## WHEN CUPID DELAYED DINNER.

By Bessie K. Hoover. T was 8 o'clock on a raw morning in early summer, and the teams that were to take them to the lake

had not yet arrived. There were but two men in this chilled company on the church steps, for the superintendent and several of the teachers could not leave their work. The Rev. Albert Pashley was one of the faithful: the other was Ike, the son of Deacon Clutner, a rich dairyman. Ike was allowed a substitute on this momentous day, and, while a hireling slopped milk into the motley dishes of the customers, Ike abandoned himself to the varied pleasures of the Sunday school pienie.

Ike Clutner was a stoop shouldered, amiable fellow with no particular features. He looked singularly out of place in his best clothes minus his milk can and measure.

The first wagon rattled up after an hour of wintry waiting. There had been some mistake about the timethere always is. The Rev. Albert Pashlev clambered into the wagon as a matter of course. Phyllis Jones, who had walked in from the country, was al-



"AW, THUNDER!" GRUMBLED IKE.

ready in the wagon when Ike Clutner, brushing aside the squirming children, forcibly took his seat beside her. Ike did not mean to leave his courting to chance, for holidays were scarce with him. But Mrs. Pashley, the minister's wife, who was going to wait for the last wagon, cried:

"We'll need a man in our crowd. Ike. von stay and go with us.'

"Aw, thunder!" grumbled Ike under his breath and climbed disconsolately out, and the first load rumbled away.

The second wagon came in half an hour. Ike, fearing that he might be left out entirely if the minister's wife happened to think of any reason for his staying behind, plumped himself down by the driver's side and left the mothers and children to scramble in as best they could.

"Which way?" questioned the driver when they were within a mile of the lake. "Are you goin' to Coggin's gap or to Feather's?"

This caused consternation among the mothers, who all knew that they were going to the "gap." but did not know which one.

"Coggin's," volunteered Ike, with the intuition of a lover.

"Feather's gap," corrected the minister's wife. "I remember now. It's Feather's."

"Aw, thunder!" muttered Ike gloomfly to himself.

When the heavily freighted wagon rolled protestingly into the deep beach sand Feather's gap lay wrapped in utter solitude but for the intruding team. The low lying dunes were as guiltless of a footprint as if man had never passed that way. The other wagon had not come to Feather's gap.

"I knew all the time that it was either Feather's or Coggin's," said Mrs. Blish, president of the Ladies' Aid. "Now, driver, take us round to Coggin's."

The driver grudgingly turned his horses, growling about "fool women." when the minister's wife spoke out sharply, "And remember we don't pay you anything extra for this blunder." 'Whoa!" shouted the driver. "Pile

out!" "Pile out!" echoed Mrs. Pashley in a scandalized voice. "We will not? You should have found out where we were going before you started. Drive

on immediately." "It'll be a dollar more," announced

the man, with gloomy unconcern. "It will not be a dollar more," declared Mrs. Pashley angrily. "Climb out, everybody. I shall speak of this

The picnickers poured quickly into the lake sand. Then the dinner for

the whole crowd was clawed from under the driver's seat and dumped in a little pyramid on the ground. The team started off, the man muttering.

The children ran shrieking to the take. The mothers carried the dinner and placed it in the shade of the willows. But a cry of black ants was raised, and, as the women were already exhausted from wading in the deep sand, Mrs. Pashley ordered Ike to transfer the dinner to a place of safety, as if he were the state militia.

not too near the water." directed Mrs. Pashley, who was going about with a pained, consecrated face as if they had just been shipwrecked on a desert island.

For Ike the forenoon passed gloomily away, but he put in a good day's work waiting on the women.

As dinner time approached they be gan to expect the other picnickers to look them up, but no one came, so Mrs. Pashley sent Ike to Coggin's gap to ask the minister and his crowd to come to Feather's gap to eat, as that would save carrying the dinner a mile.

Ike struck out through the woods that skirted the bluffs above the sand dunes. When he had gone about half the distance he met Phyllis Jones.

"Hello!" he shouted. "Where you been?" cried Phyllis. "Feather's gap."

