

Two Styles of Table Mats in Tasteful Designs—Among the Useful Articles Which Earned for Aunt Hulda Eccleston \$300 in One Year.

WELL, I write it down just as I tell it to you. I don't mind other folks having a chance in this world, and I guess it won't hurt me any to give 'em a hint of what can be done with corn husks.

Right here in this little Connecticut village, last year, I made more than \$300—just coined the money out of mats and baskets and automobile hats and other things I made and sold and some of the best corn husks I got for the asking.

I guess I'm the inventor of this industry. They say that necessity is the mother of invention. Well, that was my mother's motto. My father was a poor, honest, hard-working man, but corn husks after John died. I was left with nothing but the farm of ten acres.

I'm fifty years old, so I couldn't do much heavy farming, and I was too far from the station to make eggs or garden stuff pay. I raised enough to eat myself, and I

had a roof over my head, but takes and takes away my clothes had to be got somehow.

I got awful blue and discouraged and used to cry some, and then one day a lady from the city came along. She was in an automobile, and she stopped and ask the way and get a drink of water from my well, that has a tall sweep and which always attracts city folks' notice.

She was a lovely lady. She looked at me closely and saw that I had been crying, and she sat down and says to me:

"Now, what's the matter?" she says. I tell her all with sympathy. It made me cry more, and then she says, after I had told her all my troubles:

"Now, I am not going to give you any money, nor know you are too proud to take it; but I am going to help you to help yourself. I'm going to send you a book, and I want

you should read it, and I think you will know how to work out your own salvation then."

So she went away, and in a day or two the book came from New York. It was all about learning to look within ourselves for the means of making ourselves successful or great. First off I thought it didn't mean anything at all. I couldn't make head nor tail of it, and I says:


"I guess this is too deep for Aunt Huldry;" but I took it up again and read it through, and I began to get a new idea of what meant. Then I went right back over it, and I took kind of studying it, and by the time I had read it four times it all seemed plain as day, and I felt all better up and sure that I could do anything.

It said in the book one mustn't run away from things, but just face it out; we are where we are meant to be, and we are right to be somewhere else, and that there was always the means right at hand to help the first step.

**Aunt Hulda
Eccliston
Braiding
Corn
Husks
for
Basket-
Making—
She Is
Wearing
a Corn
Husk
Hat
Made by
Herself.**



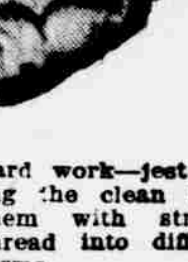
The next day, after tending to my chores and doing a little baking, I went to the neighbors and got all the corn husks they had, both of field corn and sweet corn, and then I set to work again, and I made all sorts of things—all kinds of baskets, hats, cornucopias, square boxes with covers to them,



**One of
Aunt
Hulda's
Cornucopias
of Braided
Corn Husks**

things for holding a ball of twine, jardiniere covers, table mats, big and little floor rugs, round and square and oblong; automobile bonnets and caps, waste baskets, and so forth.

I was always thinking of some new thing to make, and I did enjoy making them, for it wasn't



hard work—feet setting and plaiting the clean husks and sewing them with strong white linen thread into different shapes and forms.

Then I colored some of the husks after they were braided. I used just common dye powders, and they looked lovely. I dyed them after they were braided. Then I set to thinking how to sell 'em after I'd got a lot made.

Well, I got another inspiration. I saw how I could sell all the corn husk things I could make. It worked even better than I thought it would—

Goodness! My bread's burning. Next time you call I'll tell all about the sellin' part.

**One of
Aunt
Hulda's
Cornucopias
of Braided
Corn Husks**

hard work—just setting and plaiting the clean husks and sewing them with strong white linen thread into different shapes and forms.

Then I colored some of the husks after they were braided. I used just common dye powders, and they looked lovely. I dyed them after they were braided. Then I set to thinking how to sell 'em after I'd got a lot made.

Well, I got another inspiration. I saw how I could sell all the corn husk wigs I could make. It worked even better than I thought it would—

Goodness! My bread's burning. Next time you call I'll tell all about the sellin' part.

