THE TURN OF THE TIDE

By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

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CHAPTER III.

Guy lit a cigarette as soon as he was alone. A few hundred yards away the woman was awaiting for him with whom he expected to pass the rest of his life. Nor was she one who waited patiently for anything or anybody. The thought came to him suddenly that if he waited a little longer—an hour or two—the consummation so devoutly desired by his brother Edward might be accomplished. He picked up the large framed photograph and examined it quietly. Doing so, his face hardened into the mask familiar to the spectators in the galleries of the courtroom.

Once he had loved this woman.

Why?

Was the attraction purely physical? Angela Tempest had great beauty, of the most alluring kind; but beauty alone, he told himself, would not have fired the spark in him. Also, she was clever, with that amazing modern cleverness whose salient characteristic—selfishness—is obscured by a pretty helplessness peculiarly feminine and exacting. She fascinated women as much almost as men, just so long as they believed in this kitten-like claim upon their affection and protection. There was the irresistible "Come hither!" in the eye; a melting orb. Children adored her, and animals. Mrs. Grundy, however, had grown rather tired of mentioning this in palliation of conduct euphemistically termed unconventional. Nevertheless, up to the last—shall we say twenty-four hours before the terrible decree?—the sight of Mrs. Tempest, with a lovely child on her lap and an intelligent terrier gazing at her with adoring eyes, was sufficient to turn the head and heart of the unsophisticated to higher things. For some years the clergy, to a curate, stood her friend. Even Nonconformists refused to believe ill of the wife of a rich man who had given so much of her husband's money to the poor. "The money comes from them"—she was alluding airily to John Tempest's ownership of slum property—"and it ought to go back to them."

Guy recalled her parlor tricks. There was that distracting little song of Anna Held's, which Angelia sang even better, with more siren-like enchantment, than the Frenchwoman:

> Oh, won't you come and pay wiz me?
> I have such a nice lettle way wiz me!

Guy put down the photograph with an exclamation.

A few minutes later he was alone with her in the drawing-room of the furnished flat which she had taken after leaving her husband's house in Grosvenor Square. The room as she found it was quite impossible. Her hands had transformed it. This, indeed, was her great, her incomparable gift: daily exercised, the ever-recurrent miracle, a delight alike to friends and foes. Inanimate things she could not touch without adorning them. Of her effects upon human beings, it is worth recording that those who had suffered most at her hands came back to kiss them. Poor young Tressilian, for instance, in whom she had fanned a flame which sent him ablaze to South Africa, left her all his money. Unfortunately, it was not much. Had there been more loot—so said the cynics—Tressilian might have been encouraged to stay in England. Guy thought of young Tressilian whenever Mrs. Tempest wore a certain necklace of diamonds and opals. It had been bought with the "loot."

She was lying back in a sofa, looking like a picture of Romney or Gainsborough, when Guy was announced. Those who did not know her might have suspected a pose. As a matter of fact, she never posed. It was natural to her to look her best, to assume the most fitting, and therefore the most becoming, attitude (and frock) at moments when other women, less artistically endowed, are likely to disregard appearances.

"You're rather late," she said, holding out her hand. Guy sat down near the sofa, but not on it, for the lady occupied the exact middle of it, and on each side there was not quite room for another.

"I saw Edward first."

She laughed, not unkindly, with refreshing appreciation of the nature of Edward's errand. Then she added in her sympathetic voice: "I am really sorry for poor Edward; that he should suffer for our infirmities is such hard luck. I hope you were nice to him. Of course, he was horrid to you. All the same, I should have liked to have heard him speak about poor little me."

Guy smiled faintly.

"Edward," continued Mrs. Tempest, "is not a fool, but he behaves like one on these sort of occasions."

"This is the first occasion."

"Don't pick me up, my dear friend. You know what I mean. Edward thinks it is his duty, as head of the family, to break off our marriage. And he is perfectly right. If ever we meet I shall tell him how he could have done it. Had he asked me to spend a quiet month at Saffron Charteris, I should have gone there to be whitewashed, and infallibly I should have died before the month was up."

Her taking for granted the marriage did not surprise Guy, although she had never mentioned the word till to-day.

"John has been here," she added softly, with a sidelong glance at Guy.

"Jack?"

She nodded.

That John Tempest should have visited his wife was so amazing that Guy betrayed his astonishment with a gasp of incredulity.

