



## THE Girls' Cozy Corner

### THE COMPANY LADY.

The Company Lady has a hat on her head;  
My mama only has hair.  
The Company Lady always wears gloves;  
My mama's hands are bare.

In winter, the Company Lady wears fur.  
In summer, a chain of gold;  
And every one always speaks kindly to her,  
And her dresses are never old.

One time when I broke one of sister's best  
cups

She shook me and made my teeth  
chatter;

But when the Company Lady broke one,  
She said, "Oh, it doesn't matter."

I'd like very much to have nothing to do  
But drink tea on a porch that is shady;  
So when I get big, I'll try very hard  
To be a Company Lady.

Henrietta Lee Coulling.

### MULTIPLICATION.

I had a little secret  
And it just belonged to me,  
But Betsy Morris stayed all night,  
And as we watched the fading light,  
It slipped out ere I knew 'twas gone,  
As slyly as could be.

And now my little secret  
That I guarded faithfully,  
Belongs to Betsy Morris, too,  
The whole wide town,—and me.

### GIRL'S PRIZE LETTER.

Oak River

Dear Cousin Doris:—This is my first  
letter to your interesting corner. I have  
read so many letters I thought I would  
write.

I am planting a flower garden this  
spring, and I am going to tell you what  
my favorite flowers are which are Asters,  
Sweet Peas, Zenas, Morning Glories, Ever-  
lastings and some other flowers that I do  
not like as well.

We have only a half a mile to go to  
school. I have not been going to school  
all winter for my eyes have been sore, but  
I have started again. My studies are  
Geography, History, Reading, Writing,  
Spelling, and Drawing.

I hope to see my letter in print. I will  
close now wishing your paper every suc-  
cess. Your Loving Cousin, Lizzie Sin-  
clair.

Young, Sask.

Dear Cousin Doris:—I will now take  
my time and write you and let you know  
my favorite game. It is hide and seek.  
We play it this way. One is supposed to  
stand and not look at all and then the  
others go and hide and then when they  
have hidden, the one who blinds tries to  
find them and then he runs back to the  
goal and puts on the door or wall and says  
"one, two, three" for the name of child—or  
the ones who have hidden try to get there  
before him and if they all get there before  
him he has to stand again and so on. To-  
day it is awful stormy. Today I went out  
to get some snow and the wind nearly took  
me away. We have a gang here now. It  
works for the Canadian Pacific Railway.  
Wishing the club every success.

Would like a Prize Book. Yours truly,  
Miss Olga Setrud, Young, Sask., box 31,  
Can.

Last month I promised a continued  
story to the girls. I hope my girl readers  
will enjoy the story. C. D.

### IN THE LITTLE OLD LEATHER TRUNK.

By Charles Wisner Barrell.

Almost every summer since she could  
remember, Ellen Penfield had spent her  
vacation days on her grandmother's little  
farm down in Bedfordshire County. For,  
although born and bred a city girl, Ellen  
revealed in the free outdoor life of the coun-  
try, and, besides, she had always been her  
grandmother's favorite. The eldest girl in  
a family of six, Ellen had gone to work as  
a stenographer in a law office in the  
city the year before, a few weeks after her  
seventeenth birthday, to assist in the sup-  
port of the hungry and growing household  
of which she was a part.

This year she had decided to spend the  
two weeks allowed her by the company  
for which she worked, on Grandmother  
Penfield's place, as usual. It would be  
rather a sad homestead to visit, for, since  
her son's death, the old lady had been ob-  
liged to have her farm work done by a  
hired man. To make matters worse,  
there was a mortgage for nine hundred  
dollars on the farm, which had been held  
by Squire Harding of Bedfordshire Center  
since Grandfather Penfield's death, and  
during the past year Mrs. Penfield had  
fallen behind on the interest, owing to the  
expenses entailed by her son's fatal illness.  
Ellen often lay awake at night, endeavor-  
ing to think of some method whereby she  
could raise the money to pay off the hateful  
mortgage, so that her grandmother could  
pass the remainder of her days in peace.

