HIS STUPID LITTLE WIFE

By ESTELLE MARSH

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They were walking together on the riverside

Both were young and one was beautiful

The crown of her hat was big enough to fit the head of the colossal statue of Athena on the Acropolis at Athens. They were talking of love and marriage. Most young couples while dawdling talk either of love and marriage or platonic friendship, the man taking the ground that it is impossible, the girl that it is the most desirable form of affection between the sexes

"As for me," he said, "when I marry I prefer a girl whom I can love with my whole heart and soul."

"Then you must get one with a strong personality, good judgment and an excellent mind."

"I wish nothing of the kind. Give me a girl with a pink and white complexion, a pretty pair of rose lips and not too much brain."

"Well, I declare!"

"She must not only be stupid, but must prove herself stupid. No, I will not even trust her to do that. I will prove her stupid myself."

"You don't mean what you say. How could you love such a girl?"

"I love her already."

She cast a quick glance at him, then bent her eyes to the ground. She had been under the impression that he had been falling in love with her. She was at a loss to know what this meant. Had she a rival?

"A man doesn't wish the counterpart of himself in a woman. Her intellectual gifts repel him, her feminine stupidity delights him. If she is strong he looks upon her as he would a man. If she is weak he longs to protect and comfort her."

"This dunce that you love, is she" -

"She is not a dunce judged by a proper standard. There must be one standard for men and another for women. A man—a real man—wouldn't know how to take care of a baby—at least he wouldn't do it the right way. When I was a boy my mother left me one afternoon to mind my little sister eight months old. I wished to go and play. If I could put the baby to sleep I would be free. I blew in the little thing's eyes, forcing her to shut them. I kept up this process till she went to sleep. You see, I didn't know anything about babies."

She thought awhile before saying "It seems to me that was rather clever—for a boy."

"But you couldn't lay it down as a recipe for putting babies to sleep."

"No. I suppose it wouldn't do always."

"Will you kindly tell me," he asked, breaking away from the topic of conversation, "how you women make those big crowned hats stay on the tops of your heads? I don't understand why they don't slip down over your eyes. If I wore one of them I'd have to cut holes to see through."

"Well, you see, we women have a lot of hair and all that to fill them up."

"Oh, I supposed there was some patent contrivance for the purpose."

"We have hatpins, you know."

"You mean those rapiers with coachman's buttons for hilts?"

"They must be long to go through the large crowns."

"I see. Would you mind unsheathing yours and letting me see the inside of your hat?"

She removed the hatpins and, taking off her hat, showed him the inner crown

"Why, the diameter is two or three inches less within than it is without!"

"I don't understand you."

"This part inside is smaller than any man's hat. There is a false inner crown."

"There is a difference, isn't there?"

"I should say so."

"I didn't know that."

"Better put it on again and the swords through. It might fall down over your eyes."

"I dare say," pouting, "you consider me very stupid."

"I have not left it to you to prove yourself so. I have done it myself. You know I said I would."

"In the case of the creature you wished to marry."

"There is a method in my madness."

"Will you kindly explain wherein the method lies?"

"I told you I wished a stupid girl for a wife. Could there be anything more stupid than a girl wearing one of these hats on her head and not knowing how it is kept on the top of her head?"

There was a slap with one hand, a caress with the other. She may have been stupid about the hat, but she was bright enough to catch his "method" and, catching it, held her tongue. Indeed, from this point she let him to do all the talking. He took her hand and whispered a number of lovely things in her ear

They had been married long enough for the problems of life to loom up, such as winter coal bills, gas bills, doctor's fees and other items that will always be coming up without being expected. Notwithstanding her stupidity she proved a good manager. But at the end of the first year one day her husband received a bill for a new hat the amount of which astonished him. He remonstrated.

"I thought it very cheap," she said.

"Cheap! Are you so stupid as to buy a thing merely because it is cheap?"

"I thought you loved me for my stupidity," she replied, hanging her head.

SIMPLE PUDDINGS.

Desserts That Are Made Without the Aid of Eggs.

Poor Man's Rice Pudding.—This is made without eggs, which is a great advantage to the household that must economize on its sweets. Take four cupfuls of milk, one-half cupful of rice, salt to taste, one-half teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon or four cloves and one tablespoonful of butter. Wash the rice thoroughly and parboil it in a pint of water. Drain it dry when half cooked and arrange it in a baking dish, with the various other ingredients lightly stirred in. Serve with cream or rich milk and powdered sugar. Bake this one hour.

