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THE BOY DISPOSES

By SARA LINDSAY COLEMAN

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Polly dug the heel of her smart little slipper into the earth and sent the hammock forward vigorously. There were only forty minutes of freedom left.

At 6, when the train came in, she meant to rise from the hammock, deliciously cool in her swirl of white organdy, and give Mr. Howard the softest and prettiest of "yeses."

Visions of Paquin and Doncet creations swayed before her mistily. It would be a pleasant life. She would ride, drive, golf, yacht, be an arbiter of fashions, an organizer of charities, a patroness of balls. In the spring there would be little jaunts to London and Paris. Polly pillowed her head on her arms and watched herself, all billowy satin and diamond sunburst, float up the aisle to the beating of drums, the gutter of flags, the envy of bridesmaids.

"Dear," said a voice, breaking into her reverie, "I think you mean to say yes when Mr. Howard comes up this afternoon, and I want to tell you that I am pleased. He will be very kind; you will have everything and go everywhere. I loved your father, but the world didn't call it a good match. You know what my struggles have been to keep up appearances, and you have made a sensible decision." Polly's mother slipped away.

The dear 500 friends believed Polly to be a little unnerved by the winter gaieties. Polly knew that she was summing at the mountain hotel because it was convenient for Mr. Howard to run up and stay over Sunday.

"The time has come," said Polly, quoting the Walrus, "and some of us are out of breath." She almost decided to meet Mr. Howard at the foot of the hill. His breathlessness would be purely physical, but for her sake he had climbed the hill on a good many Saturday afternoons. Polly looked at the shining steel rails below her. There were thirty minutes left now. She told herself that she was well content and then she shivered unaccountably. It was then the ridiculous Walrus and Carpenter story; it was the memory of the fate of



HIS DIRTY HANDS CLUTCHED A BOX OF PENCILS.

the poor little cysters, the poor little cysters who thought they were in for such a frolic.

"I say, Sis," yelled Tommy from the hotel steps (Tommy was the despair of his family), "when you marry old Howard you'll set me up to peach cream every day, won't you?"

Polly sat up, very angry. "Come to me this moment, Tommy Baker," she called.

He pleased Tommy to obey. He stood before her with the wickedest of grins upon his freckled face. His dirty hands clutched a box that Polly knew—how well she knew it!

"I thought you wouldn't need campaign trophies now," he said. "I'm going to give 'em to the fellows that's got girls. I ain't got no girl."

Polly bent forward with a smile that even Tommy could not resist. He opened the little old treasure box, emptied its contents into her lap and beat a retreat.

Polly looked at the little heap. They were far from campaign trophies. Her lips twitched at sight of a rude little heart carved from a peach stone. Such a tiny thing to sweep the past wide open! Below the heart was a cheap, worn copy of "Ladies." There had been other and costlier "Ladies," but never another like that.

At the faint whistle of an approaching engine Polly shivered again. Her mother said Mr. Howard would be very kind, but she wasn't aching for kindness.

"Polly," said a voice at her elbow, "aren't you going to run down the hill to meet him?"

Polly flung a part of her voluminous frock over her lap. She laughed, with a little catch in her voice, and said, "No; I'm kissing myself goodbye."

The man looked down at the girl admiringly. "You're a thoroughbred," he said.

"Where's your betrothed?" asked Polly. "Why are you not with her?"

"She isn't mine, Polly. The evil hour has been put off. The business has hurt her foot and is too nervous to be proposed to. You've got five minutes left to you. Life hasn't been nice to us, Polly, but we are not vanquished. You'll look like a beautiful birthday

cake—all white and glittery. I'll do a clog dance up the aisle."

Polly got her lips into a smile. The train came on. It puffed and snorted as it climbed, and the little hills rumbled and grumbled in answer. The man looked down at the quiet figure and stooped and touched the girl's fingers with his lips.