Though Phyllis had a good disposition and a great capacity for work, nature had not seen fit to bless her with much chin, but she had an honest freckled face, and Ike considered her perfection.

"We supposed you folks had gone to the wrong gap," explained Phyllis, "so the minister told me to go over and tell Mis' Pashley that, as she had the dinner, we'd all come over to Feather's gap to eat-or if she'd ruther come"-"Mis' Pashley 'd ruther eat where she is, so that's settled." answered Ike easily. Then he proceeded to forget the other picnickers entirely.

"Lookie," he cried, producing a dingy candy heart bearing in bold red letters the suggestive motto, "Be My Honey." "I mean worse'n that," hinted Ike darkly, slipping the heart into her hand, immediately presenting her with another saccharine sentiment, "Yours For Eternity."

After reading this solemn promise Phyllis fished out a candy heart from her own pocket, which as a thrifty and farsighted young woman she may have secreted for this very emergency, and gave it to Ike. who read with great satisfaction, "I Am Yours."

"When?" he asked briefly. "Not till after butcherin' time," answered Phyllis promptly and firmly. "Aw, thunder-stop!" cried Ike, great-

ly displeased. "Talk sense." "You don't want me very bad if you can't wait till I'm ready. Pete Jenner 'd wait till doomsday.'

"I'll-I'll wait till next grass-if you say so." vowed the distressed dairyman recklessly. "No, Ike. Butcherin' time's long

enough. I'll be ready by then." "Lookie," cried Ike. "here's a path that leads to the lake. Let's go down." Following this path, they found a little cove sheltered from the world by high clay ridges that shut them completely from view of either gap. Here they sat hand in hand watching the waves and, growing hungry, lunched on a whole bag of amorous worded sweets that Ike produced from a bulging pocket.

"Maybe we ought to look the others up," suggested Phyllis after a long season of blissful munching.

"Aw, thunder-no!" ob "There might be something to dosomewheres," she added vaguely. "I done it all," Ike assured her. In the meantime the minister's wife

and her satellites waited impatiently for Ike and the other picnickers. "Let's feed these children and eat ourselves," suggested Mrs. Jenner.

"No," said Mrs. Pashley emphaticaly. "The others might not like it." "Mis' Peters would have a fit if we et without her," declared Mrs. Blish. "Let's all go over to Coggin's gap and then send Ike and Brother Pashley back here for the dinner."

"No. If we go, we'll take the dinner with us," said Mrs. Pashley. "Albert's chest isn't strong."

"It's a long walk to tug all these victuals," sighed Mrs. Blish. "But I guess it's the only thing to do," replied Mrs. Pashley. "Mrs. Jen-

ner, you get the children together and They went through the woods, as Ike

had gone, for that was the shortest way. At last they filed thankfully down

the crooked path into Coggin's gap. But the Rev. Mr. Pashley and his half of the crowd were not there. "Where's Ike?" burst out Mrs. Blish

as she sat cumbrously down on the sand to rest in the shade of an ant covered willow. "And where's Brother Pashley and

the rest gone to?" exclaimed Mrs. Jen-"Well, they've gone," declared Mrs. Jenner, "and we can't help it. So we'd

jest better unjack these victuals double quick." "No, no; it won't do at all!" cried Mrs. Pashley sharply as several wo-

men, anxious to feed the clamoring children, fussed over the baskets. "Put those covers on again," commanded the minister's wife. "Mr.

Pashley and the others will probably come in a few minutes. But nobody appeared, and they be-

gan to think that the crowd must have gone to Feather's gap by the wagon road or the beach and that they had missed them.

It was long past dinner time and the shadows were beginning to lengthen when the woebegone party, still ably commanded by the minister's wife, retraced their steps to Feather's gap.

But not a vestige of the other party or Ike was to be found there. "Now, if you'll take my advice, Mrs. Pashley, we'll eat a snack," urged Mrs. Jenner as they dumped the dinner in

the sand at Feather's gap. "We'll do no such thing." retorted the minister's wife. "I shan't have it said that I meddled with the dinner." The children, too tired and hungry to play, dropped languidly on the warm sand or tried to drown their sorrows

in copious drafts of warm lake water. "I'm going home," said Mrs. Jenner firmly, after another bitter season of fruitless waiting. "I shall take the in-

"Take the dinner out by the lake | fant class and my five and go. The rest of you can do what you please."

