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ed with her until the day that Minnie started to come to school. Then Tilda had overtaken her, going across lots, crying in the midst of a sandbur patch. Her stubby little shoes protected her feet, but her dress was bristling with the ugly burs that scratched the little knees at every step. Barefooted Tilda waded bravely to the little maid and carried her to a place of safety from the hateful cenchrus. From the moment when they sat down together to pull out the stinging burs they had been fast friends. Tilda had watched Minnie's progress with wide eyes. She had sometimes forgotten her own lesson in listening to the tiny little maid in the blue dress who spelled long and longer words so well that Miss Jones patted her brown hair kindly. Tilda's hair was almost white. Miss Jones never stroked it.

Tilda would have been very much surprised if anyone had done such a thing. Perhaps her timid little blue eyed mother caressed her sometimes, if she had time. Perhaps her great burly father uid, when he was sober. I do not know. I only know that one day a dreadful disgrace came to Tilda, something that made her playmates stand more aloof from her than ever, and that made even little Minnie afraid to play with her when the other children were by.

It was on a very warm day and at noon Miss Jones had taken her book out under the big cottonwood. Tilda was studying her lesson at her desk as usual. That night Hilda Holmquist complained that somebody had taken her apple, and someone else had missed a slice of ginger bread.

A thorough investigation was made, but Tilda's frightened looks had already told the story. Miss Jones had some very decided ideas on the subject of morality. She called Tilda to her desk and delivered an impressive lecture on the awful sin of stealing, while Tilda's eyes grew wider and more frightend and she shook her head saying, "I didn't," half under her breath. And Fred wrote on his slate in great capitals, "Dow shalt not steal," and held it up for Tilda to contemplate. The ginger bread had been his. But Minnie told her mother the story that night and her little face was very grave as she said, "I tink Tilda was hungry."

Tilda did not stand in the corner by the dinner pails after that. Neither did her thin face look many times from her new corner by the water pail. Miss Jones questioned the children about her.

"Tilda's fader gets drunk," they told her "and Tilda and Karl must gader de corn."

"I thought that child came from some wretched family," said Miss Jones to herself.

A few days afterward she heard the children making an unusual amount of noise away down the road that ran by the field of corn belonging to Tilda's father. "What is the matter?" she asked of little Minnie who stood in the doorway looking with a very grave face down the road. "Dey are calling to Tilda," said Minnie.

"Where is Tilda?"
"It is Tilda and Karl by de wagon. Dey are picking de corn."

Miss Jones shrugged her shoulders and returned to "Ina's Heart." Minnie looked wistfully a moment and then walked slowly away until she could hear only faintly the derisive shouts. Probably Miss Jones did not stop to consider what the children were "calling to Tilda." She frowned at the din and said, "What a tiresome noise."

Tilda, crouched behind the wagon, as much out of sight of her tormentors as possible, found the noise very tiresome. The rough corn shucks made her fingers sting and ache; but they were used to that. The jeers of her playmates made the tears fill her blue eyes,



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but they, too, were used to that. She was looking at Karl's pinched face, and she said in a half whisper, when the wagon had moved on over the hill, "Wasn't de apple good, Karl?"

And Karl's hungry eyes brightened as he answered.
"I tink it was so, Tilda."

Of Special Interest to Women.
It is doubtful if any other newspaper in the United States caters so successfully to the varied interests of the home as does the great daily combining the Chicago Record and the Chicago Times-Herald, The Chicago Record-Herald. There is a fashion article in every issue; a department devoted to interesting items of unending variety concerning matters in which women have special interest; Mme. Qui Vive's "Woman Beautiful" column in which questions concerning the toilet, etc., are answered and useful hints are given; a humorously illustrated article daily on the latest edibles for the table; "Meals for a Day," including menus and recipes for the three meals every day; an installment of a high-grade serial story; and in addition, the "Stories of the Day" column on the editorial page, S. E. Kiser's humorous "Alternating Currents," the boys' and girls' page, and Dr. Withrow's article on the Sunday school lesson in the Saturday issues; also entertaining and valuable book reviews, the Current Topics Club, and in the Sunday issues numerous special fashions, household and other articles, all very interesting to the sex.

The Dowager Empress was in a droll mood today.
"A note from the German Emperor!" announced the chamberlain.
"A billy doux!" observed her Majesty.
"And a note from the United States!"
"A Yankee Doodle doux!" cried this remarkable woman, while gales of merriment swept over the servile court.—Detroit Journal.

At Atlantic City:—It was Sunday evening. He stood pensive, looking at the unsympathetic surf. On the morrow he would be again behind the ribbon counter. "Good waves," he soliloquized, "we be of one blood. We arrive at the shore in great style—and go away broke.—Philadelphia Press.