Beaver & Gephart

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NEWSPAPER LAWS.

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THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER.

Saul Rundlett and his little daughter Phœbe kept the Plum Pudding Lighthouse. Saul had been a sailor for half his life, but two or three narrow escapes from shipwreck had convinced him that it was desirable to have something solid beneath one's feet, and he had, with considerable difficulty—for there had been suspicion that Saul was not quite "steady" enough for lighthouse keeper—obtained the position on Plum Pudding Rock. Phœbe was born there, and, her mother dying when she was very small, had grown up there almost as wild and untrained as the sea gulls that built their nests in the crevices of the rocks. Quite as untrained, she might have been, if it had not been for Aunt Huldah Maria, who lived on Mouse Island.

There was a school on Mouse Island for six months in the year, and Phœbe went to it some times; she could not go regularly, because—well, although it is very sad it must be told—because it was not always safe to leave her father in charge of the lighthouse. He had been "steady" ever since he assumed the position of light house keeper, fifteen years before, until the last year. Even after that long period of successful resistance his old enemy, the love of drink, had fallen upon and conquered him. And nobody knew it but Phœbe.

Captain Saul, as everybody called him, had always been in the habit of going to Jim Bowling's shop, at Pondunquit Harbor, which was a sort of sailors' "snug harbor," to smoke his pipe and spin yarns with his old cronies but he never drank anything there. And it was only within the last year that he had brought anything home from the harbor to drink. Now he did it often; indeed, it was seldom he came home with out it, and, all by himself, he would have a drinking bout, growing merry at first and sing old sea songs and cracking jokes, and poor little Phœbe, who did not know the cause, thought his mood delightful, and wished he would always seem as happy; but soon he began to drink more heavily, and would pass from the merry stage into the cross and irritable one, and then become stupid, sleepy and utterly helpless. And, besides, her grief and humiliation were constantly anxious lest her father should lose his situation. They had no money, and where in the wide world could they find another home if they had to leave the Plum Pudding!

This was the sorrow and care that had changed Phœbe's face from a round and rosy and dimpled little one so that it was now pinched and wan, and had a careworn look that was sad to see. There were several men who wanted Captain Saul's position at the lighthouse, and would be glad to report anything that they could discover to injure him. Every day Phœbe expected that the blow would fall, and they would be obliged to leave their home.

There was to be a great merry-making on Mouse Island. Phœbe's oldest cousin, Marie Cordilly, was to marry Jed Collins, who was soon to sail as mate of the Flying Scud, the finest ship that ever hailed Pondunquit. But when Phœbe said "she didn't think she could come; she would rather stay at home and let her father come," there was a terrible outcry.

Aunt Huldah Maria said "Phœbe should come or she would know the reason," and that was just what Phœbe didn't want—that Aunt Huldah Maria should "know the reason why." So she said, if she possibly could, she would come. She tried to pursuade her father not to go to Pondunquit Harbor two or three days before the wedding, but on that very day he had an errand that could not be delayed, he said. He came back only just in time for Phœbe to get off to be at Aunt Huldah Maria's as early as she had promised. But he seemed very kind and affectionate, and told her "not to worry; he would take good care of the light," and kissed her, which had become quite unusual, and said "it was a great pity if the mate couldn't go off on a little lark when the captain was left behind to take care of the ship." He always called the lighthouse a ship, and Phœbe had been the mate ever since she was 5 years old.

Aunt Huldah Maria rejoiced, even in the midst of her labors as hostess, at Phœbe's bright face. Perhaps the child had only been a little overworked or ailing, and there was not so much trouble at the Plum Pudding as she had fancied. But even while the fiddler was playing his most entrancing strains and the wedding cake was being passed in most generous slices Phœbe heard a whisper that made her heart stand still. David Judkin, the son of the man who wanted her father's place, was talking to another young man.

"It isn't such a very thick fog, and I never saw a fog so thick that you couldn't see some sign of the Plum Pudding light from Mouse Island; and if it can't be seen to-night it isn't on account of the fog, but because the light isn't there."

"And the Advance is up in the harbor," said the other. "Captain Saul is at the end of his lighthouse keeping, if you are right."

"We might skirmish round a little and see," said David Judkins. "It would be a pity for the officers not to find it out, you know."

The two young men went out. Phœbe knew well where they were going. The Advance was the government steamer, whose office was to supply the lighthouses and see that they were kept in proper condition.

