HOW SARAH WON HER PATRIMONY. And as a Smith Redeemed the Family Reputation. BY FLORENCE L. HOLMES.

Jackson Smith had a hobby. He would stand at the foot of his table, carving knife in hand, while he enlarged upon the "soulless democratic times," emphasizing his sentences by brandishing the carver in the

His next aversion to a democrat was an old maid. Indeed, the old maid was even more odious to him. The democrat he could forgive as being a fool, but the old maid was beyond pardon on any grounds. And yet, as in very mockery of his pet antipathy, his only child, Sarah, had developed into the hated object, right in his own household.

Sarah was tall and angular, like her father, but her face was pleasing, and her disposition mild and amiable. She had never revolted against anything in her life-not even against the injustice of spending her youth in making preserves, apple butter or piecing quilts, while other girls were making merry. Sometimes Sarah wondered where her youth

sometimes sarah wondered where her youth had gene, but, while she was 32, she could not recall having been young.

One day Jackson Smith received a hurt, and when Dr. Brown was called in he told Jackson his days were numbered. Then it was that his hatred for old maids proved itself

"I'll never leave this place to a woman that can't get a husband," he said flercely. "But father, Sarah's never had no chance—

we've always kept her down," remonstrated

eager.
"No, I don't mind; I'd help you any way
I could, Sarah. It's nigh noon now. I'll
drive over for you in the buggy right after "I'll be ready, and-I wouldn't have aske you, John, only-only-you understand how it is, don't you?" Her face was red egain.

"I understand it, Sarah. Don't fear."

"Why, Sarah, where have you been? You look as rosy as a poppy," and Mrs. Smith wiped the tears from her eyes as she gazed

at her daughter's face. "I've been attending to business for us mother. You will not leave the place. I'm going over to Squire Hall's this evening. John Howard is coming to take me in the The sun was sirking low in the west

when John Howard and Sarah returned from the squire's. "Will you come in, John, and stay about some? I'd-I'd rather you'd tell him if you

John hitched the horse and went in. He want to the bedeide of Jackson Smith and sat down.

we've always kept her down, remonstrated his weeping wife.

He wayed his hand to silence her.

He wayed his hand to silence her.

Woman, no old maid shall inherit my place.

I've sent by the doctor for Lawyer Clarke, jumped into your wheat. I don't expect

When Fink stood up he found that his property in the angles.

The

are divided. The traved nurse employed by the church made last year 2,891 Visits. The total number of communicants in this church is 1,500. The Sunday schools have church is 1,500. The Sunday schools have 1,428 pupils and eighty-three teachers and officers. There are 656 pupils in their industrial schools and eighty-three teachers. The parish kindergartens have 160 pupils and five teachers. RISKED LIFE FOR A CHILD.

In the gray half light of early morning, the wet fog clinging to his rough clothes, Adam Fink, a laborer at Webster Groves trudged along the Missouri Pacific tracks to his work, relates the St. Louis Republic. As he crossed the Berry road he heard in the distance the thunder of an oncoming

rucks.

He walked on the ties until the big mogul with its tail of swaying coaches rushed out of a bend in the road a few rods away and hore down upon him with a mighty rush. Then he saw the form of a child lying between him and the coming engine. The little curly head was pressed against the rail, a small brown hand thrown aimlessly across the steel track, a dusty kilt, a cap thrown off in sleep, showed at a glance that somebody's little boy had fallen exhausted on the railway to be ground and trampled by the juggernaut rushing to-

wards St. Louis in the dim dawn. Fink looked and leaped simultaneously. There was no pause to think. There was just an instantaneous triumph of heroism and genius as Adam Fink, laborer sprang upon the sleeping boy, snatched "Uncle Jackson," he began, "I've come to him from beneath the very pilot of the enoften warned you that some day you would lose the cost volucible possession you had—"
"It's the brindle heifer," interrupted Jackface. There was a sweep of flying cinders, son Smith, his eyes snapping angrily. "John the rattle of wheels and the crashing of steam Howard, you think because I'm on my death- with steel, and the big passenger train darted

