

# GIRL WHO REPEATS UNKIND REMARKS IS REALLY MALICIOUS

"I Think You Ought to Know," Is Usual Excuse Offered.

WHICH is the worst, the woman who repeats to her man the whisper of malice against another, or the tale bearer, who, preceding it by those words "I think you ought to know," repeats it to the other woman, bringing ill-will and a tragic and impotent wrath against all concerned into her heart?

The originator, you say? In some respects, yes, but it is more often malice than friendship that causes it to be repeated to the person concerned, and that she would seem as if it were stood equally to blame.

They are like stinging nettles along the path of life, those whispered innuendoes, and their sting grows with every telling. Grows while the helpless victim writhes and broods over the remark and tries to imagine some method of vengeance.

Real friendships and real love have been wrecked by the repeating of unkind remarks, with perhaps a new infection that enlarges upon their meaning and one can only cry with Shakespeare, "Heaven defend us from a tale-bearing woman."

A pathetic instance of such a case has revealed itself in a letter which has just reached me asking for advice as to how a girl may heal the breach that has opened between her and a man friend because of unkind remarks repeated to her.

"I know I should not have believed that I said anything against him," she says. "So I suppose I am to blame for being too quick, but I am terribly hurt, to think that he would laugh at anything I did with another girl. She was a friend of mine, and she came and told me, because she said I was foolish to be so nice to him, and I was sneered at my ways behind my back."

"Oh, I cannot tell you how that stung. I cried and cried, and then my pride arose and I determined to simply drop him altogether. I did so, and what is more, I refused to answer his letters or pay attention to him."

"That was six weeks ago. Since then my anger has had time to heal. I miss his calls and the fun we used to have together, and I half wish here that the girl may have exaggerated, for she has told me several more things lately that people have said, that while more or less true didn't stick close to their meaning."

"What shall I do? If he really said the things, I don't want to know him. If he didn't say them I want to make up, but—and this I can't help feeling—don't you think that the girl should have kept it to herself? There really was anything. All women will agree on that. Most of us, I think, will feel that the friend to drop in the one who is supposed to have said the unkind things, but the girl who repeated them, and the best thing to do is to write to him frankly telling him just what she heard."

"Some one says something pleasant about a friend tell them; every little compliment and kindly word makes life brighter and happier, but if some one says an unkind thing eliminate it from your mind, determine to do your best not to let the words go any farther."

## DRY CLEANING EASILY DONE IN THE HOME

When very fine frocks and waists cannot be washed the cleaner becomes rather a bugbear, for every visit means an expenditure of dollars. Satisfactory dry cleaning, however, may be done at home with a little trouble. To each quart of flour used in the process allow a heaping tablespoonful of salt. Sift together twice and spread in shallow pans.

Set the pans in the open oven until the flour is warm enough that the hand may be put in and be comfortable. Then turn into a deep pan large enough to contain the article and rub every part gently and thoroughly between the fingers.

This done, throw away the grimy flour and cover the stuff with clean flour without salt. Throw a cloth over all and shake thus for twenty-four hours and then shake and brush out the flour.

Stuffs cleaned without washing remain clean longer than when washed, and it well done the effect is entirely satisfactory.

### For Hard Leather

When fine leather becomes hard and crackly from some cause, there is nothing better for this than an application of neat's-foot oil. Rub with a cloth wrung in the oil and rub in thoroughly, but do not get enough on to make the surface "swampy."

### FIELD MICE.

In the District of Zabern—1,570,000 Were Caught in 14 Days.

Dr. A. E. Brehm states concerning the field mice of Germany that in 1822 in the district of Zabern 1,570,000 were caught in fourteen days. During the same time in the district of Nidda 699,427 were caught, and in that of Pfannsch 271,941. In the autumn of 1856 there were so many voles in one district between Erfurt and Gotha that about 12,000 acres of land had to be reploughed because of the destruction of the first crop. On a single large estate near Dresden 200,000 were caught within seven weeks and sold to a Breslau fertilizer factory at a penny (nearly one-fourth cent) per dozen. Some of the vole catchers caught 1,400 to 1,500 per day. In the summer of 1821 in the neighborhood of Alsbach, in Rhenish Hesse, 409,523 were caught. The local authorities paid about \$1,000 for their capture.

