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# Cambria Freeman.


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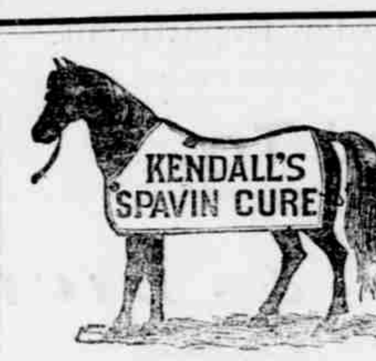

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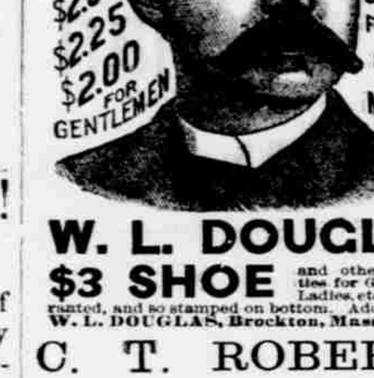

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## CONSOLATION.

There's another land and better
We are told,
Where the slave shakes off his fetter,
And where worth is never debtor
Unto gold.

Thither often we are turning
Weary eyes,
And our heavy hearts are yearning,
Night and day are throbbing, burning,
For its skies.

There that foolish superstition,
Pride of birth,
Finds its sudden demolition
And our being's final mission
Is of worth.

There the insolence of power
Falls away,
And the proudest soul must cower,
For the spirit takes no dower
From the clay.

Common lives have wondrous splendor
In that light,
For the spirit meek and tender
Puts to shame the king's defender
Shorn of might.

Natures touched with fires seraphic
Shed their cares,
And on peace-girt islands Sapphic,
Far from fretful toil and traffic,
Dream and dare.

Laws through years of wrong descended
There are changed;
Customs with injustice blended,
Creeds for centuries defended,
Rearranged.

Heaven has solace without measure—
You and I
Should not dream of earthly pleasure,
But should think about our treasure
In the sky.

—George Horton, in Chicago Herald.

## A CLEVER RUSE.

### Aunt Kate's Novel Way of Managing Her Obstinate Brother.

"It ain't no use in a-goin' agin your pa, Jennie—he's had his own way 'round here continal, for more'n thirty years, an' you'll jest hev to give in, no use talkin' at him. 'T only makes him wuss."

Poor little Mrs. Olcott had been accustomed during the whole of her married life to "jest give in," and her only chance of peace was in yielding to her selfishly-determined husband, and allowing him to carry his point without opposition.

Jennie was differently constituted. She inherited her father's strong will, and he had, much to his surprise, suddenly discovered an opposing force in his youngest child.

She had been away from home for nearly three years—this pretty, brown-haired girl with the determined face and graceful carriage, and the father secretly admired and almost feared her. A wealthy and childless aunt in the city had besought Jennie to share her home, and, Hiram Olcott's pretty daughter, though clinging to the farm, with all its dear memories of childhood and childhood's joys, chose wisely when she yielded to her aunt's request. It was better—far better—for her, for even after her going, there were plenty of children to keep the miserly old farmer in a perpetual grumble about money matters.

It was May and the country wore one glad smile, and Jennie hailed with delight the prospect of a visit to her home, assuming very willingly the responsibility of housekeeping while her two unmarried sisters attended the wedding of a cousin in a distant town.

This morning she was cooking, and with her sleeves rolled above her elbows stood beside the kitchen table. In one hand she held an earthen plate, while the clip, clip, clip of a fork sounded noisily as she whipped some eggs to a froth.

"Yer sisters hed to marry to suit him," wailed the nervous little woman, "an' you'll hev to, too; ef you don't there'll be awful fusses, so you'd jes' better give in."

That morning the father had spoken to Jennie of a young farmer, whom he termed a "likely catch." She had expressed her opinion of him in so decided a way as to alarm Mr. Olcott for the safety of his much prized authority.

He was wont to speak of himself as a marvelous example of the patriarch. "Make 'em mind," he would say. "Keep yer household beneath yer feet; govern 'em well, an' they'll git along."

Jennie's boldness in opposing his judgment so stupefied him that his anger had not yet had time to blaze forth; but Mrs. Olcott knew it would come and so, after her husband had left the kitchen, she pleaded with the girl to "give in." Jennie had been very thoughtful during the little woman's appeal, but now she was resolved, and it was the Olcott in her nature which spoke: "I wouldn't marry Jordan Moggs though father should threaten to murder me."

