

CUTTIN RUSHES.

Oh, maybe it was yesterday, or fifty years ago!
Mist was rain early on a day for cuttin
rashes.

MAID MATTIE.

Unselfish to the Last, She Supported Her Benefactors.

There was always a profusion of old
fashioned blossoms in the garden that
sloped from the little white house to
the water's edge.

On the day Mattie learned something
of the past she realized fully the
precious future of her old ladies life
became an astounding, but above all, a
stem reality to her.

Mattie handed the letter to Miss
Priscilla where she sat at the head of
the frugal but dainty breakfast table,

"He is dead, Miriam! Oh, Miriam,
George is dead!"

"What?" cried Miss Miriam. "No, no;
it is not possible. The debt! God would
not call him home before his work
was done!"

"His work is done. The last of the
debt was cleared a week ago," Miss
Priscilla answered with a forced calm
that hurt the listener more than her
poignant cry.

"Dear Miss Miriam, not if I tell you
I want the money to buy a chicken for
Miss Priscilla? She enjoyed the last
so much. I assure you, it's not for my
self this time."

"That alters the case entirely. Cer-
tainly, certainly, we must get a chicken
for Miss Priscilla." Then the good
lady set her cap straight, and takes
her way contentedly to the sunny
garden.

"You do not say 'Our Father!'"
Miriam's voice had hardened strangely.

"Don't, sister, don't!" cried the elder
quickly. "Your bitterness gives him
another wrong to answer for at the
last judgment—and he has surely
enough."

"Poor father! You are right, sister."
A sorrowful silence fell on the sunny
room, the windows of which faced the
south and the sea.

"We have not seen George for 25
years," Miriam remarked after a time.

"Ay, he grudged the expense of the
long journey—dear liddle!" Priscilla's
voice broke in a dry sob, but neither of
the sisters had shed a tear. They
would not mourn to grievously the
brother whose life had been so noble
in their eyes in their stern devotion to
a high ideal of rectitude. Besides, they
had known a worse sorrow than such
a death as George Lorimer's could
bring.

"What does the lawyer say about—
about his circumlocution?" It was
Miriam who put the anxious question.

"He had a decent burial, and—
and there seems to be a little over—enough
to do our turn."

"Thank God!"

It was at this moment the little maid
outside the door burst into uncontrol-
lable weeping, and the elder of the
sisters rose from her place and followed
her to the kitchen.

Through her tears the girl saw how
Miss Priscilla's expression altered
when alone with her—it had turned to
one of blank despair.

"Mattie," she whispered, "I must tell
somebody or it will be too much for
me. I had to spare poor Miriam, but
that was a falsehood I told her."

"You may call it that, ma'am! I
don't." And Mattie set her lips in a
determined way she had, while a look of
strong admiration shone through her
tears.

"I'm afraid you don't understand,
Mattie," continued Miss Priscilla,
speaking in her painful effort. "My
sister and I will be hard put to it now
to stave. My brother is dead. We
have nothing to depend on for a living
nothing and nobody."

He endeavored his brain for some way

of bringing her to reason, as he
phrased it, and at last he hit upon a
scheme. It was one only likely to occur
to a selfish and unscrupulous man,
but that was of no consequence to
Peter.

"You've me," quoth Mattie desig-

ly. "We'll not be able to afford a serv-
ant now, Mattie," said the old lady
very sorrowfully.

"You'll have a servant, Miss Priscilla,
as long as I've a pair of hands to
do your work."

And for no reasoning of Miss Priscilla's
would Mattie budge an inch
from her decision.

Miss Lorimer had a feeble constitu-
tion, and the shock of her brother's
sudden death made a chronic invalid
of her. Miss Miriam was almost as
helpless in her way, and it is hard to
tell what would have become of the
sisters had it not been for Mattie. She
was their sole support, but the remark-
able thing is that nobody knew it
except poor old Miss Priscilla herself.

The girl guarded her mistress's pride
as carefully as if it were her own.

As soon as possible Mattie started
the various small industries by which
she managed to keep the pot boiling
for three. The little white house be-
longed to the sisters, and that lessened
her difficulties somewhat. Still it was
no light task she had undertaken. She
was at work early and late and was
withal the cheeriest little woman you
would meet in a day's march.

