

IN THE RIGHT

By Juliet Tompkins.

Milly had considered Stanley perfection until the George Greenfield came to live next door and showed a disposition to be friendly over the low wire fence. Stanley was big, kind, humorous, splendid, not for a minute to be disparaged by comparison with the small, dark, precise Mr. Greenfield. And yet—

The trouble began the first time they dined with their new neighbors. When, after the charmingly informal little meal, Milly and her hostess rose to leave the two men to their cigars, Mr. Greenfield sprang to his feet and stood with a devoted respect Milly had generally seen reserved for the dogology or the national anthem; while Stanley remained comfortably planted in his chair.



"I SUPPOSE I AM CARELESS."

entirely at peace with the world and with himself. With the feminine quickness to accept a new standard, Milly winced. "She could not help caring what Mrs. Greenfield would think, she wore such delightful clothes."

Later in the evening Mrs. Greenfield played for them, and the music stool gave an added pang. Of course, Stanley would always do anything one asked him, but there was a something in Mr. Greenfield's readiness to serve that gave Milly a new light on perfection. She went home rather depressed.

"Mr. Greenfield has charming manners, Stanley," she ventured, as they mounted their own steps.

"Nice chap—I like him," agreed the unconscious Stanley, preceding her through the front door, and the subject was allowed to drop.

The next afternoon added another bitterness. From a window she chanced to see Mrs. Greenfield meet her husband at the gate, and the way he took off his hat made her heart sink. When she went down the road to meet Stanley an hour later, he beamed at her, tucking his big hand under her arm, with his nightly "Hello, Milly!" that had never before seemed inadequate, but his hat remained serenely on his head, and she found herself nervous, hoping that no one saw. Yet she could not say anything. She planned a dozen approaches to the subject, but her courage always failed, and the little grievance grew in secret. Milly was only twenty-two.

Small things were added daily. Mr. Greenfield's ready "I beg your pardon, dear; I interrupted you!" made her blush for Stanley's bluntness. "Here, stop it, Milly, I want to talk," Stanley carried her parcels if they were heavy or inconvenient, but it never occurred to him to relieve her of a magazine or her umbrella.

He smiled after her very warmly when she left the room, but her heart was sore with the vision of new ways, and she only noticed that he did not spring to open the door. Stanley feeling something wrong, decided that she needed a change, and worked early and late to achieve a surprise for her. And so one Friday he came hurrying home an hour earlier, a week's holiday ahead of him and the money for it in his pocket.

Milly was sitting in her boudoir and had just fallen into a doze when her door burst open. She jumped up, and, because she was startled, one of her grievances leaped to the surface.

"I do wish you would knock at my door, Stanley!" she exclaimed. "Mr. Greenfield always does."

Stanley was hurt, but with masculine wisdom concealed this and tried to take it humorously.

"Quite right of Mr. Greenfield," he said. "I'd punch his head if he didn't."

"Oh, you know what I mean!" And Milly flung herself back in the chair, closing her eyes.

"I'm not sure I do," said Stanley after a pause. "Do you mean you like all that monkey business Greenfield puts on? Is that what has been the matter?"

Milly's heart was beating furiously, but her head ached, and so she had sufficient temper for the plunge. "I suppose I am abominably careless," she answered. "I call it good breeding. You take your hat off every one else, Stanley—I don't see

why you shouldn't for me. I don't care so much for myself, it's for you, and what they will think of you. When Mrs. Greenfield and I came in from the garden the other night, you didn't even get up. I was so much annoyed. I do think you might—" Her voice faltered and she stopped. In the pause that followed her anger gradually died down to cold fright and remorse, but she clung desperately to the fact that she was in the right and kept a bold front. Stanley stood in the middle of the room staring down at the floor. At last he lifted his head, with a short sigh.

"I suppose I am abominably careless," he replied mildly. "Somehow, I had felt that between us—however, you are quite right. I'll try to reform." And he went out of the room and downstairs, leaving Milly to the bitterness of victory.

