

It is an evil day for all the folks," murmured a woman towards the close of the eighteenth century, one wet day in May. The speaker stood before her cottage door. She was dark, with a clear but pale face, and lustrous gray eyes. Bell Winston lived by herself in her mother's old house, on the slopes of the Wrekin.

A strange woman she was accounted by her neighbors, unsteady and odd. "How does her life?" folks used to ask each other, shake their heads, and whisper, but most times refrain from answering at all. Bell's mother, "Chalice" Winston, had been a faded witch in her time, and the notion of her name many folk forgotten scandalous revived.

Seven years before Bell had lived in service with Sir Robert Lawley and his good lady, at Spoonhill hall, close against the great wood of Spoonhill, where folks came to worship at the Wrekin tree, and not far from Fourton, where the present hall now stands. Bell had been considered then a bonnie lass, dark-eyed, merry, with cherry cheeks, and a tangle of dark curly hair, well favored, and a grand worker at her spinning wheel.

Bell had been much courted, but in spite of many love smitten swains had turned a deaf ear to all. Among Bell's fellow servants was another maiden, by name May Harley. May was as fair as Bell was dark, she had clear blue eyes that reminded one of the green under Spoonhill, when washed by a shower of April rain, and an aureole of golden locks that crowned her brow with richest gold. Besides this, May was tall and slender, and had a long white throat, and a rousal of a mouth. Folks called her the Rosebud of Fourton, and declared that she was the fairest lass of the country.

May and Bell became inseparable friends, and when May was chosen for the May queen during the neighboring May games, Bell evinced no jealousy. Like her friend, May laughed at all lovers, and would not even accept the attentions of smart Master Phil Makin, his honor's own body servant. However, all comes to be or she who waits, even love. One evening, as the two lasses were idly plucking snipe nuts in the great wood at the back of the house early in September, they saw a young man in the dress of a gamekeeper advance towards them.

"The new keeper, who is to take old Hawley's place," said Bell. "Mistress Parr speaks of him as no worse measure than the sugar for comfits. And she said his name was Roland Corbett." The young man spoken of was tall and little, and had a look of gypsy blood. He advanced towards them, his voice was singularly sweet and attractive, and the few words he uttered created a great impression on the girls. To return they plied him with questions. Roland told them his name, and said that he had come from Ellesmere. "There's little I can't trap," he said. "Sometimes trappers get trapped," Bell retorted, saucily. "Not such a one as me," answered Roland. "It is only folks as get caught."

At this all three had laughed. After supper Roland sang a song or two. "There's many a catch, I know," he said, "and many a riddle Master Jacques of the Moorhill farm has taught me, also how to scrape on the fiddle. A just and good man he was, and treated me most like a son. The next evening at this meeting Roland went to the servants' hall and brought his riddle. He played to the assembled household at Mrs. Parr's request some merry dances, music, asked some old world riddles, and ended by reciting some ancient ballads. The eyes of May and Bell glistened as they listened to him, and they trembled with excitement and great impatience to catch the riddle. He had been laughing early at his power of imitating bird and beast, and at his quaint questions and answers. The evening being warm and sultry, Mrs. Parr opened the window, upon which Roland crept out, and vowed he would sing to them something tender from the garden. Through the open casement, stole in the scent of honey-suckle, and the electric perfume of clove carnations. Old Mistress Parr fell asleep, as was wont when folks sang or played, but both maidens listened breathlessly. As they listened there seemed to come to both a strange new life.

Love seemed himself to hold their hands, and to whisper in their ears. The life blood in both seemed to course more quickly, and with a different action, through their veins. They both knew a change had come, and suddenly felt frightened of each other. That night, for the first time, neither spoke in bed. Feverishly they tossed about, and slept but little. A change had come suddenly, and without their friends' aid, they felt that they could not meet. Bell's gaze, and in Bell's heart blazed a most jealousy. But for all the emotions that now crowded both girls' lives, all went on apparently as usual at Spoonhill hall. Mistress Parr made her jams and comfits, prepared her distilled waters, and bottled her last batch of black-berry jelly. Mrs. Parr dived in her coop and fount, and the maidens spun, baked, and milked the rich red kine. As they stood in the aftermath one evening, May slipped out into the gloaming. She had pinned upon her



dress a cluster of red roses, and they lay like a knot of rubies upon her linen bodice. Roland, who had watched his opportunity, met her in a woodland glade, and there told her the story of his love.

