

Wichita Daily Eagle SOME PROBLEMS SOLVED.

BILL NYE SETS THE MINDS OF ANXIOUS INQUIRERS AT REST.

Inside Information About the S. P. C. A. The Most Digestible Part of a Claim Is Its Shell—Home Doses for Ailing Households.

(Copyright by Edgar W. Nye) The following correspondence received during the past week is hereby answered in a brief but succinct manner: Mrs. R. Hyphen Skinner-McPhelin, of the Windywood Place, New York, contemplates spending the summer on Staten



I ATE THE WATERMELON.

Island, and asks to know if the island has a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. It has, Mrs. Skinner-McPhelin, it has. It is one of the most pungent and vociferous societies for the prevention of good that we have, according to reports. Agents of the organization make it very hot for people who own animals, if I am correctly informed in the matter, and I advise you, if you hope to spend the heated term on Staten Island, to leave your carriage horses and other heirlooms at the flat, where they will not be disturbed. Owners here have been stopped on the street, arrested and fined, in fact, for not shooting their horses, while as a matter of fact they were too poor to even shoe their children. Misguided philanthropy is as injurious to the public welfare as the live rat caught, hosed and ignited by a farmer in northern Vermont last season. He drove away all the other rats, also the farmer and his family, by burning down the whole ranch. In his nice warm little room at the poorhouse this summer the farmer sits to his wife as he inserts another little tidbit of mush and molasses among his whiskers. "The overzealous and ill-guided ass is sometimes as dangerous to mankind as the level-headed ogre."

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals arrested a widow woman on the highway for tying to her the hind limbs of a female hog. Swine, which was being transported from one point to another. Those who have handled hogs know that it is absolutely necessary to tie their legs if they are conveyed by wagon, or they will jump out. The society removed the ards, whereupon the hogine leaped out of the wagon and broke her leg. Prevention people not only sometimes do not frequently know how to handle hogs, but also they do not know how to prevent cruelty. I could name some more of the instances reported, but those will suffice to show you that the society is flourishing, several of the agents doing a very thrifty business who have always failed at everything else in life.

The following note comes from a Trojan who has suffered otherwise:

Ma. Bill Nye: Kindly give our experiences and opinion of a clam bake, one of the most delicious institutions of the United States. Very respectfully, Doc Who Was Thoroughly Disappointed at One of Them.

Clam bakes are not always unsuccessful. Even if they are unsuccessful from your own point of view they might not be from the standpoint of the man who prepares them. I was one of a small party of plain American citizens who bought out a clam bake and cooked works last season at Long Branch. I had been accustomed to life among the lowly in years past, having been born of poor but extremely brave parents. I had also lived in the wild and woolly west, where clams and other specimens of insect life are regarded with distrust. There you can buy, or could at the time I lived there, a hind of elk for \$1.50, hang it in your wood shed and feed a good sized family on it for a week. So I said to a friend or two: "Here is a natural product of the soil, the cheapest and commonest of God's impervious fauna, the low-browed and weak-minded clam. We will get some one to bake some for us, then we will eat a watermelon and play that we are amenable to no law, but that we are free and unfettered, and as careless of human life as a steam heating company or a young physician." We ordered no wine, but just slams and watermelon.

Another party from New York also ordered a clam bake at the same time, so that the same kind dried all the clams. In baking clams you heat a lot of stones in a hot fire, throw them in a hole along with your clams, green corn, ground feed, etc. You then cover up the mass, and go away fishing or pitching horse shoes till you smell something. That is the clams. You then borrow a six-tine pitchfork, such as is used by our best lively stable people, and fork out your clams and green corn, serving hot. Guests will wait on themselves. After the clams are served you load a large shotgun with hot fence nails and collect the bill.

I ate the left lobe of three underdone Waterbury clams, an ear of hot seed corn and a slice of sordid and pessimistic watermelon. My bill was \$23—that is exclusive of nurses and medical attendance. I do not care for clams, anyway. I cannot come up with a clam. I sometimes feel that I would like to, but I cannot. Neither can my boys.

I was quite ill after I ate these clams, having thrown away the most digestible part, viz., the shell, and foolishly eating the clam. On the steamer coming home many people who had been greatly disappointed all day in the matter of enjoyment came upon deck, watched my gyrations a few moments, and went home

persecuted and contented. At the worst some of those who had been down to Manhattan Beach to see Pain's "Siege of Vera Cruz," and were bitterly disappointed, came to where I was gnawing an old anchor and moaning with an inward pain, and after seeing me suffering went home stating that they had more than got their money back.

The New England clam bake costs less money, but is almost equally fatal to me if you hear of my eating another clam bake you can safely say to yourself that when I did it I was under the influence of liquor. Some siren with bleached hair and merry gliding eyes may meet me on the beach and drug me, and feed me a clam while stinging me some sweet-sung song, but she will have to be better looking than the average fish ball siren of story.