"He was very nice," she murmured.

"Nice?"

"Why do you look like an owl? John owes me something for releasing him, and he owes me a lot for keeping my mouth shut. If I had made counter-charges, eh?"

"But what brought him here?"

"His new motor. It's a dream. He sat in the very chair you're in, and offered to write a big check. It was really nice of him."

"You accepted money from him?"

"No! I knew you, and your prejudices. Personally, I see no reason whatever why I shouldn't take with a humble and grateful heart as much as John cares to give me."

"That he should have come here is the most astounding thing!"

"If you must know, I sent for him."

"You sent for him?"

"Why not? Let us discuss this reasonably. You have that ugly frown on your face which you wore when that horrid McAllister was asking you questions. I wanted to ask John about Poppet."

Poppet was the only child, given by the court into John Tempest's keeping. Guy shrugged his shoulders.

"Surely that sort of thing ought to be done through the lawyers?"

"How cold-blooded you are! Fancy asking for permission to see one's own darling child through a lawyer!"

"When does Poppet go to him?"

"In a day or two. Don't let's talk about it! I cried my eyes out before John."

There were indications of tears, not unsightly red lids, but violet circles under the eyes, and a drawn look about the mouth. Good, easy John, a sinner himself, had been sorry for her. In his blundering, brutal way, he had tried to dry those tears with a check, knowing by long experience what a tear-styptic a check is to some women. Even John, who knew, was sorry for her.

And such is the power of beauty in distress that Guy, too, felt a poignant regret that things had not been ordered otherwise so far as he was concerned. Her irresponsibility quickened the sense of responsibility dormant in him. She must have guessed what was passing in his mind, for, with a sigh and a quiver of the lip, she abandoned the central position on the sofa, and, turning aside, hid her face in a big silk cushion. Guy whispered a few words of comfort.

Presently she spoke of her plans with increasing satisfaction and assurance.

"You must nip off to Newfoundland and shoot caribou. It's a comfort to think we've the right sort of pals, isn't it?"

"Ye-es."

"In six months people will have forgotten the trial. We must go very canny at first; but with the best cook in London and the best shooting in the country, all will yet be well. You were so clever, Guy, as the devil's disciple; and it was dear of you to let me appear as more sinned against than sinning. You know, I'm thinking of wearing half-mourning; black and white is becoming to fair women."

"Will you dine with me to-night?"

She laughed:

"Most certainly not! that would be brazen. After this afternoon we don't meet for six months. That is in the bond. Now, I'm going to ring for Poppet. No; don't run away. She will be so disappointed if she misses you. She simply adores you."

Poppet appeared within a minute.

The child, like her hother, was irresistible; but, unlike her mother, happily unconscious of the fact. She hailed Guy with a soft little purr of satisfaction and cuddled close to him, holding up her face to be kissed again and again. The three on the sofa might have been painted as "Domestic Bliss." A picture postcard entitled: "Monsieur, Madame, et Bebe," would have an enormous sale amongst those who maintain that the family is the unit of national life.

Guy, listening to Poppet's artless prattle, feeling her lips upon his cheek, her dimpled hands upon his neck, told himself that he was a serpent in what should have been Eden. Poppet could not see his scales; but when she did! Sooner or later—and modern children learn these things sooner than later—Poppet would know everything and think—with horror perhaps—of the innocent kisses she had lavished upon him. Suddenly he unclasped her clinging arms, put her from him, and stood up. Angela divined easily enough what was in his mind. Where Edward had failed, a child might succeed. Innocence stood between her and twenty thousand a year. Why had she not foreseen this situation.

"Uncle Guy is going abroad, Poppet. Kiss him good-by, and run off."

"Daddy said he was going abroad, too."

She spoke very disconsolately, turning large, troubled blue eyes from her mother to Guy, who stood looking down at her, tugging at his mustache.

"Yes; we are all going abroad; but Uncle Guy is coming back, aren't you?"

"Perhaps," said Guy gravely.

Mrs. Tempest gave vent to a tiny cry of protest.

"How dare you tease the darling!" She caught the child to her bosom, flashing an indignant and piteous glance at Guy. Then holding her up to kiss him, she said, cooling: "Make him promise to come back as soon as he can, Poppet. Make him swear—do you hear?"

"You'll come back," said the child earnestly.

"Yes."

"On your Sam?"

