

BETWEEN TWO STOOLS.

In the broad black porch of a pleasant farm house sat two young girls engaged on some light needlework. The porch was shaded by the wide branches of an elm, beneath which, at a round table sat a tall, good-looking young man, partaking of an eleven o'clock lunch. He was evidently just from the field, for he was in his shirt-sleeves, and a sunburnt straw hat lay on the grass while he partook, with a healthy, hearty appetite, of the light biscuits and fresh milk and butter placed before him.

And as he ate, he looked at the two young girls on the porch, particularly the prettier of the two, whose light yellow hair the breeze had "fluffed" most becomingly about her fair face.

She had something of a coquettish look and air, while her companion was quiet, with thoughtful gray eyes and an almost diffident expression.

Mother! called the young man, presently, looking toward the open kitchen window, some more milk, if you please!

Mrs. Wheeler came to the door, with her sleeves rolled up, and a small pitcher in her hand.

Both girls rose to take it from her; but she placed it, as if instinctively, in the hands of the light haired girl, saying:

Tom seems thirsty to-day; but meadow mowing in July is warm work.

And hungry work, too, Tom remarked, laughing. Thank you, Lottie; but won't you stay and talk to me here while I eat!

No, indeed! I've too much to do to be able to waste my time here in chatting.

Why, that's something new! Don't you always sit and talk to me at lunch time?

Not always, by any means. And because I've done it occasionally is no reason why I should keep on doing it all my life.

He looked up at her inquiringly. What's the matter, Lottie? Anything happened to vex you?

No, indeed! How unreasonable you are, Tom! If I am not always laughing and chattering, you think I am out of temper.

The girl on the porch looked up gravely from one to the other, but said nothing.

Tom sipped his milk slowly. His appetite seemed suddenly to have deserted him.

The girl stood at a little distance, partly turned from him, and sewing on the ruffle in her hand.

After awhile, setting down his empty mug, he said, in a lower tone: Lottie, wouldn't you like to drive to the picnic to-morrow in my new buggy?

I don't know that I am going, she answered, without raising her head.

Not going! Why, for what reason?

It will be so hot and the road so dusty, she answered, hesitatingly.

Well, I don't wish to take you against your will, he answered, a little coldly. I wonder if Alice will go?

I dare say she will. She expected to go in the carryall with the Burtons, but of course she will enjoy a buggy ride more—won't you, Alice?

So Tom Wheeler, who had intended merely to pipe Lottie into accepting his offer, found himself quite unexpectedly drawn into an engagement to take Alice Brown to the next day's picnic.

And what was very puzzling to him—it was entirely Lottie's doings. What could she mean by it? he wondered—for until now she had never refused his escort anywhere.

Lottie was distantly related to the Wheelers, and was in the habit of paying frequent little visits to the farmhouse.

Mrs. Wheeler liked to have young people about her; and she was, moreover, particularly anxious that her only son, Tom, should marry and settle down with his wife on the farm.

She had seen enough of late to convince her that Lottie was to be her son's choice, and she was well enough satisfied, though the girl was a little flighty, and not quite so sensible and sterling as she could wish.

But that would wear off after marriage; and Lottie certainly was a fine

girl, and Tom loved her; so the mother was quite content to let Tom have his own way. Only now and then she would catch herself wondering whether Alice Brown, the niece of a neighbor and school friend of hers, would not make Tom a more suitable wife, and herself a more desirable daughter-in-law.

That evening Tom Wheeler, coming up from the meadow, caught a distant view of Lottie and Alice in a lane leading to a private road which ran as a boundary line between his farm and that of Judge Redmond. Alice was gathering flowers in the hedge, while Lottie swung on the gate with a careless grace peculiar to her in conversation with a nice young man, whose whole appearance bespoke him from the city. A momentary jealous pang shot through Tom's heart. He remembered that in the last week or two Judge Redmond's nephew, Mr. Archie Redmond had several times called to see Lottie, and only last Sunday had walked home with her from church across the meadows. Now, walking slowly, he watched the two until the gentleman lifting his hat, turned away, and Alice and Lottie came up the lane toward the house. Then Tom hastened his steps and overtook them.

