A COTTAGE AND LOVE

By ROSE DUNDONALD.

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The black pony had an inconvenient habit of suddenly pausing in the road and attempting a stolen forty winks. Old age and a liberal diet did much to foster this custom. For the third time that morning Freda Mason slapped the reins over the satiny flanks and scolded the black pony.

"Nemo Mason! You are the laziest, good-for-nothing little beast! Please —please get along!" The last words were accompanied by a vicious little slap of the reins.

Nemo opened lazy eyes, blinked and broke into a startled trot that carried the little cart and its pretty driver through the woods and into the road that ended in the village.

Suddenly Nemo stopped short before a pair of large iron gates. Beyond the gates were the beautiful gardens that surrounded the Lennox estate.

"Oh, bother!" she murmured. "I wish I did not have to decide. Don is splendid, but I do wish that he wasn't so rich—and altogether desirable." She sighed and slapped the reins.

Nemo responded soberly and resumed his way.

Nemo suddenly halted again, this time before the neat white gate of a cottage. A young man who was trimming a rose vine above the porch, turned quickly and then came eagerly forward. It was Frank Deane.

"Good morning, Freda," he greeted her, leaning into the cart to shake hands. "I was thinking about you at the very instant you stopped."

"You must thank Nemo for this call," said Freda with a little blush. "He stops anywhere at the most inopportune moment."

"It is opportune for me, because, Freda—" he laid his hand over her little gloved one, "I was coming around to tell you something this afternoon. Let me tell you now, dear. I've been promoted in the bank, and now I can offer you something more than bread and cheese and roses in a cottage! You know I've always loved you!"

"I know it," murmured Freda, "but, oh, Frank, I am not sure about myself—and—and—oh, don't look that way. It isn't the cottage and the bread and butter—you mustn't think that!"

"How can I help thinking that has something to do with it when I know —when I know that Lennox has—"

"Please don't say anything about that!" interrupted Freda sharply. "We are speaking of you—"

"Me and my cottage," laughed Frank bitterly.

Nemo was surprised by a tingling lash from the whip.

"Good morning, Frank," smiled Freda over her shoulder.

The next morning when he entered the bank Frank learned that the Lennox millions had been reduced to a few thousands, and that Don Lennox would retire to a little farm beyond the village and become a market gardener.

In the afternoon came a telephone summons from Freda. "Come over at five," she said; "I have something to say to you, Frank."

His hands were full of late flowers from his garden when he turned into the gate of the modest house where the Masons lived.

"A message from the cottage!" he said significantly as he gave the chrysanthemums to Freda.

"I am sorry, Frank, but my answer is not what you hope. I am fond of you—but not that way. I have promised to marry Don."

"Don't be hasty, Freda! The—the Lennox fortune has dissolved into nothingness—he is a pauper compared with me—and—"

Freda's hand was lifted in protest. A strange smile curled her lips.

"I love him, Frank," she explained gently. "He can never be a pauper with the wealth of my love! I was afraid to admit it before—I was afraid of all that money, but now that it has vanished I can see clearly—that it is Don Lennox I love after all."

Old-Fashioned.

John Henry had been calling at the home of Myrtle Marie for many months without making much headway toward matrimony, but eventually little Cupid chased him out of the bashful gloom.

"Dearest," suddenly remarked John Henry one night, going over quickly and sitting close by the side of the beautiful girl. "I intend to see your father tonight and ask him for your hand."

"You make me sigh," wearily responded the fair one. "Why will you insist on being so old-fashioned?"

"Old-fashioned?" wonderingly rejoined John. "I don't get you, dearest."

"Don't go and ask him," imperiously answered dearest. "Go tell him."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Potato Planting.

A large number of the farms near Sun, are going to plant a large acreage of Irish and Sweet potatoes. Much sugar cane will also be planted.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who know me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow.—Abraham Lincoln.

SWEET POTATOES AS SOUTHERNERS LIKE THEM.

The southern yam is on the table in the South from October until late spring and is considered by many people to be the staff of life and they know how to cook it to perfection.

Baked Sweet Potatoes. — Steam in the skins or cook in boiling water until half done. Peel and slice a half-inch thick. Lay in the bottom of a baking dish and sprinkle with sugar and bits of butter. Then put in another layer and repeat until all are used. Cover with sprinkled sugar and bits of butter, pour in a half cupful of water and vinegar and bake uncovered for a half hour. Then uncover to brown.

Potato Pudding.—Steam and mash a quart of sweet potatoes, add a half cupful of butter and half a cupful of sugar, spices to taste and a cupful of boiling water and the juice of a lemon. Bake in a well-buttered baking dish until brown on top.

Sweet Potatoes and Baked Chicken. —Steam the potatoes and mash with butter and salt. Fill the chicken with the mashed potato, just as you would any stuffing. Fill it to overflow, and baste well while roasting. Let the fowl brown well. The potato is seasoned with the chicken and makes a favorite every-day dish.

A sweet potato pie is made as one does pumpkin or squash pie and is very good when one has neither of the other vegetables to use.

Potato Pone.—Grate raw potato enough to measure a quart. Pour over it three quarts of sweet milk to keep them from darkening. Beat two eggs, add two cupfuls of sugar, a cupful of butter and a little grated nutmeg. Grease and flour a pudding mold and bake in a slow oven for an hour. This is served often as a vegetable, or may be served with sweet cream as a dessert. This is an old favorite plantation dish.

Yams With Roast Beef.—Lay the peeled potatoes around the roast and baste them when the roast is basted. Bake until the yams are well browned. Cooked with pork they are also good.

