A STROKE OF POLICY.

BY LUCY FOSTER MADISON.

"Well, young man, what is it? I warn you that if you come to reopen your suit for my daughter's hand that your efforts are useless. My answer on the subject was final."

And Martin Craig, president of a new line of railroad connecting the western towns of Oklahoma with Guthrie, glared at the young fellow before him fiercely.

"You are mistaken, sir, in supposing that I came for any such purpose," returned Sam Hunter, coldly. "You refused your consent to the marriage, and as Elinore, I mean Miss Craig, declines to marry without it, there is nothing more to be said. I came in behalf of the citizens of Cherokee."

"What do they want?" questioned the president, sharply.

"It is the same grievance concerning which you have been approached before, sir. I have been sent to lay the matter fully before you."

"Humph! I don't think much of their advocate," grunted the other. "State your case briefly. I am in a hurry."

"As you are aware, Mr. Craig, your railroad is more than a mile from the town. You know the condition of the roads. The drayage will be heavy, and freight is already taxed to the utmost limit, to say nothing of the inconvenience to which our citizens will be put. Now, we know that you have refused to consider this matter, but we ask you to look at it from our standpoint. There has been no such discrimination made against any other town on the line. In brief, sir, we desire that you run a spur to Cherokee."

"You desire me to build a spur to your town, do you?" sneered the other. "Well, go back to your fellow-townsmen and tell them I won't do it. That railroad was built for my convenience, not theirs. It doesn't make any difference to me whether it suits them or not. They can use it or let it alone. If they want to be close to the road let them move the town down to the depot. You know the old adage: 'If the mountain won't come to Mohammed, then Mohammed will go to the mountain.'"

"You mean—" cried the young man.

"Just what I say," returned the senior man, crushingly. "Beston, the real estate man, has the plot in charge. It is already laid out in lots, and if your people don't take them, others will. We're going to have a town there all right."

"But that would mean ruin to Cherokee," exclaimed Hunter, dismayed. "You know that we depend upon the trade of the Indians and the farmers, and two towns couldn't be supported. They would be sure to go to the new place."

"Certainly. Just our own supposition to a dot. I am glad that you see it so clearly." Mr. Craig smiled blandly as he saw the discomfiture of the young lawyer. "You may tell your people for me that Beston will let them in on the ground floor."

"It is outrageous!" cried young Hunter, with flashing eyes. "I see through your scheme, Mr. Craig. At last I understand why you have declined to listen to all of our pleadings. But I tell you, sir, that this infamous design shall not succeed. As sure as there is a God in Heaven, I'll find some way to thwart it!"

"Do that," said the president, affably, "and you may marry my daughter."

"Do you mean that?" cried young Hunter, wheeling upon him.

"I do. If you are sharp enough to save your town from having to move down to my road you can have Elinore. But don't lie awake nights on account of your future happiness. You'll never do it. As well think of bringing the moon to the earth as to try to beat me. It takes a smart man to get ahead of Martin Craig."

"That may be," responded Sam, starting for the door, "but we will see if you have not found him. Good day."

He strode out of the building with so much resolution in his manner that for the moment Martin Craig was impressed with the idea that he would accomplish his purpose. Then he roused himself with an exclamation.

"Pshaw! He is a young simpleton, and I am a fool to give the affair a second thought. Cherokee will soon see that there is nothing else for it to do but to move down." He rubbed his hands in anticipatory delight and then returned to his duties.

Feeling ran high in Cherokee when Sam Hunter reported the result of his mission. Meeting after meeting of indignation was held, and various plans were proposed to frustrate the railroad's scheme, but none seemed available. There seemed to be but the one thing before them: to buy the lots and move the town rather than have a new town that would absorb their trade. But young Hunter begged them to wait.

"He will give me his daughter if I can circumvent him," he said, earnestly. "Let me have a little longer, boys."

As he was a great favorite, and the idea of getting ahead of Craig very pleasing, the citizens consented to delay purchasing the lots. Sam pondered over the problem day and night. At last he summoned the people together in solemn conclave. After a long consultation with them he disappeared from Cherokee.

A few weeks after his interview with President Craig, Sam presented himself again before that individual.

"Well," said the president, urbanely, "how goes it, my young friend? Have you come to tell me when the town will move over?"

"We are not going to move," returned Sam, coolly.

