WOMANKIND

HOW TO GROW SWEET PEAS

To Succeed With Choice Varieties They Must Be Planted Indoors at Once—Miss Simmons Gives Directions for Sowing, Transplanting and Care.

Here are sweet peas on tiptoe for a flight,
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things
To bind them all about with tiny rings.

Flower growing is most delightful work. It takes one into the fresh air and blessed sunshine, among the lovely growing things; it brings health and strength; and it creates beauty and joy. Our grandmothers, in the east, had their big, beautiful gardens filled with bloom from crocus time until frost laid the asters low; and they had to contend with few natural obstacles in their work. We, in Minnesota, have to fight against King Climate for our flowers, or they come late and may be stricken down early. But we love them all the more for their rarity.

No flower, that we can grow here at all, is more apt to be a failure than the sweet peas and yet by following the right methods we may have as lovely ones, blooming in as glorious abundance, as have our eastern cousins. Let us this year bring care and thought to the growing of our sweet peas, and we shall find nature our strong ally and friend in the work.

The best soil for sweet peas is a clayey loam, the poorest, a sandy soil. They should not be planted in the same place two successive years. I know this plan sometimes succeeds, but if that method is followed, any year they are likely to fail. It is not safe. Neither can you make the old location suitable by putting in new earth, for the roots reach out several feet on each side and it is chiefly these side roots that gather the plants nourishment. Move your row each year a few feet from where it was the year before. Sweet peas will not bloom well without an abundance of sunshine. They cannot be a success except in a location where the sunshine falls all day long. The rows should run north and south, for, if they extend east and west, the north side of the vines never gets the direct sunshine. But if, in the home garden, the sunniest spot accessible extends east and west, plant them so and put in only a single row. They will not thrive planted close and parallel to a building and they should not be near enough to trees, especially elms, for the tree roots to rob the ground of moisture. In a yard ideal conditions cannot always be found, but I should certainly not give up having sweet peas for that reason. Mr. Hutchins, who is an authority on sweet peas, in his excellent little book "Sweet Peas Up-to-Date," suggests digging a trench between the garden and the trees and sinking half barrels, with the bottom's laid lightly in, to their tops in the earth to hold the sweet peas. If you follow this method do not forget to bore several large holes in the barrel bottoms, for drainage.

Among the best varieties are Blanche Burpie, pure white; Lottie Eckford, a fragrant lavender; Prima Donna and Katherine Tracy, exquisite light pink varieties; Mrs. Eckford, a soft yellow shade; Aurora, white striped with bright pink of a somewhat salmon shade; Triumph, a large blossomed pink and white; Blanche Ferry, extra early, the old fashioned pink and white; Prince of Wales, a beautiful glowing magenta; Sunproof Salopian, a bright crimson, and Black Knight, a dark purple.

Sweet peas must always be planted early. Late planting always results in few blossoms and a short season of bloom. This is because cool weather is necessary for vigorous root growth, the first essential for luxuriant bloom. As early in the spring as the frost is out of the ground twelve inches deep and the ground is dry enough to mark without sticking to the marker, planting should begin. I have my rows spaded twelve inches deep and two feet wide, and the earth is turned over, so that the rich soil is down where the little roots, the workers, are. Then four inches of soil is thrown out, forming a trench, which is necessary, that plenty of water may be given the vines. In this climate, sweet peas, except the old-fashioned pink and white ones, do not blossom well sown outside, but should be started in a hot bed, greenhouse or cool room, early in February and transplanted to the open ground as early in the spring as the ground is ready for them. The temperature of the hot bed or room should be from 40 to 50 degrees F., while they are hardy, so that they can safely go through a greater drop in the mercury than can tender plants. Do not try to start them in a warm room, only weak-rooted plants can be grown there. If you have no cool place for them, it is better to grow only the old-fashioned pink and white ones, which thrive as well sown outside. Blanche Ferry, extra early, is the best variety of this color. Transplanting is necessary in this climate, because we have so little cool weather in the spring, the hot weather following so soon, and as I have said, plants cannot grow strong roots and be thrifty without cool weather in the early stages of growth. With us seed sown outside produces heavy vines but few blossoms and the season of bloom is then short, both of which results may be avoided by transplanting.

