

# THE WOOING OF LITTLE TOES

(A STORY OF THE PALEOLITHIC AGE)  
BY STANLEY WATERLOO

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This is a society love story of the time of the Cave Men, a story of the prime of the Paleolithic age.

Jewels appeal wonderfully to some women of the present and the same instinct for adornment was possessed by the charming Little Toes, belle undisputed of the clan of Cave Men who lived among the rocks by the White Tarn.

Tarns are not usually white, it is true; in fact we commonly think of a tarn as some dismal body of water, lonesome and fearful, but this one, though really a tarn, isolated and alone, was light because it had a sandy bottom, and its waters were clear because it was connected by some underground channel with the not very distant sea.

A happy lot of cave people, as cave people went, were those making up the clan which lived beside the tarn, fishing in its depths and hunting in the Green Forest, and the society was really very fine. So delectable a creature as Little Toes must, necessarily, have rival admirers, and among them, and altogether leading the others, were Big Bow and Cross Eyes. Big Bow was easily the most successful fisherman and hunter in the tribe, and a somewhat goodly man to look upon. Cross Eyes was but moderately successful in the pursuit of food, but on land and water, and he acquitted prodigiously.

Somewhat fortunately for Cross Eyes had thus far progressed this ardent wooing. Big Bow, mighty fisherman and hunter, brought daily spoil to the feet of Little Toes; spoil something more than appreciated, not only by the young lady, who had a healthy appetite, but by her father and mother, who chanced to be people not overwondered to grapple with the problem of existence. Cross Eyes did the best he could, but he brought less sustenance to his inamorata, and, as has been intimated, Big Bow was the more presentable man of the two. But the case of Cross Eyes was not altogether hopeless. He could talk far better than Big Bow. In the odd, chuckling way of the cave men, he was never sullen. Little Toes had become used to him and did not object to having him around. Yet, the star of Big Bow was decidedly in the ascendant.

The rules of dress of the cave men and women of the time were becoming rather severe. For instance, it was considered desirable that both wear something in public. This, as a rule, consisted of a single skin garment worn over one shoulder and under the other, and, in case of the more rigidly conventional, belted at the waist. This admirable garb, of course, left the neck bare. It afforded a magnificent opportunity for the display of jewelry, but the jewels were worn by a cave belle up to this particular "me had consisted of a necklace of red berries strung upon some grassy fiber. Such a necklace could last for but the passing hour. It was a transient thing. Such as it was, though, it was much affected by the fitful Little Toes, as she did love to adorn herself.

It fell upon a day that Cross Eyes was wandering, ill-mooded, far from the madding crowd, along the banks of a turbulent creek which came tumbling down from the hills to enter the enticing depths of the White Tarn. This was his meditative afternoon with a vengeance. He recognized the fact that Big Bow was ahead of him in the race for permanent possession of Little Toes. He realized that the other man was decidedly the better hunter and better fisherman, and the additional fact that the qualities of purveyor and provider were then considered in a wooer of the first importance. He strode up and down the little beach where the creek entered itself laughingly over a wonderful bed of shells and pebbles into the broad waters it was seeking, and, finally, sat himself down upon a rock and thought most dismally. He thought of Little Toes as he had seen her that morning, graceful as the slim wood leopard, gliding merrily about the temporary necklace of red berries, showing a line of contrasting color about her smooth, brown neck. He would like, he thought, to see a necklace always there, though what did it matter! It seemed that Little Toes could never be for him.

His eyes rested, at first unseeing, upon the creek's margin, where was a haze of coloring, a glittering iridescence, as the sun rays upon the tossed-up shells of a brightly pink-hued mollusk, and the many pebbles of clear white, brought down from the chalky heights above. He thought vaguely of the resemblance, save in glitter, of the bright objects in the water and the red berries about the throat of Little Toes. Then, dimly at first, and then more definitely, there came to him a suggestion which grew into an inspiration. His face brightened; he leaned from his rock and into the water. Up and down the shore he ran, gathering pink shells and snowy pebbles. He filled his wolfskin pouch with them. Then, as strenuously as if upon the hunt, he ran toward the village on the rocks and into his own particular cave. He was possessed of a very great idea, an idea which, in the crowding centuries since, has won many a soft hand and shaken many an oriental kingdom.

