

... The ... Red Heart.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

Copyrighted, 1908, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

Fay Woodward, finishing a rollicking class song with a crash of chords, whirled around on the piano stool and faced the group of girls who were presiding over the mysteries of fudge-making in a chafing dish.

"It's a tragedy," she said; "that's what it is."

"What?" came the interested chorus.

"The case of Caroline Krebs."

"It sounds like the headlines in an evening paper," murmured Eloise Hillman, sniffing the chocolate scented air ecstatically.

Fay, ignoring the interruption, went on. "She's a nice little thing, and I hate to see her unhappy."

"Maybe she is just silly and sentimental," said Beatrice Drake, who was stirring the bubbling mixture. "She seems awfully young to have a real affair."

"She is twenty," Fay informed them. "It's her fluffy curls that give her that baby look. And she has known him since she was five. He proposed to her when she was fifteen, and they became engaged this fall just before she came here to school."

"Who is he?" asked Eloise, with interest.

"The young man Caroline Krebs is engaged to, and I am worrying about them."

"Why worry?" asked a fourth girl, who, buried in the cushions of the couch, had hitherto said nothing.

"Because I am not like you, Kitty. I can't curl up like a cat and let life roll past me. Caroline Krebs is my roommate, and she is handling her

just have liked it. But Arthur always wants me to make things for him."

"So Fay gave it up. "He'll be disillusioned, and she will be unhappy," was her decision, "but I can't help it."

It was three days after Arthur's birthday that Caroline came to her roommate with a note.

"I can't understand Arthur," she said, and her lips were quivering. "He seems to think my present was a joke."

"Oh," gasped Fay understandingly.

"He says that he showed it to the boys, and they laughed over it, and that he was glad I had such a sense of humor and that it was such a dear little fat heart. And I thought it was beautiful. Oh, dear!" And Caroline's head was pillowed on Fay's sympathetic shoulder. "I worked so hard, and it was so pretty," she sobbed, "and they just laughed."

"Send him something else and tell him this was just a funny forerunner," Fay suggested.

But Caroline was obstinate.

"I won't," she said. "He ought to like the red heart, and if he doesn't I can't help it."

"And if something isn't done at once," Fay told her four chums as they sat that night kimono clad in Beatrice's room, "those two hearts won't beat as one."

Kitty, plump and pretty, in pink, murmured from the pillows: "Let's send him something and make him think it is from her. Then tell her, and she will be too proud to confess that it wasn't her selection."

"We'll do it," said Fay enthusiastically. "And now what shall it be?"

The product of their combined taste and genius went in a violet colored box by the next morning's mail, and when Arthur Moore opened it two days later he gasped.

"By Jove, the dear little girl!" he said. "Look here, Richards!"

His classmate peered over his shoulder.

"Violets, ribbon tied; the ivory medallion of Browning you have been wanting and that exquisite verse of Mrs. Browning to cap it. She must be a clever girl, Arthur."

Arthur pondered.

"It's not for her cleverness that I love her, Richards," he said, "and, after all, I am not sure but that I like that little red heart best. Think of the work of her dear little fingers!"

And something of this he said in his second note.

"I can't understand what he means by two presents," Caroline said to Fay, and read what he had written.

Then Fay faltered out the story.

"We thought we would send him something artistic and tell you afterward," she said.

Caroline smiled at her pityingly.

"You see, you didn't know Arthur," she said. "He always likes things that I make."

"And, oh, girls, what do you think he said?" Fay asked the eager girls who clustered about her just as she was going to morning class.

"Tell us," they clamored.

Fay quoted glibly:

"The violets are faded, and the medallion hangs over my desk, but close to my heart is the little red heart, the work of your own dear hands."

"Well, of all things," said Eloise and Beatrice, "such a man!" But Kitty, pretty Kitty, murmured, with all her dimples out:

"Roses red and violets blue,
My heart to you is ever true."

Busy and Beautiful.

It is interesting to know that it is possible for a city of 280,000 inhabitants, and mostly factory employees, to be free from dirt and noise. This is the case with the Japanese town of Nagoya, says A. H. Edwards, the author of "Kakemono." It is a town full of porcelain and fan factories, clockwork and cotton mills. The gateway of the cloisonne works leads down a wooden passage into a tiny court—a garden set round with the workshops of the factory. It is not larger than the front lawn of a suburban house, but the skill of a Japanese gardener has planted a whole mountain side with forests of pine and bamboo, has spanned with an arching bridge the stone gray stream at the mountain's foot. From inside the tiny matted rooms, no bigger than bathing boxes, which shut in three sides of the garden, the illusion is complete. And the shade and coolness of the imaginary forest and stream bring a sense of calmness and repose, of quiet peace and beauty, to all the many workers of the factory. It is a living landscape growing unspooled in the heart of a workshop in the center of a manufacturing city. It is a town of sunny streets and pure, fresh air, whose trees are green.

