

The Cosmopolitan

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
At Plaquemine the county seat of Coconino county.

MRS. GALLUP'S TRIBULATIONS

BY M. QUAD.

AT THE dinner table Mrs. Gallup had remarked that a hinge was off the hen house door, the rain-barrel needed a new hoop and the woodshed door wouldn't shut, and at three o'clock in the afternoon Mrs. Gallup came home to tinker things. He found the kitchen door open and walked in and looked around for Mrs. Gallup, but she was not to be seen. He had gotten hammer and nails from the woodshed and was about to go out to the hen house, when Mrs. Gallup faintly called him from the downstairs bedroom. Mr. Gallup stood irresolute for a moment, and then went in to her. She was lying on the bed with a towel around her head and the family Bible in her hands.

"So my prayers hev bin answered!" sighed Mrs. Gallup, as she feebly opened her eyes. "Samuel, I prayed that you might git here in time to kiss me on the chin and say good-by, and you are here. I hev just three minutes to live!"

Mr. Gallup ought to have been very much startled and upset, but he wasn't. He scratched his head and made a purring sound and took the camphor bottle off the bureau and sniffed heartily at its contents.

"You'd bin gone about an hour," said Mrs. Gallup, in a stronger voice, "and I was jest sayin' to myself that I'd probably live twenty years yet, when the Lord suddenly called me. Yes, Samuel, a warnin' was sent me that I must 'prepar' to spread my golden wings and flap from aith away. I was lookin' right at the clock when it stopped with a sort of whirr, and at the same minit that big yaller bowl in which I make custards fell off the table and broke all to smash. That's exactly what happened to Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Staallorn afore they died, and Elder Sproner said it was the Lord's way of tellin' 'em that they'd better git ready for everlastin' bliss. Samuel, don't you want to kiss my chin and promise me you won't take a second wife 'till I've bin dead a year?"

Mr. Gallup evidently didn't. He took a second sniff at the camphor bottle, and then turned and went into the kitchen and from thence to the woodshed, to find an old bootleg from which to cut a hinge for the henhouse door. He found what he wanted, and was ready to go about his work when Mrs. Gallup appeared. She had left the Bible behind, but the towel was still tied around her head, and she had slipped her feet into her shoes without tying them up.

"I'm sorry that I shan't be here to get your supper, Samuel," she said, as she leaned up against the kitchen door; "it'll be the first supper I've missed for twenty-one years, but when a person is called, she must go. You'll hev to make out on cold vittles for once, and as I'll be lyin' dead in the house, mebbe your appetite will be sorter blunted. Who do you think you'd like to hev sit up with the corpse to-night, Samuel? I did think I'd like to hev Mrs. Teachout and Mrs. Gregory, but both of 'em are awful eaters and great hands to look around through closets and drawers. Mebbe you'd better git Mrs. Watkins and Mrs. Tyler. They won't want much to eat, and they are sich gossips they won't hev time to look around."

Mr. Gallup walked down the path leading to the barn and turned aside to the henhouse. One of the leather hinges on the door had worn out, and he was knocking the pieces off with his hammer when Mrs. Gallup arrived.

"Samuel, you watch out for tramps and tin-peddlers while I run over and tell Mrs. Robinson that I'm goin' to set emptins to-night and she kin hev all she wants to-morrow if they don't sout on me!"—Detroit Free Press.

He knew enough. The esteem in which the sailor's calling is held in Massachusetts coast towns is indicated by a true story that comes from Gay Head, a primitive community on the island of Martha's Vineyard.

A teacher was wanted at the village, and a sailor, with Indian blood in his veins, applied to the town committee for the position. He had to pass an examination by the committee, and trembled at the ordeal, being sadly unlearned in book lore.

The chairman began the examination: "Mr. —, what is the shape of the earth?"

"It is round, sir," the candidate answered.

"How do you know?"

"Because I have sailed around it three times."

"That will do, sir!"

