

AUNT SALLY WOULDN'T HAVRIT

THE TINKLEPAUGH IMPULSE TO SCATTER WEALTH CHECKED.

So Cousin Marcellus Went Home Without the Barking Pigs After He Had Told About the Fate of the Only Genuine Last Wolf in Pennsylvania's Wilderness.

CHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 22.—It was one of the colder days yet, and they hardly expected to see the man who persists that his foot is not upon its native heath unless it is planted on the soil of over toward Pochuck, but he came in. Removing his generous car muff and the commodious yellow mittens, now somewhat faded, which he asserts were a Christmas present from Aunt Sally Beekendarter, he rubbed his nose a while to scatter any frost that might be lingering there, cracked all the fingers on both hands to start the circulation, and said:

"It takes a Tinklepaugh fer to want to scatter wealth, an' a Beekendarter fer to scorn it! I never see the likes!

"The ice makin' weather that Uncle David Beekendarter had been a'rchin' fer so long in the Farmers' Almanac havin' been found, an' Uncle David hav' got his ice all in, he was a'rchin' funder in the almanack to see if he couldn't find a spell o' weather that 'd fetch along a thaw, that old Berkshire sow o' his'n havin' been incognito'st nough to have a litter o' pigs, an' all but two o' 'em havin' 'eris to death when Aunt Sally gave a little clock, clepper her hands an' a bulldog out:

"Oh, golly! If yender don't come Cousin Marcellus!

"Now, though it is over on over two months since Cousin Marcellus had dropped in to see us, it didn't seem to me as if he sperrit o' gladness had much of a clutch onto Uncle David as he looked up from the almanack an' see him comin' down the road, an' when he stopped at the pig pen an' looked over at the pigs an' needed jist like they was the kind that suited him I'm most certain I heard Uncle David say: 'I guess I better look them pigs up in the woodshed to-night!'

"An' 'fore I ferget it," the Pochuck narrator interrupted himself to remark to the new landlord, "I kin put a dicker in your way that don't come along every day, provided you stop ferroad an' show your good faith by bindin' the bargain with me," said the Pochuck man, jerking his thumb toward where the cash register and no trust sign were kept. "Jest think it over, landlady."

If the landlord gave any thought to it he didn't manifest it, and the chronicler of alleged Pochuck events went on:

"Yes, sir, I'm most certain I heard Uncle David say that," he resumed, "but when Cousin Marcellus come in, Aunt Sally was jest tickled to see him.

"Marcellus Merrweather!" says she. "You'm good fer sore eyes," says she.

"Uncle David, keep'n his finger on the pint in the almanack where he had struck the trail of some thers'n' weather, as if he didn't want it to get away from him, looked up an' says he was glad to hear Marcellus was good fer somethin', an' he says:

"Who was tellin' of you, Marcellus, that I finished gittin' in my ice yesterday, an' didn't want no more help?" says he.

"Now, David Beekendarter, you jest quit your beginnin' to hurt Cousin Marcellus's feelin's," says Aunt Sally; an' Uncle David took up the trail of that weather an' an' maybe it was 'cause the trail was gittin' hot that he grinned so sorry satisfied.

"Set down, Marcellus," says Aunt Sally. "Why didn't you bring Het an' the young 'uns along?" says she.

"Leetle too much frost in the air, Aunt Sally," says Cousin Marcellus. "But they'm comin' over soon as it warms up a little, to spend a few days with you an' Uncle David," says he.

"The old David took his finger quick off the follerin' of that thev'n' weather, an' a'rchin' in the almanack shet hung it back on the rail outside down, as if he wanted to mix that trail all up so he couldn't find it again," says Cousin Marcellus says:

"Them's a nice pair o' suckin' Berkshire's you got out there, Uncle David, says he. "Or to be jest right fer roastin'," says he.