"Can I live and be so happy?" the maiden had murmured before parting. Then Roland kissed her, and repeated over and over again his devotion. "Their lips met."

"Give me a pledge, dear, of thy good will," he urged. May smiled and gave him the cluster of red roses from her dress. "Thou hast trapped me, sweetheart," she said.

"Nay, 'tis I that am trapped," urged Roland, as he slipped the flowers into his buttonhole. But the evening star and the hushed birds as they roosted in the high trees were no alone spectators of the happy lovers' meeting.

Bell had followed them and heard all. That night the two maids lay in bed as usual together. There was no light in the little whitewashed chamber, but a flood of brilliant moonlight filled the room with silver radiance. May lay upon her back her fair hair crowning her delicate face. On her lips rested a quiet smile of deep content, as if one who has tasted of the nectar of the gods, and to whom every wish is granted. Suddenly her lips opened softly, and she murmured aloud:

"My own love, my own love." On hearing May speak, Bell sprang from the bed. In her eyes blazed a terrible hatred. Her hand trembled convulsively. She took up her pillow, and whispered fiercely: "Tonight, tonight!" But a moment later the pillow slipped from her grasp, and her arms fell flounderingly to the floor. "Of what avail her death, if he knows she did the deed?" she cried, and then, moved with a sudden fit of passionate tears, Bell threw open the window and wept as if her heart would break.

The next day Bell showed no sign of emotion and performed her duties as usual, but a little after the midday meal begged leave to return home, as she declared she had heard that her mother was seriously ill. Mistress Parr gave her permission, and Bell set off with a basket of dainties for the supposed invalid. On entering the hut Bell discovered her mother plucking a strange bird before the fire. The old crane went by the name of Chalice, because it was hunted darkly that once she had robbed some folk of wine from a church cup to give a fighting cock to drink. At her daughter's approach she looked up fiercely. "Where comest thou, wench?" she cried out fiercely. "When Bell could reply, she cried out angrily: "Dost thou think thy dam is made of gold that she can keep thee here so long, and doing naught?" "I have brought food, and return in the space of a few days," answered Bell, and she placed her basket on her mother's knees. Then after a pause she added: "I need not eat of thy substance, but as there is a devil thou must help me."

Chalice peered up the log fire, and the light fell also full upon Bell's face. The witch looked up at her indignantly, and then laughed softly to herself. "Love, love, naught but love!" she cried shrilly, "so turns the world for the young; later," she added, grimly, "it beats to another tune."

Bell listened, but at last cried out as one in pain: "I'll tell thee all, only for heaven's sake stop thy cries and laughter—they fair wear my heart to fiddle strings." At length Chalice was silent.

"What is it thou want'st?" asked the witch later. "A love philtre, a row of hemp sowing, or a garland of marsh marigolds?" "But I'll shake her head. "Love is stronger than life," she murmured. "Death alone can help me."

Then Chalice did not speak for awhile, and a terrible hush fell upon them both. At last Chalice broke the silence. "Thou shalt have thy heart's desire," she said. "When the girl is granted, 'tis often but a faded flower. Then she went on to say: "No draft is needed, death can come from wearing a glove, by smelling a blossom."

At this Bell started up. "May shall die," she cried, "as John of Posenhall, from smelling a rose. A red rose I meant love from her—it shall mean death from me." Then after a pause she said in a grave voice: "It is a foul deed, but I cannot live without him, and so saying flung herself out into the darkness to be free from her mother's presence."

A few days later Bell returned to Spoonhill. Across her shoulders was slung the basket, but this time it was empty, save for a little packet containing a small quantity

of brownish powder, gathered from the devil's snuffbox, as folks call the ravenous puffballs, and various other ingredients given to her by the witch. Mistress Parr greeted her at the door. "How does she look?" she asked. "The kind old woman," but time must have been a sad heart."

"Mother's better," said Bell shortly. Upon which Mistress Parr told her joyously of her news. "The doctor's" explained the good dame. "Our May's engaged to Roland Corbett, and the marriage is to take place shortly. It was all along of red roses somewhat."

"Our May's engaged to Roland Corbett, and the marriage is to take place shortly. It was all along of red roses somewhat."

"Our May's engaged to Roland Corbett, and the marriage is to take place shortly. It was all along of red roses somewhat."