Where have you been? he inquired. To Judge Redmond's, to see Miss Marion Redmond, answered Lottie, who was looking bright and smiling. I thought you did not like Miss Marion Redmond, he returned a little coolly. Neither do I. She's so absurdly dignified and self important. But that's no reason why we should not visit, being near neighbors and old schoolmates.

I thought you paid the last visit a few days ago, said Tom. Yes she answered, coloring, but this was quite an informal call. I wanted an embroidery pattern.

And Mr. Archie walked home with you. As far as the gate. As he had to go to the post-office, we would not let him come any farther.

Then she added, looking down and carefully imprinting each foot-step in the moist sand:

I shall see enough of him to-morrow, I suppose, at the picnic. So you are going to the picnic after all? said Tom, quickly.

She looked up into his face with a charming little smile. Now, Tom, you have no right to scold. If Mr. Redmond had offered to take me through the hot sun and dusty road in a buggy, I would have refused. He knew I refused your escort under those circumstances so he proposed that we should walk—he and I and Kate Redmond—through Marsdens woods. It's a private way you know, and I promised. They say it's a lovely walk, and being a direct path not too long.

Tom made no answer. Lottie affected not to perceive his moodiness, till near the house he turned off to the stables, to see that the men were properly attending the stock.

He did not stay long there. He felt tired and depressed, and entered the house, laid himself down upon the comfortable sofa, in the parlor.

The windows were open and a cool breeze, laden with the perfume of the multicolored roses on the porch, came softly and soothingly in. Presently he heard the girls coming lightly down stairs, and then Lottie's voice on the porch.

Where's Tom? Not come in yet, I suppose. Well, we will sit till supper's ready.

Lottie said Alice, as the two seated themselves on the bench inside the screen of roses, I suspect that Tom isn't pleased, and really I think you are treating him badly.

How so?

You are not kind to him. You know he loves you, and until within a few days I felt sure that you loved him.

Oh, well, we like each other well enough. What have I done to bring upon myself one of your solemn lectures?

If you love Tom, why do you encourage Mr. Redmond?

Why, Alice I'm not married to Tom yet, and I don't know that I ever shall be. And my dear, you ought to know a secret—it's always a good thing two strings to your bow.

It gives you a choice, you know, or if one should fail you have the other to depend upon.

Lottie you're not in earnest? Indeed I am. I like Tom. He's handsomer than Archie Redmond, and richer, too, with his fine farm all his own, and the money his father left him; but some people would say that Mr. Redmond was a better match altogether.

Why Lottie if you think in this way, you cannot really think much of Tom, I felt sure that you and he would make a match.

Well it is impossible. Only he hasn't asked me yet.

But he will.

Lottie laughed.

Suppose he don't? Then I may have Archie Redmond to fall back upon. And suppose I can't get Archie? Then there is Tom.

Tom Wheeler rose up slowly from the sofa, and walked softly from the room, out into the yard and garden.

So that is her game, is it? I would not have believed it of her. Two strings to one bow! Two stools to sit upon, rather. Well, she'll come to the ground for any support that she will get out of me.

The picnic was a very pleasant affair, as everybody said—everybody but Tom Wheeler.

Strive as he would against it, he was consumed with jealousy and disappointment; and his unhappiness was apparent to most lookers-on. Even Mr. Archie Redmond perceived it.

What is the matter with Tom Wheeler? he said, as the latter turned away after giving an abrupt reply to a remark of his. He is not like himself to-day.

The inquiry was addressed to his cousin, Miss Redmond; but Miss Triplett, the gossip and news-monger of the neighborhood, took upon herself to reply.

Why, Mr. Redmond, she said, archly, you ought to know, if any one does.

I? What have I to do with it? What a look of injured innocence! But really, you ought to be ashamed to flirt so, and cut out poor Tom Wheeler, you naughty man!

