MR. DOOLEY TALKS ABOUT MATRIMONY.

He Was Never Married, But Mr. Hennessey Declares He Knows a Lot About the Ups and Downs of Married Life.

"A woman ought to be careful who she marries," said Mr. Dooley.

"So ought a man," said Mr. Hennessy, with feeling.

"It don't make so much diff'rence about him," said Mr. Dooley. "Whin a man's marrid, he's a married man. That's all ye can say about him. Iv course, he thinks marredge is goin' to change th' whole current iv his bein', as Hogan says. But it doesn't. After he's been hooked up f'r a few months, he finds he was marrid before, even if he wasn't, which is often th' case d'ye mind. Th' first bride iv his busom was th' Day's Wurruk an' it can't be put off. They'se no groun's f'r dissolvin' that marredge, Hinnissy. Ye can't say to th' Day's Wurruk: 'Here, take this bunch of alimony an' go on th' stage.' It turns up at breakfast about th' fourth month after th' weddin' an' kreates a scandal. Th' unforchnit man thries to shoo it off, but it fixes him with its eye and hauls him away fr'm th' bacon an' eggs, while th' lady opposite weeps an' wondhers what he can see in anything so old an' homely. It says, 'Come with me, aroon,' an' he goes. An' afther that he spinds most iv his time an' often a good deal iv his money with th' enchantress.

"I tell ye what, Hinnissy, th' Day's Wurruk has broke up more happy homes thin comic opry. If th' coorts wud allow it, manny a woman cud get a divorce on th' groun's that her husband cared more f'r his Day's Wurruk thin he did f'r her. 'Hinnissy varsus Hinnissy; corryspondint, th' Day's Wurruk.' They'd be ividince that th' defindant was seen ridin' in a cab with th' corryspondint, that he took it to a picnic, that he went to th' theaytre with it, that he talked about it in his sleep an' that, lost to all sinse of shame, he even escorted it home with him an' inthrajooced it to his wife an' innocent childher. So it don't make much diff'rence who a man marries. If he has a job, he's safe.

"But with a woman 'tis diff'rent. Th' man puts down on'y part of th' bet. Whin he's had enough iv th' conversation that in Union Park undher th' threes med him think he was talkin' with an intellechool joyntess, all he has to do is to put on his coat, grab up his dinner pail an' go down to th' shops, to be happy though marrid. But a woman, I tell ye, bets all she has. A man don't have to marry but a woman does. Ol' maids an' clergymen do th' most good in th' worruld an' we love thim f'r th' good they do.

"But people, especially women, don't want to be loved that way. They want to be loved because people can't help lovin' thim no matter how bad they are. Th' story book that ye give your daughter Honoria all tell her 'tis just as good not to be marrid. She reads about how kind Dorothy was to Lulu's childher an' she knows Dorothy was th' betther woman, but she wants to be Lulu. Her heart, an' a cold look in th' eye iv th' worruld an' her ma tell her to hurry up. Early in life she looks f'r th' man iv her choice in th' tennis records; later she reads th' news fr'm th' militia encampment; thin she studies th' socyal raygister; further on she mayes herself familyar with Bradsthreet's rapports an' finally she watches th' place where life presarvers are hangin'.

"Now, what kind of a man ought a woman to marry? She oughtn't to marry a young man because she'll grow older quicker thin he will; she oughtn't to marry an old man because he'll be much older before he's younger; she oughtn't to marry a poor man because he may become rich and lose her; she oughtn't to marry a rich man because if he becomes poor, she can't lose him; she oughtn't to marry a man that knows more thin she does, because he'll never fail to show it, an' she oughtn't to marry a man that knows less because he may niver catch up. But above all things she musn't marry a janius. A flure walker, perhaps; a janius never.

"I tell ye this because I've been r-readin' a book Hogan give me about th' divvle's own time a janius had with his fam'ly. A cap iv industhry may have throuble in his fam'ly till there isn't a whole piece iv chiny in th' cupboard, an' no wan'll be th wisch f'r it but th' hired girl an' th' doctor that paints th' black eye. But ivrybody knows what happens in a janius' house. Th' janius always tells th' bartender. Besides he has othen janiuses callin' on him an' 'tis th' business iv a janius to write about th' domestic throubles iv other janiuses so posterity'll know what a hard thing it is to be a janius an' duck. I've been readin' this book iv Hogan's an' as I tell ye, 'tis about th' misery a wretched woman inflicted on a poet's life.