[illegible][illegible]

they worked hard on months and months. It's to gain her pure soul for my very own that I've burned the candle of life almost to the end. Look at me, now, and tell me, do you want to compare me with you, full of life and vitality, and yet we were born the same? I've been a shadow, I've been a word against her, for our friendship, Armand, will cease from that moment."

The young man, stretched out his legs, and lit a cigar.

"Look here, old chap, I haven't come here to provoke a quarrel," he said. "I've had a right to be angry, but I helped me over the stifle before, and I thought— Fact is, I've got in a little more of life, and vitality, and until I get the old boy's next allowance. You shall have it then— on my honor you shall! There'll be no deception."

Granby raised his back from the armchair.

"Five pounds! It's a lot of money for a poor man like me." If I could get some of my works accepted and sold, I can risk it, but I've failed so far, I can't strike a better bargain than this."

"Don't you? What do you mean, man? I've tried it. I've got to pay, and I've not promised on my honor to repay you? Do you disbelieve me?"

"I don't," said Granby, with a shrug of his shoulders, "but I've little more than the money you ask for. I'll give you half, and you'll repay me, and you promised faithfully to repay me, but I am still waiting. Why don't you go to Sir John your father, for the money?"

Armand Marriott sprang to his feet.

"The guy, for, like you, like Lucy, thinks me a poor man, and a beggar, and a miserable reply. "He won't give me a penny beyond my allowance— you know that as well. I tell you I'm in a desperate fix. I've got a fifty-pound note from somewhere. For the last time, will you let me have the money?"

"I'll give you a hundred pounds in moments in thought, then he slowly shook his head.

"Very well, then," shouted the young man, "you'll let me be disgraced, turned out of my house, and I'll pass the night of my mother's rest this one day, Merlin Granby."

"Materially he had named the door behind him. For a few moments the composer sat deep in thought. Suddenly he rose to his feet, stumbled across the room, and flung himself into a chair.

"Armand, Armand, come back. You shall have the money for Lucy's sake. Come back, Armand."

He was still muttering and re-echoing down the stairs of the flat, and no reply was brought to him. Armand had left the burning light.

"I'll go to his place," said Merlin Granby, going back to the room. "I'll give him a check for the money and send him to the bank to help me out."

He flung himself into a chair, and hastily filled in a check, placed it in his pocket-book, carelessly threw aside his pen, and then, without looking at his check-book, and then, with his hands to his eyes, he cried tremulously, "Ah, my wallet!" he cried tremulously. "Shall I post it now, or— shall I go?"

The postal tube, already addressed, lay by the side of the precious manuscript. He picked it up, and thrust the rolled sheet of paper into the notation within it. For a few moments

"My fingers played with the tube. Finally he stumbled across to a cabinet, and threw the roll within a drawer. "I may have omitted something," he murmured as he peered at the door. "It will be as well to go over it once more."

The clock was striking nine as he stepped into the hall. A gust from the northeast wind, catching his breast, sent him racking with a cough to grope against the railings for support.

As he groped, a figure came down the passage watched him stumble along the pavement. It was Armand Marriott, the celebrated composer, who had been of the street the young man dashed out of the doors of Granby's flat, buttoning his coat over something he had hidden in his pocket.

"The fool!" he muttered. "I told him I'd regret it! If the chance comes off, still put me right with the gov'nor, and let me hear of it!"

He called to a passing taxicab and was quickly whirled in the direction of Piccadilly.

Merrill Granby cropped his way up the stairs and passed into his room, sinking, dressed as she was in outdoor clothes, into an easy chair. He was exhausted; all his energy was spent almost to a thread.

His journey had been in vain. Armand Marriott had been in his rooms and his whereabouts were unknown. Inquiry at the club had proved unavailing. The check for £50 was missing in the composer's pocket.

The warmth of the room revived him somewhat, but a despairing, pessimistic gloom brooded upon him. He flung his hat and coat upon a chair, and, for the first time since he had left home, he lay down on the last post, before waiting him upon the stable crier, gasping and trembling.

No noise or light came from his room of their contents. A symphony, a song, and a gavotte—the work of his brain—had come back from the publishers' hands, and had sent them reeling.

"They were greatly obliged for the opportunity of considering his compositions, but they regretted they were unable to make use of them."

