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CAROLINE RODMAN The Accomplice

By JANE GILL

PART I.

It is queer that no one thought of Caroline's money when the report came that Peter Helm's horses had been stolen and the thieves were still at large. Of course, even if it had been remembered, no one would have felt much uneasiness, for the Staley boys weren't likely to bother any one but Peter Helm, when they thought they had cause to hate.

Just the day before she had arrived at her uncle's farm in her pretty new blue traveling suit, and her pretty new traveling bag. Out of the traveling bag she had taken an old wallet which contained the money. Bill by bill she had spread it over the dining room table until she had made a tabe of yellow paper on top of the white damask one.

"Five hundred dollars!" she announced proudly. "And more in the bank!" She opened her bankbook that her aunt and uncle might read the neat little figures which announced her balance there.

"Did Aunt Hattie leave you all that?" exclaimed Uncle Aaron. "Part of it she left me, and part of it I earned at teaching," Caroline told him. "And I'm going to buy a farm with it."

They laughed at her. "Why Caroline Rodman, child, what do you know about farming?"

"I guess I know more than lots of farmers. I spent half my evenings reading it up in books," she told them a little defiantly.

They laughed again, and Uncle Aaron explained very kindly to her that just about the first thing she would have to do to make a farm go would be to forget all the fine notions she got from the farming books.

Then he turned to his wife as if Caroline weren't there. "Of course, if she's set on getting a farm, there is that Staley farm that Peter Helm has. We might get a good man to run it for her."

Mrs. Rodman shook her head. "Even if she got a good man," she objected, "I don't think farming is the work for a girl."

Then she addressed Caroline. "You'd better go back to teaching. Teaching is a lot nicer and more like me."

"I hate teaching!" retorted Caroline a bit defiantly, for this prompt attempt to disillusionment annoyed her.

"Well, anyhow, what did you bring all that cash for?" inquired Uncle Aaron.

"For the first cash payment," Caroline told him promptly. "That was silly," Uncle Aaron scolded her kindly. "A cheque would have done just as well, you know."

Aunt Rodman fretted a little. "I don't like all that money in the house."

"Oh, it's safe enough," her husband reassured her, "but we'll take it to the bank when we go in on Saturday."

The good woman's anxiety was only partly mollified. "I suppose it's safe enough," she admitted, "but just the same, you lock it in your trunk, Caroline, and keep the key with you all the time."

And yet, twenty-four hours later, when the exciting news came that there were three young horse thieves

at large in the county, no one, as I said, thought of Caroline's money, least of all Caroline herself. She was helping Aunt Rodman get ready to go down and spend the night with a sick neighbor, Mrs. Jennings, who was having a pretty desperate case of the grip. She was just making a bundle of her aunt's comb and brush and toothbrush and night clothes when her uncle came in with the news.

Aunt Rodman sank gasping into a chair. "I never did like that Peter Helm, anyhow," she declared. "It serves him right if those boys did take his horses. It was a mean trick of him to foreclose on their mortgage the way he did."

"My dear," her husband protested, "business is business. You can't throw money away, and they hadn't paid any interest on that mortgage."

"I don't care," Aunt Rodman defended them. "They are lovely boys, only they didn't have half a chance."

Her husband laughed dryly. "Well, it will go pretty hard with your lovely boys when they are caught. They're likely to try shooting, too. It's known they've got weapons, and that will make things all the harder for them when they are caught. They're reckless young devils. Did I tell you about the note they left when they stole the horse?"

"No, what note?"

"Left a note for Peter Helm saying that they would come back and collect the rest of what he owed them later. Can't get over the idea that they were robbed."

Uncle Rodman smiled amusedly, but his smile was not without compassion, and he added rather gently, "Poor young fellows!"

Then in another tone to his wife, "Come, my dear, you will have to hurry if you want me to drive you down to Mrs. Jennings's."

As Caroline continued to help her aunt, she made ready she demanded excitedly more information about the horse thieves and received it in disconnected fragments: The father of the boys had died ten years ago, when David, the eldest lad, was only thirteen, leaving them with the heavily mortgaged farm; the boys had turned in and worked amazingly hard, but in a scatter-brain, outlandish fashion; they never paid any interest on the mortgage, and when it was finally foreclosed they were stunned at first, and then bitter, fighting mad, desperate.

"But they ought to have known," said Caroline, "that if they never paid interest the mortgage would be sure to be foreclosed."

