

## THAT BABY

By ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

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That—baby again! Richard Taft's thoughts hesitated between the first two words, but he was not guilty of profanity. He only groaned. He could hear the baby's crows and Miss Audrey's little high, falsetto croonings. It was just as it had been yesterday, day before—day before that. Heavens and earth, when hadn't the baby cowered and Audrey crooned!

Richard's hotel was a mile away from this pleasant summer place of the Baby, and on the way down this afternoon there had been plenty of time for him to face the desperateness of his situation. The items stood out in indigo lettering before him. Item one: no hope of Baby's mother returning. Item two: no hope of devoted young aunt's extraction from Baby, even for a minute's blessed space. Item three: the transatlantic steamer, City of Baltimore, would leave her dock to-morrow morning, six o'clock. Pitying angels, could it be worse? Item four Richard hid in his heart, but it outweighed all the rest. If he did not get the chance to take the little white cradle of that slender slip of a baby, crooning love songs to a baby down there, into his hands and hold them prisoners there while he said what he had come to say six days ago—well, how do you think he was to go seas over without that chance? And that only a wisp of a baby should stand in the way! It was mad enough.

He strode on till he came into the immediate radius of crows and croons. He had murder in his heart.

"Oh, Richard, is that you? You've come just in time to trot the Baby on your knee. She wants to go to Boston, go to Lynn, then to Salem and



"Where's the Baby?"

home again, doesn't she, Heart o' Sunshine? She's tired of Aunt Audrey; yes, she is. There, won't she hold out her little hamies to the nice Big Man?"

But the nice Big Man drew away, with his hands behind him. This thing had happened, too, on yesterday, day before—day before that. This was the regular program. If it might have the way to his opportunity—but it wouldn't. She would only sit there opposite and trot her knees, too, in sympathy, and make sweet nonsense faces at the underserving Baby! Always the Baby!

The little aunt's face took on injured lines. She caught up the limp little heap of dainty and trotted it herself with exaggerated fervor.

"There, there, here we go trotting to Boston, trotting to Lynn—trotting to Salem and home again! We'll go won't we, Eyes o' Blue? We'll go the way—don't need any horrid, cross Big Man to take us; no, we don't! Let horrid Big Mans go—right—away."

Ah, but it was torture to see her crush the little face against her face! It was awful to stand by and see the waste of her precious kisses! Was there no help for a man—gods of pity, take that surging child and trot it to Boston and give a man a show!

"Audrey," he began tentatively, "you know the—"

"Miss Audrey." "Miss Audrey, you know the chocolates I promised you? If you'll put that blast—er—blast baby down I'll produce them. I think I never saw nicer chocolates. So fresh—so choice—so—"

"Oh, give them to me quick! I'm going to give Floss o' Gold one—I want a chocolate right on her little red tongue, doesn't she?"

"Pitying gods!" muttered Richard Taft. He strode away from them and made his plans. They were not definite, but they were deep-hued, desperate. He meant to eliminate the Baby. Coming back across the lawn, his eyes were fixed on the little purple face crushed against Audrey's breast. A look of alarm dawned in them. He tried to introduce into it the tenderness that he knew would come.

"Great heavens, look at the child's face, Audrey!" he exclaimed. "What makes it so red? Wait! I know. It wants water, Babies require frequent—er—watering—in hot weather." He stood before her, peering down at the baby. "Have you given it water lately?" he demanded sternly. "The doctors say the mortality of babies in the summer is due—"

"Quick! get her a drink! Are you going to stand there and see a blessed little child perish—before your eyes!"

She sped away with a soft swirl of dainty skirts, and his heart went with her. But he called it back and steeled it. There was work to be done, and quickly. No time for conscience now. Carefully laying the baby down, he put his hands to his lips like a trumpet.

"Audrey—Miss Audrey!" he called, and handed the little flying figure.

"Well, what is it? Quick!" came faintly back.

"Warm it—warm it! Cold water—won't do!" For he needed time

Picking up the baby, he clutched the dimly bundle firmly at arm's length, casting about for the right hiding place.

Down yonder, there in the middle of one of the paths, the gardener had left his wheelbarrow loaded with straw for mulching. The Big Man darted toward it and thrust the Baby into the fragrant, yielding mass—in, out of sight. At the last moment he thought him of Audrey's chocolate, and crowded the moist little fists and the little red cavern of the Baby's mouth full of the luscious-tasting morsel. G-r-r-r, they were good! Heart o' Sunshine gurgled appreciatively. Then he drew the thin cover of straw across his victim and was off, sauntering negligently up the path. He met Audrey half way. She had a cup of water in her hand.