"We were once a precious pair of fools, little Polly. We've learned to laugh and be wise now, but somehow I'd like to be a fool once more."

Not a line of the girl's figure stirred. With a long drawn out shriek the train swung around a near curve. The man turned away.

Polly dug her heel into the ground and sent the hammock out. With a bound the little peach stone heart leaped to find out if fate was such a scurvy goddess. It was going to see if she wouldn't turn kind.

Polly and the man were facing each other when the train pounded in. She had picked up the "Ladies." He held the heart of a peach stone. "I told you I was telling myself a goodbye," said Polly defiantly.

"Am I part of yourself, dear?" Polly was silent. Her eyes were on a stout man who had stepped from the Pullman and was making his eager, panting way toward her hammock.

"Polly," some one very much nearer was panting now. "I couldn't let you beat your life out in poverty street; I couldn't let it be walls crush your spirits; I couldn't ask you to give up all the gay, smart, empty things you love for—"

"Tiresome things!" "Polly"—the cry went straight to the girl's heart—"you couldn't!"

"I could," said Polly. "Then you wouldn't?"

The sun slanted into the depths of Polly's shining, misty eyes. She tried to speak, but could not.

Howard, not twenty feet away, stopped short and wiped his wet brow.

"I'm frightened!" Polly's voice quivered childishly. "We used to—"

"We did," with conviction. "I got us out of every scrape."

Howard wiped his perplexed, middle-aged brow; then he wiped his perplexed, spectacled eyes. He was very conventional, and the goddess of convention was torn in shreds.

They were headed for a little summer house a hundred yards away, running lightly and easily, hand in hand, laughing, two truant children overtaken in an act of unusual and delicious naughtiness.

Lead Pencil Wood.

The cedar used in the manufacture of pencils in this country is that which grows in Florida, the common red cedar with shaggy bark and aromatic heartwood. The wood is shipped from Florida in small slabs, a little longer than a pencil, a little wider than four or six pencils placed side by side and of proper thickness.

The cedar case of a pencil is made in halves, each half being equally channelled, so that the place where they join comes against the center of the lead.

First we have the slab of wood as it is shipped from Florida. This slab is passed under a rotary cutter, which planes the surface perfectly flat and smooth and at the same time grooves it to receive six leads.

These leads are now laid in the grooves of one of these slabs, and another slab, similarly planed and grooved, is spread with glue and laid upon it. The two thus put together are placed in a press and when perfectly dry are taken out and passed twice under a grooved rotary cutter, first on one side, rounding one half of the pencil, and then on the other, finishing the rounding of the whole pencil and separating one from the other at the same time.

These single pencils are then passed through other machines which polish, varnish, stamp and put them in cases, ready for delivery to the trade.

The School of Experience.

"Daughter, you ought not to wear those high heeled shoes. They will make corns on your feet."

"How do you know, mamma?" "By experience. I used to wear them when I was a girl."

"Did grandma tell you they would make corns on your feet if you wore them?" "Yes."

"How did she know?" "She found out by experience, just as I did."

"Hidn't she any mamma to warn her against wearing them?" "Oh, yes."

"But she wore them just the same?" "To be sure."

"And you did too?" "Yes. That is what I was telling you."

"Well, if I ever have any daughters I ought to be able to give them a warning against high heeled shoes from my own experience, oughtn't I?"—Chicago Tribune.

Such Fun.

"So you are really engaged, dear?" said Elsie gushingly to her particular friend Madge.

"Yes, dear," was the blushing reply. "I am really engaged at last."

"And to that stern, stolid looking fellow, Alec Wilson?" "Oh, yes, dear," replied her friend quickly. "He often says that after we are married he means to manage the house, look after my personal expenditure as well as his own and, in fact, have his own way in everything."

"Good gracious! And you seriously tell me you mean to marry a man like that?" cried Elsie in astonishment. "Oh, yes, dear. I wouldn't give up the idea on any account. You see, it will be such fun to show him how absurd such ideas are, won't it?" And the speaker smiled a wicked smile, which the happy Alec ought to have seen, but luckily didn't.

