Wichita Eagle

CARE.

You may ride in the early morning,
You may ride in the dewy night,
You may ride till your eyes outrival
All the star eyes' light,
You may sway to the graceful motion
Of your sensitive, thoroughbred mare,
You may race with the winds and the ocean—
But you cannot outride care.

You may ride with the grace of an angel,
With a heart and a soul on fire,
You may ride till your road swims beneath you,
Until you and your thoroughbred tire,
You may ride till your cheeks are like roses,
With the red, rich wine of the air,
You may ride till the night runs to morning—
But you cannot outride care.

—Ella Higginson.

HER FORGOTTEN PAST.

He stood under the spicy pepper trees looking down at her, his face softened by a great tenderness. How dainty and sweet she was. Why was it that he seemed ever to stand at the portals of paradise, catching glimpses of the glory within, but never permitted to enter? And yet she had promised to be his wife, this beautiful girl, given to him by the mighty ocean that tossed its foam dashed spray on the white beach at their feet.

She recognized his true worth, his nobility of heart; she had given him all the love her woman's heart had to give, and yet—and yet——

He seemed intuitively to feel that there were depths to her heart which he had never fathomed; that she was capable of a more intense, absorbing devotion than any sentiment he had awakened in her.

At times when his great, unselfish heart lay bare before her a shadow would creep into her beautiful eyes and a tender regret would quiver across her face, like the flutterings of a memory; but the shadow never became distinct enough for him to quite remember.

"It is as if there was something in my past which I ought to recall," she would say, nestling closer to him, as if imploring his protection against the memory. "Oh, that long, blank past of mine. What is it that lies beyond the morning when you found me on the beach, Jack?" she questioned.

"My darling, I would help you to solve the mystery if I could, even though I knew that the solving of it would break my own heart," he replied, tenderly.

"As if it could," she whispered, shyly. "You are the best man on earth, Jack, and I wonder that you should care for a foolish little girl like me, who has forgotten everything she knew before she came to you—name, age and all; who is so much a part of your own self that the words she speaks are your words; the songs she sings, your songs; the thoughts she thinks, your thoughts. When I awoke from that dreadful death like stupor into which the terror of the wreck or the almost death in the waves had plunged me, I had everything to learn again, even to my alphabet and the names of the household furniture." She laughed merrily at her misfortune, but the shadow deepened in the kind eyes regarding her so tenderly.

"For that reason it seems like a most unkind and unworthy advantage I am taking," he responded seriously. "There will always be a thought lying like a shadow between us, dear, that if you could remember your past you might never have been my wife."

"I shall never think it, I am sure; but I do wonder what that past was. It is so trying, Jack, to know that a part of one's existence is a blank. It is as if I had lived on earth, died to it, and then come back again under different conditions, and—well, it is very annoying to say the least." Then seeing the shadow on his face, she laid her hand in his and added, coaxingly: "But let us forget it, Jack, dear, since we cannot remember, let us try to feel as if all my past was spent here, in this pretty cottage by the sea, with the love of your dear mother and your dear self to fill all the crevices of it. This is the only home I have any knowledge of, and though we know that those other years were spent somewhere, it matters little to us where, since we are all the world to each other, you and I."

He clasped her close to his strong arms, and kissed her trusting, upturned face, but the ache did not go out of his heart; the pain of it grew more poignant as the days passed by and she became dearer to him with the passage of each golden moment.

From his earliest childhood Jack Lathrop had loved the ocean. It had been his playmate, companion and instructor. It had filled all the requirements of his life from the moment when, a toddling babe his mother had found him, waist deep in the green, salt water, laughing in boisterous glee as the foam flecked billows broke over his head.

The great, grand, mysterious ocean had been his friend since then. It had also afforded the means of providing for his widowed mother, for he was only a humble fisher lad, great hearted and kind, but of humble occupation.

The last best thing that his old friend, the ocean, had done for him was the giving to him this beautiful girl, who came with suggestions of a higher, nobler life than his in every move of her queenly body and every gesture of her white, shapely hands.

She must have received a blow on the head at the time of the accident, when she had been washed ashore, for she had forgotten every event of her past life and began her new life under Jack Lathrop's tuition, learning with other lessons the lesson of love and respect for her teacher, and because she remembered no better love than that which she gave to him, she thought it the best of which she was capable.

They were very busy in the cottage on the beach making ready for the coming wedding.

