Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., April 28, 1911.

"I USED TO KNOW YOUR MA."

Stand up there, Henry Thompson. You have
heard the verdict read.
You're guilty. An' I guess it's best your ma is
with the dead.
This would 'a' hurt her feelin's. She was tender.
hearted like,
An' anybody's sorrow found her heart the place
to strike.
She died when you was little. You was brought
up by your pa.
I got to do my duty— But—I used to know your
ma.

You favor her a good deal, got her looks about
the eyes—
When she was young, I mind them; they was like
the summer skies.
I've watched you, Henry Thompson, while the
jury was out there;
You've got your mother's dimple, but you've got
your father's hair.
Well, marriage is a lott'ry, an' there's lots o'
blanks, they say—
An' she run off to marry. Seems as if 'twas yes-
terdav.

Your pa come here a stranger. He was always
flashy dressed,
An' had some ways about him that I wouldn't call
the best.
But he was from the city, with the city's dashin'
ways,
An' half the girls was after him when he'd been
here two days.
The rest of us would look at him with envy and
with awe,
You favor him a little—but you look more like
your ma.

What come o' him? You don't know, 'ceptin'
that he went away?
Just left you to your kinfolks? Worked for board
and keep, you say.
Well, now, that wasn't pleasant; didn't give you
half a chance.
I'll put that down as a extenuatin' circumstance.
This is a jedge's duty. It's required o' him to
draw
A sensible conclusion—an', I used to know your
ma.

She was a purty woman; had a sort o' dimplin'
smile
That peeped out like th' sunshine almost every
little while.
Smile, Henry. . . . There, that's like it! Why
I'd almost think that she
Had willed her smile to you, lad, for a sort o' leg-
acy.
We used to go bob-sleddin'—had th' big sled filled
with straw,
An' druv to spellin'-matches—that was fore she
met your pa.

The sentence of the court is— I suppose it's thir-
ty years
Sence I was at the huskin'-bee—an' I found two
red ears.
Had two more in a minute! An' they tingled for
a week.
But, Lord! There was a dimple in the middle of
her cheek.
More coaxin' than all other dimples that I ever
saw.
That was before she married—when I used to
know your ma.

How old are you? Nineteen? Well, that was her
age to a day
When word went round the settlement that she
had run away.
I've got a rose here somewheres; keep it in my
pocket-book,
An' bein' you're her boy, I guess it's right for you
to look.
It's just a old fool's fancy—but she give it to me
then.
My eyes ain't what they once was— There!
They trouble me again.

We never heard much of her after her an' him
had gone—
Just kept this rose to wither, while the years went
rollin' on.
An' then, a long time after, come a telegram that
read
How life an' death is with us—you was born, and
she—was dead.
So, boy, I'm sorry for you bein' brought up by
your pa,
An' mostly absent treatment—when it should
have been your ma.

I'd go to church a Sunday— If you could 'a'
heard her sing!
My, how her voice could make you feel as glad as
anything!
Some way it got right to you; there was some-
thing in the tone
That made you think of angels singin' round
about the throne.
Too bad she couldn't raise you. Never thought
much of your pa.
She would 'a' kept you from this—for, you see, I
knew your ma.

Well, so I never married. Just been sort o' keep-
in' bach.
I reckon I was never what the girls would call a
"catch."
An' when a man lives single, why, it's funny how
it seems
He sees somebody smilin' an' can hear her voice
in dreams.
I went when she was buried. If you'd go out
there you might
See roses—always fresh ones—for they was her
favor-ite.

Stand up there, Henry Thompson. You have
heard the verdick here.
The jury says you're guilty, an' the jedge's course
is clear.
The sentence of this court is—that from prison
you are free,
Providin' that hereafter you will live along with
me!
I know it ain't the statute, an' it's clear agin' the
law,
But hearts are more than Blackstone—an'—I used
to love your ma.

—*Wilbur D. Nesbit.*

THE CHASTENING.

He had never been thought a sensitive man. But when he came away from the interview with the Commissioner he was wounded to the bottom of his soul. He wished to think, he wished also to forget; and he could do neither. The jogging of the horse's feet, the swaying of the cab annulled his mental processes without soothing him. In the Park he dismissed the cab and sat down on a bench opposite a magnolia tree.