It was after six o'clock in the evening  
when Ellen found herself once more before  
the familiar and dearly loved old farm-  
house.

Grandmother Penfield was looking for  
her on the front porch in a new linen cap  
and a spotless but visibly worn tea-gown.  
Ellen bounded over the wheel and caught  
her grandmother in a bear-hug, which made  
Mrs. Penfield cry out in make-believe alarm.

A moment later, with arms about each  
other, they turned and passed into the  
cheery, white-curtained little dining-room,  
where Ellen had spent so many joyous  
hours in times past.

It was Thursday afternoon of the last  
week of her visit. Grandmother Penfield  
and she were canning the last of the  
tomatoes, and Ellen was offering the last  
lightening twist to a stubborn two-quart  
jar, when she straightened up and said:

"Oh, Grandma! I just happened to  
think—what ever became of the deed to  
that section of Texas land that Grandpa  
bought so many years ago—and that  
turned out to be worthless land. Won't  
you let me see the deed, please, if you still  
have it?"

Her grandmother smiled dubiously, but  
she said:

"Why, of course you can see it if you  
really want to. You'll find it in the old  
leather trunk up under the rafters in the  
north-east corner of the attic."

A moment or two later Ellen had  
climbed the back stairs to the low-roofed  
attic, and after picking her way through  
the array of no longer used clothing and  
broken-down furniture which hung from  
the rafters and cluttered up the floor space,  
she found the little old leather trunk in the  
corner. Popping a decrepit chair against  
the wall, she placed the candlestick upon  
its seat and pulled the trunk out of the  
dim corner where it had reposed so long.  
A pale shaft of sun from the dormer-  
window behind her, together with the  
cheery beam of the candle, lighted up the

scene, so that Ellen could readily see to  
unbuckle the heavy straps which bound  
the trunk and to insert the key in the lock.  
It turned with a complaining creak and  
snap, and as it did so Ellen tossed the lid  
back and peered within.

An odor of camphor greeted her. Re-  
membering her grandmother's directions,  
she lifted out the tray and began to ex-  
plore the inner recesses of the antique  
trunk. One by one she laid the articles  
upon a paper on the floor beside her.  
There were some rolls of homespun linen,  
and one or two old-style bodices of flowered  
satin, a fancy waistcoat in which her  
grandfather had once shone resplendent,  
an old daguerreotype which had become  
cracked and was now perched in a piece  
of watered silk, some scuffed-out baby  
shoes, a thick bundle of letters, yellowed  
and creased with time, a quaint old silver  
drinking-cup, the unfinished pattern of a  
fancy pillow-cover, a worn leather wallet,  
two or three yards of crinoline, and then,  
right at the bottom of the trunk, a packet  
of papers wrapped in a linen sampler and  
what appeared to be two small account-  
books tied together with stout white worsted.

With the papers was a deed from  
"The Texas Land Improvement and  
Realty Company," the reassuringly official  
appearance of which was increased by the  
half-dozen revenue-stamps on its outer  
fold.

Ellen opened the document and began  
to read. The law-book wording in which  
it was written was, though somewhat im-  
pressive, rather monotonous reading.  
But Ellen studied it out from start to  
finish with quickening pulse. Suppose  
this land really were valuable! She had  
heard of such things happening before—of  
swindlers who had sold better than they  
knew. Ellen's eyes burned hopefully as  
she laid the deed on the chair beside the  
candle and began to wrap the other papers  
up once more in the sampler. She would  
take the deed to a good real-estate lawyer  
up in Lancaster in the morning and find  
out definitely whether there was any trace  
of a foundation under her air-castle. As  
she put the packet back in its proper cor-  
ner, her glance fell casually upon the two  
old account-books bound together with  
the worsted string. A sudden impulse  
prompted her to have a look at them. So  
she lifted the books to her knee. But  
while they were in mid-air, the leaves of  
the under one spread apart a trifle, and  
several bits of colored paper fluttered out.  
In the uncertain light Ellen did not recog-  
nize what they were, but when she picked  
them up and held them nearer the candle  
she saw that they were old postage-  
stamps. And what queer-looking old  
things they were, too!

