Home Magazine

ASAPH, THE MARVELLOUS MATCHMAKER.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Asaph Scantle lives with his widowed sister, Marietta Himes, in a Jersey village. He suggests that his old crony, Thomas Roper, marry her. She is well-to-do and Roper's only income is from a house whose tenant, Mrs. McJimsey, is about to leave.

Slooper bribes Asaph with the promise of clothes and a dictionary to speak in his favor to Marietta. Marietta, ignorant of this, offers ragged Asaph a suit of her late husband's clothes on condition he shall not smoke while wearing them.

To complicate Asaph's plans, Dr. Wicker, the local physician, begins calling on Marietta.

Ashamed that the doctor should see her ragged brother hanging about the house, Marietta orders Asaph to accept her offer as to the clothes or to leave the place.

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CHAPTER V.

BUT he had not made a dozen turns upand down the path before he became aware of the feeling of Marietta. She looked out of the back door and then awlked rapidly towarD him. "Asaph," said she. "I hope you are considering what I said to you yesterday, for I mean to stick to my word. If you don't choose to accept my offer I want you to go back to Drummondville early tomorrow morning."

Her brother looked at her a moment. "Do you want me to go away before breakfast?" he said.

"No," answered Marietta, "but immediately afterward." And in her mind she resolved that breakfast should be very early the next morning.

If Asaph had any idea of yielding he did not intend to show it until the last moment, and so he changed the subject. "What's the matter with Betsy?" said he. "If she's out of health you'd better get rid of her."

"There's nothing the matter with Betsey," answered his sister. "Dr. Wicker came to see me."

"Came to see you!" exclaimed her brother. "What in the world did he do that for? You never told me that you were ailin'. Is it that sprain in your ankle?"

"Nonsense," said Marietta. "I had almost recovered from that sprain when you came here. There's nothing the matter with my ankle, the trouble is probably with my heart."

The moment she said this she regretted it, for Asaph had such a good head, and could catch meanings so quickly.

"I'm sorry to hear that, Marietta, said Asaph. "That's a good deal more serious."

"Yes," said she. And she turned and went back to the house.

But as he walked, and walked and walked, and looked at the garden, and looked at the little orchard, and looked at the house and the top of the big chestnut tree, which showed itself above the roof, a thought came into his mind which had never been there before—he was Marietta's heir. It was a dreadful thing to think of his sister's possible early departure from this world; but, after all, life is life, reality is reality, and business is business. He was Marietta's only legal heir.

But now everything had changed. If Marietta had anything the matter with her heart there was no knowing when all that he saw might be his own. No sooner had he walked and thought long enough for his mind to fully appreciate the altered aspects of his future than he determined to instantly thrust out Mr. Rooper from all connection with that future. He would go and tell him so at once.

He had some trouble in finding Mr. Rooper, who had gone off to take a walk and arrange conversation with which to begin his courtship of Mrs. Himes, but he overtook him under a tree by the side of the creek. "Thomas," said he, "I have changed my mind about that business between us. You have been very hard on me, and I'm not goin' to stand it. I can get the clothes and things I need without makin' myself your slave and workin' myself to death, and, perhaps, settin' my sister agin me for life by tryin' to make her believe that black's white, that you are the kind of husband she ought to have, and that you hate pipes and never touch spirits. It would be a mean thing for me to do, and I won't do it. I did think you were a generous-minded man, with the right sort of feeling for them as wanted to be your friends, but I have found out that I was mistook, and I'm not goin' to sacrifice my sister to any such person. Now that's my state of mind, plain and square."

"But you don't mean to go agin me, do you, Asaph?" asked Thomas, ruefully.

"'Tain't necessary," replied the other. "You will go agin yourself."

"Asaph," said he, presently, "it cuts me to the in-ards to think that you have gone back on me; but I tell you what I'll do, if you will promise not to say anything agin me to Mrs. Himes, and not to set yourself in any way between me and her, I'll go along with you to the store now and you can git that suit of clothes and the umbrella, and I'll tell 'em to order the dictionary and hand it over to you as soon as it comes. I'd like you to help me, but if you will only promise to stand out of the way and not hinder, I'll do the fair thing by you and pay in advance."

