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**A Short Story**  
For the Home.

Say pa, what do you think?" exclaimed Mrs. Bradshaw as she appeared in the garden one summer afternoon where he was at work and showed him a letter she had been reading.

"What you got there?" he asked by way of reply.

"A letter from my sister, Hetty. She'll be with us next week to stay for at least three months. She's a widow, you know. I'm so glad I can't stand still. Just to think I haven't seen her in 15 years, and you never saw her at all!"

"Swiss to me," said the husband, as he went hunting for potato bugs among the vines. "That I've heard of you say your sister was a very nosy woman and had her fingers in every body's pie."

"Why pa, she's just the reverse. She never gossips about anyone, and she's awfully careful about hurting anyone's feelings. The folks in Rawsonville will take to her at once."

"Um! Um! Mebbe you said that instead at the other. Never saw 'taters so thick as they are this year."

In due time Aunt Hetty arrived. She was a little old woman of 50, and for the first half hour she seemed to be in a daze. Then she looked up and within the next two hours she found out several things.

One of them was that her niece, who was engaged to Henry Davidson of the village, another that Mrs. Bradshaw had a lawsuit about a hog and got beaten another that one of the ministers rode a bicycle, and other that her nephew, Harry, 20 years old, had been thrown over by a certain girl, and lastly, that the husband of the woman next door was drinking more than was good for him.

It had been agreed to keep all of these things from her, but Aunt Hetty had the nose of a reporter, so to say, and she said it seemed to her nothing but news that the town ought to have some one with moral courage to tell the people what was what, and she proposed to start out in the morning and tackle the job.

Next morning when she repeated her words, efforts were made to dissuade her, but as she tied on the mourning bonnet she had worn for the past 14 years but with one trimming she replied:

"Nephew, I've always been careful of the society I got into, and I always shall be. I'm going out to look around a bit and see what sort of folk you have here. If they are not all right I shall cut my visit short. I wouldn't think it get back to Ohio, suppose a girl must marry most anywhere, that is a most respectable state, what I'd spent three months in the 'tater, that you can earn the bread and butter for a lot of villains and villainesses for no money."

Aunt Hetty made her first call on next door, calmly announcing her name, age, sex and condition, and then proceeding to say with greeting as she went.

"My sister next door says that your husband is slowly but surely drinking himself into the grave. You don't know how sorry I feel for you. My husband never drank anything stronger than cider, and only three times a day of that, but I've seen any cases of men going to destruction. Did you ever try sewing him up in a sheet when he was drunk and helpless and then putting the horse-whip on to him good and keen? I know a Mrs. Jones whose husband used to come home drunk and she—"

But at this point Aunt Hetty was stopped and turned out door. Five minutes after she was gone, the woman she had interviewed was standing in Mrs. Bradshaw's door and talking even more frankly to her.

Aunt Hetty had also been told that a certain old maid in the village was trying to catch a young man five years younger than herself, and she was indignant over it. The respectable state of Ohio permitted nothing of that sort within its borders. It was only three or four houses down, and she was soon at the door inquiring for Miss Church.

Miss Church appeared and she was informed that she stood in the presence of Mrs. Bradshaw's only sister, who was a widow and never had associated only with the best of people. She had heard of Miss Church's reprehensible conduct and had called to advise her to make a lightning change. Matrimony was a holy thing and should not be fooled with; if she wanted to adopt the young man and become a mother to him it was all right, but as for taking the kid for a husband, society would not stand for it.

Miss Church made a grab for the widow's mourning bonnet, but missed it and then helped the widow materially to get outdoors. She called Aunt Hetty an idiot and a crazy old fool and asserting that the gossip must have come from Mrs. Bradshaw, she indulged in mysterious threats of what would happen to that woman before the day was out.

The third call was made at the house of the bike riding minister. When she had introduced herself at length, taking care to assert that she should never marry again, though there were times when a man about

**THE HOUSE WAS HARDY TO BRING IN**

wood and run upstairs and down cellar, she said.

"I have called to say that if you had a parastore in Ohio you couldn't hold it for four weeks and ride a bike at the same time."

"But what's the matter with the bicycle?" asked the surprised minister.

"It's just the same as riding a horse. It leads to sweating, when you burst a tire and it leads to general rusting when you strike a stone in the road and go flying over the handlebars. Even our lukewarmest church members were not allowed to ride them."

"But, my good woman, I have heard no objection from any member of my congregation. I use my wheel to get around with in place of a horse, and I never saw her in 15 years, and you never saw her at all!"

"Yes, I know you do, and my sister says she never sees you in the pulpit on a Sunday without thinking of your meeting a row lying down in the road when you are whizzing down hill without any brake on."

When she thinks of your hitting that cow she sits there and almost stinks up. When she thinks of you flying through the air she holds her breath for you to come down, and in looking it, she misses half the sermon."

"I'm indeed! Well, I think I will call on your sister and secure her statements first hand. You will please excuse me but I am very busy this morning."

"O, I'll excuse you, but if I were you I wouldn't prance around on a bicycle any more. I'd rather walk or get a mule."