"FRUIT OF THE LOOM."

Men and women of taste and judgment go into ecstasies over the wonderful patterns, textures and colors which are the fruit of the loom. But there is one

they rarely consider, and that is the frail and faded woman, old before her time, because necessity compels her to work under conditions, which send her more favored sister to bed and the doctor's care.

The diseases which weaken and torment women may in almost all cases be cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness.

"I had female trouble for eight years," writes Mrs. L. J. Dennis, of 828 East College Street, Chicago. "I could not express what I suffered. I sought relief among the medical professions, but I would not let one day go without taking this medicine. I weighed one hundred and fifty-six pounds—more than I ever weighed before. I was so weak that I could not get up and go to work. I had internal inflammation, a dispirited brain, bearing-down pains, and such distress every month, but now I never have a pain—do my own work and am a strong and healthy woman."

"Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong, sick women well. Accept no substitute for the medicine which works wonders for weak women.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be used with "Favorite Prescription" whenever a laxative is required.

RISE OF THE TOLSTOIS.

Curious Story Told of the Famous Nihilist's Ancestor.

The following curious story of the Tolstoi family is reprinted in one of the London society papers. The founder of this family was in Peter the Great's time a simple doorkeeper before the apartments of the Emperor.

One day as he was standing at his post a nobleman approached and asked to be admitted. The doorkeeper, however, refused to let him in, declaring that the Emperor had given positive orders that no one that afternoon was to be admitted to his presence.

"But," said the noble, "I am the Prince."

"Still, I cannot admit you, sir," said the doorkeeper. The nobleman struck the doorkeeper across the face with his riding whip.

"Strike away, your highness," said the other, "but nevertheless I cannot let you in."

The noble then had been overheard by the Emperor. He now opened the door and asked what the trouble was. The noble told him. He listened in silence, and then he said: "You, Tolstoi, were struck by this gentleman for obeying my orders. Here, take my stick and strike him back."

"But, your majesty," exclaimed the noble, "this man is a common soldier!"

"Then I make him a captain," said the Emperor. "But I am an officer of my majesty's household."

"I make him a colonel of my life guards."

"My rank, as your majesty knows, is that of a general," protested the noble.

"Then I make him a general, too, and thus the beating you are to get will come from a man of your own rank."

The noble then took his punishment philosophically. As for the young soldier, he was next day commissioned a general and made a count. From him the present family of the Tolstois is said to be descended.

An Old Question Revived.

But when the harvester is not an entirely modern invention. Pliny in A.D. 60 described a reaper used on the plains of Bithynia. It had a comb-like bar which stripped off the heads of wheat, the straw being left standing. It was propelled by an ox walking behind. That such an old idea can be made to do service in a new guise in the twentieth century is shown by the fact that a patent has recently been granted for a machine propelled from behind, to cut grain in this same old way, with only the added accomplishment of threshing it at the same time.

The advent and perfecting of the self-binder made possible the vast wheat-raising of the West. As an instrument of civilization the binder is second only to the plow, and its influence is just as far-reaching.

Grain crops are now harvested with an ever-increasing ease and rapidity. The great scarcity of farm labor has led to the invention of machines for cutting and threshing at the same time, and in the near future these will assist the binder, and eventually supplant it. Senator Frost in Queen's Quarterly.

The Sweet Girl. Kittle-Paul told me last evening I was the prettiest girl he ever saw. Beside—Oh, that's nothing. He said the same to me last year.

Kittle—I know, dear, but his taste may have improved since then, you know.

Refined. Mrs. Nuritch—I think I'll take this bracelet. Are you sure it's made of refined gold? Jeweler—Oh, yes.

Mrs. Nuritch—Because I do detect anything that isn't refined.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Work is the soup, fame the entrée, fortune the roast and oblivion the desert of most lives. There is no cordial.