And Miss Triplett smilingly showed her false teeth, and playfully tapped Mr. Redmond with her fan. Really, Miss Triplett, you speak in mysteries.

You don't really mean to say that you did not know that Tom Wheeler is as good as engaged to Lottie Steward? Why, it's been an understood thing for at least a year past.

Redmond colored. He had admired Lottie, and been much struck with her pretty face and sweet manners; and this news regarding her somehow affected him unpleasantly.

I never before heard of this, he said, quietly.

Is it possible? But, then, you have been here so short a time. Well, in that case we will exonerate you. But there is no excuse for Lottie Steward. A girl who can change as suddenly as she has toward Tom Wheeler must be altogether heartless.

Archie Redmond overheard one or two other similar remarks during the day, and watching Lottie closely, he saw that while she gave him undoubted encouragement, she yet seemed anxious to not entirely break off with Tom.

He was pained, for he had, unconsciously to himself, become interested in the pretty, sprightly girl.

She is deceiving either him or myself, he thought; and, in either case, is not the right sort of a girl for me.

Tom whispered Lottie, with one of his sweet smiles, as Alice is to go home with her mother from the picnic, I'll ride back with you in the buggy. I've told Mr. Redmond that I am too tired for the long walk back.

Thank you! said Tom, coldly. But Alice won't ride with her mother. I've promised to take her home in my buggy.

Lottie turned and looked around for Archie Redmond. She would have to explain, and walk back with him, which was no disagreeable prospect, despite her declaration of weariness.

The weariness in fact, had been assumed; for she saw that Tom was not pleased, and wished to put him in a good humor again.

Where is Mr. Redmond? she said

hastily, to Katie, who was at that moment skipping past.

Cousin Archie? Oh, he's gone home with the Calverts—Miss Calvert asked him—and I am going home with mamma and the rest. Not half so nice as walking is it?

Poor Lottie! Both her bow strings had failed her—a predicament she had not foreseen, or, to accept Tom's version, between two stools she had come to the ground. However, a kind neighbor gave her "a lift" in his wagon, in which situation she had the mortification of seeing Mr. Redmond drive past in Mrs. Calvert's carriage, beside pretty May Calvert, while Tom and Alice, in the new buggy, had left them far behind.

She was very angry with Tom, though she had to admit to her self that it was all her own fault. And when she left the farm, a few days after, she and Tom hadn't quite made up, neither had Archie Redmond again called upon her.

Lottie had promised to spend another fortnight at the farm, and she made up her mind that she would be satisfied with Tom and marry him after all. But before the time for her visit came, she had heard two astounding reports. Mr. Archie Redmond was to be married to his cousin, Miss Marion Redmond, and Alice Brown was engaged to—Tom Wheeler. There were to be two big weddings, and Lottie was invited to both.

There is no doubt but that she was bitterly disappointed, for, as she confessed, she really liked Tom. But she had also to admit that she was to blame. She had tried to sit on two stools at once, and she had come to the ground.

MRS. STOWE FALLING.

No I write no more. I have done, I have done, I have done.

Anything more pitiful, more pathetic, more tragic, cannot be imagined than the effects of the above few words, coming in broken and falter, jag accents from the lips of Harriet Beecher Stowe.

The bright intellect of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is undoubtedly shattered cannot be longer denied.

The pathos, enthusiasm and fire that have built her fame are blended into a childlike and pitiful simplicity. The scenes and events that have been the soil for soul food for millions of thinking people are all merged into broken dreams. The wellfilled shelves in her library alone carry the burden of sorrow, strife and joy that have left the brain-mother with their travail, and eternity is even half way to meet the grand soul to which is ascribed the honor of being one of the direct causes of precipitating the Civil War through her wonderful human bible.

The dim grey eyes light up in conversation, however, and some sparks come from between her pale lips now and again that impresses one with what must have been. Her manners have a more kindly than courteous air, and are tinged with the grace of modern as well as old-time custom. Her bearing is wonderfully acute, and her intelligence glides along side by side of the guest, whom she received with the air of an old traveler hailing a young one from some foreign part, neither curious or interested, but forbearing.