The morning of the marriage day she said to Jack's mother:

"I seem to belong to Jack. He saved my life and taught me all I know. When once I am his wife I hope that no accident, or circumstance, will ever reveal my forgotten past. I would much rather have no memory but that which you and Jack have given me."

Mrs. Lathrop kissed her sweet flushed face, thinking what a darling daughter she would be, and how Jack's life, and her own, were blest in her dear love.

Their wedding day dawned, dark and forbidding. There had been a fearful storm the night before and the angry billows, lashed into foam, ran high upon the beach, almost at times dashing against the cottage where the neighboring fisher families were gathered to join in the marriage festivities.

The bride, sweet Elsie, whose very name had been a thought of Jack's, looked fairer and sweeter than ever in her pretty wedding dress. Her blue eyes shone like sapphires, and her yellow hair crowned her regal little head like a coronet of glory. The pink flush of shy modesty fluctuated under her clear, transparent skin, and Jack marveled that so beautiful a creature could consent to become his wife.

"My life shall be one long devotion to her, and whatever will contribute to her happiness that will I do." Jack made this vow out under the peppers, and the vow once taken, he felt that it bound him by sacred fetters.

They were about to go out to the "best room," where the minister waited to "make them one," when an alarm was sounded, and all eyes were turned toward the beach.

Beyond the line of breakers a ship was helplessly beating about in the storm.

The assembled merry makers rushed out of the cottage, turning white, startled faces toward the awful scene, for they knew that rescue was hopeless.

One solitary figure remained on the deck of the ill fated vessel. The rest, as was afterward learned, had entered one of the small boats, hours before, taking with them provisions, and had left this man to his fate, because he was sick and helpless in his berth below.

Crawling to the upper deck of the sinking vessel he had discovered land, and saw that a line of ugly breakers tossed between himself and safety.

Those hardy, storm beaten fishermen realized in an instant the man's desperate situation. There seemed to be no possible hope for him. Who among them would court almost certain death for the uncertain chance of saving a stranger's life?

The most they could do was to stand on the shore and give him their sympathy until the ship went down.

How tall and straight he stood, distinctly outlined against the heaving waters and the angry sky beyond.

Seeming to realize the utter hopelessness of his situation he folded his fever emaciated arms across his breast and waited for death.

Suddenly a cry from the bride's white lips rang out over the turbulent waters.

She had recognized the man, and her sleeping memory awoke, unrolling the picture of the past before her startled vision.

Reaching her white imploring hands across the waters, heedless of all else save the one doomed man, she cried out:

"Henry, Henry, come to me. Oh, my darling, I cannot let you die."

In that moment Jack Lathrop knew that he, too, was doomed; that her awakened memory could never sleep again. He had read his heart's death sentence in her white, agonized face; he saw it in her wide, appealing eyes.

"Elsie," he said in a low, intense voice, while his heart lay gasping in its death agonies, "what is that man to you?"

"Forgive me, Jack," she sobbed, "I did not know. I had forgotten. My past was sure to come back some time, and when it did—oh, Jack, he is all the world to me. Do not let him die."

She was kneeling on the beach, lifting her clasped hands to him supplicatingly.

Stepping lower upon the beach Jack Lathrop put his hand to his mouth and shouted across the waters:

"Courage, I will save you yet!"

Then turning he lifted Elsie from her lowly position, his white, stern face softening as he did so, and said in tremulous tones of entreaty:

"In another hour you would have been my wife, Elsie. Give me one kiss. It is to be the last. He will not care when he knows."

She put her white arms about his neck, sobbing:

"Oh, Jack, my more than brother, forgive me, that I did not remember before."

With her kiss—it was only a sister's kiss, as he knew—on his lips, he went to his death, the brave, strong fellow, more powerful than any two of those stalwart fishermen about him.

His white faced bride never knew how he reached the vessel's side, she saw only the tall form on its deck; her thoughts, her prayers, were all for him who held her heart in his keeping.

Presently a shout from those about her proclaimed the fact that Jack had reached the vessel's side in safety, bearing with him the stout rope which was to assist in the return.

Having secured the rope about his rival's waist the two men began the difficult return, Jack breasting the billows manfully and supporting the nearly fainting man at his side in his strong arms.

The men upon the shore drew in the rope, breathing long, deep breaths, and every breath was a prayer (for those fishermen were not insensible to religious sentiments) for the safety of those two men.

