

## The Choice

When Winnifred learned that Mrs. Ashmont and her son were to visit her in Barton the first emotion to assert itself was one of vague unrest. Her eyes wandered about the rough camp with its bare walls and inadequate furnishings, yet she knew that it was not these things after all which mattered. She was endeavoring to hide from her own shrinking heart just what it was which caused her to dread their coming.

When she had refused to be Ralph Ashmont's wife she had assured him that there was "no one else." How then could she explain her engagement to John Shirley? How could she tell him that the rough forcefulness of the man had completely taken her by storm? She knew that it would all seem so inconsistent to Ashmont and yet, even so, was it the thought of his opinion of herself which she feared or his possible scolding of Shirley? Her mind flashed back to the quiet elegance of the Ashmont's home in Washington, to the low voiced dignity of the men and women whom she had met there, and then returned to a brief survey of Shirley from their standpoint. She lingered with a self torture upon the thought of his obvious embarrassment in the presence of strangers and of his frequent lapses from grammatical speech. The hot blood rose to her face. Was she ashamed of him? Ashamed of the great honest fellow with his strong, rugged hands, his sun-tanned skin and open disregard for the conventions? She winced at her self-accusation but knew in her heart that she had struck the keynote of her reluctance to have them come.

Mrs. Ashmont greeted her effusively, and Ralph, scrupulous and fastidious as she had remembered him, looked over her hand in a low, self-deprecating greeting. The meeting recalled vividly all her past association with them, and as she took her place beside them on the awaiting car her mind rebelled bitterly at the ordeal which faced her. As they moved slowly along the steep dusty road, skirted by ledges of unbroken rock, she saw Shirley coming toward them with rapid strides. He had been repairing the engine in her father's mine and his face was begrimed with oil and dirt.

"Turn to the left, father!" she cried sharply. "I wish Mrs. Ashmont to see the river."

Her heart was beating rapidly and her face flamed in self-embarrassment. She was ashamed of him and yet he loved her with all that was strongest and best in his rugged nature.

John Shirley knew that she had come to meet him, and caught the quick command to her father and realized that she did not wish to pass him.

When he came to spend the evening, as had been his custom, her conversation at his presence was obvious. She made no occasion for him to meet her guests, and after remaining with her for a few moments in the outer room he went sadly home, as the days passed and he noted her staid expression of him he realized the truth with a dizzy, impotent helplessness.

At length when her guests had departed she came to her with a pale, smiling face. She ran to meet him with extended hands, the first real greeting she had accorded him for many days. Her face was aglow with relief and pleasure at his coming, but she drew back before the stern misery of his eyes.

"I am going away, Winnifred," he said unhesitatingly. "No, you need not explain, little girl—I know—you were ashamed."

"No, no, John," she faltered, but her eyes wavered and passed his steady gaze.

"I thought you loved me," he burst out bitterly. "But I'll try and understand. It is best that I should go. Win, and I—I may not come back."

"You mustn't go," she sobbed. "I do love you, John, I do. It was only—"

"Only that you were ashamed," he finished, miserably, then he gently removed her clinging hand and strode from the room.

It was two years later, in Washington, before Winnifred saw John Shirley again. He was the center of a brilliant assembly of men and women who waited eagerly with marked deference for his opinion upon weighty problems. Winnifred's heart beat rapidly with a mingled joy and dread. He must surely come soon and claim her. She would congratulate him upon his success and he, in turn, would name her as his incentive.

But when he came to her it was with a beautiful woman clinging to his arm. Winnifred knew her to be one of the prominent social leaders of the day and shrank instinctively from the meeting.

## FIGHT OVER AN OLD SHOTGUN.

### Relic of Fight That Took Place a Hundred Years Ago.

A legal controversy for the possession of an ancient double-barreled shot-gun is in prospect in Duluth, Minn.

The gun was owned, and is still claimed, by Roy McKenzie, once famous as Duluth's giant policeman, he being seven feet one and a half inches tall, but Terry & Paine dispute his claim to the gun. The gun had lain at the bottom of the Rainy River, at the foot of the falls at Fort Frances, for more than one hundred years. It was lost with many other guns of the same kind, and many lives were sacrificed during a desperate fight at Fort Frances, about 1800, between employees of rival companies—the Hudson Bay and the American Fur Companies. The story of the battle is almost a tradition now, though some records relating to it were destroyed at the time the Hudson Bay post at Fort Frances was burned a year ago.