"'Our hayro,' says th' author, 'at this peeryod conthracted an unforchnit alliance that was destined to cast a deep gloom over his career. At th' age of 50, after a life devoted to th' pursoot iv such gayety as janiuses have always found nicissary to solace their avenin's, he married a young an' beautiful girl some thirty-two years his junior. This wretched crater had no appreciation iv lithrachoor or lithry men. She was frivilous an' light-minded an' ividently conshidered that nawthin' was rally litchrachoor that cudden't be thranslated into groceries. Nivir shall I f'rget th' expression iv despair on th' face iv this godlike man as he came into Casey's saloon wan starry July avenin' an' staggered into his familyar seat, holdin' in his hand a bit iv soiled paper which he tore into fragmints an' hurled into th' coal scuttle. On that crumpled parchmint findin' a sombre grave among th' disinterred relics iv an age long past, to wit, th' cariboniferious or coal age, was written th' iver-mem'rable pome: "Ode to Gin." Our frind had scribbled it hastily at th' dinner iv th' Betther-thin-Shakespeare Club, an' had attimpted to read it to his wife through th' keyhole iv her bedroor dure an' met no rasponse fr'm th' fillystein but a pitcher iv wather through th' thransom. Fochnitely he had presarved a copy in his cuff an' the gem was not lost to posterity. But such was th' home life iv wan iv th' gr-reatest iv lithry masthers, a man indowed be nachure with all that shud make a woman adore him as is proved be his tindher varses: "To Carrie," "To Maude," "To Flossie," "To Angebel," "To Queenie," an' so foorth.

"De Bonipoort in his cillybrated "Mimores," in which he tells ivrything unpleasant he see or heerd in his frinds' houses, gives a sthrikin' pitcher iv a scene that happened befure his eyes. "Afther a few basins iv absceenthe in th' reev gosh," says he, 'Parnassy invited us home to dinner. Siv'ral iv th' bum vivonts was hard to wake up but fin'lly we arrived at the handsome cellar where our gr-reat frind had installed his unworthy fam'ly. Ivrything pointed to th' admirable taste iv th' thrue artist. Th' tub, th' washboard, th' biler singin' on th' fire, th' neighbor's washin' dancin' on th' clothes rack, were all in keepin' with th' best ideels iv what a pote's home shud be. Th' wife, a faded but still pretty woman, welcomed us more or less an' with th' assistance iv siveral bottles iv paint we had brought with us, we was soon launched on a feast iv raison an' a flow iv sowl. Unhappily befure th' raypast was con-cluded a mis'rable scene took place. Amid cries iv approval, Parnassy read his mim'rable pome intitled: "I Wisht I Niver Got Married." After finishin' in a perfect roar iv applause, he happened to look up an' see his wife callously rockin' th' baby. With th' impetchosity so charackteristic iv th' man, he broke a soup plate over her head an' burst into tears on th' flure where gentle sleep soon soothed th' pangs iv a weary heart. We left as quietly as we cud, conshiderin' th' way th' chair was placed an' wanst undher th' stars comminted on th' ir'ny iv fate that condimned so great a man to so milancholy a distiny."

"'This,' says our author, 'was th' daily life iv th' hayro f'r tin years. In what purgatory will that infamous woman suffer if Hiven thinks as much iv janiuses as we think iv ourselves. Forchnitely th' pote was soon to be mercifully relieved. He left her an' she marrid o boorjawce with whom she led a life iv coarse happiness. It is sad to relate that some years aftherward th' great pote, havin' called to make a short touch on th' woman f'r whom he had sacrificed so much, was unfeelingly kicked out iv th' boorjawce's plumbing shop.'

"So ye see, Hinnissy, why a woman oughtn't to marry a janius. She can't be cross or peevish or angry or jealous or frivolyous or anything else a woman ought to be at times f'r fear it will get into th' ditchin'ry iv bio-graphy an' she'll go down to history as a termygant. A termygant, Hinnissy, is a woman who's heerd talkin' to her husband afther they've been marrid a year. Hogan says all janiuses was unhapplly marrid. I guess that's thrue iv their wives, too. He says if ye hear iv a pote who got on with his fam'ly, scratch him fr'm ye'er public libry list. An' there ye ar-re."

"Ye know a lot about marride," said Mr. Hennessy.

"I do," said Mr. Dooley.

"Ye was niver marrid?"

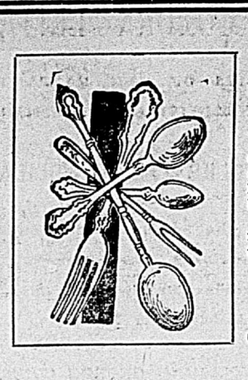
"No," said Mr. Dooley. "No, I say, givin' three cheers. I know about marridge th' way an asthronomer knows about th' stars. I'm studyin' it through me glass all th' time."