Mrs. Erstwhile Timberlake, of Pongoo, Neb., asks: "What shall I do to regain my influence over my husband? He gave me his hand in marriage two years ago come next frost, and if ever a man seemed to just do on any one he doated on me. That's about all he did all that winter in fact, and our visitals got pretty low by spring. Then I spoke harshly to him, and he started for hell via the Little Fairy Blossom saloon on Franklin street. I have tried every way to win him back, such as he is, and have went out of my way to make friends write him more than once. Will you not come to my succor?"

If you cannot bring him here of course, Mrs. Timberlake, I will have to come to your snicker and speak of him plainly as between man and man. I hope that you have treated him well on the start and given him a fair show. I will take it for granted that you have. If so, now we must resort to more turgid means. I will not tell you, however, what to do. I will only tell you what I know to be done ones in a similar case, and you can think it over, Mrs. Timberlake, and feel perfectly free to help yourself to it if it should strike you favorably.

Mrs. Delacy Oleson, of Norridgewock, Me., had a husband whom she dearly loved, for he was a fine, manly-looking fellow, standing eighteen hands high, and young too. He fell a victim to prohibition in Maine and became a hard drinker. He had never cared to drink till he found that it was against the law, and so then he couldn't somehow get it out of his mind. Prohibition seemed to constantly remind him that he could not take a drink. So he fell. It occurred to Norridgewock, and could have been distinctly heard for a mile or more. His wife wept a great deal at first, but was not unkind to him. She spoke to him gently and lovingly, and he promised to do better, but he was weak, and the prohibition law kind of grieved him, as one writer has it. So he fell some more. Mrs. Oleson was a good, sensible little woman, who would not at all calmly on the front stoop and let defeat follow upon the heels of disaster without making a struggle.

She told Delacy that she would try him once more, and if he failed her she would surely not overlook it as she had before. For a long time he turned his back on the devil's drink and steadily at his trade, which was painting, grading and calculating also breaking colts, getting fine neckties and justles of the peace. Later on, however, he fell once more, and came home in a sordid manner, smelling of prohibition whisky, which is also used for catching on glass. She said nothing to him, but addressed him and put him to bed as usual. This is a pleasing task. She laid him on the couch, and then gathering up the edges of the two home-made linen sheets she sewed up Delacy Oleson therein by means of a stout ball of twine and an upholsterer's needle. He asked for more air, but she said what he needed was not so much air as it was a little course of massage treatment. So she got a new whip from the barn, such as is used by Mr. Legree in beating out the brains of Uncle Tom in that truly good play, and she knocked the dust out of Delacy Oleson till you could hear her all over that block.

He spoke to her about not doing it any more, but she said she could not yield to outside influence. She must be her own judge regarding the best time to stop. So she ate a little bread and butter, put a new snapper on the whip and went at



COMING HOME FROM THE CLAM BAKE. It again. People passing the house during the night heard Delacy sobbing anon, and between his sobs they could hear the whip crack around his various corns and freckles. Finally the wrothy wife let him out, and fixing a bed for him on the floor she turned out the cat and went to bed. She never had to do so again. Delacy after that was another man. He removed to Kentucky, where he would not have the same temptations that were afforded him in Maine, and became the father of nine children, all of whom were well and well resourced. I do not say to you, Mrs. Timberlake, to do this way with Erstwhile, for it is a severe method, and he might not be drunk enough so that you could sew him up, and he might possibly reverse the programme, but I tell you in this case so you can't say I ignore your wail.

Bill Nye Cleverton—What kind of a time did you have in New Jersey? Dasheray—I had a New Jersey kind of a time.—New York Sun.

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THE TIME TO PRAY.

Al! when the infinite burden of life descends upon us, Crushes to earth our hopes, and under the earth in the graveyard, Then it is good to pray unto God, for his sorrowing children He never turns from the door, but He hears and helps and consoles them. Yet it is better to pray when all things are prosperous with us. Pray in fortunate days, for life's most beautiful features Keenly before the Eternal's throne, and with hands interfolded Praises thankful and moved the only Giver of blessings. —Longfellow.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

What had the most influence in Oeyvind's mind at this time was the history of the schoolmaster, which his mother told him one evening as they sat by the chimney corner. This history grew into his books, lay beneath every word the schoolmaster said, and struck round the school room when it was quiet. It inspired him with obedience and reverence, and almost an easier apprehension of everything he was taught.

