CONCERNING A BOY

By CHARLES KENNETT BURROW.

Author of "The Way of the Wind." "The Fire of Life." Etc., Etc

"Come, get out o' that!" Tommy got out of it with singular rapidity and stood, blinking, at the door of the barn. He had been working the chaffcutter to the best of his small strength one. You may come and look at it if you and the imminent risk of his fingers, and like " though he obey a the voice, it was with a feeling of damaged dignity. He looked back into the shadow of the building. 'I say, Pitch, you might be more police

"An' let you mangle yourself. Master

"I was all right," said Toriny, "Be eides, I was helping you, wash t 12"

Fitch grinned. "Certainly," he said, "you ad out quit

a teacupful. "Pooh!" said Tommy; "why, I was turning the wheel for half an haur!

Turnin' the wheel ain't everythin't' "You're in a bad temper, Fitch!" Tomm; said severely, "I don't like you when

you're in a bad temper The man grinned again and began to separate a truss of hir

"Oh, no I'm not, Master Tem," he said "but I won't have you playin' with my machine and a disnaurin of pourself. I desway, now, you'd have put a stone in if

"I'm not such a kid as all that," said shoulder. Tommy, and he marched off with his hands in his pockets.

Tommy had set out with the notion of having a pleasant afternoon. First he had tried the billiard room, but the two men playing there, his father's guests, not only refused to let him have a cue, which was bad enough, but also seemed inclined to resent his intrusion a tone her; so that the boy, after secreting a block of chalk, departed on another quest. Then he went to the poultry yard and mesmerized a hen by drawing a chalk circle round it, that however, was a slow occupation, and after he had laughed at the idiotic expression of the fowl he went away, entirely forgetting to release it from bundage. After that he journeyed to see the bootboy, who always had interesting things in his pockets and knew where hirds' nests were to be found, but the hootboy had gone on a round of errands and the housekeeper was cross because she had particularly wanted him that afternoon; there was no sympathy to be had there. Then came the episode of the chaff-cutter, which had promised so well and ented so unsatisfactority. When Tommy strolled off in the May sunshine, therefore, he was naturally in a

condition of high discontent. He put all his misfortunes down to the presence of guesta in the house, he disapproved of guests, unless they happ nel to be boys. In one way or another they were always upnorting his plans, appearing at inopportune moments or or asing Then they were too sell-us even for oilliards-which, in Tommy's view, consisted in hard driving round the taidthey didn't romp; they didn't even use their cues and singlessicks and aim at one another's heads. It seemed to T mmy that if all the fun were to be lett beaund. It better.' appeared to him that grownu, a wasted their opportunities far more than he did, mer gravely. but they were never told of it as he was

vague hope that he might induce a me stream. one to play with him. But the two cours were deserted and the new sagged de-

Well, I'm blowed," said Tommy, "of all the slow places!"

a little wood of becches, and bey nd hat a stream. The bootboy had instructed Tommy in the art of leach tickling, and wood, sat down on the bank of the striam afternoon, he had taught her something. and proceeded to take his shoes and sto k-

for fish there were all sorts of strang: and pretty things to be seen at the bottom | world. -colored pebbies and the like; but wh n the pubbles were picked up and diled all noon? the colors disappeared. This, h.w. rr. was so perfectly in accord with fary stories that Tommy didn't mind.

After a time he found a leach with its wavy body set nose-wise toward a st no satisfactory doings. The theme was en-Very cautiously he got his hand below i, goossing. and with a mighty jerk sent it high on to . "Don't you like Mr. Fitton?"

Tickling." said Tommy. Tickling!

Tickling loach. 'In that a fish "

"Yes," said Tommy; "I've fust caught out suddenly;

queer, doesn't it?" Very queer. I don't think it's well." Per apa the fall burt it."

Very likely, poor thing." rer" Tommy asked, stirring it up with his into an explosion. "I expect they fell on want snything else."

the wid leach and finished him!"