Two of the guns were recovered recently and one was presented to Mr. McKenzie. The stock is rotten and it may be picked to pieces with the fingers. When Terry & Paine made business in Duluth he accepted and forgot about the gun which was displayed in the front window. He claims the gun and Terry & Paine declare that it is theirs and that they prize it highly. Mr. McKenzie has been given to understand he can recover the gun by paying a stiff price for it, but he says he will try a legal remedy to regain possession of the relic. It was a Hudson Bay gun and of English manufacture.

The story briefly told of the battle between the employees of the rival companies is as follows: Word reached Fort Frances that a large fleet of canoes heavily laden with furs was coming down the river. Both of the fur companies heard the news at about the same time, and each fitted out an expedition to proceed up river and meet the Indians, carrying with them presents and words of kindly greeting—all included to win the good will of the Indians and help the business in sight.

The rival expeditions started up the river in canoes at about the same time, and before they had proceeded far got into a fight. It is related by old-timers who have heard the story from others, since passed away, that the men became absorbed in the fight and allowed their canoes to drift near the falls, that they could not save themselves in consequence they were carried over and drowned or dashed to death on the rocks.

The gun which Mr. McKenzie and Terry & Paine claim was one that went over the falls with the rival expeditions which exterminated each other.

### The Handy Mountain Battery.

At the outbreak of the Spanish war, in 1898, Captain G. W. Van Deusen, of the artillery corps, was sent to England to buy guns for use in a land of mountain and jungle. He bought his artillery, took it to Manila and with a hundred or more men and mules organized the first mountain battery attached to the United States army. The battery was only a temporary organization, but it proved its value in the island campaign. Two of the batteries are in the Philippines and one is at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., where it is of frequent use in the field problem of the General Staff and Service college. Soon after the first rumors of war with Colombia came out of Washington the mountain battery at Leavenworth received many unofficial warnings—that it would be part of the American army to be sent to the isthmus. The officers and men still have hopes.

One gun is apportioned among four mules—wheels and axles, trail, gun barrel, and last, cradle or chamber, to take up the concussion caused by firing. The bore is 75 millimeters, or 2.95 inches. Stocky mules and long men are required, for parts weighing 350 pounds each are to be lifted to the backs of the animals. The mules do not kick, or there would be a high death rate in the command, as the men necessarily take many chances with agile hind hoofs. The first training of the green mules is to make it as gentle as a house dog, and there is bareback riding for weeks before a pack is brought into sight.

The battery is officered by Captain Oscar I. Smith, Lieutenant D. W. Hand, Lieutenant Cleveland C. Lansing and Lieutenant N. B. Rehkopf—Collier's Weekly.

### Origin of a Uniform.

The late Sir "Harry" Keppel had among other distinctions that of being the great nephew of the man who first designed a British naval uniform. He was Augustus, first and last Viscount Keppel, who filled as many signboards in his day as Urquhart was to fill later. Born a second son to William Anne, second Earl of Albemarle, in 1725, he died, a popular hero, in 1786. At 22 he was a post captain, and in command of the Maldstone frigate. He had chased a Frenchman inshore off Belleisle, had run his own ship aground and lost her—under Mrs. Sarah Bernhardt's dining room windows, you may say, now.

He and his crew were presently exchanged, and he was waiting his court-martial. Meantime, as he wrote to the Emperor, he was occupying himself, at the king's request, in evolving a naval uniform. His idea was French gray and silver. But George II. happened to see the Duchess of Bedford in a blue riding habit with white facings, which is why the navy wore colors, and not Keppel's.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Winnifred's eyes filled with miserable, futile tears, and she realized in that bitter moment all that this great loss would mean to her. She turned away and walked unsteadily from the room.

Shirley's eyes followed her wistfully. He caught his breath sharply, and a swift spasm of pain crossed his face, but the next instant he had straightened his shoulders and bent with a tender reverence above his wife—

ANNA LOUISE KIMBALL.

