VERYBODY for ten miles around knew that Eurt Thetaha She was the daughter of a farmer, and both had many friends and ac-

quaintances. along as smoothly as a pair of bob-Davis a mill.

This agent was a middle-aged man a yard for 7-cent calico. with golden whiskers and a great deal of cheek, and as he had to direct the setting up of the mill he was at the farmhouse for a couple of weeks. His attention was early attracted to Minnie, and he posed for an old bachelor and uttered more words of praise and ever heard in a month before.

The knowledge that she was engaged, together with a sight of the young man who was to lead her to the hymeneal altar, animated the agent with a spirit of deviltry, and he sung the praises of Minnie Davis till Burt Thatcher's jealousy was aroused and he was ready for a quarrel.

her she feels it her bounden duty to make him as uncomfortable as she can for a few weeks.

Young Thatcher might as well have been jealous of Minnie's grandfather as of the windmill man with his golden whiskers, but when he heard that the



"YOU WANT TO PICK A QUARREL!"

two sang hymns and played checkers together, in addition to gathering harthe front veranda after dinner, the green-eyed monster demanded a row. One was forthcoming. One evening

the clerk drove up to Farmer Davis' with his jaw "sot," and five minutes later he was saying to the girl of his

"False creature, how dare you look into my eyes after the way you have old hollyhock!"

golden," corrected Minnie, "and he's self. hardly more than a young man yet." "Ha! It must be a case of love at first sight, with the whiskers thrown

"I say his whiskers are golden."

"They are yallar!" "You want to pick a quarrel!" "You want to marry him!"

Thence on it was easy for the young had found her out before it was too exclaimed:

Her feelings were hurt, her indigna- do come about in this 'ere world of tion aroused, and she suggested that he had better look around and find some one to suit him better. Of course he drove away with flaming face and surging heart, and of course it wasn't a week before everybody heard of the row and had something to say about

When he had fulfilled his mission, which was to put up the best windmills on earth and tell every farmer's daughter that she was the sweetest and handsomest girl in the country, the windmill man took his pay and drove on, and his golden whiskers were hardly remembered fifteen minutes after his departure.

Among the people who were surprised that he did not ask for Minnie's hand before leaving the neighborhood was Burt Thatcher. He was not only surprised, but mollified. He was not only mollified, but found himself wondering if he couldn't make it up with the girl and be restored to favor. Like many another man, he didn't appreciate a good thing until he had lost it.

whiskers the more he was inclined to tent." believe that the color was golden, instead of "yallar," but how was he to let Minnie understand hls change of feelings? He must gently crawfish the you." next time she visited the store to "trade," and if she showed a yielding joke if it does not make one lawf?" disposition the chasm would be

bridged. This decision arrived at, he had only to wait, and for a week before she called, in company with her mother, he had it all mapped out as to how he would receive her. His calculations received a bad setback, however.

"Mr. Thatcher, we want to look at some of your best tablecloths," announced the girl, as she looked him straight in the eyes, and his heart went down like a lump of lead, and he saw those golden whiskers floating in the

air about him. During the hour she was in the store

Minnie remarked that it was a back- It won't break clean.

ward summer; that the huckleberry around knew that Eurt Thatcher | crop was very poor; that rain was badand Minnie Davis were engaged. ly needed; that she couldn't understand why shovels were down and taand he was a clerk in a village store, blecloths were up, and the uncomfortable young man could recollect fourteen different occasions when she

The course of true love was running lugged in the name of "Mr. Thatcher." He was so put out over events that sleighs in winter time when a wind- he sold a 60-cent hoe to old Mr. Johnmill agent came along and sold Farmer | son for 28 cents, and astonished Aunt Mary Phillips by asking her 60 cents

> As a matter of fact, Minnie intended to do her share toward "making up" when the proper time came, but she wanted to punish the young man first.

Four weeks after the buying of the tablecloths, and without the young couple having spoken together since, flattery in ten minutes than she had Farmer Davis and wife set out one day for a ten-mile drive to Cassville, intending to come back before dark. While they were returning they met with an accident, and it came about that Minnie found herself alone in the bouse when night fell.

She didn't begin to get nervous until about 9 o'clock, but then a call from a tramp frightened her into locking When once a young man lets his best all the doors and imagining all sorts girl understand that he is jealous of of things. The tramp had taken a cold bite and left, but knowing that she was alone he would doubtless hang about and break into the house.

Farmer Davis had a shotgun, and that shotgun was kept loaded with bird shot to kill owls and chicken hawks. When Minnie was worked up to such a nervous pitch that she imagined every gust of wind to be the muffled footsteps of a tramp she got down the gun and resolved to perish like a true heroine.

