

"SPARKIN'."

BY INGRAM CROCKETT.

We were settin' kinder of close like,
N a cloud sitt cross the moon,
N my arm hit stote around her,

LOYAL "NUB."

Or, Nubbins and Pippins.

BY OLIVE HARPER.

Out in the orchard of a pretty New
England farm, the apples were ripe
and a merry party were busily gather-

The pretty, but not very productive,
farm belonged to Mr. Preston, who
was pastor of the little white church.

But if the church spire spoke of re-
pose and peace, not so did the fact that
the pastor was the father of seven

daughters, all nearly grown to woman-
hood, and three of them advanced to
old maidhood. The daughters were all

good-looking girls, even the eldest ones,
while the youngest two were ex-
quisitely lovely. Their mother, who

had been a Miss Apple, died when the
youngest was a baby.
The pastor, who was a man as full of

quaint humor as he was full of godli-
ness, called his girls his apples. The
baby and her sister were called "blos-

soms" by their father and the rest of
the girls, while the two eldest went by
the names of "Nub," and "Twist," and

the three intermediate ones were respec-
tively called Russet, Pippin (or
more often Pips), and Cider.

It was never considered out of the
way or wrong that the minister should
give his daughters these nicknames,
for it was in keeping with his character,

and the seven girls were known in the
neighborhood by these names.
Pretty the girls had always been,

good they were known to be, notable
housewives the five oldest were con-
ceded, and yet none of them had ever

married. And only one had ever had
an offer, or even a beau.

Sometimes good friends would try to
console with him on the probability of
having so large a family on his hands

forever, when the girls should have in
duty bound married, and so left home.
But those friends never mentioned the

subject a second time—to the pastor.
Some fourteen years previous there
had lived in this place a handsome

young man who worked out his appren-
ticeship at the glowing forge of the
village blacksmith, and he had

often been seen to pay those little at-
tentions which spoke of his preference
for Miss Preston, otherwise known as

"Nub" or "Nubbins," and she received
them with sweet gravity, in no wise
discouraging them. But Walter DeWitt

was poor, and worse, his father had
died a drunkard after having broken his
gentle wife's heart, and so the son not

only had his own way to make in the
world, but also to rise with the weight
of his father's misdeeds on his shoulders.

He did bravely, and the people
around spoke of him as a "likely young
man."

As soon, or even sooner than the young
people were aware of their growing lik-
ing for each other, everybody began to

home to keep his remembrance sweet
in the heart, after the manner of wo-
men.

It was nearly six months after his
departure before Nubbins received a
letter from Walter, and it was a long

time more before she knew he had
safely arrived and had started a little
shop in the mines, where he thought
he would do well. He had every pros-
pect of success.

Then Mrs. Preston died and the care
of the younger children devolved upon
Nubbins, who developed an excellent
capacity for that. The little farm very

nearly supplied their wants and the
minister's salary, though very small,
filled the vacancy, leaving the uncer-

tain benefits of donation parties out of
the question.
And so things went on for six years.

Walter wrote often and Nubbins was
content to wait for his return. He had
made much money, but the cost of liv-

ing had been great, then he had been
very sick, and at last had been robbed.
He wrote that he feared that she would

be patient, and added that the hope
of seeing her would nerve him to new
efforts, and with protestations of love

immasurable, he ended his letters.
No thought of deserting her lover had
ever entered Nubbins' loyal mind,
and her love grew and ripened as she

grew older and passed from youth to
womanly age.
At last a year went by, and no news.

Another year of his sad length along and
no news came; a third passed and
Walter's name was spoken in a hushed

voice, as they speak of the dead, and
then other weary years went by, mo-
notonous, heavy, freighted with an un-

accepted sorrow, until at last it was
fourteen years since Walter had left
his promised wife.

Some said he had died. Nubbins
could not accept his death as a fact.
Others said he had probably forgotten

her and married some one else. This
roused her anger, gentle as she usually
was. Others, again, said, nodding

their heads, that he had most probably
taken to drink, like his father, and so
never was heard of more. This she

heard in pained silence and only prayed
in secret that it might not be true.
Still he did not come, and they heard

no news.
Fourteen years had brought silver
enough to blanch the golden curls that
had clustered on Nubbins' forehead

and had stolen the delicate bloom of
her cheeks and added a quiet dignity
to her manner, and she was now spoken

of as Miss Preston, the old maid, al-
though she was but thirty-two. The
other sisters followed in age with about

two years difference, and the youngest
of all was almost seventeen. Blossom,
as they called her, was almost exactly

