

A NIGHT OF SOBBING.

MRS. GALLUP LAMENTS THAT HER TIME ON EARTH IS SHORT.

She Heard the Summons to Get Ready to Be an Angel and Had a Little Talk With Mr. Gallup About Whom He Should Select For His Second Wife.

After supper Mr. Gallup had gone over to the store for a whetstone and a paper of carpet tacks, and as he went Mrs. Gallup was washing up the dishes and singing "The Home Over There" with great feeling. He returned in half an hour, and as he reached the kitchen door the sound of sobbing met his ears. He looked in to find Mrs. Gallup weeping back and forth on a chair with her check upon her eyes. Something had happened. He didn't inquire what it was, but turned about and sat on the doorstep and in an absent way began sharpening a sickle with the stone he had bought. It was five minutes before Mrs. Gallup volunteered an explanation. When she saw that he had neither anxiety nor sympathy, she hitched her chair into the doorway, used a fresh spot on the apron to wipe her eyes and finally said: "Samuel, when you've got that sickle sharpened you might go over to Mrs. Bebe's and tell her that I shall be a dead woman before tomorrow. You've pined my ear or patted me on the shoulder or poked me in the ribs."



"GIT READY TO BE AN ANGEL!"

Samuel didn't look around. With calm deliberation he spat on the whetstone, and with calm deliberation he drew it back and forth across the blade.

"Yes, Samuel, my time has come!" sobbed Mrs. Gallup after waiting a reasonable time for him to speak. "A few hours hence and you will be a widower, and a few days hence you will be wearing a red necktie and canterin' around after a second wife. When you started over town, I was as happy as a lark and hadn't the slightest idea of cryin'. Ten minutes later when I went to carry the butter down cellar there came seven knocks on that empty cider bar, and as I stood there shakin' I heard a whispered voice say, 'Hannan Gallup, git ready to be an angel!' It was my summuns, and I've got to go. Nobody kin hold back ag'in a summuns. What kind of a second wife shall you marry, Samuel?"

Mr. Gallup had paused in his labors and was looking absently at a robin in a cherry tree. "You needn't feel at all delikit about talkin' it over with me," said Mrs. Gallup as she dabbed at her eyes with the apron. "I've allus s'pected you'd git married ag'in if I should die, and I s'pect I shall and squeal about it. Mrs. Bebe says if her husband marries ag'in she'll haunt him, but you needn't be afraid of me. I'd rather you married ag'in. If you didn't, you'd be comin' to circuses and dogfights and candy pulls and become as wicked as Silas Johnson. S'pose you've kinder had your eye out, hev'n't you, Samuel—that is, you've kinder made up your mind about what sort of a woman you'd marry?"

Mr. Gallup withdrew his gaze from the robin and returned to his work of sharpening the sickle, and Mrs. Gallup's nose had grown very red with the pulling when she continued: "There's the Widder Lapham, Samuel, and everybody says she's worth \$2,000, but I wouldn't want you to marry her. She's too hity dity for a man of your age. While she was swingin' in a hammock she'd let the bread burn up in the oven. She'd want you to go off to a picnic every day in the year, and if you had any soft soap in the house you'd hev to buy it. And there's the Widder Davis. She's a good housekeeper, Samuel, as I'll admit, but they also sits streaks on. One day she'll be laughin' and gigglin' all day long, and the next day she'll be as sulky as a mule. She kin make a pound of tea go as far as I kin, but she told me with her own mouth that she had four pairs of stockin's last year. Could you put up with such extravagance as that, Samuel? Wouldn't you be thinkin' of how I allus got along on two pairs a year?"