The mockery and the misery of it all! He stared at the packets, awayback boxes, and the papers, until a sharp cold blow at such a time. He had been in such confident mood all day.

A knife in the heart! He groaned, his nostrils and eyes began to geyre shining like balls of fire. "It's the last blow I'll give him! No one wants me. Lucy—my Lucy! It's no use. I've lost her. My life must be what must be—for her own sake."

He groped his way to the cabinet under the bed, where he hid his pipe. It was the postal tube with the sheets of his waltz within it. With fingers that trembled so violently that he could scarcely hold the thing, he unlocked the top of the drawer, and, with a jerk of his elbow sent it clashing amidst the flames in the grate.

"Merrill Burn!" he screamed. "You've brought me misery and pain. Instead of pleasure Burn! It is all you're fit for!"

Then he turned round and saw the old woman round the roll, saw the stiff outer covering, and then the precious sheets within become ablaze and turn quickly into smoke. A A A A A!

His lips. His ruffled hair, shining eyes,

[illegible][illegible]

and even cheerful. She told him of their separation in Paris, and of her loss of powers and soon set a cup of hot beef tea before him.

"You're feeling lingo," he said at last. "It is selfish of me to keep you here, your father."

His voice broke on Footers words, and he hurriedly ascending the stairs, Armand Marriott burst into the room with a white, drawn face.

"What's happened?" he gasped, as he came along at once to the hotel?"

"Father has met with an accident! I have just heard that he has been caught walking at the door!"

The color left the girl's cheek and she trembled violently. Recovering herself, she rushed to her father's room, and the composer's forehead and followed her brother from the room.

"What's happened?" she asked. "Merlin," she murmured at the door, and then he was alone.

.....

Sir John Marriott lay dying. With the patient, besides the doctor and the nurse, was Sir John's solicitor, hastily summoned.

"I want to add a codicil to my will," Somers' murmured the dying man. "I want to leave my son, the young Mr. Marriott, a house. He is a scaperaize, an extravagant rascal, who has brought only shame and sorrow on my name. I will not leave him a penny. He is a scaperaize. Save for two hundred pounds a year, I bequeath everything I have to the poor."

The silence of the room was disturbed only by the scratching of the solicitor's pen. The dying man's eyes were closed, made at last. The table was drawn to the patient's bedside, the pen was placed in Sir John's hand, when the doctor, who had been standing by, stepped forward.

"Can I speak with you, father—just for one moment?" he said with flushed face and beating heart. "I cannot now disturb you only—only that most important news has come for me."

His eyes wandered from the lawyer's face to the patient's, and then down the table, and he drew in his breath sharply.

"It is a most inconvenient time," returned the baronet testily. "But you must wait. I have a few minutes of my own life which I propose to do. You have disregarded my wishes repeatedly; you have scorned my advice; you have wasted my money. I have no time to spare. I have disinherited you. Your allowance of two hundred a year will be maintained. That, all you'll have of me."

The young man reeled and caught at the bed rails.

"But father, that's not what I mean!" he pleaded. "You have always thought me a lazy vagabond—but understand that. It has just reached me. Read it to father, Mr. Somers."

With trembling hand he thrust the typewritten sheet in the lawyer's hands.

"Dear Sir," read the solicitor. "I have the pleasure to inform you that your father, Sir John Marriott, Bart., who has been adjudged the best of those submitted in the competition. The first prize of two hundred pounds will be paid to you. You are to appear next week at the Royal Hall in London, where your composition will be played by the famous Royal Orchestra. Yours faithfully,"