"Sorry you'm hankerin' fer roast pig, Marcellus," says Uncle David, "fer if you'm going to stay in this winter, you'll git 'er all beed by nickerin' pork, as if he boughten at that, so not recommended as the primest there is," says he; an' Uncle David stretched his neck around so he could see the woodshed door open the winder, an' looked at it with one eye shet, like he most be cal'latin'.

"It's jest pot luck, Marcellus," says Aunt Sally, soothin' like, an' sorry reassurin'. "It's jest pot luck, an' I never knowed no one yit that had a smidge o' Tinklepaugh in him, but what was always willin' to take pot luck, I don't keer how high he was, an' how used he was to the best the land afforded," says she.

"Aunt Sally diahed up the dinner, an' as we sat by to jine in partakin' of it Cousin Marcellus says:

"Uncle David," says he, "you've often heard about the killin' o' the last wolf in Pennsylvania; how it was killed here, there an' 'ere, an' how it was 'eris to death, an' time, an' by this, that an' 'other feller, till you've come to think that you didn't believe there ever was any last wolf in Pennsylvania, hain't you?" says Uncle David, "but take pot luck, I don't keer how high he was, an' how used he was to the best the land afforded," says she.

"Cousin Marcellus says to Uncle David that he'm 'spriced," says Cousin Marcellus. "That was the last wolf in Pennsylvania, Uncle David," says he, "an' a first one too. Who it was that killed the first one I never knowed. Uncle Soc Tinklepaugh most 'a' knowed, but if he did I never think to ask him, an' it never come in his mind to tell me. But I know who killed the real an' the genuine last wolf in Pennsylvania, Uncle David," says Cousin Marcellus, "an' the way he throwed his fork into some more o' Aunt Sally's pot luck made Uncle David see Tinklepaugh atscamp, fightin' it an' raisin' it with it 'eris to death, an' first one neither," says he.

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"Yes," says Uncle David, "an' I bet you're going to tell us how he used to tell you how he red Pennsylvania o' that pestiferous varmint by follerin' of it miles an' miles over hills an' through swamps, fightin' it an' raisin' it with it 'eris to death, an' first one neither," says he.

"But Uncle Soc Tinklepaugh settled in the killin' of it, though," says Cousin Marcellus, "an' Aunt Sally heaved a sigh o' relief an' cheered up, fer she'd begun to think there wa'n't goin' to be no Tinklepaugh glory in the takin' off o' that last wolf arter all."

"Uncle Soc was mixed up in the killin' o' Aunt Sally," says Cousin Marcellus, "an' the way he come was his own; a steer was more rampagin' er'n wolves."

"When Uncle Soc Tinklepaugh settled in that Pennsylvania wilderness wilderness was so thick that they jest sat right in it, an' heim outen house an' home. Why, they eat the dogs he got to hunt 'em down, an' they eat his own, an' they eat his calf, an' they eat his pigs, an' they eat his chickens, an' they eat that steer o' his'n, arter the doin' o' which, Uncle Soc said, there wa'n't no doubt, Aunt Sally, that they was goin' to depprover the Tinklepaugh settin' eatin' him an' his wife, Aunt Mizzy—she that was a Hanpiper, from down Fiddler's Bend way. Maybe you knowed the Fiddler's Bend Hanpipers, Aunt Sally?" says Cousin Marcellus.

"No," says Aunt Sally, "tossin' her head. "But if they was any relation to the Hanpipers, I'm most certain they wouldn't 'a' eat your Aunt Mizzy—not an' lived to eat your Uncle Soc—fer of all the 'em."

"But Cousin Marcellus passin' his plate jest then fer another helpin' o' the pot luck, Aunt Sally remembered that he was company, an' I lost the record o' the Hanpipers o' Peppercock. Uncle David was sorry layin' back ponderin' yit on how he come to shoot so wild at Uncle Soc an' the last wolf, so it didn't make no diff to him.

"But Cousin Marcellus didn't knowed no pints o' that steer o' Uncle Soc an' says Cousin Marcellus, "an' when six o' 'em meandered to the clearin' one night to git away with a pack o' the heads o' the two or three more packs that come around night arter night, heim up, the wolves an' the Hanpipers, an' didn't come nigh the clearin' no more."