It was May, and the magnolia was in full bloom, but it had no balm for Selwin. He stared at it sullenly and thought of the thirsty desert. In one month there he had discovered that the year of service he had contemplated giving to the State would stretch into two before the work could be finished. Why, if he chose not to make that sacrifice, should he be to blame?

Yet that he was to blame he now acknowledged. He had come to the Commissioner with the most appealing defense that he could frame. He had recited the unforseen difficulties which had faced him, he had dwelt on the loneliness, the necessity, when opportunity offered, of not sacrificing his own best future. He had put it all as cogently as possible—yet while he spoke, while the Commissioner quietly listened and the Commissioner's stenographer quietly, damningly took down his words, he knew that it was all specious. And when he came to the announcement of the inviting offer which was causing him to tender his resignation, he faltered, though this part he had most carefully prepared.

The Commissioner waited until Selwin had floundered on to the end of his plea.

"So, Mr. Selwin," he then observed sadly, "you can be bought off from a duty to the Commonwealth—one for which you volunteered, one which, when you were assigned to it, you eagerly undertook. You can be bought off, Mr. Selwin!"

He had continued in a slow, deliberate speech to point out the culpability of Selwin's act. "You expressed yourself as satisfied with the salary which the State paid you. You know that hundreds of settlers have come into the desert valley, are making their homes here under the encouragement which the State has held out. You are the only man who has studied this particular irrigation problem. Your abandonment of the work now means indefinite delay; it means hardship to those poor people whom the State has encouraged and with whom it must keep faith. On the early completion of those irrigation works the prosperity of these people depends. You forsake them and the Commonwealth for your own prosperity."

Now, sitting in the Park, George Selwin gave himself over to bitter regret. What devil of shortsightedness had possessed him, he wondered! His accuser was right; he had been tempted by mere cupidity.

A childhood memory for which hitherto he had always had a humorous tenderness recurred to him now as disagreeably significant. When he was a little boy his father had been accustomed to take him on walks uptown. As they strolled along hand in hand the child would ask questions about the occupants of the great houses that they passed. "Who lives there, papa?" "Is he a rich man, papa?" "Is he richer than you?" "Is he a millionaire, papa?" The indulgent father, a clerk with a modest salary, had been amused by this ardent inquisitiveness—amused and a little troubled. "Yes, he would answer, "he's a rich man, George—much richer than your father. But why do you always ask that sort of question about people? Riches aren't everything, my son." But the boy, ignoring the gentle reproof, would repeat his inquiry as soon as another fine house took his attention; and sometimes he would touch his father in a sensitive place by asking: "Why don't you get rich and live in that kind of a house, papa?"

A West Point education had fitted Selwin for the engineer corps of the army; in that branch of the service he had shown distinguished capabilities. After a term of years he had resigned from the army to devote himself to professional work in a Western city. Then he had been chosen to plan and construct the important irrigation works by which the State, co-operating with the National Government, hoped to reclaim an area of desert.

He had been in the desert only a month when he had received a letter from Henry King, a financier and promoter of large enterprises. This letter offered him the presidency of the most important street railway in the State.

It had taken Selwin but a few minutes to decide that this offer must be accepted. He had hastened home to the State Capital to present his resignation to the Commission. The city was the place for a man in the prime of life; the desert was for the young who had their spurs to win, and for the old and weatherbeaten to die in. Exultantly, wrapped in dreams of his opulent future, he returned to enjoy the income of a millionaire.

Now he wondered gloomily if he had made a great blunder.

Well, the bridge had been crossed, and he would never feel more keenly hurt and regretful, never more culpable or more chided; and now let him put all that behind him. He rose from the bench and walked briskly along the path; there was nothing like activity for taking a man out of the dumps. And by a fortunate chance as he emerged from the avenue he met Henry King, out for a late afternoon stroll. Selwin shook hands with him with a great gladness. "It's odd I should have met you," Selwin said. "I was just thinking of you—thinking of writing you a note—to say that I accept."

"Good!" cried King, returning to the handshake with a renewed cordiality. "Good! Walk down to the club with me; we'll seal the compact with a cocktail, and have a little talk."