"I couldn't swop

That it back in the stream."

Tut It back " The suggestion was so tartling that Tommy could hardly believe about in bare feet. Dad says it's good for

"But fish always die before they're und sprand them out to dry?"

Mertimer, whose logic was unequal to such ful pucker on his forehead.

"Of course, if you really want me to," things that aren't any use.



HE MARCHED OFF WITH HIS HANDS IN HIS POCKETS.

"Of course you might," said Miss Morti-

picked up the unfortunate fish, held it in still with his hands in his pocke s. in the inspection, and then dropped it into the he couldn't!"

"I believe the beast was shamming."

"Wouldn't you sham if you were caught was."

time? I'm alone, you see." "All right," said Tommy. He would have

"Nothing much."

"Won't you tell me ""



HELLO MISS MORTIMER, I SAY TO GIVE ME SUCH A PRIGHT

the bank. It was a most successful cap-But a dead leach was of no use to him, and shough. he had brought no jar with him, accordturly, he held the fish in the water with one for Miss Mortimer's admiration. hand that it might not die prematurely, and with the other made a deel for its ferred to this it appeared rath r fla by could For and inclined to lie ever on its side, but Tommy had a hopeful temperament,

"What are you doing?" asked a voice. Temmy steed bolt upright, with his legs chap. straddled, and stared around-"Hello, Miss Mortimer?" he said: "I say.

you did give me a fright." Miss Mortimer was sitting on a fallen tree trunk just in the shadow of the wood. She held her index finger between the pages of a book. "I can't get away from

"I'm sorry I frightened you." said Miss Mortimer. "What are you doing there?"

"Beautiful," she said. "I'd like to run away," said Tommy, When the leach was traus 'enly I couldn't go alone, you know,

Thun away?

Could you?" cried Tommy. Well, I'm not a boy, you see."

You could dress up like a lov-'I wonder how I should look!"

take you for a post, or something." That would never do," said Miss Morti-

'We'll think about it shall we! "If you like," said Tommy. He did not "Poor Tommy!" she said, "you're a dear

Miss Mertimer laid down her book and and stockings, which had slipped into the trying to slip the ring on to her fing r. There it is, said Tommy. It looks a carrying the shows, into which he had said.

Stuffed the stockings, by their laces. He "Yes, Shall I wear it or throw it into was chuckling delightedly.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," said which I like." Miss Mortimer.

"What are you going to do" " first fits me!" The ring "Hare feet are all right. I often go finger of her left hand.

Yes, put it back. A dead fish wouldn't Miss Mortimer glanced at his strong

aten," said Temmy; "they must, of "th, it doesn't matter!" "But this is a lingering death," said Miss self, while the boy watched with a thought- great fuss about a little thing.

an argument. "Do put it back Tommy; to "I'm not really lasy, you know," be said. please me," she added, laying a hand on "No""

"only they're always setting me to do



"Then here goes," said Tommy. He

"Thank you, Tommy," said Miss Morti-

south of the tennis courts was "I might," Tommy admitted. "Will you come and this to me for a

as there seemed nothing else to do, he preferred to go on tickling, but he was a be said. determined to devote an hour to that pur. tolite boy to ladies; besides, he had a great suit. There wasn't much fun in doing it admiration for Miss Mortimer. Indoors he alone, but still it was better than nothing. was a little shy of her, but out there he felt Accordingly. Temmy dired through the that he could tell her things; already, that

They went together to the fallen tree and Tommy sat beside Miss Mortimer and rubb.d It was pleasant, after all, to feel the his pink feet together reflectively. She put It was pleasant, after all, to feel the displeasant arm round his shoulder and stroked his "I could do with cool, clear water rippling against his lig-, an arm round his shoulder and stroked his Tommy, heroically. and once you began searching the st east untidy hair. Tommy rather liked that, though he would not have said so for the

"Oh, if you like," said Tommy, and he proceeded to give her an account of his un-

"He's all right except when he's playing ture and put him in a good temper at an e. billiards. I collared a piece of chais. He produced the chalk from his pecket

"it'd be aplended." "I should rather like to go with you, old guideers and cannon, with peas for bails elder vinegar, cover tightly and stand le

That doesn't matter."