Transplanting, although usually resulting so disastrouly with amateurs, is very easy, and any one can learn to do it well. I plant my seed in boxes, four inches deep, and the four-inch wide boards forming their bottoms, have spaces a quarter of an inch wide between them for drainage. I use moist earth, drop the seed half an inch apart each way, (when closer it is apt to decay), cover with a half inche of soil and press it down firmly. If water is given too often the seeds will decay, so water only when the soil becomes dry; yet you must not let the seeds dry, for that will kill them. Later, when the seeds have sprouted and the roots struck down deep, you will be apt to give too little water at a time, so probe down and be sure that you have wet the soil clear to the bottom of the box. Then do not water again until the soil is dry. The aim should be to keep thes oil moist, not wet. This applies to most other plants as well.

When the time for transplanting comes, remove a board on one side of the box, break away a large clump of plants, without injuring the roots, first, if necessary, carefully inserting a hatchet under them to loosen them from the box, and shake the earth from the roots. Cut off a third of the length of branch growth and a third of the length of the roots. This will very much increase root growth and the number of top branches, which will mean many more blossoms, besides hastening the growth of the plant. Keep the roots covered with moist earth until they are transferred to the ground.

We are now ready for transplanting. Probably you think this transplanting will mean a great deal of work. No, indeed! Quick fingers carry it on very fast. With some one to help me, I transplanted 4,000 plants in a day easily. To transplant, make holes with a broomstick, deep as the distance from the end of the root to the first leaf. These holes should not be less than three inches apart. The reason most people have such puny, weak plants is that they do not give them room enough. A plant gets its energy, its power to make roots, leaves, blossoms, from the sunshine. If you stint it of sunshine, by close planting, it will surely be weak. Do not double the root when you place it in the hole, fill in the earth and run a flat stick obliquely down toward the plant, as deep as the ends of the roots, then push the top of the stick toward the plant and finish by pressing the earth down hard, all around, with your fingers. These last two steps are to insure the filling of the hole to the bottom. If it is not filled and the roots are left bare, the plant will die. The plant should be planted to the depth of the first leaf, no deeper. Deep planting, either in transplanting or sowing is not good for sweet peas, it causes them to blight and die. Two rows may be planted in one trench, about three inches apart. Late in the afternoon, when the hot sun will not burn the wet leaves, give the transplanted plants a good watering, one that will soak the ground down where the ends of the roots are.

The old fashioned pink and white sweet peas thrive as well sown outside as transplanted. Sow the seed about an inch apart to allow for the cutworms' depredations, and cover it two inches deep, pressing the soil down firmly. If the cutworms are legion in your garden, sow it thicker. Later, when that danger is past, thin out the plants to three inches apart. Clover, freshly cut and dipped in a pail of water into which has been stirred a tablespoon of paris green, and strewn fresh in the evening, along the row of sweet peas, is said to kill the cutworms. The water must be stirred well to keep the paris green from sinking to the bottom. Repeat as often as necessary.

White seeded sweet peas, like Blanche Burpee, are apt to decay instead of germinating. It is best to put them in a manilla paper bag and bury them in moist earth for a week before planting them. This method would hasten the germination of all sweet peas sown outside, and with our late spring that is an advantage. The dark seeded kinds could be put into the earth without the covering, if their skins are too thick for them to absorb moisture through the paper. I have never experimented with them and do not know how that would be. The old-fashioned way of soaking seed over night is declared bad by some, but this is nature's own way of working.

The rows that are sown should not be watered unless the ground is really dry and none of the rows should be watered again until June, unless the soil becomes dry down below the surface. Spring is the root-forming time and that process is best accomplished in a dryer soil. After June has come I give mine a thorough watering whenever the soil gets dry on top; not oftener, letting the hose run full force in the trench forty-five minutes for a row a hundred feet long. A surface wetting would do no good. It is a poor plan to water at set times, as every night. Watch the soil and regulate the water given by its needs.

If you cultivate your sweet peas, be very careful not to cut the roots. Only the young roots absorb the plants' nourishment and their injury cripples the plant. Use your fingers as much as you can to loosen the soil, aided by a fork when necessary. Cultivate when the soil is moist and the danger to the roots is less. Cultivation should end when the buds form.