For many days there was little seen of Cross Eyes in the chase, or at the fishing. Food enough to sustain himself was all he sought. Inside his cave he was at work with flint and drill and sandstone polisher, engaged more earnestly than he had ever been when forming spear or arrowhead. With infinite labor and patience unaccompanied by the least of asking began fashioning themselves in his strong hands. He bored each white chalk pebble, each rose pink shell, until there were many of them; thus pierced, and then he shaped them and rounded them and polished them un-



Drew Forth Something That Flashed and Fascinated.

"It is yours," he said. "To-morrow night I am coming to take you to my cave."

Little Toes did not answer at first, but threw herself down upon the furry skin delightfully. It suited her. Finally she sat up. "It is good," she said. Big Bow went away. There was a slight sound, and Cross Eyes stood beside her. The fire in the cave blazed up and he called her to it. Then from his wolfskin pouch he drew forth something that flashed and fascinated. He hung it about her neck. The girl looked down upon it in silent amazement. She lifted the glittering beads in her fingers tremblingly, but could not speak. Her ecstasy was indescribable.

"Come with me to my cave and be my wife," said Cross Eyes. She did not answer, even then. She only put her hand in his and they went out into the night.

They took the bearskin with them.

## WARDROBE OF KING EDWARD

Costs about \$6,000 Annually, According to His Tailor.

London.—The king's tailor has been giving some details of the wardrobe of Edward VII. His majesty buys about a hundred pairs of trousers every year, and pays from \$10.50 to \$13 a pair for them. He orders about a dozen dress suits annually at \$80 each, and for his sack suits he pays \$32.

Twelve or 15 frock coats and 15 overcoats are also included in the King's yearly renewal of his wardrobe. The king has at least 100 naval and military uniforms, which represent a large sum in value; but, apart from the cost of these, his tailoring bill amounts to from \$5,000 to \$6,000 annually.

From the necessity imposed on royal King Edward has acquired the celebrity of a quick-change artist in dressing. He can change from one suit into another with marvelous rapidity.

His taste, which, when younger, was inclined to somewhat loud patterns, is now all in favor of simplicity. A plain navy-blue serge is his majesty's favorite cloth.

A Bull on a Pedestal.

An extraordinary monument has been recently erected at By near Fontainebleau, by M. Gambert, to the memory of Rosa Bonheur, the great French painter of animal life. The memorial is located not far from the former home of the great artist, which was respected during the Franco-Prussian war by special order of the crown prince of Prussia. The monument consists of a granite pedestal of heavy proportions on top of which is placed the effigy of a splendid bull, of the type so frequently seen in the lady's pictures. On front of the pedestal is a bronze bas-relief of Rosa Bonheur.

Looking Forward.

The young man had just screwed up his courage to the point of asking the old man for the hand of his daughter in marriage.

# FISHERMEN BATTLE WITH A DEVIL FISH.

NEW ORLEANS PARTY HAS EXCITING ADVENTURE.

## SHOTS AROUSE THE GIANT

Yacht Is Followed Sluggishly by Creature, and Bullets Fired Make Little Impression on the Monster.

New Orleans.—The sensation in the fishing world recently was the experience four sportsmen had with a devil fish off Horn Island.

During the week the big power yacht Jeanne, owned by Commodore Thomas Sully, with John P. Sullivan, Phil Werlein and Ned Riggs as guests, ran out to Horn Island for a few days' fishing. They had all the sport they wanted with mackerel and bull redfish, and early one Sunday morning started for the eastward pass of Deer Island and Biloxi bay.

They had traveled possibly three or four miles from the island when, just ahead of the yacht they saw something protruding from the surface of the sea which looked like a giant turtle. The course of the yacht was changed so as to overhaul this strange creature, and when the boat neared the fish the engines were slowed down and stopped.

