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Quart Jar.**



**Three Pounds of Syrup.**

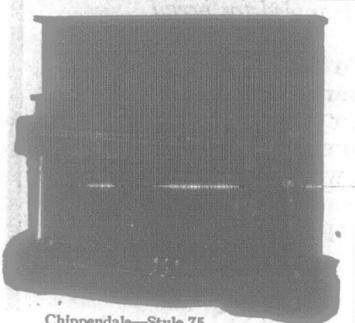
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Your grocer has "Crown Brand" Syrup in these new glass jars—or will get it for you. And be sure and save these jars for preserving.

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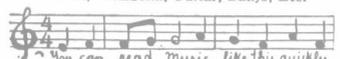
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Just think of the pioneer women and how healthy they were. But exercise does not always promote a slender, genteel figure. I used to be so slender I was called the fence-rail, and now the more I exercise the more flesh I put on. People are not all of one kind any more than horses or cattle. There is the slim, graceful race horse, and the heavy, sturdy Clyde; also the neat, dainty Jersey, and the heavy Shorthorn. Some people can eat all they want to and be thin carrying it around; others, no matter how little they eat, put it all, as the saying is, in a good skin. Old age creeps on apace whether we want it or not; some keep supple longer than others, whether by one kind of exercise or other I know not, or whether it is just their nature.

MRS. W. BUCHANAN.

## Our Serial Story

### "THE CHAPERON."

By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.  
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Chapter XXVI.  
PHYLLIS RIVERS' POINT OF VIEW.  
(Continued.)

It was late afternoon when we came to Leeuwarden, and the first thing we found out was, that it was not at all a place where we should enjoy stopping on the boats, because of a very "ancient" and very, very "fish-like smell" which pervaded the canal, and made us wear extraordinary expressions on our faces as it found its way to our nostrils. But nobody else seemed even to notice it; nobody else wore agonized expressions; indeed, the girls we met as we drove to the hotel had dove-like, smiling faces. They were tall and radiantly fair, with peace in their eyes; and those who still kept to the fashion of wearing gold and silver helmet-head-dresses were like noble young Minervas. I could have scolded the ones who were silly enough to wear modern hats; but all the old ladies were most satisfactory. We didn't meet one who had not been loyal to the helmet of her youth; and they were such beautiful old creatures that I could well believe the legend Jonkheer Brederode told us: how the sirens of the North Sea had wedded Frisian men, and all the girl-children had been as magically lovely as their mothers.

The old-fashioned, rather dull streets were crowded with people, who seemed in more of a hurry to get somewhere than they need have been, in such a sleepy town; and when we arrived at the hotel all was excitement and bustle. It happened that we had come in the midst of Kermess week, the greatest event of the year at Leeuwarden; and if a party of Americans had not gone away unexpectedly that morning they could not have given us rooms, though Jonkheer Brederode had telegraphed from Sneek.

As soon as we were settled, though it was nearly dinner-time, he proposed that we should dart out and have a look round the fair, because, he said, ladies must not go at night.

"Why not?" asked Nell, quick, as usual, to take him up if he seems inclined to be masterful. "I should think it would be more amusing at night."

"So it is," he admitted calmly.

"Then why aren't we to see it?"

"Because the play is too rough. Tom, Dick, and Harry, as you say in England, come out after dark, when the fair's lighted up and at its gayest, and it is no place for ladies to be hustled about in."

"I've always found 'Tom, Dick and Harry,' very inoffensive fellows," Nell persisted.

"You've never been to a Dutch Kermess."

"That's why I want to go."

"So you shall, before dark."

"And after dark, too," she added, as obstinately as if she had been a Frisian.

"That is impossible," said Jonkheer Brederode, his mouth and chin looking hard and firm.

Nell didn't say any more, though she shrugged her shoulders; but the expression of her eyes was ominous, and I felt that she was planning mischief.

We walked out to the Kermess, which Lady MacNairne and Mr. Starr pro-

nounced very like a French country fair; but it seemed wonderful to me. There were streets and streets of booths, little and big, gorgeously decorated, where people in the costumes of their provinces sold every imaginable kind of thing. Nell was so well-behaved that she evidently disarmed Jonkheer Brederode's suspicions, if he had shared mine; and when she proposed buying a quantity of sweets and cheap toys for us to give away to families of children upon the lighters we passed on canals, he was ready to humor her. We chose all sorts of toys and sweets—enough to last us for days of playing Santa Claus—and bargained in Dutch with the people who sold, making them laugh sometimes. Then, Jonkheer Brederode took us to all the best side-shows: the giant steer, as big as sixteen every-day oxen; the smallest horse in the world, a fairy beast, thoughtfully doing sums in the sand with his miniature forepaw; the fat lady, very bored and warm; the fair Circassian, who lured audiences into a hot theater with tinsel decorations like a Christmas-tree and hundreds of colored lights. There were other sights; but Jonkheer Brederode said these were the only ones for ladies, and hurried us by some of the booths with painted pictures of three-headed people or girls cut off at the waist, which Nell wished particularly to see. He wouldn't let us go into the merry-go-rounds either, and by the time we got back to the hotel—our hands full of dolls, tops, spotted wooden horses, boxes of blocks, and packets of nougat surmounted with chenille monkeys—she was boiling with pent-up resentment.

Already we were late for dinner, and we still had to dress; but Nell—who shared a room with me, as the hotel was crowded—said that she must slip out again, to buy something which she wished to select when alone; she would not be gone many minutes.

I was all ready when she ran in again with two large bundles in her hands. She would not tell me what they were, as she was in a hurry to change (at least that was her excuse), but promised that I should see something interesting if I would come up to the room with her after dining; and I was not to tell any one that she had been out for the second time.

We were long over our dinner, as there was such a crowd that the waiters grew quite confused; and, at the end, we three women sat with Jonkheer Brederode and Mr. Starr in the garden behind the hotel, while the men smoked. Nell was so patient that I almost thought she had forgotten the bundles up-stairs. But at last Lady MacNairne, hearing a clock chime ten, announced that she had some writing to do before going to bed.

"I suppose you will have a look at the Kermess again?" she said to our two knights.

"I've seen dozens of such fairs; and when you've seen one, you've seen pretty well all, nowadays. But if the Mariner would like to go, I shall be glad to go with him," Jonkheer Brederode answered.

"I'm not sure I didn't see enough this afternoon," said Mr. Starr. "Anyhow, I mean to have another cigarette or two here; and I do think the ladies might stop with me, or I have a hundred things to say."

Lady MacNairne and Nell were on their feet, however, and would not be persuaded; so we bade each other good-night, and three minutes later Nell was opening her parcels in our room.

"Among the last letters that were forwarded from London was a larger check than I expected from the Fireside Friend," said she; "So I've bought a present for you, and for me, from my affectionate self."

With that, she had the paper wrappings off two glittering Frisian head-dresses, like beautiful gold skull-caps. And in the other bundle were two black shawls, like those I had seen several girls of Leeuwarden wearing.

"Oh, how sweet!" I exclaimed.

"Thank you so much. I've been wanting some kind of costume ever since Amsterdam, where they were so expensive. These are to take home and keep as souvenirs, when we are at work in our poor little flat, just as if nothing had ever happened to us."

Nell gave a shudder, but she didn't say that we never would go home and

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