Activity, cocktails and talk!—there was nothing like that combination for taking a man out of the dumps. The talk, too, was of a particularly cheering kind. It appeared that the salary might be perhaps the least of the new president's perquisites.

There would be special opportunities for investment—openings for him to hold remunerative offices in other companies — "You see, Selwin," said King, "this desert job that you've had makes you an especially valuable connection for any concern; it's been well advertised all over the country; it's sort of a unique thing; it's made you a national reputation.

Under the gently stroking influence of such talk Selwin was soon restored to his normal self-satisfaction.

When he left his host and walked home he thought that he preferred to have dealings with men who were successful in business rather than with political appointees.

"My dear, it's all settled," he said to his wife when she greeted him in the hall of his house. He kissed her, and his voice was gay and cheerful as he continued: "I've handed in my resignation, and I've accepted the offer to be president of the railway—and so I'm to be at home with you and the kids instead of broiling in an irrigation ditch."

"And yet I can't help feeling sorry you've given it up—such an interesting work," she sighed. "Of course, it's more comfortable for us—but you're sure you haven't made a mistake, dear?"

"This new work's important enough," he assured her. "By the way—" and he hastily drew her to another subject—"I heard this morning that the Dennison place in the mountains—you know the one next to Jim Norris'—is for sale. How would that strike you—as a summer residence?"

"My dear! We could never afford such a place—we couldn't afford to buy it, we couldn't afford to keep it up."

He laughed indulgently. "I'm getting pretty prosperous. If I found I could manage it—you'd like to live there, wouldn't you?"

"Don't be foolish, George," she answered.

"I shan't be; I'm a practical, hard-headed business man. Some of these days I may be making you a present of the Dennison place."

He saw that she was pleased—both by his generous, extravagant wish, and by its indication of prosperity.

He was annoyed when late that evening reporters from various newspapers visited him, eager to learn why he had resigned. "There was no friction of any sort; I resigned for reasons entirely private and personal; further than that I don't care to talk," he said to them. They were persistent and suspicious, but they could not draw from him any further statement.

It was with a mingling of eagerness and apprehension that he took up the newspaper the next morning. There on the first page was the heading, "Selwin Resigns." What followed was more serious; the article intimated that the Commission was more indignant and would issue a statement about the case.

Selwin took the newspaper with him when he left the house; he hoped to spare his wife needless concern and himself disturbing questionings. Probably the newspaper intimations were quite unauthorized and would never be fulfilled. It was, however, embarrassing to realize that his friends down-town viewed him on this day with a certain curiosity; he grew tired of explaining to every one that he had thrown up the irrigation work for "family reasons."

That day he bought the Dennison place—paying fifty thousand dollars in cash and giving a mortgage on it for a hundred and fifty thousand. Jim Norris told him that four or five others had the property in view, and this had contributed to his haste. Besides, he was in a mood to plunge recklessly into any bargain which would bind him at once to the world and life of the very rich, put him in possession of that for which he had made his sacrifice. The purchase would cramp him for a while; but when one had the income of a millionaire, with chances constantly to increase it, a temporary stress waa not to be regarded.

He appeased his wife's anxiety about his extravagance by enlarging on the emoluments, direct and indirect, of his new office; he won her enthusiasm by describing all the advantages which the Dennison place would have for the children. Because it was so clearly they and herself that he had had in mind to gratify, she adored him for his unselfishness. It amused him pleasantly to observe how accurate had been his forecast of her demeanor in the situation. He had known she was ambitious, just as he was, and that she would not seriously oppose his advancement.

He was downstairs before her in the morning; his eyes fell on a heading in the newspaper that seemed to scorch them. He was reading the article when his wife entered; he did not look up. She spoke to him twice, but he was absorbed in the stenographic report of all that the Commissioner had said to him and of his own foolish and blundering excuses. There was also a despatch from the little settlement in the desert where the farmers who were depending on the State irrigation plans were clustered. "Panic Stricken by Selwin's Retirement" was the heading. So they had been leaning on him! The despatch told of their amazement, their indignation.

He passed the newspaper to his wife with the remark; "Here is something unpleasant for you to read, Sally."

