

Tobias Jarvey's Day of Rest

By E. LAWRENCE FERRY

The Count Tobias Francois Xavier de la Jarvis sat pondering in his scantily furnished room on the top floor of an old brick gabled building in the heart of what was once Greenwich village. From his chair at the dusty window giving on Commeter street he had noted the home-coming of more than one wage-earner, laden with bundles and fairly beaming with the spirit of the season.

In the dooryard of the house just below he had seen a young woman and her two children fairly mail an elderly couple—grandparents, of course—pulling them up the steps despite their complacent protestations. And he knew that the peculiar flat bundle which grandma carried so gingerly contained one or more pumpkin pies, and that the stout genial grand-sire's pockets were laden with all sorts of home-made goodies.

The count sighed. He walked to a bureau and took from the upper drawer a fragrant old briarwood and a pouch of tobacco. Laid and lighted the pipe and returned to the window, where he stood looking down the sidewalk, puffing thoughtfully. There was food for thought, for below him he could see the rhomboidal form of Mrs. Amariyllis James, industriously plying her broom to the lower step. Mrs. James was a good soul; the count had gained that knowledge from many a sidewalk conversation. And then, too, when he had mending to do, which variably detected before the fact had the quick eye of Mrs. James had occurred to him, she was ever ready with her needle, which, indeed, to the count's deep annoyance, was becoming more and more indispensable to his sartorial welfare.

Twice in the months he had known Mrs. James had he permitted himself the luxury of a visit in her comfortable apartments on the first floor, and each time upon making his departure the impression was strong that he had achieved a strategic retreat. There were clear suspicions as to the nature that he had made his escape, and indeed, upon receipt of his trousers the last time Mrs. James had patched them, she had indited a note so strong in veiled suggestion that the count was moved to reply in a manner which he trusted would achieve the result of protecting him from such epistolary attentions or intentions in the future, while at the same time retaining the services of her needle.

"Remember the aloofness of rank," he wrote. "Consider that the lilies of France are at heights remote. Look ahead, not upward, and behold, it is the arrow that pierces the bleeding heart, not a needle."

All of which we dare say may have been read by Mrs. James, according as she felt. Be that as it may, the Count Tobias de la Jarvis, which the siren of the lower floor had construed into Tobias Jarvey, was strongly moved by the holiday spirit, and when he weighed Mrs. James's invitation to "break bread" with her the following day, against the prospect of dining alone, and sparing perforce, at a Bleecker street table d'hote, the balance inclined strongly in favor of the hospital board of Amariyllis James, eating dice with fate though it might be.

As he stood immersed in thought there came a ray of assurance.

"After all," he murmured, "one has but to be a man, to arm himself with man's strength. It is but to know when to retreat that is the secret of all great soldiers' successes. Tiens! There was, she said, to be turkey, and of the sauce cranberry—and—and that the madame is talented as a cook there is little to doubt. Mais non! Am I a fly to enter a web? Eh, bien, if a fly am I it is of strength wings. So I go. * * * Non; not of your life upon, as the saying is. I dine at M. Gatin's."

Gatin's Bleecker street table d'hote at one o'clock the next afternoon was blue with tobacco smoke, and a cello and violin struggled bravely with a chanson de vin. There was laughter, and the popping of corks, and bursts of son. * * * But the count's favorite seat was vacant.

He was not there, in short, and in seeking him it is pleasant to turn from this scene of Gallic revelry to the simpler, quieter precincts where love, perchance, sits dreaming over a needle, where the silence is unbroken save by the soporific wheeze of the tea-kettle or the purring of a cat and the steady monotony of a rocking-chair's creak. The cat, indeed, purred in comfort and contentment; Amariyllis James purred in comfort and contentment. She was sewing with placid mien. She was piecing in the frayed ends of "Tobias Jarvey's" coatsleeves—she murmured the name repeatedly to herself—piecing in the end of the sleeves with pieces of silesia.