HOW SHE WROTE UNCLE TOM.

Yes my dear, I love to write, and began very young. I especially liked writing short stories when I lived in Brunswick, Me. For these I used to get \$15, \$20 and \$25—good pay in those times. I never thought of writing a book when I commenced "Uncle Tom's Cabin. I became first aroused on the subject of slavery when I lived in Cincinnati, and used to see escaping negroes come over the Ohio from Kentucky. Ah me! it thrills me even now, the sight of those poor creatures! Now a young girl suggesting the lover, parent or brother for whom her heart was breaking in bondage; again, the strong husband, or stalwart brother. Oh, I must write a story to stop the dreaded shame I kept putting it off, dreadful bringing the characters to life, till the fugitive slave law lashed me into fury, and I commenced what I meant to be a short story like the others. But it grew, and grew, and grew, and came, and came. I wrote, and wrote, and wrote and thought I never should stop. I did not plan the book as it

turned out. I was only full of wrath, and the story built itself around as I wrote. A publisher was waiting for a story from me. I told him the subject I had undertaken. He wrote saying: 'You have struck a popular subject; for heaven's sake, keep it short.' I wrote in reply: I shall stop when I get through, and not before. He never got it, for had I made a book of it. While writing it I was filled with an enthusiasm which transferred my being, knew no hindrance, no rival interest, no belief but in writing it. I had young children, was keeping house and teaching school at the same time, and never worked so hard but I had to write. Dinner had to be got, I knew. This had to be written, just as much eye and more, too. It was through it was written through me, I only holding the pen. I was lifted off my feet. Satisfied? I never thought about being satisfied. When it was finished it was done and relief came. I never felt the same with anything I afterward wrote. 'Dread? Ah, yes; it was on slavery, too, but it was different. 'Paganic People' interested me deeply. I grew to have a deep sympathy for little girls at an age and of a disposition to be misunderstood and ill treated. Dolly is a fac-simile of myself as a child. I wrote it to help other children.

"After that I wrote for money, I believe. I had felt the need, and now tasted the good of it, and wrote on for more of it, with more or less interest or excitement. 'My Wife and I' and 'We and Our Neighbors' should be read together; then 'The Minister's Wooing,' 'Nina Gordon,' 'The Pearl of Old Island'—that is not good—but there are none of them like Uncle Tom and Little Eva. Poor old Uncle Tom. Ah, so many, and so long ago!"

HERE THE GRAY EYES DROP THE LIGHT OUT OF THEM, THE THIN, BROWN HANDS WANDER TO THE WHITE LOCKS, AND THOSE KNOWING THE DEAR OLD LADY WELL KNOW THAT SOON THEY WILL BE ASKED TO EXCUSE HER WHILE SHE LIES DOWN "TO REST A LITTLE WHILE."

WONDERFUL CHAS. BRANDON.

Pittsburg correspondent to N. Y. Sun.

When Western Pennsylvania was the frontier and the Indian fighter was the most important and indispensable person in the settlements, Charles Brandon was one of the best and most daring of all the active foes of the redmen. At the age of 3 years, in 1764, he was captured by the Indians, who killed his father at the same time. This was on the banks of the Ohio river. For twelve years the boy was kept among the savages, but he disliked them, and escaped when he was 15 years old. He found the white settlement and learned to talk his native language. From that time on he gave his life to killing Indians.

In 1760 when the Indians were getting scarce, Charles Brandon married a young woman named Mary Meyers. She bore him two children, and then died. He married Fannie Slusher. She bore him eighteen children and died in 1830. Brandon was then nearly 70 years old. When he was five years older he married Sarah Baker, who was only 16. She was the youngest of sixteen children. She lived with him twenty-one years, bearing him, in the meantime, fifteen children. Then she got a divorce from him, he being 96. The separation from his wife broke his heart, and although at the time he was a agile, strong and active as he was when he was married, he pined away and died the same year the divorce was obtained. He then had thirty-three living children.

