THE SILVERMEADE HUNT

Winning the Prize In an Unexpected Manner.

By CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY

It was a clear, bracing day toward the 1st of November, and from the hill which was crested by the old Lauderdale mansion could be seen a sweep of country touched by varying colors—the russet and crimson of oak and maple, the green of undulating fields and hills broken here and there by the gray of stone walls, the clear flashes of brooks or stretches of open road.

"What air!" cried Grattan Richards, tossing back his head and taking a long whiff.

"And what a day for a hunt!" echoed Rex Tellingford, looking past Richards to where Emily Lauderdale was chattering to a group of men in red coats, checking in her horse as the hounds struggled to be off, straining at their leashes. "With every one in such good fettle it ought to be a great old race," she laughed, tucking a strand of blue black hair beneath her riding hat.

The eyes of Richards and Tellingford met with an understanding gleam. Each was cognizant of the other's thoughts—that whoever brought back the brush that day would win a prize of far greater value. Both men knew that their future happiness depended largely on the morning's run, for Emily was a horsewoman from the tip of her riding boots to the ends of her firm gauntleted fingers. She set immeasurable store by cross country rides, daring leaps and hairbreadth escapes. To say a man could not keep his saddle was equal in Emily's mind to saying he could not keep his head.

"Though I think there are virtues equally as great as cross country riding," smiled gentle Elizabeth Lauderdale, whose love of outdoor excitement was neither so deep rooted nor of such long inheritance as Emily's.

Emily shook her head.

"Dear Aunt Elsie," she answered, "you don't in the least understand, and I'm sure I could never explain. It's bred in my bone, that's all. If I had lived in the olden days I should have had a tournament—rushing of horses, clashing of spears, splintering of armor! That's what I call a wooing! No mere ambling up to demand your heart and hand! And, as I find it hard to decide between Grattan Richards and Rex Tellingford, why, fair field and fair play, and let the best man win."

Something of this headstrong resolution stirred in the girl as she turned suddenly in her saddle and glanced at the two men. Assured triumph glowed on the face of Richards. Stern determination was written on Tellingford's. She gave a little nod of satisfaction. They were well matched, these two.

The other members of the Lauderdale house party were not unaware of the drama that was being played before their eyes, and it added to the zest of the morning as the signal was given, the dogs unleashed and the cavalcade swept gayly down the hill.

"Look at that girl!" gasped Mrs. Royce Thompson, a novice, who pounded in her saddle. "She's actually"—But the rest was lost, for Emily was already in the distance, galloping at breakneck speed, while at her heels followed Richards and Tellingford. The rest of the hunt streamed after them. Luck seemed to favor Richards. His mare's feet scarcely touched the earth. She took fences and furrows like a winged creature. Tellingford was not so fortunate. At the brink of a stream he was forced to pause and fasten his saddle girth. Partly from excitement and partly from annoyance he fumbled with it longer than he had intended, and when he raised his head the others were already far afield, Emily Lauderdale and Richards still in the lead. The hounds had scented their quarry and were in full cry.

Tellingford considered. There was a crosscut that he had tried once before. It lay through ditches and brambles and was intersected by five bar fences. Still, anything at a pinch, and he would back Fleetfoot against every mare in the county. He congratulated himself on this decision some moments later as Fleetfoot went forward at a pace that justified her name. Her course now lay across wide meadows filled with lush grass and starred here and there by purple asters and skirted by low stone walls in whose crumbling chinks vines twisted and across whose loose stones squirrels skipped and chattered.

"Bravo, old girl!" cried Tellingford, his hand on Fleetfoot's glossy neck, gently urging her forward. At that moment there reached him sharply and piercingly the bitter cry of a child.

Tellingford drew rein. By the wall, circling a ditch that Fleetfoot was about to take, lay a small, chubby figure, one hand full of flowers.