"On my Sam."

She kissed him and ran out of the room. Guy waited a moment, and then exploded. There was a leaven in him of the old squire.

"And one day——"

"Shush-h-h!" She placed her finger upon his lips, her head upon his shoulder, and dissolved deplorably. He heard her broken, almost inarticulate phrases: "If you should not come back—— It would be too cruel—— I have no one left but you and Poppet, and she is to be taken away!"

"I swore to Poppet that I would come back."

"And we'll begin life again, dear; we'll be awfully good, but we won't be lonesome—model members of society, eh?"

"Yes, yes," Guy muttered nervously. "Of course—certainly."

"It will be such fun drawing the claws of the tabbies."

Having accomplished her purpose, she slipped back upon the sofa, curling herself up among the big cushions with a sigh of relief; but Guy saw tears sparkling upon her long lashes.

Just then the door opened and the child ran in.

"I quite forgot!" she exclaimed. "Oh, mummie, I've a present for you. I was to give it to you when we was quite alone; but Uncle Guy doesn't count, does he?"

"Never did," said Guy.

The child held out a crumpled envelope.

"Daddy gave it to me this afternoon, when he came up to the nursery to say good-by. He said you would know what it was."

Mrs. Tempest took the envelope. A faint blush—very faint—came and went upon her cheeks.

"Why don't you open it, mummie?"

"Yes," said Guy quietly. "Why don't you open it?"

"It's so excitin', Uncle Guy, isn't it?"

"Very," said Guy, with his eyes on the vanishing blush.

"Of course I know what's in the envelope—a postal order, perhaps, for ten shillings. Do open it, mummie!"

She was at bay, but she did not lose either her head or her charming manners. With a gesture to the man, she led the child toward the door, opened the envelope, showed her what was in it, laughed, kissed the expectant lips, and gently pushed Poppet from the room. Then, closing the door, she turned to face Guy.

"A check," said Guy grimly. There was no interrogation in his tone.

"Yes, a check."

"You—you fibbed just now."

"Yes, I fibbed. I couldn't tell you the truth. I'm in debt. I've nothing of my own; I was too proud to ask you, so I sent for John."

"So you sent for John."

"He's Poppet's father."

"I see."

"Not as clearly as I do."

"Quite clearly enough."

He walked to the window and looked out. Angela shrugged her shoulders, raised her delicate brows, and held out her hands palm upward—a pretty gesture she had acquired in a French finishing school kept by a marquise of the vielle souche. A stranger might have inferred that she was empty handed, with a heart too full for speech. When Guy reached the window she sank upon her knees beside a stool between the sofa and the door. The stool—a French tabouret—was covered with a brocade of a delicate puce color, with wired splatches of purple upon it. Upon this was bowed the fair head, so that the nape of the neck shone white against the purple staining of the brocade. The kneeling figure suggested a dethroned queen at the block, awaiting the stroke of the executioner. In another woman such a poise might have appeared stagey; in her it was natural. Guy felt this instinctively. And he knew that John Tempest—and how many others?—had struggled in vain against this supreme manifestation of an unconscious (or subconscious) art. Always she aroused pity when another woman would have excited indignation, or even disgust. As Guy saw her now, the unprotesting victim, meekly kneeling upon the scaffold, so she appeared to the judge, to the special jury, to the whole of England.

For a moment he watched her in silence. Then he raised her gently. In her abandonment her fingers had remained tightly closed. Guy loosened the fingers, and got possession of the check. He glanced at it, tore it up, and dropped the bits into the fire.

"I'll send you another to-night," he said.

With that he moved toward the door. Her voice arrested him as he laid his fingers upon the handle.

"You will come back, Guy. This has made no difference."

"In six months I shall come back."

She fluttered toward him.

"Are you furious, disgusted? Would you like to wring my neck? In your place, I'm sure I should not come back."

"I shall come back," he said steadily.

CHAPTER IV.

Outside, he looked at his watch. It was past 7. Suddenly he made the discovery that he was hungry; he remembered that he had eaten no lunch, no tea, and practically no breakfast. The mere physical craving for food cleared his mind. To eat would be something definite to do. The difficulty presented itself of selecting a restaurant. He never dined at home; the clubs were out of the question; the well-known restaurants equally so. Then he recalled the name of a popular place of entertainment in Piccadilly, where he would be as safe and as much alone as in an oasis of the Great Sahara. A hansom took him there in five minutes.

