

THE GALLUP FAMILY.

AN EVENING OF LAMENTATIONS BY THE AILING WIFE.

She knew her time for departure had come. For the other world had come, and she was anxious to become an angel, but there were drawbacks.

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Mr. Gallup had finished his supper, removed his coat and shoes and sat down in the rocking chair to read the copy of The Chemung County Gazette he had brought home from the post-office when Mrs. Gallup dropped down on the lounge with a sigh and began:

"Samuel, if you could spare a dyin' woman three or four minits of your time I should like to talk to you. I know you don't like to be bothered when you are readin', and I wouldn't say a word if it was only a bile on my leg or one of my back aches, but it's more serious than that, Samuel—far more serious."

Mr. Gallup stretched his legs out to their fullest extent and made his toes crack, but he never looked up from his paper.

"I don't want to give you no sudden shock," continued Mrs. Gallup as the tears began to stream down her cheeks and her nose to twitch, "but it's my duty to tell you, so you kin prepare yourself. Samuel, you'll be a widow before Saturday night! Tonight is Tuesday night. Before sundown on Saturday night the funeral will be over, I'll be an angel, and you'll be free to go out somewhere every evening and play checkers. Do you hear me, Samuel?"

Mr. Gallup may or may not have heard her, but if he did he paid not the slightest attention.

"Yes; I've got my call to go," she resumed as she wiped her eyes on her



"SPARE A DYIN' WOMAN THREE OR FOUR MINITS."

apron. "I've had rheumatiz, fever, consumption and heart disease, and many and many a time I've expected to go, but I have never felt like this before. My heart goes tunk, tunk, tunk, my lungs seem to be hitchin' around, and now and then my breath shuts off on me the same as if I had got caught in a hole in the fence. Mrs. Watkins was took this way before she died, and so was Mr. Comfort. It may come tonight, or it may be delayed till tomorrow, but within a day or two I'll be an angel. You won't blame me fur dyin', will you, Samuel?"

Mr. Gallup turned his paper over, pulled in his feet and crossed his legs, but made no reply.

"Folks can't help dyin', Samuel—that is, I can't. I can't go before I've made the soft soap and put up the fall pickles, but I can't help myself. It was so with Mrs. Watkins. She had the soap grease all ready and was all ready to dye rags for a new carpet, but when Gabriel's horn sounded she had to spread her wings. You'll miss the soft soap, Samuel, fur you're a great hand to wash up, and you'll miss the pickles, fur you love sour things, but will you miss me?"

Mr. Gallup held the paper in his left hand and reached down his right to scratch his head through his sock, but he was dumb. Mrs. Gallup looked at him through her tears for a time and then choked down a sob and said:

"Well, if you don't miss me I can't help it. I've allus had hot water ready when you wanted to wash your feet, and you've never found me without stickin' salve fur sore fingers. I've nursed you through colic and set up with you through fever. You've never had to tell me my bread was heavy or the biscuit instead of saleratus. And when I'm laid away, Samuel, you'll remember that I wore the same bonnet and shawl fur 21 years and that I allus made a pair of shoes last three years. Haven't I done purty well all things considered?"

Mr. Gallup might have agreed with her, but if he did he didn't say so aloud. He crossed his legs the other way and scratched the other heel, and when Mrs. Gallup could restrain her tears she observed:

"I ain't leavin' this house the way some wives would, Samuel. When I am gone, you'll find your shirts and socks and everything in the usual place, and you won't have to sew on a button. I'll even scald out the teapot and scour out the dishpan if I have time. If angels can look down from heaven, then I want to look down and see that I've left everything in order. I want to ask you about angels, Samuel. Are they all old or young angels, or are they scort mixed up? Will I be set back 50 or 40 years, or will I be an old woman angel?"

She looked directly at Mr. Gallup and waited for a reply, but he was reading how to make a hammock out of a four barrel, and he paid no heed to the question.

"And are all angels purty, Samuel?" she continued after awhile. "I've never been purty since I was a baby and fell out of the window, but if I've got to be an angel I want my face made over as soon as I get up there. I'm not goin' to be p'inted on fur my homeliness as I fy around. If I was, I know I'd make up faces at some of 'em."

