

The Holly-Sprig Spoon.

The Singular Loss and Recovery of a Precious Heirloom.
By Edwin C. Martin.

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Winter, when it fell at Osceola, fell with amplitude. If you stood on the upper bridge—a high, open bridge—you saw the canal stretching far up and down, level trench of snow, its whiteness emphasized here and there by a patch of brown earth showing from some underwash in the banks. Southward, at the center of the town, a file of low-decked boats lay soldered to their wharves by snow-covered ice. In the near fields to the north the white ridges picked up last year's cornstalks, suggested to boys and dogs rich possibilities in lesser degree. The like possibilities in the near corn, thickly strewn as its white surface was with black-fanned leaves, lying there each under its long, narrow napkin of snow until the iron-toothed gourmand, whom one could hear wheezing at his feast from over the river bank, showed his teeth and the rows of foot tracks, juvenile and canine, running all about, hinted of efforts to realize on what possibilities the east, with the clumps of white houses, smoking chimneys and black cowhides on its edge, and the very sky drooping with snow, was a very early of the season. Over a large mill pond on the west gilded the skaters, boys and girls, who had themselves, in brief hours after school, cleared of snow the scant wharves they traversed. In one corner will pond on the Sunday, in a pool relieved of ice for the occasion and bridged about by a throng of spectators, they were the latest converts of the winter re-

turned. Hither and thither, about and all through the town, would the deerskins, two people met one now needs step out into the full depth of the snow, for no provision of ordinary custom existed in this sort to the public convenience, and except in small patches at gateways and before the doors of houses, the snow was left lying until some one had trodden it. And since in Osceola the rubber boot was as yet unknown and the rubber shoe was disdained of men and women, their manhood, one rarely failed to find in the houses and the stores a man sitting with his feet flattened against the hot stove, sitting off the snow from his feet.

In milder seasons the prevailing form of social entertainment was evening teas, but now there was a departure of rather customarily dinner parties. The ladies came in carefully dressed in black silk gowns, of the richest and stiffest material, and the hostess' own hand, and the abundance might easily have furnished forth twelve or fifteen, of the daintiness which courses acquire when they are made a particular point of. Turkey and oysters, four or five vegetables, a like number of cooked fruits, pickles sour and pickles sweet, coffee and hot rolls with a dessert of two kinds of pie. A rich preserve served in cream, and a cake that was the chef d'oeuvre of the feast—these were the least that decency would allow, and the guest was expected not to elect between them, but to eat somewhat of all.

The company came to table for these dinners with a certain hesitation and awkwardness, and for a little while after they were seated conversation rather lagged. First there fell a sharp, expectant silence until the minister, if present, as he usually was, had invoked a blessing. Then as the host took carving knife and fork in hand and rose from his chair with a certain confidence, every eye and all attention fixed intently on him, and remained so fixed with a single stare, until he had planted the fork immovably astride the knob of the breastbone of the turkey and with his keen knife deftly unjoined wings and legs, and laid out two kinds of pie. A rich preserve served in cream, and a cake that was the chef d'oeuvre of the feast—these were the least that decency would allow, and the guest was expected not to elect between them, but to eat somewhat of all.

Even with the precious spoon restored to her possession, and her ownership of it thus again acknowledged by Mrs. Wampler, Mrs. Gears did not wholly recover herself. Until the company broke up her manner remained that of a hunted animal, and she looked rather hard and suspicious. The other guests made a particular show of ease and gaiety. They commented on the manner of the hostess, and ventured to make a joke or two upon it, then dropped it from the talk and were studious not to recur to it. At any rate it is not mine," said Mrs. Wampler, "but of sheer confusion she spoke curtly; she looked as if in another moment she must collapse.

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Next Sunday The Bee will issue a profusely illustrated Bicycle Edition, with a complete forecast of the great bicycle show, to be given in the building at the southwest corner of 15th and Howard. The edition will contain a number of pages devoted solely to bicycle news and will be very interesting to wheel people. Orders for extra copies should be handed in to the counting room as early as possible. The edition will be especially attractive to advertisers, who will be accommodated with space if orders are received before Saturday noon. Telephone 238 and one of our advertising men will call.

Current Literature

Two splendid color plates, "A Bunch of Hot-House Grapes" and "A Bouquet from the Roadside," and a paper on Phil May, Du Maurier's successor on Punch, is very interesting, interspersed with sample pictures illustrating May's peculiar humor.

The current number of Cosmopolitan opens with a paper on "The Battle of the Marston," by Walter Raleigh. The "New French Naval Program," by Helen Zimmerman and Alberto Manzi, is an excellent study of the present and future of the French navy.

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her own or of her husband. It is of highly important order and of course rewards the good in the end and does not forget to punish those who have been wicked. American Publishers' corporation, New York.

"Hunting" is one of four volumes dealing respectively in angling, hunting, athletic sports and mountain climbing, each of which comprises the best articles in its particular line that have appeared from time to time in Scribner's magazine. The men who write of hunting are all well known experts.

A fine portrait of Walt Whitman serves as frontispiece to the February number of the Book Buyer, and a paper on Phil May, Du Maurier's successor on Punch, is very interesting, interspersed with sample pictures illustrating May's peculiar humor.

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and a longer effort, but he has only succeeded in producing an interesting tale—not without assertive and analytic strength. American Publishers' corporation, New York.

"The Square of the Seven" is a very old book resurrected and redressed with prefatory remarks by E. Irenous Stevenson. It purports to give "An Authoritative System of Cartomancy," and, as Mr. Stevenson says, "it is safe to presume that even the inquirer of the present day has not encountered the scarce and curious little volume here presented."

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GREAT VOICES OF CONGRESSMEN.

Many Representatives Possessed of Large Lungs Power.

There is always some one member of the house who possesses a voice far superior in depth and volume to that of any of the other members, which in itself serves to give the member possessing it a certain reputation. In the present house, says the Washington Post, this voice is possessed by Harrison Brooks, of Pennsylvania.