Mr. Gallup whistled softly to himself as he felt of the edge of the sickle with his thumb. The whistle conveyed no direct information, but was a whistle in the abstract. Mrs. Gallup looked at the back of his neck for a moment, and worked up and choked back a sob and then said: "There's Phoebe Cousins, who everybody likes, but she's an old maid and sot in her ways. She never brayes her gits mad, but she wants everything jest so. If you come into the house and throw your hat down on the floor or pulled your boots off in the parlor in the evening, she'd raise the awfulest kind of a row. I guess you'll hev to marry a gal, Samuel. You are old 'nuff to be the father of any gal around here, but I don't see no other way. Hey you got any pettierick gal in mind? I was thinkin' of Sue Sabins the other day. She's 20 years old and a great hand to work, and mebbe you'd be happy with her. Her mother says Sue likes to be petted. You've never petted me, but mebbe you'll change when I am gone. No, Samuel, I can't remember a time in 27 years when

you've petted me or patted me on the shoulder or poked me in the ribs."

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ELECTION DAY.

How It Came to Be Tuesday After First Monday in November.

The designation of the day for holding the presidential election is left to congress. The first act passed by it relating to that subject was in 1792. It provided that presidential electors should be appointed "within 34 days before the first Wednesday in December." This left each state free to select a day to suit itself within those limits. Pennsylvania chose electors on the last Friday in October. Other states elected theirs on different days between the beginning and middle of November. When Harrison was elected in 1840, the Democrats asserted that his success was due partly to fraudulent voting, which was made possible by the lack of a definite election day. It was alleged that Kentucky and Ohio Whigs had voted in both states, the election being held on different days. So in 1845 the Democrats passed the law now on the statute books making the first Tuesday after the first Monday election day.

At that time but five of the 26 states had their elections in November. In Michigan and Mississippi voting was carried on through two days—the first Monday and the following Tuesday. New York had three election days—the first Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday—but had finally confined voting to the middle day, or the first Tuesday after the first Monday. Massachusetts chose state officers on the second Monday in November and Delaware on the second Tuesday. So congress selected the first Tuesday after the first Monday to consult the convenience of three states out of five, one of the three being the important state of New York—Chicago Tribune.

Following Up His Customer. A French commercial traveler was expecting a large order from a country tradesman, but had the misfortune to arrive in the town on a fete day. Finding the shop closed, he inquired as to the whereabouts of the proprietor and ascertaining that he was attending the fete, about a mile out of town, set out after him. When he arrived there, a balloon was on the point of ascending, and he saw his man stepping into the car. Plucking up courage he stepped forward, paid his money and was allowed to take his seat with the other aeronauts. Away went the balloon, and it was not until the little party was well above the tree tops that the "commercial" turned toward his customer with the first remark of "And now, sir, what can I do for you in gallico?"

The Bedroom. The simplest and most economical plans for purifying the air in bedrooms are as follows: Heat an iron shovel, then pour on it a few drops of vinegar. If possible, have windows and doors open at the time. Again, have some lumps of camphor in an old saucer, heat the poker till very hot (but not red) and touch the camphor with it. The smoke that arises will take away all disagreeable odors—and leave an oppressive scent behind.—London Answers.

Riddle Solved. First City Boy—Oh, see the cows eating shavings. Second City Boy—I suppose that's how we get chipped beef.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Economizing Fuel. There are many good housekeepers who are indifferent in the matter of saving small coal and cinders. Unseen waste goes on in most houses in this respect. If housekeepers would make it a point to see that all cinders and ashes are thoroughly sifted daily, they would be surprised at the fuel they could save.

The cinders here had been removed cold water should be poured over them. This causes them to make much better fuel when mixed with coals. Better and safer fires can be kept up in bedrooms than with coal alone, safer because with cinders there is no danger of sparks flying about.

The best kitchen fire is made by putting coal in front, banking up cinders behind and then leaving the fire alone. To be constantly spring a fire takes all the life out of the coal and also "starts" the dust.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Heroic Treatment. In Guinea if a child is slow in its movements the parents apply an ant to the child instead of a whip to make it move faster. This little ant bites more cruelly than a mosquito, and its bite is apt to be troublesome afterward. As you can imagine, this treatment does not make the child kind to others, and the children of Guinea are said to be particularly cruel to animals. The little boys in Guinea do not reckon their age by years, but by their ability to endure pain. Until he gets to the point where he can let the Hucu ant bite him without wincing he is considered merely a baby.