Louis Figuer, the French naturalist, writing of the same species, says that the female gives birth to from eight to twelve little ones three or four times a year and the multiplication is so rapid at times that "whole districts have been reduced to desolation by this scourge. In 1816 and 1817 the one department of Vendee, experienced a loss estimated at nearly \$600,000, caused entirely by these animals."

The common meadow mouse of the United States is one of the most prolific of our species. Estimating the normal increase at six young, with four litters in a season, and assuming that there were no checks upon the increase the results are appalling. A single pair and their progeny in five seasons would amount to nearly 1,000,000 individuals. This calculation is under the mark, since it is based on the assumption that the young do not breed until about a year old. The animals, however, mature very rapidly, and the spring young undoubtedly breed in the fall of the same year.

### ACCIDENT FAKERS.

Insurance Companies Are Suspicious of All Injuries to the Knee.

"Accident insurance companies are very suspicious of all accidents involving injury to the knee, for it is the 'sewer' the results are appalling. A single pair and their progeny in five seasons would amount to nearly 1,000,000 individuals. This calculation is under the mark, since it is based on the assumption that the young do not breed until about a year old. The animals, however, mature very rapidly, and the spring young undoubtedly breed in the fall of the same year."

The speaker, a surgeon, frowned and went on: "There are men who make a living out of fake accidents. They travel from city to city; they insure in every company that issues accident policies; then, with a fake injury, they proceed to collect dues."

"An accident faker—for so we call these men—is usually a knave that he can slip out at will. He purposely stumbles over an open trap or some hard, sharp obstacle, puts his knee out, and he is off. He is a bold fellow so to secure a lot of witnesses and then hobbles home."

"He doesn't go to his insurance companies till the next day. By then his knee is so swollen that an accurate examination of it is impossible. We cannot tell whether it is one of those fake slipping knees or not. So we pay the men his money and he seeks new pastures."

"There was one man—he is in jail now—who in nine years collected over \$1,000 in accident policies with the help of a knave that he could slip out as easily as I slip my hand out of my glove."

"What do you mean?" he asked, turning away his head.

"You can't make up your mind whether you are in love with me or not. There! Now I've said it. Isn't it true?"

Her voice never faltered. Her calm eyes seemed to read his every thought.

"Don't be afraid," she said. "It is better to be quite frank—kindler to me. That day you asked me to be your wife, for you said to be, and I knew, foolish impulse. I suspected it all along. I had no right to take you at your word; Dick, we must be chums again."

"For Heaven's sake, Madge, don't talk like that!" he cried. "You don't know what you're saying. You wrong me, indeed you do. I have you. I admire you more than any other woman I know. You're too good for me, but I'm the promised fellow in the world. I'll try to be worthy of you, dear."

"It isn't a question of being worthy or unworthy," she replied, gently. "It's a question of love, Dick. I think I understand you. You're fond of me, I know that, but you don't love me in the way that you feel a man ought to love the woman he is going to marry."

"Any man who isn't a senseless brute ought to love you."

"Well, we'll grant that, for the sake of argument."

"You're clever and good, Madge, and uncommonly pretty; you're every thing a woman ought to be."

"But don't be afraid to say it, Dick—I'm not the right woman for you, I know. I understand."

"Madge, you don't understand, you can't understand. I don't understand myself. It's my cursed nature, I think. I'm not capable of loving you or any woman."

"You say that now, because the woman hasn't come yet."

"She never will!" he cried. "You're the only girl I ever cared for, and I've made that clear to you. I'm not the only one who is going to be sure of."

He ended, miserably.