He received his "certificate" as a teacher without another question being asked.—Youth's Companion.

—In 1890 over \$2,000,000 worth of property was legally exempt from taxation.

my mortal remains hev bin laid away—"

And there Mrs. Gallup, who had gradually been working up to it, broke down and began to sob and thrust the end of her red nose into the mouth of the bottle in her hand. The putting on of the hinge was a trifling matter, and Mr. Gallup had finished and was ready to tackle the rain barrel when Mrs. Gallup broke down. He walked away leaving her in tears, but she followed after and sat on the washbench to continue:

"If I could hev lived a couple of weeks longer, I could hev put up a lot of crab-apple preserves and made a jar of tomatater sass, but the Lord knows best. Shall you break down at the funeral, Samuel, or only shed a few tears and heave a few sighs? It won't make any difference to me, but folks'll be watchin' you, you know. If you burst out cryin' you'll git more sympathy and they'll say you thought more of me. Hev you decided on about how much you'll pay for my grave-stun, Samuel?"

Mr. Gallup had picked a rusty iron hoop up out of the grass and was busy driving it over the barrel, and even if he heard her he did not think best to answer.

"There's—there's another thing I wanted to talk about," said Mrs. Gallup, as she wiped her eyes and choked back her sobs. "I've bin dyein' my hair for the last five years. If they don't hev hair dye up in Heaven I don't know what I'm goin' to do. An what about night caps, Samuel? I've worn one for the last twenty years, and if they don't supply 'em to angels I shall have the carache as sure's you're born. You are

of the peace and order know about these things and I wish you'd tell me."

But Mr. Gallup didn't. He straightened up and cast a glance at Mrs. Gallup, but he had nothing to say. She sobbed three sobs and shed fourteen tears while waiting, and when it was apparent that he had no opinion to advance she said:

"Mrs. Bebee says if she was to die and Bebee was to marry agin she'd come back as a speerit and haunt his wife, but that's not my way. You kin git one as soon as you please arter I'm gone, and you'll never bother her. I s'pose you'll paint the kitchen floor for her, and if she wants the pigpen white-washed twice a year you won't say a word. There's another thing about angels, Samuel. When they are tookin' sick in the night what's done for 'em and who does it? And I was thinkin' only this mornin' that I never tried to fly in all my life, and that I'd probably break my neck unless I was interduced to some angel who'd show me how to flap my wings."

Mr. Gallup had driven on the hoop and he now moved over to take the "sag" out of the woodshed door. Mrs. Gallup squeeze out six tears, took a heavy snuff of the camphor, and rose up to say:

"Mebbe the clock stopped because it was run down, and mebbe the wind blowed that yaller bowl off the table, and perhaps the Lord hasn't sent for me arter all. Would you be disappointed, Samuel, if I was to live on, and you couldn't coil around and go to the circus and marry a young gal? I s'pose you would, but I'm in the Lord's hands. If He calls for me to flap my flappin' wings and soar away I'll hev to go, but if He decides that I kin stay on 'till arter I've made my cucumber pickles and apple-butter it hain't fun me to rebel. I guess I'll go in and look around and see whether I'm goin' to die or not."

Mr. Gallup didn't know when she went, being busy at the door. He had probably forgotten that such a woman existed when she called to him, half an hour later, from the kitchen door:

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WOMAN AND HOME.

BADGES OF MATRIMONY.

Worn by Women Everywhere, Except in the United States.

Americans are the only women in the world who do not exhibit some sign of matrimony. Of course those who follow in the wake of European etiquette would not appear with their daughters wearing a hat without strings, but the universal American woman buys what she likes, regardless of whether it be matronly or not and, what is worse, her daughters will select articles of dress only suitable to married women.

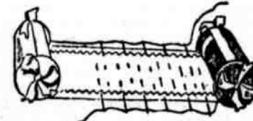
In no other country is this the case. Among the Germans the badge of a married woman consists of a little cap or hood of which she is very proud, and "donning the cap" is the feature of the wedding day among the peasants of certain localities.