The eggs were stiff now, and as she set the plate down on the table, she turned from her mother and busied herself among the ingredients for cake-baking which were before her. Jennie was blushing, as she began softly: "There is some one in Poole I like very much, mother, and he's coming out here to—"

"He needn't mind comin'," said Farmer Olcott, grimly, as he stepped quietly into the kitchen. His face wore a cunning leer, and his wind-reddened cheeks were distorted by the sneering curves of his hard-lined mouth. Seating himself on one of the painted wooden chairs, he drew the boot-jack toward him and took off his heavy shoes with a calmness and deliberation that warned Mrs. Olcott that he was thoroughly aroused. The poor, little, nervous, broken-spirited woman had learned that this particularly quiet and inoffensive manner of removing his footgear always preceded a burst of passion.

Hiram Olcott set his cowhide boots by the stove to dry, kicked the jack under the table, and turning toward his daughter, shouted:

"Don't let me ketch none o' yer city fellers comin' to see you. Ef they do, I'll talk to 'em; not a word now," he growled, shaking his long finger menacingly at Jennie, as she essayed to speak. "I'm master in my own house, an' you'll not talk till such time as I'm done. You've been away an' kinder forgot how things is run here, but you might as well get broke in now. I tell you I won't hev any city fellers a follerin' you; an' ef I ketch your Aunt Kate makin' matches fur you, I'll jest fetch you home from bein' a fine lady down there an' set you workin'." Before Jennie could speak, he had gone into the dining-room, slamming the door behind him.

Tears of mortification and rage stood in her brown eyes and hot words leaped to her lips, but as she glanced down at the agonized face of the little woman beside her the fierce mood changed. She bent to kiss the pain-drawn lips, murmuring: "Never mind, mother dear, I'll be patient for your sake."

"That's a good girl, Jennie," replied Mrs. Olcott, with a sigh of relief, "try and git along peaceable like, an' jest give in for the sake of quiet. Yer pa's gettin' wuss and wuss."

Jennie wrote a partial account of what had occurred to her Aunt Kate, and this was the answer of that clever woman: "My dear Niece:—Your father needs managing; and I will undertake to do it. I have written to him to come down to the city and advise me about the sale of a piece of property, and you need not be surprised at anything that happens."

Mrs. Kate Calding was the only one in the world who ever did understand her brother Hiram, and she had planned a clever little ruse, to be played on the unsuspecting farmer.

Mr. Bryan, whom Jennie had confessed to her mother she cared a great deal for, was well suited to her. He had not yet declared his love, but it was not unguessed by the shrewd little maiden. To Mrs. Calding however he had opened his heart, and she bade him wait a little. She knew how prejudiced her brother was against all arrangements not conducted by himself, and rightly concluded that he might put serious difficulty in the way of the young people. After satisfying herself that the name of Jennie's lover was quite unknown to her brother, she resolved to introduce him as a young man who would be a good match for Jennie, if the girl only could be wise enough to think so. Allowing him to believe they had never met, she trusted to his unequalled obstinacy to do the rest.

"I've wanted so much to talk with you about Jennie," said that lady, as she and Hiram sat in her well-appointed drawing-room the night of his arrival.

"Yes, and I'm willin'. She ought to be settled," said the old man decidedly.

"It does not do, Hiram," began Mrs. Calding, watching the hard-lined face intently, "to depend on a girl's choice, and—"

"Well, I guess it don't," he interrupted, with a sneer.

"There is a young man in town who, I know, admires Jennie, and if he should meet her I think something would come of it." Very quietly, yet with the utmost caution, she made this statement.

The old man was interested. "Rich?" he inquired, rubbing his hands gently together.

"Yes," was the answer; then she went on:

"Of course it's so very uncertain, Hiram. You see, Jennie might refuse to have a word to say to him, and—"

"Now, Kate, look here," interrupted the thoroughly excited old man, as he drew his chair nearer hers and emphasized his words with decisive gestures, "ef I like that young man, I'll jest take him out home with me, an' I'd like to see Jennie tell him to go, if I'm livin'."

Mrs. Calding was delighted at her success thus far. The next day Mr. Bryan was introduced, and became the old man's ideal of a son-in-law.