"Pricked himself with brambles," thought Tellingford. Aloud he said:

"Cheer up, sonny! Men never cry for a scratch." He was for urging Fleetfoot on again when the inertness of the little heap by the wall smote home to him. He checked his horse and dismounted. An instant later he stood with the helpless burden in his arms. The child's yellow head rested against his shoulder. One small arm hung limp across his own. With an understanding almost human, Fleetfoot stood by the wall like a bronze statue while Tellingford mounted and then went slowly back across the meadows toward the road. The child, recovering from his stupor, began to sob. Tellingford soothed him with tender awkwardness and was guiding Fleetfoot to the first farmhouse by the roadside when a woman ran down the path leading to the door, untying her checked apron as she went. Her back was toward the approaching trio.

"Bobby," she cried, "Bobby!"

The boy stirred in Tellingford's arms.

"I think I have found your boy, madam," called Tellingford gently and in three seconds more was speeding for the village physician. The sounds of the hunt had long since died in the distance.

It was afternoon when Tellingford reached the Lauderdales. From the dining room came sounds of talking and laughter. In the hall he met Emily Lauderdale. There was a look on her face that he had never seen before. "I'm awfully sorry," he began, abruptly twisting the crop of his riding whip in his hand, "but you see"— He paused and could go no further. He was a man who always found it easy to tell of the good deeds of others, but balked miserably when it came to the recital of his own. He muttered something inarticulate about loose stones, a muddy ditch and a bad fall.

Emily Lauderdale surveyed him wth cool scorn.

"For a muddy fall your coat is the most conspicuously spotless garment that I have ever seen," she returned dryly.

"Oh, I say," began Tellingford, but Emily swept past him, her head held high. That he had not cared to win was evident, but that he should add to that humiliation with excuses was more than she could bear. She was glad, she told herself, that it was Grattan Richards who had come off triumphant. Yet in spite of this gladness there was a stinging mist in her eyes and a bitter catch in her throat as she sat before her dressing table that night while Katie, the maid, brushed her hair.

Everything had gone wrong that day in big things as well as in little. Even the gown she had planned to wear that evening had been left unfinished, and she was forced to reprimand Katie somewhat sharply.

Katie burst into tears. She had meant to finish it, she confessed, but that morning the child of her sister, who lived on the road to the village, slipped on the muddy stones of a ditch and broke his arm, and Katie, instead of sewing on the gown, had gone to see how he fared.

"You can ask Mr. Tellingford if it's not so, ma'am," she concluded tearfully. "'Twas he that found Bobby and carried him home and went for the doctor afterward."

Of the truth of this assertion Miss Lauderdale questioned nothing.

"Do you know where Mr. Tellingford is now?" she demanded.

"Indeed I do, ma'am. He's bidden your aunt goodby and is halfway to the station."

"Then tell James to saddle Dolly Dumpling instantly and bring her to the side door."

Katie gasped and obeyed, while Emily Lauderdale, throwing a scarf about her shoulders, ran down the stairs to the driveway, her silken dinner gown swishing at every step.

Tellingford meantime rode toward the station, his lips set in a thin, hard line. He found himself mentally repeating his morning's advice to Bobby, "Men never cry at a scratch," when behind him came the flying gallop of hoofs. Tellingford was blank with amazement at the vision of Emily Lauderdale, hatless and coatless and in evening dress, tearing down the road. Straight alongside the cart she came and held out her hand.

"If you can forgive and forget," she panted, "and if you still care"—

"Care!" cried Tellingford, jerking off his overcoat and wrapping it about her after she had impetuously slipped from her horse and clambered into the cart. "All I can say is, 'Heaven bless Bobby!'"

And the flaxen haired young person in a suit of white satin was page at a wedding in the spring.

Aberdeen Citizen Expresses Opinion

This Well-Known Resident Says Plant Juice Is the Greatest Tonic of the Age

Among the many people in Aberdeen who have been benefitted by Plant Juice is Mr. L. P. Totten, who lives in South Aberdeen. Mr. Totten is one of Aberdeen's oldest citizens and is well known by almost everyone here. He said:

"I had La Grippe and a bad cough and my system was badly run down. I heard so much about this wonderful new remedy that I decided to try it and can say that the results have surprised me. It has done me more good than anything I have ever tried, has toned up my system, and I feel like a different person. I do not think I would be able to be up and around if it were not for this wonderful new remedy."

