AT ELECTION TIME

By EDGAR WELTON COOLEY

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It wasn't a very pretentious building—just a neat, white cottage that stood on a small elevation at the bend of the road. In the rear, an orchard stretched down to the creek, the trees fragrant with the apples waiting to be gathered. To the south, a cornfield reached as far as the cross-roads, the yellow leaves rustling in the evening breeze, and on the north, a strip of green pasture land met a wider strip of yellow stubble.

The door behind him stood open, and the light from within fell softly upon the man's silver locks.

A girl came and stood in the doorway, her trim figure, like a silhouette, against the glare of the lamp. The man turned his head and saw her. Slowly he took his pipe from his mouth.

"You haven't heard from town, have you, Gene?" he asked.

"No, pa," she answered, softly.

"I'd kinder like to know how the election come out," he resumed after a pause. "They ought to have the returns in by this time. Don't you think so, Gene?"

The girl did not reply, but stood gazing silently down the road that stretched away through the dusk towards the town.

"Pa," said the girl, timidly, "Wilbur asked me to marry him, last night, and—and—Can I, pa?"

"No!" he growled. "No, he can't marry no daughter of mine! Why, he's a Republican, Gene—a d—d, rascally Republican!"

"Why, pa!" cried the girl, staring at him with wide open eyes, "why, pa!"

"And more than that," resumed the man, angrily, he's a candidate for township trustee—a candidate on the Republican ticket."

The girl walked softly to his side, and placed her arms around his neck.

"But I love him, pa," she said; "I love him with all my heart, and—and—I want to marry him, pa; I want to marry him."

"There, there, Gene," he said tenderly, "I'll think it over, my child; I'll think it over."

Both lapsed into silence and listened to the chirping of the crickets in the grass and the baying of a hound down by the creek. And after awhile the old man said:

"I wish I knew how the election came out; I wish I knew."

The girl arose. "I'll walk over to Chadmore's, pa," she said. "Perhaps they have heard something."

She went into the house and came out, presently, with a shawl over her head.

"I'll be right back, pa," she said.

The man made no reply until she had reached the gate. Then he shouted after her:

"If Chadmore's hasn't heard nothin' you might go over to Dickenson's, Gene. I'd kinder like to know how badly we licked 'em."

Then he relit his pipe and sat quite still gazing after the girl until she was lost to view in the darkness. For a long time he smoked in silence, gazing at the stars that shown above the trees across the road. And after a while he leaned forward and, resting his arms on his knees, looked absently down at his feet.

"Gad!" he murmured, "the daughter of old Jim Billings in love with a Republican—with a Republican candidate! Gad!"

He rose and paced the porch impatiently, stopping frequently to gaze anxiously up the road. But the girl did not return. He filled his pipe and hobbled out into the road, watching, listening. The dampness made his bones ache and he puffed vigorously at his pipe as though to gather warmth therefrom.

"I'd kinder like to know how the

"No," he growled.

election went," he murmured. "I'd like to know."

Then he retraced his steps and sat down again on the porch.

"She loves a Republican!" he said to himself. "Old Jim Billing's daughter loves a rascally Republican!"

He paused to listen. The sound of voices came to him through the darkness. The voices were low and pleasant but, although he strained his ears, he could not understand a word. Presently they ceased altogether and a moment later he saw Gene coming through the darkness alone.

She turned in at the gate and came slowly up the walk and stood silently before him as though reluctant to speak.

"Well, Gene," he said finally, "how bad did we beat 'em?"

She looked into his face, nervously clasping and unclasping her hands.

"Pa," she said, softly, "the Republican ticket was elected."

She expected an outburst of anger, but the man remained silent and rigid, as though suddenly turned to stone. Then his head dropped suddenly and his hand, holding his pipe, shook as though he had the palsy. Presently he raised his face and she saw the starlight glisten on a tear in his eye.

He looked at her helplessly, and she knelt beside him and put her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"I'm so sorry, papa, dear," she said.

He glanced inquiringly into her face.

"Timber Creek went Republican."

"Are you sorry, Gene," he asked; "are you sorry that—that—he was elected?"

"Yes, you dear old pa," she answered, "of course I'm sorry, if it gives you pain."

He reached up and rested his thin hand upon one of hers. And then he asked:

"Who was that with you, Gene?"

"It was Wilbur," she stammered.

"Why did he turn back; why did he not come as far as the gate?"

"Because—because—" she hesitated. "Because he thought you would be disappointed about—about the election, that—that—you would not want to see him—just now."

Again the man lapsed into silence, and the girl arose and walked into the house. An hour later she again came to the door and glanced out. The man was still sitting upon the porch, gazing down at his feet.

