

A LITTLE SPITFIRE

But There Came a Fairy Prince Modest and Clear Minded.

By MARTHA McILLOCH WILLIAMS.

"So, you won't have me! Who are you waiting for? There's no other girl around here," would say "Yes, and thank you, too!" young Magee said angrily, crushing his hat as he spoke. Peggy laughed.

"Oh! for a fairy prince, of course, Johnny. One with spangles all over him, and a coach and four," she said. "I know you've got a horse and buggy, and a chance. Somehow, though, I don't want you—very stupid of me, I can say, but I don't. I think I can tell you, though, who does want you—worse of all," as she saw him put up a protesting hand. "Sally Job, and she's such a dear! Go right on and ask her—she's worth three of me. And her Aunt Sarah will leave her money; think how easy you'll get rich with the money coming in on both sides."

"I don't want any Sally Job," Magee raged. "She—she's been after me since we went to school together."

"But don't you think you'd better let me, or some other body, say it, Johnny?" Peggy demanded, her eyes dancing. She liked Johnny in a way, despite his colossal conceit—a conceit somewhat excused by his bringing up, the pet and idol of three maiden aunts.

"Tisn't a nice thing to say that of a girl," she went on. "The fact that you do say it, and don't see that it isn't nice, is one of the reasons I won't have you."

"It is, eh?" Magee said almost choking. "I came here courtin'—not to be lectured on manners. Have your way, though, Miss Peggy Lester, but mark what I tell you—some day you'll be sorry for what you're doin' now."

"But not so sorry as if I hadn't done it," Peggy flung back at him. She had been a bit sorry for him. Now she was angry through and through. "If I thought there was a woman anywhere big enough and rough enough to thrash you within an inch of your life, I'd pray that you might get her. Unless there is such a one, I hope you'll die a bachelor."

"Peggy, what are you saying?" Mrs. Lester demanded, stopping stock still in the sitting-room, with her tray of cider and crullers. "You mustn't mind her, Johnny," she went on. "You know she's a little spitfire, that don't mean what she says."

"She does mean it—this time," Magee answered sulkily. "But, Mrs. Lester, I hope you won't let that keep you from bein' my friend."

"Surely not," Mrs. Lester said, setting down the tray. Johnny must be wrought up when he refused her crullers, to say nothing of the cider. She looked severely at her daughter. Peggy tossed her head. "I'm a friend of Johnny's," she said, with a shadow of a smile. "He can't deny it—I've been advisin' him for his own good."

"Good-by! When I take your advice I'll let you know," said Johnny humbly, his hand on the door. Mrs. Lester sank down, trembling all over.

"You've done it now, Peggy," she said. "Old Miss Em. Magee will never, never lend us the money to pay that security debt of your father's—our home will have to go."

"No, it won't," Peggy said stoutly, running to her mother as she spoke. "We won't ask Miss Em.—instead I'll go up to the city and see Uncle John."

"It will be no use—he said he'd never help us again when he made up the shortage in the treasurer's office," Mrs. Lester said dejectedly. "But your poor pa will keep goin' security—and havin' to pay every time."

"Now, now, mother! Don't fret nor go over it all," Peggy entreated. "I'm bound to go to Uncle John. I don't believe he'll turn me away."

Somebody else thought it would be hard work to turn Peggy away upon a leaden morning two weeks later as she sat in wait outside her rich uncle's private office. He was not a real uncle—only a sort of stepbrother, although he had no patience with her easy-going husband. It was five years since he had been to the Lester farm—thus Peggy, grown up into blooming young womanhood, was wholly strange to him. She had not sent in her name. All her bravery had deserted her as soon as she stepped inside the glass doors. Her cheeks burned under the glances of the men at work there. And still more at the looks she got from the other men, older ones, hurrying in and out. She meant to wait until Uncle Joe appeared, then lay hold on him and prefer her humble petition. Now she wished desperately that she had not come; it is a question, indeed, whether she would not have welcomed Johnny Magee and his love-making as deliverance, could he have happened upon her then and there.

The minutes went leadenly—each one seeming an hour. Presently she heard twelve strokes of the clock, and saw men begin to straggle out, putting on great coats as they went. A grinning office boy said to her:

"If you ain't got a date with the boss," nodding toward the inner office, "better make one and come again. See?" Then she heard a clerk say to an inquirer over the telephone: "Mr. Hedding is out; won't be back till three o'clock."