> right leg had been hit by the engine. The child was safe—sat rubbing his eyes, all oblivious of the horrible death he had so narrowly missed—and crying softly for mamma. Fink picked him up, and swung him lightly onto his back. He knew the little fellow lived in Webster and that he had wandered away from home the day before. Searching parties had been out all night looking in vain for the lost 3-year-old, whose widowed mother walked the streets and lanes of the village for twelve hours looking for

> her lest darling.
>
> When Fink gave the child to the frantic mother he told her so plain a tale of the child's narrow escape from death that her heart stood still with horror. There was neither boast nor vanity in his telling of it; rather he seemed to think the little boy who could sleep like a soldier on the cold ground and wake to a rude scramble in the cinders was the hero of the incident. He seemed to think that he had been nothing more than lucky in arriving at the one moment when by acting quickly he had succeeded in doing what he has stood ready to do at any time. The very plain unvarnished story that he told the boy's mother made little Frank the hero, and by its tell-ing adds a new luster to the splendid peroism of Laborer Fink.

> Frankle Perkins, 3 years old, is the little boy whom Fink snatched from the wheels of the engine. Mrs. Jennie Perkins, a widow, is his mother. They live at Webster Groves. While absorbed in the duties of her home the enterprising little boy escaped her vigilance and wandered down the street. He looked in the store windows and watched the trains and teams moving about the depot. He saw with the wonder-ing eyes of 3-years-old the radiant bottles in the drug store, the big golden bowl with a base ball bat in it, suspended above the door, the "false faces" in the little shop around the corner and the codles of candy in the candy store.

in the candy store.

When he was tired of these he wande ed away, looking for new worlds to conquer, and night fell upon the sturdy little adventurer before he could find the right road home. Late in the night, certainly after the late trains had passed, the boy lay down exhausted upon the ties to sleep—no down exhausted upon the ties to sieep—no doubt to dreim of the heroes in the fairy tales his fond mother told him. Unlike most dreamers, he awoke to find a real hero, whose boots were better than the seven league things in the tale, and whose heart was stouter than that of Jack the Giant Killer. But Frankie does not know that the rough man who carried him so ten-derly home to his mother is quite likely the embodiment of all the noble thoughts. the great battles and great and generou deeds that Hans Andersen and the Brothers Grimm have been mooning about in their stories of hobgoblins, giants and ogres.

INVESTOR OF LEAD PIPE

First Suggested by Robert Seydell of Pennsylvania in 1830. There was born in Milton, Pa., in 1800 man of wonderful genius, it is said. His name was Robert Seydell and he died in 1847. Four children survive, two of whom reside here—a son, Jacob Seydell, and a daughter, Mrs. Gray.

Mr. Seydell was a coppersmith and was almost continuously working out some de-vice connected with the machinery of his factory relates the Philadelphia Press. To him, it is related by some of the oldest citi-zens of this place, belongs the discovery of the process of miking lead pipe, and, like many other inventors the idea of making the same was stolen from him and further developed to its present form of manufacture.

It was in the latter part of the thirties

that he idea suggested itself to him and the following is the way he wrought it out: He took first a slug or casting of lead, placing it on a mandrel, or rod of steel, about six-teen feet long and one inch in diameter; the mandrel was highly polished and upon this he drew or rolled out the lead to the full length of the rod, thus giving him an inch bore and the material was rolled, it is said, to a one-fourth inch, making a total diamete of one and one-half inches for the pipe. After completing several sections of the length of the mandrel he soldered them together, making the pipe of whatever length he desired.

