

THE HONEYMOON.

It Didn't Mean What Mr. Tomson Supposed.

By F. A. MITCHEL.

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I ails heard dat de millidorous time wid married people wa' de honeymoon.

Some'n happen one day to gib me some experience 'bout dis yere honeymoon. One maw'nin' I wa' drivin' ma spress wagon, takin' some trunks from one house to another house out in de country, when I pass by de fa'm ob my twenty-eight years old an' a might fine nigga. He had saved up de money and bought a beautiful fa'm, wid a good house on it an' plenty ob stock an' de tools fo' farmin'.

"Gusta Johnsing," I says, says I, "ye got de nice's' leetle fa'm in de county—well stocked, two mules and a cow, besides yo' chickens. Ye ought to be might thankful to de Lawd, Mista Johnsing, fo' de blensin's he's heaped on yo'."

Pete, on yo' wa' a-beanin' on his hoo lokin' kind ob soflin, he says, says he:

"Mista Tomson, ye'd reckon on my weikin' dis yere fa'm all alone. I haint got no one to cook a meal's vittals fo' me, I ha' to eek up ma bed in de maw'nin' maself, an' an' till ma bedtime. Den I sets all agin ma odd uphull. Haint no hush no near'n a mile away, an' his might lonesome. Fes' t'ing I jump, some'n crack like a pistol, an' I kump; den I hear some'n singin' outside jes like a ha't wa' goin' by. After dat de de' blow op'n all on a sudden an' out go de candle. I lock up courage to slam de do' shet an' I look t' de den I go ober up ma face wid de bedclothes. No, Mista Tomson, de blensin's de Lawd had settled on me haint wa' de' cracked up to be."

Who! I betch done was t' punch Bob wid de stump of de whip an' git long. It must 'a' bin de debbel dat made me say some'n wa' got me all mixed up in udder people's doin's."

"Mista Johnsing," I says, says I, "why don't ye git a wife fo' t' keep yo' company?"

Pete tuk de udder leg in de udder hand an' stood on de udder leg an' looked up to hebbin' 'a' he wa' expectin' t' see one ob de angels come down fo' t' marry him. Enyhow, he wa' doin' up a powerful job of t'inkin', an' he says, says he:

"Mista Tomson, how cum yo' haint got no wife yo' self?"

An' I says, says I, scratchin' ma bald, "Mista Johnsing, I don't git lonesome nobow."

Pete, he do some more t'inkin', an' he says, says he, "Mista Tomson, do yo' know any likely gal dat would come in yere an' be a comfo' to me?"

De debbel wa' a settin' beside me ready to whisper in my ea', an' he said, "Tell him 'bout Mandy Jones," an' I said, says I:

"Yes, Mista Johnsing, I does know a likely gal, an' I'm t'inkin' I see know like to git married. I've knowed her eber since she wa' a p'ckanny, an' I kin recommend her fo' cookin' an' washin' an' all dem t'ings wa' are necessary fo' de comfo' ob de home."

An' Mista Johnsing he looked at me kind a ha'd, an' he says, says he, "Mista Tomson, ef yo' know all dis 'bout de gal how cum yo' don't marry her yo' self?"

Dat wa' a sight! ha'd held agin fo' t' answer. I scratched ma bald an' said, "Did'n' I tole yo' I wa'n't lonesome?"

"Maybe she won't marry yo'," he said.

"Don't know nuttin' 'bout dat," I said. "I nebbor axed her."

Well, I sat dar in de hour ob mo', an' I made it up dat I gwine to t'ell him an' Mandy a favor. I wa' t' tell Mandy dat a might fine nigga wid a fa'm wa' a might a wife, an' I wa' t' tell Pete dat a might fine gal wanted a husband, but Pete done knowed dat already, an' I wa' to bring 'em together."

De debbel wa' layin' fo' me, disswadin' me to mix maself up in udder people's business, an' when he done made me promise dis he done climb down off de seat an' went away chuckin' I driv' on, t'inkin' what a fine t'ing I wa' gwine to do fo' Pete Johnsing an' Mandy Jones.