Asaph had taken his reed pipe from his coat pocket and was filling it. As he pushed the coarse tobacco into the bowl, he considered. "Thomas," said he, "that aint enough. Things have changed, and it wouldn't pay me. But I won't be hard on you. I'm a good friend of yourn and I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will give me now all the things we spoke of between us—and I forgot to mention a cane and pocket handkerchiefs—and give me, besides, that meerschaum pipe of yourn, I'll promise not to hinder you, but let you go ahead and git Marietta if you kin. I must say it's a good deal for me to do, knowin' how much you'll git and how little you'll give, and knowin', too, the other chances she's got if she wanted 'em; but I'll do it for the sake of friendship."

"My meerschaum pipe!" groaned Mr. Rooper. "My Centennial Exhibition pipe!" His tones were so plaintive that for a moment Asaph felt a touch of remorse. But then he reflected that if Thomas really did get Marietta the pipe would be of no use to him, for she would not allow tim to smoke it. And, besides, realities were realities and business was business. "That pipe may be very dear to you," he said, "Thomas, but I want you to remember that Marietta's very dear to me."

This touched Mr. Rooper, whose heart was sensitive as it had never been before. "Come along, Asaph," he said. "You shall have everything, meerschaum pipe included. If anybody but me is goin' to smoke that pipe I'd like it to be my brother-in-law." Thus, with amber-tipped guile, Mr. Rooper hoped to win over his friend to not only not hinder, but to help him.

As the two men walked away, Asaph thought that he was not acting an unfraternal part toward Marietta, for it would not be necessary for him to say or do anything to induce her to refuse so unsuitable a suitor as Thomas Rooper.

About fifteen minutes before dinner—which had been cooked with bits of wood which Betsey had picked up here and there—was ready, Asaph walked into the front yard of his sister's house attired in a complete suit of new clothes, thick and substantial in texture, pepper-and-salt in color, and as long in the legs and arms as the most fastidious could desire. He had on a new shirt and a clean collar, with a handsome black silk cravat tied in a great bow, and a new felt hat was on his head. On his left arm he carried an overcoat, carefully folded with the lining outside, and in his right hand an umbrella and a cane. In his pockets were half a dozen new handkerchiefs and the case containing Mr. Rooper's Centennial meerschaum.

Marietta, who was in the hallway when he opened the front door, scarcely knew him as he approached. "Asaph!" she exclaimed. "What has happened to you? Why, you actually look like a gentleman!"

Asaph grinned. "Do you want me to go to Drummondville right after breakfast to-morrow?" he asked.

"My dear brother," said Marietta, "don't crush me by talking about that. But if you could have seen yourself as I saw you, and could have felt as I felt, you would not wonder at me. You must forget all that. I should be proud now to introduce you as my brother to any doctor or king or president. But tell me how you got those beautiful clothes."

Asaph was sometimes beset by an absurd regard for truth, which much annoyed him. He could not say that he had worked for the clothes, and he did not wish his sister to think that he had run in debt for them. "They're paid for, every thread of 'em," he said. "I got 'em in trade. These things is mine, and I don't owe no man a cent for 'em; and it seems to me that dinner must be ready."

"And proud I am," said Marietta, who never before had shown such enthusiastic affection for her brother, "to sit down to the table with such a nice-looking fellow as you are."

The next morning Mr. Rooper came into Mrs. Himes's yard and there beheld Asaph in all the glory of his new clothes sitting under the chestnut tree smoking the Centennial meerschaum pipe. Mr. Rooper himself was dressed in his very best clothes, but he carried with him no pipe.

"Sit down," said Asaph, "and have a smoke."

"No," replied the other, "I am goin' in the house. I have come to see your sister."

"Goin' to begin already?" said Asaph.

"Yes," said the other, "I told you I was going to begin to-day."

"Very good," said his friend, crossing his pepper-and-salt legs, "and you will finish the 17th of August. That's a good reasonable time."

(To Be Continued.)