He saw her frightened look as the words of the head line jumped at her; he saw the quick rush of color to the cheeks and the sad, downward droop of her mouth as comprehension dawned. By and by she sank back in her chair as if overcome with faintness, but she held the newspaper in her hands and read on. Selwin turned, and, with one arm hanging limply over the back of his chair, gazed at the carpet.

"George, is it true?"

"It's the stenographer's report of what passed between us. I think he hasn't got some things quite right—"

"It is true—what the commissioner says—about your abandoning the work when you were so needed—and for such reasons?"

"Yes. I suppose it's true."

She passed her hand across her forehead as if to brush aside an obscuring veil. Then she took up the newspaper and looked at it again for a while, listlessly.

"Oh, George—if you had taken me into your confidence, let me understand—do you think I could ever have consented to this? My dear, my dear—couldn't you see?"

Sorrow for him and compassion had succeeded reproach. She came to him and stood by his chair with her hand on his shoulder.

"I regret it," he acknowledged despondently. "I don't know—I didn't see the other side until it was too late. It was an error of judgment, Sally; it wasn't anything worse than that."

He did not see her brows contract at this effort to minimize his culpability. She was done, however, with reproaching him.

"Those poor people! I suppose they have gone down there and invested all they have! And now they may lose all."

He stirred uneasily. "That's hardly possible. One man isn't so indispensable to the success of an undertaking."

"Not the ultimate success perhaps. But if it's too long delayed—not every one can wait.—Well,—how is this going to affect your future?"

"Not at all."

"You are sure of that? You think people will trust you—respect you—as they did?"

"Of course. After all, Sally, many will realize that this attack on me—this publication of it—is unfair. It makes me out far worse than I am; any one who knows me will know that. I'll be more likely to receive sympathy for the unwarranted publicity of the attack than condemnation."

"The idea of receiving—of enduring sympathy—I can't bear it!" cried his wife. "I feel ashamed—ashamed to face the people I know. What can we do to regain your place in the eyes of the world?"

He laughed unpleasantly. "That will not be difficult. A man who is president of a great corporation and has a millionaires income—people don't go back on that kind of a man just because he has a disagreeable newspaper experience. Oh no, my dear; you're taking this thing too much to heart. If we go ahead just as if nothing had happened, you will find it will all be forgotten within a week. Especially since we give every sign of increased prosperity. If this unpleasantness were accompanied by a return to poverty, it would be different; then we would have to run to cover. But the rich are not held in censure very long."

Trying to reassure her with his lightly uttered cynicism, he did not guess how he repelled her.

"Then you really suggest parading the prosperity for which you have sacrificed your—your reputation—and the prosperity of others?"

"I have not sacrificed my reputation—but if I had, that would be one way of recovering it. I certainly don't propose to slink about and act like a culprit who has been deservedly thrashed.

"On the other hand, this is not a time when you would wish to emphasize the fact of your prosperity!"

"It certainly is," he retorted with conviction. "I must show people that I'm too important to be hurt by a little thing like this."

"Isn't your importance in my eyes more to you than your importance in the eyes of others?" she asked sadly.

"Of course. But why bring up such a question? We're arguing about a mere abstraction anyway; what's the use of working yourself up so, my dear, without one substantial point of difference?"

"I very much fear from the way you talk that the Dennison house will be the point of difference," said Mrs. Selwin. "I can not think of living there now, George. I could not bear that advertisement of our prosperity."

"Oh, but that is too absurd! You're naturally a little morbid about it now; you'll feel differently when the first shock to your sensitiveness has worn off."

He could belittle to her the gravity of the publication; but he was himself sufficiently aware of it. Emphasis was supplied by the arrival of reporters while he still sat at the breakfast table. "I have nothing to say," he assured them, with an effort to speak blandly, as if the Commissioner's fulmination had passed over him and left him smiling.

He had no sooner reached his office than he received a telephone call from the Governor, who had been chiefly instrumental in securing for him the irrigation work. The Governor asked if he had any explanation to offer beyond what had appeared in the newspapers. Selwin replied that he could not go into the private matters which determined his action. "Very well," said the Governor, angrily. "I'm through with you, Mr. Selwin. You have put me in a hole; you have done me an injury. I shall be held responsible for recommending a quitter. I'm done with you."