The best fertilizer for sweet peas is cow manure. Wood ashes, hard or soft, you may use at the rate of a pailful to a hundred feet of row; bone meal applied the previous fall is also good, but other fertilizers than these three I should let alone. Neither the ashes nor the manure should be applied until the buds begin to come. The cow manure should be fresh and spread in a thin layer up the two sides of the trench not nearer than three or four inches from the vines. It should be put on in the evening, when the ground is dry on top, and three or four inches of water should then be given, washing down a little manure to the bottom of the trench then and a little more at each succeeding watering. The manure should be applied every month or two, but the ashes should be given only twice, when the buds begin to appear and in the fall. The ashes should be washed from the vines with the hose, sprayed, before the dew falls, or the lye formed will eat the leaves.

Poultry wire is not a good support for sweet peas; it becomes very hot and injures them. String is much better. Boards or wire may be used at the top and bottom to support the string, which is passed over the top wire and under the lower one and so on down the row, and returning crossing the first strands, lattice fashion. Have the support five feet high, which is as high as the flowers can be picked conveniently, and when the vines reach the upper wire, cut off their top branches. This will cause them to send out new side branches below and increase the blossoming.

In this climate July and August are apt to be hot and dry with dew only occasionally. Therefore, in August, sometimes in July, that dreaded pest, the red spider, is likely to attack the sweet peas. It is very tiny, you can see it plainly only with the aid of a magnifying glass. It lives on the under side of the leaf, spins a web and turns the leaf a yellowish white, in spots, not a clear color at first, but mixed with green. As with all ills, prevention is better than cure. When the weather begins to be hot and dry, with few night dews, spray your vines with the hose, every evening, on both sides of the row, taking especial care to wet the under side of the leaves. This should be done late enough so that the water will not evaporate. Kerosene emulsion, a remedy sometimes recommended for insects, is not safe to use on plants. It more often kills the plants than the insects.

More to be dreaded than the red spider is the blight, which in August is apt to kill the end shoots and end the blossoming. Mr. Burpee explains the freedom from blight and long season of bloom of the dwarf cupid sweet peas by their habit of growth, which covers the ground and keeps it moist and cool. If this is the true explanation, we shall find a mulch consisting of several inches of fresh grass or leaves excellent for prolonging the season of bloom. I should certainly not neglect it. I mean this year to cut my rows through grass land, leaving the grass growing in between the rows and mulching the rest of the ground. If this does not prevent the blight, which every year, with me, ends the season of bloom early, I know of no means of combatting it. I should also have some dwarf cupid sweet peas, in order to have the flowers late in the fall. They are too short-stemmed for cut flowers, but the plants in pots, in window boxes or in the garden are very pretty. I have not yet grown them, so that I do not know what special care they need. But I should like to impress one caution which Mr. Burpee gives, as it is important. It is that in watering those grown in pots the branches should be lifted and the water given underneath, as, otherwise, the leafage being very thick, the stems are apt to decay and the leaves to drop off.

It is a good plan to throw out the earth from your trench in the fall, as, heaped up, it dries out sooner in the spring and the seed can go in earlier.

Flower growing from first to last is its own reward. No artificial ornamentation, let it cost what it may, is so beautiful as living plants and flowers. No lovelier or more welcome gifts can carry sympathy and love to your friend. Flowers wonderfully lighten the burdens of the sick and bring happiness to the heavy hearted; they are children of light, blessing the world.

—Echo Simmons.

THE TERRITORIAL PIONEERS' WOMAN'S CLUB.

MRS. G. H. HAZZARD - PRES. MRS. D. L. KINGSBURY - VICE-PRES. MRS. HARRIET REEVE - SEC.

THE Territorial Pioneer Women's Club will celebrate Washington's birthday by a banquet to the pioneers, their children and their friends at the Nicollet House. This is intended to be a general reunion of the early settlers and their families and is the first affair of this kind held by the club in Minneapolis. The guests have been requested to wear colonial costumes, and some very interesting costumes are being planned, in which old family treasures will be displayed. The committee of the culb includes Mmes. H. E. Hazzard, S. H. Lightbourne and C. L. Grant, St. Paul; Mmes. Julia Hill, Frances A. Pray and Harriet E. Reeves, Minneapolis. Assisting in receiving will be the officers and executive committee of the Minnesota Territorial Pioneer association.

The reception will be held at 5 o'clock and supper will be served at 7:30. This will be followed by addresses and music, with dancing for the young people.