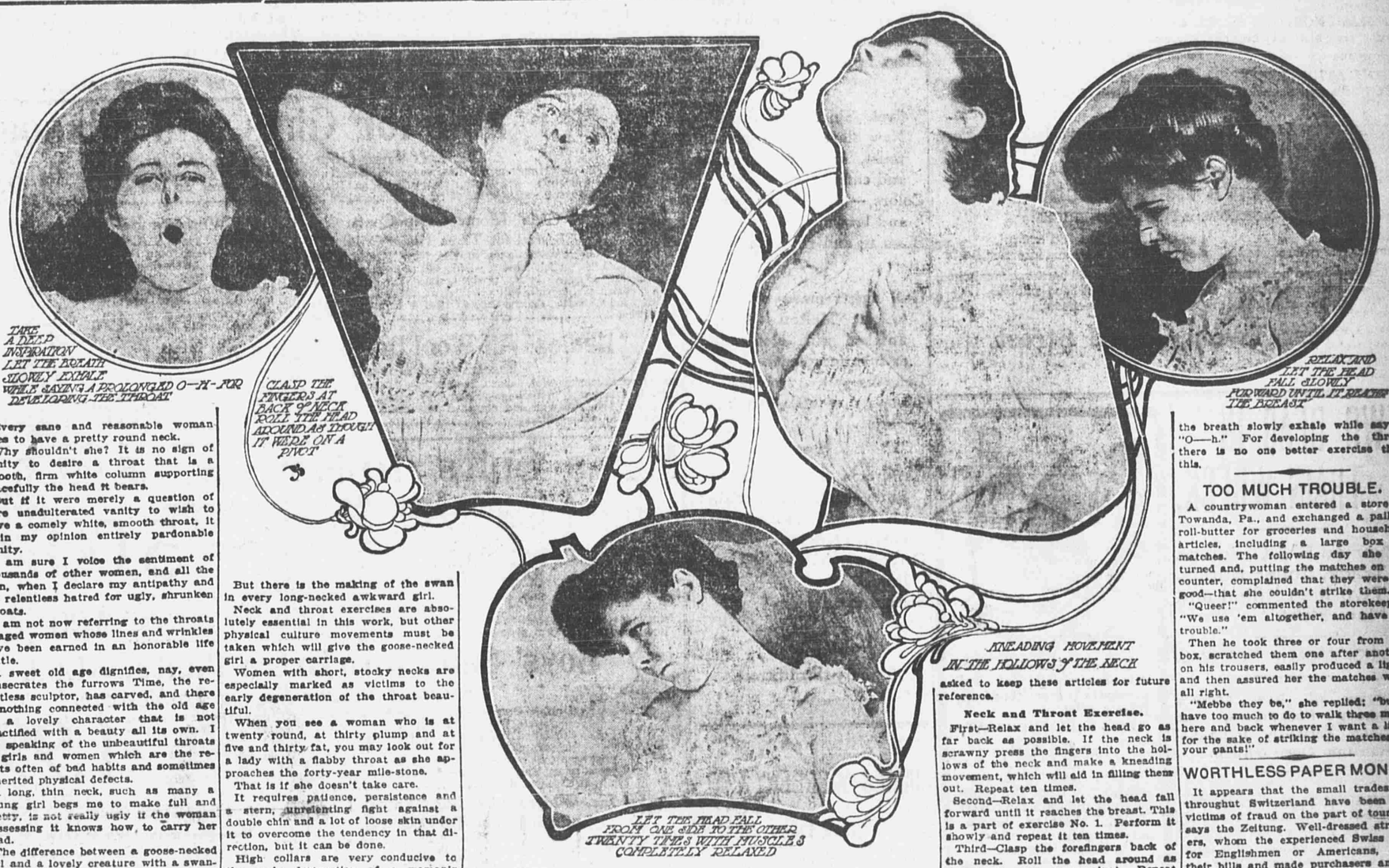
SENTENCE OF BANISHMENT.

"DO YOU WANT ME TO GO AWAY BEFORE BREAKFAST?"

HOW TO MAKE THE THROAT BEAUTIFUL.

SECOND ARTICLE OF SERIES.

By HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.



Every sane and reasonable woman likes to have a pretty round neck.

Why shouldn't she? It is no sign of vanity to desire a throat that is a smooth, firm white column supporting gracefully the head it bears.

But if it were merely a question of pure unadulterated vanity to wish to have a comely white, smooth throat, it is in my opinion entirely pardonable vanity.

I am sure I voice the sentiment of thousands of other women, and all the men, when I declare my antipathy and my relentless hatred for ugly, shrunken throats.

I am not now referring to the throats of aged women whose lines and wrinkles have been earned in an honorable life battle.

A sweet old age dignifies, nay, even consecrates the furrows Time, the relentless sculptor, has carved, and there is nothing connected with the old age of a lovely character that is not sanctified with a beauty all its own. I am speaking of the unbeautiful throats of girls and women which are the results often of bad habits and sometimes inherited physical defects.