Selwin protested, declared he would explain everything—and then became aware that no one was listening to him. He hung up the receiver and sat in a sort of panic; what if all his friends shared this man's view? What if he had been condemned by them all as bitterly as by the Governor?

It occurred to him that it would be well to visit King's office and find if the contract was yet ready for his signature. King had promised to have it for him in a day or two.

The financier's manner was lacking in cordiality, and Selwin, who had been expecting a cheery welcome, felt instantly depressed. "This is a very unfortunate affair, Mr. Selwin," King said, shaking his head gravely. "I am sorry that you should have felt it necessary to refer in any way to the offer which had been made you."

"I don't look on this notoriety that I am receiving as a permanently serious matter," Selwin asserted stoutly. "It will blow over and be forgotten in a few weeks."

To this King made no answer, and Selwin waited awkwardly. Then, in a more formal tone, he asked if the lawyer in charge of the matter was absent from the city, and since in any event the new president would not assume control for another month it had not seemed necessary to hasten the arrangements.

Late in the afternoon Selwin bought an evening newspaper and found himself the subject of scathing editorial comment. The reclamation of the desert was a matter in which State pride was deeply enlisted; it was the most popular of all the causes which had come before the State Legislature. Selwin bought two other newspapers, in which likewise he was made the text of a preachment against overreaching greed. He did not bring the newspapers home to his wife; but she had read them, and because of them she met him with eager sympathy and compassion. "George," she said, "you must not care what the newspapers say. You will have plenty of opportunities to redeem yourself."

"I'm not worrying about that," he answered. "But it's an outrage that a man who is not a criminal can be held up to execration in this way and have no redress. Never mind, Sally; I'll live it down. People's memories are conveniently short—as soon as a man begins to deliver the goods. In another month, when it all comes out that I'm a real magnate, and when we're installed in our new place in the mountains and show people that we're getting richer every minute, you won't hear any criticism then."

"Haven't you given up that idea—of the mountains?"

"Not much! Why, it's going to be the most beautiful place for the kids you ever saw. And now's the time when we mustn't seem down on our luck. Act as if you're beaten and slink round, and everybody takes an extra kick at you as you pass; throw out your chest, let everybody see you're prosperous and happy and successful, and don't give a continental for a little back-biting—and the first thing you know the back-biters become backslappers and too genial for any use. The Dennison place is our trump card, and the sooner we play it, the better."

"George, nothing will induce me to live in the Dennison place."

"Oh, my dear, that's all nonsense; you'll have to overcome that foolish sensitiveness."

"It isn't foolish sensitiveness; it's—it's something I can't do."

He tried to be patient. "Now, see here, Sally. Suppose it were a year from now, and we could perfectly well afford to live there; you'd not object, would you?"

"It depends," she answered. "People might have forgotten by that time."

"Ah, and this will help them to forget!" he cried triumphantly. "If we show that we remember, every one else will remember; if we go ahead calmly, as if nothing had happened, every one will soon forget."

"It's a question of taste, George—not one of expediency. It is more decent for us for a while to—to be quiet and unassuming."

He argued the point with her, he lost his temper; she was unyielding. He had expected to dislodge her from her position after a brief encounter; now he began to foresee that a prolonged siege might be necessary. That she should surrender to him on this point he was stubbornly resolved; the immediate enjoyment of his new purchase had now become implanted in his mind as the equivalent of vindication.

The newspapers the next day carried his persecution, as he regarded it, a step farther. They printed passages from the editorial comment of newspapers in other parts of the State—comment that was uncompromising and severe. He found himself abused as a money-grabber, a contract-jumper, a man who had forfeited all claim to confidence and respect. The Commissioner's blighting denunciation was applauded. The workmen on the big irrigation ditch were demoralized; the settlers in the valley were declaring that Selwin had betrayed them.