## Molasses Candy

"How can you tell when it is done?" inquired the young man who sat on the kitchen chair.

The young woman presiding over the gas stove turned a slightly flushed face upon him and pushed back her sleeves as she dabbed with a spoon at the bubbling kettle. "All good cooks can tell when a thing is done," she retorted loftily, if a trifle vaguely. "I'll bet you haven't the remotest idea when boiled water is done, or anything of molasses candy!" he jeered.

"It is done," said the young woman, condescendingly passing over his insinuation. "It is done when it 'hairs'." "You don't seem to have much of an opinion of me."

"You know perfectly well my opinion of you," replied the young man. "I've told you often enough. I'll tell you again if—"

"You needn't mind," interrupted the young woman, at the same time stirring vigorously. "This takes so long to boil—"

"That's the seventy-sixth time," said the young man, that you have cut me off when I approached the boundaries of what a rudimentary person like yourself might call the dangerously sentimental. I give you fair warning that I'll catch you some time when you'll have to listen. How do you know when it 'hairs'?"

The young woman frowned. It is so annoying to jump so abruptly from poetry to prose as represented by molasses and brown sugar. Moreover, she was troubled by the consciousness that she did not in the least know. Why it hairs when when it hairs—

"Oh, I see," said the young man, with an air of great enlightenment, coming over where he too could peer into the kettle. "Say that you have a great idea of yours to make molasses candy to-night? You don't know how fascinating you look in that apron. I don't wonder you made the first chance you could to put it on. But then, I like you in anything!"

"Would you mind putting in my side comb?" asked the young woman, severely. "It is falling out and I can't touch it because I'm cooking. Thank you. What are you doing? You've put it in three times. Jimmie—for goodness sake, let it be!"

"Don't get excited," said the young man, pleasantly. "I never know hair could be so wonderfully soft as yours is. I like to touch it. I—"

"I believe this is done," broke in the young woman, turning out the gas stove abruptly. "You'll have to stand aside so that I can pour it into the pan to cool."

"Seventy-seventh time," said the young man, gloomily. "Just you wait. This can't go on forever. How do you know?"

"Now, don't ask me how I know when it is cool!" said the young woman in what seemed like exasperation. "You can help pull it presently!"

"Oh, joy! Oh, rapture!" said the young man, woefully. "Sometimes I begin to think you don't care a particle about me and that you put me off because you want to instead of because you want to coquet a while with the handcuffs, yoke and shackles you see descending on you! You—"

"You are simply crazy!" said the girl, sitting down on the other kitchen chair. "I'm so glad you like molasses taffy!"

"It's the only kind I get around here," declared the young man. "What keeps it from sticking to your hands?" as she began pulling the mass from the pan.

"With buttered hands and properly cooked candy," said the young woman. "There is no danger whatever."

She broke off and pulled frantically, but each motion only plastered the sticky stuff more freely over her hands. The more she worked the more it got. Shining, dripping molasses adorned both her hands as she looked somewhat piteously at the young man and said, "Oh, what shall I do?"

"It cannot be that it was cooked properly," he began, but relented as he detected a glimmer at the corners of her lips. She had really worked very hard over that candy.

"Oh, Edith, don't cry!" he began in terror. "I didn't mean it, really. I'm a brute—and you're an angel—and you do care a little bit, don't you? You've had me nearly worried to death!"

When the young man descended from the clouds long enough to realize anything besides the fact that he had had the temerity to take the young woman in his arms and she had let him do it, he was conscious of a curious sensation at the back of his neck. Realization came to him with a shock.

"Dearest," he begged, "it's a shame to mention the fact at such a moment and I really would stand a hundred times worse for the sake of having your hands right where they are now—but the molasses from them is running down the back of my collar!"—Chicago News.

### Too Rich.

The Cannibal Chef—"This fellow you're eating now, your excellency, was a Pittsburgh millionaire." The Cannibal Chief—"Well, I find him altogether too rich for me."

### Milk Put to New Use.

Buttons, piano keys and similar objects are now made of milk.

### Is Kept Too Busy.

The real martyr never has time to enjoy the home.