Nearby in an rmechair sat the count himself, smoking and gazing vacantly into the stove. He was comfortable, too—and contented. His pipe was drawing well, and the savory odors of turkey and cranberries and potatoes and turnips and pumpkin pies blended in one great, sweet suggestion of gastronomic felicities to come, doubly impressive, inasmuch as the count had not dined over well for several days.

To replace the coat in process of construction, Mrs. James had loaned him a garment from the wardrobe of the late lamented John James, who had married her just in time to bestow upon her the benefits of a pos-

sion which a grateful government had awarded in recognition of rheumatism incurred many years after the inter-felice unpleasantness had ceased. Then, too, as the good woman enjoyed as a seamstress not a little vogue among those of the neighborhood who went in for such luxuries as dress-makers, she considered herself eminently eligible for the band of the most exalted noble in France. She had read of such things. Romance, which is to say novels of tender import, was a weakness—and she wrote poetry. It may be gathered that her warrior husband, honest, plodding John James, had quite failed of filling a generous emotional void.

The olfactory hints of the dinner all prepared and ready for serving tempted the count's quivering nostrils until nothing but his innate gallantry prevented him from suggesting that the hour for dinner was waning. He became restive. Nevertheless it would all come in good time, and he had planned his campaign; he would eat, and then under plea of the five o'clock engagement, he would make his adieux. But the hostess still sat placid, sewing.

Finally the count shifted his feet. "It will be time for the serving of dinner before the serving of the viands has been ruined by delays, which I mean to say—ahem—is that my appreciation of your cuisine engages but impatiently in the combat, my dear madame, with the patience of your hospitality."

Mrs. James thrust her needle in the emery bag, and gazed at him, a blush mantling her expansive cheeks from out of which, as though seeking escape, rose the snub end of a short nose.

"How well, how very well that coat of poor John's fits you. To—Mr. Tobias."

"Jarvis—Jarvis, my dear madame," corrected the old gentleman. "You forget I fear that it is not Tobias, but Jarvis, M. Jarvis."

"M. Jarvey," said Mrs. James. "Dear me! I was thinking that that coat fitted you as well as it fitted poor John. It were as the mantle of Elijah had descended upon your shoulders. Do you know, Mr. Jarvey, I think it fits you even better than it did John. Poor John, he looked so distinguished in it! And you! Tob—"

The count moved uneasily. The deft grace with which she had evaded consideration of the tardy dinner, and skipped to more personal matters, frightened him. He half rose in his chair.

"Is it that the garment overcomes you with afflicted emotions? I am most sorry, I shall take it off, maybe," he said moving as though to carry out his suggestion.

"No, no. Set down; remain seated, Count Toby—Tobias, I mean. I have felt so happy to see you setting there—just like John. You would seem to fill his place so admirably." Mrs. James had ceased plying her needle and was looking at the count over her eyeglasses.

When a fish is jerked out of the water in a net and landed on the ground it flounders about wildly and blindly in an instinctive search for its natural element. The count's plight may be likened to the piscatorial dilemma above described. He was versed in the subtler ways of life. He could turn the edge of an innuendo with graceful nonchalance and he could launch one with equal insouciance. The batting of an eye the shrug of a shoulder sometimes meant whole sentences, whole stories. But the blunt, direct ways of the American diplomacy as exemplified by Mrs. James left the count no tactical loophole. Then, too, he had ever before him the blended aroma of that waiting feast.

He exclaimed at length, "I fill M. Ja—I seem to fill M. James's place. It is quite impossible madame. Much as I love—"

"Ah, Tobias," interrupted Mrs. James with rising inflection. "you was sayin'—"

"What, indeed," replied Jarvis, "other than that I love to feel, madame, that I suggest to you reverend memories—make them real—non; that is as one might say unreal, and—and—"

"Have you ever felt that you have wasted the best years of your life without the companionship of some true and loving helpmeet? You should have made some woman happy long ago Tob—Mr. Jarvey I mean."

