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you, Mr. —," the old gentleman stammered, as he glanced at Harold's card, which he held in his hand. "Mr. Robertson."  
"There is not much to tell," went on the young man, gaining courage, as he faced his task. "I belong to a respectable Virginian family. My father died in battling for the lost cause, and left my mother to struggle against the world. I am poor, but I hold a trustworthy position in the Columbian bank, and am able to take care of a wife in a moderate way."

"The major was frowning more than ever. "What is your position there? I happen to know the president."

"Assistant cashier, on a salary of two thousand a year. It is very little, I know, but I have reasons to hope for a promotion before long."

"I think I have heard your president speak well of you," said the major, "and I have no doubt that you are socially all right, or my wife would not have allowed my daughter to meet you," but," said the old man, as he put his hand on Harold's arm and drew him to a seat near by. "But I can not feel willing to let my daughter marry a man who has nothing to depend on but his salary, which would be taken away if you were to be disabled in any way. I shall leave her considerable money, but, nevertheless, I want her husband to be able to manage her affairs, and to be a man of means. I know," (as Robertson started to speak) "that you both no doubt fancy that you will lead wretched lives if you are parted, but it is often worse for parents to step in, and decide for their children in such matters. I have known many young people marry to their mutual regret the earliest choice, and be happy. There is not a more contented woman in Boston than my wife (I am speaking very confidentially, because I don't want to hurt your feelings), and yet at the time I married her she thought she was in love with a young man of her acquaintance. She even confessed it to me at the time, and yet, look at her now. It would surprise me if she even remembers his name. You must look at it, my dear boy, in a sensible manner, and I believe that you would be an honest, honorable husband for my daughter, but she is too young to think of such a thing now; and, well, I do not wish her to meet you again; that's all there is about it."

Harold rose. He had grown very white, and a hopeless, drawn look was about his sensitive mouth. He had lost. There was nothing left for him to do now except to get away from the stern matter-of-fact business man before him. He turned toward the door, and as he did so, he stopped in bewilderment. Standing out from the semi-darkness of a corner, was a face he knew well. Was it a reality? No, it was only a portrait on an easel, and yet so life-like was it that he had for an instant believed the dead to have risen.

"What is the matter?" asked Major Huntington, noticing the steady stare of his visitor at the picture.

"That—that portrait," he gasped; "how did it come here?"

"What do you know about it?" asked the old man.

"It is my father's," said Harold. "It is exactly like a photograph my mother had of him taken in the war."

"Your father?" asked the major, in a slow surprise. "Surely—"

"It is no one else," replied Harold. "I know it was my father."

"Was he in the battle of Chickamauga?"

"He was killed there. He had just stepped out of a place of safety to drag a wounded Union officer out

of danger, and fell himself within twenty steps of a safe retreat."

For a few minutes the young man and the major stared into each other's questioning eyes.

"That man is your father," said the major. "I was the man he died for, though I did not know till now how he fell. God forgive me, I have just insulted you by refusing you my daughter's hand because you have no fortune, when but for him I should have had only the poverty of the grave. Mr. Robertson, you can now honor me and my name by becoming a member of my family." And with moist eyes the old man abruptly left the room. Ten minutes later, Harold Robertson telegraphed Dorothea as follows:

"Have full consent. The portrait did it."

Dorothea ran down to the beach to her mother, waving the dispatch. "It is all right, Mama. Papa has consented," she cried, "see, here is Harold's telegram. But what does he mean by 'The portrait did it'?" Mrs. Huntington could not explain, though she puzzled her brains all day over it, and Dorothea did not understand until the afternoon mail brought a letter to her from Harold.

### The Pest of Flies

It is not too early in the season now to install preparations for the exclusion of the ever dreaded pest—the fly.

The Chicago Health Department has made a declaration of war against the house fly as a disseminator of disease and a purveyor of filth. A fly will waste about in the germs of an infectious disease, and then swim in milk, or walk over jelly, ice cream, sugar, meat, or butter, with its mouth and legs smeared with filth. Not long ago the department traced an out-break of typhoid to milk brought from a farm near Chicago. The water used in the farm was pure, and the dairy clean. There was, however, a case of typhoid on the next farm, and flies had carried the germs to the milk.

Here are some of the suggestions for fighting the pest: Screen all food, and keep flies away from it. Cover up food quickly after a meal, and bury or burn all table refuse. Allow no rubbish to accumulate near a dwelling. Keep manure in a vault pit, or screened enclosure, and sprinkle its surface with chloride of lime. The Chicago experts also advise the burning of pyrethrum in the house, declaring that it will kill most of the flies and stun the rest, so that they may be swept up and destroyed. Some of these suggestions may be carried out by householders, but for stable manure and garbage in lanes some additional public regulation may be required. It would be a grand thing for health officers to see that we could get rid of the house fly.

#### TANGLEFOOT FOR FLIES

Mrs. M. G., who requests a receipt for sticky fly-paper, may take her choice of the following, which are all good. Several are given, for it sometimes happens that the cupboard may hold some of the simpler ingredients while others are missing. For No. 1, mix equal parts of resin and castor oil with a dash of sugar to tempt the flies. Spread on heavy paper and leave a margin for handling. For No. 2,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb glue and a cup of molasses, mix well together and spread on paper as above. No. 3, brush heavy glazed paper with a thin coating of glue. When it has dried spread over it a mixture of an ounce of castor oil, three ounces of resin and a tablespoonful of molasses.

#### POISON FLY PAPER

Pour  $\frac{1}{4}$  gallon of water over 1 lb of

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quassia wood; allow it to stand over night and then boil the strained fluid down to one qt. The same wood must be boiled with one quart of water until it is reduced to one pint, when the two infusions should be mixed and from 8 to 12 ounces of brown sugar dissolved in it. The paper should be passed through the fluid, drained, and hung up to dry. Blotting paper of any color may be used, and a small piece of it thus prepared, placed in water in a saucer will prove a very effective fly destroyer.

#### For Washing Machine

The constant removing and replacing of the plug in the outlet of my washing machine had so enlarged the hole that it was very uncertain whether or not the plug would "stay put." By enlarging the hole a trifle, a common wooden or metal faucet was put in, and proved a great success. The kind used in vinegars, barrels costs about fifteen cents, but a brass water faucet is better.

Another labor saver is a hose about five feet long with a coupling upon one end and the other end enlarged. The coupling fits the cold-water faucet, and the enlarged end fits the hot-water faucet, if such is at hand. By this means we fill the machine quickly and easily.—A Subscriber.

#### Little Helps

If a bedstead creaks at each movement of the sleeper, remove the slats, and wrap the ends of each in news-paper before replacing it. This will prove a complete silencer.

If you scorch a garment while ironing it, rub a lump of dry starch on the mark, then sponge it off. Re-

peat till the yellow disappears. A strip of tin about two inches wide and a foot long, will be found a great help when washing the wainscoting of a room. It should be held just above the wainscoting and will protect the paper during the washing.



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