She would have opened her own basket and fed the children, but it contained only sour pickles and cabbage salad, and she dared not thrust such food on the empty stomachs of the infant class, not to mention her own five.

"I thought we'd have a man to help us," fretted the minister's wife, "but, no; I send Ike on an errand, and that's the last of him."

"I should think that Brother Pashley would do something," observed Mrs. Jenner. Mrs. Pashley let this remark pass in

silence. "We will all go home now," she announced in a tired voice. "That's all we can do. Each one carry something." And again they were marshaled along, but this time it was toward

They had planned to walk back, for the Sunday school could not afford to ride both ways. Drearily they snailed along. A mile passed by, and its weary length seemed stretched to half a dozen.

As 'these picnic tollers rounded a bend in the road that now led through treeless, open fields they beheld as in a vision a dispirited company halted by the dusty roadside for a rest in the hot sun.

It was the Rev. Albert Pashley, the formidable Mrs. Peters, several other matrons and a dozen or more glum children, all sitting dejectedly on the grass dangling their tired feet in a dry ditch. The Rev. Albert arose as spokesman for this disgruntled assembly. "Where have you been?" he inquired ungraciously of his wife, as if she and her

crowd were the offending ones. "Looking and waiting for you-all day long," replied Mrs. Pashley coldly "Where's Phyllis Jones?" asked Mrs. Peters, coming forward. "We sent her to tell you that we'd come to Feather's gap and eat dinner with you, but she didn't come back. So we went over there, but you was gone. Then we went back to Coggin's again, and finally we started home."

"We ain't none of us saw Phyllis," returned Mrs. Jenner. "But where's Ike Clutner?"

"None of us has seen him," answered the minister.

"The only thing to do now is jest to unpack these victuals double quick," began Mrs. Jenner. "Land sakes!" broke in Mrs. Peters shrilly. "Ain't you folks et yet?"

"No, ma'am," answered Mrs. Blish "Well, of all fool things!" commented Mrs. Peters. "Totin' all that truck all day long and not eatin' your share!"



ORDERED THE FOOD DUMPED ON GROUND.

the minister, "that you didn't take the initiative here. At least you could have fed these little ones"-"That's what I said all the time," in-

terrupted Mrs. Jenner. "It has been ten hours since I myself ate," he concluded solemnly, referring

to his watch. "Why, I thought-it would be nicer to eat together," began Mrs. Pashley.

but nobody seemed to hear her. For Mrs. Peters ordered all the food dumped on the ground by the roadside. The ravenous children squatted quickly before the delayed dinner. The

older people lowered themselves to the ground awkwardly, but gratefully. Then the Rev. Albert asked the shortest picnic blessing on record, and the meal began by the dusty roadside.

At last around a bend in the road, hand in hand, came Ike and Phyllis. Ike's pockets were bulging with stones and his face wore a satisfied grin. Phyllis showed a nervous tendency to giggle.

'You're great folks!" cried Mrs. Peters. "Where've you been?" "Back apiece," replied Ike boldly.

"We sort of lost track of time," confessed Phyllis guiltily. 'We've most of us been there ourselves," the Rev. Albert remarked genially, with an added unction in his

"Aw, thunder!" grunted the red faced Ike, who didn't know what else to say.

voice in view of the possible wedding

The Charges.

Ford-Your lawyer made some very severe charges against the defendant. didn't he? Brown-Ye-e-e-s, but you ought to see how he charged me!-Liverpool Mercury.

Great minds are wills; others, only wishes .- German Proverb

She Conquered the Germans.

