

A TANTRUM

WILLIAM BROWN

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There had been no rain on Dancing Branch for nearly two months.

Capt. Twitchell was greatly concerned about his corn and also his cotton. The corn would not ear well nor the cotton make good bolls, unless water were forthcoming in some shape before many days. He was likewise at this time greatly troubled about his only daughter. He had known which of his worries was the greater. Yet there was a difference. He knew just then of no way by which he could control Jupiter Pluvius, yet he could—or thought he could—control his daughter, Nisby. Nisby, it may be said, was the local interpretation of Sophonisba.



LOOK A SAGE SURVEY OF THE HEAVENS.

down there and see what that fool is up to, anyhow."

So the captain disappeared, but did not return. Mrs. Twitchell, feeling likewise the itch of an unsatisfied desire, finally grew ungovernably restless.

"Dear suzz!" she complained. "What can be a-keepin' the captain so? In general, he never stays out later than eight o'clock. Put on your bonnet and shawl, Nisby, and we'll just step down there and fetch your paw back."

The girl obeyed and the two hurried toward the bottom. On the way Nisby complained that her head was hurting awfully. She had invented a prudent headache previously. She was allowed to return on condition of her going immediately to bed. Sundry blue and red flashes through the cracks in the barn completely conquered the old lady. She determined to witness Drydapper's combat with nature if she sat up all night.

This she did; while, unconscious of the vicinity of his wife, the captain watched and nodded at a little distance amid the crowd. The hours passed slowly, yet the people remained.

The professor had forbidden lights or fires, as being inimical to his success. The captain and his wife stayed on, however, risking rheumatism, and wetting their tempers with delay.

When morning at last peeped over the eastern hills upon this sleepy and peevish audience, there was neither any sign of rain in the sky nor life inside the barn.

"I said he was a humbug," exclaimed the captain, as he wrathfully burst open the barn doors.

The crowd poured in, to find only the mule and wagon. Inside the last were some empty boxes. But there was no Drydapper and likewise no negro.

"I believe that's Bras Newman's mule and wagon," said one man from over about Three Forks.

"Bras is own cousin to John Henry," thought the captain, growing suspicious at once. "Hello, old woman!" he added, noticing his wife at last.

"Where's Nisby?"

But the old lady was making double-quick tracks for the house. The captain followed. A couple met them smilingly at the door. It was Sophonisba and John Henry.

"Nisby Twitchell!" cried the mother. "If you don't—"

"Egscuse me, marm," interrupted John Henry. "Sophonisba Padgett is her name now. Parson Green, he married us 'long about three hour and a half ago."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Twitchell, but she was too overcome to say more just then.

"Swindled out'n rain and daughter, too," groaned the captain, while the neighbors behind him began to grin and chuckle.

"Well," argued John Henry, "you fo'ced me to study up some plan to get Nisby, so I got Cousin Bras and his hired nigger man to fix up like Bras was Drydapper; the scheme took better'n I expected, owin' to the drought. I had ever'thing ready, so while you alls was down to the barn, me and Nisby, we slipped off'n got married."

"Foolled!" grumbled the captain, sitting down and looking about disconsolately.

"Never mind, paw," said Nisby encouragingly. "The real, all-wool Drydapper is coming to-morrow. Let's go in to breakfast. Gettin' married is hard work, and I'm honny, too."

So matters were gradually smoothed out, and when the genuine Drydapper did finally arrive he brought a veritable cloudburst in his wake. Dancing Branch bottoms were overflooded, and, at last accounts, the captain had striven to negotiate with the professor for a spell of dry weather.

Some people are never satisfied.

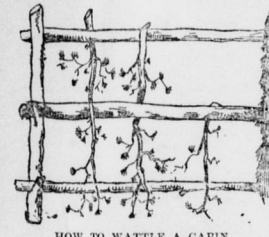
RULES FOR CAMPING.