When I'm changed in the twinklin' of an eye and made as purty as the rest of 'em?"

Something like a smile flitted over the face of Mr. Gallup, but it was probably caused by the article he was reading.

"And about the music, Samuel? I can't play on no harp without lessons. I have never even seen a harp. When we was first married, I used to play on the accordion for you, but it was a awful poor thing, and you soon got sick of it. Is it goin' to be expected that I kin fly right up to heaven and

NIGHTMARE.

The Sensation That Always Makes a Man a Coward.

"Strange that we are always so cowardly in nightmares," remarked a New Orleans lawyer who has a taste for the bizarre. "I don't believe anybody ever lived who stood up and made a square stand against the amorphous horror that invariably pursues us in such visions. When I have a nightmare and the usual monster gets on my trail, my blood turns to water, and my conduct would disgrace a sheep. I am beside myself with stark, downright fear, and I have no idea left in my head except to run like a rabbit. All pride, self respect, dread of ridicule and even the instinct of self defense are scattered to the winds, and I believe, honestly, I would be capable of any infamy in order to escape. I have no hesitation in confessing this, because, as far as I have been able to find out, everybody acts exactly the same way in the throes of nightmare, and I feel certain I would not make such a pitiable spectacle of myself in real life, no matter what might befall."

"I think that the explanation of the nightmare panic is to be found in the fact that the dream is almost invariably accompanied by a sense of suffocation. It is well established that choking—the shutting off of one's wind, to use a homely phrase—has an effect upon the mind which is entirely distinct and different from that produced by any other form of pain or peril. It fills the victim with such horror and distraction that he is for the moment insane. He will do anything to get relief. This has been brought out on more than one occasion in the defense of men who have been choked and killed their assailants, and judges have held that the circumstances of such an attack should be given special consideration as extenuating the deed. In dreams the entire nervous system is relaxed, and it is natural to suppose that the mental effect of suffocation would be intensified. At least, that is the best apology I have to offer for my spritings through nightmare land."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Habit in a Horse's Work.
"When I retired from the contracting business a short time ago," said a well known man, "I had a number of horses that I was anxious to dispose of. Among them was one named Jerry, which for several years had been used to working on a drum. In such work a horse becomes accustomed to lifting his feet high to avoid striking the hoisting ropes. When the horses were put under the hammer, Jerry was a Harlem crocer."

"About a week later the purchaser of Jerry called at my house and told me that he had a lot of trouble with the horse. He said that Jerry would go a short distance, when he would stop short and lift his feet high, and after doing this would go a little farther, only to repeat it again. I told the crocer why the horse stopped short and lifted his feet and also advised him to look up some contractor and sell the animal to him for hoisting purposes. He did so, notifying me that he received a larger price than he paid me for the horse."—New York Sun.

How He Got It.
In one of Chauncey M. Depew's stories he told of meeting a man as funny as himself.

"One day," said Mr. Depew, "I met a soldier who had been wounded in the face. He was a Union man, and I asked him in which battle he had been injured."

"In the last battle of Bull Run, sir," he replied.

"But how could you get hit in the face at Bull Run?" I asked.

"Well, sir," said the man, half apologetically, "after I had run a mile or two I got careless and looked back."

Sulphur Will Put Out Fires.
Grant me space in your paper to make more generally known a fact which has been known to me many years and doubtless to others, that sulphur thrown into the fire of a stove, furnace or fireplace will instantly extinguish the fire in a chimney or flue, if a small bag or parcel of sulphur, say three or four ounces, were kept in a handy place and used when needed as directed above, it might be the means of saving property and perhaps life.—Letter in New York Times.

A Success.
"Was the wedding a success?"

"I guess so. The bride's mother was in tears, the groom's mother went her one better and had hysterics, you couldn't hear a word of the ceremony, and the church was so crowded that three women fainte. Yes, it was a success all right."—Life.

The Place of the Duel.
Mrs. Minnie Walter Myers, in her "Romance and Realism of the South-eastern Gulf Coast," gives an account of one of the last challenges to a duel which occurred in Louisiana. The affair was between M. Marigny, who belonged to one of the oldest families of Louisiana, and a Mr. Humble, a sturdy ex-blacksmith of Georgia, who had become a man of political consequence.

