

# LOVE'S INTUITION

By MARY WOOD

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Above the shrill whirr of the crickets rose the hum of feminine voices. Under the green apple boughs the hammock convention was in full swing. Miss Maybrick called it a hornets' nest and preferred the doubtful coziness of the piazza. But, then, she was a college professor, too superior to appreciate the joys of the younger set.

Jane Carew, however, sometimes agreed with her. This afternoon she hid her face behind a book, while girlish fancies carried her far above the swaying leaves up into the perfect blue of the July sky. How lovely nature was this summer, how full life of new delights!

Miss Maybrick's name brought her back to earth again; Miss Maybrick, the one cloud in her sky.

"Oh, yes, she approves of him," said Jane. "She can put up with his snubbed face, roughened hands and the general boorishness of a farmer. But I suppose at her age any man is acceptable. To tell the truth, I have almost reached that condition myself in this man forsaken spot." And she shook her head in mock despair.

"Jane agrees with her," some one added a little maliciously. "She never seems to mind sharing his attentions with her."

A book went down with a crash and angry spots of scarlet glowed in Jane's cheeks as she said defiantly: "John Staunton is not a boor; he is a gentleman. Just because he seems to talk the twaddle that men usually think good enough for us girls you vote him a boor. He often makes me ashamed of the little I know, and the books he lends me have opened up a new world, a world bigger and better than all the flirting and shams and heartaches that go to make up society. No wonder he likes to talk to Miss Maybrick. She's worth the whole lot of us when it comes to knowing the things that are worth while."

The girl stopped short with a gasp as she realized the horrified hush



THEIR UPON HAMBLEN BECAME AN ENTHUSIASTIC DEFENDER.

which had fallen on the circle. "Oh, what have I said?" she cried and buried her face in her cushions.

But Madge's gay voice was tender as she stroked the brown head. "You've read us a lecture, Jane, dear," she said gently, "but I fancy we needed it a bit. It's horrid to talk about one of your friends the way we talk about Staunton, and we ought to ask your pardon. As for Miss Maybrick, she's a stuck up old thing, and you're ever so much nicer than she in spite of all she knows. Just wait till Cousin Alex comes next week, and see the new world that he opens to you. He is really literary and writes things for other people to read."

Jane's face was still hidden. She was battling to overcome her tears and even harder to drive out of her heart the unreasonable jealousy of the older woman that somehow had crept into it. The time had been when she would have scorned her as a rival, but love had made her humble. Youth and beauty seemed of small weight to cast into the scales against years of scholastic training and study.

Cousin Alex came. He was a slim, dapper young man, with an important manner rather at variance with his size. But he had a way of retelling old jokes that made them seem new and a stock of compliments suited to every age and was therefore greatly in favor among the guests at the sleepy old farmhouse. As befitting his pretensions as a journalist he rattled on unceasingly about books and literature. He knew this man and that book, and above all, he was one whose name should some day stand foremost in the world of letters. The date was not yet set, but he spoke of "his novel" mysteriously, even reverently, and his feminine audience was accordingly impressed.

More or less unwillingly Jane was compelled to listen to many of these predictions for "Cousin Alex" at once developed a fondness for her society. Perhaps certain glances that Staunton

cast in the direction of her head in the chair. Perhaps it was the sensitive fashion in which the girl received his advances. Certain it is that a week's time had earned him the very fitting name of "Jane's shadow."

Yet to Jane herself each day seemed to bring more unhappiness. Staunton came as often as ever, but at sight of Alex by her side, he left the laughing group to chat with Miss Maybrick in intimate aloofness. And as the girl saw the door to the beautiful new world closing because the hand of him who held it open was withdrawn the pain and weariness of her old frivolous life seemed almost past bearing.

Her eyes were more wistful than she knew one evening as she saw a tall, muscular figure swing up the walk with the easy, confident stride of the man who was master of his fate. Staunton's face softened as he met them, and, though Cousin Alex Hamblin was on hand, as usual, he settled himself on the top step with the air of a man who had come to stay. The brown eyes were downcast now, but a shy blush of pleasure still flushed her cheeks.