"It is getting late, pa," she said.

As one suddenly awakened from a dream, the man started, then arose unsteadily and leaned against the post.

"Gene," he said, "I'm goin' to sell out and move away from Timber Creek. I can't live under no rascally Republican officers, Gene; I jest can't do it!"

The evidence of a sleepless night shown plainly on the old man's face the following morning, and in his eyes the dull light of sorrow slumbered.

Bright and early he hitched his team to a light wagon and drove out into the road. At the gate he drew rein and shouted to the girl, who was standing on the porch:

"I'm goin' to town, Gene, to see when they're goin' to hold the funeral."

He laughed hoarsely at his joke and drove on, Gene watching him until he was out of sight. To the girl it hardly seemed he had had time to reach the county seat before he was back again, driving slowly into the yard, his head bowed, his hands lying motionless in his lap, a look of pain upon his face.

Mechanically he unhitched the team and put it in the barn, then slowly he walked to the house, his hands clasped behind his back, his eyes fixed upon the ground.

"It was a clean sweep, Gene," he said, pathetically. "Even Timber Creek went Republican, Gene; even Timber Creek went Republican from top to bottom."

He paused, gazing as one bewildered at his daughter.

"Gene," he continued, "they used to say that hell would freeze over when Timber Creek went Republican. I reckon," he smiled sadly, "I reckon we'll have a pretty severe winter, Gene."

He hobbled aimlessly through the house and out upon the front porch. Presently he called to her, and the girl hastened to his side.

"Isn't that Wilbur Jenkins comin' down the road, Gene," he asked.

A young man, driving a fine team of sorrels hitched to a farm wagon, was approaching them.

"Yes, pa," the woman replied, a flush mounting to her cheek."

"Tell him to come in here, Gene," her father commanded. "I want to see him."

The blood left the girl's face and her limbs trembled, but without a word, she walked down to the gate. She spoke a few words to the young man, and he drew rein and climbed down from his wagon. Side by side, the girl's pale face, the man's defiant, they walked to the porch, where the old man stood watching them, a queer look in his eyes.

"Wilbur," said the elder man, pathetically, "Timber Creek went Republican, Wilbur."

"Yes, sir," replied the other, smiling. "I believe so, sir."

"Wilbur," resumed the old man softly, his voice trembling, his eyes shining with unshed tears, "I'll give up. 'Tain't no use for me to be obstinate, I reckon. I'm gettin' old and things are changin', and since Jim Billings's daughter has fallin' in love with a Republican office-holder, I reckon it ain't for me to object to her marryin' him. Timber Creek's gone Republican, Wilbur Jenkins, an' I—I guess that Gene Billings might as well go Republican, too!"

TOYS OF VARIED DESIGN.

Paris Shops Contain Many Novelties Not Seen Elsewhere.

The world's greatest depot for Christmas toys is Paris, and in the shops of that city are found some of the most remarkable products of man's ingenuity that can be seen anywhere. Not only are these toys of interest to the children, older people take great delight in inspecting them.

At each yuletide an exposition of toys is held in the French metropolis. The island opposite the tribune of justice is the place usually selected. On one side of the stairway leading to the toy exposition you are confronted by a tablet telling that this place was built by order of "Napoleon III., emperor of the French;" on the other by a tablet commemorating his first visit to it in company with the empress; over the door is the old, unfilled yearnings of the people, "Libertie, Egalitie, Fraternitie," and these playthings and a number of uniformed gens d'armes lead appropriately to the room full of smaller toys which form the real exposition.

Only toys costing from one to sixty cents are admitted. But between these values a long range of wonders is displayed. One sees few toy kitchens, or doll houses, or carpenter boxes. Instead are toy toilet sets, with little mirrors and powder puffs, for the embryo coquette, soldier suits a-plenty, and gens d'arme uniforms, and, above all, mechanical toys. A butcher who, being wound up, chops the meat on the block before him into hamburger steak, a gens d'arme who holds up his club as if to stop a line of carriages; an orange vender, who will walk across the floor wheeling her handcart before her; a "bonne" with long-streamered cap on her head and a baby in her arms; the whole population of Paris in miniature; in short, all of whom will act in becoming and Parisian fashion, if you will turn the keys in their backs.

There is a clever little aquarium made like a picture of the ocean bed, with wrecks and seaweed on the sand. It is framed and hung against the wall, but the fish in this marine painting are alive and swim about in real water.