Does Like Like Like?

They were at supper. During the meal the young man with the voracious appetite discoursed eloquently on things in general.

"Do you know, Miss Dash," he remarked, "I think there is a very intimate relation between our food and our character. I believe, don't you know, that we grow like what we are most fond of."

The fair girl smiled sweetly.

"How interesting!" she murmured. "May I offer you some more ham, Mr. Blank?"

She stretched her hand out to take a chocolate cream, but he removed the tray and passed her the acidulated tablets.—London Tit-Bits.

Source of Information.

Singleton—You seem to know a lot about women.

Wedderly—You bet I do.

Singleton—Get wise by studying the ways of your wife, eh?

Wedderly—No, I listen to what she says about other women.—Chicago News.

Ferguson's Mascot.

By HARRIET LUMMIS SMITH.

Copyrighted, 1908, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

From the first Ferguson had disliked the pug. The sight of the fat, wheezy little animal following at the heels of his pretty next door neighbor awoke in him an unreasonable desire to prod that pampered pet with his walking stick. All of which goes to show that first impressions are not to be trusted.

Ferguson's interest in the girl next door was fast approaching the critical stage. Perhaps the natural attraction which beauty holds for youth was heightened by the fact that the girl seemed unaware of his existence.

Ferguson almost resented the blankness of her gaze, the indifferent tilt of her chin. He had a feeling that if she should look once she might find it worth her while to look again.

The pug took a hand in the game one delicious spring day when Ferguson, who was supposed to be studying law in his room, was in reality watching the pink of the peach blossoms against the blue of the sky and feeling in his heart a vague, exquisite response to the charm of the season.

All at once the current of his thoughts was changed by an asthmatic barking in his neighbor's back yard. A black kitten shot across the grass to the shelter of the peach tree. The pug waddled after and stood guard below, coughing violently as a result of his unusual exertions. Then Ferguson's pulses thrilled at the sound of a girlish voice raised in reproachful summons, "Punch, you wretch, come here this instant!"

The law books had no chance after that. Even the peach blossoms became only the setting of the picture. The black kitten in the branches howled agonizingly. The pretty girl below called her in dulcet tones which would

lark, well dressed man sitting on the hammock beside her or occupying one of the rustic chairs on the porch or smoking in the library with the air of one who feels at home. Most of them took the hint. There was one exception, however, an obtrusive young fellow, Randall by name, who continued his visits, though Ferguson did his best to make it clear that they could be quite content without him.

Unfortunately Miss Morrell did not second these efforts as she might have done. She continued to treat her persistent caller with a consideration which Ferguson thought distinctly unnecessary. When he came one night prepared to take her driving and found she had gone boating with Randall he gave a harsher name to the act. He did not sleep that night, and when he presented himself next evening he was in the worst of humors.

Had Miss Morrell been conciliatory all might have been well, but instead she wore an air of studied indifference, and when she did not resent his reproaches she laughed at him. Accordingly in fifteen minutes the interview terminated abruptly.

"In that case," said Ferguson, rising to his feet, "the best thing for me to do is to take my hat and go home."

And Miss Morrell replied, "I quite agree with you."

Only one thing interfered with carrying out this programme immediately—Ferguson could not find his hat. "Good evening," said Miss Morrell in the background as if weary of waiting for him to take the initiative.

"I beg you not to imagine that I am delaying intentionally!" exclaimed Ferguson, with indignation. "But even you can see that it is impossible for me to leave the house bareheaded."

"You put your hat on the chair. I saw you," said Miss Morrell.

"I am quite aware that I put it there," returned Ferguson stiffly, "but it is easy to see that it is not there now."

For some minutes he hunted. Miss Morrell laid aside her offended dignity sufficiently to assist in the search. All at once she started nervously.

"I do hope Punch didn't find it!" she exclaimed. "He's so mischievous sometimes."

But when the hat was discovered it was in Punch's society. Moreover, it had lost its resemblance to a hat. The brim was missing, and the crown was fast disappearing. Punch surveyed them over the wreck and grinned complacently.

The two young people looked at each other, and Miss Morrell's lips twitched. Ferguson thought she was on the point of laughter, and he smiled encouragingly. Then she surprised him by turning her face to the wall and bursting into tears.

