

The Shears of Destiny

By CLINTON DANGERFIELD

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Contempt sat scornfully on Weyman's fine features, contempt tinged strongly with cynical amusement, as he watched the jostling throng of women ever thickening towards the center of the store.

Up and down the broad aisles of Blank Bros.' first floor stalked a red-headed floor-walker, not without cynical amusement himself, chanting his directions in a loud, insistent voice which penetrated everywhere, challenging attention from enraptured shoppers at the different counters and sending them flying for a place in line at the "Five-Minute Shears Sale."

As the seller held up the first pair of shears the women massed madly towards him. Hats were knocked sideways, giving their owners a decidedly tipsy appearance, toes were trodden on violently and skirts were divorced from vainly clasping belts.

"The dominant human desire," muttered Weyman, "to get something for nothing! No doubt they could duplicate those shears for a dime at ordinary times. By Jove! the avoirdupois in purple is wading in for a second pair. Confound her! she deliberately knocked Golden Locks out of the way."

Golden Locks, slender, gray-gowned, her nickel upheld in a childishly small hand, made a pitifully inadequate effort to regain her lost advantage. She was not strong enough, and with a gesture absolutely tragic she turned from the crowd. As she faced Weyman he saw, to his utter astonishment, that unconscious tears were rolling down her cheeks.

Then her eyes—violet, long-lashed, despairing—met his. Something in the girl's glance moved Weyman to the very thing he most abhorred in others—unreasonable impulse.

He sprang forward, lifted the girl as though she were a feather, and held her over the heads of the other

"Good God!" thought Weyman, "she needed that nickel for food!" He stopped the carriage and changed the route again.

"You will let me out now?" she asked, pushing her hair from her forehead with a pathetically resolute attempt at trying to appear quite herself again. "I don't care to drive farther—and I am so very much obliged. Oh, please, where are my scissors?"

"In my pocket," said Weyman mendaciously, for the precious bargain had been lost. "I will give them to you as soon as we have had lunch."

As she ate and drank a most lovely color came to her cheeks, and light swam in her eyes like twin stars radiating in reflection from the liquid beauty of companion laces.

Once she laughed, a little, low laugh, and looked at her friend with mischief in her glance, yet behind the mischief a touch of returning sadness.

"I am a very dreadful girl," she said. "I am eating and drinking with a total stranger whose name I shall never know."

"My name is Robert Marshall Weyman," interrupted her friend.

She blushed. "Indeed, Mr. Weyman, I didn't mean to ask you for it. I would rather not have known. For when people will never see each other again—"

"Never is too big a word for us little mortals to play with. The Powers That Be defeat us whenever we use it."

"Not when a woman uses it," said Golden Locks calmly. "You have rendered me a great service"—she hesitated and blushed again, this time hotly but adorably as she thought of how she had been snatched up in those strong arms and restored to a chance at the shears—"a great service," she went on. "But I ask for a greater. If you are a gentleman, you will not ask my name, nor try to discover it."

"Unfortunately, I am not a gentleman," said Weyman cheerfully, pouring out more wine for her before the watchful waiter could reach the bottle. "I am simply a man. And tomorrow I am coming to see you and bring you the scissors myself. I am afraid to trust you with them after this fatigue. You might cut your fingers."

That night an excited and worn-out Golden Locks sobbed forth the whole story to a white-faced, patient elder sister, a sister who had once been very fair herself, but who had long since woven into the dresses of more fortunate woman her youth, her beauty, and hope itself.

"And he just would know where I lived. He just would drive me home," pursued Golden Locks. "And I couldn't afford to lose those shears after all I went through for them—could I, dearest?"

"Gladys," said the other warningly, "you will pay dearly for your wonderful bargain if you are not careful. Let me receive him, little one, not you."

"Just as you like," said Gladys scornfully. "Why should I care?"

But the plans of the most cautious too often defeat themselves. When Miss Strafford came herself into her tiny parlor, used generally to receive her customers, a light of instant recognition flashed into Weyman's face.

"Why, it's Miss Julia Strafford!" he exclaimed. "I used to see you often at my uncle's place when I was a youngster."

"I am sorry you have placed me," said Miss Strafford with grim frankness, though shaking hands. "You must perceive for yourself," she added as they seated themselves, "that I and mine have dropped out of the race. We live, and we have our pleasures," she added, with a proud disregard of truth which Weyman deeply respected, "but we live so busily, as wage-earners, that we have no time to receive."