To the villagers who quizzed her
about her industry and her earnings
she declared she was "laying by" for
her "providing"—she was not minded
to be a portionless bride.

Her visits to the neighboring town
with supplies of fruit and vegetables
for the market had set the gossips
agog, and they had many dark hints
to make regarding her honesty. When
the girl invaded their own ground,
however, and began to buy and retail
the creels of fish, the sight of her
depravity could no longer be endured,
and they went in a deputation to in-
form and caution the old ladies.

The only bad effect of the ignorant
interference of these busybodies was
to make Miss Miriam more intolerant in
private of "Mattie's eccentricities" and
a little suspicious that the girl was
greedy. Mattie's indefatigable energy
made a source of irritation to the
decent old men, who had not the
key of it, and poor Miss Priscilla's of-
fice of mediator was not always a
sinecure. But they seldom quarreled
outright, for Mattie rarely forgot that
Miss Miriam had been "kept in the
dark," and besides, she had a tactful
way with her. Scenes like the follow-
ing were of frequent occurrence, how-
ever.

Mattie's bright face would look
round the sitting room door of a morn-
ing. "Oh, Miss Miriam, if you're not
too busy, would you mind plucking a
few young peas? I must finish the
washing, but I would like to take them
to the market today. They're scarce."

Miss Miriam would continue to nib-
ble the end of her quill pen reflectively.
(She is seated at her desk. It is Miss
Miriam's belief that she has the poetic
gift, and her time is much occupied in
its exercise.)

"It's such a lovely morning," says
Mattie persuasively.

"Dear, dear! if you only knew what
it means to be disturbed at such mo-
ments! But you have no tact, no con-
sideration; you will never learn, Mat-
tie!" cries the lady pettishly.

"I'm so sorry, ma'am, but the peas
will go soon be past their best, and—"

"The peas, indeed! And what of my
ideas? If I do not pluck them when
they are ripe, they wither also."

"But think of the price they'll
fetch!" cries the maid, her mind upon
the peas.

"The price! Thank goodness, I have
never put my Mattie to base uses—and
never will! Mattie, it grieves me to
see you becoming so mercenary. I do
not think I can possibly afford time
for the peas this morning."

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but that was of no consequence to
Peter.

One night, on the plea of helping
Mattie with the lines, Peter stopped
aboard the cobbler and rowed her out
to her fishing ground. Anchoring the
boat securely, he seated himself on a
thwart within reach of the painter.

"Mattie had tried to dissuade him
from accompanying her, and she was
surprised he should ignore her wish.
Still, she was not altogether displeased
to have his company.

It was one of those nights in which
the dim starlight seems to intensify
the darkness of land and sea. The
heaving waters had a phosphorescent
gleam, and the waves moaned sullenly
as the wind from the east swept across
them in stinging gusts.

But for Peter's companionship Mattie
would have felt the solitude "eerie."
Yet they had little to say to each other.
They worked with a will. Fish were
plentiful, and in a couple of hours they
had caught as many as Mattie wanted.

"We'll be weighing anchor now," she
said.

"Not quite yet, lass," quoth Peter in
a dry tone. "I came here tonight mean-
ing to get your promise to marry me a
fortnight from now, and we'll up an-
chor only when you've given it."

"You'll row me ashore at once, Peter,
or I'll never forgive you," cried Mattie,
amazed and indignant.

"I'll row you ashore as soon as you
give me your word—not till then," said
Peter doggedly.

"You're never in earnest," Mattie
was beginning to tremble a little in
the darkness.

"Am I not? I'm thinking I've pinned
you this time, my lass!" And he laugh-
ed exultantly.

Mattie was speechless for the mo-
ment, dazed by the revelation of his
character. It seemed to her that she
looked suddenly into a gulf of horrid
darkness. What a cruel heart he must
have to think of taking so mean an ad-
vantage! He knew so well how afraid
she was lest the old ladies should learn
of these midnight excursions of hers.
It would break Miss Priscilla's heart to
know of the hardships she had borne,
however cheerfully, for her sake. As for
the other sister, she would be dis-
graced forever in Miss Miriam's eyes.
Her own silence would insure that.

"Well, are you content to stop here
till daylight?" cried Peter, breaking in
on her troubled thoughts. "There will
be a fine stir at the cottage when the
Misses Lorimer wake up, and want
their breakfast," he added craftily.