"Ye're an asthronomer," said Mr. Hennessy; "but," he added, tapping himself lightly on the chest "I'm a star."

"Go home,' said Mr. Dooley crossly, "befure th' mornin' comes to put ye out."

Huge California Tree.

FRESNO, CAL., August 1.—What undoubtedly is the largest known three in the world has been discovered on the government reservation far up in the Sierras, in this county. Six feet from the ground it took a line 154 feet 8 inches long to encircle the tree, making it about 50 feet in diameter.



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appeals to people of good taste—it has become of every-day interest. For years we have been paying especial attention to this branch of our business.

Here are offered the products of the best manufacturers—and how gently they touch the pocket-book.

J. T. ALLEN & CO.,

Jewellers, Fourteenth and Main Streets.

The Fireman.

(By Robert T. Conrad.)

The city slumbers. O'er its mighty walls
Night's dusky mantle, soft and silent, falls;
Sleep o'er the world slow waves its wand of lead,
And ready torpors wrap each sinking head.

Stilled is the stir of labor and of life;
Hushed is the hum, and tranquilized the strife.
Man is at rest, with all his hopes and fears;
The young forget their sports, the old their cares;
The grave are careless; those who joy or weep
All rest contented on the arm of sleep.

Sweet is the pillowed rest of beauty now,
And slumber smiles upon her tranquil brow;
Her bright dreams lead her to the moonlit tide,
Her heart's own partner wandering by her side;
'Tis summer's eve; the soft gales scarcely rouse
The low-voiced ripple and the rustling boughs;
And, faint and far, some minstrel's melting tone
Breathes to her heart a music like its own.

When, hark! O, horror! what a crash is there!
What shriek is that which fills the midnight air?
'Tis fire! 'tis fire! She wakes to dream no more;
The hot blast rushes through the blazing door;
The dun smoke eddies round; and, hark! that cry;
"Help! help! Will no one aid? I die, I die!"
She seeks the casement; shuddering at its height
She turns again; the fierce flames mock her flight;
Along the crackling stairs they fiercely play,
And roar, exulting, as they seize their prey.
"Help! help! Will no one come?" She can no more.
But, pale and breathless, sinks upon the floor.

Will no one save thee? Yes, there yet is one
Remains to save, when hope itself is gone;
When all have fled, when all but he would fly,
The fireman comes, to rescue or to die.
He mounts the stair—it wavers 'neath his tread;
He seeks the room, flames flashing 'round his head;
He bursts the door; he lifts her prostrate frame,
And turns again to brave the raging flame.
The fire-blast smites him with its stifling breath;
The falling timbers menace him with death;
The sinking floors his hurried step betray;
And ruin crashes 'round his desperate way;
Not smoke obscures, ten thousand cinders rise,
Yet still he staggers forward with his prize;
He leaps from burning stair to stair.
On! on!
Courage! One effort more, and all is won!
The stair is passed—the blazing hall is braved;
Still on! yet on! once more! Thank Heaven, she's saved!

PLAYS THE MISCHIEF

COUNTLESS SHOWERS KEEP COUNTRY FOLKS AWAY FROM MEETIN'S.

CONCERNING YORK'S FISHES.

The Mysterious Jumping Mullet—Robert Harris, a Gloucester Youth, Drowned—"Old Clay," a Very Ancient Steed, is Dead.

YORKTOWN, VA., August 2.—(Special.) The perverse in nature, as we all know, is generally that which most often occurs, and we cannot but lay the blame at the door of his Satanic majesty, whether justified in so doing or not. This is aptly illustrated at this particular season of the year—the season when fodder is just being saved and the "big-meetings" are in the height of their glory. We repeat, it looks queer that just at this season when dry weather is so necessary, we are visited by countless showers of the "crystal fluid," which falls on the forage being cured and takes the starch out of the fine feathers of the rural church-goers. We repeat that this is hard, but it, alas, is true.

The Chesapeake Telegraph and Telephone Company will hold its regular annual meeting of stockholders at this place on August 8th. Important business will be considered.

"JUMPING MULLETS."

The denizens of the briny deep are ever and always a source of pleasure and mystery to those who watch the queer things which take place beneath the water's surface. This is the season of the frisky "jumper," or "jumping mullets," as our city cousins call them. Not a great deal is known of the small but renowned fish, and its habits are somewhat veiled in mystery. Where they come from, whither they go, no man knows. Yet at this season are always here an abundance of the toothsome fish to keep our appetites well whetted. Spots, which have been extraordinarily scarce for several years back, are now being caught, and fine specimens they are, too. A year or so back there were none, practically speaking, but what had become of them was a mystery. More than the usual number of "dog-fish," small sharks, are caught daily here.