David Junkins was going to give warning that there was no light on the Plum Pudding. Phœbe slipped out of the house unobserved. The fog had come so suddenly that it seemed like magic. A dense gray mist seemed to have swallowed up the world. Only very brilliant rays of light could penetrate that fog, but the Plum Pudding light was the finest on the coast. Phoebe's practical eye searched anxiously in the direction of the Plum Pudding. But she looked in vain; there was thick darkness everywhere. The lamp on the Plum Pudding was not lighted. Phoebe listened, and heard the steady plash of retreating oars. David Junkins and his friend were rowing vigorously to Pondunquit Harbor.

She ran down to the shore to the place where her rowboat was fastened. She got in and rowed swiftly out into the thick darkness. She had not her compass, which she usually carried in her pocket, and if she had, it was too dark to see it without a match. Could she find her way to the island? Phoebe rowed swiftly in the direction of where the Plum Pudding ought to be. Presently she felt that she had gone far enough. But where was the island? Why did she not get there? The bow of her boat seemed to be pointed toward the open sea. Had she been rowing toward the open sea instead of the Plum Pudding? And then suddenly it seemed to her that she was going back toward Mouse Island.

Stout hearted as she was, Phoebe felt her courage failing. She let the oars slip from her hands into the bottom of the boat, and uttered a faint cry of distress. It was so faint a cry that only the sea gulls could have heard it, but an answer seemed to come; the sharp shrill sound of a horn. It could be nothing but the great horn of the lighthouse, although it seemed to come from the direction of Pondunquit Harbor. The sound was repeated; it was the lighthouse horn. Phoebe rowed with might and main, and very soon a dark shape loomed before her through the darkness, and her boat grazed the rocks of the Plum Pudding. It was at the very steepest part of the rocks, but Phoebe could not delay to row to the land. Up she scrambled, never heeding that her clothes were torn and her hands scratched and bleeding.

It was difficult to find her way to the lighthouse in the thick darknees, and now there came no sound to guide her. Never before in Phoebe's lifetime had night found that lighthouse with darkened windows. And what had that horn meant? A terrible fear lest something worse than she had thought of had happened to her father made Phoebe's steps falter upon the very threshold. She pushed the door open, but only to find that the living-room, where her father always sat, was empty. Phoebe seized a light which was burning on the table and ran up the lighthouse stairs. At the top she almost stumbled over her father lying in a heap, the great horn fallen from his hands, his red face and heavy breathing showing his sad condition.

Phoebe sprang to the lamp. The great dazzling light flashed out. There was a few moments of perfect silence and then there came a shout from the water below. Phoebe seized the great horn and blew a blast in answer.

"Light ahoy!" shouts a voice again.

Phoebe seized her father's arm and shook him with all her strenght. He opened his eyes and tried with her help to stand upon his feet.

"Put your head out of the window and shout Ahoy! Oh, try your best to do it, father!" begged Phoebe.

He did try, but it was only a stammering whisper that came. Phoebe lowered her voice to the gruffest bass notes of which it was capable, and shouted "Ahoy" herself.

"All right," shouted the voices below. "We thought there was no light. The fog is so thick that we could not see it ten rods away. Never saw such a tog even in this place. Advance will be here to-morrow with supplies."

"Ay, ay, sir!" shouted Phoebe, still in gruffest tones.

And then, to her great relief, she heard the sound of retreating oars.

Then she helped her father down stairs to his bed. She did not go to bed herself, because she knew that her aunt would discover her abscence and send somebody in search of her, and it was not long before her cousin Augustus Algernon appeared.

"Tell Aunt Huldah Maria that I wanted to come home," was all that Phoebe would say.

"I don't see how you found your way," said Augustus Algernon. "The fog is so thick that I couldn't see a glimpse of the light till I got half way over. Folks over on the island thought it wasn't lighted. But they may be sure you never could have got here without any compass if it hadn't been."

The next morning Captain Saul came to Phoebe and laid his hand on her head.

"I tried to light the lamp, Phoebe; I didn't think I'd got so far that I couldn't, and I blew the horn twice; that was all I could do," he said.

"I might never have got here but for that, father," said Phoebe, taking his other hand in hers. She did not reproach him; she never thought of doing that.

"It was the mate that saved the ship last night," continued Captain Saul, in a voice that trembled, "but with God's help the captain will never be off duty again! He'll never dowse his peak and let that black pirate aboard again!" pointing to a bottle which Phoebe had seen many times before—"if not for his own sake, for the sake of his little gal—he swears that before the Lord."