## HIS TRAINED TELEPHONE EAR.

### Immediate Recognition of Voices Over the Wire Holds Position.

"Training is everything," remarked a politician in the Fifth Avenue Hotel a night or two ago. "Why, there's Mike Padden, who is Tim Sullivan's right-hand man—he has trained himself by long practice so that he never forgets a voice heard over the telephone."

The conversation revolved itself into anecdotes of Congressman Sullivan's political and business side, and many were the stories told about that important personage. It appears that the Bowers legislator, when he has an important piece of business to transact, arranges the detail in a personal interview, but always by telephone. His friends say that he has not entered into any noteworthy deal for twenty years except in his own original way. And, as everybody knows, "Big Tim" is always transacting business.

The trusty lieutenant, Mr. Padden, accompanies "Big Tim" wherever the latter goes. If the Congressman is in Washington, there also is Mike. If Mr. Sullivan is at the Oriental Hotel, Manhattan Beach or the Occidental Hotel on the Bowery, there also is Mr. Padden. Wherever Mr. Sullivan may be that is in any of his accustomed haunts—he is liable to have a call by telephone from those who do business with him, know how to reach him on the wire at almost any time.

The right-hand man always answers the phone. It is said that after hearing a voice once over the wire he remembers it so accurately that he recognizes it after months, or even years. To prove this, one of the men in the Fifth Avenue Hotel told the following story.

A man down in Wall street had occasion to call up Tim Sullivan about a year ago. At the other end of the wire was Mike. The Wall street man gave his name, and after a little while he was permitted to talk to the Congressman from that time until he had reached Mr. Sullivan. It was last Thursday that he rang up the Congressman, but being called suddenly away from the phone he gave the receiver into the hands of a clerk for a few moments. While the clerk sat at the phone Mike got on the other end.

"Who's that?" inquired Tim's representative.

"This is Mr. —" replied the clerk giving the name of his employer.

"Craw!" responded the man at the other end. "You ain't Mr. — and you can't talk to the boss either. You're a fair!"

Just then the employer returned to the phone took up the receiver, and said "Hello! This is Mr. — wish to speak to Congressman Sullivan."

"In an instant the response, 'All right, sir, come back, and the Congressman was at the phone in a twinkling!'"

It is said to be solely on account of his "telephone ear" that "Big Tim" retains the trusted one close to his person, for Mr. Padden does no work except answer calls on the wire, barring occasional mistakes on business so important that "Big Tim" is willing to let him leave the presence for a few hours.—New York Times.

### Chickens Too Fat.

"When I see one or women looking for nothing but fat on a fowl," said a Twelfth street market man, "I don't envy them their dinner. There's a layer of fat underneath the skin when poultry is unduly fattened, and in the cooking this overheated fat saturates the meat and delicate stomachs have a hard time. This is why a lot of people can't eat ducks and geese and why these over-fattened fowls are in reality more expensive and less lean meat in proportion to the fat. Most of my customers are now willing to pay what a good turkey is worth, understanding the difference. What is the difference? Why, there are a few rules that must be observed. For at least six days before killing bantam fowls must be cooped, not huddled, but have good, clean space, and be well fed on corn for at least five days. Then for twenty-four hours before killing they should be fed on skimmed milk or soft boiled rice. The night before the killing the turkey must have plenty of water but no food, which leaves the crop empty, the intestines clean, the dark meat quite light, and gives a flavor as different as possible from the offensive favor that is likely to impregnate the common fowl killed in the common way. The flesh of all animals is flavored by their food. This accounts for the delicious favor of the canvasback and rethand ducks. Both eat of the wild celery at the water's edge, the former taking the roots, the latter the tops."—Philadelphia Record.

### Fair Warning.

Col. Bill Allison, editor of the Snyder Signal Star, who is a terror when it comes to casting trouble, prints this on the fuel question: "A man who will steal fuel from a newspaper office would steal from his blind grandmother, and yet there is a son of-a-gun in the vicinity of this office who helps himself to coal belonging to the Signal Star. The young man who sleeps in the office would have recognized him on Monday if he had been better acquainted in the town. As it is, the general appearance of the sneak is so vividly impressed on his memory that he will know him when he sees him, and then when he has been identified in the editor the sneak will hear something drop."—Kansas City Times.