An Unpleasant Trick. First Suburbanite—I hear that Koo-bia's new bull dug up the ground, broke down the fence and tore nearly everything to pieces in the barnyard this morning. Second Suburbanite—Yes. Some fellow went there early and fastened a pair of red spectacles on the animal's eyes.—Chicago Tribune.

Turkish women do not come into control of their private fortunes until after marriage. After that they can dispose of one-third of it without the husband's consent.

Powers of Endurance. "When my grandfather was a young man," said the boy with a snub nose, "he could run ten miles without stopping." "I heard my grandfather make a prayer 25 minutes long once at a prayer meeting," responded the boy with the dirty face, "an it didn't feaze him."—Chicago Tribune.

Experience Versus Theory. "Marcus Aurelius says," the professor began, "that nothing happens to anybody which he is not fitted by nature to bear."

"Oh, that's rot!" replied the man who had eloped at the age of 21 with a girl whom he had known three weeks. "Just tell Marc for me that he has another guess coming."—Chicago Times Herald.

A FAST BALL PLAYER.

HE MAY OR MAY NOT HAVE PLAYED WITH THE ROARERS.

Steve Speed, Who Could Beat His Own Throw to First and Who Could Get Behind the Plate in Time to Catch His Own Pitching.

"The fastest base runner I ever saw," said the fat ex-mascot of the Lightfoot Lilies in comparing baseball of the present with that of the old days, "was little Sammie Salmon of the Lilles. But the fastest base runner I ever heard of, or wasn't, as the case may have been, Steve Speed, who played, or who didn't play, I don't know which, with the Ringling Roarers. At any rate, whether he ever played with the Roarers or not, he was certainly the fastest that ever came over the crossways. You don't understand? Well, I'll tell you all about him.

"One afternoon about a month before the last game we ever played with the Ringling Roarers he toged it over side round in the postoffice discussing our chances for the big contest. Captain Sluggo Burrows, who was tending postoffice that day, was over in the corner reading the ball news in a Jones County Courier that had accidentally slipped its wrapper before delivery. Suddenly he clutched the paper tightly and sprang to his feet. For heaven's sake, boys, listen to this: 'We have it from a high source,' he began to read breathlessly, 'that the Roarers have unearthed a phenomenal base runner, with whose services they feel confident of wresting the Jones county laurels from the erstwhile invincible Lightfoot Lilles. The newcomer's name is Steve Speed. His extraordinary ability was first discovered while he was in the box one day last week. He stopped an easy grounder and toged it over side first to catch the runner. The ball had no sooner left his hand than, to his horror, he discovered that first was uncovered. Without a moment's hesitation he made a dive for the bag and succeeded in reaching it just in time to catch the ball that he had thrown but an instant before, thereby scoring a put-out and an assist unassisted. 'Beats,' cried the Sluggo, crumpling the paper savagely in his fists, 'to Lily park with you. Practice begins at ten. Well, sir, that week we practiced. In the morning the boys would all go down to the station and race the trains as they steamed out of town. Afternoons they'd ease up a bit and just indulge in short sprints paced by the town trolley car. At night the daily practice would conclude with a brisk cross country run around the township. The work began to show. At the end of the week we began to have some hopes of beating the Roarers after all. And then came a second copy of The Courier knocking our hopes higher than taxes.

"The wonderful baseball feat performed by Steve Speed," the article said, 'which was published exclusively by the Jones County Courier, has been eclipsed by an even more astonishing performance by the same player. We have it from the same high source from which we obtained our former news that Speed has now become so proficient in running that he is able to pitch the ball from the box and by an incredibly quick start reach the plate in time to catch the ball behind the bat. The Roarers have released their catcher.' Wouldn't that hasten your pulse? It did ours.

