

THE OLD FARM.

The old farmhouse I see again; In its low dark eaves the twittering wren It nested long ago; And I breathe once more the south wind's balm.

"spooking around" to talk marriage, and speculators came from a distance to offer ground-floor shares in gold mines and oil wells.

She had the best pew when she went to church, the politest attention when she called at the post office or the dry-goods store, and everybody made up his or her mind to be mentioned in her last will.

The woman lived in clover for five years and then died. The term "clover" should be interpreted to mean that so many custards, pumpkin pies, glasses of jelly, jars of preserves, fresh eggs, baskets of fruit and spring chickens were sent in to her by neighbors that she lived high without buying much, and the women were so kind about dressmaking that her clothes cost her next to nothing.

About 500 people were on the tip-toe of expectation regarding the will. It was the largest funeral ever known in Branch county. The woman had made her will and was dead, but it seemed as if some folks hoped to come in for something by attending the funeral.

There was weeping at the house—something of a rivalry between certain women as to who should weep the hardest—and there was weeping at the church. The mile-long funeral procession moved at a slow and dignified pace, and there was no undue haste to get back home.

The executors named did not live in Rosedale at all, but they were on hand to let the provisions of the will be known.

"Firstly," read the document, so long waited for, "I give and bequeath to my brother Benjamin the sum of \$1,000, but as I drugged for his family 18 years without pay I direct my executors to put in a claim for \$1,500 as an offset.

"To Mary Snowden, wife of Benjamin Snowden, who hardly ever gave me a decent word until I got my money, I give and bequeath my three best dresses, minus the sleeves and buttons.

"To Rev. Mr. Johnson, with which to build a new Baptist church, I leave the sum of \$3,000, but I direct that before coming into possession of it he shall preach ten sermons, during which no one shall fall asleep, and that he shall never attempt to sing in public again."

There were 50 bequests in all, and it must have taken Aunt Sarah a year to study them out to her satisfaction. She had about 20 relatives, none of whom had shown her much consideration during her days of loneliness and hard work, and while she had left a bequest to each and every one it was under such conditions that none could accept. Every woman in the village who had ever rubbed her fur the wrong way was duly remembered, but little good did it do them.

The only bequest without a proviso read: "To Job Sanderson, the village cooper, who once helped me over a mud-hole without asking me why I never got married, and who didn't recommend a cure for freckles and wrinkles, I bequeath the sum of \$2,000, and may it do him much good."

The residue of her estate, which meant all but the \$3,000 above named, was bequeathed to a charity and went there, and then the smile on Aunt Sarah's face as she lay dead was explained.

Before the reading of the will it was whispered that she had been talking with the angels. After the reading it was announced in loud tones that the angels were somebody else—somebody with tails and hoofs.—Boston Globe.

SETTING A LAWYER DOWN.

Attempted to Measure Wits with a Reporter and Was Badly Worsted.

Not long ago a prominent contributor to the columns of the Philadelphia newspapers was a witness in a trivial case in court and was being harried by a bumptious county lawyer, who asked:

"So you are a writer, are you? Well, sir, with what great paper or magazine are you connected?"

"With none," was the modest reply. "Then why do you call yourself a writer? What do you write—novels, scientific works, histories or what?"

"I write anything and everything that occurs to me as likely to be worth reading or to sell, whether it is worth reading or not."

"Well, then, for whom or for what do you write? You say you are not connected with any paper or magazine."

"Yes, sir. I so stated. I am an unattached writer, for the general market."

"Just so. You write anything that occurs to you. Well, now, do you ever write up the proceedings of courts?"

"I have done so occasionally."

"Can you state to the judge and jury what particular kind of a court proceeding you would deem worthy of your pen?"

"Yes. If I saw a young lawyer treating a respectable witness in a very rude and disrespectful manner and making an ass of himself generally I should think that possibly worth writing up."

The court and jury smiled audibly. The judge took the witness in hand for a moment.

"How much do you think a scene like this, for instance, ought to bring if it were well written up?"

"It would depend upon the actors. If the lawyer were a person of any note or character possibly five or ten dollars."

"What would you expect to receive should you write the facts of this particular instance?"

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Aunt Sarah's Will

AUNT SARAH SNOWDEN had never married, and furthermore she had always been a burden on her relatives. That is to say, she had worked about twice as hard as any paid hand for her board and clothes, and was still at it when she was 50 years old. She was called "Aunt" as a term of derision, and as she was irascible and sour-tempered her life was not overburdened with sunny days. At 50 she was expecting nothing but to drudge along for the rest of her days and be known as a poor relation, when a most unexpected event happened. At 30 years of age Aunt Sarah had almost been engaged to an old bachelor. She had been so near to it that he had seen her home from church on several occasions and "sat up" with her in the evening. She had also accompanied him to a circus and a camp meeting, and a marriage might have resulted had they not fallen into a dispute over some trifling matter. Both were "sot" in their opinions, and after some hot words the bachelor withdrew and left the maiden all forlorn. He passed out of her sight to die 20 years later and leave her \$30,000 by will. The news of Aunt Sarah's windfall threw the hamlet of Rosedale into a flutter that did not quiet down for months. Of course, nine-tenths of the people, including her brother Ben and his wife, hoped it wasn't true, but a lawyer came on to prove her claim and finally hand her over the cash, and then nine-tenths of the people made a lightning change. From being the drudge of the family, Aunt Sarah was exalted to the post of guest. That \$30,000 looked bigger than Taylor's hill to the farmers and villagers, and it was an astounding thing that it should come to a little old woman who wouldn't know what to do with it. In one week everybody who knew the old maid had called to congratulate and advise, and inside of another at least a score of people who had



never spoken to her called to borrow or to interest her in plans and schemes. From brother Ben, who wanted to build a new barn and buy four more cows, to Rev. Mr. Johnson, who had been for years hoping to raise enough money to build a Baptist church, there was some one after portions of that money day and night. Aunt Sarah did not lose her head. She bought herself a new alpaca dress and a bonnet of a style not over three years old, and set up housekeeping for herself. She neither gave away nor loaned a dollar, but after awhile made an announcement. As the money had come to her by will, it should go to others in the same way. The doctors had told her that she had a weak heart, and was liable to drop dead any hour, and she did not expect to live over four or five years at the most. The Baptist church, brother Ben and all the rest must wait for her demise to benefit. This was looked upon as a sinful trick by some, and there were whispered criticisms behind each door, but Aunt Sarah was obdurate and there was nothing to do but wait.