"Our May's engaged to Roland Corbett, and the marriage is to take place shortly. It was all along of red roses somewhat."

"Our May's engaged to Roland Corbett, and the marriage is to take place shortly. It was all along of red roses somewhat."

"Our May's engaged to Roland Corbett, and the marriage is to take place shortly. It was all along of red roses somewhat."

"Our May's engaged to Roland Corbett, and the marriage is to take place shortly. It was all along of red roses somewhat."

"Our May's engaged to Roland Corbett, and the marriage is to take place shortly. It was all along of red roses somewhat."

"Our May's engaged to Roland Corbett, and the marriage is to take place shortly. It was all along of red roses somewhat."

"Our May's engaged to Roland Corbett, and the marriage is to take place shortly. It was all along of red roses somewhat."

"Our May's engaged to Roland Corbett, and the marriage is to take place shortly. It was all along of red roses somewhat."

"Our May's engaged to Roland Corbett, and the marriage is to take place shortly. It was all along of red roses somewhat."

"Our May's engaged to Roland Corbett, and the marriage is to take place shortly. It was all along of red roses somewhat."

"Our May's engaged to Roland Corbett, and the marriage is to take place shortly. It was all along of red roses somewhat."

"Our May's engaged to Roland Corbett, and the marriage is to take place shortly. It was all along of red roses somewhat."

"Our May's engaged to Roland Corbett, and the marriage is to take place shortly. It was all along of red roses somewhat."

of brownish powder, gathered from the devil's snuffbox, as folks call the ravenous puffballs, and various other ingredients given to her by the witch. Mistress Parr greeted her at the door. "How does she look?" she asked. "The kind old woman," but time must have been a sad heart."

"Mother's better," said Bell shortly. Upon which Mistress Parr told her joyously of her news. "The doctor's" explained the good dame. "Our May's engaged to Roland Corbett, and the marriage is to take place shortly. It was all along of red roses somewhat."

"Our May's engaged to Roland Corbett, and the marriage is to take place shortly. It was all along of red roses somewhat."

"Our May's engaged to Roland Corbett, and the marriage is to take place shortly. It was all along of red roses somewhat."

"Our May's engaged to Roland Corbett, and the marriage is to take place shortly. It was all along of red roses somewhat."

"Our May's engaged to Roland Corbett, and the marriage is to take place shortly. It was all along of red roses somewhat."

"Our May's engaged to Roland Corbett, and the marriage is to take place shortly. It was all along of red roses somewhat."

"Our May's engaged to Roland Corbett, and the marriage is to take place shortly. It was all along of red roses somewhat."

"Our May's engaged to Roland Corbett, and the marriage is to take place shortly. It was all along of red roses somewhat."

"Our May's engaged to Roland Corbett, and the marriage is to take place shortly. It was all along of red roses somewhat."

"Our May's engaged to Roland Corbett, and the marriage is to take place shortly. It was all along of red roses somewhat."

"Our May's engaged to Roland Corbett, and the marriage is to take place shortly. It was all along of red roses somewhat."

"Our May's engaged to Roland Corbett, and the marriage is to take place shortly. It was all along of red roses somewhat."

"Our May's engaged to Roland Corbett, and the marriage is to take place shortly. It was all along of red roses somewhat."

"Our May's engaged to Roland Corbett, and the marriage is to take place shortly. It was all along of red roses somewhat."

"Our May's engaged to Roland Corbett, and the marriage is to take place shortly. It was all along of red roses somewhat."

"Our May's engaged to Roland Corbett, and the marriage is to take place shortly. It was all along of red roses somewhat."

Practical Hints for the Busy Housekeeper . . . By Ada M. Kreckler.

Fifteen Minutes Beforehand—Is some wince's dinner punctual. It is all well for those who can afford to waste minutes extravagantly, and well, too, if the party to the second part is not a quarter of an hour behind hand.

While women are singularly fond as the greatest sinners against punctuality there are not evidences wanting of their possibilities in promptness. A beautiful legend is showing how alluded to in this connection as showing how the unpunctual habit of one woman led her husband to utilize the fragment of time which would otherwise have been wasted in the composition of a letter and valuable treatise. This poor woman did perhaps fall in her wifely duty of being at the head of her table at the exact hour of dinner.