Ellen laid them carefully on top of the  
deed and began to untie the worsted that  
bound the books. Perhaps there were  
more of them inside, equally interesting.  
With this thought in her mind, the girl be-  
gan to examine the contents of the book  
from which the fugitive stamps had fallen.

It proved to be a small day-lager of  
about a hundred pages in thickness.  
Each page was ruled off into little squares,  
and within many of these postage-stamps  
were neatly tipped. On the red line at  
the top of each page was written, in a  
round boyish hand, a brief description of  
the stamps pasted below. Some pages  
were completely filled, but most of them  
bore only a half-dozen or more stamps.  
Ellen leafed the book through slowly.  
It probably contained a trifle more than  
three hundred stamps, counting the loose  
ones in the back and those on the little  
bundle of envelopes which had caused the  
homemade album to bulge in the middle.

Grandmother Penfield had begun to put  
the jars of fruit away in the pantry when  
Ellen reached the kitchen again with the  
deed and the book of stamps under her  
arm. She set a chair near the window for  
Mrs. Penfield and got her spectacles from  
the mantelpiece in the dining-room.  
Then she handed the deed to the old lady  
and put the book in her lap. Mrs. Pen-  
field unfolded the paper, looked it over  
carefully, and at length passed it back to  
the girl with a sigh.

"I know it is very high-sounding as it  
reads, dear," she said, "but it's only a  
heartless fraud. Your grandpa was cian-  
ted out of twelve hundred dollars by the  
men who got it up. There were a lot of  
other people around the country who were  
taken in by them, too. When your grand-  
pa went to investigate the location of the  
land, he found that it was part of a swamp  
and under three or four feet of mud and  
water. He hired a lawyer to prosecute  
the rascals behind this company, but when  
it came to trial we couldn't get a cent back.  
It was a wicked piece of business. How-  
ever," she went on, "if you really want to  
satisfy yourself about the matter, you can  
go over to Lancaster to-morrow and see  
Judge Arthur S. Bentham, who has an  
office in the Post-office Building. He was  
the judge that tried the case. He won't  
charge you anything for his opinion, for he  
used to be a very close friend of your  
grandpa's, and I know he felt very much  
disappointed when he had to decide the  
case against us. He'll tell you all about  
the matter and explain how it was the  
members of this company were able to  
keep their ill-gotten gains."

Mrs. Penfield began stroking her grand-  
daughter's hair as Ellen leaned down be-  
side her to open the book of stamps on her  
lap.

"Why, where did this come from,  
Ellen?" she inquired, as her eyes lighted  
upon the battered ledger.

"I found it in the old trunk with the  
deed, and I brought it down to ask you  
about it. You see, there are a whole lot  
of postage-stamps in it, and old postage-  
stamps are sometimes worth money, they  
say. I know a girl who has a collection  
worth twenty-five dollars. If these are  
worth half as much as that, and you'll let  
me sell them for you, you'll have enough  
to buy yourself material for a nice new  
dress."

Mrs. Penfield was turning the pages of  
the old ledger reminiscently.

"Why, this is the stamp collection that  
your uncle Paul made when he was a boy.  
I must have put it away in that trunk  
years and years ago, for I'd quite forgotten  
about it. I remember now how he used to  
have me save all the stamps that came  
on the letters and how he got your grand-  
pa's friends to send him stamps from all  
over the country by exchanging with  
them. The poor boy died when he was  
just turned twenty-one."

Ex-Judge Bentham's law offices were on  
the third floor of the Lancaster Post-office  
Building. The judge was usually among  
the first occupants of his suite to arrive,  
but this Friday morning in late August he  
had hardly settled himself in his revolving  
chair, before his brief-strewn desk, when a  
visitor was announced.

It was Ellen, arrayed in her most be-  
coming frock, with a square, thin package  
under her arm and a long legal envelope in  
her hand.

Judge Bentham was somewhat past  
middle life, but he had always been dis-  
tinguished for his unflinching courtesy. As  
Ellen entered his office, at the direction of  
his stenographer, the old jurist arose and

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