There was always a visible air of constraint between the two men, but Hamblin rose manfully to the occasion. Here was a most longed-for opportunity to prove to Miss Jane that Staunton was but a boor of a farmer, after all, and no match for a man of the world like himself.

If the older man detected his half veiled tone of patronage, he only smiled quizzically. Indeed his position soon grew more untenable than that of his adversary. As the conversation ranged from books to men and back to books again Jane saw, with a thrill of pride, that Staunton more than held his own. What is more, he held his temper, a precaution neglected by the other.

At last the talk fell upon one of the recent novels, a book of unusual strength and breadth of view. Jane had read it several times, for it had seemed to point her to the new life she longed to live. Staunton was silent, as though in unspoken condemnation. Then upon Hamblin became an enthusiastic defender and openly scoffed at his lack of appreciation.

A shadow crossed the moonlit porch, but the three did not see Miss Maybrick till her voice broke in on the controversy.

"You would not expect Mr. Staunton to criticize his own book, would you?" she said calmly. Then, as her ear caught Jane's low exclamation of wonder, she added in a tone of surprise: "Had you not guessed that he was an author, Miss Carew? I heard that you defended him very eloquently one afternoon in the orchard and said a good word for me too. For that I want to thank you."

Staunton's face was turned toward the blushing girl, and in full moonlight Miss Maybrick could read his secret. If it sounded the deathknell to some hope of her own heart, gratitude to her champion made her lead the bewildered Alex for a walk down the lane and a gradual restoration of his self confidence.

"And I have to thank you, too, Jane," Staunton said tenderly.

But he took her down to the orchard and told her in his own way.

"How did you guess that I was not the farmer I pretended to be?" with a hint of wonder under his gladness.

Jane raised a face radiant with the realization that the new world was opened for her. "Just because you are you," she said joyously. "Love is not always blind."

## Lectured by Carlyle.

There are some amusing memories at Kyleakin, in Skye, of a visit once made there by Carlyle traveling in the train of Lady Ashburton. The Kyleakiners felt a lively curiosity concerning the distinguished author, and whenever he appeared in public he was surrounded by a crowd of admiring men, women and children who had heard sensational reports concerning his "cleverness as a scholar." Carlyle seemed to like this hero worship until these admirers clustered round him while he was in the midst of his sea bath one day. Then he assailed them in language much more emphatic than elegant, which soon made them take to their heels and scamper off with all speed out of his sight. Lady Ashburton had prayers with her daughter and servants morning and evening, but the sage was never present. During these periods Neil MacInnes, the innkeeper, used to relate, "he would lead me to the coffee room, and there, laying hold of me by the coat buttonhole, he would lecture to me for half an hour on end on all sorts of subjects, and he would be so intent on it that he wouldn't allow me to put in a word. Fancy," said Neil, "that I should be lectured to in such a way by Tommy Carlyle!"

## Great Men and Their Opinions.

Dr. Johnson in all his greatness defied the world of fashion and opinion, living the life of a sloven. Our own Dr. Franklin was like the Englishman in some respects, and he appeared to be fond of imitating him in others, for he persisted in wearing a shaggy, shabby old cap even among the servants and crowned heads of the old world when he was the United States minister at the court of France.

Every schoolboy has heard how Nero defied public opinion, living in riot and revelry when the souls of his countrymen were in woe and blood. Napoleon rubbed his hands over burning Moscow, saying, "This is comfortable." Half a million soldiers were at the same time reading the doom of death in the lurid flames.

It was the conflict of opinion which gave birth to the maxim that "Where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise." Correctness and taste, even these frequently depend upon the mental standpoint of the individual sitting in the judgment seat.

## FURNISHING NOTES.

For the Ladies' Work.

Very few treatments set off a room more advantageously than having an eighteen-inch border or pinked wood to show all around the rug. Where the flooring will admit, this effect may be gained at cost of little time and money.

To get a polished floor, clean the boards first, then stain them with raw sienna oil paint, that is, raw sienna ground in oil; add a little bronze-green, a mere trifle of burnt umber, thin with linseed oil and a bit of turpentine and rub into the floor.