"I had a friend who was married," said the count gravely, as though the fact were of moment sufficiently unusual to warrant puckering up the lips and raising of the eyebrows.

"Married!" exclaimed Mrs. James, excited and pleased, and eager to assist the count in what seemed to be a somewhat diddient lead to a vital question.

"Yes," continued Jarvis, "he had a life. She was the Duchess de la Poin-Martel, a very nice woman. But she had the one fault—she talked too much—"

"Yes, certainly, she talked too much," said Mrs. James breathlessly. "Well, well, then what happened?"

"Nothing. Oh, nothing at all, I am assured." Silence. The "tothsome" odors were growing as palpable as the waiting dinner itself. They assailed Jarvis as with bludgeons.

away from him, and he thought of retreat. Retreat? But no, that was impossible; for his stomach now felt as empty as a gourd. He sat there blinking, wordless, helpless.

Mrs. James smiled, and drew from her reticulate a roll of paper tied with pink ribbons, flashing upon the count a coy glance.

"If I thought you could appreciate this poem, Mr. Jarvey?"

The count, feeling that the coup d'etat was at hand and yet grasping at straws, hastened to reassure her. "Well," she said, with muchunction, "of course you know printemps is French for Springtime." Whereupon the count having nodded agreement within her interpretation she began:

My heart 'tis light with oy bedight, At Printemps in Patee.

"Ah, Springtime in Paris," observed the count. "But you were never there?"

"No, this is a poem of fancy. A poetess does not need to be in a place to write about it."

"Most certainly not," agreed Jarvis. "I should say not at all. Ah, Springtime in the Bois. It is beauceous! Is that all?"

"Ah, no, there are more, I read." And she read while the count twisted his legs in the rungs of his chair.

Love changeth not, but stays in one spot, At Printemps in Patee.

The count groaned inwardly, but raised his eyebrows as though in artistic appreciation.

But, ah, my dove, declare your love At printemps in Patee.

Mrs. James glanced at Jarvis, and then glanced at the roll and pursed her lips. Warmer verses were coming. Yes, but not if the count could help it. He arose hastily. Retreat was the all-absorbing consideration.

The dinner and its odors had become merely as prison bars when compared to the thoughts of liberty. Liberty, the free air of the sidewalk. His mind worked under high pressure. Ah!

"Tush," he exclaimed, peering into his pipe bowl. "My tobacco has vanished into smoke. I must go to my room for more. If you'll be so good as to excuse me—"

"Set right still, Mr. Jarvey. Don't stir. I shall get you some of John's tobacco. I've saved it for many years. Set right still," and the good woman nestled in her cupboard, returning with a great buckskin pouch, which she handed to him lingeringly.

The count at loss for further expedient arose with a faint bow, accepted the proffered tobacco, and after filling his pipe, struck a match. It did not draw, and the glimmering of a new hope smote the Frenchman's dulled senses. Mrs. James, however, anticipated him.

"Oh, of course, you poor man, the pipe does not work. John's pipe—" and once more she turned to the cupboard. "John always—" But Jarvis never heard the last sentence. The instant her back was turned he threw his hunger and his gallantry to the winds, and stood not upon the order of his going. Like a frightened crane he flapped to the door, and in a second was out in the hall. Then out to the sidewalk he flew like one possessed, and never stopped until he gained the corner.

Need it be said that the count's frightened glance behind was entirely unnecessary? If so, justice has not been done Amariyllis James. The thought of pursuit never occurred to her. With a grunt of rage and compressed lips she sat down and penned the following note, pinned it to the coat, and then marched upstairs and flung the garment against the count's door:

"The last straw has been broken. Out of my sight forever."