On the farmer's return to his home Mr. Bryan accompanied him, having accepted the hearty invitation of his new friend to "jest run out an' take a look around our part of the country."

Jennie had been appraised of Mr. Bryan's coming, and of the little deception in which she was to play her part. She met him as if he were a stranger, while her father secretly rejoiced at the thought of subduing his proud young daughter.

Mr. Olcott took an early opportunity to enlighten Jennie as to her duty toward his new friend, and with a twinkle in her eye she promised to do her best to please him in the matter.

A week passed. Jennie and Mr. Bryan were very happy. The days were delightful ones to them, and the old farmer rubbed his hands at the success of his scheme, and gave his consent to an early marriage with no hesitation.

He often speaks now of his match-making. "There's Jennie," he will say: "She'd hev picked up with some empty-noddled city chap ef I hadn't jest took her in hand. I brung Bryan out an' told her that she'd got to behave to him. It's the only way to do—jest make 'em mind, an' they'll git along."

They would not undeceive him for anything—the happy young couple; but when he boasts, they think with loving gratitude of clever Aunt Kate.—Frances Burton Claire, in Drake's Magazine.

## THE IRRITATING MAN.

### He Is the One Who Makes You Nervous When He Is About.

Did you ever experience the sensation—not a pleasant one—of being thrown into a state of nervousness by the presence of some one? The person may be a stranger or an acquaintance, may be a good friend or an enemy. There seems to be something peculiar about such a one that makes him almost unbearable, at least at times. Very likely he doesn't affect others as he affects you, and you may do your best to overcome what you feel to be merely your own weakness. But the effort is vain. He irritates you in some inexplicable way. The sensation is most emphatic, although the reason of it may be beyond your ability to discover.

These are a few of the symptoms of a common sense case, which you cannot fail to have diagnosed for yourself as often as you had the time or interest necessary. You do not need to see or hear your man. You can just feel his presence and it will send your thoughts scurrying, no matter how well you had them in hand before.

The man who makes you nervous is a fixture in society as long as people are born with nerves and as long as people are born with different dispositions. As long as poles of magnet attract and repel so long will people have mysterious attachments and revulsions. Who can account for it? Shall we lay it at the door of magnetism, mesmerism or hypnotism, or shall we say simply imagination or perhaps hysterics?—Pittsburgh Post.

### Lifting the Hat.

In Paris the custom of gentlemen removing their hats upon meeting female acquaintances is falling into "innocuous desuetude." Many gentlemen now just touch the brim of the hat in military fashion when meeting a lady, and it is accepted as being good form.

## THE OLD SETTLER.

### He Rebukes Peleg, Sustains Maria and Spins a Yarn.

Little Peleg and his grandmother had had a little misunderstanding during the day over the doing of a few chores. His grandmother had taken the ground that the chores should be done and that Peleg should do them, while Peleg felt that his duty called him to make good his promise to Bill Simmons and join that hopeful youth in a skating bout on the mill pond. If he tarried to do the chores the best part of the day would be gone, he would miss the skating bout, and on Monday at school Bill Simmons would taunt him by adapting that dreaded distich of boyhood days to suit his case and singing it at him at recess:

Peleg, Peleg, poor little thing!
Tied to his gran'mammy's apron string!

Therefore Peleg had whimpered and whined, and said he wasn't going to do the chores, and his grandmother had been compelled to take down the paddle that hung behind the woodshed door and increase Peleg's circulation before he could be brought to adopt her views in the matter under discussion. And so, although at supper his grandmother had put two nice, fat crullers by his plate instead of one, and had asked him if he didn't want another dish of preserved quinces after he had already had two, Peleg wasn't ready yet to resume the amicable relations that usually existed between him and her. There was to be a meeting of the Sol's Ridge Clothers of Them that's Naked and Feeders of Them that's Hungry that evening at Dominie Van Slocum's, and after his grandmother had gone to take her place as chairman of the society, Peleg, presuming on the feeling his grandmother generally had toward Maria on the meeting nights of the Clothers and Feeders, thought he would please the Old Settler and at the same time wake up a little sympathy by throwing out a hint that he didn't exactly approve of Maria himself.

"Well," said he, "gran'mammy's gone over to the Clothers and Feeders again to cackle and listen to the rest of the old women cackle."

"W'at's that, Peleg?" exclaimed the Old Settler, taking his pipe out of his mouth quickly. Peleg looked up with a start. The Old Settler's tone wasn't the one he had expected.

