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HOW MEG LOST THE BABY

One morning Mrs. Sackett put Julia sensibly into her carriage. She tucked her up with rugs, stockings and shawls. Meg often wondered how the baby could breathe but Julia was fat and hearty, and Meg knew that she grew heavier. So it must have agreed with her.

"Keep where it's pleasant and sunny, and take good care of Lee," said Mrs. Sackett.

She said this every day. Meg took as much care of Julia as any well meaning but careless girl of fourteen does of a baby. At the corner she crossed the curbstone down into the gutter and lumped it up out of the other. The baby was used to this, and only opened her eyes wide and gasped on arriving at the opposite side.

Meg was just turning the corner when she heard her mother's voice.

"Meg!"

"Yes'm!"

"Stop at Hurd's and send home three pounds of brown sugar and a half pound of tea."

"Yes'm!"

Meg thrust her elbows through the handle of the baby carriage, and hurried as she walked. Crocheting villas was Meg's favorite pastime. She always had a tidy under way.

Hurd's was a corner grocery store, with a door opening on each of the two streets. Meg wheeled the carriage close to the show window and fastened the wheel with a screw so that it couldn't roll off.

Julia sat still, guard with attention at the resplendent advertisements of Jack's soap and Pompkins' ginger, although she must have known those placards by heart. Babies have to endure so much which they do not understand that it is not surprising that they become philosophers.

Hurd's was crowded, as is always was in the morning, but Meg did not object to waiting. She chatted with Katie Allen and Lou Potsch, and even drew on her tidy and did two rows before the salesman had time to attend to her.

Then she ordered sugar and tea with as grand an air as that worn by Mrs. Pinson-by, who "resided" in a four story brown stone house on a stylish avenue, while Meg lived in a "third flat."

"Wait for me!" said Katie Allen. "I've got to go to the butcher's."

"All right," answered Meg.

She waited, and when Katie started she walked with her talking briskly, down the street almost a block before she suddenly cried, "Oh! I forgot the baby!"

"What baby?" asked Katie.

"Why, I had our baby with me, and I've gone and left the carriage outside the store!"

"There wasn't any baby at the door when we came out," replied Katie.

"Sure enough," said Meg, "there wasn't!"

She gazed in bewilderment at Katie's round eyes, and then cried:

"Oh, I knew I came in at the other door—that's it. She's round on Harrison street."

The girls ran laughingly back, and turned the corner. There was no baby nor carriage there.

They stared at each other, and Katie would have laughed, but that Meg looked so serious.

"Perhaps you didn't bring her."

"Yes, I did! I left her just here. I know I did!"

"Could the carriage have rolled down the street?"

Meg looked up and down the street in vain. No carriage was in sight.

"Perhaps a policeman thought she was lost, and took her to the station house," suggested Katie.

Meg began to cry. Katie's words seemed cruel.

"You home quick and tell your mother about it!"

Meg took Katie's advice. She ran fast, for she was frightened. Mrs. Sackett heard her story, and gave her a severe scolding for carelessness.

"Some boy took it to scare you. It must be about the neighborhood. Go and look!" she ordered. She was a hard working woman, and treated things in a matter of fact way.

But when Meg came back to report that no one had seen baby or carriage anywhere, Mrs. Sackett became alarmed. She forgot to scold this time. She put on her bonnet and searched the street thoroughly. She inquired at all the stores, and even went to the police station.

Coming back from her fruitless expedition she dropped wearily into a chair by the door. Meg could not bear to see her mother's white face. She picked up her hat and crept down stairs.

An organ man was playing a lively tune, and Lou Peach's little sisters were dancing to the music. They came up to ask Meg "if the baby was found," and Meg without looking at them, choked and rushed down the street. She walked on in a trouble state for several blocks, and happened to pause for breath just where there was a dressmaker's, a boy about twelve years old, with a workingman and tout staircase.

Meg looked at him and asked abruptly, "What's the matter? Have you lost a baby?"

"Look a baby!" shouted the boy indignantly. "You cheer out of this!"

He seemed to look as if he thought she was making sport of him.

Meg was glad to "cheer." She had only spoken out of the abundance of her thoughts. She walked along, surveying absently the windows she passed. She wondered if all the babies who lived in those houses were safe, or if their parents were hunting for any of them in grocery stores and police stations.

At the next corner she stopped again. Three women stood there talking. Said one of them, a small woman:

"I told her, says I, 'Mr. Smith, you'll better report it at the station house. It belongs to somebody that's looking for it, of course!' says I."

"She wouldn't take the trouble. She's too elegant!" remarked a stout women, scornfully.

"That's she," replied the first speaker. "She said 'Let them that lost it look for it.' Jimmie brought it home, and he'll have to answer it till the mother comes," says she. It serves Jimmie right, though," the stout woman added, decidedly. "A pretty trick to whisk home the wrong baby!"

