

BLINDED MISS BAXTER

The dining car was in a shimmer of light. The dead white of the heavy linen, the opalescent glare of glass ware and the quiet gleam of silver trembled together in the swift motion of the train. Miss Baxter who had but recently left her berth, dropped into a seat and leaned back a moment, dazed by this lavish waste of color. Meanwhile, the insistent sunlight took liberties with the dull brown of her severely brushed hair, ran burning fingers through it and edged it with coquettish gold. Then she hastened to draw the curtain and throw a blue square of shade over her corner of the table, sighing as she settled down again, and all the painful scenes of the evening before came surging back.

She left half a notion to lay her head on the table and cry outright. She glanced down instead and fingered her ring—his ring—while her glasses grew misty. She wondered whether she should have kept the ring, now that it no longer meant anything. The question was yet undecided when she pulled herself together with a visible tremor and turned to the menu card. Dining car breakfasts were not timed to wait on the settlement of subtleties in ethics, particularly after the steward has made his "last call."

In the few minutes Miss Baxter had been in the car she had not noticed her companions. As she raised her head she was startled to see a familiar face dimly taking shape across the table. She had removed her glasses and was about to press her handkerchief to her eyes, but she put them resolutely on again and looked fixedly through their misty crystals.

"Mr. Woodson, where did you come from?" she demanded at length, as his well known features gradually took definite shape before her.

Woodson did not speak at once. He was noticing how her hair would tumble down in wayward ringlets in spite of her efforts to keep it staidly back, and how her cheeks persisted in dimpling, however rigidly she shut her lips together. Then he said:

"From New York, of course. Does my dress suit look as though I'd boarded the train in these rural precincts? I thought you knew the cut better."

"Do you mean to say that you've been on this train all this while—after—after last night?" Miss Baxter asked, with slightly heightened color.

"Guessed it the first time," Woodson exclaimed, brightening. "I tell you, Grace, you should have gone into the law instead of art. You'd have been great on cross-examination."

"Never mind, Mr. Woodson; you seem to forget that I prefer to make my own career—we've discussed that before, however. And so you've been on this train ever since I have?" she concluded reflectively.

"A little longer, in fact. I made a mistake and got here half an hour early—read the time table backwards—hence the clothes. But now, see here, small girl," Woodson went on with great deliberateness, shaking out of his napkin into his lap, and gazing into the blurred, blue depth of Miss Baxter's glasses. "See here, now, do you suppose just because a girl jilts me—" Miss Baxter here interposed a deprecating gesture—yes, I repeat it. Do you suppose, just because a girl jilts me, and I have reason to believe is going to the ends of the earth to get where she will never see me again, that my sense of responsibility ends till I've seen her safely where she wants to go? No, I've made New York uninhabitable for you, and I shall make what amends I can by chaperoning you to Colorado or Kamchatka or wherever it is you are going. Now, what shall I order for breakfast?"

"Harry, you're cruel. You know Mr. Fleming was going out there for the color, and I thought it would be a good plan to continue my outdoor work."

"Fleming! That prig! Well, I didn't know before that he was going. I see there is still more reason why I should go now—and stay."

"But I forbid you doing any such foolish thing."

"To tell the truth, Grace, I thought of staying all the time—of going into some business there."

"Why, you never told me of it before."

"Well, I never thought of it till after I left you last night. Then it occurred to me that I might go into sheep or cattle or something like that."

"At Manitou?"

"Why not?"

"It's a summer resort."

"So much the better. I'd only want to be there in the summer, anyhow."

"Harry, you're a trifle."

"Well, I can peel an orange, anyhow—if you'll allow me," Woodson exclaimed, taking from her hand the one she was making a sad mess of.

"Harry, I never can forgive you for doing this," Miss Baxter concluded, after a moment's contemplation of the whirling blur of green through the car window.

that blue hollow of the hills, with its gayly colored roofs and gables showing here and there up the canyon, like a scattered troop of butterflies. Then life became one long breath of delight. What color there was! The earth seemed hung in some rarer medium than common air. The yellow cactus blossoms were like flakes of flame. A scarlet flower fairly burned into the sight. Grace developed a new enthusiasm every day, and piled her palette with cobalt and chrome. Even Fleming, who had proceeded them, smoked a trifle faster than usual and grunted out now and then, "Put in your loore pure. Make her jump."

So they painted from morning till night, keeping two or three studies under way at once—putting in blues where Woodson saw greens and purples where he saw nothing but nondescript sand, and doing all the inexplicable things that should be done according to the gospel of luminists. Woodson sat by and chaffed. He couldn't paint. He wouldn't smoke. He parried Grace's occasional inquiring glances by explaining that he was negotiating to go into the cattle business—a man was going to bring him a herd on trial.

Meanwhile he arrayed his shapely figure in cowboyish top-boots, blue shirt and slouch hat, which became him immensely, and made a sinister impression among the blazers and tennis suits of summering Manitou. Grace was absorbed and satisfied. One day an idea struck him. "Grace," said he, "I found a little bit down here the other day that I'd like to have you sketch—to send home, you know. You'll do it, won't you?"

