scanty means was invested in flour, molasses, sugar and materials needed. An afternoon's hard work, and her "stock" was ready. "This very night I'll put up my shingle and arrange my wares. Won't there be some dazzled eyes in the morning? Just think what the stately Misses Wray have come to," mimicked Eleanor as she laughed a little hysterically, or so it sounded to Nettie.

A large wooden bread tray wreathed in ground pine, filled with crisp ginger-snaps reposing upon snowy napkins, had the center and most honored place, upon each side pretty china fruit dishes of lady's fingers sat. A great blue china platter that had held for generations past the Wray's Thanksgiving turkey held the "twisters," as Eleanor called them, while squares of ginger-bread in china plates were placed promiscuously. "The buns and cream biscuit must be fresh and good in to-morrow morning. Now for my shingle," and she fastened it securely.

"It looks little and mean, and our young friends will laugh, and likely cut our acquaintance, but, really, Nettie, is was the only thing I could think of."

The first customer was Lawyer Carr, a bachelor, and said to be a little near in his business. "Let me have some of that ginger-bread, please, and cream biscuits. It's decidedly more attract-

ive than those my landlady serves me."

No one came all the afternoon. Eleanor was forced to hear jests at her expense by some gay young friends, and her old escort, Charlie Leigh, passed with Bessie Carr, a pretty blonde, not noted for her intellect, but she was rich or her parents were, and Charlie was one of her admirers. It was hard for the refined, high-spirited girl to sit there, a bread and cake vender, to be laughed at and scorned by those who had in palmy days courted her society.

"Jamie" Brown's sharp eyes were taking in the town, and the new "bake shop" caught his fancy. He had not had a good dinner, "mother" had an acute attack of neuralgia, and he wasn't at all sure of a good supper. When he looked in the kitchen there sat Mrs. Brown swathed in shawls, and full of twinges of pain.

"Jamie, you an' yer pap'll hev to do the best you can for supper, I've took bad again, with the pain."

"Can't I go to the new bakeshop of Miss Wray and get somethin'?"

"The bake shop, Miss Eleanor Wray do you mean?" asked Mrs. Brown, so much surprised as to almost forget the twinge.

"Yes, Miss Wray. Gim'me some money an' let me get bread an' cake."

Jamie was a liberal buyer, his father like most blacksmiths possessed a good, healthy appetite, and whoever knew the small boy to not be hungry? "Proper good bread this, but it beats my shop," said the still dazed Mrs. Brown.

Slowly the sales increased. Real Homespun bread, cake and tarts were becoming popular, and orders were coming to the mending department, and Nettie had more than she could do, also took pupils in Kensington work. Together, the sisters earned bread and butter for themselves and Herbie, and often had jam with it, but expenses were a great deal, and the baking days were wearing Eleanor's strength away.

She procured a strong girl to assist her, which lightened the toil very much, yet 'twas hard for her.

Charlie Leigh's mother was to give a dinner party, and sighed for trained help. "Why not send for Eleanor Wray and order the dinner, at least part of it, from her. She gives excellent satisfaction in her line, and Real Homespun edibles are very popular now," said a friend.

"If it was not that old affair with Charles, I should not hesitate to ask her to do it, but a girl like Eleanor Wray—"

"Nonsense!" She advertises her wares and of course does not think of Charles now. Is he engaged to Bessie?

"Yes, and we are delighted; it's on her account we are having this dinner party. I want it especially nice. I believe I will write to Eleanor," and the note was written and dispatched.

"Will I go, Nettie? Of course I shall, and mean to decorate the table in my best style, and get up the dinner in Real Homespun style, with a little modern dash about it."

"But they say it is given in honor of Charlie's engagement to Bessie Carr. It is an insult to ask it of you," said Nettie indignantly.

"Never mind, dear, let's not think any more about it," replied Eleanor, feigning a coolness and indifference she did not feel.

Carte blanche was given her, no expense was to be spared, and for days Eleanor with her assistants were busy preparing for the Leigh dinner.

The eventful day came, and Eleanor went on with her work mechanically. In the parlor was Bessie Carr, the petted and honored guest, the silvery laugh rang out merrily. Eleanor shivered when she thought of her own position, a common servant, when only a short time since Charlie Leigh had almost made her believe (not by words) that the Leigh home was not complete without her. How soon he had forgotten her, and for Bessie Carr.

Bravely she performed her task, listened to Mrs. Leigh's praises of her skill and thanks for the "great favor," received the money due her, and went home. Bessie's laughter and the tinkling of the piano, all was painful to her and she was glad to leave it behind her.