"I said that I guessed gran'mammy had gone over to the Clothers and Feeders meetin'," replied Peleg, meekly.

"Course she has!" said the Old Settler. "Do y' s'pose yer gran'mammy don't want no reecryation? Did I hear y' say sumpin' 'bout her goin' to the Clothers 'n' Feeders to cackle?"

Peleg had to admit that he had made that remark.

"Sonny," said the Old Settler, "yer wrong. M'rier don't do no cacklin'! If she's takin holt o' the Clothers 'n' Feeders she hain't doin' no cacklin'. She's doin' the crowin', b'gosh! M'riar's generly cock o' the walk wherever she takes holt to help run things, 'n' tha hain't no gettin' 'round that. You hain't lived with yer gran mammy ez long ez I hev, Peleg!"

Peleg was disappointed, but by and by he made another effort, and renewed the attack on a different line.

"I guess gran'mammy must think I'm easy stuffed," said he after a long silence, during which the Old Settler had puffed calmly at his pipe. "You know them funny shaped things in the moon? Well, I asked gran'mammy what they was once, and she said: 'Man in the moon, eatin' cabbage with a spoon!' Huh!" exclaimed Peleg, contemptuously. "Man in the moon! Jes' as if she could stuff me with a man bein' in the moon!"

"Peleg!" exclaimed the Old Settler, sternly. "Yer gran'mammy knows w'at she's talkin' 'bout! She's seen that moon come a rollin' up 'n' a goin' down more years, 'most, th'n you hev mont's. She hain't planted her garden by it, 'n' stuck her peas by it, 'n' cut my hair by it, 'n' picked her geese by it for fifty year 'n' better without knowin' w'at's in that moon, 'n' w'at hain't in it. If she says tha's a man in it she knows w'at she's talkin' 'bout. W'at y' got agin yer gran'mammy, anyhow, y' young sarpint?"

"Nothin'!" exclaimed Peleg, giving up the struggle. "But the skatin' was bully to-day, and Bill Simmons 'll —"

"Bill Simmons be durned!" cried the Old Settler. "Seems ez if that pesky young varmint couldn't think o' nothin' else to do, so he sets you up to make trouble 'twixt me an' M'riar, th't's lived fer better'n fifty year without a word, b'gosh! 'Ceptin' a few, mebbe, now 'n' then. But you go 'n' tell Bill Simmons he can't do it, b'gosh! I'll stan' by M'riar! Nobody can't git up 'n run M'riar down 'n' 'spect me to jine him. I don't keer a durn wuther he's bone o' my bone 'n' flesh o' my flesh, or wuther he's the spawn 'n' grizzle o' all the Simmonses tha is outen jail! M'riar knows w'at she's talkin' 'bout, wuther it's the man in the moon or wuther it's the man out'n the moon! You 'n' Bill Simmons mustn't come 'n' try to git up a fuss 'twixt me 'n' M'riar, b'gosh, or tha'll be some fur flyin' round here!"

"But, gran'pop," said Peleg, I wasn't—"

"Never mind!" exclaimed the Old Settler, interrupting Peleg, and waving his hand as if to brush away the unpleasant subject. He puffed at his pipe in silence for a long time, and Peleg mused bitterly on how hard it was to be a boy. His musings were interrupted by the cat rubbing herself against his leg, and he was in the depth of a scheme by which he could manage to accidentally tumble puss in the water pail on the kitchen bench, when his grandfather spoke and the scheme was abandoned.

"Soy, thort yer gran'mammy were tryin' to stuff y', did ye, w'en she tol' y' 'bout the man in the moon?" said the Old Settler, in a mild and bantering voice and with a twinkle in his eye. "Then I guess she couldn't ha' follered it up by tellin' y' the story she knows 'bout one o' yer ancisters, did she?"

"No!" exclaimed Peleg, forgetting his troubles in anticipation of hearing a lively chapter of family history. "Was he the man in the moon, grah'pop?"