A long, thin neck, such as many a young girl begs me to make full and pretty, is not really ugly if the woman possessing it knows how to carry her head.

The difference between a goose-necked girl and a lovely creature with a swan-like throat for paragraphers to rapturize over is just the difference between the girl who knows how to stand, how to carry her head and how to walk and the girl who doesn't. In other words the difference between the goose girl and the swan girl.

But there is the making of the swan in every long-necked awkward girl.

Neck and throat exercises are absolutely essential in this work, but other physical culture movements must be taken which will give the goose-necked girl a proper carriage.

Women with short, stocky necks are especially marked as victims to the early degeneration of the throat beautiful.

When you see a woman who is at twenty round, at thirty plump and at five and thirty fat, you may look out for a lady with a flabby throat as she approaches the forty-year mile-stone.

That is if she doesn't take care.

It requires patience, persistence and a stern, unrelenting fight against a double chin and a lot of loose skin under it to overcome the tendency in that direction, but it can be done.

High collars are very conducive to the early destruction of a woman's throat, yet business women must wear them if they would appear appropriately dressed. Physical culture and vocal exercises, which include deep breathing exercises, will keep the throat young and firm and offset the muscular rigidity produced by the stiff collars if persistently practised. Practise all neck and throat movements before a looking glass. Otherwise you will be very apt to develop rather than ward off a double chin. When you see you are making a movement that gives you a double chin change it at once.

In the vocal exercise the inspiration should be taken with the mouth closed.

All readers of this series who are interested in the subject are especially asked to keep these articles for future reference.

Neck and Throat Exercise.

First—Relax and let the head go as far back as possible. If the neck is scrawny press the fingers into the hollows of the neck and make a kneading movement, which will aid in filling them out. Repeat ten times.

Second—Relax and let the head fall forward until it reaches the breast. This is a part of exercise No. 1. Perform it slowly and repeat it ten times.

Third—Clasp the forefingers back of the neck. Roll the head around as though it were on a pivot. Repeat eight times.

Fourth—Let the head fall from one side to the other twenty times. The muscles must be completely relaxed.

Fifth—Take a deep inspiration and let the breath slowly exhale while saying "O—h." For developing the throat there is no one better exercise than this.

TOO MUCH TROUBLE.

A countrywoman entered a store in Towanda, Pa., and exchanged a pail of roll-butter for groceries and household articles, including a large box of matches. The following day she returned and, putting the matches on the counter, complained that they were no good—that she couldn't strike them.

"Queer!" commented the storekeeper. "We use 'em altogether, and have no trouble."

Then he took three or four from the box, scratched them one after another on his trousers, easily produced a light, and then assured her the matches were all right.

"Mebbe they be," she replied; "but I have too much to do to walk three miles here and back whenever I want a light for the sake of striking the matches on your pants!"

WORTHLESS PAPER MONEY

It appears that the small tradesmen throughout Switzerland have been the victims of fraud on the part of tourists, says the Zeitung. Well-dressed strangers, whom the experienced Swiss took for Englishmen or Americans, paid their bills and made purchasers among tradesmen, using worthless Confederate bills. The victims are mostly small tradesmen, who found out their loss when they attempted to change their useless dollar bills.

MAY MANTON'S HELPS

For Women Who Make Their Own Dresses.

One of the New Silks.

Soft finished silks, with figures in varying tones of the foundation color, are always charming and are much worn. This smart afternoon gown shows the material in shades of amethyst, with trimming of darker velvet and waist of cream chiffon.

The fitted lining of the waist closes at the centre front. On it are arranged the waist and the bolero so that both are made in one. The full front and back of the waist are tucked to yoke depth, then left free to take soft folds; the closing being effected at the left front, where an opening is cut from shoulder to waist line. The jacket is fitted by means of shoulder and under-arm seams only, and is cut away at the neck to reveal the chemisette. The sleeves are novel, while in bishop shape they include deep cuffs, pointed at the upper edge, which render them exceptionally becoming. At the neck is a regulation stock that closes invisibly at the centre back.