The pioneer men have been organized for a good many years, and as their organization was a social one, the women have always been closely identified with it. It was only in September, 1899, that the women formed their own organization. During the state fair the women were addressed in the territorial headquarters by Miss Margaret J. Evans, then president of the Minnesota Federation of Women's Clubs, who suggested lines of usefulness for the women in an organization analagous to that of the men.

As a result of the sentiment crystallized by Miss Evans' address, an organization was formed at once, with Mrs. John Miller of Northfield as the first president. The association now numbers ninety-two members and has as its present officers: President, Mrs. H. E. Hazzard, St. Paul; vice president, Mrs. D. L. Kingsbury, Merriam Park; secretary, Mrs. H. E. Reeves, Minneapolis; treasurer, Miss Carrie Stratton, Minneapolis.

There is but one stated meeting in the year, the annual meeting in May, but there are frequent executive meetings at which the social gatherings of the organization are arranged. At the state fair the women's club assists in extending hospitalities to all of the old settlers and their other friends at headquarters, the log cabin on the grounds. Last spring a banquet and reunion was held at the log cabin, the old stage coach carrying a party to the grounds. On this occasion the men provided the dinner and the women served it. This fall the women's club gave a reception in the capitol that was a delightful gathering.

The club is about to begin the work of carrying out a suggestion made by Mrs. E. M. LaPenotiere, president of the state federation, to which the club belongs. It will secure from each member an autobiographical sketch, containing her reminiscences of the early history of the state The important facts will be culled from this for use in a Minnesota history and the whole collection of sketches will be preserved for the use of some future historian.

These reminiscences will include much that is of absorbing interest, for the history of several of the women reaches back to the first permanent settlement of the state. Mrs. H. E. Hazzard, the president, was brought to the state by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin F. Hoyt, in 1848, when St. Paul was a struggling village and the territory had not yet been organized. She has lived in St. Paul the entire time since, except three years spent in Stillwater.

Mrs. Reeves, the club secretary came to Minneapolis in 1853, living in St. Anthony near the university campus. She began teaching at an early age and one of the schools in which she taught was on the high and sightly ridge where the buildings of the state agricultural school are now located. The family came to Minneapolis by stage from Prairie du Chien and for a long time Mrs. Reeves' father hauled most of their suplies from that point, as there was then but one grocery store in the village. Until she was grown, Mrs. Reeves never enjoyed the luxury of either a pair of store shoes or a store hat. Her mother had learned both the tailor's and milliner's trade and got soles and made the tops of the shoes for the family from the trimmings of the heavy cloth used for men's garments. For hats, she bought braid and fashioned them herself.

Mrs. Reeves' first calico gown were purchased in war time and cost 75 cents a yard. It first graced a party given at the old Tremont House, near the falls on the west side. Among the interesting historical occurrences of which she was a witness was the transferring of several thousand Indians after the Sioux massacre. They spent several days in Minneapolis and were quartered in the open space around the old Winslow House, on the present site of the exposition. She also took refuge at the fort during the scare attending the massacre and later witnessed the hanging of the thirty-six Indians condemned to death for their part in the outbreak.

E. W. Durant of Stillwater will preside at the banquet next week and in his acceptance of that honor he paid the following tribute to the pioneer women of Minnesota: "They were the important factors in the laying of the foundation of a commonwealth with a history without a parallel among the states of our union."

The membership of the club now includes: Mmes. Jane Ogden, Emory T. Smith, H. E. Reeves, Mary F. Cobb, F. E. Holmes, Tenie Childs, Hattie Shotwell, W. A. Marr, Lucy Peterson, Davee Anna Whitney, E. Briggs, Estelle Stewart, Frank Hill, Mate Meadows, Augusta B. King, E. C. Lichtenthaler, James Garvey, Jr., R. D. Eaton, Julia A. Kingsley, L. H. Humphreys, Johanna Staples, M. J. Thurston, J. M. Powers, Lydia A. Whitmore, Margaret J. Metzger, Charles E. Davis, Emma Smith, G. H. Roberts, Hattie Watson, B. N. Thompson, Nancy E. Sherman, J. R. Berkey, Eliza Bostwick, and Miss Carrie Stratton, Minneapolis; Mmes. M. N. Adams, P. O'Regan, E. S. Lighborune, S. H. Rolph, E. McCleary, F. M. Allen, A. L. Bolton, F. C. Wilmarth, M. J. Smith, C. M. Flint, Mnia A. Grant, H. H. Hazzard, M. Reemer, William Wallace, H. L. Moss, A. A. Allen, Emma Wurtz, St. Paul; Mmes. L. D. Tubbs, E. W. Durant, L. B. Castle, Stillwater; Mrs. J. Jay Francisco, Motley; Mrs. Martha Merrill, Hutchinson, Mrs. A. B. Russell, Excelsior; Mrs. Emma J. Duff, Hampton; Mrs. Anne M. Chester, Mrs. Evaline Miller, Northfield; Mrs. A. B. Kingsbury, Mrs. William Jones, Merriam Park; Mrs. Leni L. Sheire, Fisher; Mrs. S. M. Levi, Champlin; Mrs. Mary B. Aiton, St. Peter; Mrs. Mary C. Boyd, New Canada.