"Here it is, my wages," said Eleanor as she tossed the crisp bills into Nettie's lap, a curious, burning sensation in her eyelids, and a feverish glow upon each cheek.

"It has been too much for you, dear," said Nettie with tender solicitude.

"No, it has not, and let me tell you about it. The dinner was a success, everybody smiling and charming. Charlie was his usual debonaire self, papa and mamma Leigh were beaming, while I, the caterer, and—"

"Eleanor, you are not well, you must rest."

"Yes, I will, Nettie. I can afford to shut up shop a few hours now," and she left Nettie alone.

"Poor Eleanor, it was hard for her. I do believe that she cared for Charlie Leigh, in spite of her light-hearted appearances."

If Eleanor had suffered through the night no traces were left next morning, she was as tender toward the frail sister and little brother, and sang almost gleefully at her work.

The "Real Homespun" bakery

boasts of a more splendid appearance now. Eleanor, a stately looking woman, yet sends out her buns and tarts. The mending department does not flourish, as Eleanor will not allow Nettie to exert her feeble strength in such work. "Herbie," a pale, intellectual, studious lad, is the pride of both hearts.

The poor little crescent "sign" gave place to a masterpiece of a needy but talented artist, while the plate glass windows display choice wedgewood ware, and willow patterned plates hold "twisters" much like those of old, and still retain the nutty flavor that made them so popular with the small boy and boys of larger growth who thought they "tasted just like those grandmother used to make." Prosperous days have come to Eleanor, and happy ones, too. A busy life and well spent one thus far has been Eleanor Wray's.—The Housewife.

JAMES J. HILL'S TWO SONS.

They Take to Their Father's Line of Business with Ease.

The two sons of J. J. Hill, "Jim" and "Lou," have knuckled down to work since their days in Yale, and their father is proud of their records as railroad men in the ten years since he set their respective noses to the grindstone. Both have risen to responsible positions in the Great Northern system, and have shown themselves worthy of their responsibilities without what they used to call the "old man's pull."

Young "Jim" Hill made his first hit as a possible railroad magnate when he was in college. In those salad days he was not a hard student, and had several painful interviews with an unsympathetic faculty at times. It does no harm in the light of his success to record that a warning or two were sent to the president of the Great Northern system, to the effect that more studious application was necessary on the part of the undergraduate in question or his college career might be frosted. Summer vacation was near at hand, and young "Jim" Hill did not view with enthusiasm his probable reception at home. His father had taken the question too seriously for comfort, and had threatened a disastrous embargo on the vacation budget of expenses.

A master stroke averted the crisis. A thesis was due in the Sheffield Scientific school course, and one of the list of topics offered was "The Effect of Transportation Systems on the Growth of Cities." Young "Jim" Hill announced, "Here is where I save my life." He forsook his cheerful haunts for the university library. He dug out statistics by the car load, and sought chiefly information about the great Northwest. He compiled and condensed, and clipped and copied, and sweated, until the result was a thesis that showed in at least a dozen different conclusive ways that the safety of the solar system depended on railway development, and that the Northwest, of all other parts of the inhabited globe, had been developed by railroads, and the Great Northern system in particular.

The thesis passed the faculty with flying colors, and was then carefully forwarded by registered mail, well ahead of the home-coming of the author. J. J. Hill was delighted. He slew the fatted calf and when "Young Jim" returned to New Haven in the fall he announced that he had had the summer of his life, and a chartered yacht as a token of parental esteem.

"It was the hit of my life," said he. "Dad has me figured out as the wisest material for a railroad man that ever came down the track. 'Transportation and the Growth of Cities,' well, I guess. Couldn't have landed harder if I had studied every day since I was a freshman."

Not long ago a classmate of the Hill boys asked their father while in New York how they were getting along.

"You ought to see them," said President Hill, with a chuckle. "Why, Jim and Lou are regular little old men these days."—New York Mail and Express.

His Style of Haircut.

An elderly and rather irritable gentleman entered a barber's parlor to have his hair trimmed. All the seats were occupied. He was about to leave when a voluble operator persuasively remarked: "Ready in a minute, sir."

Reassured, the customer sat down, picked up a paper, and absently began to peruse it. Meanwhile the barber exhibited an extraordinary loquaciousness, discussing the merits of race horses, the possibilities at Saratoga, and various other subjects. Finally he invitingly offered the vacated chair to the old gentleman.

"How would you like your hair cut?" the barber inquired.

"In perfect silence, please," was the curt and ironical reply.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Deceived.

Ethel—You say Algy has been heartlessly deceived by a young woman. Did she lead him on to think that she loved him?