Five minutes after this resolve was taken some one knocked on the front door. It was the tramp, of course. Two minutes later he was at the kitchen door. Then he was heard muttering and grumbling and getting a drink of water at the well.

With her heart in her mouth and the shotgun ready to fall from her trembling hands, the girl waited. The tramp whistled and then sat down on the doorstep.

But only for a moment. Then he arose and seemed to move along to a kitchen window. His game was to raise the sash or smash the glass, and, shutting her eyes and trusting that vest apples and reading Shakspeare on her grave would be kept green, Minnie pointed the gun somewhere or other and pulled the trigger.

There was a flash, a roar and a yell. Scared as she was, she detected something familiar in the tones of the yell. and when her name was shouted she opened the door to admit Burt Thatcher. He had not only heard of the accident that detained her parents, but carried on with that yallar-whiskered had made use of it to drive out to the farmhouse and tell the girl how sorry "His whiskers are not yellow, but he was for making a chump of him-

He was not at the window when the shot was fired, but walking away from it. Most of the charge went wild, but about a dozen of the little pellets peppered his shoulders and quickened his longing to kiss and make up. Minnie. opened the door to speak his name and fall into his arms, and most of the shot had worked out and the marriage day man. All he had to do was to call been set when the old folks reached Minnie a heartless girl, a flirt and a home, and the mother elevated her coquette, and add that he was glad he hands and rolled up her eyes as she

> "For the land sakes, but how things ours!"-Boston Globe.

Too Previous.

A story of Doctor Sewell, for many years warden of New College, Oxford, comes from Public Opinion. When Doctor Sewell was seriously ill, about a year ago, the fellows of the college, and, indeed, all his friends, despaired of his life.

The senior fellow at the time, wishing to have all things in order, wrote to the home secretary for leave to

bury the warden in the college chapel. Before the next college meeting the warden had recovered. He presided at the meeting, and with no little enjoyment read out the home office's letter permitting his own burial.

"It gives me great pleasure," said he, "to congratulate the senior fellow on his admirable promptitude and energy. I cannot, however, truthfully say that I regret that both were wasted."

Something Wrong.

"Well," said Jolkley, as he concluded one of his best stories, "I haven't The more Burt thought of those noticed you laughing to any great ex-

> "Really, now," said the Britisher, "why should I lawf?"

"Why, that was a joke I just told

"Oh! come; I say, how could it be a —Catholic Times.

A Sermon on Money. "No, my son," said the Billville parent, "money doesn't bring happiness; it only pays house rent and the grocery bill and makes the bailiff and the bill collector respect us six days in the week, while the parson gives us the halleluia smile on Sunday."-Atlantic Constitution.

When some people pay a compliment, they look as if they were having a tooth drawn.

Fever is as ornery as prize fighters:

TINY CLUBHOUSE FOR BOYS.

ds of Pasadena Have a Home Fitted Up With Everything for Boys. What is likely the smallest club

house in the world stands near the public highway in the ornate grounds which surround one of Pasadena's handsome homes on Congress street. This one-story, ne-room edifice was

built years ago ! club accommodations of a small coterie of boys, young scions of what were then designated as "the best families"-boys who are now grown up-and the very name of the club has passed into oblivion.

Nobody actually knew what took place in this clubhouse, which was built in the West Side suburbs, but it pleased those having the exclusive possession of it to so shroud their meets with mystery that the most grewsome tales of orgies went abroad, over which imaginative and uneasy elders shook their heads dismally, while those who knew only laughed and drew pretty accurate conclusions from their own boyhood days, that nothing more exciting than imitation high jinks went on there.

Be that as it may, those boys have grown up in grace and wisdom, says the Los Angeles Times, and the club house was abandoned and was recently purchased by its present owner, Dr. A. A. Wright, who had it moved into his private grounds and presented it to his grandson, Irving Benton, who lives with him. Although now personal property, it is the gathering place of the Junior Athletic Club, and is fitted up in a manner so exactly like the room of a "grown-up" as to throw any boy or girl who sees it into spasms of delight.

The house is painted dark green, with white trimmings; its sash windows give it a modern, fashionable effect, and the outside chimney of red brick adds a real house finish, which captivates.

The ceiling is plenty high enough for an ordinarily tall man to walk inside if he is prepared to feel like a giant after getting there; the miniature fireplace, baby andirons, low chairs-just right for short legs-toy tables, and everything on the dwarf plan are admirably proportioned. The place is complete. It is lighted by electricity, has an electric bell and telephone. while all the interior decorations indicate a boy's bent. Golf clubs, rackets, guns and fishing rods adorn the walls. Book shelves hold boys' books, the table is littered with boys' literature. The lockers hold collections of birds' eggs, butterflys, shells and beetles; drawers, stamp collections and a collection of campaign buttons ornament a

velvet panel on the wall. It is here of an evening the Junior Athletic Club, whose members are be tween 12 and 16 years of age, meet to discuss club matters, club finances and arrange the very successful and only ocasional dances they give for their

girl friends at the Valley Hunt Club. This clubhouse is the center of all the boy life in the neighborhood, and has a charm in its harmonious completeness which is as fascinating to those who retain an accurate memory of their own childish dreams and longings as to any of the young fry who revel in its use.