The yacht came up close to the fish, which proved to be the largest devil fish ever seen in that region. During last summer a number of these monsters, sometimes called the blanket fish, have been seen, but they were not longer than five or six feet.

This monster measured in the neighborhood of 15 feet in length, and was fully seven or eight feet broad. When the nose of the fish was alongside the step of the yacht, its tail was just opposite the foremast, a distance of over 15 feet, but, to make the measurement reasonable, the sportsmen came to the conclusion that they would give the fish 15 feet as a fair measurement.

Commodore Sully secured an improved Winchester and went on top of the pilot house to get a good shot. The fish was lying very near the surface, and did not seem to pay the slightest attention to the boat and its occupants. Two shots were fired in rapid succession, but they did

not seem to bother the fish in the least.

When the shots were fired the giant sank slowly and came up again a few feet further ahead. A dozen more shots were fired from the rifle, but no impression was made. Fully half an hour the yacht lay to while its occupants tried all kinds of means to wake up the monster of the sea.

Werlein finally grabbed a long boat-hook and wanted to tie a line to the



The Shots Had No Effect on the Fish.

handle and harpoon the fish, but the others were not exactly certain as to the results of such an experiment, and would not listen to Werlein. Finally the yacht got under way again, and the devil fish, with a few lazy waves of its giant tentacles, dropped in behind and followed the boat for fully half a mile. Then it disappeared.

A few weeks ago W. C. C. Claiborne and several other fishermen returned with a story about three devil fish seen at the island, but their story was taken with a large grain of salt. Claiborne has a reputation for story telling, but his tale is followed up now by this experience, and the sportsmen are wondering if a big yacht, with plenty of harpoons on board might not furnish a lot of lively sport to the sportsmen.

## DRINKS POISON AND RUNS TO MORGUE

Machinist Tries to Save Trouble, but a Friend Balks Good Intentions.

Philadelphia.—Having drunk carbolie acid, Gordon Bates sat down upon the steps of the morgue to die. This unique action seemed to speak more strongly than any words that he might have written or said that he desired to lessen, as far as was in his power, the trouble that his fatal draught would be to others. But his death was slower than he had calculated, so that after all his fore-



He Ran to the Morgue to Die.

thought he traveled to the morgue by way of the Hahnemann hospital.

Bates, who was 39 years old, and lived in Wood street, a half block from the morgue, thought he was going to die from consumption. Several friends and relatives had gone that way, and he became daily more lonely and despondent. Finally, having nerved himself to the final struggle, he drew from his pocket a bottle full of carbolie acid and tossed of the contents, while standing near his landlady, Mrs. Annie Brogan, whose husband, Cornelius, died from consumption a couple of months ago.

Mrs. Brogan, in her effort to prevent his swallowing the poison, was severely burned upon the arms by some of the liquid.

## BARNUM'S WILL NOT BROKEN.

Showman's Example a Hint to Persons Having Property to Leave.

"When Phineas T. Barnum, the great showman, made his will," said a member of the bar, "it was at a time when the courts had been called upon to hear a number of important will contests based on the allegations of the unsoundness of mind of the maker. Mr. Barnum decided to take no chances. He knew where he wanted his fortune to go and arranged to have it to go there.

"When the lawyers had put together a document to his satisfaction Mr. Barnum made an appointment with a half dozen of the best doctors of Bridgeport, which was his home. He had them examine him mentally and physically, and when they decided that he was sound and sane in every regard he asked them to reduce their verdict to writing and swear to it. They did so. He paid them for their services and filed the document away with his will.

## DIES OF JOY OVER LETTER.

Man Collapses When He Reads Good Tidings of Old Friend.

Philadelphia.—Overjoyed by the receipt of a letter from an old friend, Alexander Alcorn, 40 years old, suffering an attack of heart disease and died.

The letter reached here late Saturday afternoon, but Alcorn did not receive it until Sunday morning. He did not appear to recognize the handwriting on the envelope, but, upon opening it, he smiled and became very much excited.

"Gosh! I am glad to get this letter. It's from a friend I have not heard from for ten years," he said. He had read a portion of the letter and was about to sit down in a chair, when he collapsed and died.