The Storm Cured Her. For twenty-two years a woman of Utica, N. Y., had been paralyzed, unable to leave her room. One night, when she happened to be alone in the house, a fierce storm broke. The poor woman was terrified by the thunder and the blinding glare of the lightning. With an effort of which no one had believed her capable she struggled from her bed and to the house of a neighbor. Barely had she reached safety when the place she had just left was struck by lightning. The room in which she had lived so long was rent in two and everything in it was burned or smashed. Power of locomotion had been restored to the cripple just in time to save her life.

Isle of Man Oath. The judicial oath in the Isle of Man is so quaint as to deserve printing. It runs thus: "By this book and the holy contents thereof, and by the wonderful works that God hath miraculously wrought in heaven above and in the earth beneath in six days and seven nights, I do swear that I will, without respect of favor or friendship, love or gain, consanguinity or affinity, envy or malice, execute the laws of this Isle justly between our sovereign lord the King and his subjects within this Isle, betwixt party and party, as indifferently as the herring's backbone doth lie in the midst of the fish."

Settled. An old woman, on being examined before a magistrate as to her place of legal settlement, was asked what reason she had for supposing her husband had a legal settlement in that town.

The old lady said: "He was born and married there, and they buried him there, and if that isn't settling there, what is?"

ROBNETTON STAND

Surgeon Testifies In Own Behalf at Court Martial.

MISS HESLER IS HIS FIANCEE.

Young Officer Declares He Acted as Girl's Champion In the Part He Took Against Dr. Cowles at Naval Dance.

Boston, Feb. 8.—Surgeon Ansly H. Robnett, on trial before a court martial here on the charge of having abetted Paymaster Auld in the attack upon Dr. Edward S. Cowles at a navy yard ball, took the stand in his own defense.

He caused surprise by declaring that he had been engaged since last November to marry Miss Dorothy Hessler, the taking of whose photograph by Dr. Cowles was the cause of the fracas. Dr. Robnett admitted that he used insulting epithets to Dr. Cowles over the phone in regard to the latter's retention of the photograph, but said he felt justified in doing so as the accepted suitor for Miss Hessler's hand in marriage.

"When did you call Dr. Cowles on the telephone?" he was asked.

"Dec. 12. When I called somebody asked, 'Who is it?' I asked to talk to Dr. Cowles. He answered, and I said to him, 'Have you received a letter from Miss Hessler asking you to return her photograph?'"

"I have," he said. "Have you received a telephone message to do so?" I continued. He replied: "I do not con-



DR. ANSLY H. ROBNETT.

sider it any of your business. It is something between Miss Hessler and myself. I said Miss Hessler wants that picture returned, and it will be better for you to return it by the next mail, and I have no doubt it will save you trouble."

"Dr. Cowles replied: 'I will not discuss that question with you over the telephone. You can come to my house. You know where it is.' I answered: 'I know the number as given in the telephone books, but not where you live. I will meet you anywhere you say.' Cowles then said to me, 'You are a d— coward.' My reply to this was, 'You are a —'."

Major Leonard then asked: "Dr. Robnett, what is your relation to Miss Hessler?"

"I am her fiancee."

"Did you consider it your duty to protect her?"

"I did then, and I do now."

Miss Dorothy Hessler next took the stand. Smartly gowned in a new frock, she was entirely self possessed and answered the questions put to her with composure.

"Did you ever talk with Dr. Robnett about Dr. Edward S. Cowles' attentions to yourself?" she was asked.

"I have," she replied.

"What is your relation to Dr. Robnett?"

"Dr. Robnett is my fiancee," said Miss Hessler.

"Is there any male member of your family to whom you can appeal in case of necessity?"

"There is none."

"Is Dr. Robnett the only man to whom you could appeal in a case like this?"

"He is."

"Did you inform the servants at your house to always say when Dr. Cowles called you up that you were out?"

"Yes."

"Miss Hessler, can you tell the court about the proposed meeting in Sullivan square between Dr. Cowles and yourself? What inducements did he offer you to meet him?"

"He offered candy and flowers."

"Did you give your consent to Dr. Cowles when he took your photograph?"