Beautiful Braids—With the modern zest for working out every available inch of decorative value, the minds of inventive trend have concentrated on the possibilities of braid, and have developed this time honored trimming in a hundred ways. Extravagantly broad widths, running to many inches in depth, are in great request for ornamenting cloth and velvet dresses, tempered by surrounding lines of narrower widths. And so "souple" a quality, and almost invariably of silk, is this braid of latter day approval that innumerable fantasies in the shape of medallions, wheels, and plaited motifs can be manufactured in it. And it is to these we shall be asked to look for much of our early spring decorative achievements.

One of our first tailors has brought to the fore a special plaited braid effect of his own, that is carried out in a fine tubular quality, and usually in contrasting colors, such as dark blue and silver, or pale blue and mignonette green, or, again, dark gold and untarnishable silver looks exceedingly well. And this individual contrivance the great man employs chiefly in the form of motifs, or he introduces it as a facing to some incidental revers on one of his chic costumes. Frequent vision also perceives an alliance of braid and lace maneuvered into bouffes,

small little coats, and possibly entire toilettes. A princess, fashioned of alternate lines of loosely plaited silk braid and coarse net, has a certain seductive suggestiveness that is found irresistible.

Odds—And ends of accordion plaited gauze or chiffon make pretty 5 o'clock tea jackets, and here fashion is most elastic. You can wear the tea jacket with or without your favorite allows. A flitchlike collar or a Y shaped veil of lace at the neck is a charming finish, and the sleeves can be picturesque, long, and hanging, or short and puffing at the elbow. One of the prettiest jackets I have ever seen was made out of a length of pale blue zephyr. There was not sufficient material for a full length dress, but she made a square sailor collar, with a broad hemstitching of satin at the edge. The sleeves consist of a small puff to the elbow, turned back with a wide cuff of the same lace and hemstitched satin as the collar. She would have preferred a little more "frilliness" in the sleeve of this garment, but her remnants did not permit of it, and so she has to content herself with the knowledge that she has the fashionable elbow sleeve of the moment.

New Orleans Dainties—VEAL BALLS—Chop fine one pound young veal, Season with salt, pepper, thyme, and onion juice. Roll in balls. Let them brown in a saucapan with butter an hour before you have prepared the sauce. SAUCE FOLYVEAL—Make brown with a nice piece of tender young veal, say one pound. Cut in pieces about one-half inch thick, to which you add small pieces of fresh veal, veal, and a few slices of tomato, well fried, and a little onion. Add to this one-half cup of soup or stock. Let it simmer slowly one-half an hour. Then add the veal balls, and let them all simmer together until ready to serve. This is to be eaten with rice that is piping hot. Sweet-breads can be put in this same sauce. When they have been thoroughly prepared, cook them and baste in this sauce over a slow fire, and they come out a golden color. They are delicious when so cooked. Cold, eaten with lettuce salad with French dressing. VEAL WITH OYSTERS—Make a brown sauce with one spoon nice fresh butter or

lard. Chop one pound nice tender young veal. Flavor with salt and pepper. Put in the frying pan. Add a little flour. Let it come to a good color. Add one cup oyster water and serve well chopped parsley. Let it cook one-half hour over a slow fire. Add your oysters and let them cook five minutes. Never allow your parsley to fry. This makes a delicious stuffing for chickens and ducks by adding a little stale bread. It may be used also for small pasties or simply serve on pieces of toast.

OYSTER SOUP—Make a "brown." A brown is made by putting a lump of butter or lard into a saucepan, adding flour, and stirring until it becomes a rich brown, but is not burned. Add to the brown salt and pepper. Take one quart oysters, separate them from their water, add one pint fresh water to the brown, then put in the oyster water. Let it simmer slowly one-half hour. Then put in a little parsley and your oysters one-quarter hour before serving, and small pieces of fried bread or biscuits. A few minutes before serving cayenne pepper can be added, to taste, also vermicelli instead of crackers or small green onions.

CRABS—Scald your crabs only in boiling water. Pick and clean them carefully. Take out the firm white flesh and throw away the yellow. Moisten the flesh with a little sweet cream. Taste to see that it is not bitter. Put with it stale bread crumbs, salt and pepper if, and put this back in the shells, sprinkle with bread crumbs and put in the oven to brown. Serve hot.