"Are you sure?" Peggy ventured, touching the man's arm lightly. He smiled and nodded, half insolently. Peggy turned from him, biting her lip.

As she went blindly toward the door a young man, somewhat hook-nosed and very red-lipped, came from the inner office, started at sight of her, then hurried up to her, asking saucily how he might serve her. Inside of a minute he knew everything, and stood looking down and pulling his mustache thoughtfully, but almost instantly brightened, saying she must follow Mr. Hedding; nothing easier; the boy would fetch a cab, and he himself would give directions. Might he venture to meet Miss Lester?—delighted to serve a relative of his old friend Hedding—between sentences he had been hurrying Peggy out and away—and at the last of them he was huddling her into a waiting cab.

Something happened then, just how Peggy never understood. A plain-faced young man, who had glanced at her pityingly as she passed into the private office, somehow rose up from the pavement and sent the red-lipped gentleman away in something of a panic.

"He's not fit to speak to any decent girl," the deliverer explained, as he took Peggy back to her place of waiting. The deliverer said no more to her. Instead there was a lively buzzing of telephones and some guarded talk over wires. As a result of it, Peggy was sent in charge of the office boy up to her Uncle John's house. She stayed there a week, and went home with all the money she would take—a deal more than she had thought of asking for.

Even that was not all. She knew the fairy prince was coming to see her in her own rural surroundings before very long. She knew further that he was as rich as he was modest and clean-minded, the sort of real fairy prince that every girl longs for. Of course he came, and equally of course, next year they were married. Johnny Magee was mighty upset that all things turned out so well, until he married the faithful Sally Job—then he thought of his escape from Peggy as a merciful deliverance.

False Alarm.
Over the telephone a worried voice addressed the proprietor of a small hardware store in a west Kentucky town.

"Say," the speaker began, "I come in your place today and bought one of them dollar alarm clocks, and you set her for me to go off at five o'clock in the mornin'. D'ye remember?"

"Yes," said the hardware man, "I remember."

"Well," went on the other, "I've jest found out that I don't have to git up at five o'clock in the mornin'."

"Glad to hear it," said the hardware man, "but what do you want to do about it?"

"I want you," said the customer, "to tell me how to unalarm this clock."—Saturday Evening Post.

All Pardoned.
Gypsy Smith, the evangelist, tells this story: Jack had been converted at a revival meeting, and upon meeting an old friend later, was asked if it were true.

"Oh, yes," said Jack. "I am really going to live a new life."

"Well," said his friend. "I suppose you will begin by settling up all your old debts; for instance, I presume you will now pay me the sovereign you have owed me so long."

"Oh, no," replied Jack. "That is one of my old transgressions, and the Lord has pardoned them all."

Has Side Lines.
"That poet who wrote an ode to a bunch of daffodils and won the \$10,000 prize offered by that eastern magazine—is that all he does for a living?"

"By no means. He is also an authority on onion culture and is a staff contributor for three agricultural journals."

His Greatest Happiness.
"May I tell you the old, old story?" he asked.

She looked down, blushed and nodded her assent.

So he told her for the twenty-seventh time how he once won the game for Yale—Brooklyn Life.

A Rarer Occasion.
"What is so rare as a day in June?" he quoted, sentimentally.

"I know one rarer," she answered, prosaically. "The day when a husband asks his wife if she doesn't want some more money."

Going to an Extreme.
"It's all very well to be esthetic."

"But I have no patience with the person who has a convulsion at the sight of a billboard."

Highly Exciting.
"I suppose Ruggles had some interesting experiences while abroad?"

"Yes, indeed. His adventures with cabmen alone furnish enough material for half a dozen melodramas."

Strange Agreement.
"It seems odd that the primitive way of knocking down a maiden to court her was always successful."

"Why was it odd?"

"Because it was such a hit and miss affair."

Obvious.
"The first time I ever saw him I knew we would not be friends."

"Why so?"

"Well, to tell the truth, he was shaking his fist at me."

Little Things Count.
"Why have you quit going with Ferdinand? I thought you said he had all the manly virtues."

"He has. But he is still wearing a straw hat."

