MRS. GALLUP MOURNS

A SIGN WARNS HER THAT HER TIME HAS ABOUT COME.

Retween Sohs She Has a Little one Sided Talk With Her Devoted flushand About the House and the Things That Are in It.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.] When supper had been concluded, Mr. Gallup sat down to read a pamphlet descriptive of the Wiggins washing machine, and Mrs. Gallup flung a shawl over her head and rat over to a neighbor's to give warning that the chleken pox had broken out in a town only ten miles away and would probably sweep the whole country before it could be staid. It was hardly a quarter of an hour before she returned, and her first action was to pitch forward on the lounge and roll over three times before she got settled down into a comfortable position to do some weeping. Her conduct ought to have attracted immediate attention, but it didn't. Mr. Gallup was reading a declaration from the sole inventor and proprietor that the Wiggins washing machine had sav-



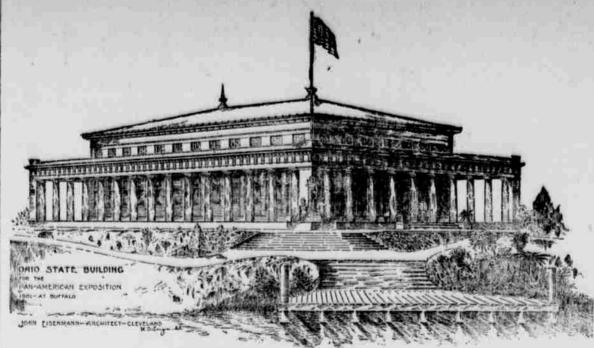
'SHE BUST INTO TEARS.'

ed the public 1,000,000 pounds of soap in the last year, and the family clock might have stopped without his taking notice of it. When about 50 sobs and sighs and groans had failed to arouse him, Mrs. Gallup sat up and said:

"Samuel, you know I went over to see Mrs. Taylor. As she has 'leven children and is allus willin to lend me her flatirons, I thought it only right to tell her that the whole 'leven might be taken down with chicken pox any min-I hadn't hardly got my mouth open before she bust into tears and put her arm around me. She wasn't cryin on account of the chicken pox, but on my account. I had bad news for her, but she had badder for me. Don't you want to know what it was?"

Mr. Gallup didn't. He was reading a testimonial from the wife of a governor that the Wiggins washer had brought joy to her household when everything else had failed, and he was deaf to the outside world. Mrs. Gallup waited a reasonable time for a reply and then said:

"The news she had to tell me, Samuel, was that I had but three days to live. If I hadn't gone over there she would have come over here, as she thought I ought to be makin ready. That's Mrs. Taylor all over. She's allus doin sunthin for other folks. You must remember when Saray Ann Spooner died? And you remember when Uncle Goodrich was hooked to death by a cow? Waal, Mrs. Taylor had warnin three days ahead that both of 'em was to perish. Her clock suddenly stopped with a whir-r-r. and both hands p'inted in a certain direction. At 5 o'clock this afternoon the clock stopped ag'in and the hands p'inted right toward our house. That meant me. In three days from now I'll be sailin around among the clouds." Mr. Gallup didn't dispute it. He was reading that the Wiggins washer would do the work of ten women at the washboard, and he was giving the inventor credit for being a bigger man than P. T. Barnum or Dan Rice. "I'm glad it's come, Samuel." continued Mrs. Gallup in more cheerful "You know I hev bin expectin tones. to die any minit for the last 25 years, and it has kinder kept me up-You'll be glad, too, because you don't like the smell of camphor and mustard plasters around. You may feel a little lonesome for two or three days after I'm gone, but with playin checkers, goin to the debatin society and lookin around for a second wife you'll soon chirk up and git your appetite back. I ain't goin to ask you who you shall take for your second wife, but before I go I want to talk with you about the house. Will you talk with me, Samuel?"



Ohio State Building-Pan-American Exposition.

larslips too. Down cellar you'll find half a barrel of soft sonp, two jars of peach pickles and six gallons of apple butter. I hope your second wife will be as careful of 'em as I hev bin. Many a time I hey wanted a peach pickle in the middle of the afternoon. but I wouldn't go down arter it and be a pig. Did I tell you about the cider vinegar, Samuel?"

Mr. Gallup was holding his breath over the statement that the Wiggins washer washed a shirt for the governor of Arizona in 13 seconds, and of course he didn't answer. "The cider vinegar ain't no good,

Samuel. It didn't work, and you might as well throw it away. Before you marry ag'in you ought to fix the leak in the roof, git a new pump for the well, whitewash the kitchen and buy a new mop handle. First wives can git along most any way and make one mop fast for 20 years, but second wives begin to kick right away. I ain't tellin you these things because I'm jealous, Samuel, but because it's my duty as a dyin wife. I don't want you to hev to go huntin the house all over after I'm gone to find things. Remember, your dyin wife, who hain't asked you to buy her a hairpin for 17 years, tells you that you've got three shirts, four pairs of socks, five collars and two handkerchiefs in the bureau, and hangin up in the clothespress is two old suits and one old hat. In the top drawer of the bureau you'll find a piece of crape for your hat, and in the bottom drawer is some farewell verses I writ out a year ago. I don't owe none of the nayburs no tea or coffee or sugar, and hone of em owes me anything. Now, that's all, and if you want to kiss me and say you're sorry I've got to go and hope I'll watch over you, why, then I'm rendy."