Several men who saw Alcorn collapse thought at first that he had accidentally fallen. Upon lifting him they were surprised to find that he was dead. The letter was still in his right hand. It was dated from New York city and was signed "Joe."

Cut Tree to Free Prisoner.

Mahanyo City, Pa.—Handcuffed to an apple tree by two deputy state game wardens for shooting robins in violation of the game law, Peter Gerung was freed by two companions who outwitted the wardens in a twofold chase through the woods at Girard Manor, returned with an ax, with which they felled the tree and had the manacles removed from Gerung at a country smithy just as the wardens got back to take their tree-bound captive a prisoner to town.

## Libe as Long as You Can and Do Good

By HON. ALONZO GARCELON, Aged Four Score Years and Fourteen, Former Governor of Maine.

Old age is worth striving for if the striving has a purpose beyond the selfish end of a slothful ease.

It is absurd to say that a man should work himself out as quickly as possible, and then be consigned to the scrap-heap. He who has that goal in view will get the scrap-heap long before his time.

If a man starts out in life with the purpose to accumulate wealth or power at the expense of his fellowmen, if his only purpose in existence is to gather to himself a certain measure of power or aggrandizement, then it will be very fortunate for his neighbors if he starts early toward the scrap-heap.

But if a man is inspired with the high ideal of service to his fellowman, the longer he lives the better it is for himself and the community in which he lives.

But it is true that a man should work hard, and endeavor throughout all his days to be of service to the community of which he is a member. If he succeeds in this he will be all the wiser the longer he lives.

The question then resolves itself into this: Is old age desirable as the conclusion of a life well spent in the cause of mankind or of uplifting endeavor, or is it desirable as the self-gratified end of years of toil, selfishly devoted to the prospect of accumulation that will enable the possessor to lie back and enjoy luxurious ease while watching the tolling procession of the poor pass by?

# THE HISTORY OF POLICEMAN FLYNN

## PREACHING AND PRACTICE

Policeman Barney Flynn had just settled himself for a quiet and thoughtful smoke when his wife interrupted his meditations.

"Barney," she said, and there was reproach in her tone, "have 'n' ye 'frot' something?"

"Ha-ave 'I'?" he asked, with an assumption of ignorance, for he well knew to what she referred.

"'T' course ye have, ye aggravin' man-an," she answered with asperity. "M-m-m, now, what can it be?"

"Muttered Policeman Flynn, thoughtfully knitting his brow.

"'Didn't ye dhraw ye-er salty to-day?' demanded Mrs. Flynn. It may be said here by way of explanation that Mrs. Flynn is the cashier of the family, and always has pay-day marked on the calendar with red ink.

"'Oh! 't' is 't' money ye're after!' exclaimed Policeman Flynn. 'Ye're like all th' r-rest iv th' women. If ye'er good man-an do be ha-avin' a bit iv 't' coin in his clo'es ye're worried till ye ha-ave ye-er ha-ands on it. Ye wa-wa-nt to be spendin' iv it all ye-er-er-er. Ye're like th' confidance man-an, ye are that. 'Give me ye-er cash,' says you to me, 'an' I'll give ye something that's worth more, fr all the world 'like th' man-an that 'sells th' gold brick. I give it to ye, bein' innocent an' unsuspectin', an' what do I get fr it? I ask ye that, Mary—what do I get fr it? Why, hash fr breakfast."

This impressed Policeman Flynn as being so good a joke that he laughed over it himself, but his wife replied, rather warmly, that if he did not give it to her to care for they would be begging for things to eat within a week after pay-day, and Policeman Flynn knew that this reflec-



The Tin Dollars, Insisted Mrs. Flynn.

tion on his financial management was just. However, he was in a factious mood and did not intend to surrender his temporary advantage at once.

"'An' what'll ye do with it if ye lay ye-er ha-ands on it?' he asked. 'Ye tell me I'm no man-an fr to be handlin' iv money, but what'll ye be after doin' with it ye-er-er-er? 'Oh! I know ye. 'T' is like as not ye'll be spendin' it on Mrs. Flaherty over th' mill."