Dr. J. Milton Hope, Mrs. Hope and child, Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Whiting, and Miss Mary Marable, of Hampton, are rusticating at "Temple Farm," having pitched their tents for a ten-days' stay on the historic ground. They have with them a trim little yacht for fishing excursions, and purpose taking life easy for the time being.

ROBERT HARRIS DROWNED.

During the severe rain-storm of Wednesday night it has lately been learned that Young Robert Harris, of the lower part of Gloucester county, was knocked from the deck of his schooner, the "Bob Lee," and drowned. The accident occurred when off Too's Marshes. Two others were aboard, Mr. Samuel Riley and Harris' younger brother William, but they were not aware of the accident until too late to render assistance. Robert was never seen again after the accident, and his body has not been recovered as yet. Mr. Harris was a thrifty youngster of 19 or 20, and had just bought the vessel on which he met his death. He was bound to Norfolk with a load of watermelons.

THIRTY-TWO YEAR OLD HORSE.

Mr. J. W. Rogers has just lost what was probably the oldest horse in this section of the country. "Old Clay" came of a race of buckskin equines of ante-bellum stock, and had seen hard service for at least 18 years. He was in his 32d or 33d year, and had been pensioned by his owner for the past twelve months, not having had collar or bridle on in that time.

Two of the prominent men of the town have just made arrangements with the New York, Philadelphia and Norfolk Railway Company to charter their steamer "Old Point Comfort," to run an excursion on August 13th from Norfolk, Old Point, Poquoson and Yorktown to West Point. This is a case of the country folks turning tables on their city cousins.

Preston Hogge, the young Gloucester man who was shot while playing "hookey" in a watermelon patch a few days ago, is considerably better now, and his quick recovery is a certainty of the near future.

FAIR PRICES FOR MELONS.

Watermelons are being rushed to market and are bringing average good prices. Figures for fair fruit range from $5 to $15. Some of the York county melons find their way to the tables of such famous hotels and cafes as Delmonico's Waldorf-Astoria, Columbia, Hoffman House, etc., of New York, where they bring fancy prices.

Mr. Charles Gallagher, the veteran resident of Yorktown, has been quite sick, but is slowly recovering. Mr. Frank Gallagher and wife, of New York, arrived Friday morning to visit their venerable father.

Professor and Mrs. Frank Graw, of the United States school for Deaf and Dumb, at Washington, D. C., are guests at Gloucester Point for a few days.

Mr. David A. Hay and sister, Miss Jessie, of Baltimore, Md., will be the guests in a few days of Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Chandler.

Miss Warfield, of Baltimore, and Messrs. George and William Flint, of Middlesex county, are guests at Gloucester Point Hotel.

Dr. S. J. Cooke had several valuable sheep killed a few days ago, at his farm, a few miles below town, by dogs. Efforts were made to kill the offending canines, but without avail.

Married Women

Every woman covets a shapely, pretty figure, and many of them deplore the loss of their girlish forms after marriage. The bearing of children is often destructive to the mother's shapeliness. All of this can be avoided, however, by the use of **Mother's Friend** before baby comes, as this great liniment always prepares the body for the strain upon it, and preserves the symmetry of her form. **Mother's Friend** overcomes all the danger of child-birth, and carries the expectant mother safely through this critical period without pain. It is woman's greatest blessing. Thousands gratefully tell of the benefit and relief derived from the use of this wonderful remedy. Sold by all druggists at $1.00 per bottle. Our little book, telling all about this liniment, will be sent free.

Mother's Friend

The Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga.

HOTEL ALLEGHANY.

Mountain Echoes Tell of Pleasure—Gossip About the Guests.

(Correspondence of the Dispatch.)

HOTEL ALLEGHANY, GOSHEN BRIDGE, VA., August 2.—The echos from the mountains surrounding Hotel Alleghany say that there is an unusually bright and attractive company here this summer, and days and nights pass rapidly at this aristocratic resort. The season is at its height—card parties, bowling and coaching parties occurring daily, and with the splendid orchestra there are lovely concerts during the day and delightful dances at night.

A party from here visited Rockbridge Alum last week and were complimented with luncheons, card parties, etc., during their entire visit.

On Saturday night there was a beautiful german attended by Miss Annie Penn and Mr. Stearnes, of Richmond; Miss Lilly Urquhart and Mr. Morris Brooks, of Richmond; Miss Mattye Pace, of Raleigh, and Mr. Lee, of Virginia; Miss Nellie Birdsong, of Richmond, and Mr. Laird, of Staunton; Miss Grasty and Mr. Bailey, of Staunton; Miss Nellie Brockenbroun, of Lexington, and Mr. Hill Urquhart, of Richmond; Miss Janie Cameron and Mr. Roberson, of Staunton; Miss Murcheson and Mr. Fanfelder; Miss Lettie Smith and Mr. Burk; Miss Ella Smelza and Mr. Mann; Clifton Forge; Miss Sue Gray, of Richmond, and others.