"My darling girl," exclaimed Ferguson, almost beside himself. "My dearest Ina, I beg you won't give a thought to the worthless thing."

"But you were going away angry," said a stifled voice.

"Angry with you?" cried Ferguson. "Never!" He took her in his arms again as he had done under the peach tree, but he did not let her go as quickly. And that wise old pug left the ruined hat on the rug and waddled away to the window seat, as if satisfied that they were once more capable of managing their own affairs.

Punch is older now and divides his mistress' devotion with a small pink and white rival said to resemble Ferguson, but he wears a silver collar, and no one grudges him his place as an honored member of the household. Whatever Ferguson's faults, he is not ungrateful.

Why He Was Happy.

He was a baldheaded bachelor, whose heart for the first time had been moved by the tender passion.

"Then you confess," he said in a trembling voice to the object of his regards, "that you like me a little—that you admire certain qualities of my head?"

"Yes," shyly responded the young lady.

"And may I ask," he continued in a tone of emotion, "what those qualities are?"

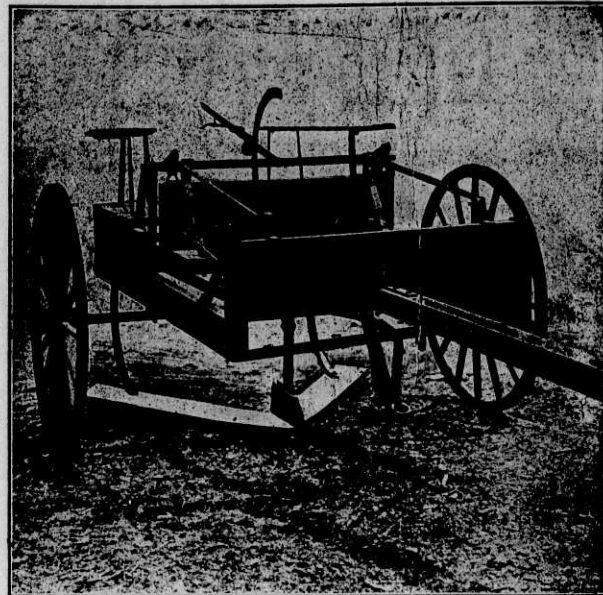
"I can hardly explain," said the young lady bashfully, "but I think it is because your head is so mellifluous. I can't express it more clearly."

"And you can never know how I appreciate your high opinion," exclaimed the happy bachelor as he pressed her hand. He didn't know just what "mellifluous" meant, but he was sure it was the synonym for something grand and ennobling, and when he bade her good night he rushed eagerly home, excitedly took down the dictionary and turned feverishly to the endeared word. His blood changed to ice as he read, "Smooth, soft, mellow."

Diamond Salesman's Secrets.

"There is no line in which more care must be exercised than in selling diamonds," remarked one of the oldest dealers in Cleveland. "For instance, we don't dare show a man a larger stone than he can afford to buy. Even a diamond a carat or a carat and a half in size looks like a mighty small affair to pay so much money for, and if a man comes in expecting to pay \$75 for a diamond he may get disgusted and not buy at all if the salesman shows him something a little larger for \$200. The salesman, if he knows his business, will find to a certainty just how much a customer is willing to pay before he shows him anything. Then it's better not to show a colored stone, such as a ruby or an emerald or a bluish diamond in connection with other diamonds. If you show some customers a colored stone and then put it away and show him a good white diamond, he will declare that the diamond is off color. It does not seem to be a whim so much as the effect on the eyes of the colors in the stones."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hendricks Sagebrush Grubber



Saves money because it works better and faster than any other machine. It is built more solidly, and will cut the toughest brush.

For terms and further information, write to

T. B. HENDRICKS,
Twin Falls, Idaho.



Do not
Monkey
With the
Buzz Saw

Why take any risk

When we will insure your getting just the lumber you require? We are experienced and can give you the best value for your money. Do not take any chances by going elsewhere as we will guarantee you satisfaction in every way.

Idaho Lumber Co.

Stockmen, Attention

Car each of Rock and Stock salt just in.

Twin Falls Grain & Produce Co.

W. O. WANN Commercial Orchard Planter

Grow trees on your own ground and care for them. Half expense. Better results

Salmon River Locations

From complete plats made by Messrs. Linkletter and Bos, graduates of Michigan Agricultural college and experienced horticulturalists.

MORE SETS

Of the beautiful solid silverware to be given away FREE to our cash customers. Ask for tickets with your purchases.

The Racket Store.