

THIS WOMAN TO THIS MAN

—BY— C. N. and A. M. Williamson

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AUTHORS OF "A Soldier of the Legion," "The Lightning Conductor" "The Shop Girl"

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From Friday's Daily. "You mean I don't understand you? I think I do, my friend. And I'm certainly not a white man, certainly you're not. We're certainly with the same brush. Forget your impression, if you like, and I'll explain. We can go back to where we were before, if you like. But I'm on the promise that you'll be able to do it. No cat-scratch-meat mysteries."

"What a wonderful expert in jewelry and art!" said Ruthven Smith, unable to believe his eyes. And because he was somewhat of a collector, he could not resist the temptation of his own collection. He spoke almost in a whisper, sometimes very loudly. The time he spoke loudly and several people, surprised at the sound, turned to look at him. He was in a flowing river, paused for an instant to listen.

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"Of course you did," Lady Cartwright soothed him. "But these things—if it's the same gang, as we all think—are too clever for even the cleverest of us. And as for the police, they seem to be nowhere. I haven't suffered yet, but each morning when I wake up, I'm quite astonished to find everything as usual. Mrs. Ellsworth's house was robbed? Her thoughts concentrated almost violently upon the key. Had her neighbors spoken she would not have heard; but they did not speak. She was free to let her thoughts run where they chose. They ran back to the first night of her meeting with Nelson Smith, and their arrival together at the house in Torrington Square. She recalled as if it were but a moment ago, putting the key in his hand, which had been warm and steady, despite the danger he was in, while hers had been trembling and cold. She said to herself that she must ask him, as soon as they were alone together, what he had done with the key, whether he had left it in the house or flung it away somewhere.

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SIDE TALKS

MAPS. Last fall we went on a walking trip. Before we started, a friend made us out a rough map of the country. On this map, good roads and had beautiful scenery and uninteresting strips of country, inns worthwhile and inns to sedulously avoid, were marked. Altogether it was a great help.

Why Not Maps of Husbands and Wives? "Maps are great things. We ought to have more of them,—for all sorts of things. Just suppose married folks had charts of each other's character when they started out on the great adventure?"

Suppose when one married one had handed to one a chart of one's husband's peculiarities, wouldn't it help? "The chart would have directions of this nature: 'If you want to ask any favor always approach him in the evening directly after dinner. 'The thing he is most conceited about is his golf though he does many other things better. You can't please him more than by letting him talk about his golf playing. 'He is not one of the men who yield when women cry. Tears make him more stubborn. 'Never argue with him on such a subject. He is reasonable in other things but always loses his temper over that. 'Etc., Etc.' 'Don't you think such a character chart would help?' Of course a wise wife gradually finds out these things for herself but she could learn them this way wouldn't she save some friction and heart-ache? Suppose We Charted Our Own Reefs. 'Charts of our own character for our own use wouldn't be half bad, either. For instance,—one of my besetting sins is wasting time in small ways,—I ought to chart that reef. Getting into a communicative mood, saying too much and regretting it the next day is another reef. If one made a map of oneself, might it not help one to avoid such reefs?'

Courier Daily Recipe Column

CORN MUFFINS One egg, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 cup sweet milk, 1-2 cup flour, 1-2 teaspoons Cleveland's baking powder. Bake in quick oven from 10 to 15 minutes.

SCOTCH SHORTBREAD Two pounds of flour, 1 pound brown sugar, 1-2 teaspoonful salt; sift together, then add 1 pound lard, 1-2 pound butter.

CORN MUFFINS Mix together 1 cup sifted flour, 1 cupful of cornmeal with 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, 1 table-spoonful of sugar and 1 tablespoon of salt. Sift all the ingredients together. To 1 well-eaten egg add 1 cupful of milk, and stir in gradually. Do not mix too long. Bake in hot buttered gem pans 1-4 of an hour. This amount will make about 14.

SQUASH ROLLS One cup sifted flour, 1-2 level teaspoon salt, 1 cup sweet milk, 1-2 yeast cake dissolved in 1-2 cup of warm water, 1-4 cup butter, 1-4 cup sugar, 5 cups flour.

RYE BREAD One-third package Cook's flaked rice, 1-2 cake yeast, 1-2 cup sugar, 1 level teaspoon salt, 1 pint scalding milk, 1-3 quart lukewarm water and flour.

