... Che ... Red Heart.

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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Fay Woodward, finishing a rollicking song with a crash of chords whirled around on the piano stool and faced the group of girls who were pre-siding over the mysteries of fudge-

making in a chaing 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 Hill-

man, sniffing the chocolate scented at

man, 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 Bentrice Drake, who was stirring the bubbling mixture. "She seems awfully young to have a real affair."
"She is twenty." Fay informed them

"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." she came here to school."
"Who is he?" asked Eloise, with in-

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

"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 past me. Caroline Krebs is my nmate, and she is handling ber



THEN FAY FALTERED OUT THE STORY. love affair badly, and as her friend and a philanthropist in general I want

to set her straight." Kit sat up. She was fair and fat. with dimples that were out now in full

"What's she doing that's wrong?

Fay leaned forward and spoke im

pressively.

"Girls," she said, "she is making him a red satin heart for a birthday pres-

"A red heart!" came the chorus
"Yes, A pincushion. And sh "Yes, A pincushion. And she is stuffing it with sawdust, and it is as

fat as—as—Kitty!"
"Ob—oh!" came from the couch. But
Fay proceeded:

"She is going to send it to him, and she can't see that any man with an ounce of artistic blood in him would be repelled by a fat red thing with pins in it!" And Fay's graceful hands swept out in a gesture of despair.

"Perhaps they are two of a kind,"

And that is where the tragedy comes in. He sends her bits of poetry that he writes—exquisite bits. He knows the real thing. But she doesn't. She just goes on stuffing that heart and planning to write a verse on It:

"Roses red and violets blue, His heart to her is ever true." Kitty, on the couch, shrieked, "Fay

"No, I am not," Fay said. "I tried to make her buy one of those old ivory medallions that we saw in the shops, but she looked at me so seriously and whispered, 'He likes to have me make

omething!"
"Lovely!" ejaculated Kitty. "If a

man loved me that way"—
"The fudge is ready," cut in Beatrice. And for the next few minutes
they gave their attention to the lusclous squares.

"I am going to take a plate of it to said Fay as she left them that night. "She couldn't come in. She was too busy sticking white pins into the red heart."
"Cheer up!" Kitty called after her.

"You may reform Caroline yet."
But Caroline, bright eyed over her gift, did not look as if she needed re-

"Isn't it pretty?" she asked, holding up the heart as Fay came in with the plate of fudge

Fay eyed it dubiously.
"Do you think a man would like it?"

"Oh, Arthur would," said Caroline;
"he has such good taste."
"I sent a man a present once," said
Fay craftily. "I bought a bunch of
violets. The florist packed them so that

Just have liked H. But Arthur always

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 per

"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 beentiful. Oh dear"—And Carolloris. beautiful. Oh, dear"— And Caroline's head was pillowed on Fay's sympa-thetic 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."

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

His classmate peered over his shoul

der.
"Violets, ribbon tied; the ivory me dailion 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

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 faitered 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

"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:

Busy and Beautiful. interesting to know that it is possible for a city of 280,000 inhab itants, and mostly factory employees, to be free from dirt and noise. This is the case with the Japanese town of 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, cloisonne works and cotton mills. The gateway of the cloisonne works leads down a wooden passage into a tiny court—n garden set round with the 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 Japa-nese 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 boxes, which shut in three sides of the garden, the illusion is complete. And It splt. It elevated the hairs along its 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 land-scape growing unspolled in the heart of a sense of the factory of the part o scape growing unspoiled 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

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

"Do you know, Miss Dash," he re-marked, "I think there is a very inti-mate 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 taxe a chocolate cream, but he removed the tray and passed her the acidulated tab-lets.—London Tit-Bits.

Source of Information.
Singleton—You seem to know a lot

about women.

Ferguson's Mascot.

By HARRIET LUMMIS SMITH.

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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 his heart a years exquisite rein his heart a vague, exquisite re-sponse 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 mons, "Punch, you wretch, come here this instant!"

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



HE TOOK HER IN HIS ARMS AGAIN. have tempted Ferguson to dare any er. She brought out a saucer of but even this lure proved un-ing. Then suddenly Ferguson milk, but even this lure proved unavailing. Then suddenly Ferguson started so violently that the book on his knee fell with a thud to the floor. "By Jove," exclaimed the young man,

"she's going to climb the tree!" With an instant realization that this was his opportunity, Ferguson went down the stairs in a headlong manner, which gave his landlady the impres-sion that the house was on fire. Ex-planations delayed him unwarrantably, and when he burst out of the door the kitten was in Miss Morrell's arms, and Miss Morrell was in the peach tree. Ferguson hesitated, then advanced,

rerguson estated, then advanced, halting at a respectful distance. "Might I be of assistance?" he asked.
"I—I think you might." said the girl doubtfully. "You see, it's so much easier getting up than getting down. If only you would take the kitten, I think I could manage."

Ferruson climbed up bestde her and

Ferguson climbed up beside her and attempted to relieve her of her charge, but the black kitten had its own opinion

now, looking at him through the peach

"I'm sure I can get down now," said "I'm sure I can get down now, said the girl, and Ferguson set the kitten on the grass and politely looked in an-other direction. A long minute passed. Then there was a shrick, and Ferguson turned to see the lady of his dreams clutching an overhanging bough and dangling some distance above the

For a heavenly instant he had her in his arms, and then he set her on her feet. Her face was as pink as the peach blossoms, and her shy eyes found difficulty in meeting his, but there was no lack of gratitude in her tone as she said, "I don't know how to thank you!"

Ferguson went home with the feel-Ferguson went home with the feel-ing that he was walking on air. As he passed the window he saw the pug looking out, but his expression no lon-ger seemed sardonic, but rather hence.

Then it's better not to show a colored ger seemed sardonic, but rather benev-olent.

"I owe you a silver collar for this, old boy," Ferguson thought gratefully, for Miss Morrell had given him per-

lark, well dressed man sitting en the hammock beside her or occupying one haminock 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

second there efforts as she might have done. She continued to treat her per-sistent 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 Randail 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 re-proaches she laughed at him. Accord-ingly in fifteen minutes the interview

"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 carry ing out this programme immediately— Ferguson could not find his hat. "Good evening," said Miss Morrell in the back-

ground as if weary of waiting for him to take the initiative. "I beg you not to imagine that I am delaying intentionally!" exclaimed Fer-

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 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 some-times."

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 com Punch surveyed placently.

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 encourag ingly. Then she surprised him by turning her face to the wall and bursting into tears.

ing 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.

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 noce mere carachies

away to the window sear, as it saus-fied that they were once more capable of managing their own affairs.

Funch is older now and divides his mistress' devotion with a small pink and white rival said to resemble Fer-guson, but he wears a silver collar, and no one grudges him his place as an heavered member of the heavesheld 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

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

"I can hardly explain," said the coung lady bashfully, "but I think it s because your head is so mellifluent. 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 "mellfluent" 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, excited-ly 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 dia-monds," remarked one of the oldest dealers in Cleveland. "For instance, we don't dare show a man a large stone than he can afford to buy 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 be may get disgusted and not buy at all if the salesman shows him something a little larger for \$200. The salesman, if he knows 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 dia-"I sent a man a present once," said Wedderly—You bet I do.
Wedderly—You bet I do.
Wedderly—You bet I do.
Singleton—Got wise by studying the they would keep fresh. It was a very simple gift, but he liked it awfully."
"Yes," said Caroline, sticking the last pin firmly into the heart, "I am sure he

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