It's a Great Way to Spend One or Two Summer Months.

All things considered, there is no more healthful way of spending a vacation than camping out. Boys in particular enjoy the freedom of camp life.

Four make a good camping party. One of the number should be chosen captain. This is a responsible position, and the person elected to fill it must have good common sense and plenty of tact. If he possesses knowledge of camp life all the better. The boys may act as captain in rotation.

The outfit need not be expensive. The writer has strapped on his saddle, consisted of a rubber and an army blanket, hatchet, hunting knife, gun, ammunition, a tin cup and a tightly-corked bottle filled with matches. The



HOW TO WATTLE A CABIN.

more simple the outfit the more ingenuity required in making a comfortable camp.

The first thing to think of is a suitable shelter. Tents with poles, guy ropes, pegs and everything necessary for putting up cost from \$6 to \$30. For \$9 a "wedge" tent nine feet square and nine feet high may be bought, and for \$14 a United States army hospital tent.

While a tent is always best when obtainable, it is not absolutely necessary. A very comfortable hut may be built by securely fastening four saplings in the ground as corner posts, leaving the staves of the branches when trimming down. On these staves lay cross-pieces reaching from one corner-post to the other. Fill in the intervening space by thatching closely with well-leaved branches.

Canvas couches which fold into a very small space cost \$1. Beds, however, may be made of fine branches on a framework of sticks.

The branches should be covered with a layer a foot thick of leaves or pine needles, or better, hemlock boughs. This kind of bed should always be covered with a rubber blanket (the rubber side down) to prevent dampness coming through.

Portable stoves with a full set of cooking utensils cost from \$6 to \$13, and are convenient. The camp kettle, swinging from its tripod of poles, was in use long before portable stoves were invented, and, if money is an object, may be clung to still. A good oven may be built from flat stones. Build three walls a foot high with them, and cover the top with a large stone slab, leaving space at the back for the smoke to escape. The front must be kept open to keep up the fire and to create a draught.

Two skillets (with covers), a good-sized iron pan and coffee pot can be taken from home. Take only tin dishes and tin cups, with iron spoons and forks. If necessary, dishes can be made from bark—cups from bark or large shells, spoons from small shells to which wooden handles are attached, and forks from pronged sticks. Sharp-pointed "chip" blades hunting knives are, next to a good hatchet, the most useful articles one can take. With a five-inch blade and leather sheath they cost sixty cents.

Every one in the party should be provided with one rubber and two woolen blankets. Take old clothes and a slouch hat. Canned food, fresh vegetables and bread can be got. It is better to carry condensed milk than to depend on getting it fresh. And do not, as some boys did last summer, forget to take salt and sugar.

Locate the camp on an elevation, so that when rain comes the water will not wash in. If the ground slopes, dig a trench around the camp on the upper side to carry off the water. Have a good supply of wood and matches in a dry place, for nothing is so dismal as a camp without fire on a rainy day.

Every boy in camp should know how to cook simple dishes, and take turns of a day at a time as chef. This arrangement divides the work equally, and the duties of cook do not become irksome.—N. Y. Recorder.

An Herculean Feat.
From Samson, who slew so many of his enemies with the jaw bone of an ass, to the strong man of to-day, who holds a piano on his back, the world has known many a giant of strength. Among these there lived in France at one time a certain Gen. Favrat, who was probably the strongest man of his time.

Even in his old age his strength did not desert him, as illustrated in a rather amusing story told concerning him and his family physician. Feeling ill one day he sent for the doctor. As the latter was sitting by the bedside the old warrior began to lament: "Ah, dear doctor, I am not the man I was; you can't imagine how weak I am getting; look here— and with these words he grasped with his right hand one of the legs of the chair on which the doctor was sitting, and lifted both the chair and its occupant a couple of feet from the ground. "You see it takes quite an effort."

A SHORT WAY OUT OF IT.