Up the JUNGFRAU TROLLEY

WHEN one steps from the small boat at Interlaken, Switzerland, which has brought him across Lake Thun, and has managed to struggle past the long line of fifty or sixty hotel porters, the first thing that he notices is a monstrous, snowclad mountain towering, seemingly, only a little distance away. It is one of the beautiful sights of this most attractive Swiss town, shimmering brilliantly white in the sunlight. This mighty peak in the Jungfrau. Interlaken is proud of the Jungfrau, and the mountain seems to be a sort of protective angel of the little village, rearing its lofty crest high above the other peaks.

In every shop, in every hotel, in the railroad station, everywhere one sees various views of the Jungfrau, and no one ever goes to Interlaken without buying a number of pictures of the famous peak. There are many hotels that have Jungfrau in their names, with some other combination of words. The whole place teems with the name Jungfrau. And deservedly so, for it is one of the most beautiful mountains in all Europe.

A Famous Engineering Feat.
Almost equal in fame with the mountain itself is the railroad which toils up its steep ascent, and which takes one from the warm and sunny town into the cold blasts of snow and ice within a few hours. For many years all efforts to render this virgin mountain more accessible proved unavailing, until Guyer-Zeller of Zurich, the Swiss "railway king," solved the problem that had puzzled so many engineers.

After a delightful trip up the mountain, first by a regular steam train,



TUNNEL ON JUNGFRAU RAILWAY

and then on the cog wheel road, we arrived at Little Scheidegg. A strong cold wind was blowing steadily across the tracks. My hat was whisked off and went careening toward a deep ravine. A friendly trolley pole stopped it in its hurried trip toward the bottom of the canyon. We left the station of the Wengler railway and crossed a cold wind-swept platform to the terminus of the Jungfrau railway. Everyone hurriedly struggled into overcoats. Fine snow stung our faces. We entered one of the carriages of the electric railway that makes the steep journey to the top. The wind howled and rattled the windows. A guard quickly opened the door of our compartment and shoved in some blankets for us to wrap up in when we should get out at the stations higher up.

Snow lay on each side of the tracks; at places it rose like a wall almost as high as the train. We traveled above ground for some distance until we came to Elgerletscher. Here a small station clings to the side of the mountain. Through a telescope near the tracks we could see distant valleys. After a few minutes' stop we were all huddled aboard the train, which then plunged into a long tunnel through the mountain. Slowly the electric engine pulled us up through this dark cavern, lighted occasionally by small bulbs.

Chilled by Penetrating Cold.
At Elgerwand we stopped again. As we descended from the train we were chilled by the penetrating cold. We walked through a long gallery cut in the solid rock, lighted by weird greenish lights. The icy sides glistened. At the end of this gallery the rock has

been bored through and far below us lay a bluish sea of ice. This one was of the famous glaciers of the Jungfrau. From Elgerwand the train turns sharply to the right, still in the wonderful tunnel, which was bored through the mountain for a distance of about eight miles.

A run of about a mile brought us to Eismeer. Through another cold, draughty leclined grotto we walked to another opening, and again we saw the great glacier sprawling through the deep ravine. Here an attendant picked out various buildings on the side of the Monch through a telescope. How he did it was a mystery, for with the naked eye, one saw only a blank wall of snow. The glacier was a little indistinct from the Eismeer, as snow had begun to fall.

Three miles further and we arrived at the present terminus of the railroad, the Jungfraujoch. A short walk through the branching tunnel brought us to a little wooden building built on the side of the mountain. We stepped outside onto a small porch. A fierce blizzard was raging outside, and we could see only a few feet in front of us. This station is 11,141 feet above the sea level and is the highest tunnel station in the world.

An Alpine guide brought us pickaxes used in mountain climbing, and several of us followed him through a steep, snow covered passage until we emerged on the side of the Jungfrau. A steep path lay before us; at one side the sheer wall of the mountain rose, on the other side was space. The blizzard was blinding. We felt our way along in the wake of the guide, slipping, scrambling and catching ourselves with the sharp pointed

BEEF STEW WITH DUMPLINGS

Cold Weather Dish Is Certainly One of the Best That Has Yet Been Devised.

Use an "atch" bone for this and reserve part for a roast, as the whole bone would make stew enough for 15 people. However, shinbone can be used if you prefer.