The gentlemen dancers were Mr. Ward Timberlake and Mr. J. F. Gun, of Baltimore; Mr. Young and Mr. Grasty, of Staunton; Mr. Roger Pryor, of New York; Mr. C. E. Grabowski and Mr. Habliston, of Richmond.

Among the chaperones were Mrs. W. H. Pace, of Raleigh; Mrs. Ben Nash, Mrs. C. E. Grabowski, Mrs. W. H. Owens, Mrs. W. H. Urquhart, and Mrs. J. B. Purcell, all of Richmond, Va.; Mrs. Harman, Mrs. Frank Breckenbrough, and others, of Goshen.

PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE.

On Monday night an initial progressive euchre party of seven tables was given. The players were Mrs. Ben Nash, Mrs. W. H. Urquhart, Mrs. Purcell, Mr. Burks, Mrs. and Miss Pace, Miss Cameron, Mrs. Brigstock, Mrs. Owens, Miss Birdsong, Mr. Smelza and Miss Smelza, Mr. Mallon, Master Robert Burks, Miss Burk, Mr. Hill Urquhart, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Grabowski, Miss Grasty, Mr. Barnum, Mr. and Mrs. Macky, Mr. and Mrs. Breckenbrough, Miss Breckenbrough, Miss Sue Gray, Miss Rachel Urquhart, Mrs. Harman, and Mr. Harold.

The prizes were very handsome, and the successful players were Mrs. W. H. Pace, of Raleigh, who captured the first lady's prize, and Mr. C. E. Grabowski, who was awarded the first gentleman's honor. The consolation fell to Mrs. Ben Nash.

Not only the guests, but everything else seem to combine to make this resort one of the most attractive in the State. The close proximity of Cameron Hall, Rockbridge Alum, Cold Sulphur, and Rockbridge Baths makes visiting between them a charming feature, while lovely walks, the spacious veranda, and the many tete-a-tete rooms make the Alleghany doubly attractive as a summer resort.

Besides the aforementioned attractions there are both alum and sulphur waters and clear mountain air, with an unexcelled "cuisine" and most accommodating hosts—Messrs. Wood, McCormick, and Brockenbrough. So that all who join this merry company feel as though they are entertained at a delightful house party, and leave with many heartaches and regrets when vacations are over.

PERSONAL.

Mr. J. F. Green, of Baltimore, entertained charmingly Thursday at Rock Alum a party of ladies from the Alleghany.

A pleasing addition to the company at Hotel Alleghany is Mr. W. H. McCormick, of Chicago.

Among the most cultured, artistic, and fascinating young married women at the Alleghany Hotel is Mrs. Charles E. Grabowski, of Richmond, Va., who possesses a great deal of magnetism.

Misses Nellie Brockenbrough, Grasty, Lillie Urquhart; Mattye Pace, of Raleigh, and Henningham Spillman are a charming coterie of beautiful and attractive girls at the Alleghany.

Cameron Hall sends us charming Miss Birdson, Mrs. W. H. Owens, and the Misses Cameron, and Mrs. Brigstock.

An attractive quartette of little people at the Alleghany are Misses Rachel Urquhart, Lois Parker, Marian Wood, and Master Robert Burks.

Alleghany is proud to have as its guest Mrs. Ben Nash, of Richmond, whose ever-ready wit and delightful manners, joined with her absolute unselfishness in giving others pleasure, make every one happy in her acquaintance.

A STORY OF THE PHYSICAL CULTURE FAD—AND CUPID

THE PERFECT MAN.

BY ZOE ANDERSON NORRIS.

[Copyright, 1902, by Zoe Anderson Norris.]

"IS that you, Liza?" queried Mrs. Simpson, rousing from her nap in the armchair by the window. "Come in and shet the door. There's a terrible draft somewhere, and I'm sort of 'fraid of rheumatism. I' comes on about this time of the year, and once it grips you there's no gettin' rid of it.

"Take that rockin' chair over there. Comfortable, is it? If 'tain't, there's another just back of it. Come to condole with me 'bout losin' Jonathan, eh?"

"Not exactly condole," corrected Liza apologetically. "'Tain't like as if he was dead now, is it?"

"Mighty near it," nodded Mrs. Simpson; "mighty near it. When a only son goes off and gets married, his mother's lost him pretty much the same as if he'd died and bin buried, and that's true as gospel."

