

TWO ALTERNATIVES

By W. Bert Foster
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"And now, Jack, what can I do? He follows me everywhere, and he stands around and ogles me with that detestable 'baby stare' of his, and—and—you're laughing, Jack! You are as mean as you can be to laugh when I come to you for advice."

Esther stamped her foot. Jack Ormsby leaned against the veranda railing and watched her with amused eyes.

"I can't help smiling, Esther, but I can appreciate the irritation poor Hallowell must cause you."

"Irritation!" A world of emphasis entered into the word. "And just because I was foolish enough to let him propose to me?" she wailed.

"Well, of course," Jack said slowly, "you must expect to have your scalp cost you a little something, Essie."

"He doesn't say anything," exclaimed the girl. "If he did, it would give me a chance to tell him what I think of his dogging my footsteps everywhere."

"It certainly is a case of the villain still pursued her," Ormsby said. "What do you want me to do, Essie—call him out and plug him full of holes?"

"Ugh! Don't be so vulgar! I don't want you to do anything but tell me what to do to get rid of him."

Jack was almost the only man she knew well who had not proposed to her. Men had fallen before her charms, had said their little piece (and some said it rather well, she had to admit to herself), and gone their way, and until now no man had really been able to trouble her serenity.

"Do think of something, Jack," she pleaded. "It's been three months now since he—"

"Since he said the momentous words which made him—not yours, eh?" And Ormsby laughed, but his hands trembled as he shifted the cane a little.

"Don't be absurd! He doesn't want me any more than other men do."

"When? Your serene conceit is certainly charming, Essie."

"Don't be unkind, you know it's true," she said calmly. "Any woman with fluffy hair and blue eyes can bring men to her feet. Only you don't get foolish and propose to me, Jack."

"No, I don't propose to you," he said quite calmly.

"And that's why I like you."

"Then I'll try not to make you dislike me. But what can I do to poor Hallowell? A cat may look at a king!" But Esther interrupted snappishly.

"That's no reason why a calf should look at me all the time!"

"Poor girl! You're finding it mighty hard getting away from the consequences of your own sin, eh?"

"What sin have I committed?" she demanded, with conscious innocence. "Is it a sin to refuse to marry a man you don't want?"

"No-o. But how about—well, not exactly leading him on to proposing—but—"

"She favored him with a frigid look. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Ormsby," she observed.

"Well, you needn't," he said quietly. "You expect plain talk from people whose advice you ask, don't you? No man will ever ask a woman to marry him if she doesn't give him the opportunity."

"That is different; but such remarks as you are making now are hardly in the nature of advice, Jack."

"Well, I don't see that there's much you can do," he drawled, and his eyes began to twinkle. "There seem to be but two courses to pursue, and two only—"

"Oh, here's your Sultan and the runaway!" suddenly cried Esther, clapping her hands and springing up. "Are you going to take me to ride, Jack?"

"Well, it's what I came around for, but your tale of woe about knocked it out of my head."

The negro from the stable leaped out and held the big bay's head. Esther ran down to the gate, forgetting the beruffled parasol lying on the veranda. Ormsby followed lazily.

"Feeling pretty gay, isn't he, Jackson?" he asked, pulling on a glove and looking at Sultan, who danced charmingly to the accompaniment of little squeals of delight from Esther.

"Yes, sah; he do, sah."

"Hop in, Essie," Ormsby said, holding out his hand to assist her. Then he added, "Speaking of angels, there's Hallowell now."

A fresh faced young fellow cantered by on a fine horse and lifted his hat seriously. A little way beyond he pulled in the animal and dismounted as though he would come back to speak to the couple at the runabout.

"Do hurry up!" exclaimed Esther under her breath. "What shall I do to get rid of him, Jack? You said there were two ways. What are they?"

"Well," said Ormsby buttoned the glove slowly and put one foot on the step of the runabout, "you might marry him to get rid of him."

"No, thank you!" she exclaimed, pouting and tossing her head. Then she started and looked toward the house. "Oh, Jack—my parasol! I shall want it."

Ormsby had already leaned forward to seize the reins. He glanced at the colored man. "Miss Dingley's parasol is on the veranda, Jackson," he said.

The man dropped Sultan's bridle. Like a flash the bay threw up his head and started.

The lines had not been quite within Ormsby's grasp. His foot slipped from the step. He made a leap to reach the carriage, but Sultan swung into a long

stride on the instant and fairly snatched the runabout from under his master's grasp.

"The reins, the reins! Quick, Essie!" Ormsby cried.

Thank God, she knew what he meant and seized the lines before they slipped over the dashboard to dangle about Sultan's heels and drive him mad with terror. But the horse knew instantly that an unfamiliar hand held the reins, and he increased his trot to a gallop.