"'She's a deser-rin' woman!' asserted Mrs. Flynn with an emphasis that showed her charity in that direction had been the object of criticism before.

"'The letter reached here late Saturday afternoon, but Alcorn did not receive it until Sunday morning. He did not appear to recognize the handwriting on the envelope, but, upon opening it, he smiled and became very much excited."

"'Ye heard ye say that before,' interrupted Mrs. Flynn. "'Right," said Policeman Flynn, "but 't' is th' truth, and th' truth niver grows old. So I tell ye want more marriage is a loth'ry, an' ye can't do much fr th' gambler that loses iv'erthing an' shill won't draw out iv th' game. Mrs. Flaherty strikes to her man-an."

"'He's a deser-rin' woman!' asserted Mrs. Flynn. "'T' is so," assented the patrolman, "but while she shucks to him 't' is like throv'n' wather into a sieve fr to give to her. He's th' laad that gets th' most iv it. Ye must put up with many things in 'marri'd' life, but there do be a limit, an' 't' is no

ixuse fr kapin' ba-ad compny that ye're married to th' ma-an."

"'Accordin' to that,'" said Mrs. Flynn, with biting sarcasm, "I sh'ud 'lavo ye, Barney."

"'Th' ma-an sh'ud be over on the island,'" said the patrolman, ignoring this thrust.

"'Ye'll not lavo me do anythin' fr her,'" said Mrs. Flynn, inquiringly. "'I will not."

"'Ye's a ha-ard-hear-rted ma-an, Barney!"

"'I ha-ave sine,' retorted Policeman Flynn.

Now, as has been demonstrated before, Mrs. Flynn has a mind of her own, and she is not a woman with whom it is safe to be dictatorial. In consequence, she was just on the point of issuing a declaration of independence, with incidental remarks on autonomy, when a neighbor suddenly put his head in the door and called out: "Ye're wanted, Flynn!"

Policeman Flynn hastily caught up his helmet and departed.

As they hurried along it was explained to the policeman that things were in a bad way at Flaherty's. The oldest boy had hurt himself, and the neighborhood doctor who had been called in wanted him sent to the hospital. It was clearly the proper thing to do, but Mrs. Flaherty would not hear of it. She was going to have her boy with her at all hazards.

"'When Bill sees how things are now,'" she said pathetically in answer to Policeman Flynn's arguments, "I know he'll be good to us. He used to be a good man before—before—"

"'I know,'" broke in Policeman Flynn. "'He'll be good—maybe,'" and then he added, under his breath, "when he's in his grave or th' polis station. I know him."

But the woman won her point. Even reason and sense must give way before the assaults of a mother pleading for her child, and the doctor eased his conscience with the thought that it was not a very serious case, and the boy probably would come out all right anyway. He knew that she was unwise, but love and wisdom do not often go hand in hand.

"'But she must have assistance,'" he said. "'There is practically nothing in the house, and she has no money. I'll report the case to the relief authorities at once."

Others who had gathered expressed approval of this decision, and then left, feeling that the fact that the matter was to be put in the hands of the proper officers relieved them of responsibility. But Policeman Flynn was not satisfied. His was a practical mind, and he wanted to do something.

"'I'll r-run ye-er ma-an in fr ye, so's to keep him out iv th' wa-y,'" he suggested in the goodness of his heart.

"'If you do,'" she returned, "'I'll scratch your eyes out."

"'Luk at that, now!'" he commented to himself, as he finally started for home. "'She do be an onthankful woman, an' wan without sense. She sh'ud be ma-ade to lavo that good fr'othin' ma-an an' s'nd th' bye to th' hospittie, she sh'ud that. Th' only wa-y with thim kind iv people is to be firm an' ha-ard; but, 'n' added, with a snarl of his head, "how can ye?"

He was still soliloquizing in this strain when he reached home and was called upon to tell his wife all that had happened. When he had finished she suddenly asked: "Where's ye-er sal'ry, Barney?"

"'He passed her some money, which she carefully counted."

"'They's tin dollars missin','" she announced, but Policeman Flynn was apparently deep in a reverie.