"What have you done with—the Baby?" she puffed. "Where's the Baby, Richard Taft?"

"Er—the what? Oh, the Baby? He's all right, back there," waving over his shoulder indefinitely. "Let me take the cup, Miss Audrey." He was guiltily anxious to conciliate.

"The Baby is a girl," she retorted stiffly, "and she is not all right if you have left her alone! The poor little deserted Lamb o' Innocence—yes, here's Auntie! Auntie's coming sweet! And she was gliding swiftly away from him. He could only follow, but sudden fear for the success of his endeavor had engulfed his soul. He hurriedly overtook her and laid his hand entreatingly on her sleeve.

"Audrey, wait—for the Lord's sake give me just a minute! There is something I must say, dear—"

She was not listening. Her eyes were searching for the gleam of the white slip of the Baby against the green of the shrubbery. When they failed to find it she turned upon him denouncingly.

"I don't see her—tell me this minute where you left that innocent child, Dick!"

"Dick—oh, Audrey, that is music—wait a minute, wait!" he besought her. "I must have a chance—I tell you the little rascal is all right. He's enjoying himself. You will not deny me my last chance, Audrey? Something in his face held her there before him, rosy and shy. Her hands fluttered in his, but she did not draw them away. For the space of those few wondrous minutes, did she forget the Baby, too? And—you will, Audrey? I am waiting for my answer, dear."

She tried to meet the look in his eyes, and woman-like, because she could not, she sought refuge in mischievous.

"Oh, how can I tell?" she murmured, rebelliously, "perhaps I—well, I—might, if I—well, if you—if you found the Baby—Dick!"

She remembered the Baby then, at any rate, and in sudden compunction darted away to find her. He went, too, his fate hanging on the issue of the hunt. But he was not afraid. Straw is easy enough to breathe through, and there were good many chocolates. It was not far down the path to—gods and men, where was the wheelbarrow! There wasn't any. Nor north nor south, nor east nor west. The pretty grounds stretched away on all sides of him, wheelbarrow!

Richard Taft uttered a sharp exclamation of horror. What did this mean? Had the "pitying gods" taken him at his word and wheeled the little innocent to Salem, or Boston, or Lynn?

"Oh, what shall we do! Where can the darling be! I've lost poor Audrey, too distracted to remember to reproach him.

"There, there, don't worry, darling," he murmured tenderly. "He's all right somewhere, depend upon it. I've only—er—misplaced him."

"But the end he had to confess. "I've put my foot in it," he said humbly; "both feet, dear. I dropped him into the straw, in the wheelbarrow. It was necessary—I had to do it. But it was a nice, soft bed and there were chocolates enough to last—"

"The wheelbarrow!—Dick! You didn't!" She laughed hysterically and he joined in a deep, mirthless boom.

"Then afraid I did, dear."

"I'm where is that wheelbarrow? Tell me quick!"

"I can't be the groaned; "the gardener must have wheeled it away."

Then suddenly, in the midst of their dread, a little sound came to them, and Audrey laughed exultantly. Through the trees the gardener was coming toward them with the cowering Baby in his arms! They could see the small fists and the yellow glimmer of the little head. Audrey would have sprung away to meet them, but Richard held her back.

"No dear," he whispered. "It's over. We're saved! See, he is all right—the little rascal! And I need you this last minute. You belong to me."

"But you did not find Baby!" she laughed softly.

There was time just to take her in his arms, and to thank the pitying gods once for befriending him, then to hurry away to his train—but he came back again and Lissed the Baby.

Mistaken Politeness.

Sam was the brightest of the little class of 50 or more foreigners. He loved his teacher and tried with all his small might to adopt the American expressions of politeness that were carefully presented each day by the charming, ladylike little teacher.

Sam, one day, made a false step and landed his stout little boots squarely upon the shiny enameled toes of his beloved instructor.

"Why, Sammy, you hurt Miss Brown; what do you say when you step on anyone's toes?"

"Thanks," shouted Sam, in his loud, earnest voice—illustrated Sunday Magazine.

His Interpretation.

Mythology sometimes becomes strangely twisted in a youngster's brain. Reggie heard at school the story of Damocles, and the sword which hung over his head suspended by a hair. At dinner he related it to the entire family, showing that it had made a deep impression upon him.

His father, wishing to know what lesson Reggie drew from the story, asked him why Damocles was in constant fear. Reggie pondered, then brightened and responded:

"I suppose he was afraid the hair would fall in his soup."