If she had run down after him, it would have been all right, but she stayed upstairs and justified herself with undeniable facts. Stanley was deeply wounded at the weeks of silent criticism that had been leveled to him, and quietly put away the money for the holiday, returning to the office in the morning. When he came back that night Milly did not go to meet him, having an unaccountable aversion to the fruits of her victory. Her heart sank miserably when he paused, and—very properly—tapped on her door before entering.

Their evening was apparently a happy one. They laughed and talked even more than usual, ignoring the secret constraint. When Milly got up to find a letter, Stanley rose to his feet, and stood till she was seated again. "Just what he should do!" she said, defiantly to her shrinking self. Nevertheless she stayed rooted to the chair the rest of the evening, miserably repressing every impulse to move.

The week that followed seemed to be like that first evening. Both tried to be just and reasonable, but the little quarrel lay cold and heavy between them. Stanley swept off his hat when they met, but he did not tuck his big hand under her arm, and Milly's heart nearly broke.

It was the following Friday that Milly, busied in her husband's desk for stamps, came across some bank notes lying in a drawer. She counted them wonderingly, for stray money was not usual in that household, then put them back and went to the gate to watch for Stanley. Her neighbor, who had been away for several days, came across the lawn to speak to her, throwing away his cigarette.

"Did you go for your holiday?" he asked.

"Holiday?" she repeated vaguely. "Weren't you going off for a week? I thought your husband said so."

"We came out from town together last Friday."

Last Friday—the day Stanley had come home an hour earlier! Milly's heart shrank with sudden understanding.

"Oh, yes," she said slowly. "We had to put it off!"

"Jolly weather for a holiday, Mr. Greenfield went on. She lifted her head with pale resolve.

"It is," she agreed. "I think we shall go in the morning, Mr. Greenfield." Then she went back into the house. The money in the desk—and Stanley's long hours and late trains for several weeks before—

and then he had come home an hour earlier with his surprise, and she—

"Oh, oh!" she cried, her eyes slowly filling. She pressed her knuckles against her trembling lips. "Little fool, little beast," she whispered. Oh, how could she hurt him! What did anything matter when a man cared like that? "Oh!"

The gate clicked, and Stanley's step sounded on the gravel. She ran to the front door and flung it open as he mounted the steps. His hand went up to his hat, but she caught his wrist and clung to it.

"Don't take it off—Oh, Stanley, don't take it off or I shall die!" she sobbed.

He drew her into the house, and his arms closed about her in the dark of the hall. Presently he lifted his head with a deep breath of relief.

"But you were in the right, sweet heart," he insisted.

"Oh, bother the right!" said Milly, brokenly.

Arizona Dislikes Children.

Talk of children not being wanted in New York apartments was excluded a city woman who has recently returned from a two years' residence in Southern California. "Why, Arizona is the worst place in that respect that I have ever happened to visit. You can hardly find any one there who will rent you a house if you have children. We tried various towns in the State, but there was no abiding place open to us because of our three little olive branches."

"We should have liked to settle in Tucson, but not a landlord would have us. Finally we had to give up and go to Southern California, where they are not so hardhearted. Wouldn't you think that a new country like Arizona would be glad to have settlers with children, who would help to build up the region? But it doesn't seem to be so."

Mars "Teases" Astronomer.

Professor E. C. Pickering, Harvard's leading astronomer and scientist, has startled the world of astronomy and astrophysics by declaring that "Mars teases" him, and that he has "abandoned any further investigation" of that much-mooted planet.

HOW SORREL IS PRESERVED.

Curious Industry of a French Agricultural Community.

A curious agricultural industry is being profitably carried on at Vardolles, near Meaux, France. It consists in the manufacture of preserved sorrel, which is put up in tins or small casks and exported to all parts of the world for use as a culinary and table accessory, says the Scientific American.

This industry was started at Vardolles in the year 1860, but it still remains practically unknown to the world at large. It requires a motive power of about eight horsepower while a quantity of steam representing 17 horsepower is also used for boiling and cooking purposes. As the water used must be extremely pure, an artesian well has been sunk in the grounds of the factory, and yields a supply of the necessary medium which, like the immortal Bayard, is sans reproche.