There—Are few more sad or solemn moments in life than that of the mother who sees her child faint her own faults and fall in her face. She sees that her child will need to battle with main strength if he would escape the evil which she herself may have wrought in him. She stores in that hour for years of error. The calendar could scarcely record the names of all the saints, were the names of those given who have fought and overcome their own special sins. These special sins are often inherited from an ancestry that recked not of its descendants that indulged itself in the fate of their children and their children's children what it will. It is in the light of the battle of ancestral sinfulness that many must begin to understand the parable of evil bequeathed them. Covetousness in its fiercest theft. Jealousy and suspicion and impurity sow seeds that indelible and weakness. Ill temper thrusts out its hand in future years as the red hand of a murderer. Virtues contrainstive build beauty and peace. Kindness breeds multiplied kindness. Goodness flowers into greater goodness.

For the sake of those who spring from our own root and for the sake of the great future race the evil inheritance should be as it can be brought to naught, and legacies of righteousness, right living, and right thinking bequeathed to your posterity. Years before the child is in existence its mental and moral nature is in the making. Let him have parents who can bequeath it only healthy and wise tendencies.

The Coming Skirt—As shown in the smartest tailor made models, just clears the ground, it is out the same length all the way round, and is full at the hips, and wide at the bottom, but becoming if cut too short, neither would it set the long coat and jacket which are still worn.

But there are some occasions on which we always wear the short skirt. Skirts for walking, for example, clear the ground, and for skating they are still shorter. Fitted to the hips, and worn over a pretty fitted petticoat, for the skirt long or short, it is full round the feet. But while the walking skirt remains short, skirts in general are adding to their length. The corsetless skirts are longer than ever, graceful, and full; they are not so full at the waist, however, for they are set in to make a very narrow effect, or eased into a mere "nothingness" and then gored out well at the feet, generally finished with a border of applique cloth and entire lack of skirt and corset. The top of the bodice or blouse is generally in the bolero form and a pretty mixture of velvet, lace, fur, or what you will, but something soft is required to tone down the hardness of the skirt.

are not to be had. But objects of art he can go without if they are not truly ornamental. Articles useful in themselves like lamps, clocks, fire screens, book bindings, candle-labes, and vases that hold flowers are usually the best ornaments a room can contain. If you wish to go farther than these let her be sure of herself, sure of her taste, sure of her ground, and let her limit herself in the choice of her ornaments to the "la-belle" of the master artists' hand." No accumulation of trifles, even when they are like the pictures of the builder of Buckingham House, is so good, none disagreeable, even then they do not lend a room the same distinction as the presence of a few really fine works of art.

Any one with the patience to put up with the book of harness that is displacing to some eyes will do better to buy each year one superior piece rather than two or three middling quality. Any work of art, regardless of its intrinsic merit, must justify its presence in a room by being more valuable than the space it occupies, but it must be suitable to the general scheme of decorations.

Treasure ornaments do not make a room more comfortable, but diminish its comfort and visibility being colder than good breeding. Talk down the good pieces.

Hatlets—To Relieve Catarrh—Take a teaspoonful of warm honey every fifteen minutes. Contests—Whether from the stove or gas pipes, is fatal to all plant life. Always Save—The water in which rice, macaroni, or anything else has been boiled. It is excellent for soups, gravies, etc. Cakes—In which the yolks of eggs are used require less beat than cakes made with the whites, since the yolks are so rich they burn quickly. Pure Glycerin—It is too strong for the majority of skins. Diluted with three parts pure or rose-water, it will be found soothing and softening to nearly all skins.

White Gloves—That have got beyond cleaning can be painted over with soft water two or three times and transferred into tan. Let them get thoroughly dry, between such applications, and don't make them wet. Cooling an Oven—When baking is an oven that is too hot at the top, fill a dripping pan about an inch deep with cold water and place it on the top grate of the oven. Should the oven be too hot at the bottom, put an old pie pan under the article that is to be baked.



"And carved on ev'ry oak my name"

MARIAN'S COMPLAINT Since truth has left the shepherd's tongue, Adieu, the cheerful pipe and song; Adieu, the dance at closing day, And all the happy notes of May. How oft he told me 'twas fair, And woe the garden for my hair; How oft he Marian every flower To fill my lap with every flower! No more his gifts of gulle I'll wear, But from my brow the chaplet tear, The crook he gave in pieces break, And send his ribbons from my neck. How oft he vowed a constant love, And carved on ev'ry oak my name! Black, Colin, that the wondrous tree Is all that will remember me. John Weir, 1876