Esther told herself that she would not be frightened, and she drew the lines in firmly and said "Whoa!"

But Sultan saw no reason for "whoa-ing" just then. There was a long stretch of dusty, sunlit road before him, and he seized the bit in his strong teeth and bolted. He flew by Hallowell's mount with a rush and set that creature to dancing. Hallowell hung on to the leather and stared with round eyes after the runaway.

His astonishment was vastly increased when a second whirlwind reached him. Ormsby went at him as though he was playing football.

He snatched the bridle from Hallowell's hand, and that young man was sent rolling in the dust as Jack leaped astride and set the now frightened animal after the bolting Sultan.

The road for a mile was clear, but where it joined the boulevard beyond Ormsby knew the runaway would burst into a tangle of carriages of all descriptions, and the end would be serious. He didn't know much about the soundness of Hallowell's mount, but he would have made an asthmatic old car horse do stunts just then.

Like the wind he rode, and his mount's nose soon came up to Esther's shoulder. Foot by foot he gained on Sultan, and then, with a swift dive, Ormsby seized the reins, which Esther had continued to cling to with all her little might. A strong pull on both horses, and Sultan instantly recognized the fact that all his fun was over.

He slowed down and in half a block, and just before the junction with the boulevard, stopped, as gentle as a lamb. For a minute they gazed at each other.

"Well," Ormsby said at last, "you came near escaping the pursuit of the villain that time, Essie, for good and all."

Esther's eyes grew luminous. "And you dared suggest that I marry him!" she said, catching her breath.

"Well, you know there was an alternative."

"And that is?" still looking at him.

"That you might marry me to get rid of him. That—that would be effectual, wouldn't it?"

Another breath of silence, and then Esther murmured, "Well, Jack, dear, we might try it!"

WHEN STARCH WAS NEW.

It Used to Be Made in Colors So as to Tint the Fabric.

"A package of starch?" asked the intelligent and learned grocer, and he wrapped the package up he talked.

"Starch originated," he said, "in Flanders. It was introduced into England, with the big ruff, in the time of Queen Elizabeth. It was like our starch of today, except that it was made in colors—red, yellow, green, blue. The effect of this was to tint delicately the white linen to which the starch might be applied.

"Before Queen Elizabeth's time ruffs and ruffs were made of fine holland, which required no stiffening. Then the ruffs of cambric came, and these must of necessity be starched."

The grocer, consulting his memorandum book, resumed:

"It is recorded that 'when the queen had ruffs made of lawn and cambric for her own princely wearing there was none in England could tell how to starch them; but the queen made special means for some women that could starch, and Mrs. Gulliam, wife of the royal coachman, was the first starcher."

"In 1564 a Flanders woman, Frau Van der Plasse, came to London and established there a school for the teaching of starching. The school succeeded. The Flanders frau got rich. She charged 5s a lesson and an extra 20 shillings for a recipe for the making of starch out of wheat flour, bran and roots.

"Yellow was the most fashionable color in starch among the nobility. The Puritans used blue starch, though at first they had been against the stuff altogether, dubbing it 'a certain kinde of liquate matter which they call starch, wherein the devil hath willed them to wash and dive their ruffs, which, when they be dry, will then stand stiffo and inflexible about their necks.'

"Starch is made from wheat, corn and potatoes, and starving men have often subsisted on it, finding it nourishing, though not tasty."—London Graphic.

DRESDEN CHINA.

First Offered For Sale at the Fair of Leipzig in 1721.

Dresden china began its reign at the fair of Leipzig, 1721, where it was offered for public sale for the first time. It has had three periods—King's, Marcoline and modern—and for all around use it continues to be the most popular ware of this day.

The factory marks traced on the bottom of each piece vary according to the period—the oldest (King's) being the monogram A. R. and the wand of Asculapius. The familiar crossed swords, with the dot or circle between the handles, were first used in 1721, and the star took the place of the dot in the Marcoline period. The modern mark is the simple crossed swords, sometimes accompanied by letters and numbers.

Although the methods of work are still jealously guarded in all factories, the essentials are an open secret, and the following rough outline may satisfy the lazily curious: The ingredients of porcelain are kaolin feldspar, sand and selenite. These are ground fine and mixed in linewater. The paste is then molded into forms and fired in an oven of moderate heat. When taken out, it is in an opaque state and is then dipped in the glaze, which is feldspar ground fine, with a little alkali. It is now subjected to a firing of great heat, which results in the beautiful polished surface so familiar the world over.

This second firing is attended with risk, for if the piece is allowed to remain beyond the exact proper moment the whole melts together and is ruined.

How a Glass Eye Acts.

