

HARRY'S MAJORITY

THAT most delightful companion of summer days—the sun—was shining brilliantly through the open window into a charmingly appointed dining room one bright June morning. Breakfast was laid for three. At the head of the table sat Miss Priscilla Payne, a sweet-gray-haired woman, with what is termed a "good" face, though lined with care and trouble. Yes; the bowl of happiness was low when her share was ladled out. There was a gentle look of resignation in her face, which was the reflection of a brave heart. She brightened up as she heard a quick, light footstep, and her niece, Jessie Burton, a sweetly pretty girl of about 18 summers, entered the room.

"Good morning, auntie! Is Harry down?" she asked, kissing her guardian.

"No, dear; but he soon will be, I'm sure. He can only have one twenty-first birthday."

"Many letters for him?"

"A few; one is from Australia."

"Auntie," said the girl suddenly, with a tinge of lovely color flaming her cheeks, "—I have something to tell you."

"I do believe I can guess what it is, Jessie."

"O, auntie, I am sure you haven't a notion."

"My dear, your face convinces me that my conclusion is correct. Come here and let your old aunt whisper it: Harry has proposed and you have accepted him."

"How did you know?" ejaculated Jessie. "Yes, he proposed last night. Aren't you going to congratulate me?"

"Yes, yes, darling. May you be



HIS FATHER'S FIRST LETTER.

very, very happy," and she kissed her niece lovingly. "Are you quite sure, Jessie, that you love him, and that there is nothing that would prevent you from marrying?"

Jessie replied by a look that indicated such a question was entirely unnecessary.

"You know, dear, I was in love once, and some one was fond of me, but—but—things went wrong. Some day you shall hear the story, dear, then you will understand how it is I am so anxious about you. Ah, here is Harry!"

At that moment a handsome young fellow entered the room. Jessie ran and kissed him, and led him to her aunt, who was smiling through tears of happiness and sorrow because she foresaw a bitter parting with Jessie.

After oft-repeated congratulations and many happy returns, Harry was permitted to open his letters. The gist of the one from Australia ran as follows:

"My Dear Son: I trust you will receive this on the day you attain your majority. Now that you have arrived at an age of discretion, I wish you to know as much of my history as is necessary. . . . Pray, my dear son, do not think hardly of me. . . . All I have done I have done for the best. . . . I have instructed that good man, the Rev. William Nayland, your guardian and counselor all these years, to tell you as much as he thinks fit. . . . He will see the lawyers for you. After to-day you will be able to draw \$1,500 a year. . . . This will continue until my death, when all I have goes to you. . . . Wishing you all happiness, my dear boy. Your most affectionate

"FATHER."

Harry read this through twice, amid a strange feeling of uneasiness and emotion. It was the first letter he had ever received from his father. He sat down, looking rather pale, crushing the letter in his hand. Was his three months of perfect happiness at this house to be marred by some horrible revelation? He trusted not.

Somehow or other he thought of James Banton, his rival.

Miss Payne had taken a great fancy to Harry when they first met, two years ago, and he had latterly been staying with her and Jessie, with the inevitable result that he fell head over ears in love with her pretty niece.

"My guardian, the Rev. William Nayland, will be calling to see me to-day," Miss Payne, he said at length, "about some business matters. And, Jessie," he broke off, "I should like to see you in the garden after breakfast."

The meal having concluded, with painful evidence that things had gone awry, Harry strolled into the garden with her.

"Darling what is it? What is the matter?" she asked gently, nestling up to him. "Something has gone wrong, and who should share your trouble with you but I?"

The doubts and perplexities which entangled his mind for a moment seemed to overwhelm him. Then, without a word, he took the girl in his strong arms and held her closely to him.

"Jessie," he began falteringly at last, "if—if—there should be anything that might come between our marriage, don't think too hardly of me. If there be a secret in my family, and I have kept it from you, believe me when I say that it was through no fault of mine. I had no intention to deceive."

