

THE O' HAND SLED.

Now that winter is a-comin' with the sleigh bells an' the snow, I am kind o' sort o' minding of the days long ago,
When we uster go a-skatin' an' a-takin' moonlight rides,
With the sweet an' rosy damsels snuggled warmly at our sides;
But of all the sports in winter that I worshipped as a boy,
An' the one that gave a thrillin' an' hair-raisin' sort o' joy,
An' would cause my ears to tingle an' my cheeks git rosy-red,
Was a-coastin' down the holler on my

O' Hand Sled!

How we always uster hanker for an early fall o' snow,
An' we didn't care a copper if the winter winds did blow,
For, when snuggled 'neath the blankets 'twas no trouble to keep warm,
An' be lulled to pleasant dream-land by the howlin' of the storm;
How the trees would snap an' crackle, an' the old farmhouse would creak,
An' the snow drift to the winders when the blizzard's voice would shriek!
But the first thing in the mornin' when we'd gotten out o' bed,
We would bustle for the holler with that

O' Hand Sled!

How the boys an' girls would gather at the top o' Slocum's Hill,
Jest beyond the o' red school house, near McGuffey's cider mill;
Every eye would be a-sparkle, every ruddy cheek aglow,
With the fascinatin' pleasure that we there would undergo;
When we'd get our pretty damsels anchored safely at our side,
Every female heart a-flutter at the prospects of the ride,
Then, with anxious apprehension on our features overspread,
We would go a-scootin' downward on our

O' Hand Sled!

Oh, the memories of boyhood, an' the o' familiar days,
That will come a-crowdin' forward in a sort o' misty haze!
Bringin' up the pleasant features of the friends we uster know,
In the dim an' distant fancies of the happy long ago.
Oh, the pleasant recollections that will crowd a feller's mind,
Of the o' time sports an' pleasures that our manhood's left behind!
An' we sometimes sigh an' hanker for the days that long have fled,
Since we took that farewell journey on the

O' Hand Sled!

—Los Angeles Times.

Tubb's Financial Waterloo

J. LEWELLYN TUBB was six feet tall, built like a key-stone, handsome as Apollo and dressed like a tailor's model. Among the vealy of his own sex he was the glass of fashion and the mold of form; among women he ranked as a grand marshal of dress parade. He was a necessity at smart soirees, for he led the german with a lithe grace and aplomb impossible to those who are not built and trained for that high achievement. He had a front that had borne him out of many a hole. He had no profession but "style," and just enough brains to dodge creditors indefinitely, and get his accounts "mixed" with everybody who had financial dealings with him.

But after nearly six years, during which his debts grew in inverse ratio to his business reputation, he woke up one morning with a dim but insistent realization that he was nearing the end of his rope. In a mad effort to induce the payment of his rent Tubb's landlord had shut off the steam and hot water. His last valet was loitering in the street, lowering at Tubb's window. He examined his mail—all bills; not a single pink note nor a polite invitation. So he laved his handsome face with cold water and perfume and began to think as vigorously as a rabbit that has heard the dog.

After breakfast he picked up his paper, lighted a cigarette and reclined. His eye fastened on a brief dispatch from Albany, which read:

"Clifford A. Rogers, the millionaire lumber factor, formerly of Michigan, died here to-night. * * * He leaves an enormous fortune and his young wife * * * charming * * * no children * * * She is devoted to philanthropy * * *"

Tubb dropped the paper, grabbed it again, reached for a scissors, clipped the Albany dispatch and with unaccustomed fervor and vulgarly murmured: "Me to Albany! Me for the widow." In half an hour, faultlessly dressed, gloved, groomed and debonnaire, he sauntered into an office in the Gasconade Building upon the door of which was the legend:

"Huff & Peak, Bankers."

Mr. Peak was glad to see Mr. Tubb, but became a bit ferrety when the latter unfolded his business. He urged his plan to marry the Albany widow and his need of financial help for the campaign; claimed old acquaintance with the Rogers family and, with conscious plausibility, predicted that he could win and marry the prize "probably within six months, certainly within a year."

"How much will you need?" said Huff, twiddling his pencil.

"I should think three thousand would see me through," yawned J. Lewellyn Tubb with assuring sang froid.

But the "banker" was finicky. He would have to "look up" the lady's commercial rating, estimated wealth, actual existence. He would let Mr. Huff know; the sum was large, no collateral, etc., etc., but he would give his answer, say in a fortnight.

Meanwhile Tubb actually got busy. He wrote many letters to Albany, sent for its newspapers and was pretty well posted about Mrs. Rogers when Huff summoned him to hear the answer. It was not unfavorable. Tubb feigned ennui while the money lender read off the list of the widow's big estate, but every word was a trumpet note of triumph forestalled. Huff estimated the estate at something like \$800,000 after the incumbrances had been allowed, mostly stocks, bonds and real estate.