"Not edzac'ly, sonny! Not edzac'ly!" replied the Old Settler, enjoying Peleg's eagerness. "If M'riar had thunk to tell y' the story she'd ha' tol' y' th't y' had an ancister wunst ez got it inter his head th't he mus' go 'n' diskiver the north pole. It hain't on the records w'at he were goin' to with it if he had had got back hum with it, but if he hadn't diskivered it he wouldn't never ha' sot foot on his native lan' no more. Oh, yes! He diskivered it. I know yer goin' ter say sumpin' 'bout yer joggerfy not havin' anythin' in it 'bout his diskiverin' the north pole, but that hain't got nuthin' to do with it. I'm a tellin' jist w'at yer gran'mammy 'd ha' tol' y' if she'd unly ha' thunk of it. This happened so long ago, sonny, th't I guesss the joggeriy's forgot all about it. Wull, ez yer gran'mammy 'd say if she were tellin' y' the story, this here ancister o' your'n put on his woolen stockin's, 'n' his cowhide boots, 'n' his knit mittens, 'n' his red 'n' yaller comforter, 'n' his b'arskin cap, 'n' away he starts to diskiver the north pole. Tha hain't no tellin', Peleg, the things th't yer ancister put up with 'n' went through on his journey to'ards the pole, but he kep' gittin closeter 'n' closeter to the place whar the moon comes up, till it got so he k'd 'most reach out 'n' tech it az it riz 'n' went on its way to shine on Sugar Swamp 'n' the rest of the kentry he had left ahind him. Yer ancister's gran'mammy had more'n likely tol' him w'en he were little 'bout the man in the moon eatin' cabbage with a spoon, jist like yer gran'mammy tol' you, sonny, 'n' he 'membered that 'n' kep' a watchin' out to git a sight o' him ez he draw'd nigher an' nigher to the moon on his journey to'ard the north pole.

"'I don't keer so much 'bout the man in the moon,' said yer ancister, 'but I'd like to hev the run o' that cabbage o' his'n for about half an hour,' said he.

"But he didn't see nothin' o' the man nor the cabbage, 'n' he journeyed nigher to whar the moon gits up. Bime by, one day, he seen sumpin' stickin' up agin the sky, outen a mountain o' ice, th't looked jist like a allfired tall dead pine tree. Yer ancister stopped 'n' a good look at it. Then he know'd he had diskivered the north pole. I s'pose this ancister o' your'n, Peleg, mus ha' ben the fergitfullest chap that ever lived, fer yer gran'mammy'd ha' tol'y', if she'd ha' thunk of it, th't ez he were joggin' on to'ard the pole, a-thinkin' how he'd warm hisself up a choppin' of it down, he made the diskiv'ry th't he'd fergot to bring his ax with him! But he went on, 'n' w'en he got within a quarter miled o' the pole, he heered a noise ahind him, 'n' lookin' 'round w'at sh'd he see a comin' arter him, licky-tebrindle, but a white b'ar bigger'n a yearlin' heifer! Then yer fergit'ful ancister made another diskiv'ry. He had fergot to bring his gun with him! Tha' wa'n't no time fer him to sniffle over that, though, for the b'ar kep' on a comin'. Thar were unly one thing fer yer ancister to do, sonny, 'n' that were to dig fer it ez tight ez he could, 'n' shin up the north pole! An' he dug. The b'ar wa'n't more'n ten jumps ahind him, but yer ancister reached the pole 'n' were a good ways upit 'fore the b'ar got to it. It were jist about the time the moon were gittin' up to start on its travels. Yer ancister didn't hev no idee th't the b'ar k'd climb a tree, but ez he looked back to see w'at the big bruin were up to, he 'most let go his holt 'n' tumbled down, for the b'ar were slidin' up the pole arter him ez easy ez water runs down hill, 'n' were gainin' on yer ancister at ev'ry clip. The moon were up by this time, 'n' yer ancister give w'at he thort were his las' look at it. He had got to the top o' the pole, 'n' the b'ar were most in reachin' distance o' his coat-tails. Yer ancistor give hisself up fer lost, 'n' the moon kum a sailin' 'long. Yer ancister k'd 'most feel the b'ar breathin' on him, 'n' jest ez the b'ar were gointer set his jaws in his flank he felt hisself yanked offen that pole so quick it made his head swim! The man in the moon had grabbed him, sonny, 'n' reskied him frum th't hungry 'n' savage b'ar! That's w'at yer gran'mammy 'd ha' tol' y', Peleg, if she'd ha' thunk on it, 'n' she'd ha' tol' y', too, how the man in the moon carried yer ancister back to—but w'at's allin' of ye, sonny? Is cramps a-ketchin' of ye?"