The main interest in the exposition is not, after all, in the toys, clever as these are; it is in the fact that such crowds press to see them—crowds of "grown-ups," not of children. Hardly one in ten of those who go is even accompanied by a child. The other nine are simply big children, breathlessly interested in every one of the toys, gasping with delight over the little mechanical men, laughing at everything, watching open-mouthed the Santos-Dumont balloons—great children, some of them evidently men of place and cultivation, but all equally "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw"—great children who can ordinarily be controlled like babies by a word—there never was so orderly and tractable a crowd as a French crowd—but who can yet fly into ungovernable rages, past all self-control or reach of reason, and make unnecessary revolutions.

The Use of Stamps.

When a stamp is placed on a letter it represents one of sixty made for each man, woman and child in the United States. Enough stamps will be issued this year to supply each individual in the United States with at least sixty stamps each. Distributed among the population of the entire globe, they supply each person with postage for not less than three letters. Placed side by side in a continuous line the total issue would girdle the entire earth three times, forming a variegated ribbon around it nearly three inches in width. If spread out in the same manner across the United States, the stamps would form a paper sidewalk from New York to San Francisco over three feet wide. Pasted into a stamp collector's book of the conventional size, the issue for the year would half fill 1,000,000 volumes, which placed one upon another would form a solid column over twenty-five miles high. If it is true, as Edward Everett Hale says, that the United States postal system is the greatest of popular educators, these figures will serve to show the extent of Uncle Sam's present service as a school teacher.

Kindly Ways of a King.

In Denmark many odd little stories are told of King Christian and his kindly ways, above all of the friendly interest he takes in the doings of his subjects. Until within quite recent days, when his strength has begun to fail him, he used to spend much of his time in Copenhagen walking about the streets; and nothing pleased him better than to stop and have a chat with any workman he chanced to encounter. Whenever any Dane makes his mark in the world, no matter what his station in life may be or what his views, the king always sends for him, at the first opportunity, that he may know what he is like and have a talk with him. Little wonder that he understands his people or that they understand him!

YALE TO HAVE A STATUE OF NATHAN HALE

The long-drawn-out controversy, which, at one time, was by no means devoid of bitterness, over the proposition to honor the memory of Nathan Hale by erecting a statue of him on the grounds of Yale University, seems likely to come to a peaceful end toward the last of this month, when, according to present indications, a bronze statue of the hero-martyr of the American revolution will be unveiled on the green, with imposing ceremonies.

The statue decided upon is the work of William Ordway Partridge of New York. It has been completed in clay and will shortly be cast in bronze. Critics who have seen the statue speak favorably of it, and one of the number expresses the opinion that "it embodies more perfectly the spirit, and portrays more nobly the manliness of Nathan Hale, than any other representation of him in existence." This is high praise for the statue of Hale, by Frederick MacMonnies, which stands in City Hall Park, New York, and is one of the best examples of that accomplished sculptor's work. Mr. Partridge himself considers his statue of Hale his masterpiece.

Modeling a statue of Nathan Hale was to Mr. Partridge a labor of love. The work, which occupied much of his time during a period of upward of two years, was carried on with an enthusiasm that never flagged. The finished and accepted statue has grown from two or three models. The sculptor had ever before him in his mind's eye the picture of an heroic character, than whom he believes no other developed by the revolutionary war equaled, measured by the purest, loftiest ideal, and no other, in his opinion, is so sublimely beautiful and so worthy of the love and admiration of the American people. There is no authentic portrait of Nathan Hale extant, and the facial features and head which Mr. Partridge has put into enduring bronze are a combination of those of the venerable Dr. Edward Everett Hale, who is a grand-nephew of the revolutionary hero, and of a young man who, by mere chance, came to the sculptor's studio one day, and who, so Mr. Partridge declares, comes up to his ideal of Nathan Hale, and is imbued with the same high sense of honor and duty which characterized the latter, and enabled him to face death on the scaffold without flinching, and with those immortal words on his lips: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

This young man is described by Mr. Partridge as a Socialist, in the higher, Christian sense of the term. His home is in Pittsburg, Pa. He had read Mr. Partridge's "Art for America," and was so impressed by some portions of the work that he wished to become acquainted with the author. His visit to New York was for the purpose of gratifying that wish. A prolonged and unexpected stay was due to the fact that in him the sculptor had found what he had long sought in vain—a second Nathan Hale, an altruist of the altruists, a man filled with the ambitions of Hale, imbued with the same humanitarian spirit, moved by the same noble impulses and aiming at the same high standard of morals which Hale had set up. And to add to the sculptor's joy, the young Socialist from Pittsburg was the counterpart of Hale in a physical sense. The latter, according to the best authority, was about 5 feet 10 inches in height. His figure was elegant and commanding. He had a full, broad chest, full face, light blue eyes, rosy complexion. He was an athlete. All this was true of the young man from Pittsburg. And Sculptor Partridge, figuratively, fell upon his shoulders and wept for joy.