"And the next week's accounts were even worse. The Courier got straight from the other private high source that this guy Speed was even better than we were told. He was now so super at the game that he not only ran up under the plate and caught the balls that he pitched, but in case the batter knocked a fly he darted out in the field and caught it himself. The Roarers had, according to The Courier, released their whole outfield. When we read that, Bull Thompson wanted to cancel the game, but the Sluggo wouldn't let him. The Lightfoot Lilles,' he said, 'may be made to look like tarbel thistles, but we won't withdraw before we're picked.' "When the big game finally did come off the Roarers certainly had us on the run. For three innings they piled up runs almost at will. But then we began to get wise. Where was this fast running phenom? Cy Priest was still moping in the pitcher's box, at the whole outfield seemed to be in their usual places. Perhaps he was sick. The thought gave us courage, and we began to pick up a bit. You all know how we finally pulled the game out of the fire in the last half of the tenth. That's a matter of history now. Well, after it was over the Sluggo went up to Cy Priest. 'Say,' he asked, 'where's that hot base runner of yours, Cy?' "You mean Steve Speed?" replied Cy, with a funny look in his eye. 'Oh, we couldn't pay the salary he demanded and had to let him go. The last I heard of him he was touring the northwest, playing exhibition games to enormous crowds.' "Yes, sir," he was the best that ever was—if he was. As I said, I don't really know. Of course The Courier said that they had it from a high source, but then—Well, you know Cy Priest was over six feet."—New York Sun.

Art's Happy Discovery. "Dauber has hit it at last. He's making fame and money." "How?" "People have begun to notice that he paints smaller hands and feet than any other portrait artist in town."—Chicago Record.

An English authority has estimated that if all the inhabitants of the British Isles should decide to attend church on a given Sunday 25,000,000 would be crowded out for lack of seating room in the churches.

From criminal statistics a German sociologist has deduced that property rights of all kinds are respected more generally by the married than by the single.

The Saginaw river, in Michigan is 30 miles long, and on its banks have been produced 18,000,000,000 feet of pine boards.

Bronx river, New York, derives its name from the onts Bronx, who settled in that region in 1630.

Value of a Familiar Face.

An employee of the Chicago Tribune once found the fact that his face was familiar to the late Joseph Medill decidedly to his advantage. In the last years of his life Mr. Medill did not spend much time in Chicago and took no active part in the management of his paper, but when he was in the city he went to his office pretty regularly.

He knew all the old faces, but few of the new ones, and it was too late in life for him to accustom himself to them. He never knew to whom to give "copy" that he wished printed if the managing editor happened to be absent. On one occasion he handed some to a representative of another paper who chanced to be in the building. The man had been employed on The Tribune some years previously, so his face was familiar to Mr. Medill, while the faces of the men then actually in his employ were not.

One day he suddenly inquired what had become of the old night editor. "He's in Boston," was the reply. "Well, I want him," said Mr. Medill. It was explained that the man had an excellent place in Boston and probably would not care to come back, but Mr. Medill insisted that he wanted him.

"I know him," he said, "and I want a familiar face in that room. I want some one who isn't a stranger to me. Tell him to come here. I want him." So the man with "the old familiar face," although he was not an old man by any means, went back to The Tribune on his own terms.—Youth's Companion.

SALT WATER BLOOD.

An Operation That Is the Saving of Many Human Lives. Transfusion of blood is a procedure that must have been employed by physicians in very early times. Ovid tells of Medea bringing back youth to the aged by the injection into their veins of the blood of young men, and doubtless the same means was employed by physicians for less fantastic objects. The injection of the blood of one person into the veins of another was until recently done to save life after severe hemorrhage and in various forms of blood poisoning. Sometimes a direct communication was made between the veins of the donor and of the recipient by means of a tube. At other times the healthy subject was bled into a bowl and the blood was beaten to remove the fibrin before it was passed into the blood vessels of the patient.