"'RICHARD MANLY, Secretary.'"
A silence followed the reading of the letter.
Impossible—there must be some mistake!—he said to himself. The letter was the letter of your raceably tricks, sir. Give me the letter. Somers's!"
Armand winced, but he did not reply. He watched the girl's moist rosy cheeks misread and examine it carefully. Sir John looked up at last and held out his hand. A tear fell down the thin, hag-like face.
"Perhaps I've wronged you, Armand," he murmured, brokenly. I may be prejudiced against you. I may have taken your misdeeds. Perhaps there is some good in you, after all. I congratulate you, my boy, on your success. Somers, tear up the letter. I will let the old will stand. I had never dreamed it possible of you, Armand. Forgive my harsh words, my son."
He fell back on the pillows, his breath coming in fitful gasps. The doctor hurried to the bedside and the nurse. "Petch Miss Lucy," he murmured to the nurse. "The end has almost come."
Within a quarter of an hour the spirit had fled. Sir John, the new baronet and a wealthy man now, was shaking with the violent sobs of remorse and shame which racked it frame.
Merlin Granby sat in his room in deep depression.
The morning of the great concert in the Royal Hall, when the prize waltz was to be performed publicly for the first time, was the day when his name, as its composer, had appeared in all the newspapers, and the news had caused considerable astonishment. Sir John had been laid to rest in the little churchyard, and though Merlin Granby had seen the new baronet and the girl, and had come back to London to mope in his rooms in the depths of despair. The news of Armand's suicide had only added to his misery.
"I had only sent in my effort instead of consigning it to the flames," he muttered, as he wearily paced the room. "I had only sent in my effort. Fate is against me. The battle is too strong for me. I must give in. I must go away—out of my Lucy's life. What a wretched life without her!"
He paused to peer through the window into the fog-laden street. A cab had just passed. The door of the house ascended the stairs. The door was thrown open. He turned to see Sir Armand and his sister on the threshold. He started, but he could not have a momentary start of surprise at seeing the mourning-clad figures. "I'm pleased to see you, but how ill both of you look!" he said, with a gasp.
"You explain, Armand," said the girl, and wandered to the window.
Merlin Granby sat alone to the end of the day. He was alone. He was alone.
"Look here, old chap," stammered the young baronet. "I've acted like a cur and a rogue, and I've come to ask for your forgiveness. I've acted like a cur. My eyes are opened at last. I realize the depth to which I've fallen. You, Armand, don't blame Merlin! You'll forgive me, won't you?"
"I—I don't understand," murmured

the composer, looking from the composition-plate at the sheet music, the silent figure by the window. "You've done me no harm. You repaid the loans you had of me in a week ago."

"That was all right," wailed. "You know what I mean?" said Sir Armand hoarsely. "You remember the night I came here to borrow fifty pounds?"

"Yes," replied the other, who had heard of your success, Armand. I congratulate you.

"But," expostulated the astonished composer, "the manuscript was in the tube. I saw the sheets. I—"

"They were blank sheets I took from my pocket," interrupted the other. "I stole your composition, and sent it in as my own work. I say! Do you understand now? Do you realise my position? I have lost the prize, the first prize. The fame is yours. I—I am an impostor, a rogue! Speak—oh, Heaven, speak, if it's only to turn me in disgrace and horror from the room!"

The young baronet sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands. Merlyn slowly started up, still only dimly realising what the disclosure meant to him.

"Armand has endeavored to repay his sin," said a soft voice behind him, and the composer was gently rescued by the girl he loved. "He has seen the competition secretary and confessed all. He announced your name, Merlin, as the winner of the prize and award you the two hundred pounds. Armand is willing to buy back the title, and we may consider just. You'll forgive us, Merlyn?"

"Forgive you, my darling!" cried the composer, bursting the girl to his breast in a paroxysm of joy. "There is nothing to forgive. I have already forgotten. Armand, Armand, look up, my dear! Look up at those smiling friends again! The tide has turned at last."

"It was Lucy who discovered the imposture," said the young baronet, gripping the extended hand. "She sent me a copy of the waltz and she told me about the genius in it at once. You're a good chap, Merlin, and I'm a—I'm going to alter. I shall not forget your mercy to-day. When you get time, tell me something to make you happy."

And so, after a few days' rest, before long Merlyn Granby's waltz was being hummed and played and danced to all over the kingdom. The publisher who obtained a composition from a new star was even considered himself a fortunate man. Years of disappointment and ceaseless effort had been rewarded at last. Fame and money were smiling faces upon him in his blackest hour.

"I knew this day would come, dear," said Lucy Granby, glancing proudly upwards at her husband's triumphant evening. "I knew that your work was given a hearing the world would recognise your genius. And you, my dear, you are proud of you, you've saved Armand from his greatest enemy—himself."

"You're my Lucy, you alone," murmured Merlyn, smiling tenderly. "You were my fountain of hope and strength."

(The End.)

PALLADIUM WANT ADS PAY