"You are not, eh? Then what the devil are you going to do?"

"Stay where we are," answered Sam.

"Then I shall start my own town immediately," cried the president, irately.

"Pardon me, Mr. Craig, but I do not think that you will," said the young man, politely.

"You don't, eh? Maybe you will be kind enough to tell me why?"

"With great pleasure. You cannot start your town because the citizens of Cherokee own every foot of ground in the site. And we won't move our town because we don't want to."

"What?" ejaculated the president, springing from his chair. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say," returned Sam, smilingly. "At my suggestion, the people of Cherokee decided that they would rather own the ground and keep their town where it is than to move. Here are the deeds to the land. Now I have come to claim my reward."

"Well, I'll be —" gasped Craig. He stared stupidly at the young man for a few moments, and then said, grimly: "I guess you'll do for a son-in-law. You are the first man to get ahead of Martin Craig. Such smartness must not be out of the family. Make your arrangements with Elinore for the wedding as soon as you please, and tell your people that I will run a spur to Cherokee."—Radford Review.

Tame Mosquitoes.

Guest—Are the mosquitoes very fierce around here this summer?

Farmer—Naw! They'll come and eat out of your hand.—Men's Magazine.

MANDATES OF FASHION.

New Ideas in Hair Dressing, Neckwear and Other Feminine Finery.

New coiffure combs are of white tortoise shell adorned with chased matt gold, enamel or jewels.

It is predicted that brown will be a favored color in the winter. Castor, beaver and zibeline tones will all be seen, says a fashion authority.

Little cord ornaments and tasseled trimmings will be companions in autumn fashions; they make a chic finish to the jaunty coats.

Persian bands and Indian embroidery still retain their hold, although the metal accessories that were used to excess last season will not be seen.

Chinese ribbons, showing quaint symbols on gold and silver grounds, make handsome belts and collars and are to be found among oriental goods.

Fancy neckwear grows more elaborate and is to be the swagger thing with flannel and silk waists. The barb tie is to be worn either tied in a tiny bow under the chin or fastened with stick pin and hanging in long ends.

Real lace and many beautiful patterns in imitation lace will be seen. Chiffon, crepe de chine, net, soft silks and liberty satin are all employed in neckpieces. Many have velvet combined with lace or net and make up beautifully.

Of jeweled buttons the mock opals are easily the favorite, since they blend with all light tints. Bead buttons, another novelty, are small and covered with rows of minute bands. Velvet buttons embroidered with fleur de lis, paste and mock-jeweled buttons are all seen.

Hat pins are very elaborate. Enamel bears its part in their designing. An enamel marguerite in appropriate tints, with a diamond dewdrop in the center, is a favorite design. Another has a round head of pink enamel studded with turquoise.

Lace collars are not on the wane, and while made very plain are of handsome lace. Heavy guipures and silk clunys are used very much for them. Those with the cuffs attached are very handsome and swagger. A few are of the tinted cluny silk lace and look very rich. These may be worn to advantage over black or the dark shades of brown and blue.

An all-white bodice is always a good investment. If soiled it can be easily cleaned, and when worn with these rich-toned ribbons becomes very swagger and stunning. It can also be varied again and again. For immediate wear a deep glowing shade of orange that suggests autumnal splendor is very fine. Worn in bits upon a white waist it is very effective and stylish.

Greens and reds are leading colors, and are more beautiful than they have been in many years. One green that is hardly hunter's nor yet emerald, but a warm, quiet shade between the two, appears again and again, but most frequently in combination with black. It should be a prime favorite, for it is becoming, inconspicuous and easily combined with other colors.