"I did not."

A Coomerang. At a small country boarding-house sort "down in ole Virginia," this past summer, the girls decided to give a dance in the town hall on the mutual benefit plan, so to speak. Half of the expenses of the hall, music and refreshments, it was planned, should be borne by them and the other half by the men. The fair chairman of the refreshment committee, in exhorting the prospective dancers to make no mistake in the details agreed upon, wrote:

"The girls will furnish the sugar and the men will bring the lemons."

Abraham Lincoln

By William H. Taft

(Quoted from Cosmopolitan Magazine)

It seems to me, as I study the life of Lincoln, that in his development and the position to which he attained there is more inspiration for heroism and usefulness to the country than in the life of any other man in history. He had his weaknesses, like others. His education was faulty. But by a certain sort of intellectual discipline, by self-education, he clarified his methods of thought and expression so that he was able to meet every problem presented by a solution as simple as it was effective. The responsibility which he had to assume when he came to the Presidency was awful to contemplate, and the proverbial sadness of his features it is easy



LINCOLN—1865.

to understand. The criticism and abuse to which he was subjected in the crises of the Civil War one is ashamed to review as a matter of history. And yet it is of the utmost value in the encouragement of others that they may not be borne down by the weight of hostile and persistent criticism.

Mr. Lincoln's biographer and partner, Judge Herndon, raises a question as to whether love made up a part of Lincoln's nature. He suggests that his consideration and charity resulted rather from his sense of justice. I don't know that such a discussion is profitable. Certain it is that we have never had in public life a man whose sense of duty was stronger, whose bearing toward those with whom he came in contact, whether his friends or political opponents, was characterized by a greater sense of fairness. And we have never had in public life a man who took upon himself uncompromisingly the woes of the nation and suffered in his soul from the weight of them as he did, nor in all our history a man who had such a mixture of far-sightedness, of understanding of the people, of common sense, of high sense of duty, of power, of inexorable logic, and of confidence in the goodness of God in working out a righteous result as had this great product of the soil of our country.

One cannot read of Abraham Lincoln without loving him. One cannot think of his struggles, of his life and its tragic end, without weeping. One cannot study his efforts, his conscience, his heroism, his patriotism, and the burdens of bitter attack and calumny under which he suffered, and think of the place he now occupies in the history of this country, without a moral inspiration of the most stirring and intense character.

Mary Todd Set Her Cap for Lincoln.

Mr. Lincoln used to take great delight in telling how he gained a wife by his ugly looks. Here is another story telling how he gained his wife. Mrs. Lincoln was a beautiful woman, attractive, sharp, witty and relished a joke even at her own expense. She was staying with her sister, Mrs. Edwards. She had not been there long before everybody knew Miss Mary Todd. She often said: "When a girl I thought I would not marry until I could get one of the handsomest men in the country, but since I became a woman I learned I can't get such a man, which has caused me to change my mind. I have concluded now to marry the ugliest-looking man I can find."

Later on, Lincoln came to town. She had never seen him before she met him on the street. She was told who he was, and went home and told her sister she had seen her man, "the ugliest man I ever saw—Abraham Lincoln—and I am going to set my cap for him." That became a common saying in street gossip.

When they were married, instead of taking a bridal trip, they went to the Globe Hotel. They took board at \$4 a week. When he got able he bought a lot for \$200, and built a four room house costing less than \$1,000. When he received \$5,000 from his great railroad case he spent \$1,500 of it in putting a second story on his house, and there he lived until he went to Washington.



Log Cabin in Which Lincoln was Born.

Some people will do almost anything to save trouble, while others are equally anxious to get rid of it.

Gardening by Lantern Light. "I have seen people use every moment of time to good advantage and those who could run a hobby to death, but I never saw a garden being planted by lantern light before," said the girl who lives in the suburbs. "We were on our way to choir practice Friday evening about 8:30 when we saw a man who we thought at first was seeking buried treasures, so stealthily did he move about with lantern hanging close to the ground. As we approached, however, we discovered that he was very busy putting in seed for the summer vegetables, and when we returned, a couple of hours later, he was just finishing up for the night."