## To Let

It was August. The earth looked shabby and weary. The lawns and fields were unbecomingly sunburnt, the foliage was dull, dusty and worn. In fact, Nature's spring clothes were sadly mussed and faded, and she was without means to have them dyed until autumn. She seemed too dispirited even to wash her face and comb her hair. She simply resigned herself to the sultry haze which dimmed the brightness of her sky, and seemed to say, "What's the use of trying to be tidy under such conditions?"

That is the way the world looked to Millicent as she walked up the path of the disabellied grounds.

"Like love," she said, "when it springs me passed."

The house stared rudely from its uncurtained windows, in one of which was a sign, "To Let."

Millicent had assured the real estate agent that it was unnecessary to send his clerk with her, and he had given her the keys.

Her hand trembled as she unlocked the front door and stepped into the resounding hall. The air was close and she left the door wide open. The painful stirring of memories shook her as she tiptoed gently through the empty rooms on the first floor and then ascended to the next. No one had occupied the house since she and Alec had left it, a little over a year ago. The same paper was on the wall. She remembered the shy joy which they had selected it, trying to appear like old married folks and knowing all the time that the smiling clerk recognized their true status and was laughing at them. The same scars were on the oak floors. The marks of the castors showed where their dressing tables had set hers on one side of the room and his on the other. With a dull pang she remembered the bickering they had over Alec's disorder about his dressing table and his habit of leaving the drawers open. There were the marks of the wall paper where the two had had set another subject of contention. She had wanted them set that way because of their appearance. Alec wanted them in the corner so the morning light would not strike in his face. There was the irregular stain in the floor of her little sitting room where Alec had spilled some acid he had prepared to clean something or other. He was never happier than when painting or carpentering or tinkering something, thus keeping some part of the house constantly in a stir. To the fastidious Millicent that particular stain was always an eyesore. The rug had to be pulled from its proper angle to cover it, and Alec was never allowed to forget the enormity of this offense. A spasm of anguish seized her. Oh, if they could live it over again how different she would make it! Yet without the teaching of past experiences they would fall into the same blunders again. But if they could only have another trial how wise she could be! He might make spots all over the house and she would be ready to kiss them every one. How clearly she now saw that it is a stone is worn away by the constant falling of a drop of water so a slightly love may be chafed away by the little rubs of daily selfishness. She opened her arms upon the dusty man's piece and wept tears of bitterness.

"How like to her dreary heart was the empty house with its scars and hopeless echoes. It was new when they came into it, and no one had lived in it since. No one else should ever live in it. "To Let!" It should be to let! She would hire it. She would bring the old furniture back to place it just where he would like to have it. She would fit it up as when she would wait for the old ten to come back. Her heart was heavy but it should be full again. Her thoughtless exactions had led to her breaking up of their home, and her love would build it again.

She walked the floor, her cheeks flushed with excitement. She checked the purring of the motor car that had stopped at the gate, and waited when a step sounded in the hall below and on the stairs. "The agent," she thought, hastily striving to wipe the stains of grief from her face. The step had a painfully familiar sound as it came nearer and nearer. How her heart beat. There was no mistaking that step. It was her husband's. Leaning breathlessly forward, with her hands clasped against her bursting heart, she watched the door. There he stood on the threshold, looking at her as if she were a ghost, then as the light of understanding broke, with a tender murmur he strode across the room and gathered her in his arms. The tenant had come back.

They took the sign out of the window and, like happy children, together went back to the real estate office. "My husband thinks we had better take it," said Millicent.

"Very well," answered the agent, briskly. "It's in first rate repair, except possibly the floors—"

Millicent hurriedly interposed. "Any trifling renovations, like the floors for instance, we shall prefer to attend to ourselves."—GRACE BOWDITCH.

### Scatter Your Flowers as You Go.

There is no law by which a man may more than a rose, can withhold and yet receive. He must give first and give generously, broadly, magnanimously, if he would develop a significant character, if he would accumulate soul-wealth. Give or starve! This is Nature's law. Give of your sympathy, of your money, of your encouragement, of yourself, or starve mentally, morally.