Peleg's gaze had suddenly been fastened on something behind the Old Settler. At first he looked alarmed, and then clapped both hands over his mouth to keep back laughter that seemed to want to burst forth in howls. The Old Settler looked around, and his eyes popped wide open with astonishment. Maria stood in the sitting-room door. Her eyes snapped, and her head was high in the air. She had come in the front way, with her new gum shoes on, and neither Peleg nor his grandfather had heard her.

"That's w'at I'd ha' tol' him if I'd ha' thunk of it," she snapped. "Wull, here's jist w'at I'll tell you, 'fore I fergit it, 'n' that is th't if it wa'n't fer the all-pervadin' sperit o' peace th't I've brought fum the meetin' of the Clothers 'n' Feeders I'd say some things that'd make ye wish th't you was that ancister o' Peleg's yerself, with the b'ar arter y', even if thar wa'n't no pole to climb nor no man in the moon to resky ye! An', Peleg, yer h'ist yerself off ter bed, or I'll make that paddle so hot on ye th't ye'll think yer settin' down on mustard plasters!"

Peleg hurried off to bed. His grandmother followed him. The Old Settler smoked awhile in silence. Then he slappped his hand on his knee and said:

"I'll give twelve shil'n to anyone, b'gosh, that'll steal them gum shoes o' M'riar's! A fellar hain't safe 'round here no more!"—Ed Mott, in N. Y. Sun.

### Tragedy at Wounded Knee.

"One of the results of the fight struck me as being peculiarly horrible," writes an eye-witness of the combat. "The battle was about over—only an occasional shot being fired away in the distance—when two women, one old, the other young, appeared on the field from some place of concealment and began looking at the bodies of the dead of their race. They would have been shot had it not been for the interference of an officer—Lieut. Sickles. As rapidly as possible they moved from corpse to corpse (the wounded were but few) and when near the prostrate line of waiting soldiers they found those whom they sought—their husbands. Low wails of anguish followed recognition. The old woman, mother of the younger, was bending over her husband when the daughter deliberately approached from behind, covered her mother's eyes with her left hand and then cut the maternal throat with a keen knife she had in her right. Before any of the spectators could say or do a thing the girl threw off her bright plaid shawl, shook back her long hair, and with the bloody blade severed her own jugular vein."

## LOVERS' WALKS.

Ah, once I liked not lovers' walks—
Nor wanderings by the hill—
When star to star at midnight talks,
And all the world is still!
I laughed at all romantic souls
That half in rapture stood;
I hated strolls—those moonlight strolls—
And always thought I should!

I vowed by all the world e'er knew
Of beautiful and bright,
No love on earth should tempt me to
A rambling walk by night!
But, ah—one's mind can little guess
To what one's heart is born:
Who thought a month—or even less—
Would find me so forsworn!

But when I loved not star—nor moon—
Nor wanderings through the glen—
My song of life was out of tune,
I knew not romance, then!
Now I would rather roam till light
Bloom'd o'er the morn's sweet breast;
Than ever breathe those words, "Good night!"
Or ever think of rest.

—N. Y. Ledger.

## HIS PERQUISITE.

### Why the Squire Doesn't Keep as Well Posted as Formerly.

"It ought to be here by this time," said the postmaster of Darby, as he shuffled in from taking a squinting view through his fist down the "turnpike."

"Well, I can't wait. If anything comes, send it up." Jake Perkins picked up his molasses-jug and went out.

The Darby mail was late; and when, a few minutes later, some one announced the approach of the mail, the postmaster felt called upon to vindicate his own position by censure of the mail-carrier, who climbed slowly out of the dilapidated old buggy called the "stage."

"You must have a powerful heavy mail, you're so long getting here," he began.

"Always have a heavy mail when Billy's aboard," said Uncle Billy Tate, winking as he entered with his usual deliberation and threw the mail pouch with a circular motion over the counter and around behind the small cluster of boxes known as the Darby post office.

"That may all be so," said the squire, "but the people of this town don't feel obliged to wait all day on a government official, on no solider ground than his being fat and his horse lean. This office is run for *the* people, not for *a* people, and they want their news on time."

"The news'll keep," said one.

"An' the squire'll never let his perkisites spoil a-layin'," remarked another, with a wink.