"Of course they ought," her aunt agreed. "But they never gave it a thought, always had their minds chock full of their crazy schemes; and besides, even if they had thought of it, they never had any money; always sank every cent into the old place. But I always will say that they would have been lovely boys if they had had half a chance."

"Is that the farm you said something about my buying?" Caroline inquired.

"Haven't you given that up?" her aunt laughed at her.

Caroline's brow clouded a little, but she did not answer.

Five minutes later she was out on the front verandah, an old red sweater of Cousin Arthur's thrown over her shoulders, waving good-bye to her aunt and uncle.

"You'll be back in time for supper, won't you, Uncle Aaron?" she asked. "I am coming right straight back, dear."

Looking at the clouds, Caroline shivered. "Isn't it windy, and isn't it cold? It's going to storm. Be sure and get home before it storms, Uncle Aaron."

"I will," he promised, and rode off. He came back just as Caroline was going a pan of graham muffins from the oven.

"Supper will be ready in a few minutes," she told him, and just then her young cousin Arthur burst into the room.

"Where's mother?" he demanded, excitedly.

"Gone down to spend the night with Mrs. Jennings."

"Cracky!" he ejaculated, with a low whistle. "That's going to leave you all alone."

"Alone? Why, what do you mean?"

"Just saw the sheriff, and he's calling on all the men around here to help him hunt for the Staley boys. And of course, father and I have got to go. As far as they can make out, they are still somewhere in the county. By rights we ought to be starting now."

"I'll have supper on the table in a minute," Caroline promised.

A few minutes later at the supper table her uncle asked her: "You are sure you aren't afraid to stay here alone?"

"Of course not," she assured him. "Well, I really don't think you need be, for I don't believe they'll bother any one else around here. They'll be trying to get out of reach. But if you are afraid I'll leave Arthur here with you."

"I'm not the least bit afraid," she repeated.

And even after they had gone she felt not the slightest fear. She washed up her dishes, and then, with a plate of apples, a magazine and the old cat for company, prepared for a comfortable evening in front of the kitchen stove.

The storm which had threatened in the afternoon was beginning to rattle the windows of the old house, and there was a sound like the throwing of sand against the glass, which she knew was sleet.

She tried to read, but found she couldn't. The house was beginning to answer the wind, as only an old house can—groans from the cellar and stranger shrieks and moans from the garret, until it filled her with uneasiness. Half ashamed of herself she rose, locked the doors, drew down the blinds and wished that there were locks on the old-fashioned windows.

(Continued in next issue.)

With a Smile.

Meet whatever the world may bring with a smile and jog along; There's always a song for the song you sing if your heart is in the song.

And when you meet the world with a smile, it's sure to smile at you. While over your head the sun burns bright and the velvet skies are blue.

Meet whatever the world may bring with a smile and jog along; Kick up your heels and dance along, and sing and smile and be just, and whatever you give the world it gives a measure of that and more.

To add in the end as you went to the wealth of your little store.

Meet whatever the world may bring with a faith that naught can shatter; There's always something that's not just right, there's always something the matter.

But the heart that goes along with a song, and the lips that go with a smile.

Shall win a song for their own ere long and a smile from the after-while.

Inventions by Negroes.

In the practical application of scientific principles as embodied in useful inventions the negro has long held an important place.

The publications of Henry E. Baker, of the United States Patent Office, set forth a record altogether and comparably favorable. These inventions run the whole gamut, from Bancker's clock in 1754 to Forten's invention of apparatus for managing sails, including Lewis's invention of a machine for picking oakum; Henry Blair's patents on a corn harvester; William B. Purvis's patents on electric railways; a fountain pen, magnetic car, balancing device, etc.; Dickinson's patent for playing the piano; Ferrell's patents for the improvement in valves of steam engines; Benjamin F. Jackson's invention of different improvements in heating and lighting devices and a controller for a trolley wheel; Charles V. Rice's inventions, including a device for registering the call on a telephone and detecting the unauthorized use of that instrument; Granville Wood's inventions; the Elijah McCoy inventions and the inventions of John Ernest Matzeliger, including the first machine that performed automatically the operations involved in attaching soles to shoes.

Then there are the latter-day and wartime inventions, including war bombs, machine and aircraft guns, explosive bullets, submarines and diving suits.

Teacher: "So you admit the unfortunate lad was carried to the pump and there drenched with water? Now, sir, what part did you take in this disgraceful affair?" Jones (meekly): "The left leg, sir."