Incensed and defiant, he was led to renew with his wife the battle of the night before. "There, that's the kind of a man your husband is!" and he thrust upon her the offensive paragraphs. He did not wait for her to finish the painful reading; he strode back and forth in the room. "Nince terms they use! And you think I'm going to back down under fire, and skulk away in the long grass? Not for me. I mean to live my life as if not one word had been printed in my disparagement—and we'll see how long people in this town will hold out against success!"

His wife read the various excoriations of him in silence. When she had finished she sat with the newspaper in her lap, looking at the floor, paying no attention to him while he strode back and forth.

"Very well," she said at last without raising her eyes. "Since you think it will help you—I will submit—I will live in whatever place you prescribe."

"Good for you; I knew you'd see the common sense of it." But his wounds were smarting too much to let him bestow more than passing approval on her loyalty. "This will be another pleasant day for me down-town—friends fading away as I approach—acquaintances pointing at me behind my back. I'm off now to face the music. Well, Sally"—he bethought him to be gracious—"you're standing by me anyway, like a good one."

He stooped and kissed her, but she did not respond to the kiss.

"You must understand," she said coldly, "that though I shall try to help you to regain the esteem of others, I must myself esteem you the less."

"Why?"

"Because of your lack of taste—and because, if you have no sensibilities of your own, you do not consider those of your wife."

This speech angered him; without making any reply he turned and left the house.

In the car, going down-town, he seated himself next to an acquaintance, a lawyer.

"Well, I seem still to be a newspaper topic," he began genially; he accepted the lawyer's startled chill assent as due to embarrassment, and he dilated to him reassuringly upon the whole affair. Halfway through his story, something in the lawyer's manner, curiously, quizzically attentive, told him that he was babbling. He subsided into a silence which was not broken by his companion.

That morning he found that people whom he knew hurried by him on the street, as if afraid to stop and speak; he himself glanced about furtively as he walked.

He ventured into his club for luncheon; the men there nodded, spoke to him, and dropped away. None of them introduced the subject of his resignation; when he introduced it to two or three, they listened without comment.

In the afternoon he was requested over the telephone to call at King's office. He found the financier in an obviously more friendly mood than on the previous day. "Sit down, Mr. Selwin; sit down," King said, with an air of hospitality. "They're still hammering you in the newspapers, I see. Well, keep your courage up; I guess some time it will all come out in the wash. I hate to broach this at just this moment, Mr. Selwin—but I suppose the sooner we come to an understanding, the better. I'm sorry, but that offer of the presidency will have to be withdrawn."

King paused; Selwin took a great swallow; then the blood rushed to his face and he sprang up savagely.

"Withdrawn nothing!" He stood over King and shook a threatening finger. "It can't be done. I have your letter—your agreement; you must abide by it."

"Mr. Selwin, it ill becomes you to bring up any question of fidelity to an agreement," replied King. "If you will allow me, I will explain the situation to you, and I will then make you a proposition."

Selwin, after a moment's indecision, resumed his seat.

"To fill satisfactorily the presidency of a great corporation such as ours, Mr. Selwin, a man must be something more than efficient in his profession. He must be one whose reputation will cause him to be looked upon favorably by other men. Until yesterday morning you were such a man. Today no company in this State—especially no corporatiion that is in a measure dependeut on popular and legislative approval—could afford to carry you as its president. Especially could no corporation operating under a State franchise afford to make the tacit admission that it had lured you from your obligation to the State. Now, Mr. Selwin, you are a sensible man; you must see the position is an impossible one, and for reasons that could not have been foretold. We do not want to do you an injustice. What I have to suggest is this: We shall be glad to employ you as a consulting engineer for our road; in that position your professional skill will be useful to us, and your—your misfortune will not embarrass us. Are you disposed to entertain that offer?"

"What are the terms?" Selwin asked sullenly.

"Six thousand dollars a year."

"I was earning ten thousand before I undertook the irrigation work."

"You were worth more then. However, I want you to do the best you can for yourself—and therefore I am willing to hold this offer open for a few days."

"Let me think," said Selwin.

He rose and went to the window. Ruin of all his hopes, return to a stupid, commenplace struggle—this was his inexorable fate. Then in an unselfish moment he thought of his wife, and with an instinctive flash he knew that she would be glad.

He turned to King.

"I don't want the offer held open," he said. "I want it closed up now—hard and fast."