As a general tonic, vitalizer and invigorator Plant Juice is without an equal, it cleanses and tones up the entire system, clears the blood of all poisons and impurities, stimulates a sluggish, torpid liver into healthy action, eradicates biliousness, corrects constipation, gives zest to the appetite and promotes sound sleep. Plant Juice is a purely vegetable remedy and the greatest of the age for all ailments of the stomach, kidneys, liver and blood. If you are feeling run down, have no appetite, tire easily, sleep poorly, have pains across the back or in the joints, indigestion or suffer from headaches, dizzy spells or nervousness, try Plant Juice. You will be surprised and delighted at the results. For sale at the Eaton & Swaney Drug Co. (6)

FAR FIELDS.

What makes us discontented with our condition is the absurdly exaggerated idea we have of the happiness of others.—French Proverb.

Sport and Cash.

Being a true sport won't help you as much as a savings bank account. Atchison Globe.

Economy Hints

A penny saved is a penny earned.—Benjamin Franklin.

How to Marry on $75 a Month.

THIS is the story of a young couple who are to be married in a short time. Both have sensible and economical ideas. The man's salary is $75 a month. He is young, hard working, sober and in a good business, with prospects of "raises."

The girl is pretty, sensible and well trained. She knows just what income they are going to have and that it must cover everything. This is the way these young folks are planning to use the income, and before the knot is tied they are going to try to find a place to live where such conditions are possible.

Their rent must not exceed 20 per cent of their income, or $15 a month. Their table expenses must be covered by 30 per cent of their money, or $22.50 a month (that is only $5.50 a week for two people). Fuel, light and a washwoman's wage must not be more than 10 per cent, or $7.50 a month. Their clothing must be kept within 15 per cent, or $11.25 a month (a little more than $5 a month for each).

Then there will be 25 per cent of their income left, or $18.75 a month, which must cover such items as insurance, church dues, savings, books or "higher life," as the things that lift us above our daily monotony are called.

If these young people can keep within these apportionments they can be happy and free from immediate worry. If the income is raised, half of the raise ought to be put aside for an emergency fund.

You see, in the division of the $75 a month there is no room for extravagance. Everything must be carefully bought. All divisions of salary, of course, like this one just quoted, are theoretical. Naturally the smaller the salary the larger the proportion that will be spent for food. But the percentages are offered as scientific signposts that point in the right direction.

Young married people who work together and plan their income, who share alike the burden and the joys of life, grow very near and close to one another. So much can be done, so much borne, when love is the guiding star. The young man whistles as he goes out to work, even if the breakfast has not been very big, and the young wife sings as she washes up the breakfast dishes and plans her bills of fare with a careful thought for the cost.

NEW METHODS.

How to Clean Window Shades by Latest Method.

If the window shades are soiled at the bottom and if they are sufficiently long, cut them off, make a new hem and rehang. The neat appearance will repay you for the trouble. If they are not long enough to permit of this treatment turn the shades top to bottom. In stitching in the hem fold the hem carefully and slip the stick into place before stitching. Then there is no danger of cracking the holland.

Sometimes the paper which has been used for lining the cake pan sticks to the cake. Warm the loaf slightly; then it may be the more easily removed.

A few seeded raisins or chopped dates added to the nut or apple salad is well worth while.

If the red tiles of the vestibule become dull, try rubbing them with lemon dipped in salt. After half an hour wash in the usual way. The tiles will be perceptibly brightened.

If the white of egg is used in mixing a mustard plaster there is little or no danger of blistering the most sensitive skin.

How to Darn Table Linen.

To darn table linen stretch the article smooth and tight in embroidery hoops. Remove the presser foot from the sewing machine, loosen the tension, slip the hoops under the needle and without turning the hoops sew back and forth until the hole is neatly filled. Then turn the hoops and proceed in the same manner across the stitching already put in. The result is gratifying, and only a few moments are required for the work.