In the Franco-German war the French hospital at Vendome was in charge of Mme. Coralie Cahen, one of the most noted nurses of the time. There, aided by two nurses and seven Christian Sisters of Mercy, she received thousands of French and German soldiers. When the Prussians occupied Vendome they wished to hold the hospital and plant on it the German flag. But, warned of the enemy's intentions, Mme, Cahen early one January morning visited the Prussian general, who, surrounded by his staff, was

about to seize the building. "Sir," she exclaimed, "we have received your wounded and nursed them as though they were our own. We will continue to do so, but we will remain in a French hospital. We will not have it converted into a German hospital." "Madame." was the reply. "we are

masters." "In the town it may be; here, no!" was the answer. "We are protected by the Red Cross and the French flag. You have no right to touch either the

one or the other." She conquered, and from that day the utmost admiration was openly evinced for her by the Germans.

A Wise Critic.

Francisque Sarcey was for forty years a figure of great prominence in French literary life. As a critic of the drama he was looked upon as one having authority, and praise from him meant success to the struggling playwright.

His criticisms were honest, fearless and independent, and it is remembered of him that he refused the honor of belonging to the French academy lest he should come under obligation to favor the plays written by other mem-

Sarcey's good sense was often put to the test. One day a friend came rushing into his room waving a paper. "What is the matter?" inquired the

"Here's some one," cried the other, "who has been calling you an 'imbecile' in print! Are you going to challenge him?"

Sarcey smiled. "Certainly not," he replied. "I owe him my thanks. The public will soon forget the word 'imbecile' and will only remember having read my name."

Got Even With Dickens.

When Charles Dickens was in Washington he met one morning on the steps of the capitol a young congressman from Tennessee whom the great novelist had offended by his bluntness. That morning Dickens was in great good humor. "I have," said he, "found an almost exact counterpart of Little Nell."

"Little Nell who?" queried the Tennesseean. Dickens looked him all over from head to foot and from foot to head before he answered, "My Little Nell."

"I am speaking of the Little Nell of jury; eighth, good luck. my story, 'The Old Curiosity Shop.'

sir," retorted Dickens, flushing. "Oh." said the imperturbable Tennesseean, "you write novels, do you? Don't you consider that a rather trifling occupation for a grownup man?"

Chinese Laundry Tickets.

It is not generally known that the Chinese laundry system of ticketing a bundle of soiled clothes is based on the many gods and goddesses of the

laundry. The Chinese laundryman at the beginning of each week makes out a batch of checks in duplicate, to be used as wash tickets. He selects the name of some god or goddess or of some object, as the sun, the moon or stars. To this name he prefixes a number, as "Moon No. 1," "Moon No. 2," and so on. In the space between the two legends-for the signs are repeated-he has his own name, as, for instance, Wong Lee.-Harper's Week-

Tenure of Office Act. The tenure of office act, passed by congress in February, 1867, during its bitter fight with President Andrew Johnson, was a bill limiting the powers of the president in removals from office. Among other things it took from the president the power to remove members of his cabinet except by permission of the senate, declaring that they should hold office "for and during the term of the president by whom they may have been appointed and for one month thereafter, subject to removal by and with the consent of the senate." The president vetoed the bill, but it was passed over his veto .-New York American.

The Standard Size. "Here's another alleged humorous article about coal by that new jokesmith

of ours," said the editor's assistant. "Shall I use it?" "What size is it?" asked the editor. "Oh, chestnut size, of course!"-Philadelphia Press.

Making Sure. "I pay as I go," declared the pompous citizen. "Not while I'm running these apart-

ments," declared the janitor. "You'll

pay as you move in."-Louisville Cou-

rier-Journal. Wisdom of the Seer. Young Lady-Will the young man am engaged to make a good husband? Fortune Teller-It's up to you to make a good husband of him. All bad hus-

World. Nothing is so oppressive as symme try because symmetry is boredom, and boredom is the basis of melancholy and yawning despair.-Victor Hugo.

bands are self made.-New York

A Story of Henry Clay. The following anecdote of Henry Clay was told by one of his personal

friends: While making the journey to Wash ington on the National road, just after his nomination as candidate for the presidency, he was traveling one stormy night, wrapped up in a huge cloak, on the back seat of the stagecoach when two passengers entered. They were Kentuckians, like himself. He fell asleep and when he awoke found them discussing his chances in the coming campaign.