He put it to practical use by fastening i to pump heads and also running it from springs to connect watering troughs and spring houses in the country round about here. Being greatly pleased with his dis-covery and receiving the most flattering of comments from his friends and neighbors in this section, he concluded to make his in-vention more widely known and hence made a visit to Philadelphia, taking his device

At the Franklin institute in that city he gave his first exhibition to quite a number of inventors, artisans and mechanics. As it is now related, everyone who witnessed it was more or less delighted and so expressed themselves in his immediate presence. was not long that he was allowed to remai in a condition of supreme happiners over his invention, for a short time after he made a disclosure of his discovery and while yet in Philadelphia, he found out that by the per-sons to whom he had given an exhibition of the process of making lead pipe his idea had been used and improved upon.

FAMILY OF FOUR ON \$200 A YEAR

Wisconsin Teacher and Family Live Well and Save Half His \$405 Salary. A. H. Zander contributes an article to the March Ladies' Home Journal in which he tells how he maintains a family of four persons-his wife, two children and himself on \$200 per year. He is a school teacher and is paid a salary of \$405, out of which he saves and puts out at interest \$200 yearly. Living in a small Wisconsin town, he has the advantage of cheap rents, his house costing him \$36 per year. His other expenses are: Provisions, \$94.82; clothing and footwear, \$38; magazines and newspapers, \$5

when you came to me in your trouble I jumped at the chance, Sarah, because I wanted you—I've always loved you, but now I feel I can't stay unless—unless you can take me for your husband in earnest." His eyes did not lift to her face.

"John!" Her eyes were open in wide amaze, and the face so lately tear-stained became radiant with unexpected joy. "You love me?" she questioned in glad unbelief. "Why. I have loved you all this time, too," she while you could go on just the same, and swer want to marry any one else, and should you could get a divorce, you "you're sure it makes no difference—"you're sure it makes no difference—"you're sure it makes no difference—"in the chance, Sarah, because I jumped at the chance, sarah land, but in jumped at the chance, Sarah, because I jumped at the chance, Sarah, land in jumped at the chance, sarah land, put in jumped at the chan

Of course there is always the bugbear ahead that when more valuable on account of experience and training this aid to domestic machinery will strike for higher wages or leave. In the meantime she may not, and the care taken in the training often cements a bond of real friendship between mistress and maid, which is not broken in years. There is always a risk, but if the servant who is trained in the ways of a wise mistress does remain she is a wellspring of joy and amply repays the former

The teacher must know her pupils' good and bad traits and exercise tact, firmness, patience and perseverance. Remember that this pupil is a grown woman, possessing doubt, strong opinions of her own, which are not crushed on account of the relative positions. The mistress must lead gently but firmly, forgiving bad work the first time but not the second, and the fact must be impressed upon the girl that no matter what she thinks is the better way, that of her employer must be followed.

The question naturally arises, how can the mistress teach the proper method of doing work unless she understands it herself? If she does not then the maid will either train herself or remain in a state of blissful ignorance, for, as one put it not long ago, "experience comes high unless you do the teaching." Who but the mistress will tell her the best manner of cleaning paint, windows, upholstered and other furniture How will she know how to plan her work when to sweep, etc, how to remove stain from table linen as soon as it is injured, what to do with a greave spot on the carpet, a scratch on a wooden chair and the hundred little things that come up, unless some one versed in these household subjects enlightens her?

In the first place, there must be personal cleanliness, which means cotton gowns to be worn during the time of the heaviest work, with a white cambric apron and linen collar. In time for the late meal the girl changes this garb for one of black, navy blue, brown or gray serge, or cashmete, with white linen cuffs and collar, fresh apron and the almost universally worn cap, though the wearing of the latter must be arranged for from the first or there may be trouble over



waist is allowed with a black skirt and white apron for the evening dress. It is the general rule for women to furnish the aprons and caps, and some go further and supply two afternoon frocks per year, but the latter is optional, while the former rule has become a custom.

