

FINDING HIS MATE

By LAWRENCE ALFRED CLAY.

Caleb Andrews was a man of fifty. He was also a widower, and had decided to marry again, although his fourteen-year-old daughter was running the house very well.

Caleb wasn't a rich man, but in deciding to marry again the question of property had no influence. He was one widower in a hundred about that.

The widower had an appetite. He was born with it. It was an appetite that would have done credit to one of his work horses. He shoveled down the boiled dinners—the pork and beans—the fried pork and potatoes—the bread puddings, and two hours later he could eat just as much as if he had been all day without a meal.

When Caleb got ready to look up a wife it was almost a question: "Can she cook?" There might not be much love to start on, but as she cooked and cooked the love would grow and bloom and blossom until he would finally have to squint twice to make out whether she had wings or arms.

Caleb didn't put up any surprise party on his three children when he had come to the conclusion to marry again. He sat down with his pipe after a hard day's work and a supper that would have made an ox groan with contentment and said:

"Mary, I'm a hearty eater."
"Yes, father."
"Keeps you cooking most of the time."

"Yes."
"You order have more schooling."

"I think so."
"But my appetite keeps you home and keeps you over the hot stove."

"Yes, father."
"Therefore, Mary—therefore—"

"But you must have all you want to eat," said the girl as he hesitated.

"Seems that way, but I've been thinking of late that if I could change fodder I wouldn't eat so much. You cook first rate, but it's allus the same things over and over. Now if a new hand was to come in there'd be a change in the dishes, eh?"

"I guess they would, but whom can you hire?"

"Nobody. Don't want to hire nobody 'till."

"Then how—"

"Get married ag'in. Get a wife to do the cooking. Get a wife who's got a twist of the wrist about bilin' and bakin' and gettin' up new dishes. What ye think of it?"

"It's for you to decide, father."

"You children won't raise any row?"

"No."
"That's mighty nice of you, and you can count on getting some Santa Claus in your Christmas stockings."

"Have you picked her out?" was timidly asked.

"Only just kinder picked her out. I thought I'd tackle the widder Bliss first."

"She's nice."
"Yes, but can she cook? She's got to be nice and a mighty good cook besides. After I've eaten one meal in her house I can tell whether she'll fill the bill or not."

The Widder Bliss lived in the village three miles away. She was forty-five years old, and was weary of facing the troubles of life alone—some real good man—some man that would appreciate her many good qualities—why, why—

No one must blame her or sneer at her. As we are told in Holy Writ, husbands shall not know their wives in heaven, and wives shall not know their husbands. Therefore, it is better to get plenty of husbands and wives on earth.

Caleb, the widower, loaded up five bushels of potatoes and hid him down to the Widder Bliss with them. They were a gift to her, and she made it plain that his generosity was duly appreciated. They became so interested in each other, and he had timed the hour so accurately, that she invited him to stay to supper.

"That's it! Now I'll get a line on her cooking!" he said to himself after accepting the invitation. "Mighty nice little woman, but can she cook? Can she serve up 'taters in a new way? Are her pie-crusts short and flaky, or heavy and soggy? Can she make a cup of tea to curl the hair, or is there a taste of dishwater about it?"

The widower won the gold medal with a bread pudding. It was baked in a dish half the size of a milk pan. Caleb's wife used to make what she called bread puddings, but they didn't hold a candle to this one. A still, small voice whispered to the widower that her visitor would eat that pudding to a standstill if given a chance, and she made the chance. It touched the spot. For the first time in years he shovelled back from the table with his appetite perfectly satisfied. When ready to go he said:

"Widder, you are a nice little woman!"

"I'm glad you think so," she replied with a laugh.

"I shall probably come around this way again."

"And I shall always be glad to see you."

The father went home and told his daughter what took place, and added, "Mighty nice widder and mighty nice bread pudding, but of course that don't settle it."

"No?"

"There's the Widder Cable. I've been told that she took a prize at the county fair for her preserves."

"It was for her pickled peaches, father. We have no peaches, and so I never tried my hand at it."

"Seems to be now that it's pickled peaches I sigh for. Seems as if I had a couple of dozen all at once I would take the edge off my appetite. Guess I'll load up with some green stuff in a day or two and drive down and see her."