Indian Meal Pudding.—Take five cupfuls of scalded milk, one-half cupful of fresh Indian meal, one-half cupful of molasses, a pinch of salt and one teaspoonful of ground ginger. Pour the hot milk slowly over the meal, stirring all the while, and cook it in a double boiler twenty-five minutes, then add the molasses, salt and ginger and put the mixture into a buttered baking dish and bake slowly for two hours. If baked too rapidly this pudding will spoil. The ginger may be omitted if this taste is unpleasant, and cream is an accompaniment to the dish.

Sweet Potato Pudding.—For four persons take two large sweet potatoes, peel and grate them raw. Beat in two or four eggs, molasses to make a running paste and as much powdered ginger as is liked. Bake the pudding quite three hours in a slow oven. This is a favorite sweet in the south, where it is dubbed "potato poon," which word is a corruption of pone.

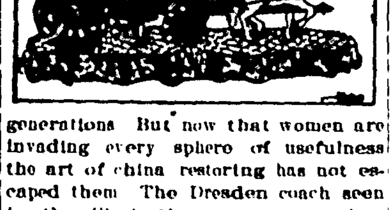
Steamed Apple Pudding.—Take two cupfuls of flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of butter, three-fourths cupful of milk and four cooking apples cut in plugs. Mix and sift the dry ingredients, work in the butter with the fingers and then add milk, mixing this in with a silver knife. Toss the sponge upon a floured board, pat and roll it lightly and after piling the pared and cut apples in the center of the dough sprinkle these with a little salt and nutmeg. Gather the dough round the apples dumpling fashion, twist the ends tightly and steam in a double boiler one hour and twenty minutes. This must be served hot with a hard sugar and butter sauce. Any dried fruit may be used for the pudding, and a squeeze of lemon juice will greatly improve the sauce.

A NEW TRADE.

China Restoring Congenial Occupation For Girls With Artistic Tastes.

It would be hard to find a more delightful profession for a girl with practical artistic tastes than that of the little known art of china restoring.

It is a special craft which has hitherto been known to very people, the secrets of the trade, as a rule, being handed down from father to son for



generations. But now that women are invading every sphere of usefulness the art of china restoring has not escaped them. The Dresden coach seen in the illustration was a complete wreck, but was restored recently by a girl who has taken up the work professionally.

Labor Lifts.

Covering the pan when fish is frying is apt to make the flesh soft. A solid, firm meat that is at the same time flaky is what the good cook likes.

Don't leave a tin lid on the saucepan if you start the cereal in the evening for breakfast. It will rust and the moisture drip into the food.

The toast rack of German silver fills a long felt want in the home where crisp hot toast is appreciated. It can be placed in the oven, where the slices of toast are kept "piping hot" until ready to serve.

There are a number of ways in which every scrap of an old sheet may be utilized if one will give the subject thought.

First there are very few housekeepers ... [illegible] ... if the [illegible] are sewed together and the sheet cut through the center it will be given a new lease of life.

Twilled sheets by reason of their softness combined with their substantial weave make excellent polishing cloths and good undercovers for ironing boards.

Old cotton gowns may be ripped apart and made into bags in which to hang blouses.

An old sheet will cut up into several slips for use on the pillows over the ticking.

French Cook Wrinkle.

French cooks add a teaspoonful of sugar to each quart of water in which peas, squash and other green vegetables are cooked. This brings out the flavor of the vegetable and is very agreeable, especially in very young peas, which the French cook, pods and all, with cream, serving under the name of mangestoutes ("eat it all").

Cookery Tips.

Never soak rice or macaroni before cooking. Well wash the former, but not the latter, and place both in boiling water to cook.

Boiled suet puddings will have an added nutriment if they are mixed with milk or milk and water.

A NARROW ESCAPE

By B. CRITTENDEN LYTLE

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I was in Egypt before the fanatical outbreak of 1882. When a trouble of that kind is coming, those who are not in the secret either know nothing about it or have only vague suspicions. I heard some [illegible] rumors as to what was about to happen, but did not know how much dependence could be placed upon them. To a outward appearance everything was moving on as usual.

I was obliged to go to Ismailia on business. If I had known the condition of the people of the country I should not have trusted myself out of Port Said, where Europeans were comparatively safe. To make a journey into the interior was madness, but I did not know it. Indeed I only realized that under the circumstances I would rather not go. A matter of ordinary gain and being murdered were the alternatives.