A house girl in a family of ordinary means combines the duties of a waitress and cham-bermaid, and her daily tasks for every day breakfast table, the family having the conorea roas table, the family having the con-sideration to dispense with her services as soon as possible, giving her the opportunity of throwing back the beds to air, opening the bedroom windows and removing waste water from the rooms. Breakfast comes next and after this the house girl cleare the table and woshes the silver and better china, the remainder going into the kitcher for the cook, who also attends to the wash-

crumbs picked up, as it does not need sweep-ing every day, and the maid goes to the drawing room to dust that. Then the beds are made and the rooms dusted, and by this time the luncheon table must be set and the family waited upon, keeping a clean apron ready to put on for this service, and also to answer the door bell. After the servant's luncheon and dish-washing if there are any lamps in use they

Every day some extra work can be done in the afternoon in place of leaving the bulk of it for the last of the week.

For example, on Monday give the servants room its weekly cleaning, and sweep all of the stairs and halls; on Tuesday take the dining room and also to do her own ironing.

On Wednesday the parlor receives a thorough overhauling, and on alternate Thursdays the silver should be cleaned, the remaining Thursdays being the girl's day out from luncheon until 10 o'clock. The cook takes the alternate Thursdays, and then the ousemaid gets the dinner, which the house-vife should make lighter than usual. The girls divide Sundays in the same manner

room receives due attention. On this day the front doorknobs should be polished, the fenders, if there are any brightened, and all of the beds made up with clean linen. All of the extra tasks are finished up on Saturday, and in this way no one day sees a rush from sunrise until dewey eve or finds the whole house in disorder at one time, as some well-meaning housekeepers plan to do. COMFORTS FOR SERVANTS.

A girl has a right to expect a comfortable bedroom, warm and light, and have two beds in it if both domestics occupy one room. Very often the servents' room is a storehouse for old furniture, and, as human beings are governed greatly by externals, it is impossible to improve one's finer feelings and principles if one treats them as aniand principles if one treats them as animals. Many housekeepers allow the girls to sit in the dining scoom in the evening and see that they have papers and magazines. This is not appliing them, but makes a girl worth having respect thereoff and her position, and consequently her mistrees.

It is customary to allow girls company one evening in the week, and it is wise not to interfere with the girls citting up occasionally as late as 11 o'clock. When one realizes that the evening is the only time that a girl has free from constant duty, it

is hard to curtail that and claim that servines should go upstairs at 9 o'clock.

Teach a girl to open the front door with materially assisted them in the carrying dut

if not, do not attempt the task until a subject worthy of your efforts appears, and then may success crown your attempts. Thous nds sink into an early grave for want of a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. This great remedy would have saved them INDIAN LOVERS.

Notable Instances of White Womes Marrying Redskins. The elopement of Mrs. Minnie Cushman the widowed daughter of G. C. Euteman chaplain of the United States army at Fort Belknap, Mont., with Garrott White, a fullblood Piegan Indian, the other day and their subsequent marriage, as announced in the press disputches dom Great Falls, Mont., recalls similar cases which have occurred in the northwest during the last ten or fifteen years. As in several other cases in which the daughters of prominent and wealthy eastern people have run away to marry Indians with whom they had became enamored, Mrs. Cushman was a teacher in an Indian school-that at Fort Shaw Mont.

Several other attempted elopements and marriages of young white women who were society belies in the east to full-blood or mixed-blood Indians have been prevented by the determined opposition of relatives of friends, and in at least one instance death alone prevented the consummation of the marriage rite between a white teacher of un Indian school, whose father bears a national reputation, and an Indian. The distinctly remembers the case, which came young lady was a teacher in one of the In dian schools on the Sloux reservation near this city. She became enamored with a young Sioux warrior and would have mar-ried him against the protests of her custern elatives had not Providence interposed and thwarted the alliance. The Indian stricken with consumption and failed rapidly. During his last days the young woman teacher nursed him with the greatest devo-tion and when he died she for a time refused to be consoled. Since then she has remained single, notwithstanding that it is said she has been offered the heart and hand of de