The Widder Cable must not be sneered at, either. She was nearly fifty years old, and had split her own wood, milked her own cows and built her own fires on hundreds of winter mornings since her good husband departed this life. She knew Mr. Andrews very well, and if she had wondered why he didn't take a second wife that was no crime on her part. She simply blushed and picked up things and straightened the chairs back when she caught sight of him driving up, and had time to say to herself before he came in:

"My stars, it's the Widder Andrews, and lands only knows why he has come!"

"I've brung you some beets and squashes and onions, widder," said Caleb as he came in.

"Then you are a dear, good man. You know I've no garden."

"Can't no lone woman do much with a garden."

"You are right they can't."

Caleb was not invited to stay to supper, but what was just as good, he was asked to sit down to bread and butter and pickled peaches. A still, small voice whispered to the Widder Cable as she was down cellar getting the peaches that she had better get an abundance of them while she could, and she lifted 23 big, rare-ripes out of their bath before she halted.

"Same as you took the prize with?" asked the widower as his mouth watered at sight of the peaches.

"Picked along the same recipe. I hope you will like them."

He did. When he was through there were 23 peach pits lying on his plate as living proofs that he liked pickled peaches. The edge had been quite taken off his appetite.

"Widder Cable, I think of gettin' married ag'in," he said, as he shoved back.

"Dear me, but I don't blame you one single bit," she replied, as she twisted her apron in delightful embarrassment.

"I may call again."

"I'd be happy to have you."

Before Caleb got home the "influence" of those pickled peaches had quite worn off, and he said to his daughter:

"Mary, the Widder Cable is a nice woman, and them pickled peaches would make a man kiss his grandmother for awhile. I'm a heap hungrier now than before I ate 'em. I've got to try another widder."

"Whom, father?"

"Wall, there's the Widder Ransom. They say she makes a cup of tea that's about as good as a drink of whiskey for a man. Mebbe that's what I need to take the edge off my appetite. I reckon I'll drop in on her!"

He dropped. He didn't get supper, but he got a cup of that celebrated tea, not one cup, but four! Then he was ready to say:

"Widder, I can't see how you have remained a widder, makin' such tea as you do."

"They do say I know how to make tea better than I know how to make soft soap," she replied.

"Yum! Yum! Widder, I may call again."

But he never called again on any one of the three widows. He had the misfortune to break his leg, and to help his daughter nurse him they secured the services of an old maid. On the first morning she came he complained of a goneness, and she made him a platter of hash. An hour after he had downed it he said:

"That hash was what I had been looking for for ten long years. It has made a new man of me. I want you for my wife!"

"Just on account of the hash?" she asked.

"Nay. The hash has just happened to come first, but love will follow."

It did, and they have made a very happy couple.

(Copyright.)

Where English River Rises.

The Dudson, one of the most picturesque of the English rivers, oozes up through a bed of moss near the top of Wronose Fell, a desolate solitude, yet remarkable for its huge masses of protruding crags and the varied and vivid colors of the mosses watered by the stream.

NO MYSTERY ABOUT THAT

Comedian Found It Easy to Recognize the "Handwriting" of His Manager.

Mr. S—, the theatrical manager, though in other respects a thorough business man, could neither read nor write, but kept a private secretary, who had strict injunctions not to betray the secret.

One day the manager was dining at his hotel, when a gold watch was raffled for. Each of the guests staked two shillings, wrote his name on a scrap of paper and threw it into a hat. Our manager was dreadfully perplexed when his turn came to sign his name. However, in order not to expose himself, he pretended to write, rolled up the blank piece of paper and threw it into the hat along with the rest.

As chance would have it, this very paper was drawn. Great was the astonishment when it was found to be blank. But B—, the low comedian, who was present, asked to have it shown to him, and when he had examined it carefully, he gravely exclaimed:

"That is our manager's handwriting. I should know it among a thousand!"—London Mail.

Color Parts in Orchestral Music.