Meg felt faint. She leaned against the railing. Where baby were they talking about?

"Where was his own?" asked the third woman, who didn't seem to understand the circumstances.

"Why, you know he left it beside a store while he played marbles, and his mother came along and took it home to Dighton Row."

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"You may depend she was mad, though, when he brought home a strange baby!"

"Ha! ha! ha!"

Could two babies be lost in one day? Meg stood in doubt a few minutes, while the two women discussed the story. She remembered the little boy whom she had seen up the street and stepped boldly up to the talkers.

"Will you please tell me who's found a baby?" she asked.

The eyes and tongues of all three were directed at her at once.

"Why?" "Well—have you lost one?" "Money on me! Do you know whose it is?"

Meg relaxed, but stood her ground.

"Somebody wheeled our baby away while I went into a store on an errand," she explained. "We've been looking for her all the morning."

The three women were delighted. They all undertook to escorting Meg down the street and into the right house. The memorable little boy sat on the front steps, his attitude showing his thorough disgust with life.

"You'd better go up and take care of your relies, Jimmie!" laughed the sarcastic women.

Jimmie looked at her, his countenance expressing unutterable things.

"Come, Jimmie, come!" said the sharp little woman. "Take us upstairs, we want to see your mother!"

"The young lady has lost her baby, Jimmie," said the tall woman kindly. "Perhaps it's the one you've found."

Jimmie's face brightened. He stole a glance at Meg, remembering she had spoken to him. He turned into the house and led the way upstairs.

"Here's somebody come for that baby!" he announced gruffly.

He threw open the door and immediately got behind it, where he could easily observe proceedings or escape if he stumpd foul in pocket.

"I thought somebody would come," exclaimed a drawling voice. "I knew the child would be called for. She evidently belonged to nice people!"

The speaker poked herself in a low chair. Her baby was in papers and she wore a pink wrapper. In her lap lay an embroidered silly, at which she took languid stitches. It may be recorded here that Meg gave up tidies from that day.

She did not stop to examine the baby, however, but snatched up one of the two babies who crawled about the floor, and kissed and hugged Julia more lovingly than she had ever done before.

Jimmie, behind the door, was startled. He wondered if he should feel the sense of affection for Lauretta if she were lost for three hours.

The three women all talked together. The lady in the rocking chair listened complacently, convinced that she had done all that could be expected when she allowed the strange baby to come on her carpet till called for.

"I told Jimmie," she laughed, "he'd have two babies to take care of instead of one."

Jimmie had disappeared into the hall.

"I think I'll take the baby home to mamma; she's fretting about her," said Meg, holding the baby tight. "We're very much obliged to you, ma'am, for keeping her here."

Mrs. Smith bowed politely, she followed with her friendliest smile Meg would find the baby's clothes and wraps.

Meg dressed her and carried her carefully down stairs, followed by a cheerful "Good morning!" from Mrs. Smith. With a light heart she tucked Julia once more into her carriage. Jimmie stood watching her from the door.

"Say!" he called. "Are you really glad to get that kid back?"

Meg laughed out of her gladness. "Why, of course!"

"Did you feel awful bad when you found she was gone?"

"Of course," said Meg again. "What made you do such a stupid thing as to wheel home the wrong baby?"

"Oh," he said, pitying. "I didn't bring her home! He wheeled his value. "I was playing with Bob Price, and I saw another house, and he didn't know her, you see!"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Meg, looking at Jimmie with horror.

But Jimmie was turning with his wrongs.

"Perhaps you think you had the hardest time of it, but if you had to assume an extra baby three hours, you'd know feeling a baby was worse than losing one!"

Meg was so impressed with his air of conviction that she said not a word.—Eva Lovett Carson in Montreal Star.

The Umbrella Proved Expensive.

Bomlen, the famous Parisian wit, was one day caught in a shower and forced to seek refuge in a doorway of the opera house. It was 6 o'clock already, and he had no engagement in the Cafe de Paris for that very hour. The rain fell in torrents. There was no carriage to be had. He had no umbrella. What was to be done? While he was lamenting his bad luck a gentleman with a large umbrella passed by. Bomlen was seized with a sudden inspiration. He rushed out and grasped the stranger by the arm, and gravely installed himself under the protecting umbrella.

"I am overjoyed to see you," he immediately begun. "I have been looking for you for two weeks. I wanted to tell you about Clementine."

Without giving the stranger time to express his surprise, Bomlen rattled away with gossip and anecdote until he had let the unknown companion to the door of the Cafe de Paris. Then he planted at him with a face of well feigned astonishment.

"Pardon, monsieur," he cried; "it seems I am mistaken."