The most notable instance of a white woman marrying an Indian was the mar-riage some seven years ago of Miss Elaine Goodale, the poetess and teacher, to Dr. Charles A. Eastman, then a resident of Pine Ridge agency, where Miss Goodale was a teacher in an Indian school. Dr. Eastman is known as Many Lightnings among the Sioux. He is a graduate of Dartmouth college and by those who know him is ac-knowledged to be a cultivated gentleman, who might mingle with credit in any society. Dr. and Mrs. Eastman left the Sioux agency a year or two after their marriage and went east. They now live in St. Paul. Their married life is said to be ideal in every respect. The dector is frequently called upon by his brethren to look after

Many People **Cannot Drink**

coffee at night. It spoils their sleep. You can drink Grain-O when you please and sleep like a top. For Grain-O does not stimulate; it nourishes, cheers and feeds. Yet it looks and tastes like the best coffee. For nervous persons, young people and children Grain-O is the perfect drink. Made from pure grains. Get a package from your grocer to-day. Try it in place of coffee. 15 and 25c.

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by the government of its treaty obligations with the indian tribes. Dr. Essetman has contributed articles to eastern magazines on Indian life, and his wife is also a frequent contributor to the leading publications.

Miners and Operators Confer. CHICAGO, March 14.—The coal miners CHICAGO, March 14.—The coal miners of eastern lilinois held a meeting here today to arrange the details of the contract between the miners and their employers in accordance with the agreement reached at Springfield two weeks ago. President S. M. Dalzell of the State Operators association presided. The question of powder prices, which was left to today's meeting, was settled by fixing the price at \$1.75 a keg, with the understanding that if the price is reduced in Indiana it will be reduced in Illinois. A committee consisting of H. M. Taylor and A. J. Mooreshead, representing the operators, and W. G. Ryan and Joan Pascoe, representing the miners, was appointed to draw up the form of contract. The price to be paid ranges from 36 to 68 cents a ton, being based on 40 cents at Danville.

Can Go Ahead with Capitol. PHILADELPHIA, March 14.—The state PHILADELPHIA, March 14.—The state supreme court affirmed the decision of the Dauphin county court which refused to grant an injunction to restrain the capital building commission from awarding contracts for the erection of the state capital. The commissioners will now award the contracts and proceed with the erection of the building in accordance with their plans.

Skin Eruptions Cured for 35c. Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Barber's Itch all itching and burning skin diseases vanish when Dr. Agnox's Olintment is used. It relieves in a day and cures quickly. No case of piles which an application will not comfort in a few minutes. Try it. Kuhn & Co., 15th and Douglas; Sherman & McConnell Drug Co., 1513 Dodge.



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, A NEW SERIAL

H. Rider Haggard

AUTHOR OF "SHE," "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," .ETC., ETC.,

HAS COMPLETED ANOTHER STORY ENTITLED

The hero of the story is a grandson of King Solomon on an expedition to the Golden Ophir of the Bible. A Romance of Pre-Historic Africa, Daringly Imaginative

and Full of Thrilling Action. This Story Began Publication in

The Sunday Bee

as a Serial, in Ten Instalments, February 13.

N this story Mr. Haggard makes a new demonstration of his wonderful power in the field of pure romance. He once more boldly lifts the curtain that hides the fate of nations dead and buried in the ages of which no record remains, except in the silent ruins of their cities.

Zimboe, an inland trading city that flourished in the heart of Africa 3,000 years ago, and peopled by the Phoenicians, is the scene of the story. To this city comes Prince Aziel, a grandson of King Solomon, accompanied by Isaachar, a priest of Israel, and Metem. a Phoenician trader, who brings a caravan of mer-

In Elissa, daughter of Sakon, King of Zimboe. the prince meets his fate. King Ithobal, lord of many legions of savage warriors, is already a suitor for her hand. He sues in true barbarian fashion, seeks to carry her off by force, and is foiled in the attempt by Prince Aziel. The story unfolds itself around the feud between the Prince of Israel and the savage King Ithobal. Elissa has already given her heart to Aziel, and loaths the barbarian monarch. Isaachar, the priest, is determined that no prince of the house of David shall wed a heathen maiden, whose people worship Baal. As a result of his intrigues, Elissa is elected the high priestess of Baal.