I went on a night train. Being somewhat finical about my diet I took with me a hamper lined with as succulent eatables as I could get together and on the top placed a box of cigars from which only a few of the weeds had been taken. I got into my compartment, put my hand baggage on the rack and settled myself for a journey. Being in a smoking compartment, I lit a cigar.

The compartment was filled with natives, I being the only European in it. This in itself was not encouraging. The train had hardly got under way when an old Arab sheik sitting opposite me leaned forward and calmly took my cigar from between my lips and placing it between his own, smoked it himself.

To have resented the insult would have been equivalent to inviting the man to stab me. I therefore paid no attention to him and taking a newspaper from my pocket, began to read—that is, I pretended to read, but I had no idea of what was on the sheet before me, my mind being taken up with the fact that I was in a compartment with seven Arabs and utterly at their mercy. My eyes appeared to be fixed upon the paper, but I was casting quick glances sidewise at the natives and knew by their chatter and occasional looks at me that I was the subject of their conversation.

Then a lucky thought occurred to me. I reached up to the rack, got my box of cigars from my hamper, took out one for myself and handed the box to the sheik who had robbed me of the one I had been smoking. He took it, appropriated a handful of the contents and passed it to the others, who did the same, and the box was returned to me empty.

Notwithstanding my peace offering I expected every moment to feel cold steel entering my vitals. Most of the Arabs wore long knives where they could be seen, and I knew not what other weapons they had concealed. As for me, I was unarmed, and even if I had been armed my opponents were seven to one.

I cannot describe the agony of that night, expecting as I did death at any moment. The Arabs in my compartment paid no attention to anything that was going on in the rest of the train, but I had a vague feeling that something very important might be going on. I can't account for this feeling, for I heard no sound to produce it. I only knew that I felt that there was murder in the air.

Finally their looks and acts were so suspicious that I bethought myself of some other way similar to my offer of cigars to placate them. Then my luncheon occurred to me. Reaching up again to the rack, I brought down my hamper, opened it and displayed the eatables. Every man's eyes were on them, but not a man moved to touch any of them. I offered the hamper to the man who sat next me, but he declined. In turn I handed it to every man in the compartment, but though they all looked with eager eyes upon the viands not a man would accept a morsel.

At first I was astonished at this. Then I remembered that no Arab will [illegible] ... [illegible] ... to my overcoat, lay back in my seat with my eyes closed to await whatever was in store for me.

I heard a great deal of wrangling on the part of the Arabs, but I thought I would rather rely on my weakness than on being prepared for resistance that would be useless. So I did not open my eyes. Presently I felt a hand on my arm. Thinking my time had come, I looked, and there was the sheik who had taken my cigar from my mouth holding out a piece of dried meat. I took it and, biting from it, chewed vigorously.

A [illegible] of relief and joy seemed to have been poured over me. I knew from that moment I was safe. Reaching up for my hamper, I took it down and handed it to the sheik. He helped himself, then passed it around to the others, each man partaking plentifully of the contents.

Now that they had broken bread with me and I having no more to fear, I again leaned back in my seat and this time slept. I knew that I was as safe from my Arab companions as if I were in my own bed at home.

But I did not reach Ismailia that night. In the morning I found that the natives had murdered the engineer, stoker and every European on the train.

PAPER DOLL PARTY.

Novel Affair Planned to Amuse the Little Ones.

A clever hostess provided an enjoyable party for her little girl, something that was truly pleasant for all. It was called a paper doll party, and the children had no idea, of course, what this party was to be like until they arrived and the hostess informed them that a good fairy had come the night before and left pretty paper dolls for them, but they would have to go in search of them. The yard was very large, so it was a long time before they found the paper dolls hidden among the rosebushes and flowers. In one place would be a very large doll, another very little doll, so tiny it could scarcely be seen, was found among the hollyhocks, and dolls of every description were picked up by the children. The hostess was clever enough to dress all dolls in green crape paper dresses, so the search for them among green leaves was not so easy as you might imagine. Of course the little girl who found the most fairy paper dolls received a reward, but it was merely a paper doll much larger and more nicely dressed. This would be great fun for the wee tots and something entirely new.

Children's parties often result in much loss of china, for the best brought up youngsters until they reach years of discretion cannot be relied upon to restrain their destructive tendencies. One's own boys and girls can be controlled when they are by themselves, but when they have youthful guests parental authority is harder to exercise. That drawback to the average juvenile entertainment is offset by using paper articles for the table. A single small box contains a whole outfit. First there is a tablecloth neatly folded and looking exactly like damask. The pattern is so beautifully imitated that a few feet away it is impossible to distinguish the flimsy paper tablecloth from the expensive linen one. A little care has to be taken in smoothing the paper "cloth" on the table, for the paper tears easily. Paper plates are so cheap no one need hesitate about laying in a large stock of them, and as they require no washing they are a labor saving investment for a party. The paper dinner napkins and center spreads specially designed for party use are decorated to match the plates.

