

MELINDA'S WEDDING.

When Melinda Wiggins got engaged to Pellig Jenks, her ma was just tickled to death. Beaus was sease down to Funkinville, for none of the young men would stay after they were grown up. Beaus, Pellig is real forehanded and quite a catch.

His ma was set ag'in his marryin at all, and Melinda she wouldn't never be caught him if she hadn't took early mornin walks 'bout the time he went over to his place of busness and met him as if he beed a stranger.

I am told that he proposed by Taggart's barn and was excepted in front of the shoemaker's and gave Melinda her engagement ring jest this side of the blacksmith's.

Well, Mrs. Wiggins was real set up about it, and she said that Melinda she'd be dressed up as much as any bride there ever had been in Funkinville, of not a loote better. But Mr. Wiggins, Melinda's pa, he come of a close family, and he was near himself—'twas his later to be—and when Melinda's ma asked him for money to shop for the things he'd be needin up his pockets and said, "Naw." He offers pennonced no that way when he was out. "Naw," sez he, "I ain't toiled and milled forty odd year for to let my money be spent like water. You kin make a list out of what is wanted, and I'll get it."

Well, when he spoke up like that Mrs. Wiggins she knew 'twasn't no good talkin, so she said, "P'raps you air right, pa," and she wrote down some things and kinder writed across to Melinda, who was beginning to cry at the idea of her pa, that kind of talkin from blankets, a choosin her weddin clothes.

The help saw all that and heered what was said and nat'rally told folks. Well, that afternoon Mr. Wiggins went to town to sell his potatoes and got the money and come down on the boat as usual.

The boat landin is in quite a lonesome place, and he went home by a sort of side path anyway, and just about dusk the Browns heard a howlin in the pine woods and, goin to see what it was, there was old Wiggins, with a bundle on his back, and he was all in a sweat.

He told 'em he'd been beset by robbers and that they was so fierce and furious he'd been obliged to give 'em every cent he had. He described 'em as most outlandish critters. He said their hair was like cotton wool and their faces black. Their hats was tied on with big handkerchiefs, and they was queer and slopy in the small of their backs. Their hands and feet was sort of small and skinny lookin, and they had blue overalls and linen dusters on. He said 'twasn't their strength that overcame him, but their bein so sneaky and supernatural. And one of 'em said in a hoarse voice, "Little you know who we be," and the other, "We're takin your money because you don't provide as you should for solemn occasions. Beware in future!"

When he got home, he cried and said he wished he'd giv Mrs. Wiggins the money for Melinda's things, but she said it happened fortunate that her sister, Melinda's aunt, had sent her a present for her weddin.

The help now, she don't think them robbers was supernatural, and she sez if ever Mr. Wiggins finds out the truth she dunno what will happen to Mrs. Wiggins. I kinder think the talk of the robbers was Mrs. Wiggins and Melinda dressed up in some old clothes, with cotton batting wigs, and I don't blame 'em.

Well, Melinda had her clothes after all, but before they was finished Mr. Wiggins he'd kinder been sneer and got as mean as ever again, and he wouldn't give his unfortunate wife nothin in entry for the supper. She berried the Tide of Fashion from the Rabbits and found out that she'd order hev chicken salad.

But Mr. Wiggins, he said he was sellin his chickens, not deavourin 'em, and I suppose what she had done before kinder weakened poor Mrs. Wiggins' conscience, for, sech her own coops was locked up, the poor soul went around to the neighbors and stole one chicken apiece from each of 'em. It was kinder just to do it that way when she might have took 'em all from one of 'em, and those of us that caught her at it made up our minds not to say nothin, but jest to pray for her, and we'd sent over word that of there was anythin we could do to call on us. And perhaps she felt we'd be willin to spare the chickens, but was proud about askin for 'em.

Well, she got the things together somehow, and she cooked the chickens and made the salad and boiled plenty of most of us had got a real fryer supper and the talk with flowers. They was mostly maycalds and old man, and some folks don't like the smell of nether, but the yaller and green looked pretty, and it was all ready for the company when they cum hum from.

We that knowed things felt that we could see marks of inward torture on poor Mrs. Wiggins' face, and we felt to sympathize, for she was nat'rally a moral woman and a pious one, and she'd been driven to sin by the meanness of her parsonage. You see, she was one of them women that lives for their children. Ef she'd been a pellan, she'd hev took all the feathers out of her buzzin to make 'em beds, and she'd sacrificed herself for Melinda. She looked kinder better when she got to church, but our minister he was young and hadn't married nobody before, and he'n narrow, he commenced for to read the burial service instead of the marriage service, and we, bed all stiff with horror, hadn't presence of mind enough for to stop him until he'd actily buried Melinda as fur as words could go, and Mrs. Wiggins was in high ricks.