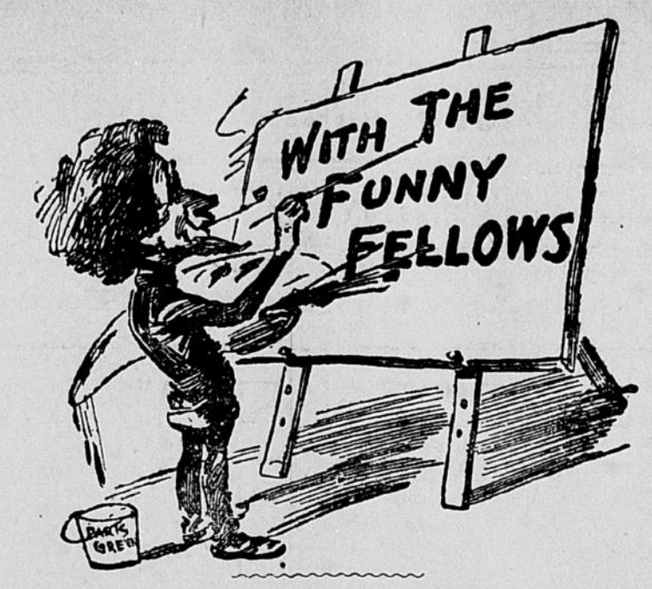
HOW TO MAKE MUSLIN TOAST.

A Palatable and Digestible Dainty Particularly Pleasing to Delicate Appetites.

Any rather stale bread that cuts into firm slices answers for this delicacy. The writer's first knowledge of this was at a dinner party at which each dish was perfect of its kind, says the Washington Star. When the cheese was passed, with it came this crisp, delicious toast, cooked at the moment of serving. The slices were cut, literally, "as thin as a wafer," and spread out to dry an hour or two before needed. They were finally spread out on a hot tin pan, popped in the top shelf of a quick oven long enough to curl up a little and take on a pale shade of brown. This toast is particularly grateful to people of delicate digestion, but is so appetizing that it has become a fad to lovers of dainty living. It may be also served at luncheon with fruit. Housekeepers who find themselves at the mercy of a country butcher should call to mind the French method of improving tough meat. An impossible beefsteak, for instance, may be transformed into one that is tender and juicy if it is allowed to stand over night in a mixture of vinegar and salad oil in equal parts. For a three-pound steak half a teacupful of the mixture should be put in a crockery plate or dish large enough to spread the meat out in. Prepare this early in the evening and before retiring turn the steak. What is left of the mixture should be bottled for the next time. Don't use salt or pepper while it is in the oil and vinegar.

Loneliness and Health.

A medical journal has of late been discoursing on the indigestion of loneliness. By this title is meant to be indicated the disorders of digestion which are believed to follow the practice of taking one's meals in solitary state. The topic is by no means an uninteresting one. Thousands of men and women living alone are compelled to take their meals for the most part without company. Week in and week out they feed themselves without a soul to talk to, and the medical journal devotes its energies to showing that the practice is not one that is likely to be conducive to digestion, to proper bodily nourishment or to health. The solitary man soon tires of merely eating, and if he is not of a literary turn of mind his tendency is to hurry through his meals to escape from his loneliness into the society of his fellow men. Herein, it is held, lies a danger to health.—Detroit Free Press.



A "Trunkless" Body.

An explorer, lately returned from his travels, was relating his adventures.

"I peered," said he, "into the thicket, and there before me lay a trunkless body."

"Nonsense," remarked an interfering critic; "who ever heard of a trunkless body?"

"My friend," replied the traveler, quietly, "the body was that of an elephant."

He then resumed his story.—London Globe.

Brick.

When the Goose laid the golden egg, the Peasant did not hide his profound chagrin.

"I would rather that thou hadst laid a gold brick!" exclaimed he, for he was devoted to the traditions of his craft.

"I thought of that," replied the Goose; "but, you see, I am not a member of the Bricklayers' union!"

At this the Peasant stupidly lost his temper and killed the Goose.—Puck.

Something Yet to Learn.

"Millie," said her elderly uncle, "has that Cooperative Cooking company you joined a few months ago declared any dividends yet?"

"O, yes," replied the young woman who was managing her own finances. "I got a circular from the secretary the other day telling me that the company was in splendid condition and had called an assessment of ten per cent. That's the same thing, isn't it?"—Chicago Tribune.

Commendation.

We greet the man who finds no fault,
With praise, and all the rest of it.
But the kicker whom we ne'er exalt
Still, somehow, gets the best of it.
—Washington Star.

SOFT ANSWER.

She—I hear that you were talking about me to the countess.

He—Could I have a finer topic of conversation?—Lestige Blaetter.

Worst of the Lot.

There's the woman with a mission,
And the woman with a fad;
Either makes the chap who weds her
Wish perhaps he never had.
But far worse than all the others
Of this freak-infested age
Is the bold ex-wife who imagines
She can elevate the stage.
—Chicago Daily News.