Degrees of emotion from placid contentment to intense manifestations are vividly expressed by color parts used in connection with orchestral music now produced in some of the greatest concert halls of the world. The mechanism and operation of the color organ was described in the June number of Popular Mechanics Magazine, and the cover design of this issue depicts a color phase as it appears to the spectator-listener. That colors have decided influence on the nervous system has long been established, but their adaptation to the expression of musical themes has only recently been worked out.—Popular Mechanics.

Making It Strong.

Bacon—In building an ice-box. Egbert—Oh, are you?

"Yes; what do they put in an ice-box to make it strong?"

"Onions, I believe."

TWO DEAD BESIDE HIM, STOPS TRAIN

Automobile Struck by Engine, Three Carried on Pilot and Fourth Injured.

Winsted, Conn.—Two of his companions killed when an express train struck their automobile at a grade crossing, H. Cuthbert of Coleman station, N. Y., escaped serious injury, and after being carried an eighth of a mile on the pilot clambered back and asked the engine driver to stop.

This was learned at an inquest held by Coroner Brown of White Plains, N. Y.

Miss Kathryn Reilly, twenty-one years old of Amenia, N. Y., and Kenneth McArthur of Coleman station, twenty, were killed when the Rutland milk express on the Harlem division of the New York Central railroad struck the automobile at Amenia. Miss Mary G. Ahearn of Amenia was seriously injured. Cuthbert suffered a slight injury to his foot.

Cuthbert, dazed by the crash, was helpless for a few moments, and when

he recovered his senses, he saw the bodies of McArthur and Miss Reilly beside him on the pilot. The engine driver already had applied the brakes when Cuthbert was climbing back along the running board and shouting to him to stop.

Miss Ahearn was found unconscious 50 feet from the crossing.

Express Train Struck Their Auto.

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The General Says:

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is guaranteed in writing 5 years for 1-ply, 10 years for 2-ply, and 15 years for 3-ply, and the responsibility of our big mile stands behind this guarantee. Its quality is the highest and its price the most reasonable.

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Tobacco and Poison-Gas.

Writing to a friend, a corporal of the Canadian artillery says:

"What hurt us most was the gas they turned loose. It made the air green and yellow, and it just choked and poisoned a man where he stands. Tobacco saved many a boy's life in that battle. We began to feel pretty choky at the guns, and wondered if tobacco would help us. We thought we would try it, and put a big chew in our mouths, and it made us spit the gas up. Now, when we notice the gas in the air, we put tobacco in our mouths, and it helps us a lot."

Chopping Him Off.

While Sandstrom Smith, the prominent Oklahoma cattle baron, who was recently in Kansas City, was sauntering through the lobby of his hotel, he was accosted by a suave and gimlet-eyed stranger.

"Pardon me, sir," said the latter, "but you look very much like a man I used to know."

"I do, hart," returned Sandstrom.

"Well, you look a heck of a sight more like a man I don't know and never want to!"

Small Beginning.

"What is your opinion of a college education?"

"I thought more of it until a sample was brought home to me," answered Farmer Wraybacker.

"A sample?"

"Yes. My son, you know. When he got out of college I hoped he would show some executive ability, but all he's done since he's been here was to organize the farmhands into a quartet."

Worse Than a Tumble.

"I suppose there are a great many risks in your profession," remarked the casual conversationalist.

"You speak truly," said the aviator.

"Last week I signed a contract for two flights a day at a rural fair and the promoters agreed to pay me \$1,000."

"Did anything happen?"

"I should say so! The darned fair went bankrupt and I didn't get a cent!"

Seat of Honor.

"Why don't you move that empty cracker box out of the way?"

"Because that's our chair of political economy," replied the village grocer.

"Your what?"

"Except when he's laid up with rheumatism, it's occupied every day by Lem Dollerby, who thinks he knows more about running the government than any other man in this country."

Makes a Big Difference.

"You say he was acquitted?"

"Yes. The jury was out less than an hour."

"But an alienist swore he was crazy?"

"What of that? It wasn't his alienist."

One Redempting Point.

"That second speaker was quite extraordinary. I thought his speech was about the fullest I ever heard."

"His speech didn't amount to anything, but he failed, when he got up, to say that the toastmaster's introductory remarks reminded him of a story."—New York Sun.

Blushing a Lost Art.

"Those women at the adjoining table seem to be