Nellie Maxwell.

The KITCHEN CABINET

There must have been some few occurrences in the past year to which we can look back with a smile of cheerful recollection, if not with a feeling of heartfelt thankfulness.

WHAT TO EAT.

When ideas seem to be scarce as to food combinations and one does not know what to serve, try some of these homely dishes.

Ham and Bean Casserole.—Cover a two-pound slice of ham with milk and let stand for several hours. Put the ham in a casserole and cover with a can of kidney beans which have been well seasoned with mustard, sugar, salt and a bit of onion. Cover with the milk and bake until the beans and ham are tender—about three-quarters of an hour.

Shepherd's Pie.—To two cupfuls of meat add the following sauce: Four tablespoonfuls of browned flour, one cupful of meat broth or water, three teaspoonfuls of vinegar, a teaspoonful of sugar, one bayleaf, one clove, five pepper corns and a teaspoonful of salt. Turn into a baking dish and cover with mashed potato; sprinkle with buttered crumbs and brown in the oven.

Corn, California Style.—Mix a can of corn with a chopped green pepper and a half cupful of thick white sauce, well seasoned with salt. Turn into a buttered casserole and cover with strips of bacon. Bake in the oven until the bacon is cooked.

Mexican Rice.—Put a half cupful of rice into a hot frying pan with a tablespoonful of olive oil. Roast until the rice is brown and add four or five chopped or canned tomatoes, with two teaspoonfuls of chili pepper pulp. Pour in a cupful of water and simmer until the rice is soft.

Oysters in Peppers.—Cut the top from as many peppers as there are guests to serve. Remove the white membrane and fill each pepper with six fine oysters; cover with sauce made of one tablespoonful of tomato catsup, one teaspoon each of horseradish and made mustard, six drops of Worcestershire sauce, one drop of tabasco sauce and a dash of paprika. Set each pepper in a wreath of shredded cabbage, well chilled and marinated with French dressing.

Nellie Maxwell.

Bogalusa Real Tailor is Andrew Baez. N. Bogalusa. tf

IN A NEW MATERIAL

DAINTY EVENING FROCK IS A THING OF CHARM.

Triumph of Costumer's Art, as Much on Account of Its Graceful Lines as Its Fresh and Pretty Cloth.

We are always glad when somebody thinks of something new and places it within our reach on the market. This refers most particularly to dress fabrics, for when the same old materials are on hand, season after season, without variety, it is monotonous to a degree to see the gowns and frocks of

Dainty Evening Frock in White and Orchid.

all occasions built of the same stereotyped materials in each and every case.

For this reason we welcome all such new weaves as satin d'amour, Georgette crepe, libellule taffetas, peau de chat, wool crepon, faille, and many others. With these and many new colors on the list one should be satisfied.

Cream-colored Georgette crepe is combined with chiffon taffeta in the dainty evening frock design here shown. A plain underslip of cream chiffon taffeta, with a ten-inch plaited foot flounce makes the dress foundation, over which a short-waisted corsage and a long, full tunic of Georgette crepe is arranged.

The corsage runs to a V in front and back, with the edges defined by orchid-colored velvet ribbon about an inch and a half in width. A pink rose is caught against one shoulder, the very short kimono sleeves are held around the arm with velvet ribbon, and the decolletage is filled in front and back with a fold of the underslip material, outlined across the top with pearl beads.

The tunic is mounted with full, even gathering at a decidedly high waist line, beneath an encircling band of the orchid velvet ribbon, tied in a bow at center front. Another such band holds the tunic in against the figure a couple of inches above the hip line, and the material between is allowed to pouch a tiny bit. Three evenly spaced ribbon velvet bandings encircle the bottom width of the tunic, each finishing in front with a bow. A rose design delicately traced in silver thread appears in the spaces between the bands of velvet and are also seen running through the center of either side of the waist.

The wrap is a new one, very youthful and pretty in a development of azure blue peau de cygne with white fox fur. The cape portion is gathered to an already gathered yoke, with a serpentine double row of shirring between, while the lower edge is cut in serpentine scallops and bound with self-cording, which very slightly holds in the material.

Variety in Sleeves.

Sleeves are assuming special importance—long, set well in the armhole, and falling over the hand. Bishop sleeves gathered into a wristband have a great following; some are still cut on the kimono plan. The variety of styles on sleeves, as well as skirts, cannot be gainsaid. The Louis XIV coat revived shows the sleeves of that period. Distinct sleeves from the dress have no following, though the plain-colored tunics are worn over checked skirts. In everything there is a touch of the oriental, especially as regards the size of the waist.

Strategy.

"How do you feel about this political contest?"

"First rate," replied Senator Sorghum. "I have a great advantage."

"But you haven't refuted the charges made against you."

"There lies my advantage. I have let them exhaust their political arguments and mine aren't a bit tired."

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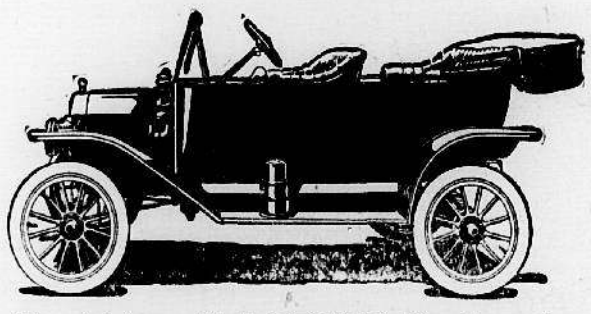

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