Ushered into a finely proportioned marble hall filled with happy diners, not a vacant table could he see, and but few empty chairs. A steward explained that one chair was all that could be expected; no patron monopolized a whole table. Guy, acquiescing, found himself opposite a pleasant-faced fellow of about his own age, who nodded and pushed across a huge bill-of-fare. Guy ordered his dinner, and looked up, to find a pair of clear, brown eyes regarding him curiously.

"Stranger here?"

"Yes," said Guy, not quite easy, wondering whether he had been recognized.

"We don't often see your sort, sir, but now and again; and I always wonder how it strikes 'em. The food's all right, and the attendance, and the room, and the music; but there's a difference next door, eh?"

"In the bill," said Guy, smiling.

"In the crowd."

Guy looked at the crowd; workers to a man. Nobody was in evening dress, except the waiters, who wore mustaches and spoke in guttural accents. A napkin was alluded to as a "serviette." An air of extreme respectability pervaded the room. Guy noted these trifles almost mechanically, but the faces of the men and women challenged a sentiment deeper than mere curiosity. They were coarse-featured; noses, chins (especially chins), ears, and eyebrows stuck out aggressively. The hands busy conveying food with extraordinary swiftness to the mouths were badly modeled, but capable, as if they belonged, as indeed they did, to persons of trained executive ability. Snatches of talk fell upon Guy's ears, business talk, an unknown tongue to him—the idler and wastrel. The women, particularly the girls, affected certain harmless airs and graces, culled possibly from some manual of table etiquette. They called each other "dear," said "please" very frequently, and paid particular attention to the letter "h," obviously terrified lest it should drop onto the floor and be never recovered.

Watching the crowd, Guy was sensible that he fh turn was being watched.

"Hungry lot, ain't they?" remarked the young man, as the waiter brought soup. "Well, they come here because they're hungry."

"Not because they're greedy."

"We eat to live. But the food is good; the best in London at the price. That's why the place is full. And if you come once you come again."

Guy reflected that this fellow meant to talk. And he had such a nice pair of eyes that one couldn't with any decency snub him. Also, he seemed intelligent, an observer in his way, possibly a bit of a thinker. Guy wondered what he did for a living, and hazarded a mental guess. Was he clerk, stenographer, journalist, or tradesman? From an inflection in his voice, which denoted a sense of independence, Guy made certain that he paddled his own canoe. He asked a question:

"Do you dine here often?"

"Always, when I'm in town. I travel for a big house."

So he was a bagman; hence the gift of gab, and the slightly cock-a-whoop but not offensive air of assurance. The waiter brought some fish. Guy was helping himself, when the other said abruptly:

"I should like to have your opinion on this divorce case."

He laid a slight emphasis on the "your."

"My opinion?"

"Well, sir, you belong to those sort of people, and I dare say you think as they do. This case has made a stir. I make no doubt half the intelligent men in this big room are talking about it now. It would really interest me to hear what you think of that blackguard Charteris."

"He pronounces his name Charters."

"Does he?" replied the other, disgustedly. "I'm not a bit surprised. They ain't even labeled so that an ordinary man can know who they are. Much obliged to you, sir, for putting me straight. Charters—eh? Now, I'm a Rad, a red-hot un, and I'm pretty well sure that you're of the opposite way of thinking, but I hope you'll agree with me that sudden extinction is too easy a death for Mister Guy Charteris?"

"Lethal chamber, eh? You got that out of the Daily Mercury?"

"No; here." He tapped a remarkably well-shaped forehead. Then perceiving an odd expression on Guy's face compounded of amusement and chagrin, he added hastily: "Lord! you may be a friend of his, although you don't look like it."

"Thanks."

"Do you know him?"

"Yes; we were at school and college together."

"If he is a friend, I——"

"Be quite easy! I think I'm justified in calling Guy Charteris an enemy. All the same——" He paused, trifled with his bread, and laughed.

"What were you going to say, sir?"

Guy hesitated, curious to arrive at the other's point of view, yet uneasy at the prospect of being stoned. Still, to see himself as others saw him, as his fellow-countrymen saw him, might be a salutary experience.

"I don't quite understand why he has excited this public rancor."

"You don't?"