May—Oh, no. She led him on to believe that she didn't care a rap for him, and then when he carelessly proposed accepted him on the spot.

Really Looking for Work.

Gritty George—Lady, I hear dat yet cuckoo clock is out of order.

The Lady—What of that?

Gritty George—Well, I just want to say dat I'll sit around an' do de cuckoo in every hour fer me board and lodgin'. I'm always willin' to work.—Philadelphia Press.

Conscientious reformers finally come to the conclusion that reform is impossible.

Help is often only another name for interference.

LITERARY LITTLE BITS

Dr. Lyman Abbott is now at work on a biography of Henry Ward Beecher.

Thin paper editions of standard works, bound in limp leather, are growing in favor with English publishers.

The Lothrop Publishing Company issues Irving Bachelier's third novel, "Darrel of the Blessed Isles." It deals with life in the north—before the war.

S. R. Crockett's latest story, "Strong Mac," is a tale of life on the moors of Scotland, with a later shifting of scene to Spain during the peninsula war.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have just published the new book on "Italy and the Italians," by Edward Hutton, whose "studies in the Lives of the Saluts" has already made favorable comment.

The Scribners announce a novel by Frances Powell entitled "The House on the Hudson." This maiden work of a new writer is described as "blending the characteristics of a detective story with those of a passionate and forceful drama of love."

Mary Catherine Crowley, the author of "The Heroine of the Strait," a romance of Detroit in the time of Pontiac, has written another novel with its scenes laid in that interesting section, but with the war of 1812 for the historical background.

Richard G. Badger will issue the only adequate rendering obtainable of "Tannhauser," the romance upon which Wagner's most famous opera is based. It being translated in a bold and spirited manner from the original German by Charles G. Kendall.

Miss Ottilie Liljencrantz, the author of "The Thrill of Lief the Lucky," has written another historical novel. This time she has chosen the period of the Danish conquest of Britain for her theme and has decided to call the tale "The Ward of King Canute." It will be published at an early date by A. C. McClurg & Co.

McClure, Phillips & Co. announce "The Blue Goose," by Frank I. Nason, author of "To the End of the Trail." It is a story of mines and miners in the gold regions of the Rockies. Since Bret Harte wrote of the "Forty-Niners" in California and along the transcontinental trail the mining world has completely changed.

It will probably be a surprise to many to be told that Joseph Conrad, the author of "Youth," is not writing in his native tongue when he writes in English. Mr. Conrad is, it seems, a Pole, and was born in a southern province of Poland. His father was a noted critic and poet, who edited a patriotic review at Warsaw.

"Ronald Carnaqua, a Commercial Clergyman," a novel on the press for early issue by the Macmillan Company, will find many readers. The never-failing humor and pathos of a pastor's relations with his congregation, his trustees and some of the women of his flock have been skillfully handled by the author, Bradley Gilman.

For the last twenty years hardly a spring has gone by that has not welcomed a new volume of short stories from the pen of Bret Harte. His death last May brought many expressions of regret that this annual contribution to good fiction could no longer go on. Mr. Harte's literary executors have found, however, that he left material ready for one more book, which will be published under the title of "Trent's Trust." It contains seven stories, in which some of the favorite characters have one more word to say.

Birds and Commerce.

The fact that the government of India has just decided that no more bird skins and plumage shall be exported gives satisfaction to bird-lovers everywhere. The reason given for the government's decision is that, owing to the wholesale destruction of birds, destructive insects have it all their own way, and crops in India have suffered alarmingly from this cause.

The feather trade is an important part of the commerce of London, as any one who has seen the London and India Docks warehouse during a feather sale can realize. The supply from India alone is enormous.

Picture veritable mountains of the feathers of the green parrot, which is a favorite with the plumassier on account of its adaptability. Green, shimmering hills of millions of feathers that not long ago were the proud possession of the gleaming denizens of the Indian woodlands, and through the glorious green a shimmer of scarlet, that beautiful red which, for a brilliance, is not surpassed anywhere in nature.

The effect of stopping this trade means greater prosperity for the ostrich farmers in South Africa, and possible legislative action as to the destruction of birds in the south of Europe.

The Real Catastrophe.

"My dear!" said a frightened husband in the middle of the night, shaking his wife, "where did you put that bottle of strychnine?"

"On the shelf next to the peppermint."

"Oh, Lord!" he groaned, "I've swallowed it!"

"Well, for goodness sake," whispered his wife, "keep quiet or you'll wake the baby."—Philadelphia Ledger.

If a woman makes really good bread, she should keep the fact a secret, or the other women will hate her.