"We'll take a chance on the scheme, Mr. Tubb," said the Shylock, "but, as it's an unusual risk, you'll have to expect to pay a rather considerable interest. If you pay in six months three thousand will cost you five hundred dollars; say, at the rate of thirty-three and a third per cent. a year, but mind," the broker was insisting now, "mind you, if you fail to pay it all in six months you must renew the loan with note signed by your wife and yourself jointly. If you do that we'll be glad to renew indefinitely."

This proposition ruffled the calm nerve of Tubb, and he made a feeble show of indignation, but Huff admitted airily that for his part he would be just as well satisfied if the deal was not made; it was most unusual, very hazardous at best and quite "out of our line."

"But," he continued, "I've gone so far as to get the cash ready, the note is filled out and if you want to do business now, all right. If not," and he picked up the slip of paper which Tubb could turn into \$3000 so readily and made a motion as to tear it, "if not, I'll just tear this up and—"

Tubb reached for a pen, tapped it softly against his left glove and—signed. After listening wearily to a lot of instructions about "advising the office from week to week" and "excuse us if we take the liberty of prying a little into your lovmaking," Tubb walked out with sixty fifty-dollar bills nestling against his mauve waistcoat. In ten days he checked three trunks for Albany and disappeared from his haunts like an errant cavalier. Four months later Huff got a telegram, "Engagement made. Wedding private. All lovely but Clara." It was signed "Tubb," but it was quite unnecessary, for the banker had made a few secret trips to Albany, and having seen Clara doubted not that his client would win.

It lacked but a day of the six months when J. Lewellyn Tubb and bride arrived at the Hotel Detrop, honeymooners en tour, with enough baggage to equip a comic opera troupe. The bell-boys "allowed" that Mrs. J. Lewellyn was "a sight," but her husband showed money around until there was quite a flurry in the hotel, and Huff, Banker Huff, who hovered in the corridors like a coyote waiting for night, sneered at the extravagance of the client whom he dogged. He cornered Tubb in a dark hallway, told him that the note would be due in twenty-four hours, and asked whether the Tubbs "wanted to pay up or renew."

"I'll renew, of course," said Tubb haughtily, "our financial affairs are not yet arranged. I'll sign another no—"

"Yes, and remember she must sign, too," Huff was excited. "Don't forget that. Your wife must get on your paper this time, it ain't worth a d—"

"All right, all right; good day. I'm very busy to-day," and Tubb strode majestically away.

At 10 o'clock the next morning Huff sent up his card to the Tubb suite. J. Lewellyn summoned him, and in a trice the banker was bowing before Clara. Tubb was just rising from the little secretaire with the new note in his hand; Huff bowed again and grinned, scanning the renewal. It was yet wet, as to the signatures, but Tubb reached for a blotter.

"I had one of our own blanks made out," said Huff, taking out his pocket-book.

"Oh, I was afraid you wouldn't, Mr. Huff," said the client, taking the old note when the banker had written "paid" across it. "I was afraid you'd delay us. We're just going out for a drive."

He tore the old note up, and bowed the Shylock toward the door. Huff folded up his doubly signed promise to pay, beamed upon the fat and squabby Clara, and was gone. The next day the Tubbs left for Denver, and for many moons Huff and Peak heard not from them. When the note came due at last it was in Albany where J. Lewellyn Tubb and his bride had settled down to the enjoyment of their vast wealth.

Huff was in his office when a telegram was handed in. He tore it open and read:

"Mrs. Tubb says her signature is a forgery. Have protested note. Wire instructions."

And Huff replied: "Arrest Tubb unless they pay to-night. Threaten exposure."

And the next day's newspapers had scare heads about "A Husband's Crime," "Scandal in High Life" and

other fearful and elaborate accounts about how Clara had repudiated J. Lewellyn and his dark deeds, and had announced to the police and the public that "as soon as Tubb was in Sing Sing she would divorce him and try to live down the folly of a lonely widow's girlish trust in a wretch."

"Huff," growled Peak to his partner, "you're a chump."

"I know it," mourned the banker, "but it was a great scheme. Tubb was on the square, but he is the limit as a prize ass. I always hated to do business with square people, anyhow."—John H. Raftery, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

RED SEA PIRATES.

Flourishing Now as They Did in the Good Old Days.