like Nubbins, as she had been at that
age, only she was more vivacious and
full of coquetry, which Nubbins, her

elder sisters and father all in vain tried
to suppress.
So were matters on the day which

had been devoted to robbing the old
orchard of its abundant harvest. Num-
bers of friends had gathered there to

lend willing hands to help their pastor,
for there were none that did not love
him for his genial, human love for

them, each and all, as well as for his
devoted administrations as pastor.
While they were at work piling up

the apples in the capacious bins in the
cellars, and picking them down from
the trees and carrying them back and

forth, a stranger appeared upon the
scene.
Had tramps ever been heard of in that

peaceful valley, they might have called
him a rather respectable one, but as
these had never been known, they

looked with a high degree of curiosity
at him as he came walking over the
meadow with strong, firm steps, like a

man well assured of himself and his
surroundings.
He looked among the assembled peo-

ple and then his eyes fell upon Blossom,
who was standing beside a tree, and
he was by her side in a moment,

and caught her by the hands, and then
took her in his arms and held her
closely to his breast as he said, brok-

enly:
"Nubbins! my little wife! forgive me,
for this long silence, but I can ex-
plain it. Have you thought of me?

You haven't changed a bit, and I've
grown old and rough and gray. Why
don't you speak?"

"In the first place you gave me no
chance. In the next I'm not 'Nub' but
Blossom, and I think I have changed,

so now. Nubbins is over there by that
pile of baskets. I'll call her."

The first freshness of his joy had
been given to Blossom, and it was with
a bewildered sense of change and

strangeness that now took possession
of Walter that he went to greet the old,
stately woman that stood before him,

and he felt chilled in spite of himself,
and their meeting was constrained and
awkward. Then his story must be

told, and he must greet all his old
friends and be introduced to new ones.
He had been caught in a caving tunnel

and his skull fractured. A piece of
bone being forced in the brain gave
him a brain affection by which he be-

came insane, mildly so, but still enough
to make him oblivious, and he was
placed in an asylum at Stockton and

there remained for years. A new
physician took charge of his case, per-
formed an operation which restored his

mind and memory, and he went
back to work, and to write to his
promised bride, but he had not heard

from her. There were many letters
awaiting him from her, all dated in
the first years of his alienation and then

no more. She must have believed him
dead.
Then the friend who had preserved

those letters for him and watched over
him while in the asylum, died, and had
left him enough dust to constitute a

modest fortune. So Walter started at
once for his home and wife. This was
his story, and as he ended it he gave

a half nervous laugh and said:
"Now, Mr. Preston, we have no
apples in California, yet, and I want

you to give me the one you promised
me, to take out there. And we must
go back next month, Nubbins."

"I— you — Bloss — I have — have
changed very much, Mr. DeWitt, and
grown old. You did not realize it, and

now, perhaps you had better think it
over a little. I— think — you might be
sorry afterwards if you did not," said

poor Nubbins, whose tender heart had

been bitterly wounded by the mistake
he had made and by her own discov-
ery.

"Do you mean that you are married?"
asked Walter, hoarsely.
"No, not that," faltered she.

"Well, what then is it? You cannot
love me now that I have grown so old
and rough?"

"No, it is I who have grown old,
and—"

"Is that it? Why, I prefer a thou-
sand times that you should have kept
pace with me. What could I do with

a lady like that. I prefer my Nubbins
to the fairest blossom or handsomest
apple in anybody's orchard, yes, a mil-

lion times. Now, give me one kiss, my
dear, and I will know I'm awake, and
we will have a wedding here in a week,

or sooner, if you will."

The kiss settled it all, and the wed-
ding was [the following week, Walter
declaring that it was worth waiting

fourteen years for a wife like his.
Strange to say, in less than a year
from then Mr. Preston had seen all his

daughters led away as brides to dif-
ferent homes, and he said that as soon
as one man had found his wife so perfect,

the rest had rushed in and robbed his
orchard of girls, and left him neither
fruit nor bud, neither apple blossom

nor nubbins.
A Brief Betrothal.
They were in all the blissful trans-

ports of a couple who had been en-
gaged three hours and a half. It was
verging on to midnight but he man-

ifested no sign of going, and she trem-
bled lest he should do so. Suddenly
he drew a pencil from his pocket, tore

a blank leaf from his note-book, and
said:
"Now, my own little lovey dovey,

let's make a diagram of the little home
we will have."

"Oh, yes, let's do!" she said ecstas-
tically. "Our home! Don't it sound

lovely?"

"It will be genuine love in a cottage,
won't it, sweetheart?"