The married women in Little Russia are always seen, even in the hottest weather, with a thick cloth of a dark hue twisted about their heads. In New Guinea a young woman lets her hair hang about her shoulders, but when she is married this is cut short. In Wadal the wives color their lips by tattooing them with iron filings; in parts of Africa, the married women perforate the outer edges of their ears and stick rows of grass stalks in them; and among a certain Mongolian tribe of people, the Manthes, the women wear suspended from one ear a little basket full of cotton, to which a spindle is attached. Thus in every country, savage and civilized, but our own, there is a sign or symbol of some kind that distinguishes the matron from the spinster.—St. Louis Republic.

NOVEL SEWING CASE.

The Clever and Useful Design of an Ingenious Woman.

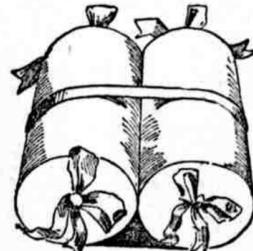
That necessity is the mother of invention is the most trite of sayings, but it was the necessity of an unfortunate bachelor which prompted a clever woman not long ago to devise a most ingenious means for his relief, and, incidentally, for the comfort of a considerable number of persons who are not bachelors. The man in question was painfully endeavoring to thread a needle, and confessed that his occasional button sewing was a difficult operation, because of the effort to thread the needle. So his friend put her wits to work and by the next day she had evolved a most valuable "bachelor's friend," as she called it. The scheme is as simple as it is ingenious. Its designer has de-



THE CASE OPENS.

vised them upon many another than the one for whom her efforts were first undertaken.

The materials required for the "friend" are a little over a half yard of ribbon, two and one-half inches wide, and a yard of half-inch ribbon matching or contrasting in color. Half a yard of the wide is not quite enough, though one-sixteenth more will suffice. A bit of collar canvas, a piece of flannel, a paper of number seven needles, and a spool each of white thread and black silk, with a rubber band, complete the list. Cut a piece of the canvas ten inches long by an inch and three-quarters wide; cover one side evenly with flannel, and on the other baste the broad ribbon, folding the edges over and feather-stitching them to the flannel. Cut from a visiting card four circles the size of a spool end and cover from the broad ribbon, working an eyelet-hole in the center of each circle. Sew these circles, two in each end, as shown in the illustration. Fit a spool in the little niche thus



THE CASE CLOSED.

made in each end, passing the narrow ribbon through the spool and eyelet-holes and tying it on the top in a single bow, or securing it at either end in a bow that is sewed fast to the spool ribbon.

The needles are placed in the flannel, with eyes and points alternating; through each row of eyes is passed a continuous thread from one of the spools, and when it is necessary to sew a needle is found threaded and ready.

The second sketch shows the case closed, with a rubber band holding it.—N. Y. Times.

Trunks as Veranda Seats.

If your country house is unpretentious in size and there are more trunks to be stored away than there are rooms to accommodate them, let one or two of them stand on the veranda. Unpack them first, and if they are round-topped trunks have a carpenter to make a flat board cover to put over the rounded top so that they may be upholstered and made into a comfortable seat.

Denim is the best material to use for this purpose, as its wearing capacity is great. The top of the board cover should be cushioned comfortably and then a deep valance of the denim hung from the cover to the bottom, entirely screening the trunk from view.

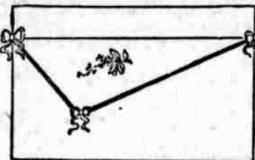
Can Get Along Without Water.

A carp taken out of the water may be kept alive for over twelve hours by placing a piece of bread, soaked in brandy, in its mouth.

VIOLET NECKTIE CASE.

Something Useful for Gentlemen of Fastidious Tastes.