Nearer and nearer they come, and now the pretty bride is on her knees again and the billows dash their spray over her. She is supplicating wildly, but the name on her lips and in her heart is Henry, not Jack.

Now they have reached the beach and the men wade out to meet them. A dozen hands draw the exhausted stranger secured to the rope out of the waters and a dozen more reach for Jack. But where is he, the brave, noble fisherman, who, treading on his own heart, went out to save his rival?

They turn to congratulate him and—lo, he is gone!

He had seen his rival in safety, and then—was it design or accident? They never knew. The waves with which he had battled for his sweet bride's happiness bore him out on their strong breast to the great, boundless expanse of waters, and they never looked upon his face again.—Detroit Free Press.

The Scilly Islanders.

A traveler who has visited the Scilly Isles says: "You have not been in Scilly five minutes before you are struck with the remarkable purity of the English spoken. There is no dialect, no provincialism; every word is clearly enunciated, every sentence is perfectly constructed, and a Scillonian, no matter what his position, can talk with you on any subject. They are politicians, moralists, philosophers and practical men of business as well. Nothing in Scilly struck me so much as the high order of intelligence and vast general knowledge of the inhabitants.

"The engineers on the steamboats, the man who rows you about the islands, the gardener at work among his flowers, will all converse with you on any general topic you like to start, and force you to admit that, in the art of talking, the result of wide reading and intelligent observation, in pure and elegant English, they have not their equal in any part of the kingdom. There is only one policeman for all the islands, and he goes fishing or gardening all the week, and only puts his uniform on on Saturday night. There is one island containing over 200 inhabitants, in which there are only two men who are not total abstainers, and only one man who smokes. The islands appear to be very healthy, for we are told that there is only one doctor for all the islands."

Love's Stratagem.

Ella—However did you get your pa's consent?

Bella—I induced him to set the dog on George last night. This morning George called on him and threatened to bring suit for damages unless he allowed us to marry.—Epoch.

The Difference.

Rodd—Hello, old boy, going out for a little pleasure trip, eh?

Hooker—No; I'm going out fishing with my wife.—Detroit Free Press.

Will Be Called for in the Specifications.

Architect (displaying the plans)—Here is the front elevation, with the outside window and circular gallery; this is the east elevation, showing oriel tower.

Teddy (enormously interested in the new house)—And where are the two mortgages pa said he was going to put on?—Munsey's Weekly.

A Possible Reason.

Harry—Mamma, why don't chickens have teeth?

Mamma—They don't need them, Harry; they have their bills for teeth.

Harry (reflectively)—Aunty has a bill for teeth; I guess that's the reason she is called an old hen.—Puck.

A Reformer.

Said a Pine street lawyer to his young clerk: "Why weren't you at the office earlier this morning?"

"Beg pardon, sir, but I am a reformer. I believe that the office should seek the man, not the man the office."—Texas Siftings.

THE DAY'S FIRST MEAL.

MRS. C. A. CREEVY TELLS HOW BAD IT SOMETIMES IS.

By Way of Contrast She Then Describes an Ideal Breakfast, One Which a Grumbling Husband Pronounced the Best He Had Ever Eaten.

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The Richardsons are wealthy and hospitable. They give elegant dinners and receptions, but their every day table is, to say the least, queer. I know, for I was their invited guest one week. Our dessert was invariably cut up oranges and sugar. I have never wanted cut up oranges and sugar since. But the breakfasts have left a lasting impression on my mind, especially has that of Sunday. First we had a saucer of half cooked oatmeal, and very thin milk. Even the desire to be polite could not induce me to eat mine. Then there were chops and slices of brown bread. The count was accurate. Chops averaged one apiece, and none over; slices of bread one apiece and one over. Presently Frank reached for the one over slice of bread.

"Frank," said his mother reprovingly, "leave one piece for Hannah."

"Why," said Frank, "can't I have all the bread I want?"

But he couldn't, and, like myself, went hungry to church.

This is fact, not fiction.

Doubtless breakfast is the meal that suffers most from indifferent housekeeping, and many wives sigh for the continental rolls and coffee in place of the substantial meal that custom and climate demand of Americans.