## BARBERING BY CODE.

### New Tonsorial Work Is Scientifically Done in Kansas City.

A barber on Kansas avenue in Kansas City, was laying an extra layer of lather over the face of a peripartur customer when suddenly he reached in a drawer under the mirror and drew forth a large leather-bound book. "Just a minute," he said to the customer, whose eyes were covered by a towel. "I want to find the diagnosis for a sore throat. A careful scrutiny of your Adam's apple discloses a slight swelling. And you perhaps do not know that we barbers have received our rules and regulations from the State board of health."

He then removed the towel from the customer's eyes, and pointed to a large sign on the wall.

"I find that you have slight symptoms of sore throat, however, I guess you will pass the regulations." Then he placed the medical book back in the drawer, and proceeded to scrape off the man's whiskers. Having finished shaving, he dipped an end of a towel in a box of powder and applied it to the customer's face. Regulation 10 forbids the use of a powder puff.

"I will be ready for you in just a minute," he said to another customer who was waiting. He then proceeded to abide by Regulation 8, which provides that the barber wash his hands thoroughly after serving each customer. Then by Regulation 4 he sterilized by immersing in boiling water all the tonsorial tools that had been used on the previous customer. Then by Regulation 5 he made sure to get new towels for the new customer. He then took some formaldehyde gas, which he applied to his razor to make sure that any bacilli that might have become secreted in the small indentations would be dead before applying the razor again. After looking over the list to see that none of the regulations were violated, he summoned the customer who was waiting to the chair and repeated the same formula.

### Landman and Sailor.

To the landman the sea must always possess dangers that to the sailor appear only as casual phenomena upon which to exercise his skill. The prayer-book has a special petition for the safety of those who go down to the sea in ships, and every one who ventures to leave the shore goes forth with a consciousness of awe at his own daring. Yet in the intricate complexity of modern civilization safety on land and safety at sea have walked by no means with equal step. Every morning brings us some story of death or accident on land, while the great passenger ships come and go in monotonous regularity, bringing so reports more stirring than those of high seas that have kept them from making new records.

With the present mad race for speed and its attendant recklessness, our streets demand constant alertness. If one would cross them with safety, speed at sea has come through larger and more stoutly constructed ships. So the familiar old story of the sailor man at sea in a storm who, serene in his consciousness of ample sea room, piously ejaculates, "God help the poor folks ashore to-night!" is not wholly fantastic.

### Imitation Patina.

The best method of obtaining a coating resembling patina, according to the Metallurgist, Vienna, is to immerse the article in a solution of nitrate of copper and then to place it while still wet in a chamber containing an abundance of carbonic acid. The fermenting room of a brandy distillery is specially adapted for this purpose, as, besides containing carbonic acid, it has a rather high temperature, which materially aids the formation of the coating. In this case the development of the green incrustation may be observed from day to day, if after about a week the object has not yet obtained the proper color it must be again dipped in the above solution, and this operation repeated till the desired shade has been acquired. As the formation of patina under these conditions proceeds in the same way as in the open air, but more rapidly, a handsome and permanent coating can be produced by this means.

### Swearing to Validity of an Excuse.

Kissing the book seems to be on the point of being consigned to well-deserved oblivion, and England might easily take pattern by the form of oath that obtains in the Channel islands. The 15 rectors are ex-officio members of the States of Jersey, and in common with other constituent elements of the same body they frequently are seen with the uplifted hand swearing to the validity of the excuse that another member is absent through illness. The custom has been handed down from a Norman ancestor that ever recognized the sacred finality of putting a man on his oath, and emphasizes most strikingly the parallel values of the right hand and of a man's pledged word. "Poingdestré" is still a Jersey surname.—The Guardian.

### Called.

When they drew near an ice-cream soda sign he started up an animated conversation to divert her attention. However, she was wise to the trick. "Darling," he whispered rapturously, "you are the prettiest girl I ever met. You are as pretty as a picture postal card."

She smiled sardonically. "Indeed?" she responded. "And do you know, Percy, that you remind me of a picture postal card." "Ah, because I am so handsome?" "No, because you are so cheap." And after that there was nothing to do but take her back to the marble counter and set up the soda.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.