She looked full at Mr. Gallup for the first time. His eyes were still glued to that pamphlet. It was stated that the Wiggins washer was so constructed that it could be attached to a potato slicer or an apple parer and no reader's interest could help but grow.

Mrs. Gallup walted 60 seconds for an answer, and then as none came she softly rose up and went out into the kitchen and began to get things ready for breakfast. She had been gone ten minutes when Mr. Gallup smiled. He didn't smile because he heard hor singing a verse of "The Old Oaken Bucket," but because Mr. Wiggins finished his pamphlet with the declaration that no matter who wrote the poetry of America, he proposed to wash the shirts of the nation. M. QUAD.

TURN ON YOUR BACK.

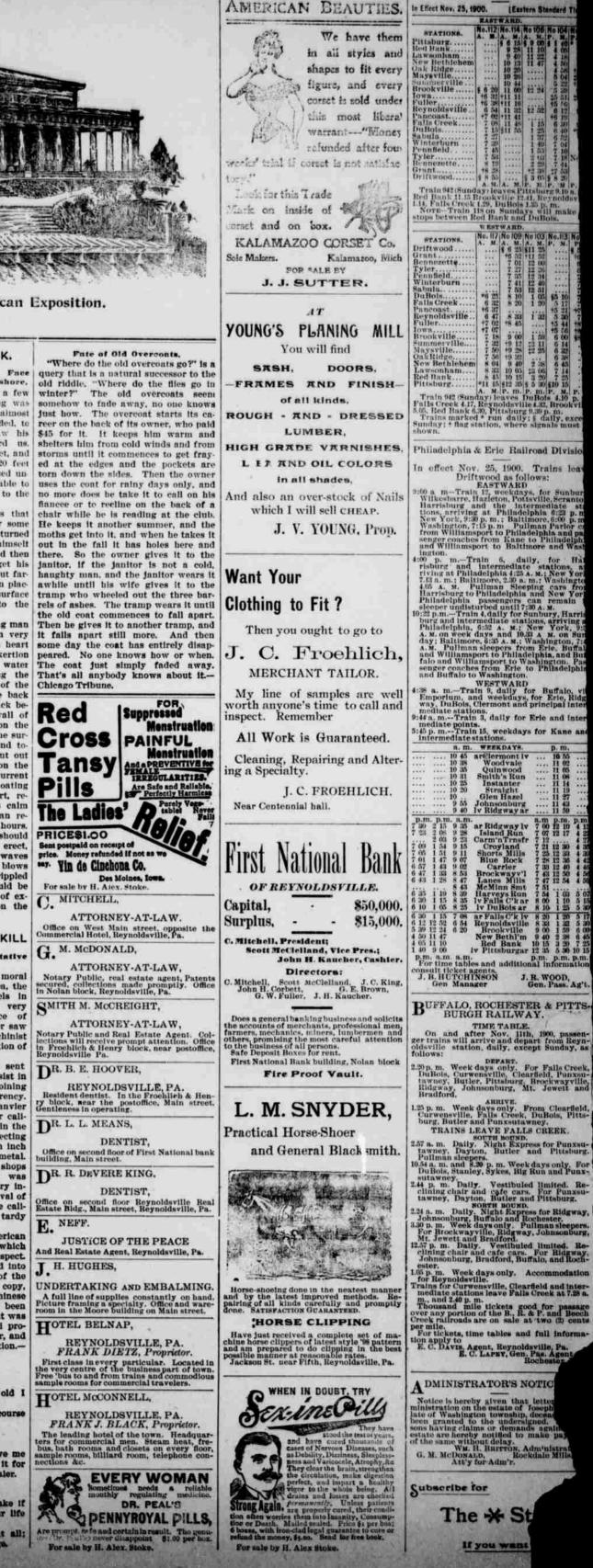
When Exhausted Swimming, Face Upward and You Will Drift Ashore, A guest at my summer place a few miles from Pablo while bathing was carried out to sea, and when almost out of sight and all hope had fled, to our surprise, we suddenly saw his body impelled forcibly toward us. Then we saw it recede a few feet, and then again, as it were, shoot 20 feet toward the shore. This continued until my son and myself, at last able to reach him, bore him insensible to the beach.

After recovery his story was that after losing all hope, guided by some mysterious impulse, he had turned upon his back, when he felt himself carried rapidly forward. He had then turned over upon his face to get his bearings, when he was carried out farther from the land, and on again placing himself upon his back the surface waves brought him rapidly to the shore, a rescued man.