A glass eye has never so free a range of movement as the real one, and when the owner turns his eyes strongly in any direction the glass eye lags behind the other, so producing a squint. Then the pupil of the glass eye is of course of a fixed size, while the natural pupil dilates and contracts not only with varying amounts of light, but with varying emotions. Then again the white of the eye varies in tint greatly from day to day, being slightly blood-shot during headaches and yellow during bilious attacks. The differences in color between the two eyes caused by these changes are even more easily noticed than the differences in the pupils.

The Camel's Bite.

The camel alone of all ruminants has incisor teeth in the upper jaw, which, with the peculiar structure of his other teeth, make his bite, the animal's first and main defense, most formidable. The skeleton of the camel is full of proofs of design. Notice, for example, the arched backbone, constructed in such a way as to sustain the greatest weight in proportion to the span of the supports. A strong camel can bear a thousand pounds weight, although the usual load in Yemen is not more than 600 pounds.

How a Boy Explained a Parable.

There is no saying how the average small boy sometimes regards religious truth. A London paper records that the son of a well known bishop being asked to explain the meaning of the parable of the grain of mustard seed replied, "It means that a little religion goes a long way, and those who have the least of it here will be highest in the kingdom of heaven."—Leslie's Weekly.

Not Dangerous.

"I hear you want to sell your dog, Pat. They tell me he has a pedigree."

"Shure, an' Oi never noticed it, sor. Anyhow, he's nothin' but a puppy yit, an' Oi'm thinkin' as how he'll be afther outgrowin' it, sor."—Glasgow Times.

There is no man easier to deceive than he who has hopes, for he aids in his own deceit.

—Bossuet.

Fresh

biscuit are those which are packed fresh from the oven in In-cr-seal Packages—

Clean

biscuit are those which are baked in absolute cleanliness, never exposed to dust, never handled by any one between you and the baker—

Wholesome

biscuit are those which combine freshness, cleanliness and right materials, rightly baked—rightly packed—rightly kept—

5¢

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Not a Pleasant Trip.

It was on his return from a more than successful concert trip that one of the best known composer-musicians was met in the street by a friend.

"Pleasant trip?" his friend inquired.

"Pleasant drip!" the musician answered. "Ach, himmel, no! Vy, when we got down there the baritone haf forgot his tress drouzers, und vot shall we do?"

"So I go on und blay, und I run quick behind the scenes und chunch, und he go on und sing und come quick back again, und I put 'em on und blay."

"Ach, I haf chanced my drouzers seven time dose von efenings already!"

It is told of this same musician that he is now enjoying the conjugal felicity of a third attempt, and upon being introduced to a young man at a reception recently he said:

"Ah, you married?"

"Yes," the young man replied.

"Got a goot vife?"

"Fine."

"Goot-goot! I haf now, too, also. She make those fire and cook und nefer boder at all. She is de pest vife I efer haf, you belief me!"—London Answers.

INGENIOUS TORTURES.

Cruelty of Punishment Inflicted on Offenders in Morocco.

In Morocco the torture or offenders, real and suspected, has been and is still much practiced. Much ingenuity is shown in the infliction of pain—such devices as the rubbing of red pepper into the eyeballs, tying up the wrists at a height from the ground, etc.

At the death of the late sultan a pretender proclaimed himself the rightful heir to the throne and had a certain success. When presently overcome by the legitimate authorities, he was seized, thrown down, when chilles were applied to the inside of his mouth till it swelled with pain, and he was desired to shout out his titles and qualities as much as he pleased, being of course unable to utter a word. After that he was thrown into jail to rot there till he died.

A refinement of cruelty is the torture of the "iron glove," as it is called. A lump of quicklime is placed in a man's hand, which is closed up into a fist. Then the fist is tightly bound with leather thongs and plunged into a tub of cold water.

The agony soon becomes extreme. The torture is continued for eight or ten days until in the end mortification ensues and probably death. Again, a form of "lying up" is to chain or fasten a man to a wall, with his arms extended so that he can only escape strangulation by standing on tiptoe.—Kansas City Independent.

It. On the other hand, if you want to get at the real strength and character of a person's face, man or woman, study the right side of it—the ugly side, as some portrait painters call it. There you will find the lines bold and harsh, comparatively so at any rate, with every defect accentuated. On the left side, however, everything is softened down, and the face is at its best. "Whenever you suspect a man of trickery or deceit, or a woman either, for that matter, stand on his right and closely watch his expression. There never was an actor skillful enough to cover up the marks of his real personality, as nature has stamped them on the right side of his face."

Sick Convicts' Excuses.