Minard's Liniment—Lumberman's Friend.

WEDDING STATIONERY—The latest in Wedding Stationery and Cake Boxes can be had at the PLANET Office.

Minard's Liniment—Lumberman's Friend.

OUR FIRST REPUBLIC.

It Was Not the United States, but the Louisiana Republic.

The first republic in this hemisphere to succeed in compelling recognition of its independence was, of course, the republic whose proud capital is Washington. But there was an earlier one which died soon after its birth, of which little or nothing is said in our American histories.

When France, in 1764, ceded Louisiana to Spain, the subjects of King Louis XV. objected to the transfer without their consent. The local government submitted the question to the council, which, under the lead of Nicholas Chauvin de Lafreniere, rose in revolt.

Lafreniere called a convention of the people at New Orleans, while the new Spanish governor was on his way to the colony, and the convention selected a delegate to go to Paris to dissuade the French king from his course. Louis XV. However, refused the delegate and sent back word that the people must recognize the authority of Spain.

It was then that the people of Louisiana resolved on a radical course. On the night of Oct. 25, 1768, the rebels took possession of the French forts and the gates of the town in the name of the republic of Louisiana. The old French governor offered no resistance, while the new Spanish governor took refuge on a ship and sailed for Havana.

On Oct. 2, 1768, the council at New Orleans adopted a formal declaration of independence, officially named itself the republic of Louisiana, elected Lafreniere "protector" and prepared a written constitution. This interesting government lasted from October, 1768, to July, 1769, when a Spanish squadron of twenty-four vessels, with an army of 2,000 men, arrived at New Orleans.

The new republican state was destroyed and five republican leaders, including Lafreniere, were put to death. Then all the republic's official papers, including its declaration of independence and constitution, were burned in the public square.

A BOWERY INCIDENT.

The Invited Guest Who Was Called Before the Feast.

The missionary had finished his talk to the crowd of derelicts in a Bowery mission and went around the room to shake them by the hand. There was one man sitting on a bench whose face was so utterly loathsome that the missionary's gorge rose in his throat, and he was compelled to pass him by. The man's dulled eye marked the look of disgust, and in a tone of mingled dejection and resentment he cried out:

"Say, mister, why don't you shake hands with me?"

The young missionary turned, conscience stricken, looked into the sin scarred features and grasped the man's hand.

"Really, brother, you must forgive me," he stammered. "I—I couldn't help it when I saw you—your face. But I'll make amends. You must take dinner with me tomorrow night."

The broken man glanced at his ragged, loathsome face, blushed like a girl and gasped:

"Well, Me take dinner with you! Me go to your house! Me!"

"Yes, I mean it. I'll come tomorrow night and get you."

True to his word, the missionary presented himself at the lodging house the next evening and inquired for the man. A corpse was lying on the table, a handkerchief spread over its face. The clerk jerked his thumb in the direction of the body.

"That's Wilson," he said. "He had fixed himself up and was waitin' for you; dropped dead half an hour ago."

Embarrassing. The Squire's Pretty Daughter (examining the village school)—Now, children, can you tell me what a miracle is?

The children looked at one another, but remained silent.

"Can no one answer this question?" the squire asked, who was standing behind the squire's daughter.

A little girl was suddenly struck with a brilliant idea. She held up her hand excitedly.

"Well, Nellie?" the squire's daughter asked, smiling approvingly.

"Please, miss," the small child replied breathlessly, "mother says 'twill be a miracle if you don't marry the new curate.'—London Globe.

Recognized It. "This," smiled the fond young wife as she passed a plate of dessert to her husband, "is cottage pudding. I made it myself."

The man tasted of it. "I have known it was cottage pudding," he asserted.

"You would?" she asked, delighted.

"Yes. I can taste the plaster and the wall paper. What did you do with the shingler and the brick of the chimney?"

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