"Except in case of other wage-earners," returned Weyman easily. "Quite so. I'm one myself. Made ten dollars on a magazine article this week and expect to get some more for a short story. Only I'm badly mixed as to my heroine's gown—getting my chiffon and buttons in the wrong places, don't you know. And I want you to advise me, you and your sister, whose shears I must return."

He took out a pair about the size of those lost, but of exquisitely fine workmanship.

"These scissors are a grave responsibility," he pursued. "I must return them to the actual owner. That is an unwritten law concerning bargains, you know."

"Oh, you are incorrigible," half sighed, half laughed Miss Strafford.

A year after the girl at the cologne counter was discontentedly watching another mad scramble for "special sales."

"They won't never git no such five-cent bargain as that yellow-haired girl did her last year," she muttered to a "saleslady" near her.

"That's the truth, Mame," sighed the other. "I seen her out driving with him yesterday, and I never seen a man so happy lookin'." She makes him a pretty wife too.

"Aw—pretty!" retorted the lady of the cologne, turning round to the nearest mirror and giving her pompadour an angry little poke. "It was just the chance she had—not her looks. If I had only knowned it was Weyman the millionaire and could 'a' got my Pead on his shoulder—"

"He'd 'a' married you sure, instead of her," said her friend admiringly.

NEW AMBASSADOR TO ITALY.



John C. A. Leishman, who has been transferred from Constantinople to Rome, has been in the diplomatic service since 1897. From that year until 1901 he was envoy to Switzerland, when he was sent to Constantinople, serving as envoy until 1906, when he was raised to ambassador. Mr. Leishman is 54 years old and is a native of Pittsburg, where he was in the steel brokerage business prior to his entering the diplomatic service.

MUCH FOOD GOES TO WASTE.

By Pests, Such as Hostile Insects and Plants, Farmers Annually Lose \$700,000,000.

One way to provide new food is to save what we have. An apple or a grain of corn saved is an apple or a grain of corn gained. Upon all the growing products of the earth an incessant war is waged by hostile insects and plants. Some of these pests are animal—flies, mites, caterpillars, etc.—others, like rusts, mildew, bunt, smut and mold are low forms of plant life. But whatever their nature, origin or method of work, the total destruction wrought by these pests amounts in the United States to no less than \$700,000,000 annually, says Success.

Now, \$700,000,000 may not be a large sum, though it compares measurably with our total annual expenditures and is more than six times all the interest annually paid on all mortgages on all the \$20,000,000,000 worth of farms in the United States. But, if we could save these \$700,000,000, we should increase our total income from farms by almost a fifth, and we could easily increase the population fed by some 10,000,000 or 20,000,000.

We have already begun in this way to save a good many millions. We have drawn upon chemistry, we have invented sprays and washes, fumigations and insecticides and have used them with varying success. Sometimes we fail. There was once a contest between the people of Massachusetts and a caterpillar, and after expending \$8,000,000 and infinite patience, the people gave in and the caterpillar won out.

Making Cigars.

In the cigar factory the bales are opened as needed. The tobacco required for the day's work is first dampened and then goes to the strippers, who remove the stem and mid-rib of the leaf. The leaves are classified into wrappers and fillers, and turned over to the cigarmaker, who, with no other tool than a knife, cuts out his wrappers, shapes the filler in the hollow of his hand and deftly rolls the material into a finished cigar. There are cigarmaking machines, but these are employed only for making the cheaper grades of cigars from domestic tobacco. It is a peculiar fact that despite the wonderful progress of mechanical contrivances in all lines of manufacture, the better grades of cigars are made to-day exactly as they were a hundred years ago.—Bohemian Magazine.

Pasteurized Milk.

In Berlin the custom of retailing milk in bottles has nearly gone out of fashion, as has also the sale of sterilized milk—by heating it to 90 degrees centigrade. Both of these have been largely superseded by the sale of milk which has been pasteurized by a special process, by which the milk is not heated above 60 degrees centigrade.

One concern markets nearly 30,000 gallons of this milk daily, the bottles being provided with wire-rubber stoppers, which are sealed to afford the public the necessary guarantee.

Pasteurized milk is also sold largely in Dresden, where one concern supplies 6,650 gallons daily.

Egg-safety.

Rooster—How came this orange here?

Chicken—Why, that's the orange marmalaid.

Rooster (severely)—Chickens that joke on serious subjects become spring broilers at any season of the year.

Result of Rashness.

"Out of a job, are you?" asked the first girl. "Boss catch you flirting?"

"No; I caught the boss. Say, what sort of a wedding dress do you think is real swell?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

ALLOWANCE NOT RIGHT WORD.