So much surprise underlay the question that Guy felt himself flushing. With an effort he said quietly: "Let us grant that he has broken one of the commandments. How many others have done the same? Why should he be specially picked out as a scapegoat?"

"Do you know Mrs. Tempest, sir?"

"Yes."

"I saw her in court; I heard her give her evidence. I think she was the sweetest lady, the most innocent-looking creature, I ever clapped eyes on. The jury thought so, too."

"Even his lordship was visibly impressed," said Guy, sententiously.

"A baby in arms," continued the bagman, warming to his work, "might have known that she was more sinned against than sinning. Why do you smile, sir?"

"I beg your pardon," said Guy; "but the phrase has been used so often, hasn't it? And, of course, even a baby in arms may make mistakes some times. Pray, go on!"

"If he had anything to say for himself, why didn't he say it?"

"I don't know."

"Depend upon it, that, when a man says nothing, it means that he has nothing to say, and holds his tongue for fear of making matters worse."

"I give you my word that had not occurred to me."

"I'm right. It was his silence as damned him. That and being the friend of the husband—friend and guest! Good Lord!" The honest fellow wiped the perspiration from his forehead. Guy saw that he had had a pint of sherry with his dinner, and sherry is nearly as heating as righteous moral indignation. Replacing his handkerchief—a gorgeous red-silk bandana—so that it would show against his blue serge coat, the bagman continued:

"I hope I ain't treading on corns, sir; but from a hard-working man's view-point the fact that this Charteris never did a day's work in his life is not in his favor."

"You don't mean that?"

"I do."

"Surely there is some virtue in abstention. Why should a rich man work, when there are so many starving unemployed? Why should he take bread from another's mouth?"

The bagman opened his eyes.

"There's something in that," he agreed, reluctantly. "But, bless you, there are jobs, heaps of 'em, unpaid jobs, which the rich ought to tackle—Parliament, and all that. And what I say is: any able-bodied man as hasn't a job, paid or unpaid, is a menace to the welfare of the nation. The Yankees know that. They've a maxim—I dare say you've heard it—'Root, hog, or die!'"

"'Root, hog, or die!' Wisdom in a nutshell."

"Just so, sir. I wish you good evening."

"Good-by," said Guy. "I'm much obliged to you."

"Not at all." He lowered his voice. "Excuse me, but don't try to tip the waiter. It's against the rules; it ain't fair on us; and if the waiter's copped he gets the sack."

He nodded cheerily and bustled off.

Guy smoked to the end a long cigar before he moved. The great room emptied quickly. The diners received checks from the waiters, and paid their bills to a young woman in a box near the main entrance. Some of the regular customers exchanged a smile and a word with her—there was not time for more; then they passed on and out, leaving her cooped up, unable to stretch her limbs, even—a sort of Mademoiselle Balue in black alpaca, doomed to remain forever in a cage like this, or another just like it. Nevertheless, she had a contented face, and if she could fly from her cage a thousand other young women would tumble over each other in their anxiety to take her place.

"Root, hog, or—die!"

(To be continued next Sunday.)

Store closed all day July 4—Open until 9 p. m. Friday

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But one to each purchaser, and no C. O. D. orders taken.

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Such bargain opportunity as this we wish to distribute as widely as possible in the city and vicinity, hence this restriction.

Your outing waist should be selected from this $1.50 lot.

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

It is hard not to be allowed to follow generous impulses to the finish, but many a woman can give testimony to the unpleasantness resulting from a real desire to be helpful. One of the number is just recovering from the effects of misplaced friendship, and she has vowed to smother any further desire to give her friends comfort and pleasure. Of course, she will not keep such a resolve, because she finds joy in unselfish actions.

* * * *

Fate threw her into the society of a woman with pleasing manners and tastes quite like her own. It was a find not to be ignored, and a delightful intimacy sprang up between the pair. But the favors, which were rather even at first, began to get one-sided, and the woman who was doing them did not seem to mind the lack of balance. But she did miss the total lack of gratitude that became a later phase of the friendship, and then happened the thing for which she is sincerely sorry. She was indiscreet in mentioning the matter to a woman who lost no time in reporting where trouble was sure to rise.

* * * *

There was no open rupture—both women were too well bred for that—but an unmistakable coolness emanated from one side and the woman who talked had to recognize it. In due course of time she knew the cause of the coolness and accepted the situation with whatever grace she could summon. She passed some wretched days, but the soreness wore away gradually till she could look the matter calmly in the face and declare the loss to be on the other side.