"What did Harry Clay go into politics for?" said one. "He had a good bit of land; he had a keen eye for stock. If he had stuck to stock raising he'd have been worth his fifty thousand. But now he doesn't own a dollar.

"And," the great Kentuckian used to add, "the worst of it was, every word

of it was true!" It was characteristic of the man that at the next stopping place he hurried away and took another coach lest his critics should recognize him and be mortified at their unintentional rude-

Impertinent Lady Holland. In "A Family Chronicle," a book of gossip, is a story about the fearful and wonderful Lady Holland which is

comparatively unhackneved. She was at Lord Radnor's, and they could not get rid of her. Lord Radnor thought of unroofing the house, but tried first what prayers of a Sunday evening would do. She was highly pleased (very gracious, Lady Morley said, because she knew they longed to get rid of her) and said she would go down for prayers. Whether she was ill I do not know, but it seems she had to be carried downstairs and wrapped herself up in cloaks, etc. In the midst she called out for more cloaks, which were brought her. When she went up to the drawing room again she said to Lord Radnor (he having finished with the Lord's Prayer): "I liked that very much, that last prayer you read. I approve of it. It is a very nice one. Pray, whose is it?" Did any one every hear such a thing? I cannot imagine why people should bear her impertinence.

Eight Points of the Law.

A correspondent signing himself "Soand-so" overheard some men-"evidently lawyers," he says-talking over a case recently when some such expression as this reached his ears: "Well, he couldn't help winning. He had the eight points of the law in his

favor." Ever since he heard this "So-and-so" has been wondering what were the eight points referred to, and he asks me if I can enlighten him on the sub-

The eight points of the law, "So-andso." are these: First, a good cause; second, a good purse; third, an honest "Oh," said the Tennesseean, "I didn't and skillful solicitor; fourth, good eviknow you had your daughter with dence; fifth, able counsel; sixth, an upright judge: seventh, an intelligen

> It is well understood in forensic circles that if you have all these in your favor you stand a sporting chance of winning your case. But, on the other hand, of course you may lose.-London Standard.

> > Bonaparte as a Deadhead.

Frederic Febvre publishes in the Paris Gaulois an interesting document preserved in the archives of the Theatre Francais. It runs as follows: "Pass the citizen Bonaparte to this

evening's performance of 'Manilus.'-Talma." This shows, of course, that the Emperor Napoleon when he was only a lieutenant of artillery was very glad of "orders" for the theater. M. Febvre adds a story which he heard from Talma's son to the effect that the future ruler of France used to lie in wait for the tragedian in the galleries of the Palais Royal and that the tragedian used often to whisper to his companion: "The other way, if you don't mind. I see Bonaparte coming, and

I'm afraid he'll ask me for seats.'

Evidence Against Him. "I am proud to say," said the man with the loud voice, "that I have never made a serious mistake in my life." "But you are mistaken," said the mild mannered man with the scholarly stoop. "You have made one very seri-

ous mistake."

Opinion.

"I'd like to know where you get your authority for saying so.' "Your declaration is evidence that you have never tried to see yourself as

others see you."-Exchange. The Marvelous Resistance of Water. If it were possible to impart to a sheet of water an inch in thickness sufficient velocity, the most powerful bomb shells would be immediately stopped in their flight when they came into contact with it. It would offer the same resistance as the steel armor

Magazine.

of the most modern battleship.-Strand

The Law's Delay. Betty-That case hasn't come on yet. Isn't the law's delay maddening? Cissie (absentmindedly)-Perfectly frightful! I've been six months getting that young barrister to propose .- London

His Loss Our Gain. Poet-I had a poem here, but while was waiting for you I carelessly upset some ink over it, and I fear that I cannot remember it to rewrite it.

Editor-That's good.-New York Press. A Quick Switch. Jack (studying geography)-Father, what is a strait? Father (reading the paper)-Five cards of a-that is, a narrow strip of water connecting two larger bodies.-Harper's Weekly.

that flying fish possessed the power to accelerate their passage through the air by flapping their "wings," as their enormously elongated pectoral fins are sometimes called. Had this been proved these fish would have actually shared with bats, birds and insects a power which has been denied to all other living creatures. But men of science are now agreed that the motion of the fins sometimes seen when the fish leaves the water is merely a continuation of its swimming movement and in no way aids the passage of the fish through the air. The method of the fish's flight is this: It rushes through the water at high speed, hurls itself into the atmosphere and, spreading its huge winglike fins, glides rapidly forward until its momentum is exhausted. Then it drops back again into the wa-

Flying Fish.