## HORTICULTURE

PLANTS FROM CUTTINGS

Grape Vines and Berry Bushes Easily Propagated.

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Bunch of Cuttings, grow next year which will be suitable to transplant one or two years later. Grape cuttings are made with either two or three buds. Well ripened, short jointed wood should be selected. Make the

lower cut square across and close under the bud; the upper cut slanting and an inch or two above the bud. In this way the cuttings can be planted right side up. Currant cuttings are made six or eight inches long in the same manner, but they contain several buds.

Cuttings may be tied in bundles, with the lower ends even, and buried in moist sand over winter. The ends will callous over and they will be ready to put out roots as soon as planted in the spring. They can also be planted in the open ground as soon as made. The cuttings should be placed somewhat slanting in rich, mellow soil several inches deep and covered to the top with a slight mulch of coarse manure, when the ground freezes, will help to protect them from being thrown up by the alternate freezing and thawing. Plant them four to six inches apart in the row and the rows 2½ to three feet. In one or two years they will make fine, handsome plants of the variety from which the cuttings are taken.

PEA WEEVILS AND THEIR WORK.

Examine Your Seed Before Planting To Discover Presence of Pest.

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When the eggs hatch, the young grubs burrow through the pods and into the peas where they live and grow until after the pea is ripe for harvest.

The presence of the weevils in the peas may be readily detected when the peas are picked for table use by the presence of a dark spot on the surface, as though the pea had been pricked.

Before going into the adult stage the grub gnaws a round hole nearly or quite through the skin of the pea, so that it may escape when the proper time arrives.

A careful examination of the peas before planting ought to reveal these holes if they are at all numerous.

AN ACRE OF PEACHES.

Illinois Farmer Succeeds in Turning a Good Profit from Trees.

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USE FOR OLD CANS.

An Unfailing Device for Keeping Mice from Hams.

The accompanying illustration shows the way I have of keeping rats and mice away from my meat. I have tried many different methods but always failed until I tried the method described.

Take an old tin quart can, punch a small hole in the bottom and run your string or wire through this leaving the open end up, and allowing the can to rest on the meat, says the Prairie Farmer. This will prevent rats from getting to the meat from above, and you only have to see that the meat does not hang too close to anything that they can climb upon.

Worms in Colts.

For intestinal worms in colts the following mixture is used by veterinarians: Mix together as a base one pound each of salt and granulated sugar, in this mix one-half pound of tobacco dust or fine cut tobacco, four ounces of sulphate of iron powder, six ounces of powdered worm seed. Give a heaping teaspoonful in the feed at first once per day, then twice per day, and keep it up for three weeks.

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Son Scoops at Old Man's Vision, but Buried Gold Is Found.

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The son went to Franklin recently, and the old man persuaded the grandson to get a shovel and follow him. He did as requested, and they then went toward the north side of the house, under a tree in the orchard. The boy was requested to dig in a certain spot to a depth of two feet. He did so, when the shovel struck an old kettle. It was pulled from the ground and a tin box taken from it. When the box was opened it was found to contain \$750 in gold.

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WOULD SLEEP BY HIS BOOKS.

Recorder of Deeds in Oklahoma Is Fearful of Damage by Fire.

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Prize Eaters of Jersey.

Burlington, N. J.—Burlington county Red Men are still talking of an eating match witnessed at a "feed" by braves from several near by towns. Arthur Wilcox of this city was pitted against a strange brave from Delanco.

Wilcox, his friends claim, got away with 33 ham sandwiches, four dozen small pickles, two pounds of cheese, and 12 cups of coffee. His Delanco brother, whose name his friends refuse to make public, went Wilcox one better through the entire menu and was awarded the purse.

Taximeter an Old Story.

London.—There is nothing new under the sun—not even a taximeter. They were better known to the Rome of Julius Caesar than they are yet to the world of 1907. Suetonius and Vitruvius both described them as attached to the Roman cabs of that epoch. The latter even goes into details of their mechanism. Taximeters were also known to the Chinese of the eleventh century.

Wholesome Oatmeal.

Cook the evening before from one to two hours in double boiler. When going to bed put it on the best register or radiator in the house. Then when ready to break breakfast the next morning put it on the stove again and cook quickly.

Better Than Star Boarder.

"You have heard of star boarders?" said Blikins, "well I am a comet boarder. I have moved eight times in three weeks."

A Texas man shot a roat thinking it was a deer. He admitted the horse

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