Liza broke the pause which began to show symptoms of lasting.

"How did it happen?" questioned she.

Mrs. Simpson, raising her head, looked at her over her glasses.

"It all come," declared she sharply, "of that physical cultcher foolishness what Jonathan got so wrapped up in last spring he wa'n't, to say, fittin' for nothin' else in the world, seemed like. That's how it come."

Liza moved up a peg.

"How was that?" she questioned further. "I've heard say as how physical cultcher was goin' to be the renovatin' of the world, Susan. Surely it couldn't 'a' bin that what made him commit matrimony, could it?"

"That," snapped Mrs. Simpson, "and nothin' else."

There was a second pause, during which Liza endeavored to the best of her ability to digest the substance of this theory; a difficult feat, tending as it did to upset other theories fixed with more or less firmness in her mind, awaiting the time when Mrs. Simpson should exhibit an inclination to explain.

In the meantime, taking a stocking from the basket at her feet, Mrs. Simpson had thrust a ball into it, grasped it firmly at the heel and commenced to darn. The exertion of running the long needle back and forth, deftly weaving a systematic mesh in the place where the cavity had been, appeared to have the effect of relieving the tension.

"You see, it was like this," she began by and by. "Jonathan, he found a magazine one day or somebody gave it to him—things like that spread the same as smallpox; you never know just how—and that magazine was all about this here physical cultcher some people is goin' mad over. He set down and read it till he'd read it through. Then he looked up at me sort of vacantlike, and from the 'xpression of his eyes I knew somethin' unusual was goin' to happen. He hardly took time to finish the last page when off he slips to his room, and I, followin' him stealthy, peeps in and spies him sprawled on the floor tryin' to raise himself up on his hands and toes and let himself down ag'in. I starts back s'prised, thinkin' as how he had lost his mind or somethin', when what does he do but spring up all of a sudden and fling his two arms straight into the air as if they'd bin skyrockets, let 'em down, throw 'em out sidewise, flop 'em against his sides

"THAT," SNAPPED MRS. SIMPSON, "AND NOTHIN' ELSE."

till you could a'most hear his ribs crack, a-repeatin' this performance and a-keepin' of it up till he looked for all the world like that windmill on Sam Johnston's farm when he sets it a-goin' and the wind is at its heartiest a-whirlin' of it round.

"'For the Lawd's sake, Jonathan!' I cries. I couldn't keep in no longer for the life of me, thinkin' as he'd lost his mind. 'What be you a-doin'?'

"With that he turns round at me gravelike and says: 'Nothin', ma; only I'm takin' up physical cultcher,' addin' solemn and impressive, 'I'm goin' to make myself a perfect man.'"

She broke off the thread with a jerk, took a ball of cotton from the basket, whirled another long thread off it, thrust it through the needle and once more darned.

"Maybe you think I didn't get good and tired of hearin' as how he was goin' to make himself a perfect man," she asserted presently. "A perfect man! It's all right, Liza, and I ain't sayin' nothin' ag'in it, for them old Roman people what didn't have nothin' else at all to do to go about bathin' and breathin' and exercisin', a-turnin' of themselves into perfect men; but with everything on the farm goin' to the dogs it was different."

The thread broke again. This time, contrary to all established rules of darning, she knotted it.

"You'd 'a' got tired of it, too," she complained, carefully picking up every other stitch and drawing the needle through. "Anybody would. Why, Jonathan, he didn't do nothin' the livelong day but turn somersaults and cavort round and stand on his head with his feet in the atmosphere, changin' this here house into a physical cultcher menagerie, with his gymnastic poles and things hung on to the walls and his ropes and rings he stuck his hands into and swung himself backward and forward with, turnin' this way and that and a-twistin' of his spinal column till you'd 'a' thought to see him do it it would snap right in two in the middle where it's joined and end him then and there.

"Umph! And extravagant! When he'd bought about everything he could buy in this here town, he sent to New York for more poles and bars and straps and trapezes to litter up the house with. And that wa'n't all. Pretty soon here come letters—one every mornin'. Jonathan, if you please, takin' lessons in physical cultcher from somebody or other there in New York what had run out of everything else to do and gone to teachin' people how to make idiots of themselves.

"Then, if you could 'a' seen this house! D'rections pasted up everywhere. Little pictures of men in short pants and nothin' else to speak of goin' through all sorts of contortionin's with ropes and sticks and things, a-turnin' of themselves into perfect men. And Jonathan, with the corn goin' to ruin, ready to stack and nobody to stack it, standin' on one foot, his hand high on the wall, raisin' his weight on the tiptoe of the other eight times in succession, accordin' to instructions printed large and stuck on the wall, a-disfigurin' of the wall paper; then changin' back to the other foot ag'in; graspin' a bar with hands about sixteen inches apart, accordin' to instructions, slowly bringin' the bar's near's possible to the floor, bendin' the body to the hips and tensin' all the muscles when he riz ag'in to a standin' position and flung that there old bar into the air.