Bimby Pete Johnsing he marry Mandy Jones. I wa' at de wedding maself. I didn't say nuttin', but when

de women folks look at me an' say "Mista Tomson, I hear yo' made dis match," an' Mista Tomson, de grook an' de bride ought t' be bery thankful fo' yo' fo' bringin' 'em together, I felt might proud ob maself an' went roun' jes 'a' I wa' at a cake walk. After de ceremony Pete come up to me lokin' 's' if somebody 'd done a bucket ob joy all ober him, an' he says, says he, "Mista Tomson, dis am de happiest day o' ma life, an' I reckon yo' gwine done t' all." An' Mandy she so happy she jis' put her arms 'bout ma neck, an' she says, "How I gwine thank yo' an' fo' t' gibbin' me s'ich a might fine husban'?" I t'ell yo' I wa' de cock ob de walk at dat wedding."

Eberbody tole me dat since I'd been de cause ob de maw'nin' I mus' make a call. I axed Mrs. Spriggins when de proper time come to mak' de call, an' she said att' de honeymoon wa' ober, I axed her when de honeymoon wa' ober, an' she says, says she:

"I duno. Wid some I spee his' ober might soon; wid udders dey keep on fighin' right along."

"Yo' mean lubbin'," I says, says I, "t'inkin' she wa' lubbin'?"

"Yo' betch go git married yo' self. Den yo' 'll know." And she went off a-smilin'.

I didn't t'ink nuttin' 'bout dis; but, secin' I didn't know when de honeymoon wa' ober, I jis' concluded I'd go hook de call anyway. It wa' two weeks att' de wedding, an' I hearn, as I said, dat de honeymoon jis' a month. But I didn't care. I jus' put on de clothes Cannel Appleton gib me, an' I went to de Johnsing fa'm. I

A FOOTBALL GIANT

And How He Was Inspired to Win a Champion Game.

By ARNOLD TRACY.

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The consequence was that during the first half the Parkintons did themselves great injustice, while the Stanwigs played better than they had ever played before. Tucker just before the game opened had sworn like a trooper at Stanford, using terms of sovereign contempt, hoping to touch his pride. It had simply concentrated his attention on the game skillfully to prevent his making any blunders.

"I have called," said Captain Ben Tucker of the Parkintons football team to Miss Ethel Storm, "on a matter of a very delicate nature."

"Indeed," said Miss Storm, opening a pair of big brown eyes enflamed by long black lashes.

"Yes, extremely delicate. Indeed, I scarcely know how to begin."

There was a pause, during which Captain Tucker was pumping up his courage, or, rather, hunting for a way to state his case that would be least offensive. Finally, with a last abem, he went on:

"You are aware, I suppose, that in a few days our team meets the Stanwigs team in a final try for the season's championship."

"You may be also aware that success in one man on whom depends our success or failure."

"Who is this Ajax?"

"Perhaps you have heard of Miles Stanford?"

"I am acquainted with you admit."

"I am pleased that you admit the acquaintance. It is a step forward. Now we shall get on. Mr. Stanford is suffering from a mental malady which renders him unfit for putting forth his best efforts on the gridiron. Though the game is near at hand, I cannot get him to practice with any spirit. He gets the signals mixed, and often when he might seize the ball and carry it untroubled to goal he stands on the field in a daydream. When I shout to him he starts as if suddenly awakened."

"And may I ask," said the girl, opening wide her beautiful eyes, "what all this has to do with me?"

"Captain Tucker, having led up to the subject in question, being now face to face with it, was abashed. The girl would not aid him.

"He's dead in love with you, and you are standing him off. Why the dickens can't you give him a sonnet after the game? Then I don't care what you do with him."

Miss Storm controlled a desire to laugh. The affair between the petite Miss Storm and the gigantic Mr. Stanford was being watched by the num-

bers of the Parkintons. What had come to the inner circle knew. Parkinton roared their themselves hoarse; Stanwigs roared theirs.

"What is it, Stanford?" Tucker asked just before the ball was put in play. "If this is in win," replied the Hercules, "I'm in paradise; if it is lost I'm in the other place."