"Why, of course. I'll speak to Mr. Fleming."

"Oh, hang Mr. Fleming!" Woodson broke in. "Fleming's all right in his way, but I want you—your sketch, you know."

The place was quite a distance, over the mesa. They set out for it the next day.

"Here it is," Woodson exclaimed, after quite a tramp, pointing over the burning plain to where a row of cottonwoods were banked against the sky, tremulous in the vibrant air. "There, do that; call it 'A Hundred in the Shade,' or something like that."

"It doesn't seem to compose very well," Grace murmured, holding the tips of her fingers together and inclosing the picture in a rosy frame through which she gazed, half shutting her eyes, in truly artistic intentness.

"Well, never mind that; get the character of it. You know Fleming says the character's the thing. That's what I want—the character—the true character of this beastly country."

So Grace donned her big blue apron and set to work with her biggest brushes. But somehow she had trouble. The quality of that sky, burning with light and yet deep in hue, did not seem to reside in cobalt, however fresh from the tube. The value of the stretch of plain, tremulous under the flaring heavens, disturbed her too, and when she came to put in the airy wall of cottonwoods along the horizon the whole thing ended in a painful muddle.

"Oh, I can't do anything to-day," Grace exclaimed petulantly, wiping her forehead with the back of her hand and leaving a streak of blue along her forehead that intensified her puzzled look.

"Why don't you put those trees in green?" Woodson asked, with serious concern, as Grace renewed her struggle with the regulation blues and purple.

"But I don't see them so," she murmured, in a moment of absorbed effort.

"Grace," he blurted out almost before he knew it, "I don't believe you see anything. Excuse me, but I don't believe you ever did. I don't believe in your art; I don't believe in your career; I don't believe in your independence! You're simply spoiling the nicest girl in the world with it. You see everything through Fleming's eyes. You see things blue and purple because he does; and he—well he sees things that way because some fellows over there in Paris do, but I don't believe in it. There, now I've said it, come."

But it was not arranged that he should finish what he had to say. He had looked down to the ground where he sat as he spoke of Fleming. When he looked up Grace was several feet away from him, hurrying down the hill, with her head bowed.

"I'm a brute—a miserable brute!" Woodson remarked to himself with considerable force, as he watched her striding toward the half dry creek. "But some one ought to have told. Her art is all foolishness. Look at Fleming, even. He's 40, and I'd like to know where he'd be if it wasn't for his teaching. But I'm a brute, just the same—a heartless brute!"

There was a plum thicket along the creek, and after watching Grace disappear within it Woodson set about picking up her sketching kit. This done, it occurred to him that it would be a proper penance on his part to wash her brushes—he had always hated dirty brushes so. Gathering them up he started toward the creek.

When he got there he could see no signs of Grace. Could it be that anything had happened to her? The thought made him catch his breath for a moment. He knew she was impulsive—capable of any rash move in a moment of excitement. Then he heard a stirring in the plum thicket, and

he came face to face upon her in a little opening, crying softly to herself.

"Grace," he called. "Why, what's the matter? I know I'm a brute, but I didn't think you'd take it so."

"Oh, can't you help me?" she pleaded, and began groping about and feeling aimlessly with her hands.

He saw that her hair was loosened and that her wrists and face were scratched and bleeding in a dozen places.

"Why, what's the matter?" he queried again, as she came groping toward him and stumbled against him.

"Can't you help me at all?"

"Of course I can, small girl; you're all right. Nothing shall touch you," he reiterated as his arms closed tightly around her.

"Oh, silly, can't you see I've lost my glasses!" she exclaimed, pulling away from him and flushing red among the greenery. But he held her tight.

"You don't want them; you see better without them, blue eyes. Contess, now you never really saw before. Give up trusting in those wretched glasses and trying to be independent. Come, see your career through my eyes."

But still she held back at arm's length really defiant. His fingers left a white circle where they clasped her wrists. She seemed ready to cry and then smiled instead: "You'll get my glasses if I promise?"

He nodded. Suddenly throwing her arm around his neck she said: "I always liked your eyes," and pressed a kiss on either lid. "Maybe you were right about my art," she added seriously. "But—this needn't interfere, need it?"

"Interfere! Why, I'll tell that man that I've decided not to take his cattle and we'll turn the whole herd into paint."

G. Melville Upton.

GOOD COFFEE AND TEA.

Some Plain Directions by Which Both May Be Secured. Emma P. Ewing tells the readers of the N. Y. Press how to make good tea and coffee. She says: If a pot with a cloth bag or strainer be used, it is only necessary to place the bag in the pot, put the desired quantity of finely ground coffee in the bag, pour over it the proper quantity of boiling water, cover the pot closely and let stand till the water has slowly trickled through the bag. The pot should be heated with boiling water, which should be emptied from it before the bag is put in place, and in pouring the water over the coffee it should be poured slowly and around the bag, so as to saturate all the coffee thoroughly and extract the strength from it. I have used one of these pots and sacks for several years, and should be emphatic in recommending this method of making coffee to any other.