"But that slatherin' o' the wolves had bet up the blood o' Uncle Soc's steer so that wolf was all he cared fer. They wouldn't come arter him no more, so he jest sot in to come arter them, an' from that on he didn't do nothin' but hunt wolves."

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ENGAGEMENT BRACELETS.

Princess Marie Bonaparte Started the Idea—Worn as the Upper Arm.

The newest Parisian fad is the betrothal bracelet. It is not worn on the wrist, but on the upper arm the left arm, as nearest the heart.

The fashion is said to have been introduced by Princess Marie Bonaparte, who received from Prince George of Greece instead of the traditional ring a double band of gold made to fit about her arm close up to the shoulder.

The two broad rings of which the ornament consists were chased with an antique design and studded with diamonds and sapphires, and had a clasp of diamonds.

The engagement bracelet is made in many forms, however, sometimes with bangles of gems and sometimes with little chains of pearls looped from it. Often it is perfectly plain save for a single fine diamond or a small star of brilliants.

The bracelet must not take any fanciful form, such as serpentine, rope or openwork effects. Its significance is in the double band, which is supposed to typify the union of the couple.

GOT SQUARE WITH THE JUDGE.

How the Georgia Mountaineer Had His Fine Remitted.

From the Atlanta Georgian.

A raw mountaineer got back at Judge Moses Wright of the Rome circuit in a very clever way. While the Judge was presiding over the Chattooga Superior Court he had occasion to plaster a \$15 fine on this man because he failed to appear in time as a witness in a case.

"Say, Judge, hain't that purty steep?" mildly inquired the Chattoogaan.

"No," was the reply. "You knew you were an important witness in this case and ought to have been here. I will suspend payment, however, and hold it over you to see that there is no like trouble in the future."

Later Judge Wright was spending a few weeks at Menlo, a popular summer resort in Chattooga county, several miles from a railroad. He had a package to come out from Summerville and the big mountaineer happened to deliver it.

"Well, what do owe you?" asked the Judge genially, reaching for his change of pocket.

"Well, Judge, I reckon about \$15 would square us," was the calm reply.

"What?" yelled Judge Wright, staggering back.

"Maybe you won't be so dern keerness next time 'bout leavin' yo' packages," was the imperturbable answer.

"Look here," whispered the perturbed jurist, "I'll just remit that \$15 fine I put on you down in Summerville."

"G'lad ap, Beck. That 'bout squares us, Judge."

COREAN INSURGENT LEADER.

Even His Enemies, the Japs, Speak Highly of His Courage and Honesty.

From the Korea Daily News.

Yi Kang Nyan, the accredited chief of the insurgents in the same man who was the head of the volunteers in the year of U. M. I. when the Empress was murdered, and who after quieting down came to the front again in the conclusion of the Japan-Corea agreement, and urged his countrymen to rise and defend their country.

He has since met the Japanese in many engagements, and in one of them was severely wounded, owing to his remarkable daring and courage, he is flocking to his side in large numbers. It is said that he is a rigid disciplinarian and that only a short time ago he had his son-in-law shot for a breach of discipline.

All villages and towns are quite safe as far as his own particular force is concerned, while even the Japanese speak highly of him for his courage, honesty and humanity.

SHELTER FOR BIRD AND BEAST.

A Robin's Protection From Cold—Squirrels' Comforter and Blanket.

From Pearson's Weekly.

The natural heat of a man's blood is 98.4. That of a bird averages about 107, which is the temperature of the domestic fowl.

For this reason many people suppose that birds do not suffer from the cold of winter, being also protected by their thick coat of feathers. But they do. Birds and all the woodland folk feel cold, and a hard frost causes severe suffering.

Birds are quite clever about seeking shelter from the bite of a frosty night. Run a hat feeling net across the side of a hayrick. You will be amazed at the extraordinary number and variety of small birds which come fluttering out as soon as the lantern light strikes upon the rick side.