"All to slow music, he said it oughter be done, grievin' sort of over not havin' the music, till I got to kind of feelin' that I'd oughter quit my dishwashin' and hire a piano and learn to play somethin' or other for him to handle them bars by, old as I am."

There was silence for a space.

"When he wa'n't doin' nothin' else," she resumed then, "he was breathin'. Breathin'! So was I, but I was hard at work scrubbin' or sweepin' or washin' clo'es or dustin' at the same time.

"What's the world comin' to, I'd like to know," she sniffed, "when people take to stoppin' work to breathe?

"Things got from bad to worse. First I knew here come big packages from New York what Jonathan opened with a hatchet and grins that didn't lack much of meetin' at the back of his head. In one of 'em was a rowin' machine. He set the thing on the floor and commenced pretendin' to row same's if he'd bin on the river, me standin' by, 'mazed, watchin' of him.

"'Splendid exercise!' pants he. 'Splendid exercise for developin' of the muscles and makin' of the perfect man!'

"'Jonathan,' I ventures one day when he was rowin' fit to kill and the sun outside burnin' the wheatfields to a crisp, 'don't you think 'twould be jest every bit and grain as good exercise to git on the thrashin' machine and thrash away at that there wheat awhile? It's goin' to the dogs,' I adds, 'actually goin' to the dogs for a little tendin'!' And I could 'a' cried, thinkin' of 'em.

"'Yes, ma,' answers he, lookin' up bright and smilin'—there ain't no more amiable lad livin' than my Jonathan—'I will by and by.'

"But that was all there was to it. He kept right on with the rowin' till the wheat crop was past savin' and gone.

"There was another thing what worried me. I ain't, to say, overparticular

"WHAT'S THE WORLD COMIN' TO?"

'bout the way people dress, but the way Jonathan took to goin' 'bout in his bathing suit from dawn to sundown, so's he could be good and ready to climb a greased pole at a minit's notice or tie himself in a double bowknot and wrench himself apart ag'in, jest 'scaped bein' scandalous. That's what it did. It was all right in his room with the door shet, but he got so 'bsorbed in his physical cultcher he didn't seem to care no more 'bout how he looked anywhere.

"There was Ann Livingston. She come over to make me a little visit one day, settin' awhile in the dinin' room, where the breeze blows cool through the winder, and what should Jonathan do but pass along the hall in that suit of his'n, lookin' for his dumbbells. Ann was that shocked she left immediate, goin' hard as she could tear over to see Sam Johnston's wife to tell her about it, and the next time I went to the sociable in the basement of the church everybody shied off from me same's if I'd had the plague. It seems to me," sighing, "that in these here days of physical cultcher and the like instead of the sins of the fathers bein' visited on the children it's bin switched round the other way, specially when they've got only sons what's never bin taught to mind and won't.

"There wa'n't no improvement in Jonathan as time went on. If I come in and asked him to chop a little of the wood what was risin' high as the roof of the woodshed, I found him cavortin' round over the carpet like some four legged animal doin' his exercises or turnin' himself wrong side out and all but standin' on his head, or takin' breaths, a-holdin' of his mouth shet so long at a time, keepin' 'em in, you'd 'a' thought to look at him he'd bust. He's amiable, as I said. He'd right himself and smile and say, 'Yes, I will, ma;' but the pile of wood never got no smaller that I or anybody else could see, not by the eighth of an inch.

"Then one mornin' I found a letter on his table full of little pictures of men in the same sort of bathin' suits what Jonathan wore in every position under the sun exceptin' the position men occupy when they mow hay or chop wood in woodsheds, and it was from a girl. A light broke on me.

"'Jonathan,' says I sharplike, 'be this a young woman teacher you've bin takin' your physical cultcher lessons from all this time?'

"Jonathan kind of hung his head and answers, 'Yes, ma, it be.'

"Then I gave him up for good."

Mrs. Simpson took the darning ball out and laid the stocking across her knee, smoothing it thoughtfully with fingers that trembled a little.

"The rest of the story is easy finished," resumed she. "'Twa'n't long before Jonathan he come to me and says: 'Ma, I'm goin' up to New York for a spell. There are some new things I want to learn about this physical cultcher,' addin', his head down ag'in, 'My teacher, she tells me I've made such progress in so short a time'—and no wonder, with the practice he'd had—'she wants to see me,' addin' ag'in in an offhand way, 'She'll give me lessons for nothin' if I'll come, she writes.'