The history was as follows: Baard was the schoolmaster's name, and he had had a brother, who was called Anders. They were very fond of each other; both of them enlisted, lived together in garrison, and took part in the war, where they both became corporals in the same company. When they came home again after the war was over they had two fine fellows. Then their father died; he had had personal property, which was difficult to divide, but they said, in order that this should not make any disagreement between them, that they would put the goods up to auction. But their father had owned a large gold watch, which was famous far and wide, for that was the only gold watch people thereabouts had seen, and when it was put up many rich men wanted to get it, until both the brothers began to bid too, then the others left off. Now Baard expected that Anders would let him get the watch, and Anders expected the same of Baard; they bid each in their turn to try the other and looked out at each other while they were bidding.

When the watch got up to twenty dollars Baard thought that his brother was not doing rightly, and bid on, until it was nearly thirty dollars; as Anders still kept on, Baard thought that Anders did not remember how kind he had always been to him, and, besides that, he was the elder; so he went up to over thirty dollars. Anders kept on. Then Baard put the watch up to forty dollars at once, and no longer looked at his brother; it grew very still in the auction room, no sound but the auctioneer quietly naming the price. Anders thought that he should stand that if Baard could afford to give forty dollars he could, too. Then he bid over. Then Baard thought, was the greatest disgrace that had ever happened to him; he bid fifty dollars in quite a low tone. Many people stood around, and he thought that his brother could not stand that, but he heard him bid all; he bid over. Then Baard laughed. "A hundred dollars, and my brother's love into the bargain," said he, and turned and went out of the room. A while after some one came out to him, as he was saddling the horse. The man said that his brother could not stand that, but he heard him bid all; he bid over. Then Baard laughed. "A hundred dollars, and my brother's love into the bargain," said he, and turned and went out of the room.

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A short time after Anders married into a workman's family, but did not invite Baard to the wedding, and he did not go to the church. The first year Anders was married the only son he owned was found dead on the north side of the house, where it had been tied to a post, and no one could tell of what he died. Several other misdeeds occurred, and he was found with a white teeth. It was his brother's child. But over in the bed, with all sorts of clothes thrown over him, lay Anders, emaciated, with smooth, lips forehead, and looking with hollow eyes at his brother. Baard's knees shook, he sat down at the foot of the bed, and burst into violent sobs. The sick man looked at him greedily and was silent. At length he bade his wife go out, but Baard made a sign to her that she should remain, and now these two brothers began to talk together. They explained everything from the day when they bid for the watch up to the one when they now met, Baard concluding by taking out the lump of gold, always carried with him, and it was now made clear between the brothers that in all these years they had not felt happy a single day. Anders did not say much, for he was not strong enough, but Baard remained sitting by his bedside as long as Anders was ill.

"Now I am quite well," said Anders, one morning when he woke, "now, brother, we shall live long together, and never leave each other, just as of old." But that day he died. Baard took the wife and child home with him, and they fared well from that time. What the brothers had talked of together sprung out through walls and darkness, and was known to all the people of the district, and Baard became the most respected man among them. All greeted him as one who had known great sorrow and found happiness again, or as one who had been absent a long time. Baard's friendliness of character increased with the friendliness which surrounded him. He became a God-fearing man and wished to find some occupation, he said, and so the old corporal became schoolmaster. What he impressed on the children first and last was charity, and he himself practiced it, that the children of the life school loved him at once as a playmate and as a father.—"The Happy Boy" by Bjornstjerne Bjornson.

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there that Anders came to get an armful of wood. Baard stood in the corner and saw him distinctly. He had taken off his threadbare Sunday clothes and had on the uniform he had wrested home with him from the war, like Baard's, and which they had promised each other never to touch, but to leave for a family heirloom. Anders was now patched and worn out; his strong, well built frame lay as in a bundle of rags, and at the same time Baard heard him cough tickling in his own pocket. Anders went to where the smaller branches lay; instead of stooping to load himself he stopped, leaned back against the woodpile and looked out at the sky, clear and glittering with stars. Then he drew a sigh and said:

"Yes—yes—O Lord, O Lord!" So long as Baard lived he heard that ever afterward. He was just about to go up to him when at the same moment his brother coughed, and it seemed so difficult; more was needed to hold him back. Anders took his armful of wood, and swept so close by Baard that the branches hit his face so that it smarted.

For at the last minutes he stood still on the same spot, and it was doubtful when he would get it, after his emotion, he had not been seized with such a shivering fit that he shook all over. Then he went out; he acknowledged freely to himself that he was too cowardly to go in. From a woodbox in the corner he had just left he took a pine knot, went up into the barn, shut the door after him, and struck a light. When he had lighted the pine knot he held it up to the wall where Anders hung his lantern when he came early in the morning to thresh. Baard took on his gold watch and hung it on the nail, put out his light and left, and then he was so light of heart that he bounded over the snow like a young boy.

The next day he heard that the barn had burned that night. Probably sparks had fallen from the pine knot which lighted him while hanging up the lantern. This overwhelmed him to such a degree that he sat that day like a sick man, took out his psalm book and sung so that the people in the house thought he had gone crazy. But when evening came he went once to his right mind. He walked to his brother's farm, dug about where the fire had been, and found sure enough, a melted lump of gold. That was the watch. It was with that in his hand he went in to his brother that evening, begged for peace and was going to explain everything. But it has been before related how his visit terminated.