Sparrows huddle together in tightly packed masses. With them it is any port in a storm or a frost, and seven were once found, all in a feathery heap, dead in a hole in the brick-work behind a greenhouse furnace. In some ways times had looked through the interstices of the masonry from the chimney behind and suffocated the whole lot.

Thick ivy is a favorite roosting place in cold weather. Of course there are always plenty of birds who spend the night in ivy, but in heavy frost the number doubles or triples.

The winter of 1891-92 was our last really severe one. In February, 1905, a Herefordshire farmer, visiting his out-houses one night, found a number of small birds, chaffinches and sparrows, he thinks, roosting in the cow shed, some actually snuggled down in the straw close beside the big warm animal in a case.

Any South Downs shepherd can tell you that chaffinches and greenfinches will spend cold nights nestling in the wool of the penned sheep. This is rather a dangerous proceeding for the poor little chaps, for very often they get their claws tangled in the wool and when morning arrives are unable to fly. If no one comes to their help they starve to death.

Blackbirds take refuge in low, close growing evergreens and even occasionally in holes in the ground. They have been found sheltering in rabbit burrows in very severe weather. The risk from weasels or stoats must be considerable.

What was perhaps the oddest artifice ever noticed on the part of a bird in search of warmth was practiced by a robin. A gentleman shooting in a Warwickshire covert on a very cold day had just killed a rabbit and was walking to pick it up when he saw a robin fly down from a tree and settle upon the dead animal, crouching close to its still warm flesh.

Afterward, when a number of rabbits were shot and laid under a hedge, the robin remained among them all the time the sportsman was eating his lunch.

Squirrels put on a thicker coat in winter. This is duller in color than the summer garb. Their tails also increase vastly in bushiness. This means a lot in the way of warmth, for a squirrel's tail is not only his rudder but his comforter and blanket also.

Chickadees burrow deep into the leaves and debris in the roots of thick hedges, and hibernate there. In the curious, trancelike state which we call hibernation an animal feels no cold at all.

The dormouse also hibernates, sleeping snug in a cozy little nest made of interwoven grass stalks.

Trapped Partridges.

Correspondence London Field.

While out shooting partridges with three guns we were walking a small field of roots when we flushed a covey of five birds. They rose singly and we killed four of them. The fifth being hard hit carried on some little way and dropped in a patch of bramble.

When we afterward found it, on examination of the five birds two had no feet, only stumps, the two others had only one leg each, and the fifth was the only pair left among them. They were all old ones and the stumps were quite healed, though rather clubbed at the end.

FREDERICK LOESER & CO.

BROOKLYN ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Subway to Borough Hall Brings the Loeser Store Within 20 Minutes of Forty-second Street.

In every detail the Leading Retail Establishment of Brooklyn.

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And a Great Stock in a Special Sale.

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\$3 Lace & Net Waists, \$1.98.

THE WAIST STORE has a particularly interesting budget of good news to be printed to-day—and this offering of \$3 lace and net Waists at \$1.98 is one of the best of the items.

The Waists are in white and ecru, with round or square yokes of lace insertions, edged with colors. Silk lined. There are also some lace Jumpers in white and ecru at the same price.

\$4 Silk Jumpers at \$1.98. \$5 Silk, Net and Lace Waists at \$2.98. \$5.50 Net, Lace and Silk Waists at \$3.98. \$7.50 \$8 Silk Lace and Net Waists at \$4.98. \$10 Lace and Net Waists at \$6.98. \$1.50 and \$1.75 Lawn and Lingerie Waists at 90c. \$2.50 and \$3 Lingerie Lawn Waists at \$1.98. Waists at \$1.98 and \$2.50.

\$5 to \$9 Jeweled Rings at \$2.98.

IN ALL THIS SUPERB STOCK of 400 Rings there are a very few that we might ordinarily sell under \$5. But many range up to \$9 in value, and the stock is unquestionably the finest ever offered for such a little price as \$2.98.