* * * *

A few experiences of this kind are hardening. On all sides you hear the statement, "The more you do for a person the less she thinks of you," and it is the outcome of more than one disappointment in the estimate of human nature. Gratitude is not a common sentiment, and the bitterest foe a woman can have is the one who owes her a big debt of gratitude and repudiates the claim. I presume that we ought to be above resentment; in fact, we ought to regard such instances as experience of more or less value. But we are only human beings, with many weaknesses, and little things hurt a great deal.

* * * *

One of my friends, a matron of some experience, is paying the penalty of kindness in a way that is likely to do her good. She had a nice little maid of whom she was proud, for the girl was unusual in many ways. She had not been away from home two years, but she had fallen into the best of hands to secure her training. This jewel accompanied her mistress to the seashore and was contented and happy there, although she had no associates. She must have told her family that, for a cousin expressed a desire to get a situation at the same resort, and Mary told of it at the best possible moment.

* * * *

A neighbor wanted a maid, and the cousin was duly engaged. Then the man of the house said something that has been remembered, in view of what happened after the cousin arrived: "It seems strange that women never know when they are well off. You have spoiled a good maid." She had, she admits it now, when Mary has acquired a fondness for weekly trips to the city and late hours of return. The cousin was a restless creature, and the quiet life of an unpretentious seashore colony wearied her.

* * * *

"I shall never meddle with the affairs of others again as long as I live," the woman has said, more than once, yet it was only yesterday that her husband had to remind her of that promise, as she was trying to help out another neighbor in a similar way. Now she is wondering if she is not selfish in withholding assistance. A man would say, "No; self-preservation is the first law of nature," but masculine creeds are usually strongly tinged with selfishness. Selfish women are common enough to require no searching, but they are not in the majority. It is a hard choice between self-interest and unselfishness, and the latter often wins. But it is not wise to do too much for any but the needy, for it is human to grow to accept favors as one's due, and to resent any falling off in attention. I have heard a woman say that she has to use the utmost secrecy in distributing the products of her garden because of this feeling among her neighbors. The feeling of rivalry is strong.

BETTY BRADEEN.

A Polite Husband.

From Philippines Gossip.

A husband was being arraigned in the court of first instance in a suit brought by his wife for cruelty.

"I understand, sir," said the counsel, Mr. Gale, addressing the husband, "that one of the indignities you have showered upon your wife is that you have not spoken to her for three years. Is that so?"

"It is," quietly answered the husband.

"Well, sir," thundered Mr. Gale, "why don't you speak to her, may I ask?"

"Simply," replied the husband, "because I did not want to interrupt her."

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PRETTY JUMPER DRESS.

The overblouse model is still acknowledged to be the prettiest thing in frocks for the young girl. The one sketched consists of a jumper dress worn over a separate guimpe, the latter being made of embroidered batiste. The overblouse has a prettily rounded neck and a Gibson pleat on each shoulder, the latter insuring long shoulder lines and a tapering waist effect. The sleeves may be made in full or elbow length, as preferred. The skirt is a nine-gored one, with an inverted pleat at the back. It fits smoothly over the hips and has a stylish flare at the hem. The dress is unusually graceful for a young girl's wear and is equally suitable for development in a wash fabric, voile or pongee. For the fifteen-year size the pattern requires 1¾ yards of 36-inch goods for the guimpe and 7½ yards of 27-inch goods for the dress.

Four sizes, fourteen to seventeen years.

This pattern may be obtained by inclosing 10 cents to the Pattern Department, The Washington Herald, and indicating number (4385) and size desired.

How It Is.

From the Bellman.

Professional Wanderer—Sonny, is this here town one of them local option towns?

Boy—Yes, sir; I guess so, sir. You can get it either at the drug store or the grocery.

PRUNE GINGERBREAD.

Put into a pan one cupful of brown sugar, one cupful New Orleans molasses, one-half cup melted butter, lard, or good drippings, one cupful sour milk, into which has been beaten one teaspoonful soda, two beaten eggs, a teaspoonful and a half of cinnamon, a teaspoonful of cloves, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, the grated rind of a lemon, one cupful steamed and chopped prunes, and flour enough to make a rather stiff batter.

There is a difference in the thickening qualities of flour, but the amount required will be about three cupfuls.