"Oh, yes, indeed! We can get along
with a dear, cunning little reception
room, double parlors, a library, dining

and music rooms down-stairs. Then
we'll want a large, sunny, beautiful
room up-stairs for dear mamma."

"Yes, dearest; when she comes to
visit us we'll make it as—"

"Visit us? Why, Albert, mamma
intends living with us, of course."

"Oh—ah—I—I—"

"I knew I'd surprise you, darling!
Won't it be lovely? Then Auntie Har-
riet will have a room next to mamma's,

and—"

"Aunt Harriet?"

"Why, yes, precious. She dotes on
you, and I've always told her that if I
ever had a home it should be hers, too,

and you wouldn't want your little
girly-girly to break her word?"

"No—no—I—"

"And then we must calculate for a
large, sunny room for my dear old
grandmamma and grandpapa who made

your little wife to be so happy when
she was a little girl."

"Yes, dear; but I—I—"

"No buts about it, darling. Then sister
Nellie will want a pleasant room,

and dear old Uncle Horace, and brother
Tom won't want to be separated from
dear mamma and me; and I've always

said that dear old Auntie Miggis should
be with me at least half of the time,
and if we could spare a room for—"

There engagement came to an end
right there, and dear Albert has a
breach-of-promise suit on hand now.—

Detroit Free Press.

Surprising News from Australasia.
A certain Secretary of State—so the
story ran—gave audience to an eminent

colonist from Australasia, and the con-
versation fell upon a retired Governor,
who, when his period of service had

terminated, bought a charming island
in the Pacific and made his home there.
He had lost favor at the colonial office,

and marvelous stories concerning him
were current in that locality. "I am
told," said the noble Secretary, "that

Gov. So-and-So lives the life of a
hermit in all respects but one. Can it
be possible that he has shut himself up

on an island with no other companions
than a harem of wallabies?"

"Well, yes," said the colonist, "that's
about it. The island and the wallabies
are a true bill; but he has books and

music, and ozone to boot."

"Pray, sir," said the Secretary, in a
tone of horror, "how many wallabies

may there be there?"

"How many? Well, I never thought
of asking. A good few, no doubt; a
hundred for certain, or five hundred

for anything I know. I dare say he
doesn't know how many himself."

"Gracious Providence!" cried the
statesman, in grave surprise, "what an
example to a Christian people!"

"Oh, as for example, I wish all your
Governors employed themselves as in-
nocently."

"I am profoundly grieved to hear
you say so, sir. Morality must be at a
low ebb indeed when a man like you

makes light of such a proceeding."

"Morality!" exclaimed the colonist,
"what does your lordship suppose a
wallaby to be?"

"Why, a half-caste, of course."

"A wallaby, my lord, is a dwarf
kangaroo!"—The Contemporary Re-
view.

A Place of Refuge.
Little Harry, age 5, whose mother
had been trying to impress upon his

mind the idea of an all-seeing God—
Mamma, does God see all I do?
Mamma—Why, yes, Harry. When

you are good He sees it and is happy,
and when you are naughty He sees it
and it makes Him unhappy.

Harry (after a careful thought)—
Mamma, does He know everything you
do? Did He see you when you pun-

ished me yesterday?
Mamma—Yes, He saw me, and He
felt sorry little Harry was so naughty.

You can't go out of doors or do any-
thing in the house that He doesn't see
and know. He wants you to be a good

boy.
Harry (drawing a long breath)—
Well, I guess I'll go over to the David-

sons' and stay. They don't have any
God over there!—Boston Globe.

It is said that a New York modiste
has just paid \$170,000 for a house on
Fifth Avenue. Dress making prices

rule high in the metropolis.

prime purpose, which was to secure the
passage of a free trade bill before the
voters of the country could pass upon

a revenue issue. In this they have been
beaten. But their scheme has been ex-
posed and details are no longer either

possible or useful. They now admit it
all, and with a serene impudence that
would be starting did it come from peo-
ple less accustomed to the contempt of

their fellow-citizens.
THE YOUNG MEN IN POLITICS.
The following is from Senator In-

galls' article on "Fetichism in the Cam-
paign" in the June number of the North
American Review:

The generation of young men, born
since the close of the late war, will par-
ticipate this year for the first time in a

presidential election. Their votes will
determine the result. To them the war
of the rebellion is as much a matter of

history as the war of independence.
They must be instructed, and one of the
issues of the campaign will be to teach

them which of the two great parties is
entitled to their confidence as patriotic
citizens. The democratic party have

been endeavoring insidiously to obliterate
their own record and to reverse the
verdict of posterity, by claiming that

they supported the Union cause in the
supreme crisis of the national life, and
are therefore worthy of the suffrages of

the youth of the United States. It is
an insolently false pretense. The great
majority of the democratic party is com-

posed of the men who attempted to de-
stroy the Union and the Constitution,
reinforced, now as then, by a Northern

contingent of renegades and apostates
who are ready to barter their birthright
of manhood and freedom for the potage

of place and power.
The Two Platforms.
Chicago Journal.

