

Bellefonte, Pa., January 2, 1914.

#### The Stingy Guest.

BY WILLARD BLAKEMAN.

"Tomorrow, sir. will be Christmas, and I would be happy to have you dine with us."

The words were spoken by the landlord of Fraunces' tavern, New York city, more than a hundred years ago.

But this is not the beginning of my story. The early part of the nineteenth century was not the early part of the twentieth nor anything like it. Therefore what I am going to tell should be prefaced by an explanation. New York in 1800 did not extend far above city hall. Fraunces' tavern, located a short distance east of the old New Amsterdam fort at the foot of Broadway, was the first hostelry in the city. A newspaper in those days was something of a rarity, and since there were no reading rooms the journal subscribed for by a landlord for the use of his guests was eagerly sought. No sooner was it laid aside by one person than it was snatched up by another, and frequently there were several persons waiting for it.

The gentleman who had been invited to take his Christmas dinner without charge at Fraunces' tavern had appeared there one evening a stranger, gone into the taproom, seated himself at a table and called for a glass of brandy. He sat sipping the beverage, waiting till the person who was at the time reading the newspaper should lay it down, and when he had done so the stranger picked it up. The paper, once folded. was about 12 by 10 inches, with not as much matter printed on it as one would find in a column of a modern journal. The gentleman read the news, principally a summary of what had happened in Europe a couple of months before; then turned to the advertisements. The former in this issue was a statement of the operations of Napoleon I., the latter an announcement of the sailing of a ship, an auction and a reward for a runaway slave. When the reader had exhausted both news and advertisements he paid his reckoning, six and a quarter cents, and withdrew.

That was the beginning of the stranger's appearances at Fraunces' tavern. Rarely did an evening pass without his coming into the inn, calling for his glass of brandy, reading the newspaper and retiring. His object was evidently to "kill two birds with one stone." or rather, to get his daily dram and the news for one price. His clothes were shabby and seemed to indicate that he could not afford to subscribe for a newspaper and was obliged to sponge for his reading on the tavern. The servants conceived the contempt usual to menials for stingy guests and would have let him know by their manner the landlord, who would not countenance any disrespect to a guest, no matter how little money he spent in the house.

Indeed, the landlord conceived something akin to respect for his guest. Though the latter never spent more than the six and a quarter cents, he invariably paid his reckoning before leaving the tavern. He was unobtrusive. never engaged in discussions with other guests of the house, and the landlord used to say that he wished some of the boisterous persons who met in his taproom would learn something from the impecunious guest.

The stranger's first appearance at the tavern occurred at the beginning of the year, and from that time up to Christmas not a servant in the house had ever received a tip from him: consequently when the landlord was overheard by "Boots" to invite him to a free dinner on Christmas day the knight of the blacking brush at once communicated the fact to the maid of the dustpan, who told it to the queen of the skillet, and it thus at once became known to every servant in the

"Just to think of it!" snapped the scullion. "'E's been comin' 'ere a year. and not one of us 'as got a cent from

"It can't be." said a waiter, "that 'e'll accept such an invitation."

"To be sure 'e will; 'e's mean enough to accept hanything.'

None of these comments came to the ears of the landlord or he would have reproved the person making them. He had been watching his patron ever since he first came to his house and made up his mind that though he might be poor he was certainly honest. There were too many persons who spent money lavishly at the tavern who ceased their visits without paying their bills. In time the landlord. knowing about what hour the gentleman would appear, occasionally took the paper and read it himself till the stingy man came in, in order that he might be able to turn it over with the

glass of brandy. This he did on the Christmas eve he had given the invitation to dinner, or. rather, mine host did not read the paper, being too busy making his preparations, but hid it under the bar, and as soon as his guest came in handed it to him. This naturally caused indignation on the part of other guests, but

as the use of the paper was gratuitous to all they could not complain. A fine dinner was served at Fraunces' tavern, a dinner such as was enjoyed

there in those days, and if it could be served there now would cost much more than it did then. The turkey was wild, and the venison was wild, as indeed were all the meats served. There

was terrapin, but it was not touched, being considered fit only for the negro slaves. The only invited guest at the questioned by the officer of the post. dinner did not break his customary silence. Having read the newspaper coming south who had any information before the meal was served and having of the Union forces to impart, he sent dined, he went to a side room for his Richard Venables to the general. overcoat and hat and gloves and walking stick. The landlord stepped for Yankee troops through whom he had ward to help him on with his coat and passed. He had a certain acuteness as he did so slipped a silver dollar into about him which enabled him to tell his hand with the words:

