

THE NOVELIST'S LOST SECRETARY.

Don Phillips' Inspiration.

"Ripping sort of girl Don has for secretary," drawled a masculine voice, whose owner was evidently lounging on the piazza, for as his tongue flicked away, there followed the deliberate scratching of a match and a puff of smoke was wafted through the open French window.

"Yes, burying one's self in the country to become the novelist of the hour is not half bad with such an amenity as in attendance."

"But what I cannot understand," continued the first speaker, "is how a girl of that type can endure country life in winter. With that hair and those eyes, any New York manager would jump at the chance to put her in the front row of the chorus, and she'd be the rage in no time."

"And girls with that hair and those eyes are generally looking for higher game. Probably she knows all about Don's substantial bank account, his social position—and the law of propriety. She is doing it well, too—has her mother in attendance, but at a safe distance. The two women have taken a little cottage in the village, I understand, and she goes back and forth in Don's trap. Clever girl. She doesn't propose to have her social campaign, when she becomes Mrs. Don, hindered by the ghost of a scandal."

"I say, you fellows," sang out a third voice, "there's an hour or so before luncheon, and I'm in the mood for golf. Come along."

The two men on the porch swung themselves over the low railing and disappeared with their host in the direction of the links. Silence reigned for a moment or so, the soft, tender silence of an ideal spring morning. Then a long-drawn, quivering sigh broke the stillness. A tall, graceful figure was framed in the French window. The face beneath its aureole of copper-colored hair was very white, her dark brown eyes burned tawny red, and her hands were tensely clasped around a roll of papers.

"What chance has a woman to be judged on her merits," she murmured bitterly. "A man starts out to earn his living and gets credit for honest motives. A woman must always be accused of some hidden purpose. That I should want to support my mother decently and should select a position which removes me as far as possible from the memory of happier days and other circumstances, is clearly part of the understanding of those men. Perhaps could it be possible that he feels the same way about my work?"

A wave of crimson colored her face. She turned into the quaintly appointed drawing-room, treasure-house of a traveler who knew art centers better than his Baedeker. Her glance fell upon the open piano with some new music which had come that morning from the city. Playing Chopin and Mendelssohn was scarcely to be classed with the regulation duties of a secretary, but Donald Phillips had always insisted that the half hour of music after luncheon put him in just the right mood for his afternoon work.

From the drawing-room she passed through the dim, wide hall to the dining-room. A maid was polishing a high-backed covered chair, the one which her mother always occupied when they worked late, when in response to Mr. Phillips' invitation, the elder woman joined the dinner. Somehow her mother, with her small, patrician features and her snowy hair built in graceful puffs, seemed almost suited for high-backed carved chairs. She recalled some of the clever stories which had come with the nuts and the coffee, and the final hour in the drawing-room.

The maid had paused in her work and was regarding Miss Anstey as if expecting to receive some order. Helen came out of her reverie with a start, and recrossed the hall to the library. Talbot, Mr. Phillips' man, was just coming out, and he held the door open for her ostentatiously, although Helen Anstey's heart beat fast and hard. She swept through the door, and as it closed behind her, she leaned dizzily against the heavy table.

They all think it—the very servants. And I have been blind to my own folly. The restful life after the bitter struggle for a position, mother's happiness, and the work which has become a part of myself, that it all it has been to me. But now—

She set to work with feverish zeal, first reading the transcript made from yesterday's notes; then with mechanical accuracy, but almost unconscious of what she was writing, she transcribed the few notes Mr. Phillips had dictated before his guests had finished their late breakfast.

When Donald Phillips hurried in, ten minutes before the luncheon hour, a dozen sheets of paper, covered with neat typewriting greeted his gaze.

"Now isn't that something scandalous, Miss Anstey," he said, "we won't have that book finished until fall at this rate. But I can't imagine what has come over you unless it is the spring weather and the sight of those two chaps, fresh from India. If this keeps up, I shall endanger my championship. Let's see, the *Everyday Magazine* called me the most prolific writer of good English—didn't they?"