"You'd look folly," said Temmy, "You'd these people anyhow; it's sickening! have to have your hair out, though, or they'd you'd teach me to play billiards."

it wasn't worth while to grow older at all might eatch it again another day when it's 1 "I wasn't thinking about stockings. I'm going to be a sailur, and they give me a ter how simple or how elaborate the dishes lot of sums to do. Sums are no good to a which follow. Society is often very useful satter." "Oh yes, they are,"

"Well, I asked Uncle Joe to help me the fashionable felk, the plainer, everyday peo-He strolled round to the tennis ground, his bot hand toward the girl for her closer other day he's a captain, you know-and ple find them helpful.

didn't know what a common denominator can always have as a ready and handy resort

had entirely forgotten what it was herself. all her materials selected, she can arrange To her relief Tommy abruptly left that them with the chafing dish on a tea table in "I wish I had another block of chalk,"

"Isn't one enough""

flushed slightly and smiled, beginning to hood days. It may necessitate a few more stroke Tommy's hair again. "Do you particularly want it this afternoon?" she said.

"I could do without it, of course," said "I think I can manage it for you." Miss Mortimer took a notebook from her

pocket and tore out a leaf, on which she "Miss Mortimer presents her compliments to Mr Fitton, and will be kindly give the bearer a piece of chalk to make a pair. The hearer 'co.lared' the other piece from under Mr. Finton's eyes this after-Having found this missive and written Mr. Fitton's name upon it, she hanned it to the boy.

"There," she said, "take that to Mr. Fitton and come back and tell me what hap-"If he's not in the bill and room what shall

I do? I daren't go into the drawing room with bare feet." "If he's not in the billiard room bring the note back to me. And, Tommy, don't

tell Mr. Fitton where I am."
- "All right" said Tommy. He set off at top speed through the wood and across the lawn and dashed fute the bullard room like a runner breasting the tape.

"liedo". Mr. Fitten rose from a seat in the window and stared at Tommy, then he broke into a pleasant laugh. Well, youngster, what so you want?" he

"Please, I've brought this," said Tommy, breathl may having out the note. Mr. Fitor had his many folia and read. Then an experiment came into his eyes which carmany remembed Tommy, even though the next words were starting emough. The you collared a piece of chark this

aft ranou, et " Yes, said Tommy. "And you want mother piece?" M you of a car "Vest there you are." Tomory altoped the back into his poster, said Thank you,

that i out Where is Miss Morrimor?" The new to believe "Where have you been "" By the stream." Toning smidenip realized that he was on

the point of giving Miss Morniner away. and aided hurriedly. "But she wasn't fishing with mel' "Good Loy," said Mr. Fitton. "I won't try to find out your secret." He to ned the note over and over in his finners, looked out of the window, pinched | of Tommy's

walked to a writing table. 'May I go?' naked Tommy Not yet, old man, Here, think what pepper, celery sain allapse, brown sugar, you'll buy with this while I wri e a note; made mustard-English not French-and a He gave Tommy a 5-shifting piece, and table-pountul of powdered sevel herbs. the boy's thoughts instantly ran riot over mixed. Bith these thoroughly into archaes of possible purchases. They per the mean Thin pour over it tiguiarly inclined, however, toward leaden very slowly, a half-part of good

The afternoon was turning on frimusly, a sold place for five days; pouring the after all. Input over it several times each When Mr. Fitton had finished be took n day. But a quart of solites diamond ring from his little finger and water in a kettle deep enough to "I'm afraid it does," said Miss Mortimer, slipped it into the envelope with the note, hold the leg of mution, put an inverted fry-

Mortimer with that, will you ""

"So you could, to be sure. Perhaps we'll With this comforting prospect in view feel very hopeful. Even in his small ex- Tommy dashed back to Miss Mortimer. perience delays were usually fatal. Miss. "I've got the challe," he said, "and this?" Mortimer was not slow to observe his de- Miss Mortimer looked at the 5-shilling piece in his hand and blushed.