M. Marigny took offense at some remarks of the Georgian and sent him a challenge. The big ex-blacksmith was annoyed.

"I know nothing about this dueling business," he said. "I will not fight him."

"You must," said his friend. "No gentleman can refuse."

"I am not a gentleman," replied the honest son of Georgia. "I am only a blacksmith."

THE FUTURE OF OUR LEGS.

Professor Yung of the University of Gnef, Switzerland, entertains great fears concerning the future of our lower limbs. This sage is of the opinion that within the next thousand years human beings will have forgotten how to use their legs, and that these limbs, if evolution will not do away with them, will serve as mere ornaments to the rest of the body.

Professor Yung states that at the present stage of human beings show a decided aversion to personal or physical locomotion, and this is more manifest every time a new automatic traveling instrument is invented and rendered practical. Steam, electricity, cable power and the different velocipede machines all bear an influence over us and create a dislike for walking, and the future generations will likely have the convenience of steerable airships at their windows and electric automobiles at their doors, and these conveniences will be so cheap that almost every one can own them, and this means the doom of our legs.

The latter will be regarded as superfluous appendages, no use will be made of them, and who knows but that they may disappear altogether? But so much more will our arms develop in length and strength. These are the cruel laws of evolution, and it will be due to their pranks that future generations will again resemble the apes. There will come another epoch of short legs and long arms.

Complied With the Law.
"A certain well known Mobile lawyer, who was lame and had something of a reputation as a fighter," said a southern gentleman, "was at one time attorney in a suit that caused much ill feeling. He won the suit for his client, and the loser vowed vengeance. In pursuance of that vow, in the language of Truthful James, he one day went into the lawyer's office and subjected him to a tirade of abuse that would have caused a salt water captain to die from pure envy, such was his talent in vituperation."

"The lawyer answered him nothing, to the surprise of two or three men who were present, but, getting out of his chair, began to hobble backward. His enemy, thinking he was retreating, followed him up, with more abuse and threatening gestures."

"The lawyer's foot finally struck against the wall, when he suddenly straightened up and saying, 'Gentlemen, I call on you to witness that, on account of this wall, I have retreated as far as possible' (the general law of homicide, drew out a derringer and shot his opponent."

"At the trial he was acquitted, his witnesses being the men present at the time of the killing, who testified to the lawyer's having retreated as far as possible."—New York Tribune.

A Cold Night in Canada.
The sky at night is a deep dark blue, and the stars are like dropping balls of fire, so close they seem to be almost within reach. The northern lights look as if a titanic paint brush had been dipped in phosphorescent flame and drawn in great, bold strokes across the heavens.

As you pass the electric lamps you see very fine particles of snow caught up by the wind and glittering high in the air like diamonds. But it is a cold night, and you are not sorry to get into your room. First of all, you take a blanket or so from the bed, for there are people in Canada who sleep all the year round with only a sheet over them, to such a pitch of perfection have they brought the heating of their rooms.

After you have tucked yourself in the stillness of the night is broken occasionally by a report like a cannon. Have you ever been inside a bathing machine when a mischievous boy threw a stone at it? And if so, do you remember how you jumped? When the walls of a wooden house crack in the bitter cold, the effect is similar, only magnified. But you know what it means here, so you only draw the clothes closer round you, thankful that you are snug and warm. And so good night.—Blackwood's.

Better to Have Waited.
The other morning Jones turned up at the office even later than usual. His employer, tired of waiting for him, had himself set about registering the day's transactions, usually Jones' first duty. The enraged merchant laid his pen aside very deliberately and said to Jones, very sternly indeed, "Jones, this will not do!"

"No, sir," replied Jones gently, drawing off his coat as he glanced over his employer's shoulder. "It will not. You have entered McKurke's order in the wrong book. Far better to have waited till I came!"—Pearson's Weekly.

A Thief's Trick.
A mastiff was trained to assist thieves in Paris. It was in the habit of bounding against old gentlemen and knocking them over in the street. A "lady" and "gentleman"—owners of the dog—would then step forward to assist the unfortunate pedestrian to rise, and while doing so would ease him of his watch and purse.

HAM SMELLING A BUSINESS.

Peculiar Occupation For Which Only Few Are Qualified.