A very dainty gift for a gentleman is a necktie case, and the one described cannot fail to please the most fastidious taste. The materials required are violet-colored plush and cream-colored satin, each twelve by twenty-one inches, and one and a half yards of two-inch cream color ribbon, and nearly two yards of silk cord. Cut one end of both materials as shown in the illustration, sew the two pieces together



NECKTIE CASE.

with layers of wadding, sprinkled with sachet powder between, and finish the edge with the silk cord.

Turn the revers back at one end and fasten the point to the case.

Turn two inches of the other end down over the revers and secure at each end under a bow of ribbon; place a bow on the point of revers.

A bunch of violets should be either painted or embroidered with Asiatic filo on the satin revers before putting the pieces together.

The neckties are to be slipped in at the end.—Good Housekeeping.

ABOUT CAKE-MAKING.

Some Hints Which Housewives Would Do Well to Remember.

There are many people who think they have fulfilled their duty as cake-bakers if they present a light cake. Yet a light cake may be as complete a failure as a heavy one. It may be perfectly risen, yet hard or dry and feathery, like so many bakers' cakes, suggesting nothing but sawdust. A perfect cake is delicate and moist in texture, and of such constituency as to fulfill the old housewife's phrase and "melt in the mouth." No cakes made by baking powder are quite as tender and moist as those risen with cream tartar and soda or with eggs alone. It is easy enough to make a cake tough by overbeating at one stage or underbeating at another. Where butter and sugar are used, they must be thoroughly creamed together, and the well-beaten yolks of the eggs added. The milk must now be put in by degrees. If it is poured in too rapidly the cake will surely curdle, and it is impossible to make a cake of fine grain from a curdled mixture. When the cake has reached this stage the whites of the eggs must be beaten to a stiff froth, but not too tough a froth or the cake will have a leathery constituency.

A large majority of cakes are spoiled at this stage by toughening the white. It is unsafe to use any of the patented beaters, because with such a beater it is an easy matter to beat the egg too much. The old-fashioned whisk, or spoon, of fine wire, which costs about five or six cents, is the safest and best egg-beater. Patented beaters are invaluable for beating salad dressing and for many other purposes. Beat the whites merely long enough for them to cling to the inverted whisk. Add them to the cake after the flour, folding them in with a slender wooden spoon, which is used by all the best cake-makers to stir cake. When the whites of the eggs have been put in the oven should be ready. There should be a strong body of fire, but the heat should be turned off so that the oven is only moderately hot. Put in the cake carefully, and take care that it raises in the pan before it begins to brown. When it is fully risen, increase the heat. A loaf of ordinary cake of average size will bake in forty or fifty minutes. Loaf cake will take an hour or an hour and a quarter. A pound cake ought to bake very slowly for two hours, and fruit cake should be baked four hours.—N. Y. Tribune.

Foreign Particles in the Eye.

As the summer is the season of travel, and accidents to the eye are apt to occur from dust and cinders, a simple remedy for removing foreign particles from the eye will be found useful. Oculists are not always procurable in small places, and it is well for the tourist to provide against accidents. A small package of flaxseed will be found useful. If cinders or dust render the eye painful, place a flaxseed under the lid of the eye and close it; the mucilage which exudes from the seed alleviates the irritation, and the objectionable particle is apt to attach itself to the gelatinous seed, so that when it is removed the cinder or particles of dust are also removed.—Godey's Magazine.

Goes Well with Creamed Chicken.

Potato puff is delicious with creamed chicken. To one pint of hot mashed potato add one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of pepper, half that quantity of celery salt, and hot milk enough to moisten well. When partly cool add the yolks of two eggs beaten well and then put in the whites beaten stiff. Bake ten minutes in a hot oven and it comes out in a golden brown meringue that Delmonico might envy. That is an especially good way to serve old potatoes that have to be cut up a good deal in paring them.

A Painful Possibility.

Will—if you are so much in love with that little angel, why don't you propose to her?

Gus (moodyly)—I have seen both her father and mother, and I can't be sure that she won't grow to look like one or the other of them.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Good Guess.

"Papa!"