News from Aden tells that pirates, as in the "good old days of old," are troubling the coastwise shipping, and the stretch of Arabian water between Hodeida, Kufadab, and up to Jeddah is not safe. There are three Turkish warships cruising along the Arabian coast, supposed to be doing special sea police duty, but piracy is still going on. To any one who knows aught of the methods of Turkish men-o-war commanders this will not be astonishing. The latest case reported is that of a sambook which left Hodeiha for Kufadab, loaded with piece goods and merchandise worth about \$21,000 and \$12,000 in cash. The crew numbered fourteen, and there were twelve passengers. While anchored for the night, according to custom, in a barren place near the coast not very far from Jaizan, the ship was, at midnight, boarded by two fishing boats, containing twelve Africans armed with large sticks. The Africans fell on crew and passengers, beating them unmercifully, and, having tied up their hands and legs, took charge of the sambook and sailed all night.

The following morning they arrived at a small place, on the coast, anchored, and four of them taking money went on shore. They bought sixty rifles and 1200 cartridges, came back on board, and sailed all day with their prisoners still tied up. After sunset they came to a place called Towail, on the same coast, which is their home. On anchoring, their friends crowded to the shore and joyfully helped them to discharge the loot. After taking out all the cargo, money, provisions, and the crews and passengers' clothes, they told them to clear away with their sambook, giving them only one day's provisions. The leader of this gang, named Ahmed Gobaish, is said to be a well-known pirate and highwayman. He is also the chief of the place. Next day the despoiled passengers arrived at Jeddah, and reported the matter to the authorities there.—Madras Times.

Mr. Kipling's Offense.

The body of Mr. Kipling's offense, as nearly as we can make it out and put it together from the quotations by cable, is that being himself colonial English, he has presumed to censure the home English, in terms which they feel to be twitting and taunting. He has called them islanders, which they are; and he has accused them of preferring athletics and field sports to the martial exercises of chasing armed Boers over veldts or kopjes, with moments of uncertainty when the Boers appear to be chasing them, which is less sweepingly true. He has said in so many words that they have "fawned on the younger nations for the men that shoot and ride," and has implied that they have got Canada and Australia and New Zealand to do their work in South Africa, while they have killed "cock pheasants" in their comfortable preserves at home and have played the part of "flanneled fools at the wicket, and muddled oafs at the goal," instead of coming down to South Africa like men, to be captured and paroled by De Wet or Botha. His remedy for their unworthiness is (still as reported by the cable) the sort of prescription that prevails on the Continent, where men who can fight and won't fight are made to fight. But censure of any sort is alien to the genius of the Anglo-Saxon race, and this is a point of Mr. Kipling's very prickly poem which pierces the British public to the quick.—Harper's Weekly.

Japan.

Japan is a progressive nation. She is quick to adopt and adapt the ideas of more advanced peoples. She has been, as a whole, on such prominent and continuous exhibition for the past quarter of a century that, at first glance, her proposed monster exposition of 1903 seems superfluous, but she has learned that such exhibitions are a great means of attracting visitors, with whom profitable business can be done, and it is good business policy that extends this invitation to the world to come on a special shopping expedition to Japan.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Cause of Consumption.

Statistics collected in Germany showed that more than fifty per cent. of the cases of consumption could be traced to the habitual breathing of dust tainted with injurious substances.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS



A Handy Book Rack.

An attractive and handy book rack for the table or floor is of leather in a dark green or brownish tint. The rack revolves on a wooden pivot set in a wooden base matching the color of the leather. A dozen books can be accommodated on this rack.

Spinach Soup.

Ingredients: One quart of milk, pepper and salt to taste, two tablespoonfuls of flour, enough onion juice or extract to flavor and spinach.

Rub the spinach through a sieve, and use only the parts that pass through. Scald the milk in a double boiler, mix the flour with a little milk and stir it with the heated milk. Add the seasoning, stirring the milk constantly, and add enough spinach to make the soup the thickness liked. Some people use double the quantity of spinach named in the above recipe for one quart of milk. This soup belongs to the cream class, and when carefully made has a delicate flavor. If a double boiler is not used for the milk, care must be taken that it does not burn.

Stuffed Onions.

Ingredients: Six onions, half a pound of finely chopped, uncooked lean beef, the yolks of two eggs, half a cupful of melted butter, half a cupful of bread crumbs, pepper and salt to season and parsley to garnish.

Prepare the onions as for baking, and when they have boiled sufficiently drain off the water. With a sharp knife slice off the top of each onion like a lid, and scoop out nearly all the inside with a teaspoon. Mix the chopped beef, bread crumbs, yolks of eggs, seasoning, and a tablespoonful of butter in a bowl, then fill each onion with this preparation, replace the top and bake for three-quarters of an hour. By baking these in glass pans each onion will keep its shape. Pour the remainder of the melted butter over each when serving, and garnish with parsley.

Some Artistic Lamps.

