

REVELATIONS OF 'A WIFE

When Sister Brings Real Country Food for City Folks.

"She's perfectly right," I said decidedly. "especially about the kind of food she used to serve up in the Catskills. If she has some of that with her you'll find me on my knees to her. Betty!"

I didn't need to raise my voice. Betty was hovering in the background of the hall, afraid she would miss a detail of "the company," always dear to her heart.

"Yes'm, Mis' Madge. I'm right here, honey."

Her smile stretched from ear to ear, her dropped curtsy as she came up to us was a most magnificent thing.

I saw Robert Savarin's eye gleam with irrepressible amusement, saw Lillian bite her lip to keep back the smile which would have mortally offended Betty. Mrs. Cosgrove, however, gave her the sort of curious, speculative look one would bestow upon an animal at the Zoo. Plainly nothing so flamboyant as Betty had ever before entered her life.

"Show the man where to put these bundles, Betty!" I said. "We want to open them right away." Then I turned to Lillian. "Mrs. Cosgrove has brought us some wonderful things from the farm, Lillian. Suppose we take our guests' hats and then investigate."

"Of course!" Lillian assented. "How thoughtful of you, Mrs. Cosgrove! I dream about real farm food sometimes, but I haven't eaten it in so many years I've forgotten what it tastes like."

Mrs. Cosgrove glowed at her words, and in another moment we were in the little breakfast room, where Betty had deposited the bundles upon a table, and were watching Mrs. Cosgrove open the bundles.

It was like a picture from an old-fashioned story—the warm-hearted country woman unpacking the daintily wrapped products for her home. Pats of freshly churned butter, a pail of real maple sugar, newly killed broilers, and—crowning all—a basket lined with leaves and heaped with wild strawberries.

"And this is to put on them!" Mrs. Cosgrove finished triumphantly, exhibiting the article she had carried with most solicitude, a bottle of thick, yellow fresh cream, cunningly packed in a pail of sawdust-covered cracked ice.

The warm, generous heart of the woman shone from her eyes. Lillian went swiftly toward her and put her arms around her, cream bottle and all.

And I knew from the look on both faces that no matter what life had in store for them, Robert Savarin's sister and the liege lady of his heart would be close friends."

Red Cross Circle Organized at Petrell

A Finnish Red Cross circle was organized recently at Petrell, Minn., by Miss Impii Lusa Meltenin and at their loyalty meeting the members raised \$33.39 which was received at Red Cross headquarters here yesterday morning. The International Brotherhood of Blacksmiths donated \$38.55 yesterday and eight annual dues were received from Fairbanks.

Kettle River, Minn., a center of loyal workers, sent a fine donation of \$85.85 also received yesterday.

Announce Engagement Of Lillian Shapiro

Mr. and Mrs. Max T. Shapiro, 2420 East Fourth street announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Lillian Shapiro to Louis Z. Zalk.

Mrs. E. J. Nicol and Miss Ida Nicol of Minneapolis are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hoyt, Twenty-first avenue East.

Miss Leola Markus of Thief River Falls arrived at Duluth yesterday to be the guest of her father, W. F. Markus, 331 West Third street. Miss Markus taught in the Denfeld school for some time.

Miss Amy Flynn, 1715 East Superior street, has returned to her home after an eastern trip of several weeks.

Mrs. Marion Browne, 741 East Superior street, had as a week end guest her uncle, P. E. Clarity of St. Cloud.

Mrs. Royal R. Armstrong, 118 East Superior street, and Mrs. William Parmelee, have returned from Minneapolis, where they were the guests of Mrs. Parmelee's parents.

THE FLIES OF THE ARK.
We mortals have to swat and shoo
The flies from dawn till dark,
'Cause Noah didn't swat the two
That roosted in the ark.
—ANGWAN.

HIS ACCIDENT.
"What happened to the Hon. Bray Lowder, to shut him up so suddenly?"
"He was standing squarely on his record, and the opposition yanked it out from under him and let him sit down."

TURN TO "3."
You'll find sugar in the dictionary.
—New York Tribune.