"And Mr. Fitton sent this to you, boy, and not so very naughty." She drew Tommy went on. "I think there's some- four eggs with four tablespoonfuls sugar and him closer and klassed him. Now, Tommy, thing inside." in the ordinary way, did not care for Miss Mortimers blush deepened as she kinner, but that one was not at all un- opened the envelope, and when the ring

pleasant, and he knew how finny girls fell out her lips parted to free some hing were. After a time Miss Mortimer cried between a sigh and a sob. Then she read ut suddenly:
"Oh, Temmy, what's that in the s ream?"

After a long silence Temmy looked up
Tommy darted off and rescued his shows and saw Miss Mortimer rather tremulously

the stream? Mr. Fitton says I may do "I should swop it for something else," Could we do anything to make it bet. It's awfully fonny," said Tommy, going said Tommy. "But I dare may you won't

"I couldn't awop it. Tommy. See, it just his me!" The ring shone on the third "I whould leave it there, then," said Tommy "I think I shall," said Mus Mortimer.

e any good to you, would it? It isn't big young limbs and smiled.

And then, to Tommy's intense surprise, neigh to cook, hesides, you wouldn't like "I daresay it is," she said. "Hadn't you she caught him in a close embra e and a thing that had died, would you?" better take the stockings out of the boots called him a "darling bey." It to k him some days to understand matters, and even then it seemed to him that grown-ups, and "Toniny you're lazy." She did it here particularly his father's guests, made a

> TABLE AND KITCHEN, Practical Suggestions About Food and the Preparations of It.

A Woman's Lunckeon. Many housewives find it difficult to provide for the simple, every lay luncheon, and S Dewhen bustand is at office and children at school and she must cut this meal in dreary solitude. It is not unfrequently a delusion | • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • and a snare. A delusion is her belief that she isn't hungry and has no time to "fuss" just for herself, and a snare is the broad and | • tea diet too generally indulged in; all of which will sooner or later bring its sure resuits. To go on performing her many and ofttimes ardrovs household duties on such insufficient neurishment will soon impair the strongest nerves and lessen the vital energy to a serious degree. Bread and butter, if of good quality and properly made, is well enough so far as it goes; as in this one gets a not inconsiderable amount of nerve and force material to build with. But unless a very large amount is consumed the supply is not sufficient without other foods with elements of like nature combined.

The cup of tea. That cheers, ave. there's 26 the danger. True, tea will to a certain extent prevent waste of tissue, but is of more value for this purpose to the feeble and axed who must depend more on semi-solid foods, than to the active, working ho sewife, If "between whiles" she feels a weariness or lack of energy, then the cup of hot tea will prove welcome and its mission will be for good and not harm. But for the simple and solitary midday meal replace the cup of tea with a bowl of hot broth, cocon or checolate or milk, het or cold. The latest checolate or milk, het or cold. The latest fad among society girls is the bowl of bread and milk to lead off the luncheon, no matand milk to lead off the function, no matin introducing very sensible customs and, though they are but the fad of the hour with

Often the fire is a comideration in the Perhaps he wouldn't," said Miss Mor- mind of the housewife. If for reasons of convenience or economy also does not wish "He couldn't," Tommy insisted. "He to use her stove to prepare a hot dish, she this clean and useful little "parlor stove," "Dreadful!" cried Miss Mortimer, who as some one calls the chafing dish. Having any part of the bouse that suits her fancy and we would suggest that she choose different locations each day, avoiding the din-Ing room and kitchen as much as possible "I migh lose it, and then I should be and see if change and novelty does not bring attendant appetite. It will seem quite like "I see," said Miss Mortimer. Then she the "playing at housekeeping" of her child-

> steps, but no more work. Daily Menus.