If you would see how plump and rosy Phoebe has grown you would know that Captain Saul has kept his word. Aunt Huldah Maria had her suspicion about the doings of that night, but she never expressed them. And there are no signs that Leander Judkins will ever keep the lighthouse. The fog that was "so thick you couldn't see the Plum Pudding light ten rods away" is still famous.

Lost By A "T."

How a Leadvillian Lost a Fortune by the Omission of a Single Letter.

[Leadville Democrat.]

Speaking of the influence that small things exert on the affairs of life, and sometimes what stupendous results depend on things that are in themselves so small as to be almost unworthy of notice, a gentleman said to a reporter:

"It would hardly be supposed that a single letter, or for that matter any other letter in the alphabet, could have the effect of changing the whole course of a man's life, and possibly causing effect that would last through eternity."

The scribe agreed that it did not look as if so small a thing should produce so lasting and so great an effect.

"Well, it did in my case," said the gentleman. "I'll tell you the circumstances: Some twenty years ago, when I was younger than I am now, and had more money, too, than I have now, I was in Baltimore, Md., and was in correspondence with a gentelman in Michigan in reference to the purchase of a large saw-mill and an extensive tract of heavily timbered land. We had about agreed as to the terms. I made arrangements to meet him in Saginaw and perfect the trade, and sent him a telegram saying, "I will met you there." I immediately started on my journey to Saginaw, and when I arrived there I found that the gentleman whom I had gone to see had started, the same day I did, for Baltimore. On reaching that city he found that I had gone West, but no one knew whither, so he returned home. In the meantime I had started on my return trip from Saginaw to Baltimore to meet him there. When he got home he found another purchaser for the property, to whom he sold it, and received the money for it. The purchaser has since out of that very property, become one of the wealthiest men in the Northwest, while I am poor. The whole trouble resulted in the message being transmitted: "I will meet you here,' instead of: "I will meet you there." He had acted in accordance with it as he received it, and I as I had sent it, and thus you see that the omission of the letter 't' kept me from making a fortune and changed the whole course of my existence. I am now struggling for a living in Leadville, when, if it had not been for that unfortunate 't,' I would in all probability to-day be a millionaire and living in a marble residence, probably next to that of William H. Vanderbilt. Yes," said he, as he heaved a sigh, "the small things of this life are what we want to watch, and the chances are the large ones will take care of themselves."

There are 125 licensed distilleries in Scotland.

Items of Interest.

The latest use devised for paper is the making of carpets.

A plumber was fined $250 in New York for a poor job.

Australia could furnish 450,000 men capable of bearing arms.

In Philadelphia there is a funeral every half hour the year round.

"Insane" murderers always select the smartest lawyers to defend them.

A car containing 106,250,000 toothpicks left Dixfield, Me., for Ohio.

A young Lowell, Mass., housekeeper feeds seven people well on $25 a month.

There is a movement on foot to develop the oil fields of Canada this year.

Gardening is practically taught in more than 20,000 primary schools in France.

A saxon sun-dial has been found under the porch of a church near Cirencester.

Hampton, Va., boasts the oldest church in the country—St. John's, built in 1834.

Thousands of pounds of dynamite are carted through the streets of Chicago every day.

The postmistress at Phœnix, Mich., is the first white person born on Lake Superior.

There are twelve teeth factories in the United States, which make 10,000,000 teeth a year.

A circus in the west advertises 'the only coal-black sacred elephant ever seen in captivity.'

The bankers, butchers and grocers in New York number 7,324 against 10,000 liquor dealers.

In India the natives have hoarded a billion dollars in gold which cannot be got into circulation.

The courts of Massachusetts have decided that when a man is naturalized his wife is also naturalized.

There are 55,578 scholars in the public schools of Boston, this being a slight increase over the number last year.

A drug journal gives two formulas for 'butter colors.' They contain annatto, tumeric, saffron, caustic potash, borax and alcohol.

The Boston's Women's Educational and Industrial Union has a Protective Department whose object is to recover wages unjustly withheld from working women.

There is said to be a man in Georgia who had thirty-six nephews in the late war, all of whom, except three, were killed. Fifteen of them belonging to the same company.

The Case.