Papa—But why do you sign it: "Your loving son, Amy?"
Amy—Why, of course mamma will know, and I couldn't spell daughter.—Life.

A Wise Scarecrow.
"I say," said the tramp to the scarecrow, "let's swap clothes."
"Not I," said the scarecrow. "Fact is, it would never do."
"Why not?" said the tramp.
"Well, the crows, seeing me, are scared. They think I'll run after 'em. But if they thought I was like you they'd know I'd rather fall asleep. I tell you, old man, crows know a thing or two. They judge by appearances."
—Harper's Young People.

Collecting Statistics.
A northern gentleman asked an old negro, who was the driver of a cart to which was attached a venerable mule: "How old is the mule, my colored friend?"
"He am like yerself, boss, pretty well on in life."
"But how many years?"
"Same as you, boss, only two."
—Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

And He Had Nothing to Say.
Hubbard—Now, I think this is going too far. You promised me you would countermand your order for that dress.
Wife—I wrote that very day.
"But here is the dress and the bill for it—enough to bankrupt me, almost. How do you explain that?"
"I gave you the letter, and suppose you forgot to post it, as usual."—Answers.

A Thorough Confession.
"Herbert," she said, "tell me one thing, and tell me truthfully. Were you ever intoxicated?"
"Well," replied the young man, "I was air-tight once."
"What do you mean?"
"I had a tooth pulled and took laughing gas."—Washington Star.

Too Modest.
Jack Ford—Did you read Dixon's letters to the girl who sued him for breach of promise? He said: "Never, never can I express in weak, paltry words all my love for you, my beautiful darling!"
Tom De Witt—Well, the jury thought he expressed twenty-five thousand dollars' worth, anyway.—N. Y. World.

Better Not Wait for It.
Some day the skies will brighten—
Some day the rainbow lighten
Like a glory round the temple's cloudy brow;
Some day will flowers be springing—
Some day the glad birds singing;
But you'd better keep your business moving now!
—Atlanta Constitution.

A Splendid Success.
"How is the doctor getting on with your wife's case?"
"Best in the world; seems almost too good to be true."
"What was the trouble?"
"She had completely lost her voice, and he is certain he can never restore it."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Home All the Time.
Mrs. Bingro—Mrs. Blinner's husband has a government position, and she is simply delighted.
Tingo—Pay well?
Mrs. Bingro—Not so much that, but she says she never saw so much of him before in her life.—Brooklyn Life.

The Inevitable.
Plankington—What color are you going to have your house painted?
Witherby—My wife wants it painted white, but I favor green.

The Rolling Passion.
Wholesale Dry Goods Merchant—It's no use, wife; I can't hold out against these hard times any longer. I shall make an assignment to-morrow.
His Better Half—Then Cutter and Slaughter will buy the stock, and I can get the silk for my new dress at less than it would have cost you, dear.—Arkansas Traveler.

A Questionable Statement.
"I have sometimes thought," began Mr. Purridge, whom Miss Dashly gave an exclamation of amazement, and then apologetically remarked:
"It may be! It may be! Of course, I have no knowledge of what you may have done before I became acquainted with you."—Richmond Dispatch.

His Wisdom.
Jack—I wish I were able to go out of town for the summer.
Tom—Aren't you? It doesn't cost much.
Jack—Perhaps not, but if I did that once, I'd never be able to stand my landlady and tailor off again.—Detroit Free Press.

Rapid Shorthanders.
Gazzam—Graffik is a smart stenographer. He can take one hundred and twenty words a minute.
Maddox—So can I.
Gazzam—But Graffik can read his shorthand writing.—Judge.

By Marriage.
Indignant Citizen—What claim have you got on me? I never saw or heard of you before.
Applicant for a loan—I'm a sort of relative, sir. I married your second cousin's divorced wife.—Chicago Tribune.

A CAT HATER CURED.

How Dash Learned to Take Care of His Mistress' Puss.