Writer Objects to Term Applied to Sum Wife Shall Receive from Her Husband.

"An allowance is a mighty fine thing when a man knows just how much is coming in, but I don't like that word 'allowance.' Who are you to 'allow' your wife to have money? You endowed her with it as soon as you married her. It's just as much hers as yours. In the partnership she and you are equal—if you married the right sort of woman. 'Allowance.' 'Just due' would be better. Give her her just due the first of every month and relieve her of the humiliating necessity of asking so selfish a creature—perhaps I should say thoughtless a creature—as you for money."

"I've talked with a good many wives, and they don't like to ask for money. Many of them do not realize that they have a perfect right to it, while some of them have too much spirit to ask for what is their due."

"The trouble in most cases is that so many husbands have the 'lord and master' idea of their position, and they like to feel that it is for them to say what disposition shall be made of the money that they earn."

"But remember that in the great middle class, of which American life—I say American life—is largely composed, the wife works as hard as the man does, and, while he does work for which another pays him, she does her work from love; and so, if he's a decent fellow, he will never force her to ask for money; he will be glad to share it with her."—Charles Battell Loomis, in Smith's.

Blames Laziness for Much.

Dr. Charles A. Eaton of the Madison Avenue Methodist church said in the course of a brilliant after-dinner speech in Cleveland:

"Laziness is responsible for too much of the misery we see about us. It is all very well to blame alcohol for this misery, to blame oppression and injustice; but to what heights might we not all have climbed but for our laziness?"

He paused and smiled.

"We are too much like the supernumerary in the drama," he went on, "who had to enter from the right and say: 'My lord, the carriage waits.'"

"Look here, super," said the stage manager one night, "I want you to come on from the left instead of the right after this, and I want you to transpose your speech. Make it run hereafter: 'The carriage waits, my lord.'"

"The super pressed his hand to his brow."

"More study! More study!" he groaned.—New York Times.

Long Strands.

The man with the grouch and the incorrigible joker sat at opposite tables in the lunch room.

Confounded this service!" blurted the man with the grouch. "I wonder why my order is so long. I have been waiting an hour."

"What did you order?" asked the incorrigible joker, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"Crullers."

"Oh, cheer up, man! My order will be longer than yours."

"Think so?"

"Sure, I ordered noodles. They are longer than crullers, aren't they?"

Another Suggestion.

"What's the reason your boy doesn't like to work on a farm? He's fond of outdoor exercise."

"I'm workin' on that problem now," answered Farmer Corntossel. "If these uplift experts could make arrangements to have plowin' records printed in the sportin' news I think Josh could be persuaded to take an interest."—Washington Star

TO SERVE WITH TEA

FRUIT CAKE AS IT SHOULD BE PREPARED.

Full Directions for the Compounding of Delicacy That Will Be Highly Appreciated by the Visitors of the Afternoon.

Use three-fourths of a pound of butter, three-fourths of a pound of brown sugar, one-fourth pint of molasses, 1½ pounds of raisins, one-fourth pound of citron, one-fourth pound of figs, one-fourth pound of almonds, three-fourths of a glass of wine, three-fourths of a glass of brandy and 14 ounces of flour.

One pound of butter, one pound of sugar, one pound of flour, 12 eggs, one-half gill of brandy, one nutmeg, one-half teaspoon of cloves, two teaspoons of cinnamon, 1½ pounds of raisins, 1½ pounds of currants, one pound of citron. Chop part of the raisins fine. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, whisk the eggs until thick and add them by degrees. Then add the brandy and flour with the spice, and lastly the fruit. Mix all well together. Paper your pans and put in the mixture; spread it smooth with a knife and bake in moderate oven four hours, says the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Take one cup of butter, 1½ cups of brown sugar, one-half cup of sour cream, two cups of flour, three eggs, one pound of seeded raisins, one-half pound of currants, one-fourth pound of citron, one teaspoonful of soda, same of cinnamon, one-half nutmeg, one-half teaspoonful of cloves; chop the raisins, slice the citron very thin and have the currants all washed beforehand; set the butter where it will get soft, but not melt; beat the eggs until the whites and yolks are well mixed, then add the sugar and beat until very light. Add butter and mix thoroughly; measure the flour, dredge the fruit with one-fourth of it and mix all the fruit and spices together. Dissolve soda in a teaspoonful of warm water and add to the cream; then add the cream to the butter, sugar and eggs; add the flour, mix well, mix the fruit in thoroughly, last. This makes one large or two small loaves, and will keep a year.