Mrs. Plummer, a charming young married woman, told me, with tears in her eyes, that Tom had spoken his first cross word to her—dear Tom, who vowed to love and cherish—and the honeymoon was dimmed and life was dreary. Tom had said that the breakfasts were only fit for a boarding house, and he might as well not be married. Now, Tom was heartless, but his wife did a brave and good thing. She determined to make a study of breakfasts and rise above the level of a boarding house keeper. So we talked it over and together made a few purchases.

The next morning when Tom came down to breakfast the table presented an inviting appearance. It was covered with a pretty red cloth. At each place were a fruit plate, covered with a red napkin, and finger bowl. On one side of the plate lay a saucer and spoon; on the other the white napkin, knife, fork, salt bottle and butter plate. In the center of the table was a basket of Newtown pippins, grape fruit and bananas. Tom looked pleased. He was soon in the middle of a crisp, mellow apple, giving small pieces delicately pared to his wife.

"How do you eat these things?" said Tom, holding up a grape fruit as big as a baby's head.

"Cut through the middle, across the sections, and give me one half."

Tom did so.

"Now look," and Mrs. Plummer dexterously removed the pulp with a spoon into the saucer.

"You must not get a seed or any of the white part of the rind into your mouth. They are very bitter," continued Mrs. Plummer.

"We will have raw apples and grape fruit or oranges every morning, Tom."

The grape fruit is a compromise between a lemon and orange and deserves to be a universal favorite.

Tom liked it. After cleansing their fingers and wiping them on the red napkins, the fruit dish, apple parings and all, were removed.

Tom took up his morning paper to hide the frown of disgust which the thought of half sodden oatmeal had invoked. The girl entered with a dish of "rolled wheat," and a red glass pitcher of cream. "Only the tops of two bottles," exclaimed Mrs. Plummer. "The rest of the milk is just as good for cooking." This is the way Mrs. Plummer prepared her wheat. A baked bean pot, as it was called, had been purchased on the previous day. At 3 in the afternoon she put two cups of wheat mixed with one teaspoon of salt, and a quart and a pint of boiling water into this pot. Without covering or stirring it was placed in a hot oven and baked several hours. It was then taken out and allowed to cool. In the morning after the fire was made it was put back into the oven till wanted for breakfast. Then, steaming hot, it was lifted in solid lumps of sweet, tender kernels crowned with two inches of starch or jelly into the dish for the table.

"This is the nicest stuff I ever ate," said Tom as he passed his saucer for the third time. "Really, Milly, I don't want much else to eat," added he. "Don't ever feed me upon oatmeal again; it's a plebeian dish beside this."

"And so cheap, too," murmured Milly; "only two and a half cents for all this."

The last course of this breakfast was a small rolled omelet, cooked for one minute on the griddle in the fat of bacon. Four eggs well whipped, a little salt and one-third of a cup of milk composed this dish, which would have been far less savory cooked in the usual way as one large, fat omelet.

Tom ate his with a crisp slice of bacon and bit of bread and butter, drank his coffee, then going straight to Milly, took her in his arms, kissed her, and said:

"I'm sorry I was cross to you yesterday. You are a first rate housekeeper, and the dearest little," etc.

I know the next time I saw Mrs. Plummer that love had returned.

A favorite dish of the Plummers is fish hash. It is prepared by soaking the fish over night, boiling it in the morning with twice as much raw potatoes for half an hour. The water is then drained off; butter, a tiny pinch of summer savory and a few drops Worcestershire sauce are added. It is then packed into a frying pan with beef drippings and browned slowly on the range.

Mrs. Plummer bought a dozen earthen shells and baked her eggs for breakfast. This is her rule: "Drop an egg into the shell or saucer, sprinkle a little salt and cover with a few finely grated bread crumbs; put a piece of butter in the middle and bake ten minutes in a meat pan with a little water in it."

Oysters and the meat of lobsters can be cooked in these shells. Use a teaspoon of oyster liquor with the oysters and a tablespoon of milk with lobster. Let the covering of bread crumbs be thicker than for eggs.

Once a week Mrs. Plummer has griddle cakes, tender and light, made of sour milk, soda, salt and flour. She gets her maple syrup in gallon cans. Tom thinks them a sufficiently hearty breakfast without meat, after the fruit and wheat courses. "Milly, you never have steaks, chops, rolls, ham and eggs, nor fried potatoes for breakfast nowadays," said Tom after several weeks. "There is not the faintest flavor of a boarding house breakfast about ours. You don't even have stews, nor hash on toast," added he enthusiastically.