THE CARE OF LAMPS.

Wicks and Burners Should Be Boiled Once a Month.

Among the many artificial lights there is none other that gives such a soft, warm, pleasing radiance as the time honored kerosene lamp, and it is still the rule in the majority of homes. Its greatest disadvantage lies in the constant attention necessary to keep it clean, for not only is a smoking lamp an injury to the eyes, but it is a menace to the health as well.

The ordinary cleaning may be reduced to a simple filling and wiping of lamps and a washing of chimneys. Once a month give the lamp a thorough cleaning. Remove the wicks from the burners and place both in a kettle kept for the purpose, in which should be placed a heaping teaspoonful of salsoda for each quart of water. Let this boil for half an hour. Empty the lamps of oil and wash well inside and out. Remove the wicks from the kettle, wash in a mild suds, rinse in clear water and spread in a warm place until dry. Remove the burners and wash, the black, crusty accumulations will be gone and the burners will be bright and shining. When all are thoroughly dry fill the lamps and place burners and wicks in position. This cleaning requires less time and brings better results than many scourings, and the light will be clear and bright. At some seasons of the year, when lamps are used much, it may be found desirable to repeat this process oftener, while at other times the intervals may be longer.

For the Nursery Window.

For nursery windows a wild flower transparency has an educative value. This one, which a child could make, is made on a hollow cardboard circle

TRANSPARENCY OF FERNS AND FLOWERS

covered with stars of folded white tissue paper with yellow centers. The center of the transparency is of pressed buttercups and ferns between transparent light green paper.

Keeping Cut Flowers.

Cut flowers will last fresh much longer if before putting them in water the stem is split up about an inch. Maidenhair fern will last fresh for a long time if when gathered the stems are inserted in boiling water and left until the water is cold before using.

Shank Buttons.

In sewing on shank buttons sew on the button with the shank running parallel with the button and not lengthwise, as the closing effect in the latter case will not be good.

LOVE'S REVOLUTION

By EDGAR FALES MOODY

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They lived beside a river. Theirs had been a love match, and love matches are not often made on any other principles than love. They had been brought up in affluence and kept house on little or nothing, illustrating the saying "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out through the window."

No, this is not true. They loved each other deeply, more deeply than when they were married. But they were overstrained. Moreover, they fell into the habit of giving vent to their feelings, and the more they gave way in this respect the more they were egged on by tired nerves to do so. Their quarrels grew more frequent and more violent. He would growl at the table that there was nothing on it fit to eat, and she would tell him that he was responsible for the quality of the food or the lack of it. From that it would be crimination and recrimination till they would both be trembling with anger.

One night they quarreled till he felt that if he did not go away from her he should do or say that which would be irreparable. He opened the door and went out into the front yard. The air was balmy, and the full moon shone down from a clear sky. He went out to the gate, through it, and as it swung back the latch caught with a click.

She heard it and said to herself "He is gone. I shall never see him again. My dream has vanished. I do not care to survive it."

He went across the road and looked down at the river. At first he did not see it. His brain was whirling and could take nothing in through his eyes. But presently he saw the water peacefully flowing, reflecting the silent heavens from its bosom. An irrepressible desire overcame him to put an oblivion to his troubles by sinking himself and them in this place of rest. He turned and walked a short distance down the stream to where there was a bridge. Going on to the bridge, he stood, looking over the rail. The bark of a dog came faintly from a distance.

There was a sound above as though some one had thrown something into the river. He listened, but heard nothing more. Then, mounting the rail, he let himself down on the projecting planks beyond and stood there, listening to two voices. The one said "Go back to her. Soothe her. Say to her, 'Let the past be passed, we will begin anew, we will bring back the love we felt before we were married.'" The other voice said "She will not listen, or if she does the reconciliation will not last. At the first annoyance she will lose her self control, I will lose mine, and we will rush again into a whirlwind of passion."

He listened to the last voice and made up his mind. Just as he was about to take the final plunge he saw something on the surface of the water floating with the current toward him. What was it about this undefined something that awoke a new tempest within him—a tempest of a reverse of that under which he had been wrecked? The floating object looked like a piece of cloth buoyed dome shaped over the water. There was a human being under that dome.