Sorrel can only be grown four years in succession upon the same land, which must then be put under other crops for about 12 years. Hence the land bought up for the purpose covers a superficial area of 120 hectares (298 acres). When picked (for which 60 women are employed) the leaves are conveyed as quickly as possible to the factory; here they are carefully washed by mechanical means and are then well cooked in specially designed digesters or boilers.

This interesting industry, which is by no means unprofitable, would well repay consideration, as there is plenty of room for a much larger trade to be done in preserved sorrel—by no means an unpalatable table adjunct.

The Race Question in America.

The proportion of children in the United States has been studied by Prof. Walter F. Willcox, and the data are published in an interesting bulletin of the Census Bureau. Not only has the proportional number of children under the age of five been steadily decreasing since 1810, but also the number in relation to the number of women who are between the ages of 15 and 40—the child-bearing period. In 1880 there were 634 children to every 1,000 women, but in 1900 there were but 471, indicating a steady decline in the birthrate. This result is said by Gen. Francis A. Walker to be due to immigration, though in what way is not properly explained, for the same decline is not as great here. Indeed, no reasonable cause has been given. It is merely a phenomenon which has been going on since prehistory.

The smallest number of children is found in Massachusetts, omitting the District of Columbia, which is really a city, and all the other free children than in the surrounding country. There is less difference between the city and country in the North than in the South, where the country rate is very large and the city rate quite small. Moreover, the negro birth rate shows the same decline as that of the white population.

The foreign born women show a higher rate than natives, and this seems to be a remarkable phenomenon which has been noticed in many parts of the United States, though never satisfactorily explained. There is nothing said as to the proportionate number of children born who survive to marry and reproduce, but from other statistics, we are safe in asserting that this proportion is steadily rising all over the civilized world.

In the savage or barbarous life, the death rate of infants and children is dreadfully high. It seems that we are steadily approaching a future ideal state in which nearly all, if not all, children born will be raised to healthy adult life, and that the birth rate is naturally adjusting itself to this end. Yet the reason for the greater reduction in American-born women as compared with the immigrants, is yet to be explained. There is something about life in America which makes women shun the cares of bearing and rearing large families—perhaps as once before explained, they may have found, like the Canadians, that the old large families cannot now be supported. At any rate, it is nothing to worry about. We will never suffer for population.—American Magazine.

Character in Buildings.

Every race and every age unconsciously write their character in the buildings which they erect, in the kind of furniture they put in them and the kind of streets on which they place them. If a great American city buried 2,000 years under a mass of ashes, as Pompeii was, and was then excavated, it would be plainly seen what manner of people had lived in it. Our "sky scrapers" and tunnels and mechanical conveniences would show how ingenious we were and how our laws permitted every man to build without regard to snuffing off his neighbor's sunshine; they would show how we did business and how we cared chiefly for saving time and making money. Our city would show that we cared less for beauty than men did in former times. It would show that a few people were as rich as kings and lived in palaces, but that there were hundreds of thousands like ants in an anthill. Our school buildings would show how we cared for education and our churches would indicate our manner of worship. All our good and bad qualities would be revealed by the things we had made, even if all the books about us had perished.—St. Nicholas.

The word "wed" at first was not confined to the sense of marrying. To "wed" was to enter into a solemn pledge of any kind. Nobles and warriors were called wedded brethren when bound by oaths of amity and friendship.

CURIOUS NOISES FROM SANDS.

Sounds That Hawaiian Natives Believe Ghosts Make.

The mystery of the so-called "singing sands" is one that has never been solved quite satisfactorily. Such sounds are found in the neighborhood of Manchester, N. H., which is somewhat famous for them, and they occur also on Kauai, one of the islands of the Hawaiian group. The "singing sands" of Kauai form large coastal dunes along the shore, some of them as much as seventy feet in height, and as the gale rolls down the slope, impelled by the wind, they emit a curious sound that is not unlike the muffled barking of a dog.

In the Colorado Desert, often described as the hottest spot on earth, which is so celebrated for its extraordinary and deceptive mirages, similar sounds occur in hills which, being of a non-sedimentary disposition, are continually traveling hither and thither over the vast plain of clay. Of course, it is the wind that moves them, and the silicious particles of which they are composed give out, when a strong breeze is blowing, an audible humming or singing sound.