"O, Harry! Harry!" sobbed Jessie, now thoroughly alarmed. "I don't know what you mean, indeed I don't," she concluded, with a flood of tears, and nothing would comfort her till she had sobbed out her heart to her aunt.

That afternoon, the Rev. William Nayland called, and was closeted with Harry for nearly an hour. Harry had the greatest admiration and affection for his guardian, who had been like a father to him for seventeen years, and had he known the painful nature of the duty which the clergyman had to perform that afternoon he would surely have made it a lighter task.

"I would first of all tell you, Harry, that I have an unbounded faith and regard in your father, who, under the most adverse circumstances, has won the esteem and respect of all with whom he has come in contact since residing in Australia. He only made one slip in his life, but it has cost him—well, God only knows what! When he left he expressed a hope to me that, if he married, I would take care of any children with whom he was blessed and bring them up in total ignorance of who their father was. This I promised to do. He married out there and you were born, but in giving birth to you your mother died. When you were 4 years old he sent you to me. When you attained your majority he instructed me to tell you the secret of his life, and begged that you would not judge him too harshly. Through hard work he has gained a substantial fortune, and from this day you will receive from the lawyers sufficient capital that will yield an income of \$1,500 a year. You will now hear—"

"Stop!" said Harry quietly, with a strange look in his face. "I cannot and will not touch one penny of my father's money. He has deceived me. He had no right to bring me up with the thought that his life had been beyond reproach. It was cruel—cruel—cruel!"

He was pacing the room now; his face was white and set.

"Jessie—the girl to whom I am engaged—what will she say? What am I to tell her?—I, who have always been taught to be truthful and open ever since I learned to speak. I have been kept in ignorance of that which I ought to have known, and what she ought to have known."

"It was done with a noble purpose, and worthy of the noble mind that entertained it," broke in his guardian quickly. "Were your fiancée to know the whole story she would revere and honor the name you bear."

"I shall hear nothing until we are married," retorted Harry, with rapidly rising anger. "Is it not enough that my—my father has killed my faith in him? Now you wish to kill her faith in me. No! no! no! I can't hear the truth," and he strode from the room.

He staggered blindly into the dining room. But he paused on the threshold. He saw Jessie standing near the window, and by her, with his hand roughly seizing hers, stood James Banton, his rival.

"Jessie, I desire an explanation," he said, quietly, but with a voice that shook with suppressed passion and jealousy.

With a startled cry the girl turned round.

"My explanation is this," put in Banton, with a sneer, "that the son of a common forger is not a suitable husband for Miss Payne's niece."

"Recall those words!" shouted Harry, "you lying scoundrel!"

"They are true," sneered Banton. "Twenty-three years ago your father forged a check, was convicted, imprisoned, and finally left for Australia, where he has since lived. If you don't believe it, I have ample proof. Go and ask the Rev. William Nayland."

"It is a lie! a lie! a lie!" thundered Harry.

"It isn't true! It isn't true!" cried Jessie, moving towards him.

The shout had brought Miss Payne and the Rev. Nayland into the room.

"You are not the son of Henry Dainling, as you think, but of James Trenton, the forger, one and the same man!"

At these statements, Miss Payne gave a strange cry. Jessie ran to her.

"Auntie, auntie, say it's not true."

Then the Rev. William Nayland stepped forward and told them a tale of how a man had fallen among evil companions, had got into debt and had forged a check; how he had once been engaged to Miss Priscilla Payne, and how he had gone to Australia to start life afresh, feeling that he was unworthy of her great love. He told them of the honored name he had won, of his hard, bitter struggle, and

of his fortune reaped by long years of toil, of his marriage to a woman who, in giving birth to Harry, had died; how the father swore that his child should never know what his father had been, so he sent him to live in America at a sacrifice that none would ever know.

"And you, James Banton," thundered the clergyman, with righteous wrath, "you, the only one in the family who knows the secret, through jealousy must use your knowledge in a base and foul way, in order to crush the love of that true, pure girl there"—pointing to Jessie—"for Harry, the son of that splendid spirit, James Trenton. I have been told of your cruel letters to James Trenton, threatening disclosures unless he sent you more money. Check after check you received—"

"It is a scandalous lie!" gasped Banton, with a livid face. "No one can gainsay it."