The real Bagdad cross-stripes are very strong, as well as handsome, they therefore serve best for couch covers, but the American, or other imitation Bagdads, are handsome and effective, and with their tasseled edges makes the lounge look very attractive.

To make a box-lounge a decorative as well as a useful feature in a room, have it covered with plain olive-green denim; no figured stuff looks half so well on a large piece of furniture. Throw over it either a genuine Bagdad or else an imitation Bagdad couch cover.

For the decorative uses they serve, as well as for their suitability, couch covers made of lengths of linen crash, not the coarsest, nor yet the finest, but the medium gray crash are well worth the making. These covers are made of lengths herring-boned together with colored cords; the ends of all the lengths must be raveled, knotted and tied to make a pretty fringe.

One of the most useful and convenient, as well as handsome bits of furnishing, is a box-lounge made to order to have an eighteen-inch capacity for storage. Such a lounge topped by fine springs is a luxury to the housewife for summer dresses laid at full length may be stored in it in winter, and winter furs and dresses packed away in camphor in its summer.

When the stain is thoroughly dried, go over the floor with light hard oil finish; use a paint brush. When this has dried—it will dry over night—wash with cold water, dry and give a second coat. Allow no walking over it for two days. Wash it over with sponge and cold water to help harden it.

Hard-oil finished floors stained as above are exceedingly rich and lustrous looking and help the furnishing to be more elegant in effect.

## CALLS.

A first call is made on the new member by the older resident without waiting for the formality of an introduction. It is returned within ten days. If the acquaintance proves undesirable, it may cease after the first interchange of visits.

The fashionable calling hour for ladies is from eleven to twelve and from three to five. For men, from eight to ten when the day is occupied.

A formal or first call lasts five minutes, a friendly call twice as long.

A man must ask permission before he may call, or bear a letter of introduction from another city.

Calls should be made on the hostess' day, if she have one.

The guests of a dinner call upon their hostess within a week.

A bride does not call upon her friends until they have called upon her after the wedding reception.

Persons in mourning receive but do not return calls during the first year after the wedding reception.

Calls of congratulation are made on the young mother, the fiancée, or a friend to whom unexpected joy or success have come.

## A Bit of Oilcloth.

Women are just finding out the many uses to which oilcloth may be put. In the first place it never wears out—that is one great argument in its favor. Oilcloth upon the floor last indefinitely; used as an article of dress, its life is interminable.

Ellis Wheeler Wilcox created a sensation some years ago by appearing in a rainy day dress faced a foot around the hem with thin oilcloth. Oilcloth facing is now used a great deal upon street skirts. Oilcloth comes in every color and can be obtained in a very showy Scotch plaid, which is pretty. There is also a very pretty fine black and white oilcloth check which is decidedly stylish. A street skirt which is to be worn a great deal can be faced underneath with this oilcloth. When the dress is lifted, only a pretty plaid lining is visible. This can extend up three inches and be met by a fancy silk lining. For rainy day wear, a skirt is faced this way, and nothing could be better for women who affect the English fashion of tramping in the suburbs. For bicycling it is ideal, as the oilcloth is too tough to tear or fray.

## An Omelet of White Ants.

Africa seems to be the great country for insect eating. Large quantities of locusts, caterpillars, and beetle grubs are consumed by the natives. And in certain parts white ants, or termites, are esteemed a welcome addition to the bill of fare. These ants may be prepared in various ways. One is to boil them down in water to the consistency of porridge. Or they may be eaten simply dried over the fire. Cooked with beaten up eggs they make a not unsavory omelet, or they may be used in meat pies instead of flesh. A European traveler in Africa remarks that white ants taste something like meat stuffing. He received about fifty loads of them for the use of his people.

The same traveler tells us how on his marches he used small ants' nests, mushroom shaped, and about the size of a man's head, as hearth stones, three of them being arranged in a triangle.