The Bad Fellows. As bad as "the man who parts with you with a 'stone,'" twice as bad as the geek who shakes your hand and says, "Bye-bye, old man, don't take any wooden money," is the Brom de who greets you with a hand like a ham, and glibly ejaculates "Howdy do; looks like the good old summer time, huh?"—Buffalo News

Correcting Bad Habits Won't Do

To cure a torpid and inactive liver, more is required than the mere correction of bad habits. You change your diet, reform your manners of living, but unless you assist Nature your efforts won't be a success. When the liver and bowels are acting improperly, something must be done to put them in condition again. There is lack of tone in the liver action as well as in the bowels. You feel depressed and unfitted for work, endurance and responsibility. Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills impart tone to a tired liver, give the push-from-behind strength to torpid muscles. They stimulate the circulation, and make the liver active and the bowels regular. We have thousands of letters telling of the wonderful results of using these pills. Here are a few words from one of our correspondents:—

"Mrs. M. F. ARNOLD, of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., writes:—'Your pills are the best on earth. Several of my friends are taking them.' Physicians use and recommend. They form no habit. You should always keep them on hand. These Little Vegetable Pills will ward off many ills."

To Cure Constipation, Biliousness and Sick Headache in a Night, use



60 Pills in Glass Vial 25c.—All Dealers.

SMITH'S For Sick Kidneys
BUCHU Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, the one best remedy. Reliable, endorsed by leading physicians. Safe, effective. Results lasting.
LITHIA On the market 15 years. Have cured thousands. 100 pills in original glass package, 50 cents. Trial course, 25 pills, 25 cents. All druggists sell and recommend.

THE D. & H. SUMMER-HOTEL AND BOARDING HOUSE DIRECTORY.

The Delaware & Hudson Co. is now collating information for the 1910 edition of "A Summer Paradise," the D. & H. summer-hotel and boarding-house directory that has done so much to advertise and develop the resorts in this section. It offers opportunity for every summer hotel or boarding house proprietor to advertise his place by representation in this book. The information desired is, as follows: Name of house; P. O. Address; Name of Manager; Altitude; Nearest D. & H. R. R. station; Distance from station; how reached from station; Capacity of house; Terms per week and per day; Date of opening and closing house; what modern improvements; Sports and other entertainments. This information should be sent at once to Mr. A. A. Heard, General Passenger Agent, Albany, N. Y. Blanks may be obtained from the nearest ticket agent, if desired. No charge is made for a card notice; a pictorial advertisement will cost \$15.00 for a full-page or \$7.50 a half-page. Our hotel people should get busy at once and take advantage of this. Don't make the mistake of thinking that your house will be represented because it was in last year, but make sure that you receive the benefit of this offer by forwarding the needed information without delay. Owners of cottages to rent are also given the same rates for pictorial advertisements, but, for a card notice, a minimum charge of \$3.00 will be made.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF ERIE TRAINS.

Trains leave at 8:25 a. m. and 2:48 p. m.
Sundays at 2:48 p. m.
Trains arrive at 1:40 and 8:08 p. m.
Saturdays, arrives at 3:45 and leaves at 7:10.
Sundays at 7:02 p. m.

Railway Mail Clerks Wanted.

The Government Pays Railway Mail Clerks \$600 to \$1,200, and other employees up to \$2,500 annually.

Uncle Sam will hold spring examinations throughout the country for Railway Mail Clerks, Custom House Clerks, Stenographers, Bookkeepers, Departmental Clerks and other Government Positions. Thousands of appointments will be made. Any man or woman over 18, in City or Country can get instruction and free information by writing at once to the Bureau of Instruction, 565 Hamilton Building, Rochester, N. Y. 10201y