These frequenters of the combination village store and post office knew that the squire at least wanted the news; and it was no secret that the newspapers and postal cards that came in the mail for the families living on the outlying hills gave him an opportunity for supplying his wants—an opportunity not enjoyed by the less favored residents.

In reality the squire had rejoiced over this fact when he took the office, looking upon it as one of the perquisites of the position, and "perquisites" he always had an eye upon.

He had always reasoned that anyone had a right to make a good thing when he could. If he had a better chance than most people for news, why, if there was anything to be made out of it, who had a better right to use it?

He distributed the matter among the boxes with great deliberation and entered the sitting-room adjoining the store as soon as the crowd had departed. He slipped a postal card into his wife's hand.

"Perkinses coming, S'liny."

In a very short time his wife thrust her head into the store.

"Why, it don't concern us; there's no news on it," she said, with evident disappointment. "What of it?" she questioned, as she slid back to the office and reached up to place the postal card among the P's.

"I'll put that card up, S'liny. Just you leave it down there. So you think that isn't news, and don't concern us! Well, I reckon it does. You wait till I get this mackerel kit down cellar."

Presently he came up from the cellar. "Isn't it eleven miles to Perkins'?" he asked. "And isn't Raf free as water with his money? The man that takes 'em up there's going to get paid for it, and I'm going to be that man."

"You! Why, Dan'l, where's your t'other horse and your wagon?"

"I've thought that out. Fry's mare for a half-dollar, and Job's big wagon another, and I'll clear a full five on it."

"But Jake'll go after 'em, sure, if he gets wind of it."

"Just so! But he's got to get wind of it. To-day's Monday, and I'm thinking he won't get that card before Thursday. See?"

"La, yes, I see, but don't you go to doing anything against the law, Dan'l."

"Well, 'tisn't against the law to forget." The card was whisked among some papers as a customer entered.

Thursday morning found the squire at the early train, but there was no one there answering to the Perkins' relatives.

"Perhaps the folks you are looking for will come on the night express," said the conductor, of whom he inquired. "That's due at six."

"At six o'clock it'll be dark," he mused, "and they'll pay almost any price to get there. I'll wait; but what ails that horse's foot?"

Inspection proved that the borrowed animal had cast a shoe, which had to be set. Then he had to have crackers and cheese for the day of waiting; but night and the express came at last, and no Perkinses upon it.

"Well, it's queer, mighty queer!" mused the squire, as he drove slowly homeward. "They said Thursday, and here 'tis Thursday night—Whoa-p!"

He had run full into a wagon which was being driven along the dark road. By the light of a match he discovered a badly wrenched wheel.

"You come, Dan'l?"

It was late when his wife peered out into the gloom as he stumbled in out of the dark.

"Yes, I have, and that's more than other folks have!" he answered, gruffly.

"Didn't Raf's folks come?"

"No, they didn't, and I don't see what folks want to be writing to make folks traipse 'round after them for like this all for nothing. Anybody been for the mail?"

"No, but a man's been here to buy the old gray, and he said he guessed, seeing that neither you nor the horse was here, he'd back down."

"Jiminetty! If I didn't forget I'd set the day! There's the last chance gone to get rid of Bob. I tell you, S'liny, those Perkinses ought to pay me for this! I'll be out nigh three dollars before I get through with that wheel business!" he groaned. "And all because they didn't come up to their word."

Next day, after the squire had distributed the mail, Jacob Perkins entered the store.

"Hello, squire! What's the matter with uncle Sam this week?"

"Uncle Sam?" the squire asked, somewhat agitated. Did Perkins know anything about that postal?

"Yes, he's powerfully behind time. I didn't know but Uncle Billy 'd had the apoplexy or his horse 'd got choked by an extra oat, and government had stopped accordin'ly. I ought to have had a postal from nephew Raf last Monday."

"Perhaps it got delayed. Lots of new men in the service, and Darby's out in the country. Maybe that's it."

He handed out the card with an effort at unconcerned indifference.

"I should say 'twas—and the day after ther fair. If I'd got it when I ought he wouldn't 've had to get a livery and express wagon to bring 'em all up and their trunks."

"Hey! Raf come?" the squire exclaimed.

"Bag and baggage, Tuesday, just as he wrote he would."

"Tuesday! You sure it was Tuesday?"

The squire's surprise had got the better of his discretion.

"See for yourself. It's plain as daylight."

"Why, isn't that an *h* in there?" The squire pointed to the word as he viewed it through his glasses.