## THE ALLIGATOR'S SMALL COURT.

What a fascinating little fellow, the iguana! But the family he belongs to, the gecko and the chameleon, to a very big family. This family includes such large animals as alligators, crocodiles, lizards and many other strange creatures. The iguana has a long, slender body tapering in a curious way into a long tail which in turn tapers into a point. He has a queer crest running from his head to the end of this tail, and his body is covered with small scales. A soft pouch or bag hangs from below his chin, but for what purpose it is used naturalists seem to be divided in opinion.

Some iguanas live in trees, others dig themselves holes in the ground, and some varieties live upon the seashore and are quite fond of swimming about in the water. The eggs of the iguana are usually laid in the sand and are not hard like hen's eggs, but soft, like leather, and yellow in color. The iguana's tail, like that of most of his cousins, is very useful to him. He uses it for a weapon, slapping and inflicting severe wounds upon his enemies by means of its sharp notches. In the water he uses his tail like a snake, drawing his legs closely to his side and projecting himself along by means of the tail alone.

The iguana is a fierce-looking little reptile when attacked. He raises himself upon his forelegs, looking very savage, but he is not really brave, and if you should come across an iguana nodding his head at you and trying to frighten you to death by wagging his tail, just stamp your foot at him and he will quickly lower his crest and scurry off into his hole.

## Explosives by Mail.

One of the most dangerous of all explosives is a black powder called iodide of nitrogen. When it is dry, the slightest touch will often cause it to explode with great violence.

There appears to be a certain rate of vibration which this compound cannot resist. In experiments to determine the cause of its extreme explosiveness, some damp iodide of nitrogen was rubbed on the strings of a base viol. It was known that the strings of such an instrument will vibrate when those of a similar instrument, having an equal tension, are played upon.

In this case, after the explosive had become thoroughly dry upon the strings, another base viol was brought near, and its strings were sounded. At a certain note the iodide on the prepared instrument exploded.

It was found that the explosion occurred only when a rate of vibration of sixty per second was communicated to the prepared strings. Vibration of the G string caused an explosion, while that of the E had no effect.

## The Corset.

Curiously enough, women are not responsible for the existence of the corset at all, for the first corset of which any mention can be found was worn by the Greek poet, Chinesas, and Aristophanes ridicules him for it in his comedies. Chinesas was vain to a degree, and he thought himself too tall and thin, he conceived the idea of adding symmetry to his figure by surrounding it with a cuirass made of little planks of wood. Later, this corset was adopted by yet another man—the Emperor Antonius Pius. It was some time before the Roman women adopted it, and then it only encircled the waist—the bust was left free. Gradually, however, it extended above and below the waist line, until it reached modern proportions. Catherine de Medici was the first woman to wear the bust corset in France, but it was worn commonly many years before her reign in Italy.

## Military Salutes.

The military salute required in almost all civilized countries is nearly the same. Perhaps in Germany, however, the regulations are somewhat more stringent. A soldier on meeting the Emperor has to stand still, face about, and remain with hand raised for from twelve to twenty paces before his majesty approaches, and for the same distance after he has passed. In Belgium an officer has to do the same thing for the king, and subalterns for generals, though ten paces are only required for the latter case. Soldiers carrying anything, so that their hands are quite occupied salute with their eyes—that is, they turn their heads in the direction of the person coming and going. French officers raise their caps to each other; but the privates do as the privates in other armies do.

## We Are Star-Gazers.

In speaking of progress in astronomy, Prof. J. Norman Lockyer, of London, says: "I am sorry to say that in this work the centre of gravity has left our country, and has gone out West. We have to look to our American cousins for a great deal that we want to know in these matters, for the reason that now they not only have the biggest telescopes and most skilled observers, but also they have been wiser than we—they have occupied high points on the earth's surface, and thus got rid of the atmospheric difficulties under which we suffer in England, and especially in London."

## Advice to the Young Wife.

Whatever else you do, young wife, don't "nag" the man you have married. Burn his bread, give him pies and cakes that you learned to make at the cooking school, allow his heels and toes the inestimable privilege of free ventilation, spend his money, if you can get it to spend; but, for sweet charity's sake, don't "nag" him. A husband is a fellow creature. He has rights which ought to be respected; and a fault-finding woman is worse than a smoking chimney in a perpetual northeast rainstorm.—London Answers.