This fixes an impassable religious gulf between her and Aziel. Their passionate love seeks to surmount all barriers. Meantime Ithobal draws his huge army of savages around the fated city, and demanding Elissa in marriage, prepares to destroy it if he is refused. How Elissa violates her oath as high priestess and prepares to fly with Aziel; how they are both discovered and threatened with death by the priests of Baal; how, to save each other, she, by her right as the high priestess of Baal, names him her husband, while he renounces his faith and offers incense to Baal; how Ithobal's horde of savages storms the walls of the city, and both Aziel and Elissa fall into his power; and how, at last. Aziel escapes with his life by Elissa's feigned submission to Ithobal, she, in turn, escaping Ithobal by killing herself, is all told in Mr. Haggard's most fascinating manner.

The awful ceremonies in the temple of Baal, the weird rites in the sacred groves of Zimboe, and the barbarous battle scenes of that far-off time, are described with all the author's marvelous wealth of

imaginative resource. It is a story that will surely rank as one of the great works of fiction of 1898.

In The Sunday Bee! Watch for It! Read It!



"HER FACE GREW PINKER THAN THE SUN BONNET."

and he'll come tomorrow. There's money Jackson Goggan, my namesake, shall get i

Tearfully Mrs. Smith imparted the facts to Sarah.
"Mother, would he turn you out of the old place just because he hates me?" and Sarah

The elder woman nedded, then kissed the round, sunburnt face and said: "Mother, I never have revolted against father, but I'm going to save the place for you—I wouldn't mind so much, but you shall never leave your home. I'm going out now to think it over," and putting on her pink sunbonnet she went out the back door. When some distance from the house she sat down in the shade of a tree, and while her heart beat loudly over her father's contemplated injustice, she resolved to outwit him.
"There's Josh Mullin, he might—but can't bear Josh, he chews tobacco and his mouth always looks dirty. Heary Holge bome, but he drinks so that there's no de pendence to be put in him." She cast her eyes over the landscape, and on the next farm she saw the figure of a man in the field. "Yes, there's John Howard, but-" and her face grew pink-"I hate somehow

to ask it of him—" then the tear-stained fac of her mother passed before her mental vis ion and giving a jark to h r sunbonnet, she started down the path across the meadow. John Howard was hoeing corn. When he saw Sarah approaching he stopped and leaned on his hoe, a look of concern in his

face. "Is the old man worse, Sarah?" he asked.

talk of such a thing?"

shifted the hoe to the other arm and looked farm.

made up of thleves and cutthroats-but "Il leave it in my will. Jackson Goggan hall law and law until—" He sank back "If you get that acgry over the brindle helfer. Uncle Jackson, I don't know what you will say when I tell you that I have

not touched the heifer, but I have married "Morried-Sarah!" and Jackson Smith's eyes dilated. "Married Sarah!" he said under his breath. "John, give me your hand. I knew Sarah was a Smith. Why, there never was an old maid in the Smith family, but it did seem she meant to take after the Walkers-her mother was a Walker. Sarah -married! I can go in peace, John, now that you have lifted the disgrace from the Smith family. You needn't mind what I said about the democrats-I reckon you don!

know better. Call Sarah. I want to give or the brindle helfer." When the lawyer came the next day howrote a will bequeathing all, save a life in terest to Mrs. Smith, to his beloved daughter Sarah, who had gladdened the last hours of

A few days later, with all due ceremony Jackson Smith was laid away by the side of other Smiths. John Howard went homwith his wife and her mother. At the porch he halted awkwardly, seeing which Garah