METHOD OF TESTING EGGS.

How the Housewife May Find Whether They Are Fresh or Not.

A decade or two ago somebody thought he had made a wonderful dis covery for testing the freshness of eggs. The old method had been to drop them in water. If they sank they were good; if they bobbed about uncertainly they had better be buried than broken. It was the same test used for witches centuries ago, and almost as decisive.

Then the "candling" process came into existence and it was convincing. The careful housewife may do it her self if she wishes before she pays her egg bill, says the Philadelphia Ledger. Clasp your hand tightly about an egg and hold it against a brilliant light, electricity, gas, a kerosene lamp or even the flame of a candle, provided it shines directly through the egg. You may find a full, clear ball, rosy red and clean shelled. That is a perfectly fresh egg. An egg which is eatable and wholesome enough may have the clearness and rosiness of the first one, but at one end you will find a vacuum evaporation has set in and a portion of the white has gone.

An egg a trifle older will have more vacuum and you can see the yolk shift about with the movement of the hand. This may be classed as a cooking egg, fresh after a fashion, only it should be broken carefully, if you wish to separate the yolk from the white. Then one goes down the list to eggs where the yolk is a dark spot stuck to the shell or where the whole egg is opaque

This is the variety tanners buy for heir business at a few cents a dozen It was found recently that "candling" eggs was a process old in the seventeenth century. There is proof positive in a quaint old painting, "Proving Thursday, if it wouldn't trouble you too Eggs," which hangs to-day in the Dresden gallery. It was painted by Godfried Schalcken, who was born in 1643 and died in 1706. The buxom Dutch housewife holding an egg against the glow of an ancient oil lamp "candled" her eggs exactly as is done in 1903. In a cold-storage warehouse or in a reliable market every egg is candled and separated into the various lots à housewife knows as western, eastern, northern, local or "strictly fresh laid." The prices on the row of baskets range from a difference of 5 to 25 cents. The "purely fresh laid" eggs may have been in cold storage five months, the others no longer, only there were conditions in their early care which prevented their keeping so well.



THE UNITED STATES AREA -- 3,552,919 Sq. Miles POPULATION--85,000,000 WEALTH--\$98,000,000,000

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By Candice A. Bramble.

the great elm tree which stood just upon the line between the two dooryards.

"I tell you, I call it a shame that we

"Well, you know we can't, so what's fink he'll be cross to me." the use of scolding all the time about it, Jack?" replied his sister Nellie.

being sick, and I suppose your father is almost as sorry as we that his business calls him away just now," said Gladys

Blake in her gentle voice. "But on the Fourth of July," interrupted her brother Tom, impetuously, 'It's too bad for anything. It wouldn't be quite so mean if we had a few fireworks to let off at night; but here we are, almost dead-broke, with hardly enough money between us to buy a deent supply of firecrackers, let alone any thing else.'

"Well, never mind," answered Jack, good-naturedly. "Firecrackers will make a dreadful lot of noise if they're properly handled, and what fun to be had from noise is bound to be ours next Thursday. Eh, Tom!" and he gave his friend a poke which tumbled him over upon his back in the grass, where he chuckled a delighted "You bet it is, old

"Oh, but we've forgotten all about poor | boot heels in the hall, and then to see fully. "We can't go to shooting off crack- the doorway. ers and making a whole lot of noise, because, you know, it will hurt his head can't, indeed."

Fourth of July for if people are not to by.' make any noise? and, besides, what do we care if we do hurt his old head? I'm sure he was never so careful about hurt-

ing our feelings." ful mean, cross-patchy old thing, Gladys -you know yourself he is-and I don't care if his head does ache a little, and I don't think you ought to, either, as many times he has set his horrid dog on our cats, and you know he never will let us step inside his yard, even to look for a ball or anything."

"Yes," chimed in little 3-year old Robbie. gravely, "an' he said if I peeked through the fence any more to see the peacocks he'd turn out an' spank me; an don't like him, too.'