Daily Menus.

THURSDAY
BREAKFAST.
Fruit.
Cereal.
Liver Rolls.
Entire Wheat Bread.
LUNCH
Beef a la Jardoniere,
Hot Slaw.

Milk Pircuit.
Tea.

Milk Placuits, Tea.

DINNER.
Chart Soup.

Prairie Hen, Fotted, Gibbt Stuce,
Mashed Polaties. Creamed Taralps,
Spaghett, with Tensale Souce.
Collets Sa ad
Old-Fashioned Libral Publing.
Coffice.

FRITAY
BRIGARY ST.
BRIGARY ST.
Britan Omelet, Bacon,
Politato Omelet, Bacon,
Coffee.

Amed Rice
Potato Omelet. Bacon.
Breakfast Rolls. Coffee.
Little Cyster Fies.
Stowed Celery.
Compete of Pears.
Cereal Coffee.
DINNER
Oyster Sour.
Rolled Salmon. Horseradish Sance.
Plain B. Ced Petaroes. Baked Onlors.
Cabbage Salm.
Lemon Snowballs.
Almon I Sance.
Coffee.

SATURDAY THEAKFASI Tereni Croam, Tel Chops Bac a Chips, Freben Fried P Lilons, Rolls Coffice, LUNCH. Toasted Mullios Showed Fruit;

Beef Stock Pro. Marked Pautoes, Stewed Callage, Shield Buts, Buset Sweet Pitates Junket with sile Coffee and Gream BUNDAY
BERLAU FAST.
Frant. Chaim.
Brailed Birds on Toolst.
Brailed Sweet Fotalities.
C first

Bore Wallier,
Formation Considering
Log of Methods, as a Vention,
Chirann Jelly
Mashed Potential Broad of Turcip,
Stewed Tounder,
Colors and Apple Salad
Belleman Programs,
Flores,
SIPPIN
Salad Bandwicker,
Pheblod Opens,
Take,

Lemon Jelly. tegs, appeared to hesitate about something. Leg of Musson a La Vention-Trim al and finally said. "By Jove, I will!" and rough fat from a log of mutton. Place it in a deep dish on which you can fit a cover-Mix together a rabbernounful each of salt

"There," he said: "go straight to Miss ing basket or bettle in the brotler and play the most on this, so it will not touch the "All right," said Tommy. "I say, I wish water. Steam from two to three hours, acu'd teach me to play billiards." | cording to size. Add a cup of hot water to the I will some day—when you're bigger." | pickle and baste with this. When near! "I could stand on a footstool," said done it may be placed in a baking pan in emmy.

a very hot oven and browned. Use the

hickening it with brown flour. Serve the meat with this and current jelly.

Bohemian Creams-Whip one pint of ream very stiff. Cover one onnee gelatito with half-cup cold water and some untitender. Put one plat of cream or mills in double beiler to scald. Bear the yells of add to the milk with the gelatine. Then pour into a basin to cook. Add a tempoonful of vanila. Stand over cracked hee and still until it begins to thicken, then fold in the whipped cream with half a cup of macarcons powdered. Turn into individual moids lined with chopped almonds. Set on ice to

harden. Serve with whipped or plain irram-Pickled Oysters. Scald fifty large systems n their own liquor until their gills ruffle Brain and place in glass jags; strain the fiquor. To each half-pint of oysier liquor add half a pint of vinegar, white wine preferred, a dozen whole cloves, a small red pepper pod, chopped rather fine, a dozen whole alispice, a teasponful sait, half a temspoonful white pepper, two blades of mace and half a tempoonful celery salt. Bring to a hard boll, strain over the systems, cover closely and stand in a cold place These will be ready to use on the second day and will keep four or five was he-

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