Planning Our Work.

No two homes can be run alike. Still we are all glad of suggestions. Here is a work-schedule which you can alter if it does not entirely suit your needs:

Laundry—The washing should be done on Tuesday. All preparations should be made Monday night. The clothes should be put to soak at that time and left soaking over night.

Heavy work, such as lifting water, should be done by the men. If you have not a washing machine, it will save doctor's bills to buy one.

Ironing—Rough dry as many of the pieces as possible. This is done by folding your clothes as you take them from the line and putting them under pressure. Underwear, sheets, towels, and all flat pieces should be done in this way.

Cleaning the house—Part of the cleaning should be done each day, so that a great deal of cleaning does not have to be done at one time. Lamps should be cleaned and filled once a day.

5.00-6.00—The family arises. Each member turns back bedding, smooths out lower sheet and beats up the pillow.

The man starts the fire. The cereal in the fireless cooker should be hot. Take care of poultry.

Do the milking.

6.00-6.15—Prepare breakfast. (Use toast rather than muffins—cereal and fruit are already cooked. The table has been set the night before and covered with a large cloth.)

6.15-6.45—Breakfast.

6.45-7.15—Start dinner in fireless (meat dish and dessert).

7.15-7.45—Wash dishes (breakfast dishes and those from night before). The dishes may be placed back on table and the table covered.

7.45-8.15—Put house in order. Clean one room a day. There may be no need of frequent dusting. In fact, it should be remembered that dust "sitting tight" hurts no one and is only harmful when blowing in the air. If it is a question of using energy for dusting or of resting, it would be wiser in your case, to rest.

If beds are in a room used only for sleeping, they may be left open all day.

8.15-10.00—Work in garden. Prepare vegetables for dinner.

10.00-11.00—Rest.

11.00-12.00—Finish preparing dinner (vegetables).

12.00-12.30—Dinner.

12.30-2.00—Dishes washed, kitchen put in order and supper preparations made.

2.00-3.00—Rest.

3.00-4.30—Mending, sewing.

4.30-5.00—Taking care of poultry.

5.00-6.00—Milking.

6.00-6.30—Supper prepared. Cereal for next morning started while fire is burning, and then put in fireless cooker if you have none, either buy or make one.

6.30-7.00—Supper.

7.00-7.30—Dishes scraped, rinsed and piled, to be washed next morning. Table set for breakfast.

Some super-active women and women with babies or growing families, will doubtless shout scorn at this schedule as being silly and impractical, but, just the same, a time-and-work schedule is one of the best helps in the world, both to urge us forward and to hold us back. It is simply a movable plan pointing to a general path of system in the day's work.

Dressing to Please Hubby.

A good many people go about with the idea that a woman dresses in order to make herself pleasing in the eyes of men. Very little credit is given by such people for a woman's natural instinct to make the best of herself for her own satisfaction.

To bolster up their argument they quote the woman who "lets herself go" after marriage. But slatterns are, luckily, in the minority, and the average married woman is as interested in the dress problem as her unmarried sister. But does the married woman dress to please her husband?

Some men have strange ideas where women's dress is concerned, but in the main they prefer it to strike the feminine note that "something soft and clinging" still holds. And for color they like semi-shades.

It takes a woman to know best what suits her, because the average man has not taken up the study of woman's dress. Hubby has to be educated on many points.

One charmingly frocked matron told me that it took her a long time to educate her husband.

"Tom wanted me to wear those delicate shades in which you would dress."

"Mamma!" His mother stopped.

"Mamma, you can lock me in here if you like, but I won't lay my eggs!"

Minard's Liniment Relieves Colds, Etc.

a Watteau type of beauty," she said. "You see, his mother was one of the fragile rose-bud type, and he thought it perfection. She always looked as dainty as a Dresden shepherdess."

What Tom didn't realize was that his mother and his wife were entirely different in style and type. Kitty was a dark-skinned, flashing-eyed beauty, and looked superb in black, relieved with rich colorings. As a Dresden shepherdess she did not think. She managed to prove to Tom that she could not copy his mother, mainly by experiments.

"So you see," she said, "I don't dress to please my husband, but I've managed to make him pleased with the way I dress."

All happily married women study their husbands' tastes where dress is concerned, because they know so well that if they want to remain fine birds in the eyes of their loved ones they must pay attention to the feathers.