"Yes, I will gainsay it!" said a low, quiet voice: "I arrived from Australia last night. I am James Trenton, alias Henry Dainling."

All looked up startled. In the doorway stood an old man with bowed head. Miss Priscilla looked up.

"O, James, James!" she cried, running to him, "you come back after all these years! Thank God! Thank God!"—Chicago Tribune.

A DOG WHO TALKED.

His Eyes, His Ears, His Tail, His Mouth, All Helped.

When two years old Ben was noted for intelligence and industry. One of the herders remarked of him, one day, that he could do anything except talk. Moss became indignant.

"Anything except talk!" he retorted. "He can talk. Why, we do a lot of talking on the prairie. He talks with his eyes, with his ears, with his tail sometimes with his mouth."

The others laughed at this, but it was true. The man and the dog, in the hours of watching the sheep grazing, held lengthy conversations, Moss sitting with his back against a big gray rock, Ben with his head upon the man's knees.

"Feeling all right to-day?" Moss would ask.

"Yes!" Ben would answer. "Fine as silk."

"It's nice weather now, and the sheep are doing well."

"You bet; this weather makes a fellow feel as if he could jump out of his skin, and the sheep never did better."

"I think we'll try a new grazing ground for them soon, though. The flock needs a change."

"Yep-yap! That's a good idea. In fact, everything you say is all right. You are a great man—the greatest man in the world."

"Yonder goes a jack-rabbit, Ben, loading along. S'pose you try him a whirr."

"Not any for me. I got rid of the jack-rabbit habit when I was little."

"Down by Mustang Water-hole I saw wolf-tracks one day, Ben," said Moss in a whisper.

The muscles stiffened, the ears lifted slightly the tail became straight as an iron bar, the moist black lips curled upward, and a low, thunderous growl sounded in the dog's throat. It said as plainly as words, and more strongly: "I know about 'em. I hear 'em sometimes at night. I was afraid of 'em when I was a little chap, but I've got over that. They mean harm to our sheep and if they come around I'll nail 'em sure."

"Good boy, Ben! You're not afraid of a wolf as big as a house, and you've got more sense than the ranch-boss."

This was praise that could be answered only by a series of rapid leaps, a dozen short barks, and a tremendous scurrying round and round. Then Ben would make a complete circle of the flock, driving in the stragglers, and returning to a dignified seat on the hill, cock his eye at the sun to estimate the time of day.—St. Nicholas.

Knew What Man Can Do.

A story of James B. Eads, the engineer of the great bridge at St. Louis, points to the kind of spirit that was in him, which did far more than his technical skill to make him a great man. The story is told by Colonel Frank A. Montgomery in "Reminiscences of a Mississippian."

When Eads was presenting to the committee of the House the plans which he had devised for rendering permanent the channel of the Mississippi River, there was on the committee a man named Jones, from a mountain district in Kentucky.

This man, whose presence in Congress, not to say in this committee, was one of the many unexplained mysteries of American politics, continually interrupted Eads with foolish questions, and annoyed a man who was bent on giving to the committee the best of his knowledge.

Presently he said, "Captain Eads, do you believe it possible to control the waters of the Mississippi River so as to prevent overflows?"

Eads looked at him, a moment and then said:

"I should have great contempt for the human mind if I did not believe it could do it."

That speech had in it much of the American faith in the ability of man to do what has not been done before, a faith that in this case gave us a great work by which all the people of the Union have been benefited, for prosperity to the delta of the Mississippi has meant prosperity to many States.

No one looks well in his best clothes who shows by his manner that he remembers that he has them on.

If a girl is boy-struck, and can't help it, she shouldn't let on.

Women's Doings.

Cleaning Time.