The court and jury, as well as the spectators, generally enjoy the scene when a lawyer, in an attempt to badger or browbeat a witness, comes off second best in the encounter. A contemporary recalls an amusing instance of this sort which happened a few years ago in an Albany court-room. The plaintiff, who was a lady, was called to testify. She got on very well, and made a favorable impression on the jury under the guidance of her counsel, Hon. Lyman Tremaine, until the opposing counsel, Hon. Henry Smith, subjected her to a sharp cross-examination. This so confused her that she became faint and fell to the floor in a swoon. Of course this excited general sympathy in the audience, and Mr. Smith saw that his case looked badly. An expedient suggested itself by which to make the swooning appear like a piece of stage mockery, and thus destroy sympathy for her. The lady's face in swooning had turned purple red, and this fact suggested the new line of attack. The next witness was a middle-aged lady. The counsel asked,—

"Did you see the plaintiff faint a short time ago, madam?"

"Yes, sir."

"People generally turn pale when they faint, do they not?"

Great sensation in court and evident confusion of witness. But in a moment she answered,—

"No, not always."

"Did you ever hear of a case of fainting where the party did not turn pale?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you ever see such a case?"

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

"About a year ago."

"Where was it?"

"In this city."

"Who was it?"

By this time the excitement was so intense that everybody listened anxiously for the reply. It came promptly, with a twinkle in the witness's eyes and a tremor on her lip, as if from suppressed humor,—

"It was a negro, sir."

Peal after peal of laughter shook the court room, in which the venerable judge joined. Mr. Smith lost his case.

Senator Edmunds' private law practice is worth $75,000 a year.

Wouldn't Give Him a Chance.

Old Simeon had been employed to work in Colonel Hatcher's garden. The Colonel noticed that the old man spent the most of his time at the kitchen window, talking to the colored lady who condescends to the menial office of cook. While the Colonel was standing at the front gate, Simeon came around and was in the act of passing out, when the Colonel observed the gentleman's coat bulging and his arm raised in a rather suspicious manner.

'Simeon, what's that you got under your arm?'

'Dis henh arm, sah?'

'Yes, that there arm.'

'Dis 'un?' placing his right hand on his left breast.

'Yes, I know which one I mean.'

'Yas, sah, yas. I'se got a powerful swellin' un'er my arm, sah.'

'There was nothing the matter when you came this morning.'

'For, sah, dat's a fack, but de swellin' wuz mighty suddent. I don't think dat my blood's right, sah.'

'No, and I don't think that your flesh is altogether above suspicion.'

'Doan think it is, sah. I'se had dis swellin' seberal times, sah in de last week ur two.'

'I don't doubt it in the least.'

'Nor, sah, nor. Wuz er workin' 'roun' dar jes' now an' de fust thing I knowed, dis arm guter go up, an' pains gunter shoot down dis laig. It wuz de furst time dat sich a thing hab eber happened an' it skeered me.'

'Thought you had been affected that way several times in the last week or two?'

'O, yas, but it wuz un'er de udder arm befo'. Keep on er swellin' jes' like I tells yer, till I git skeer, so I'se now goin' ter see a doctor, fur I doan wanter let it run on.'

'I am a physician. Let me examine you.'

'Hole on, boss,' stepping back. 'Yerse'f doan un'erstan' dis case. Yer mout be a good doctor wid de chills, but I'se erfeered ter trus' yer wid a case like dis. My regular family zishun is de only man what un'erstan's dis case.'

'Who is your physician?"

'Doctor Pillings.'

'He's out of town. You'd better let me make an examination.'

'Huh?' shifting uneasily.

'Let me see what's the matter?'

'Boss, my doctor tole me dat I musn't let no udder man tech me, 'cause if I did, de swellin' is ap' ter strike in an' kill me. 'Twain't fur dat, I'd put my se'f un'er your charge in a minit. I'se heard dat yer's a mighty fine 'zishun, an' if yer had took dis case at fust, w'y yer mout er been a good han' at it by dis time.'

'I have treated many a case like this,' said the Colonel, 'and I don't think that I would be discharging my sworn duty as a physician if I were to allow you to leave my premises without having first attempted to relieve you.'

'Boss, heah is de fack in de case. Dr. Pillings owes me money, an' I hab promised to take it out in doctorin.' Now, if he finds out dat I'se 'ployed some udder man, he'll get mad, 'sides dat I ain't got der money to pay yer wid.'

'I won't charge you anything.'

'Yer's a powerful 'bligin' gennerman, but I doan' wanter take de 'vantage o' yer. I'se allus made it er rule not ter 'pose on a kind man.'

'I cannot allow you to go without exerting my skill,' taking hold of old Simeon.