The front gore is plain, shaped to be close fitting at the top and to flare at the feet. The side portions are circular and to their lower edges the circular flounce is seamed. Short hip darts effect a snug fit at the sides and the fulness at the back is laid in inverted plaits.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is, for bolero 2 1-2 yards 21 inches wide, 1 7-8 yards 27 inches wide or 1 1-8 yards 44 inches wide; for waist 2 1-8 yards 21 inches wide, 1 3-4 yards 27 inches wide or 1 3-8 yards 44 inches wide; for skirt 8 3-4 yards 21 inches wide, 7 yards 27 inches wide or 3 7-8 yards 44 inches wide.

The waist pattern, No. 4,045, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure. It will be mailed for 10 cents.

The skirt pattern 3382 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure. It will be mailed for 10 cents.

If both patterns are wanted send 20 cents.

If in a hurry for your patterns send an extra 2 cent stamp for each pattern and they will be promptly mailed by letter post in sealed envelope.

Send money to "Cashier, The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

This is a sketch of the fashionable costume which May Manton describes in these columns to-day. Patterns may be obtained through The Evening World by following Miss Manton's directions.

THE BATTLE OF THE COWS.

ALL ABOUT A QUEEN.

Switzerland's annual "battle of cows" has just been fought to a finish near the little town of Arolla, in Canton Valaise, says the Pittsburg Gazette.

This extraordinary battle takes place every season when the Swiss cattle, which come from all parts, leave the valleys near Arolla in a great herd to feed on the mountain sides. The object of the conflict is to decide which cow shall be queen.

The fight the other day was seen by a party of greatly excited English tourists. They watched the herd of cows, which covered a space of 500 square yards, fight fiercely, and saw each cow, as soon as she had been beaten, led off the "field" to take up a position from which she could observe the fray. When evening came the only occupants of the improvised arena were about two dozen cows, which paced the turf proudly. Then the queen of last year was let into the field. One by one the other cows were permitted to advance against her, and one by one she put them out of business. Then the herders came forward and hung about the conquering animal's neck a bell much more handsome and twice as large as that grazing the neck of any other of the cows—this being the outward and visible sign of queenship.

WHAT ROYALTY SMOKES.

Making cigars for princes and potentates and crowned heads is a great business in Havana. King Edward of England has his cigars specially made. By the way, that reminds me, says a writer in the New Orleans Democrat, of the fact that we frequently find cigars in this country which are labelled with the English coat-of-arms, just as the cigars are labelled which are made especially for His Majesty the King of England. Of course, they are not the same cigar. It is simply a catch system. All the cigars that are made for crowned heads by Cuban manufacturers are bought by the men they are made for, and scrupulous care is exercised in the matter. The only men who ever get any of these cigars either get them on orders from royal personages, or they get them as guests of royalty. A particular kind of tobacco is used in the manufacture of these cigars. Take the case, for instance, of the Czar of Russia. Cigars that are made for him are branded with the Russian coat-of-arms, and he buys all the cigars the factory can make out of the material and in the way specified in his order.

WHAT ELECTRICITY WILL DO

Some of the more conservative electricians are a little bit dubious about the immediate triumph of electrical machinery. Performance has so often outstripped expectation in the modern world that in the endeavor to catch up expectation sometimes loses itself in the next century. In the matter of railroads, for instance, the substitution of electricity for steam will come, but slowly. Where there are only a few trains a day the electric current, which must be continuously maintained, is an unsurmountable expense. It is only where there is a rapid succession of trains that electric power is economical. One is quite willing to believe, however, with Prof. Steinmetz, that "electricity is still in its swaddling clothes." When it grows up to maturity it will, no doubt, prove to be a Joseph among the motive forces which are its elder brethren.

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MADISON SQ. THEATRE. 24th st. & B'way. THE GREAT LAUGHING NOVELTY. Evgs. 8.30. Mat. Sat., 2.15. THE NEW CLOWN.
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Murray Hill Th., Lex. av., 42d st. Ev. prices, 25c., 35c., 50c. 5th yr. H. V. Donnelly St'k Co. OLIVER TWIST with ELITA PROCTOR OTIS. MATINEE 25c. EVERYDAY
BROADWAY THEATRE, 41st st. & B'way. Evgs. at 8. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2. The Pet of B'way. Geo. W. Lederer's Musical Novelty Joy. SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.
NEW Star Lex. Ave., 107th St. Mat. Sat., 25c. THE BANDIT KING. 15,25,35,50c.75c. Next W'k—The Cowboy and the Lady.

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LV. BATTERY 9.30 A. M.
LV. LONG BRANCH 3.30 P. M.
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