Girl yourselves with gingham aprons, O ye women of the land;

Pin your skirts to clear your shoe tops, take the scrubbing brush in hand, Boil up alkaline infusions, turn the whole house upside down,

Slop the floors with soap and water, heedless of your husbands' frown, Yank up carpets, rugs and matting, jerk the pictures from the walls,

Have your pails of suds where we can stumble o'er them in the halls, Pile the stairs till they are worse than any Alpine steep to climb,

Have the regular old picnic incident to cleaning time.

Fill the bathtub with umbrellas, books and shoes and bric-a-brac, Heap upon the grand piano kitchen dishes in a stack,

Set the dinner on the mantel, though there's little time to eat; See that every one who enters wipes with care his muddy feet;

Keep the windows all wide open as you ply the mop and broom, Have a hot and steamy vapor permeating every room,

Swab and scrub and splash and spatter in your fight with winter grime, Revel in the moist discomfort incident to cleaning time.

Have the men with whitewash brushes spread the tinted calcimine, Take all necessary bedding out and air it on the line,

Have the furniture revarnished till the odor makes one faint, See that all the woodwork glistens with a coat of shining paint;

Don't have anything to sit on, sleep on, eat on; also frown When you hear a meek suggestion as to "some hotel down town";

Let the masculine complainer know it's nothing short of crime Not to make one's life a burden in the glad spring cleaning time.

—Utica Globe.

Woman with the Smile.

Nothing is more beautiful than a woman, and the most beautiful woman is the cheery, perpetually pleased woman who smiles constantly and who looks at you inquiringly when she meets you on the street.

There is, perhaps, nothing more exultingly painful and cordially humiliating to a man than to be told by a member of the fair sex: "I bowed to you on the street two or three times lately and you would not speak to me." Young men do not mind this much, and they are seldom chided for such a churlish delinquency, but men who are a trifle grizzled and who rush to the barber shop frequently to be shaved—not because the stubble is more irritating than formerly, but because it is gray, and a gray stubble is a tattle-tale—feel that their native gallantry has been impeached by the infirmities of advancing years. Not one in ten of these men can recognize a woman on the street, or could recognize his own wife, did she of his heart and home change the manner of dressing her hair, wear a bit of unusual color or exploit a ribbon or a rose in some unwonted fashion. The result is that he is continually in misery, bowing and scraping to women whom he does not know and who do not know him, and ignoring the salutations of women whom he knows and who are his friends.

It would be a great blessing if the woman who smiles would refrain from doing so at long range and adopt the old revolutionary method of reserving her fire until she "can see the white of the enemy's eyes." Men are not as highly sensitized and delicately adjustable as a Marconi instrument, and when a smile is sent scurrying through space every son of man reaches for it and tries to get a strangle or half-Nelson hold on it.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Refuses to Marry J. W. Young.

Because he is the father of a murderer, Miss Lillian Judge has broken her engagement with John W. Young, eldest surviving son of Brigham Young, and recently elected an elder in the Mormon church. Miss Judge is a New York girl. She embraced the Mormon faith, and all was well between her and the man she promised to marry until his son was convicted of murdering Mrs. Pulitzer. Then she called the engagement off.

What One Clever Woman Is Doing.

There seems to be no limit in these modern days to what woman may do. In South Boston there is a woman who owns and controls a chain of nine weekly papers supplying smaller New England cities with leisure reading. Five years ago this woman had never seen the inside of a newspaper office. At that time she invested in five papers at the advice of a young man who had supreme confidence in himself as an all-round newspaper man and controller of a syndicate. The result not justifying his confidence, collapse seemed imminent, when this resourceful woman herself stepped to the fore. The peculiar feature of her management is that she employs only girls on these papers. Man never appears in connection with them, save as subscriber or advertiser. Her workers are often as young as 17, and she never engages anyone over 21, her idea being to secure optimistic, fresh and

cheery views of life in her sheets and to avoid the work of women with "set ways" which might be difficult to unlearn. These "girl graduates," as most of them are, are sent forth in search of news, and rapidly learn to become newspaper women. The proprietor herself writes and signs all editorials. Her papers are not distinctively papers for women—that is, they do not confine themselves exclusively to women's news—but they have the interests of women more particularly in view.

Health and Beauty Hints.