At this Mattie sprang to her feet and
stretched across to grasp the anchor
rope, but he held her off. Then he
taunted her with her powerlessness.

She condescended to me long afterward
that she knew the sort of despairing
rage that tempts a being in extremity
to take the life of another.

Peter drove her back to the seat she
had quitted. Then she shipped the
oars into the rowlocks and strove with
all her might to drag the boat from its
moorings, but it was useless.

"Come, Mattie, be a sensible woman
for once and give in. It beats me to
know what you make such a do for."

Mattie's answer was a cry of despair.
It was that I heard as I was returning
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to the coast guard station after my
night's round of inspection.

What was the use of telling this man
the true facts of the case—that the
poor old ladies had nobody to look to
but her? He would only sneer. She
need not throw herself upon his gen-
erosity; he had none. He was hard
as flint. He would keep his word in
spite of all she could say or do. Day-
light would find her here if she did not
promise. Could she promise—for their
sakes? But would it be best for them
in the end? That question saved Mat-
tie. She saw so clearly that the wife
of Peter Small would have little power
to minister to others.

"You can stay here till doomsday,
Peter, but you'll never get me to say
I'll marry you. That idea is gone, once
and for all. I've changed my opinion
of you this night as I—as I never
thought of!" Her words died in a
sob.

Peter's anger rose. He began to
threaten and to bully her, thinking
probably that her tears betokened a
weakness that demanded such treat-
ment. But he was struck dumb of a
sudden by the sound of approaching
oars.

"Ahoj, there!" Mattie cried out, her
voice full of joyful relief.

It suffices to tell that I rescued Mat-
tie by cutting the cobbler adrift from
her moorings when the surly fellow at
the bow still refused to haul up the
anchor, for I am merely the chronicler
of a page in Mattie's life which proves
her to have a heart as brave, generous
and faithful as that of any heroine of
fiction.

A number of years later Mattie stood
in the old fashioned garden. Two
young girls were chasing each other
round the flower beds. Mattie's eyes
were unusually dreamy. Coming up
behind her, unobserved, I said:

"I can tell you who you are thinking of."

"I miss them sometimes even now. You
see, since the babies grew up there are
none of you quite helpless enough,"
she replied, with a whimsical smile.

"I'll soon be an old, decrepit man," I
remarked cheerfully.

She looked a loving reproach.

"Priscilla! Miriam!" she called to
the youngsters, "come to dinner. Father
is home."—New York Times.

Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar."
I remember Tennyson saying one
day, when he was smoking by the fire,
that that was his greatest time for
inspiration, "but I seldom write down
anything; thousands of lines float up
this chimney."

Do you know how he came to write
his beautiful "Crossing the Bar"? He
had been very ill, and one day, when
he was convalescent, he was sitting
grumbling. Suddenly his nurse said
to him, "You ought to be ashamed of
yourself, Mr. Tennyson; you ought to
be expressing your gratitude for your
recovery from a very bad illness by
giving us something, by giving it to
the world."

He went out and straightway wrote
"Crossing the Bar," and brought it to
the nurse as a peace offering.—London
News.

— Anyone who has ever picked up
with a bare hand a piece of intensely
cold iron knows that the touch burns
almost as badly as if the metal were
red hot. Indeed the action of great
heat and extreme cold are so similar
that a Hungarian chemist has turned
the latter to account to prepare
meats for food. He subjects the
meat to 60 degrees of frost and then
seals it up in air tight cans. The
result is that the meat is practically
"cooked by cold."

THE WAYS WE LAUGH

THEY DIFFER AS MUCH AS DO OUR
VOICES OR OUR FACES.

While Men Commonly Use the A and
O Style, Women Usually Indulge in
the E and I Brand—A Laugh That
Won Napoleon a Battle.

Since the days of Adam, who is said
to have invented laughter when he
awoke and saw Eve by his side, no
two people have laughed alike. The
laugh is as distinct as the voice.

Women laugh differently from men,
children from women; indeed, even
the laugh of a full bearded man is dif-
ferent from that which he laughs when
he has shaved.