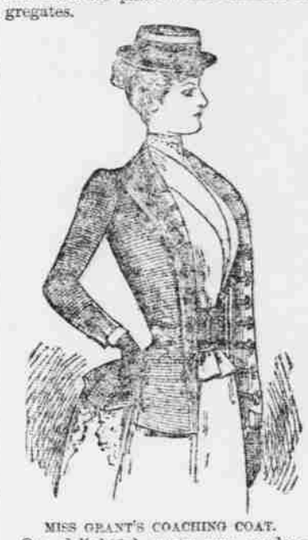
"Whatever is left over I eat for my luncheon when you are not at home, Tom," was the answer.

C. A. CREEVY.

PARIS FASHIONS.

The Marquise d'A. Writes of the Doings and the Gowns of Fair French Women.

PARIS, May 3.—Warm weather has has come upon us so suddenly that it has changed all our plans, and instead of indoor meetings society is rushing wherever there is coolness, shade and flowers. Little parties of choice spirits are organized for the various nearby places, and this gives us all a chance to show the beauties we had saved for the seaside and the other places where fashion congregates.



MISS GRANT'S COACHING COAT.

One delightful party was made up with the Count and Countess des Garets, Prince Schoenburg, Marquis St. Laneur, Marquise de la Borde, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Jay and your American beauty, Miss Adele Grant, and one or two others. They drove to Bougival and took dinner there. Miss Grant broke all the gentlemen's hearts by her grace and beauty, supplemented by a ravishing coat made of moss green cloth, with gold shinar braiding upon the revers. This was lined with gold colored satin. She wore a gown of white felt flannel, with a sparse trimming of moss green embroidery on the panels lit up with a few threads of gold.

Her hat was sailor style and trimmed with a black and white ribbon. Her parasol was of white surah covered with a lattice work of ivy leaves. She did look so cool and lovely it is no wonder half Paris gazed at her delighted.

At Bougival one lunches or dines well, and then a ramble through the beautiful grounds is in order, and among the green bushes the scarlet capelette which the bewitching young Marquise de la Borde wore looked like a giant poppy upside down. Her pretty cape, which is quite a style for summer wear, is of coquelicot red surah put on a foundation in three plaited ruffles, finished with a garnet velvet collar and long flot of narrow ribbon. Her gown was Princesse shape, of sage green, with white lace jabot and cuffs, and her hat of sage green fancy braid, with myrtle and sage green ribbons. She can wear these trying colors, having such a perfect complexion and such a beautiful face.

THE MARQUISE DE LA BORDE'S COSTUME.

The Countess des Garets wore a black lace over a lilac jupon and a flower bonnet of purple and white lilacs, all real flowers, and Mrs. Augustus Jay wore a lovely gown of cream serge, with a band around the bottom and a vest of moss green velvet. Her hat was a toque of moss green velvet with pink ribbon bows. Her parasol was green, lined with pink and with a fringe of ostrich tips alternating pink and green.

The Marquise St. Saveur was enchanting in a black and canary colored costume. The jupon was black glace over which was a full skirt of black fish net lace, this bordered with five very narrow canary velvet ribbons. The corsage was laced and tied with a lavish number of yards of this narrow velvet, and her large lace hat had yellow velvet primroses.

MARQUISE D'A.

What Caused Crosby's Suicide?

Another "love match" gone wrong seems to be the verdict of the public in regard to Edward F. Crosby's suicide at Helena, Mon. He was the nephew of John Schuyler Crosby, ex-governor of Montana, and a brilliant young lawyer, who combined newspaper work and real estate speculation with his legal business very successfully. Three years ago he married Jennie Brewer, daughter of Bishop Brewer. They lived very happily until a few months ago. On the night of the tragedy it is said that they were heard quarreling. Their marriage occurred in New York, and it is said that the consent of her parents was obtained with difficulty.

Logic.

A—Come, now, you must own that you have gone partly mad on the score of gymnastics.

B—Mad? Why gymnastics means strength, health, long life.

A—That may be, but the fact is our forefathers knew nothing of gymnastics, and——

B—And they are dead, every man Jack of them.—Tagliche Rundschau.

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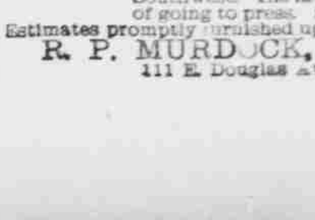

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