One of the first duties I fulfilled as a supernumerary warder was the care and control of prisoners "down for the doctor." Convicts complaining of sickness are allowed to leave their cells during their dinner hour and form up in a long rank outside the medical officer's room, into which they enter and state their cases in rotation. Many of the prisoners' complaints and requests at the doctor's desk are extremely funny and grotesque.

"Please, sir, I've got a bad heart," one man says lugubriously.

"I know you have," the doctor replies, with a laugh. "If you had a good one, you would not, in all probability, have seen a prison interior."

"Would you be so kind, sir," the next man says persuasively, "as to let me have one or two of your sanctimonious pills?"—London Tit-Bits.

A Rat's Teeth.

The rat is remarkably well equipped for the peculiar life he is ordained to lead. He has strong weapons in the shape of four long and very sharp teeth—two in the upper jaw and two in the lower. These teeth are wedge shaped and by a wonderful provision of nature have always a fine, sharp cutting edge. On examining them carefully the inner part is found to be of a soft, ivorylike composition, which can easily be worn away, and the outside is composed of a glasslike enamel which is exceedingly hard.

The upper teeth work into the under so that the centers of the opposed teeth meet perfectly in the act of gnawing; hence the soft part is being continually worn away, while the hard part keeps a hard, chisel-like edge all the time, and at the same time the teeth are constantly growing up from the bottom, so that as they wear away a fresh supply is ready. Should one of these teeth be removed by accident or otherwise, the opposing tooth will continue to grow, and there being nothing to wear it away it will project from the mouth and be turned upon itself, and if it be an under tooth it will often grow so long as to penetrate the skull.

Analogy.

The Investigator—When a man is going to do a mean thing and knows he is going to do it, why does he approach it by degrees?

The Casuist—On the same principle, I suppose, by which a singer slides down the whole gamut before he attacks his lowest note.—Chicago Tribune.

A Shock.

Chollie—I went down to a rather informal affair last evening, dear boy, and, gwacious, I was compelled to witness a dreadful sight!

"Horrors! What was it?"

"A fellow without evening dress eating breakfast food for supper!"—Baltimore Herald.

Then She Remembered.

Near the elevated road in Park place is a news and apple woman. She is very absentminded. Also sympathetic. A ragged street urchin ran up to her.

"Say," he yelled, "your little boy has been run over by a big truck!"

"Where? Where? For goodness' sake, where?" shrieked the woman, rushing wildly down the street. She ran half a block and then stopped suddenly.

"Lord, what an old fool I am!" she said to herself disgustedly. "I have no little boy. I've never been married."

Meantime the street urchin had stolen four apples and a bunch of grapes.—New York Press.

Home Appreciation.


"It must be a great satisfaction to have such a palatial apartment," said the old time friend.

"It is," answered Mr. Curox. "It's a heap of comfort to have a house big enough to wander away and get lost in when mother and the girls are giving a musicale or a reception."—Washington Star.

A Wonderful Air City.

Many stories have been written about mirages and delusions, but none has been more interesting and curious than that of the Silent City mirage which makes its appearance near the Pacific glacier in Alaska. The discovery of this wonderful mirage was made by the Indians, who would tell of the city which was built in the clouds. The mirage can be seen in the early part of July from 5 to 8 p. m. It rises from the side of the Pacific glacier. It first appears like a heavy mist and soon becomes clearer, and one can distinctly see the specter city, well defined streets and trees, tall spires and huge and odd shaped buildings which appear to be ancient mosques or cathedrals. It is a city which would seem to contain at least 25,000 or 30,000 inhabitants.

As yet no one has been able to identify it, although several have claimed to recognize the place. There is no city like it in Alaska, nor in any country about it for thousands of miles. Some claim it is a city in Russia, others say it is a city in England, but none can tell where and what it is. The mirage was given the name of Silent City, as it appears to one like a dead city. There is nothing that would indicate that it is inhabited.



MOTHERS, DO YOU KNOW

the many so-called birth medicines, and most remedies for women in the treatment of her delicate organs, contain more or less opium, morphine and strychnine?

Do You Know that in most countries druggists are not permitted to sell narcotics without labeling them poisons?

Do You Know that you should not take internally any medicine for the pain accompanying pregnancy?

Do You Know that Mother's Friend is applied externally only?

Do You Know that Mother's Friend is a celebrated prescription, and that it has been in use over forty years, and that each bottle of the genuine bears the name of The Bradford Regulator Co.?

Do you know that when you use this remedy during the period of gestation that you will be free of pain and bear healthy, hearty and clever children?

Well, these things are worth knowing. They are facts. Of druggists at \$1.00. Don't be persuaded to try a substitute. Our little book "Motherhood" free. THE BRADFORD REGULATORY CO., Atlanta, Ga.