The Abbe Damasceni thought he had
discovered in the various enunciations
of laughter a sure guide to the tem-
peraments of the laughers. Thus he
said: "Ha! ha! ha!" belonged to a
choicier person; "He! he! he!" to a
phlegmatic one, and "Ho! ho! ho!" to
the sanguine. And it is a scientific
fact that, while men commonly laugh
in A and O, women usually laugh in
E and I.

Those who practice laughing to any
extent have been divided wittily into
dimplers—and to know how charming
they can be one has only to go back to
Charles Reader's "Simpleton With a
Dimple"—smilers, grinners, horse
laughers and sneerers. This is to lay
down a science of laughing, for which
there might have been need had our
generals in the late war taken up the
idea of old Bulwag, who proposed to
form troops in line of the enemy, in
line of battle and order them to ad-
vance with their arms at a shoulder
and salute the foe with ringing bursts
of laughter.

"Be sure," said Bulwag, "that your
opponents, surprised and dismayed at
this astonishing salute, would turn
about and run off."

Perhaps this scheme would not work
now, while the present long range ar-
tillery is used; but, as a matter of fact,
it is related that the Mamelukes once
turned tail from an assault upon the
French in Egypt on hearing the roar
of laughter with which Napoleon's
veterans greeted the command, "Form
in squares, asses and men of science
in the center."

Great men often have fancied it a
part of greatness to refrain from hilar-
ity. Philip IV of Spain is said to have
laughed only once in his life. That
was when his bride, Anne of Austria,
wept at hearing that the queens of
Spain had no feet. She took with Ger-
man literalness in old piece of Spanish
courtesy. As she was journeying to-
ward Spain some German nuns met
her and desired to present some stock-
ings of their own knitting. The worthy
princess was about to accept the gift
when a Spanish grandee of her suit in-
terfered with the remark that it would
be against etiquette, as the queens of
Spain were not supposed to have any
use for stockings, whereat the princess
began to weep, understanding, poor
woman, that on her arrival in Spain
her feet would be cut off.

Lord Chesterfield said, "Nobody has
seen me laugh since I have come to my
reason," and Congreve makes his Lord
Froth in the "Double Dealer" say,
"When I laugh, I always laugh alone."

Young people and fools laugh easily,
says an old proverb, which often has
proved true.

Nevertheless the singer Robert gave
lessons in laughter in Paris and in Lon-
don in 1895, and so far at least as
filling his own purse went, with suc-
cess. He held that men and women
could not laugh "decently and sys-
tematically" without proper training
and said that a person who could laugh
only in one tone seemed to him like
one who could say only out and non,
but that a trained laughter should ex-
press many things.

It is a curious fact that it is only
among the French and among the
ancients that we read of people laugh-
ing themselves to death. We, in our days,
must have either more jokes or a dull-
er appreciation of wit. Zeuxis is said
to have died of laughing at a painting
of an old woman, his own handwork.

Philemon expired laughing at a donkey
who ate so contentedly the pharisa-
pher's figs that, with his articulated
breath, he sent out his last gasp of
wine to the beast, who drank it with
equal enjoyment and thus proved him-
self, it would seem, not such a donkey
after all.

It remains true, however, that laugh-
ter is good for the health. "Laugh and
grow fat" is the old proverb. Syden-
ham maintained that the arrival of a
clown in a village was as wholesome
as that of 20 donkeys laden with drugs.

Tissot, the famous French physician,
claimed consumption and liver com-
plications by causing his patients to
laugh, and Erasmus, through immoder-
ate laughter at the rude Latin of Hat-
ten's "Letters of Obscure Men," broke
an internal abscess which had long
pugged him.

"When a man smiles, and much more
when he laughs, it adds something to
his fragment of life," said Sterne, who
wished laughter enumerated in the
ateria medica, holding it as a curative
of the same kind as conglobing, sneez-
ing and perhaps vomiting, only much
pleasanter than any of these.

Queer Business Combinations.
Some Chicago men carry on at the
same time two or more different lines
of business. Sometimes these com-
binations are laughable. Over the door
of a store in Wells street is a sign
which announces "Wholesale Popcorn
and Schog of Magic." In the window
of an office in Madison street is an an-
nouncement that within are to be had
"Books on Love and Poultry Raising."

A South Side humorist has a placard
in his basement window which reads,
"Lunches Put Up and Carpets Put
Down."