His divorced widow had had the care of all of them, and she raised all that were young enough to need raising. Brandon had been the father of thirty-five children, but two died, one a child of his first wife and the other one of the eighteen his second wife had borne him. The divorced widow moved to Mountville, W. Va., and the most of the thirty-three children went with her. Among them were two Johns and two Charleses. One of the Johns and one of the Charleses were the third wife's children. There was a James—who was old enough to go to the Mexican war, where he was wounded in the neck. When the war of the rebellion broke out the two Johns, the two Charleses, Sim, Evans, Peter, Josephus, Hiram, James, Van Buren, Jacob, Abraham, Alexander,

David, Andrew, and Reese, of the sons, enlisted in the Union army, all in the Ohio and Virginia regiments. The third Mrs. Brandon's John and Charles were taken prisoners at Chickamauga. They were both put in Andersonville prison. John died in nine months; Charles was there twenty-one months and escaped. Peter was killed at Shiloh while his regiment, the Seventy-second Ohio, was making a charge. All the other sons served through the war and came home.

The third wife of the remarkable old Indian killer, and mother and stepmother of his remarkable family, still lives at Mountville. She is 70 years old. Until three months ago she was in destitute circumstances. Then she got a pension and \$2,500 as her claim against the government.

She is six feet in height, as straight as an arrow, as strong as a man, and excelling nine out of every ten men in power of endurance. Only a few days ago—one of the hottest—she walked to St. Clairsville, twenty miles, in five hours, and back again in the same time. She has only one eye. The other one was shot out about thirty years ago by one of the second wife's boys. She had occasion to correct him. He got his bow and arrow and shot her, putting out the eye.

This remarkable woman knows the whereabouts of only nine of the thirty-three children. They live near her.

"But, takin' them an' their children, an' their children's children, there must be nigh to a thousan' on 'em by this time."

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

THE W. C. T. U. MEETS EVERY THURSDAY AT 4 O'CLOCK IN THE Y. M. C. A. HALL.

LIQUOR AND LABOR.

It is to be hoped that the lecture of Mr. Powderly on temperance, addressed to the members of the Knights of Labor published this week in the *Journal of United Labor*, will be read by every laboring man in the land. His vigorous denunciation of liquor drinking and his emphatic assertions of the harm it does the workingmen should shake the prejudice of even the most biased among the class to whom it is addressed. The statement of his own radical position on the temperance question gives additional force to his words. The man who neither drinks himself nor treats others to liquor, and through whose influence the most widely extended labor organization in the country has separated as far as possible from the liquor interest, has a right to advise and should command the respect of the members of that order over which he presides.

The first comment most workingmen will make on reading Mr. Powderly's figures on the cost of liquor drinking will undoubtedly be that they are grossly exaggerated. Such however, is far from the truth. To those who are informed as to the amount of malt alcoholic liquor manufactured and consumed in this country Mr. Powderly's statement will be taken as within rather than outside the facts. According to the most trustworthy statistics published the annual consumption of domestic and imported distilled spirits average 75, 199,960 gallons. The amount of beer consumed averages about 669,705,367 gallons a year. The imported and domestic wines drunk annually average 23,163,425 gallons making a total annual liquor consumption of 708,068, 782 gallons. A careful estimate gives the cost of this as being \$711,227,888. The same authority calculates that the drinking population numbers 14,925, 417, making an annual average cost to each person of \$47.65.

What proportion of these 708,068, 782 gallons of liquor is drunk by the workingmen it is impossible to estimate exactly. But judging from the number of saloons in the wards of the cities inhabited by those who make their living by daily labor, they consume two-third to three-fourths of it. It is easy from these statistics to see the drain liquor drinking makes upon the financial resources of laboring men and to discern why a few laboring men cannot lay up something for a rainy day. Liquor is a far more formidable enemy of labor than those inflated bugbears of the workingman, capital and monopoly. It not only drains the pocket, but it exhausts the vital resources of the drinker and is constantly lessening the value as a competitor in the field of labor.