But as delicious coffee as one need care to drink can be made in a common tin pot in this manner: Mix the ground coffee with the white of an egg and a little cold water, stirring them well together; then pour in one-third of the amount of cold water wanted and set the pot on the stove where it will heat up gradually. As soon as the water begins to boil add another third of cold water, and when it again reaches the boiling point add the balance of the cold water. After the entire quantity of cold water has been added let it again come to the boiling point, then remove the pot from the stove and let stand for a few minutes to settle. It will settle quickly if a little cold water is dashed into the pot before removing it from the stove. Boiling water can be used instead of cold water in making coffee by this method; but cold water makes a stronger infusion than the stove method, and the strength of the coffee is carried off in steam or lost by evaporation when steeped in cold water, and the aroma appears to be extracted better by cold than by hot water.

There are so many varieties of coffee and such a difference in tastes that it is useless to offer any opinion as to the special variety to select, and the same holds true as to the quantity of coffee to be used in making the beverage. There is such a diversity of opinion on these points that perhaps the taste of the drinker is the best guide. Some authorities recommend three, some two, and some one and a half table-spoonfuls of ground coffee to each pint of water used. Personally I prefer a mixture of two-thirds Java and one-third Mocha, and use two table-spoonfuls or about an ounce of ground coffee to each pint of water, and think this makes coffee that suits the average taste. If coffee be made strong it is easily weakened by the addition of water or milk; but if it be made weak it is rather difficult to strengthen it. To make it too strong is therefore safer than to make it too weak.

Tea should always be made with freshly boiled water. The gases that are driven off and give an agreeable flavor are driven off by boiling, and when water has been boiled for any length of time it loses most of its gas and will not make tea of a fine flavor. And if water that has boiled a long time, or that has stood in the kettle after boiling and been reboiled is used for making tea, the tea will have a flat, smoky, or greasy taste. If freshly boiled water be used delicious tea can be made by following this method: Heat the pot by rinsing it well with boiling water. Put the tea in the pot. Allow one teaspoonful of green or two teaspoonfuls of black tea to each cup of water. Pour on enough of water to thoroughly saturate the tea. Set the pot on the stove where it will keep hot but not boil, and let the tea steep from five to ten minutes, then pour on the quantity of water needed, and the tea is ready for use; or pour on all the water at once when you put the tea in the pot and let it steep. Some teas require longer steeping than others to extract their strength, but the exact length of time can only be ascertained by testing them.

She Had Said Too Much. A young botanist was showing a party of ladies and gentlemen through the conservatory, and explaining to them the properties of some of the choicest plants and flowers. Among the visitors was a middle-aged lady who, at every description on the part of the lecturer, volunteered the statement that the plants and flowers she had at home were quite equal to anything exhibited at the Botanical Gardens. Just as they were passing the giant cactus she was heard to exclaim:

"Well, this is nothing extraordinary; I

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have a cactus at home that is still larger; I planted and reared it myself." "Reared it yourself," the Professor gently observed. "How remarkable! This specimen is sixty-three years old, and if yours is still larger." The lady did not stay to hear any more, but executed a strategic movement to the rear.—Sittings.

Breaking It Gently. Quarryman (commissioned to break new gently)—"Did you hear that foine blast, mum?" Woman—"Indade I did. It froightened me."

"Would Oi had been near ye to protect ye, mum. It's just such a foine-lookin' woman as you'd loik to protect, mum. It's me ye ought to marry." "It's you ought to be kilt entirely fer talkin' that way an' me married to a foine man like Mickie Finnegan." "Och, ye naden't moind about him, mum. He was kilt by the blast."—New York Weekly.

What He Was Waiting For. "Young man," said the stern parent, with the accent on the young, "do you intend to stay here all night holding my daughter's hand and looking her in the face like a sick calf?"

"No, sir."

"What do you intend to do then?"

"Well, I had thought when you did us the kindness to retire I would put my arm round her waist, and if she did not object too forcibly I might risk a kiss."

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WESTERN COUNTIES R.Y. Fall Arrangement. On and after Monday, 17th Oct., 1892, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 12.10 p. m.; Passenger and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.45 p. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 7.00 p. m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1.45 p. m.; arriving at Weymouth 4.22 p. m.

LEAVE ANnapolis—Express daily at 12.55 p. m.; arrive at Yarmouth 4.45 p. m.; Passenger and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6.00 a. m., arrive at Yarmouth 11.15 a. m.

LEAVE WEYMOUTH—Passenger and Freight Friday at 8.25 a. m., arrive at Yarmouth at 11.15 a. m.

CONNECTIONS.—At Annapolis with trains of way, at Digby with Steamer City of Montserrat to St. John every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. At Yarmouth with steamers Yarmouth and Boston for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday evenings; and from Boston every Wednesday, and Saturday mornings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.

Through tickets may be obtained at 126 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway. J. BARNES, General Superintendent, Yarmouth, N. S. W.

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