"Listen to me, Dick," she replied

## A Woman's Fib

It began in the usual way—strictly according to the Platonic. And the boy Cupid, chuckled to himself as he watched the two, and lightened the strings of his bow.

At first things fell out exactly as Cupid had expected, and one fine day the man told the girl that he loved her, and asked her to become his wife.

As the girl listened a glad light came into her eyes. Then she looked at him, searchingly, and her face clouded over.

"Are you quite sure?" she asked.

"But he only laughed, and kissed her."

"I would rather we kept this to ourselves for a little while," she told him presently, when he spoke of a formal engagement. "I—I want to be quite, quite certain."

"Of you, Dick," she replied. "Don't be angry with me, dear, I can't help it. It seems such a wonderful thing to tell myself I love you after all. Do you remember what you used to say?"

"I was a fool."

"But do you remember?"

"I haven't said it for a long time, have I?"

"You used to say, Dick, that I was too much of a man myself for men to fall in love with me. I didn't know what you meant at first, until you explained the reason."

"Never mind that now."

"But I do mind. I can't help thinking about it. I have an idea that you were right."

"No, I wasn't, Madge. I've found out my mistake."

"You said I was too free, too independent to win men's love, that men only loved the helpless, clinging women—the women who needed protection."

"Why do you want to remember all the 'old' things I've said to you?"

"Because I believed them to be true once, and I think—perhaps they are true still. You told me I was so strong and self-reliant—the sort of girl to make a chum of, not a wife. And you made a chum of me, Dick. Are you sure you won't let me?"

Her frank gray eyes met his and smilingly.

He drew her toward him with sudden passion.

"I love you," was all he said. And, for a time, she was content.

Then there came a day on which a shadow seemed to fall between them, and about grew strong again.

"You are worrying over something," she said, and he made no reply.

"Tell me," she pleaded, but still he was silent.

"Do you know you haven't kissed me once today?" she continued, her eyes fixed upon his troubled face.

"Forgive me," he stammered, awkwardly trying to take her hands.

She shook her head, and gently released herself.

"I want to talk to you," she said, "I'm going to tell you what is on your mind. I know."

"Madge, you don't know. You can't know. It's nothing."

"So we pay the men his money and he seeks new pastures."

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in her quiet voice. "I understand you better than you understand yourself. You remember my telling you once that, years ago, I was engaged to be married? Well, I went through then just what you're going through now. I knew the feeling, Dick, the blank, miserable feeling of disappointment at every kiss, every endearment, the feeling that something is wrong, that this is not the love you had dreamed of, the agonizing doubt, the self-reproach. Oh, Dick, Dick, I know it all!"

With a little startled sob she hid her face between her hands, and the man who watched her dared not say a word. The girl had always been so calm, so self-controlled. He had never seen her like this before. What never did it mean?

"I'm a brute, Madge," he said, clumsily.

She raised her face to his with a sudden, quick smile.

He looked at her anxiously, and heaved a sigh of relief.

She hadn't been crying at all, then! Thank God!

The girl gave a little laugh.

She could read him like a book.

"You see, I'm not taking it to heart so very much, after all," she said, and, in his embarrassment, he did not hear the false ring in her voice.

"I feel unwell just now," she continued, hurriedly, "because I remembered so vividly what I suffered at the time I told you of, and it humiliated me to think that I have made you suffer in the same way."

"But you're wrong, quite wrong, Madge, to compare your case with mine. It's not the same thing at all. That fellow you speak of turned out to be a humbug, didn't he?"

"You couldn't love him. But you—you are the sweetest, prettiest creature on earth, and the man who can't make a fool of himself for your sake, ought to be ashamed."

She laughed again.

"It's nice of you to feel like that, Dick," she said. "But there's really no reason why you should call yourself all sorts of hard names simply because you haven't succeeded in falling blindly and desperately in love with me."

For a moment there was silence between them.

Suddenly a dark flush rose to his face.