"Then it's won, by thunder!"

"From the reopening of the game Stanford, who had during the first half attracted attention because of the uselessness of a man who might be infinitely useful, conveyed the eyes of all present. Scarcely had the game recommenced when he got possession of the ball, and, with a free arm and launching his ponderous body on another tackle, he got beyond the enemy's line and, like a mountain suddenly equipped with wings, flew to goal.

Again, when two wedges were ramming each other, Stanford by what seemed the effort of a Titan forced his way through the mass before him and with a few contortions riding himself of the clingers made a side run and another touchdown.

The yell that went up from the roosters of both sides was like a dozen thunderbolts.

And so the game went on. In half an hour the score, which had been 6 to 0 for the Stanwigs, stood 12 to 6 for the Parkintons. Stanford, who considered the game won, permitted his mind to drift upon the blessedness in store for him. One of the enemy, taking advantage of his inattention, passed the ball to another, who passed it to a third, and this man took it to goal.

"Wake up!" this man took it to goal. Stanford did wake up, and, since there were but eight minutes left, made the best use of them. As if to atone for her negligence, he swung himself about his enemies going down before him like pygmies. Finally, when time was called the game stood 14 to 10 in favor of the Parkintons.

To Hercules, instead of bearing the world on his shoulders, was borne on the shoulders of the world. Stanford was carried off the field by his comrades amid the confusion of a breaking in on the gridiron by a multitudinous of spectators.

Captain Tucker considered that could with propriety be done to show Miss Storm the appreciation of himself and his team for having saved the game. He had met with an icy reception on trespassing on her private affairs and had no mind to trespass again. He called a meeting of the team and asked for suggestions. The result of the deliberations was that the box involving Miss Storm received a home invalid with mother-of-pearl containing ten pounds of candy. Nothing to mark the donor accompanied it, but Miss Storm knew very well that it was the gift of the winning team.

"It often is,"

"I was in hopes when I married that I could give my wife everything she wanted."

"Well?"

"I didn't think her yearning capacity would be so much greater than my earning capacity."—Washington Herald.

"Gives Him No Chance.

"Were you quarreling with your wife when I came in? I heard you talking loud."

"No. When we're quarreling she's the one that talks."—Cleveland Leader.

Grief is crowned with consolation—Shakespeare.

Stuffed For Him.

M. Clarke's burlesque had asked for a night off, for the purpose, as he explained, of attending a ball in the village. The next day Mr. Clarke asked him how he had enjoyed himself.

"Oh, pretty good, sir, thank you," was the response, "it would have been better if it hadn't a-been for the woman. I can't abide women at a ball."—New York Press.

A SHREWD GIRL.

She Proved She Knew Where Power Was Best Placed.

By ELINOR STEWART CATON.

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There is a point on the Connecticut coast extending into Long Island sound called Sachem's Head, the name probably having been derived from some connection with the Indian chief formerly laid with the place. The shore is divided between rocks and beaches, backed by part low and part high or rather rolling ground. On the east side of the head, not far from the point, in the year 1800 stood the house of a farmer, John Cromwell.

One autumn day Cromwell was sitting on his porch smoking his pipe when he discovered on the sound a boat being rowed toward the shore. Today that region is full of boats of all kinds, but then they were a rarity. The farmer watched the cars alternately disappear and flash in the sunlight till the boat entered the little cove before his house and ran its nose up on the beach. Then a man jumped out, pulled it further up and advanced toward Cromwell.

The stranger was young and comely, but rather singularly dressed. His hat was big and pointed in the crown, his coat was short and flaring below, and his breeches and his shoes were ornamented with a large silver buckle, his hose were of dark silk, while his waist was encircled by a wide belt clasped with a wider buckle than either of the other two, and in it were several pistols of an eighteenth century pattern. In short, his appearance smack-

ed of piracy.

"Have I struck Sachem's Head?" asked the young man.

"That's what they call it," replied the farmer.

"The young man looked about him as if trying to get his bearings. Presently he spoke again:

"You wouldn't mind letting me stay with you awhile, would you? I can pay for my keep."