Fresh Flowers for Table.

The fern, which lent so much freshness to the dining table all winter, suddenly presents an aspect dead and depressing. Our very souls at this time of the year call aloud for fresh blooms. Flowers for the table should be scrupulously fresh. Nothing so disarms one at the beginning of a meal as does a bunch of faded and too often-ill-odored posies. The commonest field flower, freshly picked, has a transcending charm over the faded orchid of rarest variety.

Then, too, be sure that the flowers are free from ants or other little insects—harmless, but not appetizing. See that the water in which cut flowers are kept is always absolutely pure.

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If you find money scarce, and you would like to buy something for the home, come and get it here on Credit. We will gladly open an account with you, and you can pay the bills in small amounts, that you can spare without inconvenience.

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AS GRECIAN GODDESSES.

As Such We May Appear at Smart Evening Parties.

"Are we really to go about as Grecian goddesses this summer?" sighed a very stout friend to the writer the other day. "I am sure I shan't like it, and it won't suit me."

"But you needn't if you don't want to; no one can force you."

But she still sighed, for all the world knows fashion is a tyrant, and allows one to be individual in details only, not in fundamental principles. However, one may say with confidence that women will rebel strenuously against the so-called "Directoire" style, except in a very modified form, as she has rebelled strenuously, time after time, against a return of the crinoline. The women of the eighteenth century, like their prototypes of classic ages, must have been very lazy, much of the mind of a Spanish beauty who objected to exercise because it was unbecoming. To picture them in their clinging draperies playing tennis or punting or cycling in the way so dear to our athletic souls and muscles is too ridiculous; while, of course, the little mincing step would have to be revived with the tight skirt, and many of us would be obliged to take lessons in walking, or we might look as funny as those boys at country sports who run races in sacks.

No; the Directoire will hardly come in for street wear.

PHILOSOPHY FROM KANSAS.

From the Atchison (Kans.) Globe.

The more foolish some men talk, the louder they talk.

No one can take care of good looks and rheumatism at the same time.

On windy days we never see a good-natured woman on the streets.

It is easy enough to attract comment, but favorable comment comes slow.

A man may escape being a fool, but he cannot hope to escape being called one.

You need never fear the wrath of a woman who is fat enough to shake when she laughs.

There are two classes of people who have ever been dangerous to society, and to good government; the overfed and the underfed.

INNOMINATUS.

> Breathes there the man with soul so dead
> Who never to himself hath said,
> "This is my own, my native land!"
> Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd
> As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
> From wandering on a foreign strand?
> If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
> For him no minstrel raptures swell;
> High though his titles, proud his name,
> Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
> Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
> The wretch, concentered all in self,
> Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
> And, doubly dying, shall go down
> To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
> Unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR GIRL.

By HELEN ROWLAND.

When a man becomes a confirmed old bachelor it is not because he has never met the one woman he could live with, but because he has never met the one woman he couldn't live without.

Many a man who promises before marriage to lift every care off a girl's shoulders won't even begin by lifting the ice off the dumb-waiter after marriage.

Of course, it is nothing but moral indignation that makes men rush to buy the papers that print pictures of the sheath skirts as a horrible warning.

Hercules would never have performed those twelve dangerous feats without missing if he had been required to tie a chiffon veil under a pretty girl's chin without kissing her, to button his wife's dress up the back without swearing, or to pass a corset shop without glancing in the window.

One comfort in being a woman is that you have the right to cry; when a man sheds tears the poor thing always looks and feels as if he had been guilty of an immodest exposure of the soul.

"Have a good time while you're single, for you'll be a long time married," is the axiom of bachelorhood.

We Close at 6 o'Clock Friday.
Beginning Monday, July 6,
Business Hours 8 a. m to 5 p. m.; Saturday, 6 p. m.

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$7.50 Extra Size Silk Petticoats, $4.39

These Petticoats are made of wear-well chiffon taffeta, in black and colors; neatly finished with tailored seams; flounce finished with rows of fine tucks and stitching; full foundation and dust ruffle. Regular $7.50 value. Special..... **$4.39**

$2.25 Heatherbloom Petticoats, $1.57

These are the genuine article; Heatherbloom on every skirt band; neatly made and fitted over hips; just the thing for a hot summer day. In black only. Regular $2.25 value. Special for today and Friday..... **$1.57**