Weigh one pound of butter, one pound of light brown sugar, one pound of dried currants, two pounds of ordinary seeded raisins, two pounds of sultanas and 1½ pounds of citron cut into strips. Measure one gill of cream, one-half pint of brandy, two tablespoons of ground cinnamon, one each of mace, cloves and allspice. Grate two nutmegs. Break a sufficient number of eggs to fill a pint measure. Rub the butter and sugar together, but do not beat them. Whip the eggs until perfectly smooth and thick and stir them with the cream into the butter and sugar, adding one-third at a time and working until perfectly smooth.

Mix the flour with the spices and the fruits until they are evenly distributed; then add them to the mixture and stir lightly together. Add one tablespoon of orange-flower water and beat the whole vigorously. Bake in a moderate oven for three hours. Do not turn out of the pan until cold; then rub lightly with flour and wipe off with a dry cloth and store away until needed. This cake is improved by age, and many persons make them a year ahead of time.

Table Protection.

After all, there is really no better protection to dining table than the asbestos pads. They come in all sizes and once bought do not need renewing. Round or square shape, measuring 48 to 54 inches, a pad will cost \$5; 55 to 60 inches, \$5.50, and 61 to 66 inches, \$6. Leaves 12 inches wide or less can be had for \$1, and leaves over this number of inches will cost \$1.25. A table so covered will be prepared to receive hot dishes upon any spot over its entire surface.

Frozen Apricots.

You can have frozen apricots in your freezer made as follows: One can apricots, two cups granulated sugar, one pint cream. Cut up apricots, add sugar and one quart water. Let stand an hour. Mix well to thoroughly dissolve sugar. Half freeze, add whipped cream. Pack and let stand 1½ hours, or until firm. Strawberries, pineapples, cherries, peaches, etc., may be treated the same way. Equal parts fruit and sugar, with a little cream if you like. Frozen like apricots.

Hint for Using Paraffin.

When using paraffin for sealing all serious and often fatal accidents as well as the disagreeable smoke in the house can be avoided if the dish containing the paraffin is placed in a large vessel containing hot water. When the paraffin is melted remove from the stove and the water will keep the wax hot until all sealing is done.

Soda to Clean Pots.

When anything has been cooked in a pan and stuck to it, making the job of washing it hard and tedious, fill the pot with boiling water and add a teaspoonful of soda. Let the water stand in the kettle until the next dish-washing and it will be easy to clean.

Keep the Water Boiling.

In steaming or boiling a pudding, as the water boils away, add more boiling water. If colder water is added, for a short time at least, the foodstuff will not be boiling, and this state of affairs may prove disastrous to the pudding.

SOUP OF CHICKEN OR VEAL.

Nourishing Dish Made with Either Ingredient—Mutton Broth as it Should Be Prepared.

To make veal soup, cut up one pound of veal in small pieces, break one knuckle of veal well, put into a saucepan with six cupsful of water. Bring to the boil and skim carefully; add one slice of turnip, and boil for at least six hours very gently. Strain the soup, add one tablespoonful of tapioca, and boil for 20 minutes, stirring frequently. Put the yolks of two eggs in a small basin and beat well for five minutes, add one gill of cream, stir well together. Take a cup of the soup and stir it in gradually among the eggs and cream, then pour all the soup among it; also add salt to taste and it is ready.

To make mutton broth, cut up one pound lean mutton in small pieces, put it into saucepan with one quart of cold water, add two ounces of pearl barley that has been washed. Let it simmer for five hours. Then strain it and remove all the fat from the top. It is better to stand till quite cold before doing this. Put it on then to boil, add half a cupful of milk, and a little finely chopped parsley; season to taste with salt and pepper.

Chicken is very good cooked in the same manner as this.

English Beefsteak.

When a steak is broiled over coals the good fat is lost. When a steak is broiled in a hot skillet the kitchen is filled with smoke. The English method avoids both the above conditions and gives a better result. Have a porterhouse steak cut from an inch to an inch and a half thick. Ask the butcher to add a piece of clear suet two inches square. Shape the steak to fit the skillet, placing the suet in the center as nearly as possible. Have the fire moderate but steady, and when the skillet is hot enough to sizzle sharply lay the steak in it. If wanted rare done turn at the end of eight minutes. Turn carefully with a broad bladed knife (do not pierce with a fork), and allow to cook another five or eight minutes. If the heat is just right the upper surface will remain perfectly dry at the end of eight minutes, and after being turned the other surface will remain the same. When the juices of the meat ooze out the steak is ruined. Dish the steak on a hot platter and pour over it the fat from the skillet. Serve on warm plates.

Compote of Pigeons.

