Sam's Grandmother.

I AM really glad to see you, old fellow!" It was a handsome young man who spoke the words to another, who had just leaped lightly from the train at a neat country village not a thousand miles from—well, no matter where. "It does me good to see you, dear old boy. I didn't half think you would come."

"You can't be more delighted to see me than I am to be here, Sam. Why didn't you think I would come? I wrote you I would."

"Oh, yes; but fancy what you had to—Where's your luggage, Jack?"

"Right here. A big telescope and my gun case; you said you had some good shooting about these woods."

"Yes, we have that! Come, bundle the traps right into the buggy, and we'll be off. I dare say Mime has had supper waiting this half hour."

"Up you go, then." Jack Cameron tossed his thinks into the back of the low buggy, took a seat beside Sam, who already sat holding his lines, and they were off down the smooth road to Woodside, the pretty place two miles from town where Sam Dermott lived with his old-maid sister, since the death of their father left them the owners of land and property.

"Explain yourself, old man," said Jack, turning to his friend, as they

"BEG PARDON, BUT CAN I ASSIST YOU?"

bowled along. "Why did you imagine I would not come?"

"Oh, you were spending your vacation at your brother Tom's, and they had a lot of pretty girls there, and so——"

"Just stop right now, Sam; that is the identical reason I ran away."

"What, from the girls?"

"Exactly. Tom's wife is a regular little match-maker, as you know. She had those girls out partly with that very idea—thinks it is time I was settled, and all that, you see. I got so fearfully tired of their dressing and flirting and making eyes at a fellow, and talking as if butter wouldn't melt in their mouths—ah, bah! It makes me sick now! Don't you ever believe I was going to stay there, when I could be out here with you and Miss Mime—not much!"

Sam threw back his head and gave a hearty laugh.

"Mighty glad we are to get you on any terms, Jack, lad; but aren't you a trifle hard on the girls? They are not all like that."

"Well, most of 'em are. I'm sick of the whole business. Haven't got a girl waiting for me here, have you? I'll go straight back if you have."

"Then I wouldn't tell you if there was one. But no, there isn't a female soul on the place except sister Jemima and her cook and housemaid, nor very many in the near neighborhood."

"Sure you have not a few coming for a little visit?"

"No, not expecting any. Oh, yes, Mime did get a letter from our respected grandmamma saying she might drop in on us this week. Nobody else, I assure you."

"Drive on, then. We will let the good grandmamma come if she wants to. She won't interfere with our shooting and fishing. I'm content to stay as long as you'll let me, Sam."

"Then you won't go back to the city grind in a hurry, tell you that! Get up, Dan! Show your heels to our friend, can't you? He's a little dandy, Jack! Cost me a cool two hundred, and I wouldn't look at three for him any day."

The girls were quite forgotten in Sam's pet pony, and before they reached Woodside Jack's face had entirely lost its tired look of disgust with the world in general. Miss Jemima (or Mime, as she was usually called) was standing on the front veranda to welcome them and bid them hasten to get ready for supper, or her nice hot rolls would be spoiled.

They were soon seated at her hospitable board, and Jack did full justice not only to the rolls, but the fragrant coffee, rich cream, fresh home-cured ham and eggs, and all the other dainty dishes in which Miss Mime's heart delighted. After supper they paid a visit to the stables before dark, and laid plans for a drive to Flat Rock on a fishing trip next day. Two or three similar days flew rapidly by, Jack declaring he would not exchange the good times he was having with Sam for all the girls in the world. Four days after he came Sam was obliged to go to a neighboring town on a bit of law business—he had to be a witness in a land suit for another man—and Jack, not caring to put through a dull day in a country court, intended to spend the time hunting in the woods around the farm.

While they sat at breakfast, or rather as they were rising from the table, a telegram was handed to Sam, which he hastily read, and gave an exclamation of vexation.

"Now, hang it all!" said he, "I've got to go on this troublesome case, and here's a message from grandmother—she will be at Hartville this afternoon, and wants me to come over and meet her there."

"Oh, is grandmother coming to-day?" asked Mime, stopping in the door on her way to the kitchen.

"So this says; and what to do I don't know, unless you will go over, Mime."

"Can't I go?" put in Jack. "I am at the service of the venerable lady for any length of time, and of course as she is old, and not apt to be very strong, she must not be left alone at a strange place. I'll go for you, Sam, with pleasure."

Sam had turned to Jack with a queer expression on his face, and Miss Mime began to say:

"What? Grandmother? Oh, she's—"

But Sam hastily stepped up to her, said something in a low tone, and turned to his friend.

"The very thing, Jack! I do wish you would go. You can drive Dan to the buggy, and I'll take old Cob to the road cart."

"All right; I'll go. How shall I know the dear old lady? Can you describe her, as she will not know me, of course?"