If an insect of any description gets into the ear, fill it with a teaspoonful of either warm water or sweet oil. This will have a tendency to float the foreign substance out of the ear.

Camphor is a most useful deodorizer for a sickroom. Place a lump of it in an old saucer, and when it is required apply to it a red-hot poker. The fumes that arise will give the room a pleasant freshness.

Vinegar, as is well known, prevents discoloration. Bathe a bruise with vinegar as soon as the accident happens. If it can be kept in place lay a cloth soaked in vinegar over the injury, moistening it as it dries, and there will be little if any discoloration.

When poaching eggs for a sick person use milk instead of water, as the milk gives them a more delicate flavor. If you beat an egg to a froth with the addition of a little milk and then scramble it in a very hot pan it will be very delicate and digestible. Scrambled eggs should never stand before being served, as they toughen and become indigestible.

To remove stain from the neck caused by wearing a black ribbon bathe the neck in water containing powdered borax about a tablespoonful to two quarts of water. Rinse with clear water and dry; then wipe the neck with a cloth dipped in a lotion made of one ounce of acetic acid, two ounces of glycerine and three ounces of rose water. If several applications do not help bathe the neck with three parts of lemon juice and one part water.

American Girl Honored.

Miss Violet Langham, who is just now the center of a discussion which has arisen in diplomatic circles by reason of her name having been published by the State Department as a member of the German legation, is a sister of the wife of Baron Speck von Sternburg, who succeeded Herr von Holleben as German ambassador to Washington. Baroness von Sternburg and Miss Langham are both natives of this country, though their father, Mr. Charles Langham, was an Englishman. Their mother was a Miss Duffield, daughter of Judge John Duffield, of Chicago, and both girls were born in California.

Humor in the Family.

Good humor is rightly reckoned a most valuable aid to happy home life. An equally good and useful faculty is a sense of humor or the capacity to have a little amusement along with the humdrum cares and work of life. We all know how it brightens up things generally to have a lively, witty companion who sees the ridiculous point of things, and who can turn an annoyance into an occasion for laughter. It does a great deal better to laugh over some domestic mishaps than to cry or scold over them. It is well to turn off an impatient question sometimes, and to regard it from a humorous point of view, instead of becoming irritated about it. "Wife, what is the reason I can never find a clean shirt?" exclaimed a good but rather impatient husband, after rummaging through the wrong drawer. His wife looked at him steadily for a moment, half inclined to be provoked; then, with a comical look, she said: "I never could guess conundrums; I give it up." Then he laughed, and they both laughed, and she went and got his shirt, and he felt ashamed of himself and kissed her, and then she felt happy; and so what might have been an occasion for unkind feelings and hard words became just the contrary, all through the little vein of humor that cropped out to the surface. Laughter is better than tears. Let us have a little more of it at home.

To Create a Home.

Six things are requisite to create a home. Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by love and lighted with cheerfulness, and an honest purpose must be the ventilation, renewing the atmosphere, and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day, while over all as a protecting glory, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God.

To Save Your Stockings.

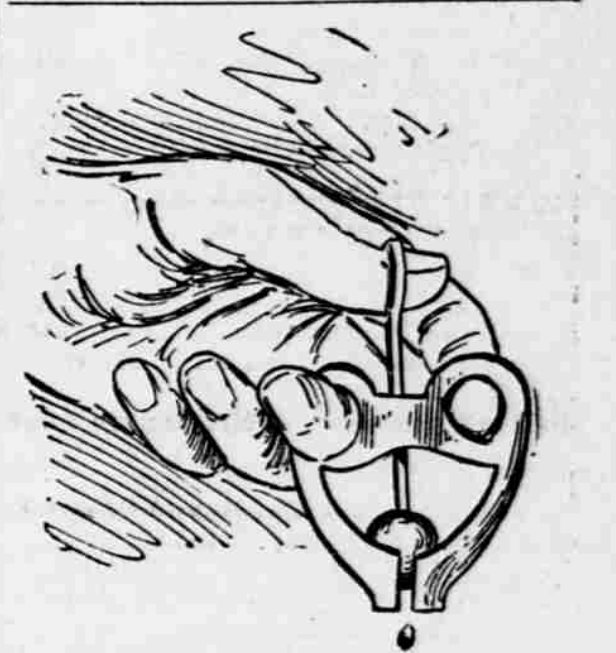
To save your stockings, sew a piece of chamois leather on the inside of the heel of your shoe. This will prevent it rubbing the stocking, and so delay the appearance of those dreaded holes.