WOMEN

Womanly Women.

Even the frivolous, trivial, cheerful, good-hearted and almost "extinguished" woman is more in her sphere than the loud, bumptious, virile woman whose theories attempt to divert woman from the path of peace and devotion which was traced out for her by Providence.

I readily admit that women are valiant, gifted with prodigious energy, that their power of endurance is greater than ours, that they know how to die quite as courageously as men, if not more so.

In the time of the Christian martyrs they encouraged men to come with them to the lions; in the Reign of Terror they ascended the steps of the guillotine with a firm step and even begged to be beheaded when their husbands, lovers or brothers were condemned. Not only do they know how to suffer patiently, but they know how to help men to suffer.

Yet, see what a strange creature man is. I rather like a woman who is timid; I love the one who, in a cab, takes hold of my arm as if to seek my protection in case the horse ran away or the carriage met with an accident.

Indeed, I feel quite grateful to her for the little compliment she pays me in taking it for granted that I should be able to protect her in danger; it is a little passive homage rendered by one sex to the superiority of the other. It is true that this superiority only exists in convention and brutal force; but the world is governed by convention and brutal force.

I would have no need of a wife who spent her life in advising and criticizing me, one who would deign to answer me after she had answered everybody else. I may be peculiarly constituted, yet I believe that many men are likewise constituted. I am aware that I am not capable of much; but the little I can do I produce under the influence of praise and admiration. A woman who looked up to me would make me produce something; the woman who patronized me would extinguish me on the spot.

I love the woman who is smaller than I and who can rest her head on my shoulder. I should not care for one on whose shoulder I could put my head without bending my legs. The sympathetic, womanly woman appeals to me.

Provided she is pretty and cheerful, and her heart is in the right place, though she may be unable to discourse on "Evolution," or solve problems of analytical geometry, spheric trigonometry and celestial mechanics, she is good enough for me. Man lives by his head; but woman lives by her heart.

I forget who said that there are only two kinds of women whom men care to associate with—those who are sympathetic and those who are brilliant. Yes, but with this difference: you can endure the presence of the latter for a couple of hours; you can enjoy the company of the former forever and ever.—Exchange.

Health and Beauty.

A good way to purify the air of a sick room in rainy weather is to pour a little oil of lavender into a cup of steaming hot water. This will also purify dining room and halls of disagreeable cooking odors.

Grapes are said to be perhaps the most digestible of any of the fruits. The tonic qualities of unfermented grape juice are well known. Grapes as an article of diet, with only a little dry bread by way of a "filler," are said to work wonders for thin, anemic people whose digestions are out of order through worry or overwork.

A Turkish medical savant has discovered a new remedy for all diseases. He got his idea from the fact that if a person is very tired and changes his clothes he is refreshed. Following this up, he has worked out a beautiful theory by which you can get rid of any illness by frequent changes of clothes of special make adapted for each illness.

A hair wash for those people who easily catch cold is made by taking 5 cents' worth each of camphor and borax (both should be powdered) and pouring over them a pint of boiling water. Let this stand till cold, and then bottle. When washing the hair add a tablespoonful of this to the warm water. It is a very cleansing compound, and the camphor it contains prevents any chill being felt.

A simple gargle for a sore throat may be made by adding fifteen drops of refined carbolic acid to a quart of water. Remember to shake thoroughly before using, otherwise it will be useless, and gargle four or five times a day. In case of swollen tonsils, a teaspoonful of powdered tannin dissolved in a tumbler of water forms an excellent gargle, which should be used every two hours. A gargle of permanganate of potash, not too strong, is also excellent for use in cases of mild sore throat.

Dainty Scarfs.

The prettiest and daintiest of dressers scarfs are made of white organdy. Cut the center a little smaller than the top of the dresser, edge it with a ruffle of the organdy about three inches deep, edging the ruffle with narrow lace; sew heading over the seam and run baby ribbon the color of the room through the heading. Make an underlining, the same color of the ribbon, of lawn or any fine plain material. These covers have only one drawback, they cannot be laundered, unless a very fine quality of organdy is used. Dotted swiss also makes a very pretty cover and can be washed. Made in the same way as the organdy cover they add much to its daintiness and bring pleasure.

Didn't Know Which.

Mrs. Nextdoor—Your daughter has improved wonderfully in her piano playing.

Mrs. Homer—I'm glad to hear you say so—if you are really sincere.

Mrs. Nextdoor—Why, what do you mean?

Mrs. Homer—Well, you see, we didn't know whether she was improving, or whether we were getting used to it.—Chicago Daily News.

Old papers for sale at this office.