At one time it was widely credited

Where the Joke Lay.

ter. So great is the impetus gained

that these fish under favorable condi-

tions will "fly" for a distance of 500

feet. But when once the impetus is

exhausted the fish is quite unable to

sustain itself in the air by muscular

effort.-Scientific American.

He was an Englishman, taking a trip on a Welsh excursion steamboat, and he was watching a group of Welsh colliers larking with one another, when they suddenly seized one of their companions and swung him to and fro. The victim shricked in terror as the ringleader shouted:

"Now, boys, overboard with 'im!" So real was the horror of the collier that the Englishman jumped up and interfered successfully. The collier picked himself up and backed to a safe seat next the Englishman, who sternly reproved him for uttering such nerve

shattering cries. "It was only a joke, and you must have known it." he said.

The collier wiped his forehead. "Iss, I knowed famous it wass a joke," he retorted, "an' that's why I did screech blue murrdurr. Eu don't know the boys, surr. The joke with them wass to chuck me overboard. Thank en kindly forr stoppin' 'em!"-Pearson's Weekly.

Didn't Want to Tell.

The late Professor Greene, author of Greene's Analysis and the English Grammar with which so many have wrestled in their school days, was one of the most genial and fatherly of men. During the later years of his life he was professor of mathematics and astronomy in a New England college. There was in one of his classes a somewhat slow witted though studious young man, whom we will call Jones. On a certain occasion after Jones had repeated carefully the text book statements about the effects of the motions of the earth and was trying to remember what came next in the book the

professor interposed with: 'Were you ever in the shadow of the

earth. Mr. Jones?" Jones (slowly)-No. sir. Professor-Where do you spend your

nights, sir? Jones didn't want to tell.-Univer-

salist Leader.

Banquets In Elizabeth's Time. In Queen Elizabeth's time the first course of a banquet is given as wheaten flummery, stewed broth or spinach broth, or smallage, gruel or hotch pot. The second consisted of fish, among which are lampreys, poor John, stockfish and sturgeon, with side dishes of porpoise. The third course comprised quaking puddings, black puddings, bag puddings, white puddings and marrow puddings. Then came veal, beef, capons, humble pie, mutton, marrow pasties, Scotch collops, wild fowl and game. In the fifth course all kinds of sweets, creams in all their varieties. custards, cheese cakes, jellies, warden pies, suckets, sillibubs and so on, to be followed perhaps by white cheese and tansy cake; for drinks, ale, beer, wine, sack and numerous varieties of mead or metheglin.-New York Trib-

une. Chamois Maker Is a Magician.

Most everybody uses chamois, and everybody imagines it comes from the graceful goats of the Swiss Alps, but it doesn't. It really hails from the cavernous depths of tanneries of Peabody, in New England. Peabody tanners make beautiful leathers of sheep pelts. The chamois maker is a magician of the leather trade. To his door he draws sheepskins from the great ranches of Montana or their possible future rivals on the plains of Siberia, the pampas of Argentina or the fields of Australia. Mary's little lamb, masquerading as brave Swiss chamois, has

Natural Anxiety. A very talkative little boy was allowed to accompany his father to a friend's house on the understanding that he should not speak until somebody asked him a question. He remained silent for half an hour. "Father," he then murmured, "when are they going to begin asking me ques-

a wonderful career.

She Speaks Out. "You aren't earning very much." "But, my darling, two can live as cheaply as one." "I don't yearn to live cheaply, young man."-St. Louis Republic.

Instinct. What is instinct? It is th' pachral tendency iv wan whin filled with dis may to turn to his wife.-Mr. Dooley.

Great Success. "Were the amateur theatricals good?" "Splendid! I never saw anything worse."-Life.

He doubles his troubles who bortows tomorrow's .- Spanish Proverb.