HELPS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER

Tea stains on china may be removed by rubbing with whiting.

To clean iron sinks, rub well with a cloth wet in kerosene oil. After using the oil, wash with hot soapsuds.

At the Italian restaurants a small dish of Parmesan or grated cheese is put on the table with the soup tureen.

The English fashion of baking pumpkin as well as mince pies in individual shells is preferred by many to a larger pie, which has to be cut in segments.

One of the best of salads may be made from what is left over from an old-fashioned boiled New England dinner. Cut the cold corned beef, potatoes, beets, turnips, carrots and cabbage or cauliflower into neat, even pieces; arrange on lettuce leaves and mask with a French or boiled dressing.

A POEM BY MRS. HOXIE

Mrs. E. M. La Penotiere, president of the state federation, at the annual breakfast Lincoln's birthday, made a strong plea for the cultivation of the muses and the inclusion of at least one original poem each year in the program of after dinner speeches. There was present in her audience a clever woman, one of whose many talents is writing poetry, who had written a poem which on account of its special appropriateness it was a pity had not been included in the program. The poem, by Mrs. Vinnie Ream Hoxie of St. Paul, was written specially for the Loyal Legion banquet Tuesday and was printed in the program with a reproduction of Mrs. Hoxie's statue of Lincoln. The poem is as follows:

Lincoln.

In times which tried the souls of men,
When our fair land was wrenched in two,
What did you not for us and ours,
Most glorious Lincoln, grand and true?

Can we forget how 'midst the storm,
The cyclone of an angry past,
You held aloft our sacred flag,
And set its trembling standard fast?

And when our country, drenched in blood,
Lay swooning after war's embrace,
You bade the troubled water "peace,"
And kept each starry gem in place?

O, Lincoln, Prophet, Hero, Friend!
You clasped the hands so long estranged,
You healed the wounds—you broke the chains,
You honored all our silent slain.

Your loving prayers went up to heaven.
They were by pitying angels heard,
And catching up the sad refrain,
It was intoned at Gettysburg.

—Vinnie Ream Hoxie.

ORIGIN OF FASHIONS

Ideas Are Bought and Adopted by Famous Modistes.

In the poorer quarters of Paris five women spend the greater part of their time bending over pieces of stiff white muslin. They endeavor to shape these into something unique which will find favor in the eyes of the proprietors of the big establishments. Five dollars is a big price for one of these miniature muslin models; half that sum is the amount oftener paid.

Of course it must be remembered that the majority of the models purchased from these people seldom yield more than one idea each, perhaps only a suggestion. In one the quick eye of the examiner detects, perhaps, a novel idea for a collar, a cuff, a yoke, a sleeve, and it is bought for that alone. Others may suggest a newer idea for the hang of a skirt, the curve of a bodice, the arrangement of a bit of trimming, and they, too, find a ready market. Later on more skillful designers study and compare the various models and select their most attractive features to combine in the imposing models of brocades, broadcloths, silks and laces which are to set the fashions for the women of both Europe and America.

A BOA EXEMPLYFYING ONE OF FASHION'S FANCIES

It is the early shopper who catches the sweetest worms of summer fashion, for, strange as it may seem, after April the prettiest things are gone. For weeks the shops have been bursting with dainty textiles, and the wise summer girl will be she who hastens her buying, if she wishes to shine like the flower of May. Then summer fabrics are cheaper now than they will be later on, which is a point above all others surely to hasten the laggard.

Prime favorites of the new season will be certain embroidered Swisses, whose designs are as delicate as if stamped, and which are in the faint hues of organdy. One seen—a soft maize with turquoise blue and black leaves—had been made up with blue ribbon borders to the flounces and a narrow black velvet sash.