"Don't think me a conceited fellow, little girl," he said, awkwardly, "but you told me just now of the doubts that used to torment you while you were engaged to that—other man. You didn't say anything about any doubts when I—when you had promised to be my wife. Doesn't that mean that—that you care?"

"He was not looking at her, and he did not see how white she had grown."

"Dear old boy," she said, coming up behind him and placing her hand softly on his shoulder. "I do care for you, well enough to have married you if you had wanted it. But I—I'm not the sort of girl to fret and pine because I can't marry you."

The hand upon his shoulder trembled just a little.

"Madge!" he cried, impulsively. "Give me another chance! Forget what has passed between us today, and be my wife. I was mad to let you talk as I did just now. It isn't true. I love you, dear, as well as it is in me to love any woman. Upon my honor I believe that I would try to make you happy. Take me back, Madge. Give me another chance!"

For a single instant the girl hesitated.

"It can't be," she said, firmly. "You are good and kind, Dick, and perhaps you mean what you say just now. You may think, for the moment, that you love me. I tell you, it isn't love. It's only pity. You're sorry for me, because you think I can't be happy."

Old friend, you're mistaken. Don't be sorry for me, there's no need. I'm not like other girls. You have said so yourself, often and often. I don't want a protector, a husband, I only want a chum. Dick, we'll be chums again!"

"You can't mean it," he said, uneasily; "after the way I've behaved to you, you must despise me. I can never be quite the same again."

"Things shall be the same again!" she cried. "Why not? Until—until—"

"Until what?" he asked.

"Until the right woman comes!" she replied.

Nearly a year had passed since the day on which Dick and Madge had agreed to be chums again.

At odd intervals moments of sudden remorse or exaltation, Dick would implore the girl to accept the love he had to give her, and become his wife.

"I swear to you there's not another woman in the world I care for, Madge," he would assure her with painful earnestness. "If my love for you is only a poor, weak sort of thing, and not the love I used to think and hope would come to me, it's because I'm a callous brute, incapable of that sort of splendid feeling. You're far too good for me, Madge, I know, but—"

But she would take him on his word. "Wait, only wait," she told him. "I shall not marry you, Dick, and some day you will thank me for it. Remember we are only chums, and you are free."

"But five years! Why, it's a lifetime! Fancy waiting five years for—"

"Go, Dick, go. There's no reason why you should wait, anyhow. Go to her, and good luck to you!"

"When he had gone she rose slowly, and looked across the mirror.

"Liar!" she said to the white face that stared at her through the glass. "Liar! It's an ugly word. I loathe it. And yet—and yet—it made things easier for him."—GRETTE HARR.

"What a brute I am. What a brute! Do you care as much as all that?" "I care for your friendship, Dick," she said, in her ordinary calm, low voice. "I meant nothing more. I am quite content."

Then, one day, she saw a change in Dick. It was bound to come. She had told herself so again and again. Yet in her heart of hearts she had not believed it.

"So that is the right woman for Dick. She can bring the look to his eyes that I have watched and waited for in vain. She, that poor, empty, foolish little creature has the power to make me a wretch like him! What right have I to judge her? I am unjust, blinded by—oh, God, not that—that! Have I fallen so low? Do I grudge him to her? I, who never really had his love?"

And she stood afar off and watched the two together, and waited for Dick to tell her.

"He is afraid," she told herself, with a bitter smile. "He remembers what he swore to me. I must help him."

"Dick," she said, abruptly, at their next meeting, "there's something on your mind, and you've got to tell me what it is. Years ago you made me your Mother Confessor, and I've held the office ever since. Come, Dick, out with it. What is it?"

"It's nothing at all. I've got nothing to confess, little girl. How did you get that idea into your head?"

"I don't know. It came, Dick, that's all."

There was a pause.

"Madge," he asked, presently, "you're sure you're quite happy?"

"What do you mean? Nobody is quite happy, I suppose."

"I mean, are you quite contented with this sort of thing? With our—our friendship, you know."