That liars may no longer falsify
and the fools no longer misunderstand
the republican platform as it relates to

internal revenue taxes, it should be com-
pared with the plank in the prohibition
platform on the same subject. Here

they are in juxtaposition, and they are
almost identical in language, while be-
ing conditional and based on a state of

affairs which in both instances modify
the explicit declaration which they con-
vey:

Republican platform. For the immediate
main a larger revenue abolition of the internal
tax is requisite for the government
whereby the revenue system whereby
the government is sustained is derived
from the support of internal or greatest
national taxes rather than the vice.

Prohibition platform. For the immediate
abolition of the internal tax is requisite
for the government whereby the revenue
system whereby the government is sus-
tained is derived from the support of
internal or greatest national taxes rather
than the vice.

If the republican platform pledges the
republican party to free whisky, the pro-
hibition platform pledges the prohibition

party to free whisky.
The Issue Welcomed.
New York Tribune.

Most people give the democratic con-
vention the credit it really deserves. Its
unanimous nomination of Mr. Cleveland

means unreserved acceptance of the issue
he has chosen to make. Its nomination
of Mr. Thurman means glorification of

the bourbonism which was nothing if not
hostile to protection. Its platform as-
serts many things that are trivial or

false, but earnestly and even passionately
argues one thing, that duties for pro-
tection hinder industry and rob con-

sumers. If that is not true, the platform
is a lie. If it is true, Mr. Cleveland is
rightly despoiled of his party, because he

has had to force it to speak the only
truth it has in it.

Dictation, despotism, why should any
democrat object? If his party is not a
mere organized treason to the rights and

welfare of the nation, if the ideas and
purposes which have ruled it for
fifty years are not false to all American-

ism, the party ought to thank God that
at last it has a leader able to lift it above
its own cowardice and falseness. Mr.

Cleveland has nominated himself, he has
nominated Mr. Thurman, he has dictated
the platform—Mr. Scott says, every line

and word of it. The more he plays the
despot, if his theories have merit, the
more the party will deserve success.

True, if the theories are false and the
purposes disloyal, acceptance of Cleve-
land means that sort of defeat from which a party never

recovers. But the democrat who be-
lieves his platform is a lie, is both cow-
ardly and traitorous in supporting it.

Middle ground there is none. The dem-
ocrat who believes in the candidate who
interprets the platform can hold up his

head, for the first time in forty years,
and boast that his manhood and his
patriotism are not at war. * * *

Free trade and gushing sentiment,
against protection and practical prosper-
ity,—the issue suits republicans. They

welcome a fight that has a meaning in
it. Fighting a cowardly and dishonest
party, which pretended to be one thing

in Kentucky and another in New York,
has been tiresome work. It is a good
thing that at last the theory of

free trade is to be tested be-
fore the people, with free wool
as its first practical illustration. The

honest belief that free wool will make
wool manufacture prosperous, clothing
cheaper, and wool more valuable or

now be frankly met. Honest, but ab-
surd and false, it has filled the minds of
larger men than Mr. Cleveland, and if it

can win, next we shall have free pig iron,
ore and coal, that the miners and fur-

nace men may prosper. It is well for
the country that the issue can be tried
now, while there are yet wool growers

and wool spinners left to vote. The
Oregon returns look as if the growers
had done their part with intelligence.

Mr. Cleveland will hear from the spin-
ners, the miners and the furriers men a
little later.

The Chicago Journal makes this pro-
position: In less than two months the
democrats will be calling on Samuel J.

Randall and Governor Hill to stamp
New York state and declare that the
democrats are as good protectionists as

the republicans.

Wages of Workmen.
From the New York Sun.
There is only one country in Europe

in which the wages of labor are within
a half of what they are in this country.
That is Great Britain.

Wages in Germany, France, Belgium
and Switzerland are not one-third of
what they are here. Those of Italy are

not one quarter. One duty of govern-
ment is to protect the labor of its citi-
zens. Last year cheap foreign labor

was imported into the United States in
the shape of manufactured goods to the
value of \$692,319,768. This was a great

wrong to American labor. In that im-