"Oh. Robbie!" returned Gladys, with a reproachful look. "It's a shame for you to say so. Only just think, poor Mr. Norris hasn't any little boys and girls to be good to him, or any one to love him, and he's old and lame and sick, and it's no wonder he's cross. I'm sure we would be if we had half his troubles

"Well, then, Miss," Tom said, his tone a little less wrathful than before, for he, as well as little Robbie, had been impressed by his sister's remonstrance, "it we're not to fire off crackers, and are to go walking around on our tiptoes all day long, so's not to make any noise, perhaps you'll tell us what we can do next much."

"Yes, I will," returned Gladys brightly, quite unruffled by Tom's sarcasm, "let's take our dinner and go over on the island and stay all day long. Then we'll be so far away that our noise won't trouble Mr. Norris, and I'm sure we'll have lots more fun than we could at home."

The children all realized the truth of this statement, but Tom felt that he must not yield the point too easily, and so objected. "But how do you know mother will let us go?"

"Oh, nonsense, Tom!" cut in Jack, briskly. "Of course she will, and what's more, Gladys is right, and you know it, so don't raise any more objections."

So it was settled, and from that moment preparations for a very delightful day upon the island went steadily on. The boys erected a fort and fortifications for the bloodless battles which were to be waged with firecrackers and popguns, at his side. and the girls busied themselves making on the island was ready for something ready the banquet, which was to be an elaborate affair, while little Robbie impartially gave his aid to every one, help-

and beautiful as a Fourth of July should careless boy to step in our beautiful 7 ACK and Nellie Foster and their be, and every one was so busy that no lemon pie!" three young neighbors, the Blakes, one noticed when Robbie stole out into were holding a consultation beneath the yard and stood looking wistfully across the road.

"Poor old man!" he said, softly, "I'm can't go in to the city, as we always have girls to love him, an' I fink I'll take him dainty of the spread. before!" said Jack Foster, discontent- some posies an' two booful firecrackers to make him a good Forf o' July. I don't gravely, inspecting his foot with inter-

A few moments later Mr. Norris, fretting upon his softly cushioned couch in "Of course father isn't to blame for the dim library of his great, lonely home,



EAGERLY GATHERED ABOUT THE LIT-TLE FEAST."

old Mr. Norris!" cried Gladys, remorse- Robbie's face smiling upon him from

"I bringed you some flowers," he said, softly, "and two nice firecrackers, too. and make him ever so much worse. We I couldn't spare any more, 'cause we hasn't got very many. I'm awful sorry he glared wrathfully at the big brick to shoot our firecrackers, so the bangs house just across the way. "What is won't make your head be worse. Good-

> So strangely and silently had Robbie come, and so abruptly had he departed, that Mr. Norris would have thought it all a dream had he not had tangible eviflowers and the two brilliant firecrackers | Kansas.

which Robbie had left upon the stand By 12 o'clock the merry little company

to eat, and gathered eagerly about the little feast spread out upon the ground. "Oh, Robbie!" cried Gladys in a dising and hindering as only an active small mayed tone, in the very midst of the At last the morning dawned, bright banquet, "what have you done? You

Sure enough, to their great dismay the children discovered that Robbie had succeeded in planting one dusty little foot

right in the very center of the tempting sorry he isn't got any little boys an' pie which was considered the crowning "Never mind," answered Robbie,

est. "I don't fink it will hurt my shoe very much. I guess it will all wipe off." Robbie was so solemn and so utterly unconscious of the mischief he had done was surprised to hear the tap, tap of tiny | that the children all burst into laughter. and in the midst of the merriment Mr. Norris' good-natured coachman appeared before them with an immense basket upon his arm.

"There," he said, setting it down with a thump in their midst, "Mr. Norris sends this, with his compliments, to Master Robbie, and he hopes you'll enjoy it; and I'm to tell you that if you'll come over on the lawn to-night there's be a few fireworks which perhaps you'll like to see," and with a kindly nod at his delighted and astounded hearers, Hiram

"What does it mean? Somebody pinch me, so I'll be quite sure it's not all a dream!" gasped Nellie, after a moment of breathless silence. "No, it isn't a dream, because here's

the basket, and do let's see what is in it," returned Jack, seizing the heavy basket and eagerly tearing away the paper

If I should try, I could not tell you all the goodies which that basket contained. Nor could I describe the beauty and brilliancy of the fireworks upon the lawn that evening. But every one of the children declared, when tired and happy they "Well, I like that!" shouted Tom, as you's sick, an' we're all going away off separated for the night, that Mr. Norris was a most delightful person and that this Fourth of July had been by far the best they ever yet had known.-Detroit Free Press.

The eating of snakes, lizards, scorpions, centipedes, tarantulas and other "Yes." chimed in Nellie, "he's a dread- dence of its truth in the bunch of gaudy reptiles is now prohibited by statute in

BOY'S DREAM OF AN IDEAL FOURTH.