Sam had his back turned and his voice sounded odd as he replied:

"Oh, the station agent at Hartville knows her. She often comes that way. He will show her to you. Be sure to take good care of her, Jack. Ha! ha!"

"To be sure I will. What are you laughing at, Sam?"

"Oh, only an idea that struck me—something about Donovan's case. Good-by, old boy. I'll be at home as early as possible. Don't forget to meet Grandmother Dermott. Good-by. Ha! ha! ha!"

Sam went out leaving Jack wondering what tickled him so; but as he was not familiar with the Donovan case, of course it might be a very funny one.

At 3 o'clock that afternoon Jack drove up to the little dingy railroad station at Hartville, and hitched Dan to a convenient post. He drew out his watch, and glancing at it, observed:

"Not much time to spare! Train's due now, if Sam was right. Ah, there it comes! Where's that agent? Never mind him, anyway! If only one old lady gets off, I shall know it is Sam's grandmother without any introduction. I'd better be near; the dear old soul may need help to get off."

Jack gallantly drew very close to the train as it stopped, and stood waiting for his passenger. Half a dozen countrymen, two women with babies in their arms, and a fat colored woman, nobody else, except a slender girl in a stylish black suit, at whom even woman-hater Jack had to cast a second glance, she was so exceedingly pretty and attractive.

"Where's my old lady?" he said to himself. "Something must have happened, for she is certainly not here. I wonder why she did not come?"

But as she had not, he was about to go back to the buggy, when he saw the handsome girl standing near him with a perplexed look on her lovely face.

Jack stepped up, lifting his hat.

"Beg pardon, miss, but can I assist you? Are you looking for some one?"

The lady gave him a smile, and answered:

"Yes, I did expect some one to meet me from Woodside Farm, but no one is here. Are there any conveyances to be hired at this place, do you know?"

"I do not, indeed," returned Jack, astonished. "But I come from Woodside myself. I, too, expected to meet a lady who has not arrived—Mrs. Dermott."

The lady smiled again, and said, brightly:

"Oh, then we are all right! I am Mrs. Captain Dermott, and you must be the friend Sam wrote they were expecting from the city."

"I am Sam's friend, certainly, but—but—there is some mistake," stammered Jack. "I—I came to meet Sam's grandmother, a very old lady."

A merry little laugh was his answer.

"I think there is no mistake, Mr.——"

"Cameron," Jack barely had sense to supply.

"Thank you, Mr. Cameron; then I believe it is all right! I am Sam's grandmother, though perhaps not so old as might have been expected. Did you ever know that Captain Dermott was married only two years before his death? And I was not sorry, even if he was an old man, for he was so good to me," she added, honestly, a regretful look coming over her sweet face.

Jack made out to stammer again:

"I—I never heard. I did not—I was not—oh, excuse me, miss—madam, I mean—but I am really knocked off my pins, if you will forgive the slang, with this surprise. I was prepared for a white-haired, feeble old lady, who would need help in getting off the train, but not—not this, you see!"

Another merry laugh from Mrs. Dermott.

"I wonder Sam or Mime did not tell you better. Why did not Sam come with you?"

"Had to go over to Cloverton on somebody's lawsuit. So I took his place. And really, Mrs. Dermott, I'm not always such a fool! Pardon me, and tell me where to find your baggage. I will see to having it sent out."

"Thank you. There is only one trunk. Here is the check."

She gave it to him, and he had presently engaged the wagon to bring it to the farm, had put her into the buggy, and was driving back to Woodside, for once in his life almost dumb. He simply could not talk, he was so provoked at himself for making so great a dunce of himself, and at Sam, whom he saw had played a clever trick on him.

"I know now what he laughed at this morning," he thought, savagely. "Oh, but I'll get even with him for this, if I have to be his grandfather to do it!"

When they stopped at the door Mime came running out to meet them.

"You found her, did you?"

"Yes, I did, and I made a big fool of myself, Miss Mime, and I believe you and Sam planned it all, too!"

Then they all three broke into a laugh, and when Mrs. Dermott, after she had kissed Mime, held out her white hand and said, pleasantly, "But you mustn't be angry with me, Mr. Cameron, for I was as innocent as yourself. Shall we be friends?" he could do nothing but extend his own and say, humbly:

"It shall not be my fault if we are anything else, I don't care whose grandmother you are!"

But when he was alone with Sam that night, didn't Sam catch it?

"I declare, I never thought but what you knew," he said, when Jack would let him speak at all. "Grandfather Dermott married a young girl a few years before he died, and of course by law she is our grandmother."

"She don't look like a girl who would make that kind of a marriage," said Jack, thoughtfully.