"I believe so," said the stranger.

"Good gracious!" added Bomlen. "He thinks! she's repeat what I have told you."

"I promise you."

"A thousand pardons!"

Bomlen hastened within the cafe, and, amid great laughter, told the adventure to his friends. Suddenly one of them said:

"Your cravat is ruqulled."

Bomlen put his hand to his neck and turned pale. His pin—a valuable cameo—was gone. On further examination his purse and watch were found to be gone. The man with the umbrella was a pickpocket.—London Tit-Bits.

The Fire Works Well.

A sensible man, wise in his generation and beyond his kind, has admitted that the only way for a man to save money is to give it all to his wife and let her manage it for him. Women—and when one says women he does and means bitterness—have a horror of debt, and will make to live in little lower houses in it ever so limited. This Utopian scene adds further that he has, since he made his wife master of the exchequer, no unexpected bills coming in at unreasonable and embarrassing times, but everything is done on a cash basis, and something is being laid up for the future. New York Sun.

When decoyduck and cotsdo become so disordered inside that shot or fine coals will not dislodge them, fill the bottle with finely chopped potato skins, cork tightly and let the bottle stand for three days, when the skins will ferment. Turn out and rinse. The bottle will be as bright and clean as when new.

Poke stalks are very nice served as toast the same as asparagus, only not cut in pieces, but boiled in bundles three-quarters of an hour. Soak in cold water about an hour before cooking.

Placing orange leaves of water at some low temperature the children should stand in his room up to their ankles. Tepid baths should also be administered quickly, and followed by a brisk rubbing with a coarse towel, after which exercise should be encouraged.

IN THE APIARY.

Are Notes from The Bee-at Home by G. M. Doolittle—The Well Known Bee-keeper.

The most essential and necessary thing looking toward a good yield of comb honey is a good season, combined with having the colonies you intend to use for this purpose strong in numbers early in the season.

To have the bees strong early in the season, each colony should be known to have a good fertile queen. As the season advances you can help them by inserting an empty frame of worker comb into the brood nest, between the brood combs, though never more than the bees can cover well, as this will spread the brood and induce the queen to greater activity.

In spreading the brood, if too many empty combs are inserted at one time it will cause them weaken, are, even despite a strong colony if cold, enough workers are in. Bees then concentrate in order to keep up the necessary animal heat, and consequently the most outside brood will chill. Feeding them, although they have plenty of honey in the hive, will stimulate them so much, so that they can stand the cold snaps better, which we often have in this climate during the four parts of the season.

The best time to increase bees is when there is an abundant supply of natural forage and colonies are very strong. Under any other circumstances it is dangerous. Sometimes it will work to take a comb of bees and brood from a hive about June 1, and let them work up to a colony by winter, but it is unsafe. Again it will sometimes work very well to divide after the main honey crop is over, if they have honey enough for both colonies. However, June is the best time for increase, and by making each part strong we run no risk of a failure.

Cut Worms.

During cloudy and rainy days these pests come out of the ground to feed as well as during the night, a single worm destroying a large number of plants in a few hours. They feed upon nearly all kinds of weeds as well as useful plants. In naming remedies for the cut worm a bulletin from the Delaware station says:

The plan of frequently going over the infested ground, and digging out and destroying the worms, has been found effective when used with very satisfactory results. The expense is not very great, as one man can go over an acre in very short time. The most practical method of destroying cut worms is by poisoning the sweet or other green plants with a mixture of Paris green or London purple and water, and placing bunches of the same upon the ground at intervals throughout the infested field. Almost any succulent plant, such as pig weed, lambs quarter, mallein, etc., will answer in place of clover.

When it is known that a field is badly infested with cut worms, bunches of the poisoned food should be scattered over the ground at frequent intervals soon after the ground has been fitted, and several days before the seed vegetables or before the plants are set in the field. The clover can be sprayed with the mixture before it is cut, and immediately cut and distributed over the infested ground. Many of the worms, after partaking of the poisoned food, will re-enter the soil before they feed from the effect of the poison; consequently it must not be expected that large numbers of the dead worms will be found upon the surface of the ground.

Gutter for Sewing Machines.

A very useful addition to the sewing machine has appeared in the shape of a quilting frame. This device can be easily adjusted to hold a quilt in convenient position for being worked on, and so that it can be readily adapted to the use of any sewing machine. The frame supporting the quilt may be brought in an instant into any desired position, the suspended frame moving freely, and the device permitting of such arrangement in connection with a sewing machine that the feed of the machine will draw the quilt and frame through it. The device can be adapted to all sizes of machines, and for the quilting of any desired pattern.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

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3:00 p.m.	3:45 p.m.	4:00 p.m.	4:45 p.m.
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