"I took French leave of a ship that I've been hunting for Sachem's Head. I'm mighty hungry. Can't you give me something to eat? And I don't like these clothes. Let me have one of your own suits."

The stranger thrust his hand down into his breast pocket and pulled out a handful of Spanish pieces of eight. The farmer cast an eager glance at the gold, went into the house, told his wife and daughter that a stranger needed a meal, then went upstairs to find him some clothes. When the young man had been fed and re clothed the farmer gave him a pipe, and they sat together on the porch for a smoke. Cromwell, being a Yankee, followed the comeliness of his race and began to question the stranger.

"Guess you've got a name, haven't you?"

"Edward Kent."

"Did you ship from the old country?"

"I did originally."

"And not in the vessel you deserted?"

"No."

"Ever been here before?"

"No."

"Then why did you try to find the place?"

"Oh, I've heard about it."

Cromwell kept up the pumping process for some time, but, not making any headway, finally gave it up. Kent agreed to pay a good price for board and gave several of the pieces of eight for the cost of suit of clothes he wore, so no objection was raised to his remaining.

The day after his arrival Ruth Cromwell, the farmer's daughter, looking out of a window, saw the stranger standing on the narrow strip of beach in front of the house. He held a bit of paper in his hand, which he would alternately consult and look at certain objects near by. The tide was out, exposing a considerable area of mud, and about a hundred yards from the beach a rock shaped like a sugar loaf was left completely bare. The stranger went down on the sand till he came to the mud, stopped, turned, sighted some object on the grounds in the rear of the house, then, facing about, walked to a pine tree that stood alone.

Arrived at the pine, he stooped and consulted the paper. He then cut a small branch, which he whittled to a point, then walked with even paces to a place where he stopped and, turning,

set out at a right angle to a rock partly hidden by a clump of bushes. Then, facing the house, he walked to a point midway between the rock he had left and the house and, stooping, forced the stick he had cut into the ground. Ruth noticed that when he walked he appeared to count his steps.

The girl's curiosity was excited. She was a retiring young woman and kept what she had seen not only from her father and mother, but refrained from asking Kent, as most girls would have done, what was the meaning of his strange walks. She preferred rather to wait and watch.

From the moment she had seen the handsome stranger in his singular but becoming costume she had been greatly attracted to him. Girls living where they seldom meet a man are liable to fall easily in love, and Edward Kent in education and refinement was far above any man she had ever met. It was not long before the young man conceived as strong a preference for her as she had conceived for him. The two rowed about sometimes in the boat he had come in; but, being a heavy ship's boat, they used it only in windy weather, at other times taking a common rowboat.

It was on these trips that Edward had loved to Ruth and she acknowledged her love for him. But he told her that their marriage depended upon a certain contingency. He said he had a scheme for making a large amount of money. If he succeeded there was no reason why they should not be married at any time; if not, then together and it might be better that they should remain together.

To this Ruth listened without comment, though when Edward asked her if she did not think it imprudent for them to marry with nothing to show for their money, she said that she was not to be troubled by his opinions.

It was not long after the stranger's arrival that he offered her the remaining pieces of eight if he would permit him to build a log hut on his premises. He said there were noises in the house at night that prevented his sleeping. Cromwell gladly gave his consent, and Kent chose a spot in the rear of the house and near the smokehouse. It was where he had put in the stick. Having made all arrangements, he cut down a lumber in the forest suited to his purpose and built his cabin. When he had finished it and put a cot and a chair in it—all the furniture he needed, he said—he took the Cromwell family into it to inspect it, then locked the door, and no one of them ever after had a peep inside of it till after he had abandoned it.

Several weeks passed when one day Kent took Ruth Cromwell that he had met with a great disappointment. He also explained the mystery that had troubled her since his arrival at Sachem's Head. "I am a young gentleman in England," he said. "A year ago I sailed from London to New York to take a position with a merchant there. On the voyage, when off Long Island, our ship was captured by pirates and every one except myself was forced to walk the plank. I pretended to a desire to follow a life of piracy and begged to be permitted to join the crew. As the captain was very ignorant of navigation and I had made a voyage for the purpose of studying it my offer was accepted. I spent months with the pirates while they intercepted Spanish ships carrying money between Mexico and Spain and afterward while they pillaged the coast east and south of New York.