To patch a tablecloth take a piece of linen the size of the hole and coat it with white soap to make it stiff. Trim the hole evenly. Place the patch under the hole after the edges have been soaped and trimmed. Place under the presser foot of the machine and sew the patch backward and forward. If very fine thread, 100 or 150 is used, it will scarcely show. Sew on both sides, and when the tablecloth is laundered and pressed you will find that you have a very neat patch.

How to Make Buttons Stay On.

"At last I have found a way to prevent the laundress from tearing buttons from underwear," said a mother recently. "I button all garments up securely and turn them wrong side out and tell her not to turn them. They come clean as easily as before, and I haven't lost a button from the wringer since I tried it. This is an amicable adjustment of a long standing source of friction."

What the Duke Meant.

His grace the Duke of Argyll was once addressing a select company in a London drawing room on the present state of things in South Africa. "I look forward to the time," he said, "when the Englishman will marry the Boer girl and have an English wife as well!" Respectable dowagers looked their surprise, and the men began to smile. Then the duke carefully explained that he meant, of course, that the Boer girl should become an Englishwoman to all intents and purposes.

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Indigestion.

In an ordinary case of indigestion care in diet should be practiced when the symptoms begin. It will probably be necessary to change the diet entirely, the patient taking, for perhaps a week at a time, milk and renouncing all ordinary food, such as is apt to give rise to irritability of the stomach. At a later stage, when the irritation may be presumed to have subsided, a gradual return should be made to ordinary diet.

Potatoes and green vegetables are articles which should be prohibited until a healthy state of the digestion has been established. Tea and coffee had better be replaced by cocoa, and, as regards meat foods, a little finely divided mutton or fowl or tripe should first be tried. Beef should not be taken until the healthy state has been re-established. It will be well to remember the rules for healthy digestion—that there should be rest both before and after meals and that the food should be thoroughly divided by the teeth. It is also advisable that a less amount should be taken at each meal than the individual thinks he could consume.

Our Windows Always Bright And Clean

By MOSS.

THE value of a piece of real estate is measured by the number of people who pass it daily. The corner of Main and First streets, Alfalfa, is not as valuable as the corner of Broadway and Wall street, New York city.

The value of a show window is measured by the number of people who stop in front of it daily.

This paper is a HUGE SHOW WINDOW.

Thousands stop in front of it and look in.

Are YOUR goods displayed therein for the observation of these thousands? Do you think it pays for them not to see your goods?

Great department stores in New York, Chicago and such cities pay big salaries to expert window dressers. Thousands daily troop in front of their windows, attracted by the offerings so attractively displayed. These same stores spend fortunes for page after page of window display dressing in the papers. Would they do either unless it was good business?

Call up our advertising department RIGHT NOW for TIPS ON DISPLAY ADVERTISING. Let us dress up a window for you in this paper.

HOW TO DRESS FOR WINTER MOTORING.

A woman who has toured much says that for a long run in cold weather she designed a scheme of attire that proved entirely satisfactory, and her advice, being based on experience, is likely to prove of use to readers, so it is handed on. Protection from cold being the great point, she had a serge skirt made, lined to give extra warmth, and with this wore a plain silk skirt and pulled over it a white jersey, with a collar coming well up around the neck, on the style of the ordinary fisherman's knitted ones. Over this came a dark blue fur lined motor coat, and for headgear she wore a knitted cap with ear flaps that fastened under the chin.

As a result there was no veil to get untidy or blown about, no risk from chilly air, while the cap fitted closely enough to keep the coiffure perfectly in order whatever the speed or the amount of wind that might be blowing.

A Diagnosis.

"My heart is broken."

"That's not the trouble. It's your head that's cracked."—Exchange.