The girl laughed again.

"Of course I am. Haven't I told you so, over and over again?"

"And yet—I don't know—some times I think—"

"You think I'm yearning for matrimony?" she retorted playfully. "What a dear, conceited, stupid old thing you are! I've quite got over that little weakness, Dick. I don't want to marry you, really. I'm fond of you, of course, but then you're fond of me, too—at least you always pretended you were, and yet, you don't want to marry me. Why should that sort of feeling be possible for you and not for me, Dick? Perhaps—perhaps I'm wiser now than I was a few months ago. Perhaps I've found out my mistake."

"What do you mean, Madge?"

The light of an unspoken hope flashed for a moment in his eyes.

The girl saw it, and something leaped up in her throat.

"Dick," she said, almost in a whisper, "you discovered something ago, that I was not the right woman for you. Perhaps—perhaps I've discovered that you are not the right man for me."

Again the glad light shone in his eyes, and the girl grew sick with the pain that was in her heart.

"You've pleased to hear me say that?" she cried, and wild, ill-considered words rose to her lips. With a fierce effort she conquered the temptation to speak them.

"You have something more to tell me," said her companion, eagerly. "I can see it in your face. I can guess what it is."

"Well!"

"That the right man has come to you?"

"And the right woman to you, Dick?"

"I only guessed. Perhaps a fellow feeling, Dick. Does she care?"

"Good Heavens, no! I haven't dared to say it, even to myself. You'll laugh at me, and I deserve it, for being a presumptuous idiot, but—I can say it now without offending you—I thought you still cared for me, not—"

"And so you determined to sacrifice the most precious thing on earth for the sake of a sickly sentimental feeling on my part. I think I had no right to expect anything more of you, what an awful mistake you might have made. And she—she cares for you, doesn't she?"

He flushed like a schoolboy.

"I've no right to say that," he replied. "I've never spoken to her about it. I was ashamed, because—"

"—of what I had said to you."

"Go to her at once, Dick, and say—"

"All you ever said to me, and much more that I could never teach you."

"Go, Dick, I know what her answer will be."

"And you, Madge? What of him, the right man, you know?"

"Dick, I can't tell you."

"It's a secret, then."

"Well—yes—a secret. Don't be angry with me for not telling you. It isn't possible. We shall be able to marry for a long time; and so we think it best to say nothing about it at present."

"You might at least, tell me this, Madge. Do I know him?"

"No, Dick. See only met me a month ago, while up in Saratoga, you know. He—has to go to Oregon, and won't be back for five years."

"Poor little girl! I'm sorry."

"Don't be sorry for me, Dick. I don't mind waiting."

"But five years! Why, it's a lifetime! Fancy waiting five years for—"

"Go, Dick, go. There's no reason why you should wait, anyhow. Go to her, and good luck to you!"

When he had gone she rose slowly, and looked across the mirror.

"Liar!" she said to the white face that stared at her through the glass. "Liar! It's an ugly word. I loathe it. And yet—and yet—it made things easier for him."—GRETTE HARR.

## A FAIR WARNING!

One That Should Be Heeded By Everyone.

Frequently the first sign of kidney trouble is a slight ache or pain in the loins. Neglect of this warning makes the way easy for more serious troubles—dropsy, gravel, Bright's disease. It's well to pay attention to the first sign. Weak kidneys generally grow weaker and delay is often dangerous. Residents of this locality place reliance in Doan's Kidney Pills. This tested remedy has been used in kidney trouble over 30 years—is recommended at all times by the civilized world. Read the following:

Mrs. William Nixon, 1020 River Road, St. Clair, Mich., says: "I often had pains through my back and kidneys and whenever I lifted, sharp twinges darted through the small of my back. At times I was dizzy and nervous and had headaches, too. My kidneys were out of order. Doan's Kidney Pills had been used in my family with such good results that I took them. They soon cured me and I haven't had any trouble since."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the