"It was not 'that kind of a marriage' as you mean it. Grandfather was alone, and needed a woman's care and love. Cora gave it because she pitied him, much more than because she knew he would leave her a fortune when he died. She's a lovely woman, and might have made several good matches since grandfather went, but she wouldn't listen to them. Jack, she'd suit you to a dot."

"Perhaps I wouldn't suit her, though. Sam, when you saw I did not know this morning, why didn't you tell me?"

"Well, then, I must confess it struck me to carry out the joke, and let you find out for yourself, so I stopped Mime when she was going to tell. Don't be mad, old fellow."

"I won't promise; it depends. I'll tell you what I will do, if she don't say no, I'll pay you up by making myself your grandfather, Sam."

"Go in, Jack! Go in and win!"

Jack did win, for the last letter Sam had from his was written while he was on his wedding trip, and was signed "Your affectionate and happy grandfather."—Farm and Fireside.

Burglar Device.

One of the latest burglar devices is directed against the intruder who wishes to appropriate the contents of our safes. It is to place a grating in the floor near the safe, and hide under it an arrangement for heating water by electricity. When the safe-breaker steps on the covered grating and sets to work there gradually rises a volume of steam, which soon makes him hurry off.

MARY ANDERSON'S QUIET LIFE.

Once Famous Actress Lives for Her Husband and Baby.

Mary Anderson's chief delight is her baby, a sturdy little chap, who bears the imposing name of Alma Jose de Navarro. He is three years old, strong and healthy, with his father's features and disposition. His mother almost worships him. No matter who her guest may be, she always stays with him in the evening until he is fast asleep, and for this small baby boy she sings lullabies which many of her old admirers would be glad to pay a good price to hear. Even in the last year Mary Anderson has received many tempting offers of professional engage-

ments. But, she says, "I have done with public life forever. I am living now only for my husband and my baby."

When Mary Anderson became Mrs. Navarro she laid aside every costume and habit of the actress. She is the ideal wife, mother, hostess and housekeeper. She is up every morning at 7, and in spring and summer is out in her gardens before breakfast. Her home, Court Farm, is an old-fashioned Elizabethan farmhouse, all gables and warm colors, in the picturesque little village of Broadway, near the sleepy old town of Worcester, England. It is a delightful old-world place, nestling close under the Cotswold hills, miles away from a railway.

HE COULD SPELL BACKWARD.

Old Darky Tested on the Principle of Orthography.

A spicy character by the name of "Billy" was brought up by a family of good Christian people who answered to the name of Jump. "Billy" adopted the name of William Henry Jump. His knowledge of letters was so limited that he merely remembered the names of a few, and it had been so long that he imagined that he had forgotten more than most people knew. Whenever "Billy" was asked if he knew so-and-so, he would invariably answer that he "uster, but had forgotten it."

"Did you know the dictionary by heart?" he was asked.

"Awh, yes, sah, I used to say it backards, I knewed it so well, but I'se gon disremembered it now."

"Did you ever know geography and grammar?"

"Yes, done knowed that, too, long ago, but hit's 'scaped my dismembrance."

"How about mathematics; can you figure?"

"Figger? figger? Land sakes, boss, I could figger all roun' de co'n crib and keep tally with de cob."

"Can you write?"

"Not now, sah, but I uster."

"Let's hear you spell. Spell 'tobacco.'"

"B-a-t,' 'bacco."

"Spell 'possum.'"

"P-o-s, possum."

"Spell your name."

"W-i-l, Willium—R-a-n-d, Henry—J-a-m-p—Jump. William H. Jump."

And the old darky pronounced his name in full after spelling it with that gusto which gave him all the satisfaction that the fullest quaff from a Pierian spring could have given Solomon.

Another character, on seeing the incandescent lights for the first time, was curious to know "what kind of fie do they burn in dem 'lection lights?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Why He Was Silent.

A physician describes a remarkable case of a patient's confidence in his medical adviser: "When I was a student in London I had a patient, an Irishman, with a broken leg. When the plaster bandage was removed and a lighter one put in its place I noticed that one of the pins went in with great difficulty, and I could not understand it. A week afterward, on removing the pin, I found it had stuck hard and fast, and I was forced to remove it with the forceps. What was my astonishment to find that the pin had been run through the skin twice, instead of through the cloth.

"'Why, Pat,' said I, 'didn't you know that pin was sticking in you?'

"'To be sure I did,' replied Pat, 'but I thought you knowed your business, so I hilt me tongue.'"

Taking a baby through its teething season is not near so hard on a woman as carrying a love affair through the summer, when there are so many pretty summer girls in town.

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" St. Johns	"	"	"	11:00 a.m
Ar. Springerville	"	"	"	7:00 p.m
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" St. Johns	"	"	"	2:00 p.m
" Concho	"	"	"	5:00 p.m
" Station	"	"	"	7:30 p.m
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