"What is it, Johnny?"

"I read a poem in my school reader which spoke of 'dogs of high degree.'"

"Well?"

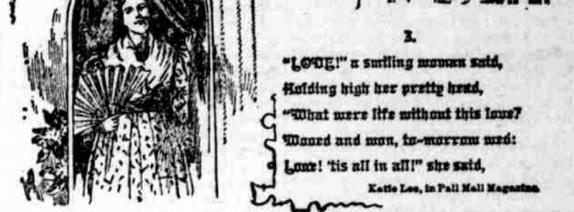
"Papa, does that mean Skye terriers?"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.



"LOVE!" a laughing maiden said,
Tossing back her scornful head,
"I can live without this love;
I will ne'er be wooed and wed;
Love! 'tis nothing worth!" she said.



"LOVE!" a sad-eyed woman cried,
Broomed her weary head and sighed,
"Had I not despised this love,
I had been a happy bride;
Love! I would 'twere mine!" she cried.



"LOVE!" a smiling woman said,
Holding high her pretty head,
"What were life without this love?
Waxed and won, to-morrow wed;
Love! 'tis all in all!" she said.

Katie Lee, in Pall Mall Magazine.

A Promising Child.
Mr. Manhattan Beach—What are you reading, Mamie?
Mamie (aged eleven)—Only one of those French novels.
"You should not read them. It is not proper for you to read such books."
"But I am not reading it for my own good. I am just looking through it to see if it is a proper book to have lying around where mamma might pick it up and read it."—Texas Siftings.

A SLIGHT MISCALCULATION.
An Interrupted Blessing.
Thackeray tells of an Irish woman begging of him who, when she saw him put his hand in his pocket, cried out "May the blessing of God follow you all the days of your life," but when he only pulled out his snuffbox she immediately added: "And never overtake you."

A Religious Broker.
Jinks—Smithson strikes me as being a sort of religious broker, but I'm blamed if I can tell whether he's a bull or a bear.
Filkins—Why not?
Jinks—Because he's long on countenance and short on works.—Harlem Life.

Improvident.
"How long have you been a Pullman porter?" said the kindly gentleman.
"Two yeah, sah."
"And still working?"
"Yaas, indeed."
"Dear me! How improvident you must have been!"—Oakland Times.

Well Bred.
"That dog is pretty well bred, ain't he?" asked the man, leaning over the division fence.
"Well bred?" echoed the dog's owner.
"I should say he is well bred. Why, that dog won't eat his meals at all unless he has his collar on."—Detroit Tribune.

ECONOMY IN THE COUNTRY.
Young Mrs. Gotham (her first suzmer experience)—O, we could not possibly use as much as six quarts of milk a day. Couldn't you rent me the little one instead of his mother?—Vogue.

Hygienic Item.
Teacher—So you can't remember the names of the great lakes. Can't you keep them in your head?
Johnnie—No, ma'am. If I was to keep them lakes in my head I might have water on the brain.—Texas Siftings.

Suiting the Action.
"Jamie," sharply called out his mother, "you're been loafing all day. Satan always finds some work for idle hands to do. Take this basket and bring in some kindlings."—Chicago Tribune.

A Needed Rest.
Clara—I have been to the seashore, resting.
Aunt—Huh! What have you been resting from?
Clara—Why, from sitting around at home of course.—N. Y. Weekly.

Very Welcome by Comparison.
"Why did you meet that book peddler so effusively? You never saw him before, did you?"
"No. I thought at first he was a bill collector."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A New Malady.
"How did all the people in this town happen to be afflicted with St. Vitus' dance?"
"They're not. That's the bicycle dodge."—Detroit Free Press.

Prudent.
She—Is it well, do you think, to tell the truth about your friends?
He—Yes—but wait 'till they're gone.—Truth.

The Only Way.
Drownston—How have you managed to keep your cook such a long time?
Flattehouse—We take all our meals in a restaurant.—Brooklyn Life.