An Easy Way Out.

Maid (breathlessly)—Oh, miss, both the gents you is engaged to has called, and they're in the parlor, and somehow or other they've found it out, and oh, miss, I'm 'fraid there'll be trouble!

Miss Flirtie—Horrors! Oh, dear! What shall I do?

Maid (after reflection)—I'll fix it. I'll run an' tell 'em you're cryin' y'r eyes out 'cause y'r father has lost all his money.—Tit-Bits.

Willie's Case.

"I think," she said, "that Willie gave me more trouble when he was little than all of my other children together."

"And what about him now?"

"Oh, I never worry about him now. Sometimes I get to fretting for fear some of the others may be working themselves to death, but Willie's all right. He has a political job."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Why They Don't Marry.

Miss Leftover—You are a woman-hater, I hear.

Mr. Slimpurse—That is a mistake. I merely cannot afford to marry.

Miss Leftover—Cannot you support a wife?

Mr. Slimpurse—Oh, yes, I could support a wife easy enough, but I haven't income enough to support the two or three other women she would need to wait on her.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Modest Request.

"I'm sorry I took the horse," said the culprit, "but let's compromise this matter. If there's any hanging to be done, let me do it."

"Suicide?" queried the leader of the vigilantes.

"Oh, no. Suppose you allow me to hang my head with shame, and let it go at that."—Philadelphia Press.

Sticking to Etiquette.

"At last we shall have a chance," said Mrs. Newcomb, "to get acquainted with the Snipleighs."

"How?" her husband asked. "Has she finally seen fit to call on you?"

"No; but they're going to build a new and bigger house across the street from the one they occupy now, and when they go there to live I can call because etiquette gives the ones that live anywhere the right to call first on others that just move in, you know."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Great Unwashed.

The anarchist respects no laws,
Nor fears the hangman's rope,
Perhaps he courts death thus because
"While there is life there's soap."
—Philadelphia Press.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

"The baby at your house is awfully small for its age!"

"Yes, but my mistress insists on bringing it up on condensed milk!"—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

The Editor's Mistake.

"I'll paste this fellow once," he said,
(He was the wily editor)
"I'll swat him fore and aft, by Jove!"
(The other was the creditor)
"I'll rip him up the back," he said,
(He grabbed his trenchant pen)
"I'll spare no lurid epithet;
(He grabbed some paper then)
"I'll swat him and I'll paste him."
(But he showed such reckless haste
That when he reached out for the ink
His pen stuck in the paste.)
—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Prettier Pictures.

A little girl went visiting one day, and after a time was given the album of family photographs to look at. She turned the leaves over carefully, and pretty soon closed the book.

"Well, dear," asked the hostess, "did you look at the album?"

"Oh, yes," answered the little maid, brightly; "and we've got one 'zacly like it, only the pictures are prettier."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Both Guilty.

He had stolen several Krs.
From a gay Chicago Mrs.,
And the lady, though she really was astounded,
Said she'd waive all prosecution
If he'd make due restitution;
And the felony was speedily compounded.
—Philadelphia Press.

POSSIBLE INDIGESTION.

Landlady (to Mr. Tutts, who has just engaged board)—Will you begin boarding immediately?

Mr. Tutts—No, I have some meal tickets which I must eat up first.—Chicago Daily News.

Lavishness.

The man who thinks he knows it all
Is a most generous elf.
He shares advice with great and small
And keeps none for himself.
—Washington Star.

No Taste for Mathematics.

"How many times did you vote in the recent election?"

The prisoner was silent.

"Answer the question! How many times did you vote?"

"Marse Tom," pleaded the prisoner, addressing the judge, "ain't you know me long enough ter know dat I don' know nuttin' 'tall 'bout 'rithmetics?"—Atlanta Constitution.

His Style of Culture.

Nell—Maude married a man of culture.

Bess—Why, I was under the impression she married a farmer.

Nell—So she did, but isn't a farmer a man of agri-culture?—Chicago Daily News.

FIELD MUSHROOMS.

They Much Excel the Cultivated Variety for Delicacy of Flavor—How to Cook Them.