"One of the crew, a better man than the rest, took a fancy to me and when he was wounded after a fight with an armed merchantman and at the point of death told me that he and some comrades had buried a large quantity of gold and precious stones they had plundered at Sachem's Head, on the Connecticut coast. He gave me this paper, on which are directions where to find the treasure." He read:

"Sachem's Head, Third beach east of point of rocks. Cove contains rock like sugar loaf. Apex just awash at high tide. Seventy paces west to pine tree standing alone. From pine fifty paces toward island to N. E. Turn at right angle, thirty paces to rock covered by brush. Face house, go twenty paces due east. Dig six feet."

A few days before I reached here the private ship sailed into the sound past Block Island, went westward looking for ships to capture as far as New Haven, but, hearing of a war vessel, went back. While passing her at night I let myself down into a boat, cut loose and rowed ashore. I knew I was near the place I wanted, but did not know how near. You know the rest, except the denouement.

"I built my cabin over the spot where I expected to find the treasure, then dug down, filling the crevice with the earth I took out. I was doomed to disappointment. I found no treasure. If we marry we shall be doomed to a life of poverty."

"I love you so well that I prefer a life of poverty with you to living without you," said Ruth.

"In that case I yield."

"Come with me."

She led him to the smokehouse, unlocked the door, opened it, and they entered. In the corner was a sailor's locker. Ruth opened it, and it was full of gold pieces and jewels. Edward looked at her in amazement.

"I saw your maneuvers," she said, "and suspected your object. I tunneled from the smokehouse and reached the treasure ahead of you. Since our marriage depended on it, I preferred that it should be mine."

Mrs. Kent always spoke of the fortune as "my property."

Where He Made His Money.

Years ago a gentleman settled in the south of England and became very popular in the neighborhood. The county families could never discover how he had made his money, but were satisfied by his solemn assurance that it was not in trade. Nothing could exceed the ordinary gravity of his demeanor, which indeed caused him to be placed on the commission of peace, but now and then, without any apparent provocation, he would burst into such a laugh as no one ever heard before except in one place. Where they could have heard it puzzled the county families for five and twenty years, but at last he was betrayed unconsciously by his own grandchild, who, after a visit to a traveling circus, innocently exclaimed, "Why—James Payn just like the clown!"—James Payn.

Her Conclusion.

"I've got my opinion of a woman that can't cook," growled William De Kikker, glaring at his cook's half.

"I suppose that if our cooker would get married I'd starve to death."

"You needn't worry about that, William," said Mrs. De K. gently. "Our cook has been married once, and I don't consider it at all likely that she would care to."

But her irate spouse had slammed the door behind him.—Cleveland Leader.

Good Schema.

"It's a shame," growled the friend of the restaurateur proprietor.

"What's a shame?" asked the restaurateur proprietor.

"Why, that you have to give that pretty waitress all the tough steaks for the patrons at her tables."

"Oh, I pay her extra for that. You see, she is so pretty not one man would kick if she stinks were so tough they pulled his teeth out."—Chicago News.

Different Now.

"Before we were married," sighed the fond wife, "you used to call me up by long distance telephone just as you used to, to hear my voice."

"Well," retorted the husband, "I suppose you won't let me get far nowadays you won't let me get far, nowdays you won't let me get far, nowdays you won't let me get far."—London Telegraph.

GIFT YACHT FOR KAISER.

Cannot Afford to Stay in Fashion of Small Sloop.

By F. A. MITCHEL.

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According to the Danzig press, a movement is on foot in Germany for the presentation to the kaiser of a new steam yacht on the occasion of the silver jubilee of his reign in 1918. The present imperial yacht Hohenzollern is aging fast and moreover does not belong to the kaiser. It is the property of the admiralty and is lent to the monarch in his capacity as supreme head of the navy. It is an open secret that the kaiser feels the need for his modern voyages of a more modern and more powerful type than the Hohenzollern, which no longer cuts a good figure beside those of other monarchs or the magnificent vessels in which American patrons of ocean sport cruise to attend the yacht meetings at Kiel and Cowes.