"This being Christmas, sir. I trust lelieved. you will not take offense at my offer-

ing you a little gift." The gentleman looked at the coin as though he did not quite understand what it meant, then at the donor, and muttering the only word that had ever come from him, except to order his brandy, "Thanks," he put the piece in

his pocket and left the house. That was the last time the stingy gentleman, as the servants continued to call him, appeared at Fraunces' tavern. The landlord was puzzled at his not coming again, ignorant whether he had taken his Christmas gift as a reproof for his parsimony or whether something had happened to him. He always expected that his former guest would turn up some evening, call for his glass of brandy and read the news paper as before. But the next Christmas came and went without his appearance, and the next and many others, and still the stingy gentleman did not come to Fraunces' tavern.

Meanwhile the city of New York had taken a start and was pushing northward. The Astor house was built, a far more imposing building than the little tavern downtown, and the landlord of the latter found himself out of the fashionable district. He turned over the management to another and opened a house farther uptown. But he was now getting old, and his former patrons were passing off the stage. The travelers who were flocking into the city did not know what a genial host he was, and, even had they known it, they had not the same use for a genial host as when the city was confined to that region bordering on the Bowling Green. Men were getting in too much of a hurry to require much attention from a landlord. Besides, the former keeper of Fraunces' tavern had not the wherewithal to put up a structure suitable for the hotel of the later period. He threw up the sponge and advertised his furniture and fixtures for sale. From this time he sank into

One Christmas eve he received a note through the post that if he would call at a certain house near St. Mark's church he would receive a gift. There was no name signed to the missive; indeed, it was a scrawl in a very few words. He could not think of anything he wished for Christmas, though his needs were many and there were persons on whom he would have liked to bestow gifts. It is quite possible he might not have paid any attention to the note had it not been from curiosity. He desired to know who his would be

Christmas morning being bright and a walk and go past the address given their opinion of him had it not been for in the note. He told his wife that he would not go inside to claim the proffered gift, but a woman takes a different view of such matters from a man. and she urged him to take measures to gratify her curiosity. Indeed, they were in such financial straits that even a small gift of money was needed to buy a Christmas dinner.

The ex-landlord half promised what his wife asked and started out on his walk. When he came to the house in question its size and elegance surprised him and still further stimulated his curiosity. He rang the bell, was admitted by a servant and sent in his name. The servant led him into a library, and a man advanced to meet

Great heavens, he was the stingy

stranger! "You are surprised, I suppose," said the gentleman. "to see me here. I did not return to your tavern after partaking of the Christmas dinner you so kindly gave me because the next day I departed for the northwest. I was then and am now a fur trader, and much of my time for the past twenty years has been spent in the wilds of Canada. You remember your Christmas gift to me just before we parted? Well. I invested it in my business at a time when I was in great straits for ready money and every dollar was worth thousands to me. I have sent for you not exactly as I expressed it to make you a gift, but to hand you the proceeds of your investment. And yet what I have to offer I intend for a return for your many acts of kindness to me when I could not afford to subscribe for a journal the news in which -I refer more especially to the busi

ness news-I greatly needed." Going to a desk, he took out a paper. which he handed to the ex-landlord. who, with his usual delicacy, put it in his pocket without looking at it. Then the donor asked if he would partake of some refreshment. and they sat down to a glass of brandy, the gentleman remarking that it was time he returned favors received in that respect also.

Then the ex-landlord returned to his home and gave his wife an account of his visit.

"The paper!" exclaimed the wife. 'Let me see the paper he gave you!" "Oh, I forgot the paper." said her

husband, and he produced it. It contained a settlement upon him of a sufficient income to keep him comfortable for life.

Eyelashes. The simplest way to increase the growth of the eyelashes is to trim them regularly.

Natural or Acquired? "Dobbs is a mild mannered man." "Yes. I wonder if he's naturally so or married."-Birmingham Age-Herald.

#### TH MAN IN BUTTERNUT.

[Continued from page 6, Col. 4.] Having orders to send any citizens where he told a great deal about the a false story, yet one that would be

"How would you like to go back to those Yankee camps." said the general. "in which you haven't been and bring me information about them? You seem to have facts concerning the center. but not of the wings. Their army extends from tip to tip a good many miles.