However, she got over 'em, and the minister he said he didn't know after all but it was a providence to keep us from beln too sot on the things of this world and reminded how short life was, and went back and married 'em proper. And so we did get back to Wiggins', only Mr. Wiggins hev been too mean to get the wain mended, the wheel come off, and they was all split out and seemmost drowned gonn over Slabside bridge that ain't got no railin. Mrs. Wiggins, poor Wiggins, she was so waken when we tuk her into our wain she just sayin, "Judgments—Judgments—Judgments is comin." We knowed what she was thinkin of, and we tried to cheer her up.

up some. Mrs. Wiggins didn't eat no salad herself, so she didn't know how it tasted. After supper we all went in to the parlor and sat around, and St. Barker was tryin to get up danica, and I did hope things would end happy. When all of a sudden folks began to look pale and say they was pisoned. So they seemed to be. One after the other they took sick, and they all said the same thing—it was the salad. I felt very poorly myself, and so did my Oboliah. The minister had gone home sick, and there was a regular panic. There was one doctor there, and he sent for another, and old Miss Peebles was like old cholera times. It was awful, anywa, but jest, we was at the wust, we lidern lyn about in the up stairs rooms expectin to die and feelin sure it was arsenic. Mrs. Wiggins appeared amongst us.

"Friends and fellow sinners," she said, "two six on all of us, and I am before you all, I make confession. I am a thief and a robber, and I shall never be pardoned. It was me that robbed my husband, and more than that, I stole the chickens to make the salad—no one of 'em in each of my rooms and neighbors. Judgments has fallen!"

"You was driv to it, Mrs. Wiggins," sez I, "by your parson's meanness. We all knowed it, and none of us blame you."

"You don't know all," said Mrs. Wiggins. "More'n that, I want to say the wigs and tuk my chances and stole a bottle of lie. The recipe said to make the salad dressin with lie. I'd never made none. I stole the bottle. Oh, never never be forgotten, I shan't never be forgotten. I tuk a bottle of pison of some sort, for it was in the department where lies is kept, and I'm a murderer!"

"Oh, ho," says the doctor. "Bring me the bottle, Mrs. Wiggins, and I guess I'll find out how to cure 'em."

Mrs. Wiggins fetched it; doctor he tasted it.

"This ain't pison, ladies," sez he, "There ain't no great harm done, only I don't suppose the recipe mentioned castor oil for salad dressin. 'Tisn't usual anyhow. Nobody is goin to die this time, Mrs. Wiggins, unless it is you yourself. If you lie down and quiet yourself."

Poor Mrs. Wiggins, she dropped on her knees and prayed right there for thankfulness, and we all flied in, and as soon as folks knowed they hadn't taked arsenic they went in to get Wiggins' solemn and distractin looks and her not eatin any had made them that wotn't in the secret think that she'd gone crazy and done it a purpose, which scared 'em more.

And they do say Mr. Wiggins ain't quite so near as he used to be since he was what might o' been drivin a woman into a corner for want of a penny.

Still, we shan't forget Melinda Wiggins' wedding in a hurry, those of us that went to it.

EARNING AGRICULTURE.

The Lady Warwick School For Women Farmers, Near Reading.

In The Woman's Home Companion Miss Knobe tells about "The Lady Warwick School for Women Farmers."

"In this rural spot, on the outskirts of Reading, only an hour's run from London, the beautiful and accomplished Miss Knobe is the only one in England who has not in the world—a thorough practical course, if it may be so called, from the raising of cabbages and chrysanthemums to the building of a pigsty and the making of a hay mow. These sturdy daughters of Ceres, in other words, are fitted to run a farm."

"This unique school was opened in October, 1898. The minimum period of training is two years, and at the end of that time a certificate is awarded. The theoretical part of the course is systematically pursued in the agricultural department, which includes the Royal College. Many of the lectures occur in the winter, with rigid examinations at the end of each term, while the practical demonstration is done at the hostel by the girls. There is only one man about the place, a horticultural instructor, who, during the winter, is a regular lecturer at the Royal Horticultural Society. A registry department has been opened. Some of the students have already secured good positions, while others have started independently. In the meantime the students are gaining a snug income by the sale of their produce."

"These girl students are receiving more than a scientific course, for the social and athletic side is not to be overlooked. Though some of the students are up with the lark—and at Warwick hostel the lark is scheduled to start at precisely 4:30—attending to their work, the others are busy during the day and evening set aside for recreation. Lively contests in boating, tennis and hockey are arranged.

"That this work is excellent from the competitive standpoint of the world may be acknowledged when it is said that these fair farmers are out entering all the big agricultural exhibits there about and carrying off a string of the prizes, moreover."

STORM AND SUNSHINE.

The Stefans were a young married couple. He was 27, she 24 years old. He was easily irritated and unreasonably jealous of his wife.

At first there were only bickerings, which ended in kisses. Then the bickerings grew to quarrels. The husband spoke ugly words and made threats. The wife, woman like, retorted in kind. But they loved each other, and soon the clouds on the conjugal horizon passed, and in the surer of their absorbing love they laughed over their folly.

Of late the clouds grew denser. For some reason—business troubles, perhaps—Alois Stefan was more irritable, more jealous, than ever. Once he advanced toward his wife with a burning lamp, and another time he actually struck her. Mrs. Stefan cried bitter tears, left the house and applied for a divorce.