Like his subjects, the kaiser feels the pinch of high prices and the burden of his numerous offerings, who are now growing up and demanding settlements of their own. Consequently in spite of the increase recently of about half a million dollars in his civil list he cannot afford to buy a new yacht, while, on the other hand, the admiralty, which wants all its money for warships, cannot spare anything for ornamental craft.

Murder Revealed by a Dream.

Perhaps the most amazing crime mystery ever solved by a dream was that revealed by a murder trial a couple of generations ago. The dead body of Mr. Norway, an inoffensive Cornish gentleman, had been found by the roadside between Wadebridge and Bodmin, brutally murdered. No trace of the murderer could be found, and the mystery of the crime seemed beyond all solution, when Mr. Norway's brother, a naval officer, arrived in England and told the following singular story:

On the very night of his brother's murder, when he was on his ship in the West Indies, he saw him in a dream walking along the Bodmin road, when from a dark recess in the hedge two ruffians sprang out, slew and robbed him and then made their way to a house in Wadebridge, which he saw vividly in his dream. This house he conducted the police officers, and there he found the very two men whom in his vision he had seen committing the murder. They confessed and suffered the extreme penalty of the law.—Pearson's Weekly.

Horse Dentists.

In every large city there are now dentists who devote their entire attention to horses, and they are kept surprisingly busy the year round. The equine dentist is of course provided with special instruments for the extraction and filling of the teeth of animals needing attention. It is rather interesting to observe an operation in horse dentistry. One of the instruments, called a speculum, presents the appearance of an ivory handle and four small bars of nickel working on a ratchet and crossing one another in such a manner as to form a hollow square that can be made large or small by the turning of a screw. Setting this device to the proper size, the horse dentist will slip it gently into the suffering animal's mouth, which, during the operation, is kept partly open by a groom, and when the instrument is fitted upon, say, one of the back teeth the beast's mouth is kept open as wide as possible.—Harper's Weekly.

A Fast Express.

The slow train is still the target for the shafts of the humorist. Recently an English wag sent the following letter to the editor of his local paper: "Sir, is there no way to put a stop to begging along the line of the railway? For instance, yesterday an aged mendicant with a wooden leg kept pace with the afternoon express all the way from Blankton to Spaceley, and annoyed the passengers exceedingly, going from one open window to another with his impudent solicitations."

Prince Henry, the Navigator.

The kingdom of Portugal counted in its royal house one of the men who hold first rank in scientific attainment and practical application. He was the son of John I. of Portugal and Queen Philippa (who was an English princess); he spent his life in sending out ships on voyages of discovery, and it was through this Prince Henry, called "the Navigator," that Columbus got his idea of seeking for a new land across the sea.

Our Friendships.

Our friendships hurry to short and poor conclusions because we have made them a texture of wire and dreams instead of the tough fiber of the human heart. The laws of friendship are great, austere and eternal—of one web with the laws of morals and of nature.—Goethe.

Death Former Forger Sentenced.

As recently as 1837 forgery was punishable by death in England.

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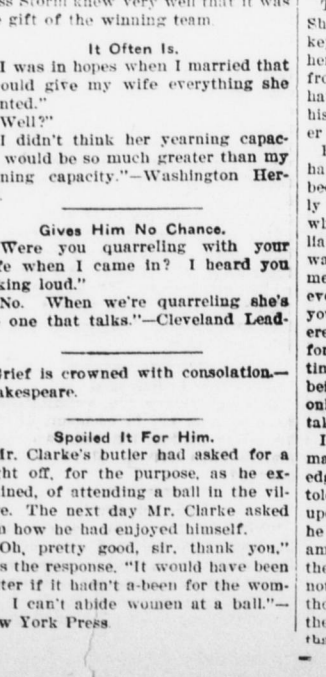
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