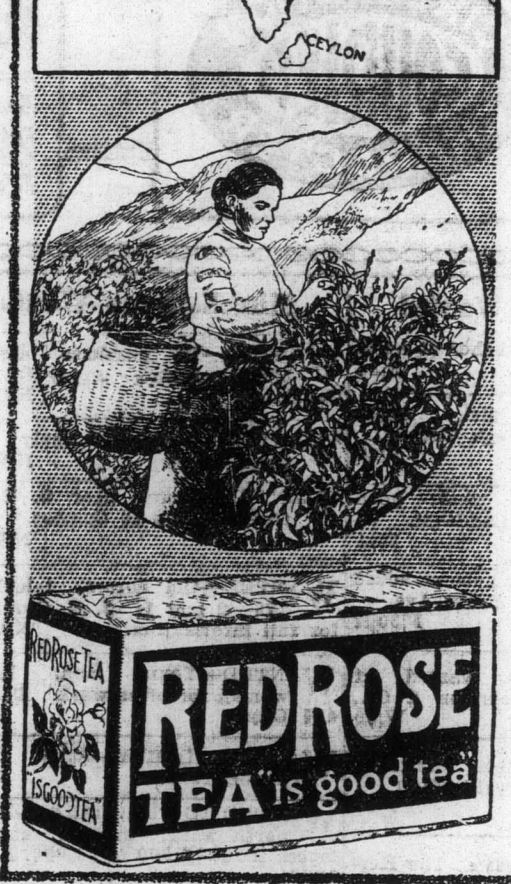
RYE BREAD Six cups white flour sifted, 4 cups rye flour sifted, 1 level teaspoon salt, 1 quart lukewarm water, 1 level teaspoon sugar, 2 heaping tablespoons caraway seeds picked over and washed, 1 heaping tablespoon lard, 1 yeast cake dissolved in 1-2 cup of milk and water, add the teaspoonful of sugar.

RYE BREAD Two cups of new milk (scalded and cooled), 2 teaspoons of sugar, 1 of salt, 1/2 yeast cake dissolved in a little lukewarm water, lard the size of a large hen's egg and 2 quarts of flour. Bread flour is best, yet the other will do nicely. Process—Add water to the milk and have the lard melted, and then add sugar, salt, lard and lastly the dissolved yeast cake. As the two cups of milk are usually enough to make



"Nature" chose Assam

Scientists tell us that Assam in northern India was the original home of the tea plant. Thousands of years ago "Nature" chose the climate and soil of this favored region as most suitable for growing tea.



It is, therefore, natural that the hillside gardens of Assam (see picture) grow the teas which to-day are famous for their flavor, fragrance and rich strength. It is of these Assam teas, skillfully blended with choice Ceylons, that Red Rose Tea consists. It is this rich Assam strength that users of Red Rose Tea must thank for its splendid economy—for the greater number of cups it yields to the pound, fully one-third more than ordinary teas. To make certain that these Assam qualities are fully preserved for you we put Red Rose Tea into dust, odor and air proof sealed packages. Red Rose Tea reaches you pure, fresh and full strength—we guarantee it. Try a Package of this Economical Tea

Good Night Stories

How Myra Helped Mother Moon. After Mamma tucked Myra in bed and kissed her good-night, Myra lay a long time gazing at the little stars that winked and blinked at her through the window. The old moon was peeping from behind a soft gray cloud, and Myra thought she saw tears in her great big eyes.

All the little stars were rushing around Myra, wondering what the trouble could be. One little star that seemed to sparkle brighter than the others opened his window wider and leaning out beckoned to Myra. "Come join us," he called, and Myra nodded her head. Several little stars jumped into a soft cloud boat and sailed down to moonbeam to Myra's window sill.

"Our Moon Mother is in great trouble, and we want your help," they told her. Myra jumped in beside them and away they sailed right up the silvery moonbeams. Several times their cloud boat was almost upset by the mischievous wind as it tricked through the sky, but at last they landed on the island of the moon.

"Hello, little Myra, I have been having terrible pains in my face, and the stars did not know what to do. I've thought perhaps you could 'win me,'" she said, and the tears ran down her cheeks. "Oh, dear! it must be the toothache," replied Myra when she saw how swollen her cheek was, and she saw the stars hunting for a soft cloth, which they tore from a fleecy cloud.

"Is there no fire where we can warm it, so as to heat Mother Moon's face?" Myra asked. "None but the great stove that belongs to the sun, and he has taken it away behind the hills," they said. One little star sprang into his boat and sailed away, returning soon with a light that flickered under his coat and when he drew it out Myra saw it was a wee little lightning bug. She wrapped it in a piece of fleecy cloud and, placing it on Mother Moon's face, she bound it there, and the heat from the little lightning bug warmed the Moon's cheek, and before long she was sound asleep. The little stars were quite happy, and took Myra back to her bed.

Myra sat up and looked out of the window; sure enough the Moon's face was partly covered; she was still wearing the bandages of fleecy cloud. "Mamma, mamma," called Myra. "Come see, the Moon has the toothache, I'm sure," and Mamma came running to see what was the trouble. When she looked out the window she laughed, and gathered Myra into her arms.

"Why, dear, that is the eclipse of the Moon. Ever so often the great old earth rolls between the Moon and the Sun, throwing a shadow across Mother Moon's face. Did you really think she had the toothache, dear?" Mamma asked as she tucked Myra back into bed.

The other ingredients should make about another pint, making in all 1 quart of lukewarm mixture. Stir this into the sifted flour and then knead 20 minutes more, and then knead into loaves and raise to about 1-4 the size of the loaves on the start; not more than that, for of course, it will raise a little after it is in the oven. There seems to be no special rule for the length of time to raise bread or to bake it. Sometimes it will rise much more quickly than others, and as different ovens bake differently, I think one should use his own judgment. Generally speaking 50 minutes is about right for medium sized loaves in a moderate oven. Always use some milk for your bread mixture, it is whiter, more nutritious and better all round, than bread made wholly out of water.

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