He threw back his head and laughed. The inconsistencies of newspaper criticism always amused him immensely. Helen Anstey usually shared his mirth, but just now she was rolling and unrolling her handkerchief, under the shelter of her typewriting table, as nervously as a country schoolgirl.

"Yes, I have been thinking, Mr. Phillips, that now your friends are here, perhaps you might spare me for a few days in town. You know I have not seen New York in four months, and in spring a young woman's thoughts turn to shops and bazaar counters. A few days on the links will do you no harm, and I am sure a few in town would do me much good."

She had her little speech well framed, but her voice faltered just a trifle on the last word.

"Will three days be enough?" he inquired with an air of mock severity. "I am sure you will spend all your savings in that time and be glad to come back."

The girl's hands were clasped convulsively, and she bit her lip. His next words were even harder to hear. "I realize that I have been very selfish, Miss Anstey. You should have asked me for the vacation before, but the book has been going so beautifully, and—"

"Pray do not mention it. I have not really wanted to go, but I think a little pleasuring would do you good."

"Well, as an explanation for my thoughtlessness, you will at least permit me to bear the expense of the little trip for yourself and your mother. It will be added to your next salary check."

Three days later the guests at Graham Court, as the old Phillips place was known, took their departure, and his master sank back into his big library chair with a sigh that held considerable relief. The three days afoot and afield had been delightful, but now—well, he explained his restless feeling by the fact that his publisher had written him a somewhat urgent letter.

"Talbot," he said, as that worthy responded to his ring, "send one of the boys to the village with the trap, and see whether Miss Anstey has returned."

"Excuse me, sir, but there is a young man here who says he comes from Miss Anstey."

For full five minutes, the young man sat silent and depressed while his prospective employer studied over the following note:

"My Dear Mr. Phillips: I am sending you with this a young man who I believe will prove entirely capable of picking up the work I feel compelled to drop. His experience is ample, his references unimpeachable. I trust that you will not regard me as a hopeless ingrate. I appreciate everything you have done for me and my mother. You were good enough to take me as your employee without explanation or reference. Will you not let me leave your employ in the same manner, and still believe me, Yours gratefully,"

"Helen Pinkey Anstey."

So she disappeared from his life, as completely as if the earth had opened up and swallowed her. At the village postoffice she had left no orders for forwarding mail. Personals in various papers brought no acknowledgment. Phillips was too proud to employ detectives, and plunged back into his work.

Six months later, on board an ocean liner, he met a woman whose name stands high upon the social ledger. She was talking of his new novel.

"To be entirely frank with you, Mr. Phillips, I was disappointed in the last few chapters. The beginning was so strong, so virile, but toward the end you seemed to taper off, as if you were just dreadfully tired and bored with it all."

"To be equally frank, I was bored," was his reply. "Somehow my whole life seemed to be tapering off just then."

He was looking out across the stretch of waters, his brow drawn in a frown which her mother always occupied when they worked late, when in response to Mr. Phillips' invitation, the elder woman joined the dinner. Somehow her mother, with her small, patrician features and her snowy hair built in graceful puffs, seemed almost suited for high-backed carved chairs. She recalled some of the clever stories which had come with the nuts and the coffee, and the final hour in the drawing-room.

"And if you knew her, as I knew her, you will understand why my book faltered on the finish. She was my inspiration."

"That being the case, I would suggest that you gather your wits together before we get beyond the reach of the wireless station."

Her tone was that of railway, but her eyes were tender.

The length of the message he sent back to London fairly startled the officers on shipboard, but when two words, "Come back," were received in reply, he seemed more than ready. And three weeks later, when he stood in the dull, old library of Lady Carvan's country home, with the girl he had clasped in his arms, it seemed to him that nothing counted which had gone before.

Louisa Alcott's Father.

Alcott was tall and well-proportioned, with thin hair worn in long, flowing locks, a pure, pale complexion, placid features, and a rather loose mouth, writes J. T. Towne, in *The Atlantic*. His placidly appeared to be his normal condition, from which you would have said no conceivable circumstances could rouse him to any display of energy.