"'That fool iv a woman,'" he muttered half to himself.

"'I'm not ta-alkin' iv th' woman, but th' tin dollars,'" said Mrs. Flynn. "'Right,'" said Policeman Flynn. "'She do be a fool iv a woman, Marry—I'll not go back on that, not wan bit; but—again thoughtfully—"we like thim that wa-y, an' ray-liv officers is show. Ye've no idee, Marry, how show thim fellas—"

"'Th' tin dollars,'" insisted Mrs. Flynn.

"'I'll lift it with th' fool iv a woman,'" said Policeman Flynn, in desperation. "'G'wan, now, an' don't be ta-alkin' to me."

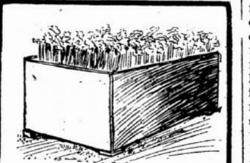
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# GARDEN

## HOME GROWN CELERY.

How It May Be Stored for Winter Use.

We take a long box about 14 inches wide and the same in depth and raise it one or two inches above the cellar bottom. Put a layer of earth about two inches deep in the box. We now lift the celery plants from their ridges in the garden with a crowbar, taking pains to drive the bar well down under the roots and keeping on them as much of the soil as we can, explain a writer in Farm and Home. As the plants are taken up they are set into a large basket to be carried down cellar. They are now ready for packing. Beginning at one end of the narrow box we stand the plants on end close together so that there shall be as little space between the stalks as possible. When a dozen plants have been packed we fill



Box for Storing Celery.

in close to the roots with earth from the garden and proceed in this way until the box is full. A blanket of old brass socks is thrown over the whole to shut out the light and help to blanch any stalks that have not already been whitened. Stored in this way we keep celery nice and crisp until February.

After trying several methods of storing celery, I find that it keeps best in the ground where it is grown, with the roots undisturbed, says another grower. Celery will keep in a cellar or cave all winter, if the roots are placed in moist sand or earth, but the plant gradually loses its fine, nutty flavor.

Wide boards are set on edge around the celery bed, leaving about one foot of space between the outer rows and the boards. This space, and between the rows is the place where the dry forest leaves and rough plied oak top to make the covering about one foot deep. The leaves are weighted down with light boards, to keep them from blowing off. At night, during severe weather, an extra covering of canvas and old carpet is put on. On warm days, the covering may be removed until the tips of the celery leaves are visible, but this is not essential.

To protect banked celery, put a thick layer of leaves over the top of the ridges, and weight down with boards. Manure from the horse stable will keep the ridges, but this is not needed if enough leaves are used.

## GROWING BUCKWHEAT.

Wisconsin Farmer's Experience in Raising This Crop.

I do not often raise buckwheat, but like to grow it occasionally. It does well on almost any kind of soil. It comes in very nicely as a late crop. If I have a piece of land which has been neglected until too late for other grain crops, this land can be seeded to buckwheat. Or if I have a field of corn where the seed failed to sprout this can also be sown to buckwheat.

If the ground is very poor it should have an application of stable manure. It may be plowed any time before seeding. The ground should be fitted as for any other small grain crop. It is advisable to have the seedbed thoroughly prepared and the more work put on it the better the results. I sow buckwheat any time between June 20 and July 4. As the acreage is not large I usually sow by hand, using about one peck to the acre.

The crop should be harvested before frosts occur, explains this writer in Orange Judd Farmer. If sown later than July 4 there is danger of a frost catching it. If it is sown much earlier than June 20 the hot weather is likely to cause a light yield. The crop may be cut by hand using a cradle, or with the ordinary reaper. Each bundle should stand by itself, with a band around the top. These should be left in the field until the straw and grain are dry. After that the crop can be stacked and threshed as any other small grain. I sometimes sell buckwheat to the millers. At other times I have it ground and put in a cradle, or with the ordinary reaper. Each bundle should stand by itself, with a band around the top. These should be left in the field until the straw and grain are dry. After that the crop can be stacked and threshed as any other small grain. I sometimes sell buckwheat to the millers. At other times I have it ground and put in a cradle, or with the ordinary reaper. 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