A little girl had seen him dig about the spot of the fire, some boys going to a dance had seen him the Sunday evening before he went away to court the barn people in the house related how strange he appeared on Monday, and as every one knew that he and his brother were bitter enemies information was given and an inquiry was made. No one could prove anything against him, but he was not to court the barn people. Anders had thought of Baard when the barn burned down, but had mentioned his suspicions to no one. And when he saw Baard enter his room the next evening, pale and distressed, he thought immediately now he is seized with repentance, but such an awful deed, he thought, he shall never have forgiveness. Afterward he heard how people had seen him go down to the barn the same evening it burned; and although nothing came to light at the examination he finally believed that Baard was the guilty one. The next day the examination—Baard with his good clothes, Anders in his patched ones. Baard looked over to him and his eyes entranced, so that Anders felt it in the depths of his heart. He does not wish me to say anything, thought Anders, and when asked he said that his brother, he answered loudly and distinctly, "No."

Anders took to hard drinking from that day, and soon began to show the effects of it. But it was still worse with Baard, although he did not drink. Late one evening there came a poor woman into the little room which Baard rented, and asked him to follow her out a minute. He knew her; it was his brother's wife. Baard understood directly what she brought her dead pale as a corpse dressed himself and followed her without uttering a word. There shone a faint light from Anders' window, it twinkled and disappeared, and they went in the direction of it, for there was no path across the snow. The woman opened the door at the time before his brother's door he noticed a peculiar odor of sickness which made him feel ill. They went in. A little child was sitting over in the chimney corner eating coal and was quite black in the forehead and on the nose, and had its white teeth. It was his brother's child. But over in the bed, with all sorts of clothes thrown over him, lay Anders, emaciated, with smooth, lips forehead, and looking with hollow eyes at his brother. Baard's knees shook, he sat down at the foot of the bed, and burst into violent sobs. The sick man looked at him greedily and was silent. At length he bade his wife go out, but Baard made a sign to her that she should remain, and now these two brothers began to talk together. They explained everything from the day when they bid for the watch up to the one when they now met, Baard concluding by taking out the lump of gold, always carried with him, and it was now made clear between the brothers that in all these years they had not felt happy a single day. Anders did not say much, for he was not strong enough, but Baard remained sitting by his bedside as long as Anders was ill.

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Carried it to Extremes. Jones and his wife had just returned from the theatre. Stumbling around the room he had lighted three matches in the apparently vain effort to find something. "What have you lost, my dear?" asked his better half.

"A match. I thought I dropped one as we went out. Ah! here it is; there's nothing like being saving in small things."—Judge.

Why He Praised Them. "There is considerable to be said in favor of the cigarette, notwithstanding the abuse that it receives," remarked the portly traveling man to the hotel clerk. "Now there are circumstances under which cigarettes may make a man comfortable and easy."

"I am." "I never see you smoking them." "Certainly not; I sell them."—Washington Press.

A Classical Education. First Harvard Graduate—Have you received a copy of the catalogue? Second Harvard Graduate—Yes; but I can't read it. First Harvard Graduate—Why so? Second Harvard Graduate—It's in English this year, don't you know?—Lowell Citizen.

Wasted Agency. Aunt Hester (as the boat goes over)—Save me, Edborough! Oh, Edborough, save me! Uncle Edborough—I will if you'll do just as I tell you. Aunt Hester—I'll try; but save me! save me!

Two's Company. "Papa," remarked the senator's daughter, looking at the clock. "What is it, Lou?" asked papa, who had lingered in the parlor with the young people. "It is 9 o'clock. At this time George and I usually go into executive session." Then papa retired.—Judge.

Would Show the Place. McFingle—Say, where do you buy these cigars? McFingle—Well, old man, I don't want every one to know so that they'll become common, but I don't mind telling you. I got them of Smoak & Smelling. McFingle—Thanks for the warning!—Lawrence American.

Labor Trouble in the Clouds. "Now I hope thunder storms are over for the season?" "How over?" "The paper says that in the tornadoes yesterday the lightning struck in all parts of the country."—Philadelphia Press.

A Sad Case. "Why do you want your daughter sent to the reform school?" inquired the judge. "She has gone to writing society novels," groaned the stricken father.—Chicago Tribune.

Not Enough Plate Matter. Blobson—Do look at Editor Stubbs! He is nothing but skin and bones. Poppinjay—Yes, I am afraid the poor man isn't using enough plate matter now.—Burlington Free Press.

Hard Labor. "How does your fountain pen work?" asked Bjorkinta. "It doesn't," responded Bjork. "I do the working."—Somerville Journal.

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