In another moment it was nearly beneath him. Dropping from the bridge, he caught it as it passed. He and it floated with the current under the bridge. He knew that he held the body of a woman and was raising the head. As they floated out into the moonlight he recognized in the colorless face the woman whom not long before he had led to the altar.

Had he before they parted plunged a knife into her heart he could not have been more fully conscious that he had murdered her. It was the nonresistance of that pale face that changed him. But one overwhelming impulse possessed him. He must save her. If he failed the world would indeed be the horror he had a few moments before conceived it to be. Life might still flush faintly within her, and if he could get her ashore before it ceased he might atone for all he now conceived himself to be responsible.

Like lightning power ran down through his nerves to his muscles and made them iron. With one arm about her, holding her chin above the surface, he struck out with the other, and a few strokes brought him and her to the shore. Once there he took her up in both arms, climbed the bank and ran with her to his house.

On bringing her back to life depended whether that house should be home or whether he should be an outcast and a wreck.

He was successful. When she opened her eyes and saw him and where she was a look of infinite pain passed across her face.

"Live, dear heart," he moaned; "live that I may atone for the wrong I have done you."

"You. It was I. I should have suffered in silence."

"No matter. I know a way to prevent trouble between us in future. Some wise person has said, 'For the causes of disagreement look first within yourself.' Hereafter I shall blame myself and not you. And, blaming myself, you will not move me to anger."

"I never blamed myself till you left me tonight."

A year from that time a baby came, and there was another revolution in which love was triumphant.

St. Anthony's Mission

In the Diocese of Northampton.

Fakenham, Norfolk.

THANKS! A THOUSAND GRATEFUL THANKS TO ALL OUR BENEFACTORS.

Through the generosity of the Catholic public we have been enabled to secure a magnificent site for Church, Presbytery and Schools.

We have already built the Presbytery and Sacristy, the latter of which we are using for a Temporary Church until sufficient funds are in hand to build the Church. On no account will our good Bishop allow us to go into debt. Personally, I am glad, because to go into debt would mean ruin to this poor Mission, and would undo all the good that I have been struggling so hard to perform.

I have no diocesan grant, remember, and no endowment except hope. Not a great kind of endowment, you will say, good reader! But wait and see. I am by no means discouraged. Much has been accomplished in the past, and—much more is about to be accomplished.

I have hope in you, good reader. I greatly hope that you will help me to bring this glorious work, so nobly begun, to a successful and speedy issue; that you, in your zeal for the progress of Our Holy Faith, will extend a helping hand to me.

This Mission is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the County of Norfolk measuring 35 by 20 miles. My people are poor and scattered, consequently the weekly offerings are necessarily very small. We must have outside help for the present. I am most grateful to those who have helped us, and trust they will continue their charity.

To those who have not helped, I would say "For the sake of the cause, give something, if only a little." It is easier and the more pleasant to give than to beg. Speed the glad hour when I need no longer plead for a permanent home for the blessed sacrament.

Address:—Father H. W. Gray, Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, England.

P. S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and our Holy Patron, St. Anthony of Padua.

EPISCOPAL AUTHORITY.

Dear Father Gray:—You have duly accounted for the alms which you have received, and you have placed them securely in the names of Diocesan trustees. Your efforts have gone far towards providing what is necessary for the establishment of a permanent Mission at Fakenham. I authorize you to continue to solicit alms for this object until, in my judgment, it has been fully attained.—Yours faithfully in Christ.

F. W. KEATING,
Bishop of Northampton.

Help Us To Save the Negro.

For twenty-five years the Josephite Fathers have labored among the negroes of the state of Virginia. Already nine Mission Stations have been established. These are supported by Saint Joseph's Mission House. Others are badly needed to reach our unfortunate colored brethren. We appeal to the generosity of the faithful to come to our aid in this glorious apostolate. St. Anthony's Union has been established to support the priests who so generously devote their lives to the salvation of this people. There are 400,000 negroes in the state of Virginia, but only 2,000 of them are Catholics; the others are ignorant of the blessings that Christ bequeathed to mankind through His church. Our desire and efforts are to erect a new mission each year. Each mission station costs $2,500 to erect. Will you join St. Anthony's Union, and help in the salvation of the souls that cost the blood of Jesus Christ to save?

"Of all things the most divine is to co-operate in the salvation of souls."—St. Cyril of Jerusalem.

Send a donation to Rev. Charles Hannigan, St. Joseph's Mission House, Box 842, Richmond, Va.

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