They are of 14k gold, set with opals, garnets, sapphires, topaz and emeralds, singly and in combination with pearls. A few rose diamonds also. They are as dainty in design as we have ever seen. They come to us for sale at such a ridiculously little price only because the manufacturer has ceased making Rings and we took his whole stock. None of them have ever been offered for sale before.

You won't realize how fine they are until you see them. \$2.98 each. Ring. Note Sent C. O. D. or credited.

A Great Day in Upholsterings.

THE SHOW AND SALE OF CRETONNES makes part of the interest in the Upholstery Store to-morrow. But another, and important part, is the offering of various groups of Curtains, Portieres and other home furnishings for much less than ordinary prices.

\$5.50 to \$13.50 Point Arab Curtains at \$5.98 and \$7.55. White Nottingham Lace Curtains. Forty-five styles, all new and perfect: \$1.48 a pair, regularly up to \$3.50. \$2.25 a pair, regularly up to \$4.50. \$5.50 to \$6.75 Real Renaissance and Cluny Lace Curtains at \$3.95. \$7.50 and \$8.50 Ruined Renaissance Bed Sets, \$4.65. \$20 Silk Velvet Portieres at \$11.45. \$10 and \$11.50 Ruined Renaissance Bed Sets, \$5.85. \$5 to \$7.50 Imported Colored Madras Curtains at \$2.98. \$4.50 Jap Matting and Bamboo Boxes, \$2.75. \$3 Jap Matting Utility Boxes, \$1.98.

Quality Undermuslins.

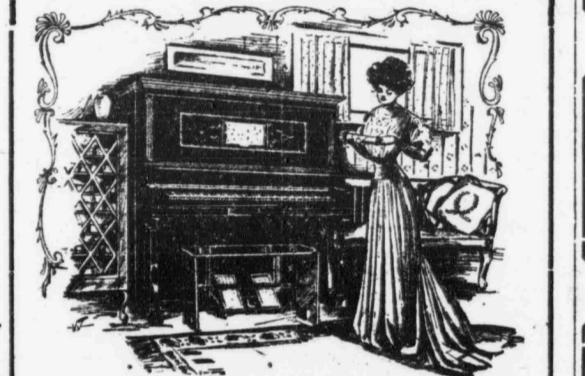
MOST WOMEN know that in good materials, good workmanship and good style Loeser Undermuslins are hard to equal.

And when the chance comes to buy these high grade Undermuslins for less than the usual prices, take it for granted that this section of the Store will be busy.

Here are examples of to-morrow's economies: \$1.50 to \$2 Petticoats at 98c. Three hundred and twenty-five simple Petticoats of white cambric, netstock and muslin, 38 to 42 lengths. Some are trimmed with embroidery and lace boucans; others have ribbon and beading and rare boucans of lace. 98c. to \$1.50 Corset Covers at 58c. Four hundred and twenty-five handsome Corset Covers, mostly simple garments, in a variety of pretty styles, trimmed with lace and embroidery. \$1 and \$1.50 Nightgowns at 50c. and 98c. 20c. to 75c. Corset Covers, 18c., 29c., 39c. & 49c.

BROOKLYN ADVERTISEMENTS.

STERLING Playerpianos



The companionable features alone of these incomparable Playerpianos make them especially attractive. To young and old alike they appeal with irresistible interest, for with their arrival in the home to EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY is delegated the accomplishments of the professional pianist.

There is no reason why you should not have the best Playerpiano made. The STERLING is not only concededly best in construction, finish, cabinet and workmanship, but it is undeniably the best and safest instrument to buy because the manufacturer sells direct to you. Investigate for yourself. It is worth while.

Artistic STERLINGS cost no more than some dealers ask for wired boxes with only a stencil name to safeguard your investment. Why not have the best?

The fact that in Brooklyn there are three of our instruments to one of any other make is evidence enough, that STERLINGS are best. Their sweet singing qualities are unmatched.

Terms-Cashor Monthly Payments Old Pianos Taken in Exchange

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