The ham smell's' only tools are a long steel trim and his nose. He stands in a barrel to keep his clothes from being soiled by the dripping brine, and the hams are brought to him, and he plunges his sharp pointed trim into them, withdraws it and passes it swiftly down to the barrel joint.

In testing, it is in that manner the man with the trim judges by the slightest shade of difference between the smell of one piece of meat and another. The smell of the meat is almost universally sweet, and that is what he smells. The slightest taint or deviation from the sweet smell is therefore appreciable. It is not the degree of taint that he expects to find, but the slightest odor that is not sweet.

When he detects an odor, he throws the meat aside, and if it is not unwholesome it is sold as "rejected" meat, but if it is tainted it goes to the rendering tank. The ham tester smells meat from 7 o'clock in the morning until 5 o'clock at night, and his sense must never become jaded or inexact or his usefulness would be at an end.

Ham testing is not a pursuit dangerous to the health, as tea testing is supposed to be, but the ham smeller with a cold in his head is like a piano player who loses his arm in a railroad wreck.—Kansas City Star.

A Test of Accuracy.
Drawing from memory is one of the most difficult things in the world to do. Even professional artists find that they must rely largely upon hasty jottings made upon the spot as suggestions for their pictures. Those who are not artists need to look keenly and closely at what they wish to recollect, for they must depend upon their memory to bring details back to them. It is an excellent corrective of superficial observation to sketch a scene as we think we saw it and afterward return to the scene and take another view. It is a training both in accuracy and humility, for we learn how easy it is to deceive ourselves as to what we have remarked.—Florence Hull Winterburn in Woman's Home Companion.

She Got a New Pair.
Sarcasticus and his wife were going to the theater.

"Will you please go in and get my coats of the dressing table?" said Mrs. S.

"Your coats?" queried the puzzled Sarcasticus. "What fangle have you women got now?"

"I'll show you," snapped the wife, and she sailed away and soon returned putting on her gloves.

"Are those what you mean? Why, I call those kids."

"I used to," replied Mrs. Sarcasticus, "but they are getting so old I am ashamed to say any longer."

He took the hint.—Pearson's Weekly.

Economy.
"What's this?" exclaimed the young husband, referring to the memorandum she had given him. "One dozen eggs, one pound of raisins, a bottle of lemon extract, a tin of ground cinnamon and half a pound of sugar—what do you want with all these things, Bessie?"

"I've got a stale loaf," replied the young wife, "that I'm going to save by working it into an bread pudding. I never let anything go to waste, Henry."—London Fun.

Dress Well.
It is not enough that people shall be clad; they must be dressed. "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy," was the advice of Polonius to his son; which, but not gaudy, for the apparel of proclaiming the man," and the advice is just as good today as it was 300 years ago.

In Luck.
"It's no fun being married. My wife is coming to me all the time and asking for money!"

"You're lucky! I have to ask my wife always for money when I want any!"—Heiter's Wet.

THE HEDGE.

Fair gloire of the thatched cot, With noble de Dijon clustered gob, So staz sweet, on from plot to plot, Thou trippet, like a nymph of fabla.

So blithe thy smile, so soft thy tone, Thy love so good a life to lead in, I'd fain the hedge were overthrowed And our two gardens made one Eden!

But "No!" cries Wisdom, "Spare the fowls, The thorn, the ivy blackbirds nest in; Leave something for the finer sense, Some dream of joy to hope and rest in."

"Some glad surprise, some mystery Of inconceivably sweet meaning!" Wisdom is wise, My friend and I Scrape praise the topmost twigs by leaning.—G. D. C. in Good Words.

An Extraordinary Island.
In the bay of Plenty, New Zealand, is one of the most extraordinary islands in the world. It is called White Island and consists mainly of sulphur mixed with gypsum and a few other minerals. Over the island, which is about three miles in circumference, and which rises between 800 and 900 feet above the sea, floats continually an immense cloud of vapor attaining an elevation of 10,000 feet. In the center is a boiling lake of acid charged water covering 50 acres and surrounded with blowholes from which steam and sulphurous fumes are emitted with great force and noise. With care a boat can be navigated on the lake. The sulphur from White Island is very pure, but little effort has yet been made to procure it systematically.

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