It has been practically decided that the Nathan Hale statue shall be erected upon the famous Yale Green, not far from the spot where, as a student athlete, Hale made the prodigious leap, the marks of which were for many years preserved and pointed out. Hale entered Yale in 1770. It is said that he passed the examinations with more than average credit, excelling particularly in reading, writing and arithmetic, and that he had an excellent acquaintance with Sallust, Cicero and the Greek Testament. His career at college was distinguished by good scholarship and good behavior. He was a great favorite with his class and with his professors, and made lasting friendships readily.

The story of Nathan Hale's heroic service to Gen. Washington, in entering the British camp on Long Island to obtain information concerning the enemy's strength and movements which could not be had in any other way, of his capture after betrayal by a traitor, and of his subsequent execution by order of Gen. Howe, are too well known to need repeating now. The place of his execution is believed to have been the Rutgers orchard, on what is now East Broadway and the heart of New York's ghetto. Where he was buried not a human being can tell. It is supposed that his sepulchre was an old burial ground just north of Chambers street, where the dead of the American prisoners were ignominiously thrust into trenches by their red-coated foes. If this be true, his dust must long since have been scattered to the winds of heaven, for business structures, including skyscrapers, now cover all that area.

It is no credit to the American people that they have done so little to honor the memory of Nathan Hale. Indeed, as a nation, they have done absolutely nothing. As far back as 1835 a senator from Connecticut made a plea from the floor of the senate at Washington for the erection of a monument to Nathan Hale, but his words fell upon deaf ears. His own state of Connecticut has reared no shaft nor built other memorial. For a great many years a granite monument in the village cemetery at Coventry, Conn., was the only one in the country, the only memorial of any description. There is now the statue in City Hall Park, New York, before referred to, and the old schoolhouse in East Haddam, Conn., in which he taught, preserved through the patriotism of Capt. Richard Henry Green of New York, whose grandfather was one of Hale's pupils. There is also an excellent statue of Hale, recently finished by Giuseppe Moretti, a well-known New York sculptor, which it is thought may be purchased either by the Sons or Daughters of the Revolution and be erected in Washington. Both the MacMonnies and the Moretti statues represent Hale as bound. Mr. Partridge is the first sculptor to model a statue of the hero with hands free.

The cost of the Yale statue of Nathan Hale, including pedestal, is to be about $20,000, perhaps $25,000, when the statue is in place on the historic green. But a few thousand dollars remains to be raised. Mr. Peter Flint, '80, in making an appeal for further subscriptions, says: "The true spirit of Yale everywhere will rejoice in the coming of this statue, for it will be an inspiration to the youth of America and show how Yale rewards unselfish devotion to country and principle."

The Origin of the Aquiline Nose.

Dr. Louis Robinson has developed an ingenious hypothesis to account for the evolution of the aquiline nose, which, considering the organ entirely from its relation to the voice, he regards as its highest type. He contends that while primitive man was struggling towards civilization that by voice he could alone exercise influence, and that as a consequence a sonorous voice became of great importance to the aspiring and ambitious, who, by reason of this superiority in the struggle for existence, were able to maintain themselves and eventually produce an aquiline-nosed race. In support of his idea he calls attention to the North American Indians, the Maoris and the Zulus as being large-nosed, warlike and oratorical people, and further remarks that in the skulls in the British Museum the hollow sounding chamber in the upper jawbone, known as the antrum, is always of greater capacity in the skulls of short-nosed people than in those where this organ is of large dimensions. From this he argues that this cavity supplies in a measure the resonance afforded by the passages of a large nose, and that with the increase of the former there is a decrease of the latter, and vice versa, but that for oratorical purposes a nose voice is better than a cheek voice.—Philadelphia Times.

Queer Street Names.

Peerless street, in London, is a corruption of Perilous Pool. Golden square was originally Gelding square, and the name was changed at the wish of the inhabitants. Fetter lane has nothing to do with fetters, but only with fewtors, idle fellows, who once loafed in the neighborhood. Gutter lane, in the city, is really Gutheron's Lane. Duck's Foot lane, near Cannon street, should be Duke's Foot lane, being so named after the Dukes of Suffolk. Cannon street has nothing to do with guns, but everything with candles, which were made in it when it passed as Candlewick street.

Man is a two-legged animal who tries to work all the other animals for a living.