If an acquaintance met him in the woods he could be counted upon to do two things—begin to talk, and to look about for a log to sit down on. He began life as a Yankee peddler; but even that occupation commonly thought inseparable from shrewdness and an eye for the dollar, did not seem to have developed in him a sense of their racial value of money, or of pecuniary obligation. He had perfect faith in a Providence that justified the ways and looked out for the welfare of the saints.

Alcott once saw him on a Nantasket boat, without a ticket, or money to pay for one. When called sharply to account by the steward, he remarked innocently that the trip had been a "provision" for the passengers, and that he believed "there would be some provision" for him. There were times, before the daughter Louisa began to earn money by her facile and popular pen, when the family would have starved but for the generous gifts of Emerson and others, and the energies of Mr. Alcott, a woman of great worth and good sense, who kept the wolf from the door while her husband dreamed dreams.

Pruning the Tea Plant



After the leaves have been plucked from a tea plant for a year or two it naturally loses the vitality necessary to send forth abundance of the new shoots which are used in

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea

The plant then undergoes a thorough pruning—its branches are lopped off, and it looks utterly ruined. The rest does the plant good, however, and it bursts forth with renewed vigor. The leaves are delicate and tender. They make that rich, fragrant, delicious tasting tea that is peculiar only to the forty-cent, Red Label, Blue Ribbon Tea.

Black, Mixed, Ceylon Green **Forty Cents** **Should be Fifty**

KEEP HENS LAYING BY ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Novel Scheme to Supply Eggs to the Hungry People of the Klondike.

A Tacoma (Wash.) item says: W. E. Dickman, who is a citizen of Nome between the runs of the earliest boats in the spring and the latest boats in the fall, had returned from New York, and will sail for the north in a few days. He expects to remain an indefinite length of time, and to return with some good Nome gold. His plan for getting rich is rather unique for a land where the icicles hang as plentifully as in Nome. The basis of his business will be 1,000 Plymouth Rock hens. With these he expects to supply the epicure of Nome with fresh eggs, to take the place of the packed variety, with which they have heretofore regaled their palates. The fabulous goose that laid the golden eggs was not in the running with the hens that will lay eggs in Nome. Eggs are steady up there at a dollar per dozen, and the man who can supply the market with fresh right off the nest can command almost any price he may choose to ask.

A henery on the bleak shores of Alaska is not an experiment with Mr. Dickman. He proved the business last year with 250 good hens and true. These hens laid jubilantly all summer, and when they themselves went to the restaurant table they brought \$2.50 apiece.

There is one lesson, however, that the tenderfoot hen has to learn in Nome. She can't rely on the time-honored custom of regulating her laying by the sun. For the sun shines for weeks at a time. The hen has to be watched, or she will overtax her energies in this constant flood of sunshine. Mr. Dick-

MAN'S HENS WERE LIKE OLD GRIMES' OLD BLUE HEN THAT LID TWO EGGS EVERY DAY AND THREE ON SUNDAY.

In order to prevent a call from a walking dealer, Mr. Dickman had to put his hens in a black tent, which did not admit the rays of the sun, for several hours out of every 24.

Next winter Mr. Dickman intends to keep his hens laying instead of slaughtering them for the fall markets, and instead of a black tent, he will have electric lights to amuse to the hens that it is morning, or at least time for business. By providing warm houses he expects to keep them laying all winter.

The expense of keeping chickens in Nome is not so great as it would seem. Mr. Dickman used no grain last winter, but fed his hens altogether upon stale bread and meat scraps from the restaurants. This year, having a large number of hens, he will take some grain.

Mr. Dickman tried for several days to get the 1,000 chickens in the vicinity of Tacoma, but was unsuccessful, and he departed for Petaluma, Cal., which is the largest poultry center in the world, with the possible exception of a place in Belgium.

BILL OF FARE For the Baby in Summer Time

With an occasional lunch of Lactated Food to suit age. Lactated Food is relieved by the babies at all times. It is the only food that keeps the bowels in condition, and prevents all fatal summer troubles. Ask your Druggist for it, dear mother; take no other.