It is an error that the drowning man is attacked by cramp except in very cold weather. He drowns from heart failure, induced by the violent exertion and the upward pressure of the water upon the abdomen diminishing the space and impeding the action of the heart. By turning over on the back this pressure is removed, the back be-ing almost entirely a strong wall of bone and muscle; also when on the back the entire body is nearer the surface, and the surface waves tend to-ward the shore, the undercurrent out to sea, even the legs when upon the back being less exposed to the current that tends toward the sea. By floating gently upon the back the heart, re-lleved of its pressure, becomes calm and quiet, and the swimmer can regain his strength and float for hours The bather whose heart is weak should always present, when standing erect, the right side of the body to the waves and thus avoid the Sullivanlike blows of the incoming waves upon a crippled heart. In every bathhouse should be posted the injunction, "In case of ex-haustion or accident turn upon the back."-Jacksonville Metropolis.

CHINESE MECHANICAL SKILL

Fate of Old Overconts. Suppressed



PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD. HUPFALO & ALLEGHANY VALE DIVISION.

Low Grade Division.

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FCCORSETS

MAKE

Mr. Gallup refused to commit himself. That Wiggins washer was being sold for \$10 when other and inferior machines were foisted on the public at \$15, and he was saying to himself that Wiggins ought to have the gratitude of the nation. Mrs. Gallup shed seven or light tears, caught a sob between her teeth and went op:

"In the first place, the oven door to the stove needs a new hinge. It got broke seven years ago, but I have got mlong with it so as to save expense. Then the snout is broke off our two quart pitcher, and the handle is off the gallon jug. If I was goin to stay right along on earth, I shouldn't tell that we ought to hev a new set of teaspoons or that there are three holes in the dishpan, but I'm goin fur, fur away, and your second wife won't put up with things as I hev. We are still pin on the same feather bed mother gave me when we was married, and the feathers ought to hey new lickin. If I was to live on, I could make the old sheets do fur a year more; but. as it is, I guess you'll bev to buy at least two. You ought to hev some pilTrying to Keep Out.

A sick man who was really near to death could not resist the temptation to have a little fun with his spiritual ad-He bad a lingering malady, but viser. his days were certainly numbered by a few weeks at the most. He had not been known as a man of strong rellglous convictions, and yet there was little if anything which could be said against him. It was one of those dellcate cases in which it is hard for the minister to do anything. Some one suggested to Rev. Paul Weyand, then stationed at Morningside, that he make a call upon the patient.

Going to the house, he found the man propped up in bed to relieve a smothering sensation. The sick man could scarcely talk above a whisper, and Rev. Mr. Weyand began to make subtle inquiries about his spiritual welfare. The invalid's answers were all noncommittal and evasive, and finally in despair the pastor asked:

"Do you really want to go to heaven, Mr. Blank?"

"Do I want to go to heaven?" repeat ed the dying man in a hoarse whisper. "Why, that's the place I've been fighting so hard to keep out of for the last two years!"-Pittsburg News.

Met on a Screen.

One of the happlest uses served by that wonderful and many named invention, the moving picture machine, ppears in a story told in the London Music Hall.

A party of gentlemen were watch ing the pictures when in one of the South African scenes they recognized an officer friend. The wife of the officer, on being told of this, wrote to the manager and asked that this plethe manager and asked that this pic-ture might be put on on a certain evening when she would purposely journey from Glasgow. She had not seen her husband for over a year, but at last observed him in a group—on the screen of a cine-matograph.

A Wonderful Example of Imitative Excellence.

Whatever may be his lack of moral perception and originality of idea, the heathen Chinee certainly excels in imitative power, and is often very much alive to the excellence of mechanical devices that he never saw before. In The American Machinist Oberlin Smith affords an illustration of this fact.

Some years ago Mr. Smith sent Henry A. Janvier to China to assist in the erection and operation of coining plants for brass and silver currency. One of the tools which Mr. Janvier took with him was a micrometer caliper, made by a well known firm in the United States, and capable of detecting differences of a thousandth of an inch in the thickness of a piece of metal. The superintendent of one of the shops which Mr. Janvier established was named Wal, and he proved a very intelligent fellow. During an interval of about six weeks he borrowed the caliper almost daily, and was rather tardy in returning it.

Finally he exhibited to the American a reproduction of the instrument which was perfect except in one respect. Certain tables of figures stamped into the steel by the Yankee maker of the original were omitted from the copy, and in their place were several Chinese characters. The imitation had been made with the rudest of tools, but was a marvel of accuracy. Mr. Wai pro-posed an exchange to Mr. Janvier, and the latter agreed to the proposition .-New York Tribune.

Too Strong a Temptation. "Yes. George asked me how old would be on my next birthday." "The impudent fellow! Of course you said 197" "No; 1 said 26."

"Mercy, girl, you ain't but 24!" "No, but George is going to give me a cluster ring with a diamond in it for every year."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

First Need.

"What ten books would you take if you had to pass the rest of your life on a descriminand?"

"Oh, 1 wouldn't take books at all; I'd take things to est."-Exchange.