Dash was a Gordon setter who had enjoyed the full confidence of all the members of a large household for half a lifetime—that is to say, half a dog's lifetime. From puppyhood he had been petted and treated as a person of importance.

He had many pleasures, but the greatest was being sent scampering down the long garden in pursuit of cats ignorant that this particular piece of ground belonged to a dog.

Dash's master disliked cats almost as much as the dog, and as these animals made havoc with his flowers, breaking down his favorite rose trees and lying in the midst of his Canterbury bells, perhaps his dislike was no more to be condemned than the dog's. However that may be, the moment a cat's nose or tail appeared at any corner of the garden wall Dash was summoned to give chase. Cats and the legs of the iceman were two morsels that Dash longed to taste. The man had accidentally hit the dog with a piece of ice which he was throwing away, and on another occasion he had shaken his tongs at him.

One day Dash bounded into the sitting-room in answer to a call from his mistress and found her petting a little ball of black fur, which on being set down on the floor in front of him humped up its back and hissed at him like a snake. A cat! Dash could not believe his eyes. How kind of the mistress to give him such a treat. He pricked up his ears and wagged his tail and then prepared toward the kitten, but before he could seize it he was struck a sharp blow by little Rob and called "bad dog" by Rob's mother.

Worse even than that, his mistress picked up the kitten and stroked it, while she stamped her foot at him and

drove him out. Dash went and lay down in the garden to think about it. Surely his master would set things right—he would never allow cats in the garden, much less in the house.

But when Rob showed the kitten to his father, he, too, stroked it until it purred. The cook was told to give the little beast milk regularly, and let it curl up by the stove whenever it was pleased to visit the kitchen.

If the dog had been in a cage he might have strangled himself or beaten his brains out, as I have known birds to do. As it was, after trying several times to yell the intruder he sulked and grew so bad tempered that his mistress became uneasy. Let his should bite some one of the family.

It was little Rob who suggested a cunning plan. The cat should be kept in the kitchen, and it should be Dash who should keep her there. In short, Dash should be made the cat's guardian.

The plan worked to a charm. Dash soon grew proud of his duty of looking after Tippie. When she became a thief, as most good mousers do, he would chase her out of mischief. When he saw her on the table he would reach up, catch her in his mouth and set her down on the floor. He did this several times, but as she did not seem to mind it, one day he shook her before letting go. That made her understand.

She soon grew fond of Dash, and would run to meet him every morning, jumping up and catching his nose between her forepaws and sometimes throwing them round his neck, as if she were hugging him. He would play with her by turning her over on her back, holding her down with his paw, and then pretending to bite her, but he never hurt her.

Nor would he let others punish her if he thought she did not deserve it. One day her mistress, who spoiled them both, grew tired of the cat's meowing when she was not hungry, and was only asking for food because she smelled it, and to teach her better appetite to put her out into the snow. Dash ran to the rescue. He snatched Tippie out of the lady's arms and carried her over to the corner where she slept. Then he ran back to his mistress wagging his tail, as much as to say: "She won't bother you any more, take my word for it."

So they lived until Tippie, the cat, and Dash, the cat hater, died of old age. And all this came about because a little boy understood the strong points of a dog's nature.—Margaret Compton, in St. Louis Republic.

Needed More Room for Rings.
Ethel—Whose diminutive feminine meditations run strangely on financial matters, and whose conversation consists largely of what she would do if she had a million dollars, all as big as grandpa's watch—was one day discoursing on this theme in the presence of her young lady cousin, Bertha, whose slender fingers sparkled and glittered with so many rings that no unoccupied space could be readily observed. "If I had a million," began Ethel, after her accustomed fashion, "I would buy you another lovely ring; Cousin Bertha." Cousin Bertha professed her thanks for the contemplated favor. "No, I wouldn't either," Ethel retracted quickly, with a humorous gleam in her eyes, "I would buy another finger."

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