A delicacy not so well known as it should be is the field mushroom that is now in the market to the joy of the true epicures who know how different in flavor is the wild variety from the cultivated or hothouse mushroom which is all that is to be had for nine months of the year. But the season comes and goes in many homes without the appearance of this nutritious and palatable vegetable. The hothouse variey which is sold by the pound is always very high priced, but the wild mushroom is to be had by the quart and is within the reach of the moderate purse. But it seems to suffer more than the forced mushroom from the prejudice that exists against the vegetable, owing to the cases of poisoning that now and then occur and are telegraphed about the country, says the New York Sun.

The Italian of all Europeans appreciates the mushroom and the Italian methods of preparing it are perhaps superior to other ways, although various elaborate recipes are given in the many "mushoom" volumes that are devoted to the edible so long omitted in the old-fashioned cook books. The Italian way of frying mushrooms is to peel them and break the stalks off evenly. Then pepper, salt and butter each one. Melt some butter in the pan, put the mushrooms in it, then fry for ten minutes and serve on buttered toast.

To grill them in Italian fashion take the heads from some medium-sized specimens, clean, wash and dry them. Make a stuffing of the mushroom stalks, some parsley, garlic or onion and put a small portion of this on each head. Salt, pepper and season them with olive oil and place them on a gridiron and cook slowly for 15 minutes.

Wild mushrooms cooked in a chafing dish are delicious. Make first a mixture of olive oil, a teaspoonful of paprika, a pinch of black pepper and one of salt. In this place the mushrooms the stem trimmed short being uppermost. Cover the dish and brown them for ten minutes. Then place sliced hot bread in the hot pan, adding half an ounce of butter. Serve the mushrooms on the bread when it is browned.

SUGGESTIONS TO HOUSEWIVES.

A Few Items of Domestic Lore That May Be Worth Preserving.

In cleaning papier mache articles use a sponge moistened with cold water. They may be polished with flour and a flannel cloth, says a household exchange.

On a large scale, but equally simple in design, are the desks that open at both sides and thus may be used by two persons at the same time without any inconvenience. They are supplied with a double set of pigeon holes and do not take up much room.

For the country cottage game of euchre or bridge whist an ingenious manufacturer has devised a round table of convenient size with low-backed, comfortable chairs that slip in under the table when not in use and thus economize space, an important item in the country home of limited dimensions.

Even with set tubs, two wooden ones of handy size help out amazingly. One would better be kept especially for table linen and for rinsing the finest white things. Use the other for soaking, but do not soak too long. An hour is long enough to soften and dissolve the dirt, yet not long enough to set it all through the garment.

To wash a scarlet flannel mix a handful of flour in a quart of cold water and boil ten minutes. To this add some warm suds made with castile soap and then wash the flannel gently, rinsing rather than rubbing it. Now rinse in two or three waters of the same temperature—just comfortably warm to the hands, not hotter—and hang out to dry in the shade. By this method the color should remain unchanged in the flannel after many washings.

A satisfactory combination of fruit and savory salad is made with pineapple, celery and a bit of sweet red pepper. A small ripe pineapple is peeled and shredded and a cup of finely chopped celery and diced red pepper mixed with it. Marinate this with a little French dressing, and set on ice for 15 minutes; then toss through it with a silver fork a little mayonnaise first, and afterward a half cup of stiffly whipped cream. Arrange on lettuce hearts.

Prune Shortcake.

Prune shortcake is another emergency suggestion. This is when one is out of reach of fresh fruits, for prunes, like the poor, we have always with us. The shortcake should be made of a biscuit crust, and the prunes for the filling stewed till tender, and flavored with two or three slices of lemon, added when they are about half done. When cooked, drain off part of the juice, sweeten, press through a colander, or, if preferred, pick out the stones and larger pieces of skin, spreading the rest between the shortcake layers. Serve, if possible, with whipped cream.—N. Y. Post.

Starting Out Right.

Husband and wife are equal; the one not the inferior to the other; the wife not a slave, not a housekeeper—but an equal; a companion. And just so far as a young man starts out with that idea fixed firmly in his mind—to make a companion, a comrade, a chum of his wife—just so far does he start out right.—Ladies' Home Journal.

MOTH HUNTING BY NIGHT.

The Sport Is Often Exciting and Requires More Than a Little Courage.

The glorious Wicken sedge fen in Cambridgeshire, the only bit of "wild" fen left in England, has for ages past been the happy hunting ground of the entomologist, and it is now the only place where some of the rarest insects find an English home, says Pearson's Magazine.