Black is to trim everything, and black and white will be considered a more than ever ideal combination. A ready-made gown photographed this week details one of its most charming effects.

A BOA EXEMPLIFYING ONE OF FASHION'S FANCIES.

The spoils of Bacchus are seen in the new millinery, in neck fixings and on dance gowns. Grapes! Grapes! everywhere, says Fashion, and she hands us the fruit as if covered with a delicate hoar frost, in purple and white and silver, and in the hugest bunches. Sometimes the great balls are glued over with a fine tarleton—for grapes are easily broken, remember—and when

STILL THE DAINTY WASH BODICE

the fruit is white, with the deep green leaves of the natural vine, the effect is exquisite.

A dark-eyed Bacchante wears a boa of white raveled silk, showing Madame Mode's disposition of her fruit in neck fixings. A stylish hat, which may or may not be worn with it, is of coarse white Manila braid, with a brim wreath of white roses veiled by a Spanish fall of black lace. To conclude on the subject of the fruit boas, remember they are only for very dressy occasions, garden parties, carriage wear, etc. So weary shoppers with straggling locks and dusty hems, go not forth garlanded like the wood nymph!

A WALKING HAT.

Few walking hats are seen, hats which sit the head rather flatly and are pushed over the face, without a seductive fall of some sort at the rear. Sometimes of lace, sometimes of ribbon, flowers or fruit, the dangling tail is always an aid to looks, so it is not surprising it is to be continued. For, of course, we all know the tail began last summer, but whether it is to incease in length remains to be seen. In such a tentative manner started the "streamers" of the long ago. The black and white braid hat pictured gives the present length for the rear falls, which in this instance is of the thin white lace which fills in the under side brims. Three of the popular pearl ornaments, and a crown wreath of pale pink roses are the other trimmings, and with the confection a black and white collet of spotted net, velvet and lace—this put on in scattered, butterfly bunches—is a suitable neck finish.

A WALKING HAT

STILL THE DAINTY WASH BODICES.

The girl who knows how to sew will be dull indeed who has not a charming wardrobe this summer, for the new wash bodices are as simple as they are pretty. The daintiest of them are made of dimity, in pale colors and white, tucked all over, and showing lace insertions in straight and undulating bands. The popular sleeve for them is elbow length. The neck is finished with an unlined stock in the waist materials and the garment fastens at the back with small pearl or linen buttons.

With three skirts and six of these waists in white and colors, the most modest Cinderella may go triumphantly through the summer. As to the materials of the skirts, let them be of white duck, black serge and brown linen.

—Nina Fitch.

AN OLD MAN'S VALENTINE

An amusing incident occurred yesterday in the crowd that surged around the valentine counter of one of the Nicollet avenue department stores. A man, whose shoulders were bowed by the years that had grizzled his beard and hair, hunted among the lace paper trifles for some time and finally selected three that were gorgeous with bleeding hearts and overfed Cupids. He studied them with a face that grew more anxious every second. He cast beseeching glances at the clerk who was trying to wait on six women and three children at the same time and then looked again at his valentines. By his side hovered a small mite of a maiden, who wanted more valentines than she had money to buy. The man pulled her sleeve.

"Come over here a minute," he said in a hoarse whisper, "and I'll buy you any valentine you want."

The bribe was not to be refused and the little girl followed him out of the crowd.

"Will you read me the verses?" He thrust the missives in her hand. "I can't make 'em out and I don't want to send the wrong one."

In a shrill piping voice the child spelled out the rhyming lines of love and dove, wishes and kisses while the man listened with breathless interest.

"I dunno," he said, with a dissatisfied frown, "They don't seem to hit the nail on the head. These only cost a quarter. Do you 's'pose the thirty-cent ones would be any better."

"Oh, I think these are beautiful," gasped the mite in astonishment.

"You do, eh? Think this would suit a lady, not a very young lady, a particular friend of mine?"

"It oughter," was the cautious reply and the eyes of the mite were full of envy as she gazed at the Cupids and hearts.

"You know better'n I do. It's playin' a blind game anyhow," he muttered, as he picked up a pink and white lace affair. "Perhaps I won't do no better. Now," with princely generosity, "you go over and pick out the handsomest penny one you con find an' I'll pay for it."