On the homeward drive in the cab Selwin pieced together moodily his lost opportunities, blinked over the fragment that remained to him, blinked again over the procession of inevitable, distasteful economies that passed through his mind. His large new country place would have to be sold at a sacrifice—a sacrifice that would indeed leave him poor.

The coolness of his wife's greeting recalled to him the terms upon which they had that morning parted.

"Come, Sally," he said, appealingly, "don't rub it in. I'm not going to make you live in any big house."

"Oh, thank you, George!" She came to him forgivingly—and to be forgiven; she kissed him. "It's good of you, George; that makes me quite happy.

"It's not because I'm virtuous; it's because I'm poor," he said to her, and he told her all that had passed.

"I shan't mind being poor" she declared. "I should have minded not being able to care for you."

"I don't know why you should care for me now any more than this morning. I haven't done anything voluntarily; it's been forced on me."

"Yes, but—you'll be different. You'll start now on a new career, and build up another and better success—with a different sort of ideal."

"You're the wise one of the family, Sally," he said. "Hereafter I follow you."

—By Arthur Standwood Pier, in *Colliers.*

Nature's Incubators.

On a ranch in a valley of the Colorado desert we find a new and strange method of hatching chickens.

Many artesian wells are in this valley to furnish water for irrigation. They are made by drilling a hole in the earth, and as the dirt is drawn out, a pipe is pushed in until water is reached, which then rises to the top and flows over the edge.

One hole was drilled for seven hundred and fifty feet into the earth, and a flow of water came up with a temperature of one hundred and two degrees. Since chicks will hatch when eggs are kept just about as warm as this for twenty-one days, the people who own this well decided to use its heat to hatch eggs.

The earth was dug away from the pipe, so that the water, as it flowed over, formed a pool, in which an ingenious form of incubator can be submerged.

Of course the eggs would spoil if placed directly in the water, so a round can of galvanized iron was made, eighteen inches in diameter and six inches deep. By stretching the arm and hand down this chimney, the eggs are placed on straw on the bottom of the can. In this way, too, they are turned twice each day, and out of the chimney the chicks are drawn when two days old. They are then placed in brooders and given their first food and water.

The can is securely fastened in the warm pool by weights. The only things that appear above the water are the chimney and the end of a small tube which is inserted in the bottom of the can and curves upward.

Through the chimney the foul air rises and escapes. Into the tube rushes fresh air with moisture which ascends as vapor from the water. Both are necessary to give health and strength to the little birds growing in the shells.

These chicks are as strong as any chicks have ever been, and hatched in this way it is claimed that they are out of their shells one day earlier than when a hen sits on the eggs.

America Claims the Bean.

Until 1883 the bean was believed to have originated in Asia. Researches among the flora of ancient Peruvian sepulchres show that it was known in antiquity in Peru. No fewer than fifty different species have been found in the old burying-places and forty-nine of the fifty were distinctly American. The sepulchres explored date back to the period beginning with the twelfth century and ending with the fifteenth. Within them was a great number of beans—so many that it is reasonable to suppose that beans held an important place in the agriculture of the ancient people of Peru. Probably the common dried bean of modern commerce was well known in the antique world long before the discovery of Columbus.

The Tune of the Engine.

Engineers, both locomotive and stationary, judge of the condition of their engines largely by their "tunes" when running. Every engine has a tone of its own, and an experienced engineer, with bandaged eyes, could unhesitatingly pick out an engine to which he was accustomed. As a locomotive roars along the rails, the engineer is always listening, though subconsciously, to its familiar tune, and if there comes the slightest discord, or if the tone changes, he knows instantly that something is wrong and makes an investigation at the earliest opportunity. He may have no ear for music, but the change in the tone of his great machine will be at once noted.

Brace up, Benedicts!

Spencer—When a man pays attention to a woman it is generally a sign that he wishes to marry her.

Sinnick—Yes, and when a man doesn't pay attention to a woman it is often a sign that he has married her.—*Boston Transcript.*

——"A man kin allus fix up arguments to quiet his conscience," said Uncle Eben, "but 'tain't no use. No matter how much you turns de clock back, sundown gwinter comes jes' de same."