The mystery of the many lamps seen in homes but never duplicated in shops is explained when it is realized that made-to-order lamps are very simple and very common. Any cherished bowl or jar may be converted into a lamp by the mere mounting with metal oil vessel, burner and globe support. A rare piece of Satsuma lent itself in this way, and the lamp was the envy of all who saw it. A large umbrella stand of terra cotta was converted into a useful light producer with equal ease, the assortment of globes and shades in any lamp shop offering choice to fit any standard. In this way it is possible to have lamps correspond and harmonize with rooms, a fact of which artists have been quick to take advantage. It is rare, indeed, that a studio lamp is other than unique and original, and it is to this class, indeed, that indebtedness for "lamps to order" belongs.



Hints for the Housewife.

For cleansing paint cold tea is capital, but milk is better for white paint.

Borax and white sugar form a good compound for destroying ants and cockroaches.

A dish of quicklime in a damp cupboard will dry the air, but as it loses its power it must be renewed occasionally.

Every housekeeper should have a blank book in which to copy or paste useful hints or directions about cooking and other housework. This book should be kept in the kitchen.

Curried eggs is a favorite dish with many people. Make a cream sauce of one tablespoonful each of butter and flour and a cupful of milk. Add four hard boiled eggs cut into large pieces. Season with curry to taste.

Writing tables covered with velvet instead of felt have been seen recently. The velvet is in a dark rich shade, and is mounted with the same bit of gilt band that is used with the felt. The effect is good, but in use the velvet may not be satisfactory.

To clean the ivory handles of knives that have been discolored mix ammonia and olive oil in equal parts and add to the mixture enough prepared chalk to make a good paste. Rub the ivory with this and let it dry before brushing off. Two or three applications may be necessary.

To make boiled vegetables look white and delicate, put plenty of water in the kettle and add salt; when the water boils, briskly skim, and quickly drop in the vegetables, and remove the minute they are done. Cooking vegetables after they are tender darkens them and detracts from the flavor.



MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

Unselfish.

The man who thinks he knows is an unselfish elf. He wants to talk to you instead of thinking to himself.

If I his wondrous wisdom had, I'd work awhile and then I'd be so rich I'd have no time To talk to other men.

—Washington Post.

Easily Granted.

Tommy—"Ma, can I have two of pie this noon?"

Ma—"Certainly, Tommy. Can piece you have in two."—Sun (Mass.) Journal.

A Touching Friendship.

Rusty—"Where'd ye git de quare?"
Dusty—"I struck up an acquaintance wid a trained dog wot was gold's bakery fer two bits' worth of bread."—Indianapolis Sun.

The Dissatisfied.

"If I had my way," said the young man, "there would be no poetry ten."

"Well," answered the cynic, "of magazines, 'I guess you've got your way, all right.'"—Washington Star.

Revenge.

Mrs. Gossippe—"How does it go that Mrs. Swagger invited you to a party? I thought you were engaged."
Mrs. Snappen—"We are; but thought I had nothing fit to wear wanted to make me feel bad."

On the Spur of the Moment.

"It would surprise you to know much counterfeit money we received the contribution boxes in the course of the year."

Thoughtless Friend—"I suppose how do you manage to get rid of all?"—Tit-Bits.

Blind Man's Buff.



Willie—"This is John Jones. I tell him by his rough voice."—York Journal.

What He Needed.

"What's this thing?" asked the man who was inspecting a music parlor.

"That? Oh, that's used on the We call it a chin-rest."
"Gimme one!" exclaimed the man.
"S'pose it would work on my chin?"—Tit-Bits.

Putting the Seal On.

"He gave me a message to tell brother George," she explained dutifully.

"Was it necessary to tell me the order to do that?" demanded the mother.

"Yes," she answered, "it was a sealed message."—Chicago Post-Bits.

A Confession.

Tess—"How do you know he's going to marry Mr. Hamblin for money?"

Jess—"She told me so herself."
Tess—"What! Did she really say that?"
Jess—"Same thing. She said she was going to marry him."—Philadelphia Press.

Quite a Difference.

The department store is usually convenient but the multiplication of its activities sometimes leads to a dilemma.

"Where shall I find something to oil for the dining room?" asked a smiling woman of the floor manager at a department store.

"On the third—" began the manager; then he paused and doubtfully at the inquirer. "I mean a painting or something sardine line?" he asked.—Philadelphia Record.

His Limit.

"When men are as provoking as you are," she said warmly, "it is der woman is at a loss for an express her feelings."

"At a loss for a word," he murmured. "Ah, that explains what?"

"Explains why, when she expresses her feelings to express she uses three."

"Two or three what? What?"
"Oh, dear, no—two or three words."

Naturally she was provoked presently he found a chance to say that he was in error.

"You admit it, do you?"
"Yes, my dear," he replied, "I have made the limit 5000."—Post.