His Position Assured.
"That you couple must be engaged."
"Do they eat spoonery?"
"No, but he smokes a pipe now when
they walk out in the evening."—Chi-
cago Record.

Pleasures of Anticipation.
May I shouldn't think you'd be feel-
ing so gay after quarreling with Jack
last night.
Madge—But just think of making up
again!—Brooklyn Life.

THE KIND OLD GENTLEMAN DID THE EX-
PLAINING FOR HIM.
They are middle aged married peo-
ple now, but their wedding is kept in
greener remembrance than that of
many a couple since married in the
same community. He was a young
hardworking farmer out near the mid-
dle of the state, she the blooming
daughter of a neighboring farmer who
had accumulated a nice fortune, had a
fine tract of land, a pretentious coun-
try home and a family that was looked
up to by most of the community. He
had worked his own way to the front,
and there was nothing that he admired
more in young men than the qualities
that had won him success. So Sim,
for that was the youth's name, was in
the good graces of the father as well
as of the daughter.

On the day appointed for the wed-
ding the guests moved toward the big
house from all directions and in all
kinds of vehicles. It was a holiday
with them all, social distinctions inter-
fering very little with a universal
invitation throughout the large circle
of acquaintanceship. Preparations for
entertaining the assemblage were of
the most elaborate and hospitable
character. There was more food than
is ordinarily provided for a regiment
of soldiers. There were cider and
apples by the barrel, and the mist that
poured from the kitchen windows was
freighted with appetizing odors. The
parson was there, the choir from the
little church was there, and a few re-
latives from abroad were there to en-
joy the festivities.

The bountiful table was set, the
bride was dressed, the parson had been
told to move about unseeingly, and the
good wife, after visiting the veranda
several times, called her husband to
one side and talked briefly in a low
tone. Then he knitted his brows,
scanned the road in both directions
and muttered to himself. Before long
he put on his hat, slipped quietly up
the back way and was soon on the
roof, again studying the road. There
were growls from the kitchen that the
virtuals were getting cold, and the
cooing voices heard in the bride's
room did not serve to drown the sound
of her weeping. It was a full hour
after the time appointed for the wed-
ding, and the bridegroom had not ar-
rived.

The old gentleman went about look-
ing as though he wanted to hurt some
one. The mother bravely kept up ap-
pearances, and the parson looked at
his open face watch at least twice
every three minutes. The presence of
a crisis could be heard in the air, and
the general nervousness increased as
the time for it approached.

"Gosh!" shouted a youngster who
was whittling at the horse block, "see
that feller ride."

Every eye followed the direction in-
dicated by the boy's knife blade and
saw a veritable rough rider dashing
down the wooded hill half a mile
away. Even on the steep descent the
horse was urged to his utmost, and as
he straightened away on the level it
could be seen that he was cruelly
criven. On he came, reeking, breath-
ing in gasps, his nostrils distended and
his head straightened to ease his
breathing.

"Sim," said the father sternly as the
rider threw himself from the saddle.
"what does this mean? You've upset
everything and Mattie's almost crazy.
Now, where have you been, to come
galloping up here like a wild Indian.
And the women folks most distracted?"

"Am I too late?" asked Sim excitedly.
"Just as I got ready I see that new
Holstein cow I bought break out of
the lower meadow, and I went after her.
She'll me the all fredest chase you
ever heard of, and blamed if I didn't
forget about the wedding till I run that
critter into Webb's yard and the hired
girl told me the folks had come over
here."

"Cow wasn't hurt none, was she?"
"Not a bit."
"Glad of it. That's the way to look
after things. Now you come right in
and get married and let me do the ex-
plainin'."

SIM WAS LATE.

The Kind Old Gentleman Did the Ex-
plainin' For Him.

They are middle aged married peo-
ple now, but their wedding is kept in
greener remembrance than that of
many a couple since married in the
same community. He was a young
hardworking farmer out near the mid-
dle of the state, she the blooming
daughter of a neighboring farmer who
had accumulated a nice fortune, had a
fine tract of land, a pretentious coun-
try home and a family that was looked
up to by most of the community. He
had worked his own way to the front,
and there was nothing that he admired
more in young men than the qualities
that had won him success. So Sim,
for that was the youth's name, was in
the good graces of the father as well
as of the daughter.