"Waal, general, I wouldn't mind doin' that fo' you when I come back

this way.' Since Mr. Venables was not a soldier the general could not make a spy of him without his consent and was obliged to wait for his return, which he said "mought be three or fou' days." He was "goin' down to Chattenoogy" to see his old mother, who was "powerful broke down with rheumatis." If the general would give him a pass to go there he would later bring him all the information he wanted from the Yankee "sojers." He was given the pass and promised to be back in not over four days.

All this was dead easy-indeed, so easy that Hanc relaxed somewhat from precautions he should have taken. He visited every part of the Confederate army in or about Tullahoma-the defenses of the place, the direction of moving columns, whether army wagons were going south loaded or empty-indeed, all indications such as his general had impressed upon him by which to judge of the intentions of an opposing force. He was led to think that, although Tullahoma was fortified, the Confederates were preparing the way for a retreat.

To learn these facts Hanc Barton, instead of going to Chattanooga to see his "pore ole mother." remained about the Confederate camp so long that he finally aroused suspicion. An officer took him in charge, and. Hanc producing his pass, dated several days before, the general was informed by telegraph of his presence. An order was returned to send the man under guard to headquarters.

But Hanc, who had not been placed under arrest, vanished before the order came. The officer who had reported him found himself in an unpleasant position and sent a whole company of cavalry riding, scattered, over the camp in search of the miss-

reaching him while the Confederates were waiting for the reply to the message to the general, he had been putting as much distance as possible between himself and them. They did not find him that day, since darkness came on within an hour after he fled; but, the mation is said to be of the true type. would take | fact of his disappearance having been reported to headquarters, a reply came that he must be found at all hazards. The consequence was that separate bands of cavalry, each bearing a description of Richard Venables, were sent all over middle Tennessee, having instructions to bring him in alive or dead.

Hanc during the first night of his flight struck the cabin of a Union family and, being convinced that he could trust them, confessed what he was and asked for the wherewithal to make a change of costume. He was given an old pair of woolen trousers instead of his butternut suit, and, as for coat and vest, he didn't need either. A straw hat, much faded, completed his

He had barely changed his dress when he saw one of the searching parties coming on the road. They rode by the house, but before passing out of sight drew rein and sent a man back. The spy, believing that they were after him. went through the wood house, taking up an ax as he did so. and, going into the yard, where lay some loose wood, began to split it. As soon as he appeared the troopers all turned and trotted back to the house.

"Have you seen anything," one said, "of a man in butternut around here?" "No. I hain't. You uns hain't goin' to camp yere, air you?" "We're not goin' to camp anywhere

till we find the man we're after." "I don't want no sojers campin' on my ground. They take all the rails o' the fences fo' fires. Besides, there hain't no water handy 'cept in the well, that's purty nigh dry. Ef you're goin' to camp you'll find a creek over thar." "Who's talkin' about campin'? I came up here to ask you if you've seen anything of a long, lean man"-

"With sandy ha'r?" The cavalryman consulted his paper

LIME.

bearing the description of the man he was after and said the hair was sandy.

"Eyes kinder gray?" 'Yes; gray eyes.'

"Lean jaws?" "Yes."

"Ole woolen hat?" "Yes."

"You said he had on butternut clo's. didn't you?" "Yes: he had."

"Sairy." called the spy, "didn't a man pass down the road this mornin' in butternut clo's? I thort I seen one goin' by.

"Yes; I saw him too. He was goin' mighty fast. "Which way?" cried the Confederate.

spurring his horse. "That a-way." said the woman, point-

In a few moments the men were riding rapidly in the direction indicated, and the spy breathed freely, as,

indeed, did the others in the house who had been given a refuge. Hastily bidding them goodby, Hanc darted into a wood behind the house

and made for the north. The next day he rode up to the Union pickets and asked to be taken in. He was sent under guard to the general. who recognized him at once. After an hour's interview he was dismissed. and, the general calling to the members of his personal staff, began to issue orders for a movement which repulted in the capture of Tullahoma.

"Be a good little boy, Sammy, and father will take you to the circus." "All right, father. And mother says if you don't behave yourself she won't let you take me."-Birmingham Age-

To look well you must be well. When the figure loses its roundness and the face its fairness, there is some disease at work which is robbing the body of its vi-tality. That disease will generally be found preying upon the delicate womanly organs. The surest way to look well, therefore, is to get well, and the sure way to get well is to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Thousands of women have been cured by its use and many have expressed wonder and delight at the restoration of their good looks with the cure of local disease. Dr. Pierce's Pleas-ant Pellets assist the action of "Favorite Prescription," when there is a constipated habit of body to overcome.

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Hanc's horse was not far away, and, health of the animal.

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