Night work among the moths requires a certain amount of courage in the man who undertakes it alone, for though when sport is brisk the excitement tends to keep up one's spirits, yet when no moths are flying the entomologist, standing out in the darkness of the wide fen, is apt to feel the loneliness of so vast and weird a space.

A successful night's work entails a good deal of trouble. Toward sunset the moth catcher will start for the fen wheeling a barrow heavily laden with such articles as he may require. These include a stout wooden box, inside which is carried a big lamp, measuring about 18 inches high, 12 inches wide and 10 inches deep; a "killing" bottle of cyanide and a number of pill boxes of various sizes; three 8-foot poles, a white sheet some 10 feet long by 5 wide; a pot of molasses (called "sugar" by the moth catcher), a lantern, a moth trap and the indispensable net.

He makes his way somewhat laboriously over the marshy ground, along narrow paths, which he picks out as though they had been clearly defined, though to the stranger there would appear to be nothing to distinguish them from the marshy soil on either side. After a walk of about 15 minutes he arrives at a nice open space, where the sedge has been cut.

Quickly fixing in the ground two of the long poles, the moth hunter stretches out the big white sheet between them. Ten feet or so away he fixes his lamp on the third pole, so that the light will fall full on the sheet. Conveniently near he arranges a number of the pill boxes, the lantern and the "killing" bottle, and hangs the moth trap on an adjacent tree to take its share of the night's spoil. This moth trap, though regarded as of secondary importance, is a very ingenious contrivance, so designed that when the moths, attracted by a light inside, once enter they cannot escape.

After the trap has been "set" a third snare for the moths is prepared, the sinewy young branches of the low, sallow shrubs which grow profusely hereabouts being twisted and tied together in knotty bunches, which are liberally smeared with treacle, with a dash of rum in it. This "sugar" is certainly not very appetizing in appearance, especially as a potful is made to last a considerable time, but it is quite good enough for the moths. When it is sufficiently dark for the moths to fly, the big lamp is lit, and its strong light is thrown upon the sheet, so that it is easy to see the smallest moth that may come within range.

The moth catcher takes his stand, net in hand, slightly behind the lamp, and in this position he is ready to rush forward and take any moth which may settle on the sheet or fly into the lighted space. Should it be a hot, dry night, with heavy clouds banked over the set sun, as often happens, particularly in July, the moth catcher will have a very warm time of it. The perspiration will soon be streaming down his back, his pipe will grow hot between his teeth, and it will only be kept there to repel the attacks of the flies and gnats which will soon be singing and buzzing in his eyes and ears.

On most nights the fun is all over by 12 o'clock, but on a good night it will last until one or two o'clock, and in the early part of July the moth catcher will sometimes wait for the sun, and then stalk about to catch a beautiful little geometer called Hyria auroraria, which is itself the color of the rising sun, and only flies from three to eight a. m.

Observations by Mildred.

Scene: Tramcar. Dramatis personae: Four-year-old girl, mother and several passengers.

Child (in high, shrill treble)—Mamma, did you get papa's birthday present?

"Yes, dearest."

"What did you get, mamma?"

"Cigars, lovey."

"The cheap ones that Aunt Millie told you about?"

Silence from mamma, but a heightened flush on her face that was not entirely the reflection from "dearest lovey's" red velvet hat.

"Mamma, that man over there has on a dreadfully dirty necktie You told papa the other day that no gentleman would wear a soiled necktie."

Man glares and pulls his overcoat about his neck.

"Mildred, stop talking."

Mildred was silent for a little while.

"Mamma, that lady over there forgot to polish her shoes this morning."—London Spare Moments.

The Choir the Main Thing.

The Soprano—You should come to our church some Sunday! I think you would enjoy the service.

Granby—And of what does the service consist?

"We sing several hymns and I have two solos."

"But don't they have any sermon?"

"Yes, I think they do; but of course that is merely incidental. The choir is the main thing, you know."—Boston Transcript.

Queer Russian Enterprise.

A regular system of incapacitating men from serving in the Russian army, by causing them to go temporarily deaf, has been discovered at Odessa. The proprietors, Messrs. Schapira & Essigmann, who did a great trade, have been arrested.—N. Y. Sun.