FIRE ALARM BOXES

4. City Hall.
6. Bay City Lumber Co.
7. Curtis & Front Sts.
8. Curtis & Evans Sts.
9. Aberdeen Lumber & Shingle Co.
12. Mead St. & West Boulevard.
14. Fairfield & Summit St.
15. Wilson's Mill.
16. Chehalis & Wishkah St.
17. Slade's Mill.
18. Boone & Marion Sts.
19. Exchange & Marion Sts.
21. F & Market Sts.
23. H & Hume Sts.
24. G & Wishkah Sts.
25. F & Heron Sts.
26. Anderson & Middleton Mill.
27. Heron & Broadway.
29. F & River Sts.
31. Sisters' Hospital—G St.
32. Fourth & H Sts.
35. Fifth & M Sts.
36. Sixth & Thornton Sts.
37. Ninth & K Sts.
38. Third & Broadway.
39. Sixth & Broadway.
41. M & Market Sts.
42. Federal Mill.
43. Heron St. & Michigan Ave.
45. Western Cooperage.
47. Hume & Washington Sts.
48. Western Mill.
49. Market & Washington Sts.
51. Second & E Sts.
53. Second Ave. & B St.
56. Terrace Ave. & Prospect St.
57. Burleigh Ave. & D St.
58. McKinley Ave. & F St.
64. Stanton & Second Sts.
81. Railroad Ave. & Conger St.
84. Morgan & Jeffries Sts.
87. Cherry & Duffy Sts.
112. General Package Co.

M'INTYRE AND HEATH

One has to look a long, long way into the theatrical past to recall the debut of that funny pair, McIntyre and Heath on the stage, who will appear in John Cort's elaborate revival of "The Ham Tree," at the Grand theatre on Thursday, Feb. 26. They were featured and headlined in the best vaudeville theatres long before most of the other famus "teams" of stageland ever had been heard of, and their methods haven't changed much in all that time, for which their audiences rejoice exceedingly. Time has ripened and improved them and they are funnier this year, in the midst of their brilliant company, with which John Cort has surrounded them, than they ever were of old, when just two of them were able to pack the biggest vaudeville houses in the country, and they prove anew this year their ability to hold the stage alone almost ad libitum, without wearying their friends in the auditorium. "The Ham Tree" is an elaboration of their old vaudeville sketch into a rattling good entertainment with up-to-date music and it is claimed one of the most agile feminine choruses Ned Wayburn ever trained. This chorus was chosen for its ability to sing and dance, as well as to look pretty. The performance is a modern musical comedy, running on high gear all the time to an accompaniment of laughter, and shows how well George V. Hobart, William Jerome and Jean Schwartz have done their work in furnishing funny situations, catchy songs and whistleable music, gorgeous costumes and new features. It does not take long to discover the significance of the title of the entertainment, for it transpires that a "Ham Tree" is an imaginary tree supposed to grow hams about 300 miles away from where a minstrel troupe is stranded with only a trunk, a bass drum and a jews-harp, and it is only the hope of meeting the trees that keeps up the courage of the stranded pair as they tramp the ties. Chicago has seen the show before when it was under the management of Klaw and Erlanger and approved of it. It has been elaborated anew by John Cort this season, with the jiggiest of music, gorgeous costumes, new features and a notable cast including Edward Wade, Arthur Barry, John Lorenz, Ted Holmes, Otto Johnson, George C. Youngman, Edward S. Holden, Norman Woodward, Mildred Beverly, Lulu Wells and Mabel Elain.

Blame It on Sour Milk.

In Bulgaria one person out of every 1,133 is a centenarian as compared with one in nearly half a million in Great Britain and one to nearly 2,000,000 in Russia. They say it is the sour milk that does it.—London Mail.

Love.

Love is responsible for most of the happiness and unhappiness in the world.—Chicago News.

"The Ham Tree," McIntyre and Heath's Great Musical Triumph, at the Grand Theatre, Thursday, February 26.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH

First street, near Broadway. Sunday school 10 o'clock, church service 11 o'clock. Wednesday evening service. 8 o'clock. Reading room No. 231 Finch building. Open daily from 1:30 until 5 o'clock, excepting Sundays tf

Education.

Education does not consist of knowledge alone. It is the mental capacity of being able to establish and maintain harmony between ourselves and the world.

Cynical.

Cupid makes some matches, and cupidity makes some others.—Washington Herald.

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The Vegetable Grower is published in the interest of the commercial vegetable grower and farm gardener, and advocates scientific yet practical methods of growing.