The procedure is a dangerous one, however, although many lives have been saved by it, and it has now been almost entirely abandoned, a much safer plan being used. It is found that the blood when defibrinated is no longer a living fluid, and the corpuscles it contains serve no useful purpose when injected, but rather act as foreign matter which must be got rid of. Accordingly physicians now use distilled water in which a definite proportion of common salt and other chlorides have been dissolved. This solution is warmed and is injected slowly into a vein at the bend of the elbow, about a quart being used.

Often it is not even necessary to pour the fluid into a vein, but simply to inject it through one or more hollow needles into the tissues beneath the skin of the abdomen or the thigh. This is done not only to supply an equivalent for fluid lost in hemorrhage or cholera, but also in certain diseases in which blood poisoning exists. In this latter case a large amount of fluid is injected slowly, and being taken up by the blood is almost immediately excreted through the kidneys, carrying with it much of the poison which the body was unable to rid itself of unaided.

This operation has been felicitously called "blood washing," for this is what it really is, and to the process humanity owes the saving of many lives.—Youth's Companion.

Her Knowledge of Chinese. A young woman at a watering place one summer made a reputation as a profound linguist in a rather odd manner. She called one day at a Chinese laundry where she had left a shirt washed, but it could not be found, as there was no entry in the book of hieroglyphs corresponding to her pink slip. After a half hour's search the Chinaman found the entry. A mistake had been made, so the entry was crossed out and a new set of hieroglyphs in tiny characters placed below. She was told that the waist would be laundered immediately, and she could get it the next day.

The next day the young woman called for it, accompanied by three other young women. At the seashore the excitement of a visit to the Chinese laundry is not to be despised. The Chinaman to whom the pink slip was presented was not the laundryman of the day before, and he experienced the difficulty in finding the identifying character, finally saying, "Not in book."

The girl answered calmly, "I can find it," and the Chinaman allowed her to take the book. Turning the leaves until she came to one that had an entry crossed out with another in tiny characters under it, she handed it to the Chinaman. "There it is," and, to his surprise, he found it.

"You only lady I know spik Chinese," he said. And the other girls looked upon her with admiration.—Kansas City World.

Practice. Parke—I never saw a child with such a remarkable memory for names as mine has. Lane—How do you account for it? Parke—Think of the nurses she has had.—Harper's Bazar.

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Through fairer bloom for lovers' trust To me it seems as fair As if an angel's lips had kissed And blessed it blooming there, For heaven's sweetest smile bestows On the dear love sign of the Rose.

The patter of little feet When shadows blur the light, And rosy twining arms that meet And necklaces of light, These my glad heart enraptured knows At the dear love sign of the Rose.

Not far away Love's steps shall stray— In thorny paths to roam, While o'er the meadows of life's May Shine signals sweet of home. When night falls drear, one heart still knows Rest at the love sign of the Rose. —Atlanta Constitution.

Peculiar Musical Instrument. A peculiar musical instrument is used by the Moros. It consists of a hoop of bamboo, upon which are hung by strings a number of thin pieces of mother of pearl. When struck with a small reed, these give forth a sweet, tinkling sound, a combination of which sounds is developed into a weird, monotonous fantasy, very pleasant to the ear—for a short time.

Their Business. Gas Man—Hello, Tom! What are you doing these days? Pork Packer—I'm in the meat business. What are you doing? Gas Man—I go you one degree better. I'm in the meter business.—Exchange.

Enthusiastic Photographer. Fair One's Father—Why did you bring that kodak with you? Poor Lover—That I might catch your expression of astonishment when I asked you for your daughter's hand.—Fliegende Blätter.

The first book ever printed in Switzerland bears the date of 1470.

Secrets. Women can keep secrets. They often keep secret for a long time the fact that they are suffering from drains, inflammation, ulceration, or female weakness. But they can't keep the secret very long because the yellow eyes, checks that have lost their freshness, and the irritability which comes from sorely tried nerves, all comprise a public declaration of suffering. The usual motive for such secrecy, dread of indelicate questions and offensive examinations, is removed by Dr. Pierce's method. Diseases of the woman are cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

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