A PLEA FOR THE DOG BY JULIUS CHAMBERS

Protest Against Using Man's Faithful Friend For Cruel Vivisection.

The spectacle of the great University of Chicago purchasing and stealing dogs for purposes of vivisection is revolting to every man who loves the animal most closely associated with the human race. Of course, we are told that the cutting up of live dogs is in the interest of surgery. Indeed, that profession has so long planned itself upon those commercial relations with body-snatchers, in the interest of science, that the wanton destruction of brute life doubtless appears mild in comparison. Medicine has been six thousand years getting to its present condition of impotence. And yet Dr. Bryant told a large audience a few nights ago that the germ theory was discovered only twenty years since, and by a man who was not a physician or surgeon—Professor Tyndall! That medical research is in want of encouragement admits of no discussion. When we allow our hearts to speak, however, a universal protest against the vivisection of dogs will arise.

I have a friend at home, the guardian of my family. I trust him, and he is worthy of any man's supreme confidence. As a comrade, he never has faltered in his devotion. He'd give his life to save mine and would not ask the same sacrifice on my part. Although a slave to my wishes, he's a peer of the realm. He's my friend to the death, and he's—dog.

Recall the dog heroes of history! Have we forgotten Llewellyn's hu-

man-hearted Geier? Is gone from memory the immortal Barry of the Great Saint Bernard? The Swissers reverse him and have reared a stately monument at Berne. Can we doubt that Kermit, patient, tireless guardian of the Seven Sleepers at Ephesus, was admitted into Paradise by Mahomet? Has the judicial combat to the death between the devoted dog Aubrey and his master's murderer passed out of our mind? Does not every visitor to Newstead Abbey know that Byron, prince royal of our English tongue, chose his grave at the side of his true friend, Boatswain? And Maera, too, descended from the noblest dogs of all antiquity, was translated to the heavens to become the dog-star of the northern sky.

Many more dog heroes of history might be recalled, for the dog has shone in song and story since the beginning of animal life. No living creature is so fond of man—it is said he learned to bark in imitation of human speech. His life on earth is given to the service of his master; the only heaven he knows is a place in that master's heart. Human friends prove false, but his fidelity endures—proof against all temptation.

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Torturing Piles

First symptoms—Moisture, intense itching, stinging; desire to scratch, most at night. If allowed to continue, tumor form, which often swells, ulcers and bleed. Instant relief; no pain; no knife. Certain cure—simply use

Swayne's Ointment

Harmless; healing. Half a century's test proves that it never fails. At druggists, 50 cents. Try before you buy, address, Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia, who will send you a plain wrapper, who will send you a plain wrapper.

A SAMPLE BOX FREE.

CHOCOLATE BOX FREE.

How a Sprain Does Hurt!

But it isn't the pain alone that is dreaded—just think of the loss of time and wages. Sprains without number have been cured by rubbing Polson's Nerviline well into the pores of the skin surrounding the joint. No matter whether it is a sprained wrist, ankle, knee or back, just try Nerviline on it, and see how quickly it will cure. There is only one liniment that can be depended upon to cure sprains, strains and swellings, and that is Polson's Nerviline. Large bottles, 25 cents.

It is noble to soothe an aching head, but there is sometimes more fun in hitting a head and making it ache.

KEEP MINARD'S LINIMENT IN THE HOUSE.

Love for neighbor lightens labor. A boy's mind is clogged rather than lubricated by the application of strap oil.

Wash greasy dishes, pots or pans with Lever's Fry Soap a powder. It will remove the grease with the greatest ease. 36

"Death loves a shining mark" is a jolly way the mourners. It doesn't mean anything.

Corns, Warts, Bunions removed for all time and without pain, by applying Putnam's Corn and Wart Extractor. Contains no acids, never burns, always cures, quickly and effectually. Use only "Putnam's."

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

At the burial of a South London man his six dogs draped in black followed the cortege.

Matt Breakfast Food

Little and Big People Love It and Call for More.

TRY A PACKAGE. ALL GROCERS.