By examining these particles under a magnifying glass it has been ascertained that nearly all of them are perfectly spherical, so that they roll upon each other in response to the slightest impulse. This accounts for the rapidity with which the hills travel over the desert. As for the singing, the reason is by no means so obvious, but the theory now accepted is that it has something to do with an exceedingly thin film of gas covering the grains. By and by, if the sand is gathered and taken away, it loses its vocal properties.

The singing sands of the island of Kauai are perhaps the most remarkable of all. When a small quantity of them is taken up and clapped smartly between the hands it gives out a sound so shrill as to be described as a hoot. Again, if a shovelful be put into a bag and slammed about with violence the barking noise becomes surprisingly loud. The Hawaiian natives believe that the sounds are made by the ghosts of dead people, the dunes having been used since time immemorial as burial places.

MEANNESS OF RICH WOMEN.

Society Dames Who Sleep to Dishonesty to Save Money.

A young woman who acted for a time as secretary to a prominent New York society woman tells some remarkable tales of the small meanings of the very rich. She says her patroness, whose wealth touches the million mark, was, in the first place, one of the most successful smugglers on this side of the water, bringing over hundreds of dollars worth of gowns, jewels, lace and other expensive articles every year, free of duty, by means of false-bottom trunks, putting rolled waistbands and linings in new gowns to make them appear old and resorting to the various other subterfuges known to that large class of wealthy women who devote much of their time and ingenuity in devising ways of cheating the government of duties. And this they do not merely to save money—which they fling about recklessly in other directions—but because they think it clever to "get the better" of some one.

This society woman boasts among her acquaintances of another scheme for saving money of which she is particularly proud—that of having imported cloaks, dresses and hats sent home "on approval" from the shops, so that her maid may copy them, and returning them next day to be credited to her account. By this means she is able to duplicate for the bare cost of the materials patterns which the importer has paid heavy duties to bring from abroad for his customers. The shopkeepers are perfectly aware of this practice, but, as the woman is a "charge" customer, they have no redress. If they refuse to take the articles back she will refuse to pay for them.

Then, too, rich women are nothing if not capricious. Fashionable modistes frequently have to sell to a second-hand dealer for \$25 a \$150 gown that has been thrown back upon her hands after it has been ordered by a wealthy patron. But the greatest sufferer is the shoemaker, who will often have returned to him shoes made to fit some customer whose feet are a peculiar shape or are not made. These, of course, are utterly useless, yet it is the poor man and not the rich woman who must suffer this loss. And the tradespeople dare not complain for the women who do these things set the fashion, and if their patronage is withdrawn most of the other customers will leave, too. So the tradespeople must grin and bear it.

A stone carving of a grizzly bear in the attitude of defending her cubs has been made by A. C. Thompson, Seattle, and will be shipped to Alaska, to be placed over the grave of R. Shadley, one of the most prominent Indians of the north when alive. He died on Dec. 17, 1903, leaving \$600 to pay for the monument.

Here's a letter from a woman, said the answer-to-correspondence editor, "who wants to know what to use in cleaning carpets."

"It she is a married woman," suggested the snake editor, "tell her to use her husband."

Mrs. John F. Spencer, living in Marion county, South Carolina, is a living daughter of a Revolutionary soldier, Captain Stephen Godbold, one of Marion's men, and was born on Dec. 22, 1823.

GRAY HORSES WORST BALKERS.

Expert Says North Sound Horses Rarely Linger.

A short while ago a horseman imparted some very interesting observations of his own in regard to balking horses, says a writer in New York Post. According to him, fully two-thirds of the horses that balk are gray horses. Just what affinity there is between gray coloring matter and a predisposition to delay general traffic for half a day at a stretch is a question too deep for me. Perhaps some scientist can figure out the answer.

"Another thing worth noting is that a horse traveling toward the north balks. When going east, west or south he may, on occasions, suddenly take root in the pavement, but if northward bound there seems to be an irresistible current that sweeps him along, no matter how strong his inclination to stop and ruminate. Furthermore, according to my informant, a horse hitched singly is more apt to balk than when driven with a mate, and is also much harder to reduce to an amiable frame of mind."