## Or a Tandem.

The man who undertakes to manage a woman should have previous experience with a four-horse team.—Milwaukee Journal.

## Fortune Teller's Box.

Fortune is the woman with the eye to matrimony who has a young-looking mother.—Boston Transcript.

## THE TRAVELER.



As the caravel advanced many birds were encountered flying from the west. The crews became greatly encouraged and kept a sharp lookout for land.

FIND TWO HIDDEN BIRDS.

## THE TRAVELS OF COLUMBUS.



Herbs and seaweeds began to appear. A live crab was also seen, and the hopes of the navigators are raised.

FIND A HIDDEN MAN AND A FISH.

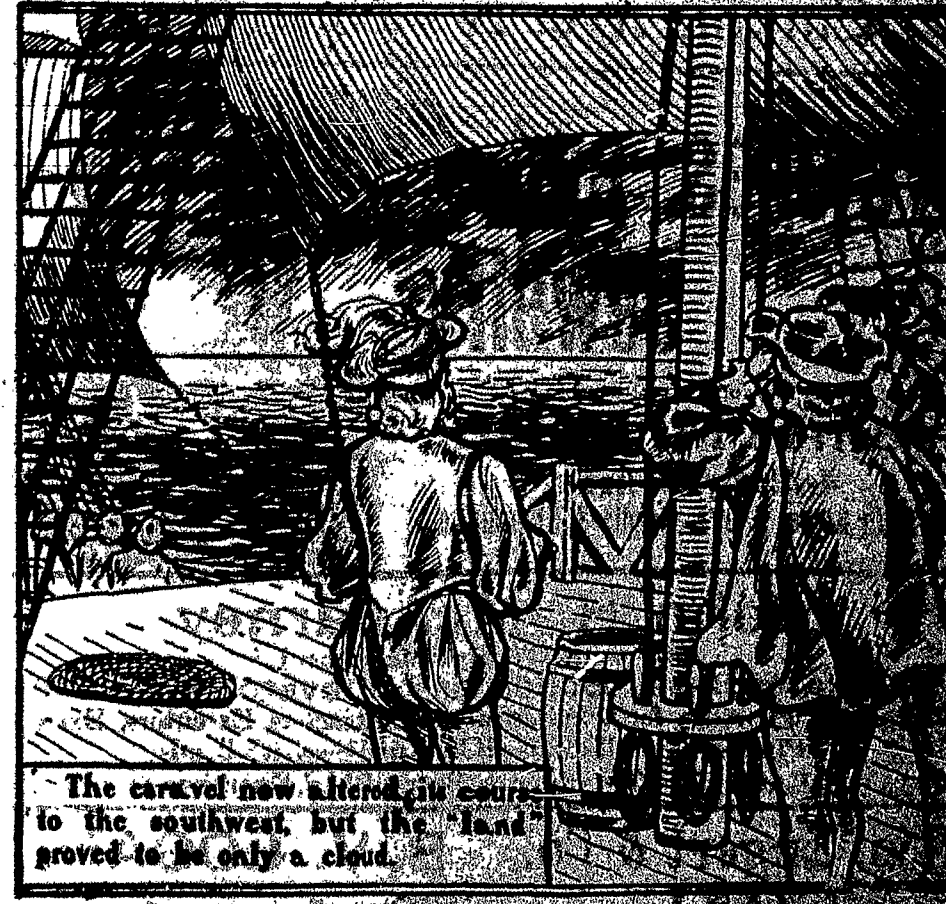
## THE TRAVELS OF COLUMBUS.



On the 25th of September (1492) "La Santa Maria" came from Spain. The first voyage of Christopher Columbus was a success, while the crew King Charles of Spain.

FIND TWO TRUMPETS AND A BELL.

## THE TRAVELS OF COLUMBUS.



The caravel now altered its course to the southwest, but the land proved to be only a cloud.

FIND HIDDEN SAILOR AND COMPASS.