For a woman, she never dreamed that it would ever come to that. He, too, realized now that he had gone too far. He could not bear to lose the wife, the mother of his darling child, the sweetheart of his boyhood.

Did he tell her so in good, kind language, with his arms around her neck and stroking the pretty, bright hair he loved? Not he! He was too stubborn—too proud, he called it.

"If you leave the house, I'll murder you," he yelled at her, and she, now really frightened, rushed from the house to lodge complaint against him. He was arrested for threatening her life, and the case was docketed for trial.

Meanwhile the suit for divorce was called and tried. The wife appeared timid and uncertain of her actions. The husband, too, was in a softer mood, but that awful demon, Jealousy, troubled him more than ever. Friends so called, friends, had gossiped and carried tales, and they had worked their worst.

Forgetting the courtroom, the presence of the judge and a curious audience, he approached her.

"What about Hermann?" he hissed. "A moment before the woman had sat with tears in her eyes. Now she felt offended at his charge and made bitter retort. Following the custom of ages, Wiggins' solemn and distractin looks and her not eatin any had made them that wotn't in the secret think that she'd gone crazy and done it a purpose, which scared 'em more."

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GRAITUDE

Always seeks to find some expression for itself, and womanly gratitude will be keeplience. Cynical people sometimes say Why do women write these testimonials to the value of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription? The answer is, "I can truthfully recommend the medicine which caused the cure."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures diseases peculiar to women. It establishes regularity, stops weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

"Having used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for my own ailments, I can truthfully recommend the medicine which caused the cure."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness, and sick headache. They should be used in connection with Favorite Prescription to insure the use of a laxative is indicated.

SHOELESS SOCIETY NOW

Fashionable Women Promenade London Parks in Sandals.

HIGH REVELING OF SHAPELY FEET

Physicians in Chicago Express Their Views on the Innovation—Most of Them Consider It Thoroughly in Accord With Health—One Has Grave Doubts, However.

If one's toes are pink and shapely and the curves of one's foot are graceful and alluring, it is no offense against modesty, hygiene or the artistic proprieties to appear in public sans shoes and sans stockings, as society women are doing in England, according to a recent cable dispatch.

At least many of the good doctors of Chicago say it isn't, and they are well qualified to pass judgment in each case. A splendid field for a trained athlete, make ball field and gymnasium of real value. Single beds and bowling alley for ladies. Swimming pool for all. Nine regular courses, with elective studies, offer wide selection. Six competitive scholarships are offered. Seventeen skilled teachers. Music, Art, Expression and Physical Culture, with other branches or alone, under teachers with best home and European training. Home, with tuition in regular studies, from \$200 to \$250.00 a year, with discounts to ministers, ministers' candidates, teachers, and two from same family. Fall term opens September 9th, 1901. Catalogue free. Address

Williamsport Dickinson Seminary

is a Home and Christian school. It provides for health and social culture as carefully as for mental and moral training, taking a personal interest in each pupil. A splendid field for a trained athlete, make ball field and gymnasium of real value. Single beds and bowling alley for ladies. Swimming pool for all. Nine regular courses, with elective studies, offer wide selection. Six competitive scholarships are offered. Seventeen skilled teachers. Music, Art, Expression and Physical Culture, with other branches or alone, under teachers with best home and European training. Home, with tuition in regular studies, from \$200 to \$250.00 a year, with discounts to ministers, ministers' candidates, teachers, and two from same family. Fall term opens September 9th, 1901. Catalogue free. Address

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A Literary Treat.

The Bookings recently published a selection from letters received by a large publishing firm in New York from what are authors in various parts of the country. Here is a gem:

Dear Sirs—Wot you please let me know why you kept me from a fresh, but a honest young man who try to fight the battles of life. I only mention as a part history of my life. If you accept, pay me a single now and remainder years ready. They are worked amount in the Patent Sheet and Associated Press Papers that you paid me \$100,000.00 for the MSS. This they will take up as a loan from me. I will keep all this strictly secret and can you. Have a short history of my life with a large picture of —. Under my picture have the words, "The handsome young Boston Author who made himself famous and received \$100,000.00 for a few strokes of his pen." Hoping at least to hear from you again, I remain for business, sincerely,

CLEANSING AND HYGIENIC CATARRH

Ely's Cream Balm

HAY FEVER

It opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages. Allays Inflammation. Heals and Protects the Membrane. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Large Size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail. Trial Size, 10 cents by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

Your Tongue

If it's coated, your stomach is bad, your liver is out of order. Ayer's Pills will clean your tongue, cure your dyspepsia, make your liver right. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c. All druggists.

Want your monstache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for Whiskers.

D. L. & W. RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE. Corrected to May 1, 1901.

NEW YORK	AM	PM	AM	PM
Harrisburg	7:00	10:00	7:00	10:00
Scranton	7:00	10:00	7:00	10:00
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