Take off enough of the fat to brown the meat and vegetables and let it be trying out while you are preparing the meat. If there is no fat use a little pork fat or drippings.

Cut your meat into dice about an inch large each way, dredge them well with salt, pepper and flour, and brown in hot fat. Put in your stewpan.

Cut two onions, one small turnip and half a carrot into dice and brown; add to the meat, cover with boiling water and cook until the meat is tender. Remove bone and skim off the fat; add six or eight small potatoes, which have been pared and parboiled. Add salt and pepper to taste. Cook until nearly done and then add dumplings.

Dumplings—One pint of flour, one-half teaspoon of salt, two teaspoons baking powder. Mix thoroughly. Add enough milk to make a soft dough. Shape and cook ten minutes in the soft dough. Add salt and baking powder to the flour, and sift all so as to mix them thoroughly with enough milk to make a dough you can handle; it will take about a cupful; they can be dropped from the spoon or shaped a little with the hands.

The stew should be boiling rapidly when the dumplings are added, and continue to boil rapidly while they are in. Do not have so much water or broth in the stew that the dumplings cannot rest on the meat or on the potatoes. If they do not they will be heavy. And do not put in so many that they will crowd each other, for that makes them heavy also.

BITS WORTH KNOWING

To soften brown sugar when it has become lumpy stand it over a vessel filled with boiling water.

Castile soap and orris root in equal parts make a cleansing and fragrant tooth powder.

A quantity of quicklime put into a damp cupboard for a few days will absorb the dampness.

Blood stains should be soaked when fresh in cold water.

Use salt and lemon juice on ink stains.

Rub grass stains with molasses, and wash.

Use boiling water for tea stains.

Prune Jelly.
Prune jelly is a dessert that can be made when no fresh fruit can be had. Pour a quart of cold water over a quart of prunes. If they are the sort of prunes that come wrapped in waxed paper, and so are reliably clean, they can be cooked in this water. If you cannot rely on their cleanliness, wash them carefully, throw away the water and add another quart. If they are the waxed-paper sort, they will not need soaking for this recipe. If the other sort, soak them until they are tender. Put them over the fire and let them boil gently until they are soft. Add the juice of half a lemon and two tablespoonfuls of sugar and take the prunes out of the liquid. Pit them and put them in the bottom of a jelly mold. Soak a boxful of gelatin in a little cold water and pour the boiling liquid in which the prunes were cooked over the gelatin. Stir until the gelatin is dissolved and then strain over the prunes.

Ironing Hint.
When ironing dresses fastened with hooks or snaps I fold a very soft towel very thick and lay the edge of the dress hook down on the folded towel and iron on the other side, says a correspondent. Dresses trimmed with small buttons can be ironed in the same way, looking much better than when ironed right side up, which often leaves a rough looking place on an otherwise finely ironed dress. I find this much the neatest and quickest way to iron all kinds of dress fastenings.

Chestnuts in Chicken Salad.
Try adding chopped cooked chestnuts to chicken salad, either in place of celery, or in addition to it. They give a delicious flavor and consistency to the salad. They also can be added to potato salad—which, by the way, is always better for the addition of some other ingredient.

Mincéd sweet green peppers or chopped celery keep potato salad from a certain heaviness that is sometimes had.

Roast Goose.
Select a bird with a clean white skin, plump breast and yellow feet, and let it hang for a few days. To have a proper flavor it should be stuffed with sage and onions before roasting. Roast from an hour and a half to two hours, according to size, and serve with good brown gravy, a bread crumbs richly browned, and a treacle of apple sauce.

Fudge.
Cook three cups sugar, one cup milk and one tablespoon butter. When sugar is melted add four or five table-spoons cocoa, stir and boil 15 minutes. Take from fire, add one tablespoon vanilla, stir till creamy, pour on buttered plates, cut in squares.

Cocoa Frosting.
Boil two-thirds cup sugar, heaping tablespoon cocoa, creamy milk to mix, until it forms soft ball in water. Take from fire, add butter size walnut and vanilla and beat until ready to spread.

Some Sense.
"The English have no sense of humor."

"Oh, I don't know. I notice the London papers copy a good many of our American jokes."—Kansas City Journal.

Original Package.
"My lips are sealed," said Lucia.