Have some pigeons really trussed for braising, and put them in a covered stewpan with an ounce and a half of fat or butter, a bunch of herbs tied up, say a sprig of thyme, parsley, and two bayleaves, about a quarter of a pound of raw bacon cut up in little square pieces, a dust of paprika, half a pint of peeled button onions, or two large ones cut up in small squares, and some carrots cut in pea shapes; fry till a nice golden color; add about half a pint of stock and some turnips, prepared similarly to the carrots, and let the whole simmer for about half an hour; as the stock reduces put a little more of it; take up the pigeons and remove the string from them; dish them; remove the fat from the gravy, reboil and pour round the pigeons, with the vegetables and bacon in little bunches.

Fruit Cake Without Butter or Flour.

Beat thoroughly the yolks of 12 eggs with one pound of confectioner's sugar; add one and a half teaspoonfuls of cinnamon and the same of cloves; a half pound of dates, cut in small pieces; half pound of citron, cut fine; half pound seeded raisins; half pound almonds, blanched and rolled fine; eight soda crackers, rolled fine and sifted with two and a half teaspoonfuls baking powder; two squares of sweet chocolate powder; the grated rind and juice of a lemon; a wine glass of wine or brandy, and the whites of 12 eggs, beaten only, and added last of all. This cake is excellent and will keep for months.—National Food Magazine.

Orange Charlotte.

One-third box of gelatine, one-third cup cold water, one-third cup boiling water, one cup sugar, juice of one lemon, one cup orange juice and pulp, whites of three eggs. Soak the gelatine in cold water till soft, add the boiling water, sugar and lemon juice. Strain and add the orange juice, and a little of the grated rind. Cool in a pan of ice water, and when it begins to harden beat in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Serve with a custard made with the yolks of the eggs, one pint milk, three heaping tablespoons sugar and a little salt. Flavor to taste. Or it is fine cut up in little cubes and served with whipped cream.

Sunday Salad.

A new salad is made with the tender leaves of head lettuce, washed in cold water, drained and arranged on a flat dish. Just before the time to serve toss lightly together two bananas sliced, 12 white grapes, one stalk of celery and about two dozen walnuts, or any other nuts desired, and spread it on the leaves, then cover it with mayonnaise or French dressing; serve with salted waters and new-fashioned cheese, ice cold. This is original and delicious to the salad lover.

Ham Cutlets.

One pound boiled ham, one large onion, one large potato, boiled, one sweet green pepper, two well beaten eggs, salt and pepper to taste. Mince all together fine, then add eggs. Mold with hands to form small hams. Insert small piece uncooked macaroni in small end to form ham bone. Flour well and fry golden brown. Serve with minced parsley.



"If You Are a Gentleman, You Will Not Ask My Name."

women just in time to exchange her nickel for the very last pair of shears. The neighboring clerks, both men and women, the gathered clan of cashboys, the seller of the shears, and even the proprietor himself, who had just stepped off the elevator, joined in an excited chorus of approval. Nothing so dramatic as this tall, splendidly groomed, steel-strong figure holding the slim form of Golden Locks over the heads of the crowd had met their routine-wearied eyes in many a long day.

"Sir," cried the seller as he pressed the shears into the hands of the bewildered Golden Locks, "None but the brave deserve the fair! May she live to cut our your—er—collars for long and happy years!"

Stirred by the chivalric compliment, the cashboys burst into a cheer.

Vexed and disgusted, Weyman was about to set his burden gently down when suddenly the coveted shears dropped from her gloveless fingers and her head sank on his shoulder. She had fainted.

This caused much greater excitement. Advice, command, and comment filled the air.

Weyman cut the whole thing short by striding out the side entrance and depositing Golden Locks in a closed carriage waiting there for him. He had been en route to the nearest station, where he expected to take the train for his sister's country place.

Now he changed the direction curtly to—

"Dr. Hapgood's—Fifth Avenue."

For there had been something in the touch of Golden Locks' sunny hair as it brushed his cheek, something in the droop of her slim and helpless figure, which made him totally averse to leaving her to be rescued and gossiped over by the maudlin curiosity of the crowd. Her shining head still rested on Weyman's broad shoulder. But before they had gone half-way to the doctor's she sighed, moaned a little, and sat up, looking confusedly around her.

"I—where are we?" she faltered. "Was I dreaming? I thought we were at the scissors counter."

"You grew a little giddy," said Weyman gently, "and I am taking you to the doctor's."

"I don't need a doctor," she cried in alarm. "It was just the hot air, the pushing, and being hun—I mean being a little tired, you know."