"'Tain't no use arguin' with an only son. The best thing to do is to let him have his way in the beginnin'. He'll have it before he's through every time. So I answers back, 'Well, Jonathan, the crops is about ruined now, the fences is all down and the saw is rusty from not cuttin' the wood in that woodpile what's riz so high it's about to burst the roof of the shed, so I s'pose you might as well go and finish up with this makin' a perfect man of yourself.' Then I says, tryin' not to be more bitter than I oughter be by rights, 'I hope you'll succeed.'

"He stayed a week, two, three. And I had a letter from him statin' the news. 'Ma,' he writes, 'I'm to be married tomorrow mornin' to my physical cultcher teacher, Miss Anna Smythe.' Goin' on explainin': 'She's the most beautiful and perfect woman in the world.' Did you ever see a bride what wasn't? 'I want your blessin' on our union, ma,' he winds up. 'Won't you give it to me?'

"And what could I do but give it to him, him bein' the only child I've got in the world and the pride of my heart?

"And now I s'pose since she's took him into partnership in that physical cultcher school of her'n they're swing-

"'TAIN'T NO USE ARGUIN'."

in' rods and jumpin' ropes and turnin' handsprings together, a-makin' of themselves the most perfect pair of creatures the sun ever shone on. Makin' money out of it at the same time, strange to say. The fools ain't all dead yet up there in New York, and people pay to be taught how to breathe different from the way nature intended 'em to breathe and to stand on their heads when the good Lawd expected when he made 'em to see 'em stand on their feet. Sendin' it like dutiful children to me, some of it, to pay a hired man to take Jonathan's place on the farm and mow the hay and chop the wood in the woodpile"—

"Yes," urged Liza as she paused with a curious catch of the breath and a tear in her eye.

Mrs. Simpson, folding her hands, looked wistfully out over the hills where the grass waved gently, warmed by soft rays of slanting late sunshine, and blinked back the tear.

"But a hired man can't take Jonathan's place in my heart," she finished, "and what's the use of havin' a son what's a perfect man if you've lost him?"

REMARKABLE RECORDS IN INDUSTRIAL COMPETITION.

There has always been great competition in various industries as to time records in turning raw material into finished products or in the amount of finished work one man or firm can complete in one day.

A very interesting experiment was tried last year in Warwickshire, England, to see how quickly grain could be converted into bread. This was successfully accomplished within eight hours. In that time the wheat was cut, thrashed, ground, the flour set with yeast into a sponge, raised, kneaded and finally baked into a loaf. A similar experiment is rarely possible in England for the reason that the grain usually needs some days to dry. It was the exceptional dryness of last year's harvest season that made it possible to grind the grain soon after cutting it.

America at present holds the record for rapid paper making. Three trees were felled at a place near Chicago at 7:35 in the morning. They were hurried to the sawmill, sawed into one foot lengths, the bark was taken off and the wood split. Five pulping machines then seized them and ground them up into a sort of thick soup with water. This was run out upon a mat to drain, mixed with the necessary chemicals and thence dispatched to the rolling machine, which turned it out as paper by 9:34—that is, one hour and fifty-nine minutes after the trees were first cut. Within another half hour the paper was converted into newspapers ready for delivery.

Turning raw wool into a suit of clothes is another experiment which has been tried more than once. In 1811 Sir John Throgmorton wagered 1,000 guineas that he would sit down to dinner at 8 o'clock at night in a suit which at daylight had been a sheep's fleece. He won the bet, with an hour and three-quarters to spare.

A similar feat was attempted by Mr. Kitson of Stroudsburg, Pa., in May, 1898. The sheep were shorn at half past 6 in the morning, and the finished cloth was turned out in three hours and thirty-four minutes. Six tailors then went to work and cut out and completed the suit in another two hours and a half, the entire time from fleece to suit being six hours and four minutes only.

A Canny Scot.

A certain Scotch minister has never yet been known to permit a stranger to occupy his pulpit. Lately, however, an Edinburgh divinity student was spending a few days in the parish, and on the Saturday he called at the manse and asked the minister to be allowed to preach the following day. "My dear young man," said the minister, laying a hand gently on the young man's shoulder, "gin I lat ye preach the morn, and ye gie a better sermon than me my fowk wad never again be satisfied wi' my preaching; and gin ye're nae a better preacher than me, ye're no' worth listening tae."

"Hurry Skurry" Life.

During the last fifty years the suicidal tendency in England has grown into a formidable disease. The growth, too, has been continuous. Suicide has steadily increased 200 per cent. Unhappily, too, the growth has been most rapid in recent years.