'Heah, take de piecer meat!' lifting his coat and exhibiting a ham. 'Yer's de wust pusson I eber seed. Won't gib er man a chance nohow.'—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Over the Fence.

Mrs. Singleton put her head over the fence and thus addressed her neighbor who was hanging out her week's washing,—

"A family has moved into the empty house across the way, Mrs. Clothesline."

"Yes, I know."

"Did you notice their furniture?"

"Not particularly."

"Two loads and I wouldn't give a dollar a load for it. Carpets! I wouldn't put them down in my kitchen. And the children! I won't allow mine to associate with them, you bet. And the mother! She looks as if she had never known a day's happiness. The father drinks, I expect. Too bad that such people should come into this neighborhood. I wonder who they are?"

"I know them."

"Do you? Well—I declare. Who are they?"

"The mother is my sister, and the father is superintendent of the Methodist Sunday school."

A painful pause ensues.

HUMOROUS.

BASE INGRATITUDE.

"So you refuse to buy me that new silk dress!" said an Austin girl to her mother.

"No, Esmeralda, I really can't afford it."

"So that's the way you treat me, who have made you a happy mother. O, how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless mother. When you first became my mother, I never dreamed that it would come to this."

TOOK THINGS EASY.

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the new chaplain to the worst thief in the penitentiary. "Are you fifty-two years old? My unfortunate friend, you don't look thirty!"

"No, replied the thief, humbly. "I don't show my age, but that is because I take things so easy."

And the good chaplain told him that he was right; that care and worry made men old faster than hard work.

A BASE SUPPOSITION.

"Who is that young man walking on the other side of the street? He must be some fugitive from justice. See the nervous, haunted expression of his countenance."

"Oh, no. He's no criminal. You're mistaken. Poor fellow, he's a base ball umpire, and his experience on the field has taught him to be constantly on the watch for some one throwing something at him."

A BOLD, BAD BEGGAR.

"Have you got fifty cents?" said a beggar to a surly passer-by.

"No, I haven't fifty cents."

"Well, have you got twenty-five cents?"

"No, I haven't."

"Have you got ten cents?"

"No."

"Have you got any sense at all?"

"No—yes—what's that? Get out, or I'll knock your face off."

The beggar got out, chuckling.

Skin Scraping Sarcasm.

'Is my shaving agreeable to you, sir?' a loquacious barber asked a customer whom he had been flaying alive.

'My wife would admire it very much,' rather indefinitely responded the man under torture.

'Ah,' said the barber with great complacency, 'ladies are often excellent judges of their husbands being well shaved. And you think mine will suit, sir?'

'No doubt of it in the world. It was only this morning she became angry because I told her I could not afford to buy her a spring bonnet, and she said I ought to be skinned alive.'

Thd barber lost himself in reflection.

A Good Thing.

'Some people never know when they have a good thing,' growled the dog-trainer to his friend, the mule-fancier, as he entered that gentleman's stable last night.

'What are you kicking about, now?' returned the mule-lover, speaking technically.

'A young married man came to my place about two weeks ago,' snarled the visitor, 'and said: 'I want to buy a well-trained house-dog—a smart one that will be a protector to my wife while I'm down town.' I sold him a St. Charles spaniil for $50 that knows more than many a detective sergeant. Yesterday he brought the dog back and wanted his money.'

'What was the matter?' asked the mule-fancier, sympathetically.

'The dog knew too much,' replied his friend sadly. 'Says the young man, 'My wife went to her mother's the day after I bought this dog and stayed away a week. The first night she returned this brute lugged the demijohn out of my side-board and hauled it under the dining table then when I went upstairs he tried to pull my boots off and the next morning nearly split my coat up the back to get me to the window when that pretty blonde passed whom I've been flirting with. My wife swears that the boys have been at the house every night that she left; That I've gone to bed with my clothes on, and that if the dog could only speak she could get a divorce. The beast is too smart. Give me $25 and take him back, and so,' concluded the dog-fancier, sorrowfully, 'Instead of making $45 I am only $25 and the dog ahead.'

'I feel for you,' said the mule-fancier. 'I sold a milk-dealer just what he asked for—a quiet mule. The next day he came back and wanted to know what sort of a beast that was. 'He goes to sleep about forty times along my route, and turned the milk sour with his snoring,' said the chalk-and-water peddler.

'What ailed him?' asked the dog-trainer.

'Well,' replied the mule-fancier with a grin, 'he was once driven in a delivery-wagon of the Baltimore newspapers, and that is certainly enough to make a mule drowsy for the rest of his life.'

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