"No, sir! You ain't so used to Raf's writing as we are."

Perkins laughed, knowing the squire's curiosity. "As I was saying, if I'd have known it in time I'd have got you to go after 'em—I was working so like a beaver, and the roads are bad. You might as well have had that ten dollars Raf threw away on the livery fellers—an' better, too. I told him so."

"S'liny!"

"Why, what's the matter, Dan'l?" his wife asked in rising accents of alarm as he put his head in at the door a few moments after Perkins' departure, a woe-begone expression on his face. "One of your attacks coming on?"

"S'liny, the Perkinses have come—the whole family."

"Land sakes!" She bounced up indignantly. "When?"

"Tuesday," he answered, slowly and solemnly. "Just what that postal said, too. Here we both of us had that thing here since Monday, and read it Thursday every time. And if I'd been attending to my own business I'd 've made ten dollars. As 'tis I'm out of pocket instead of in."

"It's a mortal shame!" she exclaimed sympathetically. "Folks ought to stop writing cards if they can't write 'em plain enough to be read straight."

"Well, I can tell you what's right now." He sat down impressively on the nearest nail keg. "If this government expects I'm going to spend my time making out its postal cards to get news, it's going to find itself much mistaken, that's all."

He went back to the post office with his new determination and a dejected air. His perquisite had lost its value, and such open communications in Uncle Sam's mail were thereafter passed by unnoticed. When his lessened stock of information became a matter of comment, as occurred very soon, he had but one explanation.

"News," he declared, "isn't to be depended on."

But to S'liny he remarked: "It's losing business attending to other folks' affairs without being asked."

So it is a question whether his disastrous speculation ever forced upon him a conviction of the truth in Jake Perkins' opinion, delivered to Raf with a knowing chuckle:

"The squire hain't got as much of a nose for news as he had 'fore he got his come-uppences. I reckon he's learned that his 'perkisites' pay best when they're taken on the square."—Sarah Bierce Scarborough, in Youth's Companion.

## ODDITIES IN PRINT.

A SAVANNAH undertaker advertises a "grand spring opening of things in my line."

ACCURACY of statement is the aim of a certain Maine newspaper. It recently gravely stated that a large number of "fresh" mackerel had just been caught off Portland harbor.

A SPECULATOR in Oronogo, Jasper county, Mo., advertised himself as a "jack" buyer, meaning zinc ore. Imagine his astonishment when he had four carloads of asses shipped to him.

THE following amusing advertisement, evidently written in good faith, appeared recently in a West Coast (Eng.) paper: "I want to let my furnished house shootable for legations or any other man. And if it does not shoot the legation, can shoot himself elsewhere. Apply to—"

IT is commonly believed in England that a good way to get rid of cockroaches is to address to them a written letter, saying: "Oh, roaches, you have troubled me long enough; go now and worry my neighbors." The letter must be put where they most swarm, properly sealed. It should be written legibly and properly punctuated.

## THE MAKING OF WORDS.

THE word "milliner" owes its origin to Milan.

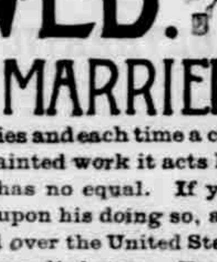
MR. JOHN W. MASSEY, of Plymouth, Eng., formerly of Philadelphia, writes to the Record to suggest the word "televoice" as a substitute for telephone message.

THE law of evolution works in language as well as in other things. Twenty thousand words have been added to the English language in the department of biology alone since Darwin's discoveries.

THE latest linguistic importation from London is the verb "to finance," which is used to denote the process of furnishing funds for a financial institution. It is rather worse, on the whole, than "suicided."

"PSEUDOPATHY" and "pseudotherapy" have been added to the medical vocabulary by Oliver Wendell Holmes. The first of these words signifies the quack science of disease and the other means the quack method of healing.


"WELL BRED



SOON WED."

Girls who use SAPOLIO are QUICKLY MARRIED.

SAPOLIO is one of the best known city luxuries and each time a cake is used an hour is saved. On floors, tables and painted work it acts like a charm. For scouring pots, pans and metals it has no equal. If your store-keeper does not keep it you should insist upon his doing so, as it always gives satisfaction and its immense sale all over the United States makes it an almost necessary article to any well supplied store. Everything shines after its use, and even the children delight in using it in their attempts to help around the house.