"Certainly there can be no germs in a sealed package," declared Edgard, helping himself to a strictly sanitary kiss.

JUST REHEARSING

Bessie Shubkin was not very pretty and not very young, but for all that, she considered herself a distinctly desirable sort of person. Miss Shubkin worshiped "intellect," and, having almost a plethora of that not overabundant material, she naturally pitted those who had it not.

Bessie possessed a younger brother, Louis, who had recently finished a course in dentistry. With Bessie's aid he had opened a modest "dental parlor" and was now engaged in relieving the toothaches of Grand street.

It was strange how many of the scheming mothers of the neighborhood developed toothaches and ran straightway to be treated by the young doctor. And when the mothers were cured their daughters suddenly developed toothaches. But these things were not strange to the shrewd Mrs. Shubkin. She sat smiling to herself and waited.

Finally, Dan Cupid having sped his magic arrow, Mrs. Kibbitser (who had suffered intensely from toothache) called on Mrs. Shubkin with reference to a match between Dr. Louis Shubkin and Miss Sadie Kibbitser. The Kibbitser were wealthy, but Mrs. Shubkin would not at first agree to the match.

"Let them get acquainted better and see if they like each other," said she.

This plan was adopted with great success. At the end of two weeks these young people were madly in love with each other. Mrs. Kibbitser was overjoyed.

But Mrs. Shubkin still had an objection.

"Mrs. Kibbitser," said she, "you know that mine daughter Bessie is older than Louis. Udd it's not right a young man should marry before his sister gets married first. So, listen. Mine doctor son couldn't get it married mit your daughter unless you should first get it a husband for mine daughter Bessie."

Mrs. Kibbitser did not take kindly to the proposition. But her daughter was in love with Louis and she herself had set her heart on having a "doctor-dentist" for a son-in-law. So finally she gave a brief nod and informed Mrs. Shubkin that a young man would call the next evening.

A young man did call the next evening. He came alone, and not in the wake of Mrs. Kibbitser. He asked for Miss Bessie Shubkin. Mrs. Shubkin thereupon smiled affably, said that it was a fine day, and ushered the young man into Miss Bessie's presence.

"Mine dear," said Mrs. Shubkin, "here is a young man—"

She got no further. For Bessie, a smile on her face, was shaking hands with the guest.

"Hello, Carl," she said. Then she turned to her mother.

"This is Carl Killman, whom I knew five years ago. I met him on Grand street yesterday."

Mrs. Shubkin did not attempt to conceal her delight. With a few broad smiles and a polite question as to the young man's health, she left the couple to themselves.

Five minutes later the door bell rang. Mrs. Shubkin went to the door. In walked Mrs. Kibbitser with a strange man.

Mrs. Kibbitser whispered in Mrs. Shubkin's ear that this was the young man she had referred to the previous evening.

All right, just wait a minute, and I'll call Bessie," said she.

She was about to enter the front room, but suddenly stopped short. Her heart gave a great bound. There in one corner of the room, Carl Killman was down on his knees, proposing to Bessie! And she, sweet maid, was looking at the floor and smiling.

Silently, but as fast as she could, Mrs. Shubkin made her way back to the sitting room.

"Mine daughter couldn't see you today," she whispered in Mrs. Kibbitser's ear.

Mrs. Kibbitser arose with great dignity and departed under convoy of a very sheepish young man.

But the next day Mrs. Shubkin called and explained.

"A bird in the hand is worth something, aber a bird in the bushes, ain't such a safe proposition," said Mrs. Shubkin, with a knowing smile. "Bessie is engaged to Carl Killman already. He was down on his knees to her yesterday ven I went into the room. You could announce the engagement of your daughter Sadie to my son Louis any time you want now. I guess ve could have it a double wedding, eh?"

"Sure ve could," said Mrs. Kibbitser, joyfully. "Sadie und Louis, mit Bessie und Carl Killman. Ve vill hire the biggest hall in Grand street."

Mrs. Shubkin went home with beaming face, told Bessie that she knew all and informed her of the proposed double wedding. Bessie laughed—one of her exasperating, intellectual laughs.

"Vy, mamma," she said, "Cary Killman wasn't proposing to me. He's an actor in tragedy, and he vas just showing me his new part."

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