"It is strange, too, what a boundless respect most horses have for certain kinds of freight. Very seldom does a horse hitched to a milk wagon stop to think things over unless given permission to loiter. Bakers carts are likewise immune, and no self-respecting horse ever thinks of going into a tannery when drawing a load of skins. The drivers of pickle wagons also give a good account of their teams, and nobody ever heard of a candy wagon being held up by an unruly horse."

EUROPE'S OLDEST BEAUTY SHOP.

Dates Four Hundred Years Back in a Convent in Spain.

It recedes soon became famous throughout the world, and the perfume of Santa Maria Novella was acknowledged to be the first and greatest known. The Medici, dukes, popes and princes patronized it, and it was sold from time to time. Every new director added some recipes to those already in use and his portrait was hung on the wall of the establishment. The last monk director of the establishment was the first to exhibit in foreign exhibitions, gaining medals wherever he went. When he died the nephew who succeeded him gave extraordinary development to the business. Pope Innocent XI once gave a recipe to cure burns which is still called "Balsam Innocentianus." The catalogue of this old pharmacy contains recipes for "Regina Vagabunda," all made from herbs cultivated in the convent gardens. There is also a water to cure toothaches, which every dentist should have. Some of the convent waters are used instead of soap to cleanse, soften and whiten the skin. Even the health and beauty of the hair were studied by these old monks, who were doctors, chemists and perfumers combined, and whose study was the perfection and cultivation of human health and beauty. The orris powder of Santa Maria Novella is considered the finest in the world. It is made from the plant growing in the convent gardens and is ground in the convent laboratory. It is used to perfume linen, brush the teeth and to apply to the skin after the bath.

There is a quaint shop in Rome where this famous perfume is still sold. And this and the shop in Florence are the only places where it can be obtained. It took the monks four hundred years to become imbued with the necessary commercial spirit to sell their concoctions outside of the convent, no matter how great the demand.

Women as Wine Agents.

There are three women wine agents in the land. They all sell California wines, and they compete in the East with men agents that the far Western vineyards send East to win trade with the Chicago Tribune. One of these women carried off a contract for \$100,000 worth of wine made by a department store, from a rival agent who was a man.

Good fellowship always has been held to be one of the chief virtues of the successful wine agent. Strangely enough, the women have found that they do not have to compete with the men in this particular. Two of the women do not drink at all, and the other takes a glass of wine only when it is necessary to make the proper impression upon a prospective purchaser. But all the women are good judges of the article they sell.

The chief qualifications possessed by the successful women wine agents are womanliness and diplomacy. One of them started in the work at \$25 a week and now is getting \$250. There are certain perquisites with the position, too, in the way of wine that she can use for her friends. No business house is more generous in giving away its product than the wine house. Men wine agents have carte blanche usually in the matter of giving away bottles of their goods, and the women share this privilege with them.

The women that have embarked in the business say they have found only one drawback to their position, and that is with whom they come in contact. They attend to their business and they sell the wine.

One of the oldest settlers in Kingman county, Kansas, is a mule. It helped to draw the first wagon load of provisions into the county. The mule has been admitted as a member of the Old Settlers' association and attends every picnic. It is one of the landmarks of the county.

HUGH ADAMS' BAME.

Barrenness of the Land in the West.

It is hard to keep track of the money games that are being played in New York all the time. The money game is looking for money that it can use. He is short himself and he is looking for someone to help him out. He has had his little game of money, but he is shorter than when he began. A new phase of the money game has been called the "bame" game. It is a new game, and it is being played in New York. A man named Adams is playing it. He is a man of money, and he is looking for someone to help him out. He has had his little game of money, but he is shorter than when he began. A new phase of the money game has been called the "bame" game. It is a new game, and it is being played in New York. A man named Adams is playing it. He is a man of money, and he is looking for someone to help him out. He has had his little game of money, but he is shorter than when he began.

At the office indicated he was a man of money. He would like to have some money, would he not? Well, he came to the right place, but it was a fair to warn him that the money game was a game of money. He was a man of money, and he was looking for someone to help him out. He has had his little game of money, but he is shorter than when he began.

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