But a clever woman gets what she wants and manages to make her man think he wanted it.

Dress alone won't hold a man's love, but it will help to keep his attention. There are wives who grumble because their husbands never notice what they are wearing.

"Oh," cried one such wife, "so long as his meals are ready to time John is peaceable. That's all he thinks I'm here for. He never notices me. If I were to come down to breakfast in curlers and dressing-gown he wouldn't notice. Luckily, I have some respect for myself, or I might become a slattern."

But she was wrong.

John did notice and he appreciated. Unfortunately, like so many married men, he forgot to mention the fact. Eve went on making the best of herself, and down in her heart I don't doubt but that she did it as much for her husband as for herself.

During the days of courtship a man indulges his girl's craving for flattery and attention. He will rave over her foot in its pretty satin slipper, but when, later on, he scolds her for not putting on strong boots on a wet day she imagines that he no longer cares about her good points. Most women are super-sentimentalists.

Very few men exist who care to see their wives going about as frumps, and most of them appreciate a woman's attempt to look pleasing in the eyes of other men, for possession is sweeter when the article possessed is coveted by others.

The husband who insists on choosing his wife's clothes is rare. He may like to help choose them, and a sensible woman will encourage his interest.

If he expresses a liking for a certain color and style she tries to please him, knowing that there are details where she may let her fancy roam. So long as she studies and satisfies the broad outlines of his ideas on dress he is pleased.

Very few men like their wives to wear clothes that "hit you in the eye." They prefer their women to be "neat but not gaudy."

Sinks High and Low.

There is a right and a wrong method of installing a sink. When it is placed at the right height it serves the purpose for which it was meant, adds ease and enjoyment to the routine duties of the kitchen work, and makes the kitchen a much more satisfactory workshop.

The housewife should assume more authority when the sink is being installed. There is no regulation height for placing the sink but it should be at such a height that the one who is to use it can stand without stooping, and thus relieve the strain on the muscles of the back.

The following table gives the comfortable height for tables, sinks, ironing boards and other working surfaces according to the height of the woman who is to use them.

Height of worker.	Height of working surface.
4'10"	33 1/2"
4'11"	34"
5'	34 1/2"
5'1"	35"
5'2"	35 1/2"
5'3"	36"
5'4"	36 1/2"
5'5"	37"
5'6"	37 1/2"
5'7"	38"
5'8"	38 1/2"
5'9"	39"
5'10"	39 1/2"

Not a Laying Bird.

Tommy had been naughty. His mother did not know what to do with him. She wanted to confine him somewhere, but he showed signs of breaking everything in any room she put him into.

She thought herself of a place where there was nothing to break and where he could not work any serious mischief. He was carried into the garden and locked up in the fowlhouse.

He was silent—this was something beyond his capacity to talk about. But as his mother was going away his head appeared behind the wires.

"Mamma!" His mother stopped.

"Mamma, you can lock me in here if you like, but I won't lay my eggs!"

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Watch him at a public luncheon or dinner, and you will notice that the tall Royal waiter who stands behind his chair offers him only the plainest things, and that he takes very little of them. He is fond of fish and game, but cares very little for made dishes, while as for sweets, he has been known to say that a well-made rice pudding was the best of them all.

His father's tastes were more elaborate. He liked rich dishes. He was particular about the cooking, and preferred a French chef. Lobster he was very fond of and also wild duck. Savarines were always a feature of his dinners. Clear soups were his preference; while as a fish course sole au gratin—that is, cooked with a suspension of cheese—never failed to please him.

Queen Victoria was fond of Scottish dishes. Scotch kale was a favorite vegetable of hers. On the other hand, she had a truly English love of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, and—strange as it may seem—frequently ate plum-pudding with the beef. In a menu of 1895 for a Sunday dinner at Windsor, roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, and plum-pudding are set down together as one course.

One thing is never forgotten at any meal in a British Royal palace. That is the side-table. Not only at breakfast and lunch, but even at dinner, the side-table dishes are mentioned on the menu. They generally include cold tongue, cold beef, cold fowl, and game pie, white boar's head and brawn both figure occasionally.

It is always pleasant to read again the announcement of an Oriental paper with an English section: The news of English we tell the latest. Write in perfectly style and most earliest. Do a murder commit, we hear of and tell it. Do a mighty chief die, we publish it and in borders sombre. Staff has each one been college and write like the Kipling and the Dickens. We circle every town and extortionate not for advertisement.

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