"Will you come in, John?" she asked. "I'm afraid it would only pester you did-I-reckon a ought to go home, but "Yes; Dr. Brown says he can't live more'n hate to leave you—you women folks alone wo or three days, and—O. Joho, it's awful and you'll be kind of ionesome now." "You might stay. We would fix up father's room real comfortable if you would "You might stay. We would fix up father's room real comfortable if you would ing daughter, Suruh, and you can't blame yourself for anything, you—"
"O, you don't understand, John; he's go"I'd like to, Sarah. I could tend the crop

"O, you don't understand. John; he's go-ing to leave everything to—to Jackson Gog-gan, and mother'll have to leave the place," she half sobbed.
"I'd like to, Sarah. I could tend the crop just as well, but I'd feel as if I was living off of you women, and—and you might get to hate me if I hung around." "You can't mean it, Sarah? Why—why "You needn't be afraid of that, John."
that would be outrageous. What makes him said Sarah, tapping her foot nervously on the porch floor. "It would be the easiest way out of our-our-dilemma; but if you'd "Because—because—I am an old mald; he hates all old maids," and her face grew rather not stay we could explain to folks how pinker than the sunbonnet. John Howard it was that you just married me to save the

shifted the hoe to the other arm and looked down.

"John, I've come to ask you —O. John, dên't think me brazen, it's for mother's sake. I can't stand to see her turned out, and for my fault, and if you will only help me and—and—come up to the house and pretend that we are to be married—just until after the will is made—it wouldn't be so very wrong, John—not so bad as letting mather be put out of her home—" She caught her breath in short gasps, but when John was silent her pink face suddenly paled.

"Ia ——— it asking a heap too much of you, John, but don't hold it against me; I couldn't see any other way. Goodby, John," she was turning away.

"Don't go yet, Sarah, I—I think your idea is good, but it might not work. Jackson Smith is sharp, he'd see right through it, but—if you would be willing we could drive over to Equire Hall's this afternoon and get married. I wouldn't trouble you any.

Sarah—we could go on just the same, and I'lf never want to marry any one else, and if you should you could get a divorce, you have work, into which the anersis of the church of New York City has twelve departments of work, into which the anersis of the church.

Teach a girl to open the front door with a pleasant, though not familiar manner. Nothing makes a better impression upon a visitor than a polite and cheerful servant. Do not allow loud talking or heavy walking around the house, slamming of doors, etc. All these noises are merely bad habits, not necessary evils. A waitress should be careful of her hands, keeping the nails in order, etc., all of which is much in evidence when handing dishes to one, but in a servant's former life such amenities were nist dreamed of and they must be taught by a patient, kindly mistress. If not kindly, A Task Requiring Knowledge, Tact, Patience and Perseverance. WITHOUT THESE FAILURE IS CERTAIN Three-Year-Old Snatched from Be Trials to Be Endured and How They May Be Lightened_Expert Sugby a patient, kindly mistress. If not kindly, all the patience in the world will not make a well trained girl, but with kindliness much gestions on a Subject of laterest. may be accomplished with a rough diamond, but, as Mark Twain puts it, do not select "one so rough that you cannot find the diamend" when looking for a girl to train.
One week will prave if the girl is willing, appreciative, quick to catch on, with a de-When a housekeeper can afford to pay \$20 per month for a house maid, her trainwas coming rapidly towards him, for the ground shivered and he heard the clanking but girls receiving from \$10 to \$12 are selcent memory, for forgetfulness is many a housekeeper's trial, and capable of training;

om experts in this line of business. It then remains for the housewife either to put up with indifferent service or to train the servant in the path that she should

for all of her trouble.



it. For midsummer a light cotton shirt

SERVICES EXPECTED.

of the week should be plainly written out, passed on a piece of cardboard and hung up in her room, to be read each day. While the cook prepares breakfast the housemaid sweeps the halls, stairs and doorsteps, then

ing and ironing.

The dining room is then dusted and the

hould be attended to and the work upstair WEEKLY ROUTINE.

Caring for the dining room means to keep the sideboard and closets in perfect order and windows washed every week.

house servant getting supper when the cook is out.
On Fridays the bedrooms and halls must be attended to, and on Saturday the bath-