Mining enterprises and limited companies are now taxed 2 per cent of their net profits in Bolivia.

THE HOUSEHOLD

Convenience for the Cook.

While the little implement shown in the drawing will be of special use in cherry-canning time, it will have work to perform nearly every week in some households in removing seeds from radishes, for which it is adapted also. The special feature which recommends this device is its simplicity, there being only the frame and plunger, with no springs or other mechanism to require extra care in washing. The frame itself is nearly triangular in shape, with a small concave pocket formed just above the opening through which the seed or stone falls when driven from the fruit. The plunger is a small rod, sliding through an opening in the frame, and the lower end is arched and double-pointed to give it a firm grip on the stone. To put this stoner in operation the fingers and thumb are inserted in the proper openings and a cherry is dropped into the pocket by the other hand, when the depression of the plunger will push the stone through the



SIMPLE CHERRY STONER.

bottom. Then hold the implement at an angle over another receptacle, withdraw the plunger and the stoned cherry will fall from it into the dish.

Angel Cakes.

Sift a half cup of flour half a dozen times with a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Beat the whites of six eggs until they stand alone and beat into them gradually a half cup of sifted powdered sugar; add the flour in the same way, beat steadily, then a teaspoonful of vanilla, and turn the mixture into a clean, ungreased pan with a funnel in the middle. Bake carefully in a steady oven. At the end of twenty minutes test the loaf with a broomstick. When baked remove the cake from the oven and let it stand in the tin for ten minutes before loosening it gently from the sides and turning it out upon a clean cloth. Cover with a white icing.

Tomatoes Canned in Cold Water.

Wipe each tomato carefully and pack in perfectly clean jars. When the jars are full stand each under the cold water faucet and run the water in until the jar is full and overflows. Let the water run until every particle of air has been forced out, then, while the jars are still overflowing, screw on the covers and stand upside down. See that the covers are as tight as they can be made. Pack the jars away, head down, in a box of sand in a cool, dark place.

I do not vouch for this recipe, but it has been sent to me several times by persons who have tried it and found it satisfactory.

Beaten Biscuit.

Two quarts of sifted flour, a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of sweet fat, one egg. Mix with half a pint of milk, or if milk is not to be had with cold water. Beat well until the dough blisters and cracks. Pull off a two-inch square of the dough, roll it into a ball with the hand, flatten, prick with a fork and bake in a quick oven. It is not the hard beating that makes the biscuit good, but the regularity of the motion.

Brief Suggestions.

At least four roller towels are necessary for the kitchen, and half a dozen or more hand towels for bathing purposes should be provided for the servant.

It may be well to remember the assertion that grass stains can be removed by rubbing the place with molasses and afterward thoroughly washing it.

When using sardines for savories the first thing one has to do generally is to skin them. This is easily done with a knife if the fish is first dipped for a moment in boiling water.

The most durable floor covering is linoleum and the best wall decoration for kitchen, pantries and bathrooms is tile. Where tiles cannot be had painted walls or varnished paper can be employed.

The care of gold decorations on china has been a source of debate with housekeepers. Many believe that it should not be put into hot water. A dealer says that it will stand unlimited washings in hot water if soap is omitted.

A delicious preserve may be made by this recipe, furnished by an old sailor to many foreign ports. Take one cup of large, plump raisins, seed and put into a saucepan containing a quart of cold water. Let this boil slowly until the mixture is reduced to a pint, then add four cups of cranberries and two and one-half cups of sugar. Let this mixture boil until it becomes as thick as jam. Put into tumblers and seal.