Then Aunt Hetty took a walk to see the town and get up an appetite for the mid-day meal, and during this interval the minister called on Mrs. Bradshaw and had a somewhat brisk conversation.

When the visitor finally strolled in the found tears and re-removals and protests galore, but she calmly unrolled the strings of that mourning bonnet looked it over for any dust that might have accumulated and then placidly replied:

"Nephew, I am from the State of Ohio and every woman in that state always does her duty. I am in a foreign country, so to say, but news she said it seemed to her nothing but news that the town ought to have some one with moral courage to tell the people what was what, and she proposed to start out in the morning and tackle the job."

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The astonished young man blushed and stammered and tried to say something, but before he was able to name, age, sex and condition, and then proceeding to say with greeting as she went.

"How you ever got enough spunk to ask a girl to marry you I can't say, but I suppose you'll turn out like the rest of them and boss the roost in a week."

Then the girl who had thrown her nephew Harry over for a better man was found swinging in a hammock in her father's yard. She was informed that had such a crime been perpetrated in Ohio she'd have got ten years in prison for it, and that all the Bradshaws and their neighbors thought that Harry had made a fortunate escape.

When the coquettish young lady had answered back for five minutes without drawing her breath her mother came out and talked for ten minutes. Then Aunt Hetty took her departure to meet a woman on the street, and tell her that the moral atmosphere of Rawsonville was on a par with that of Sodom, and that an earthquake must soon be expected. Then she made her way to the Bradshaw house to park up the few things she had taken from her trunk and to say to the family at large.

"I came to stay for three months, but I must take the train back to Ohio. I felt, as soon as seeing the town, that there was something morally wrong about it, but now I have made sure. In the state of Ohio the people want the truth, but here it is good-by all."

And an hour later Aunt Hetty and her trunk and mourning bonnet and plain-speaking tongue were speeding back to the buckeye state.

—By Eleanor Smith

**TAKE TIME TO WALK.**

The hurried methods incident to modern commercial life interfere in more ways than one with hygienic living. The urban resident who bolts off to his indoor business or professional engagements deprives himself of one of the most important elements in the maintenance of his vital energy and mental activity. Vigorous walking is a good form of body exercise. It tends to increase the normal activity of every organ and function of the body. Were it more generally and regularly engaged in by both sexes the necessity for gymnasia and other artificial substitutes would not be so apparent.

**FIRST BASEBALL GAMES.**

Pains of the Reporters in Detaching the Plays.

The first newspaper report of a baseball game that I remember reading, was an account of a game played at Hoboken, N. J. in 1839. It appeared in an illustrated weekly and was such a novel and interesting event that the weekly gave a double page illustration. There were no baseball schedules in those days and nobody lay awake nights hatching up reasons why Harvard should not play Princeton and why Yale should play Pennsylvania. All that was needed was an occasion such as a Fourth of July celebration, a county fair, a house raising, or some other event of that nature. The occasion for this particular game was the entertainment given to a team of English cricketers then touring this country and defeating "United States" twenty twos with commendable regularity. We had evolved a game from the old English "rounders," which we called baseball, and we wanted to show our cousins what a high old game it was.

It has since been the humor of the day, and nobody wrote the report, which was as follows:

Baseball differs from cricket, especially in there being no wickets. The ball is held high in the air. When the batsman has struck the ball he tries to catch it, and if he cannot do this, to strike the ball with it when he is running. He likewise puts his foot on the ground.

Instead of wickets, there are, at this game, four or five marks called bases, one of which, being the one at which the striker stands, is called "home."

An over is the point of the game. It is made of the most runs between bases, the party which counts the most runs wins the day.

The fact that the reporter thought it necessary to explain how the game was played indicates the extent of the public knowledge of baseball at the time, and even he was quite sure whether there were four bases or five. When he says a base runner may be put out by hitting him with the bat, he makes no mistake for that was an old rule, and it was considered a good play on the part of a base runner to draw a throw from the pitcher, for usually the runner would dodge the throw and gambol around the bases while the fielders were hurrying after the ball. This rule was abolished as soon as the game became popular for a base runner instead of touching a runner with the bat would often "knock him a short range, which often brought forth unparliamentary remarks from the onlookers."

The account illustrating this game was not far behind the reporter. Two pictures show several hundred spectators and with the exception of a few ladies and gentlemen seated in the front of the grandstand, the entire assembly is in the uniform of the time, and the perfect tranquility of the mind and the countenance of the spectators are gratefully to be seen. The batsman instead of playing off one foot on his base and a base runner is "glued to third" although the pitcher is about to deliver the ball. A short general aspect of the field is enough to give a modern baseball captain nervous prostration. James L. Steele in Outlook.

**Lord Ross was Curious.**

They had been talking about English Hebnion of title who took up useful work. Somebody mentioned Lord Ross who was a good practical engineer and then somebody else told this story.

Lord Ross having once unknown to the employees entered the engine room of a large manufactory, the engine room's attention was attracted by his odd behavior.

"Well, what's up now?" he growled at the peer. "What are you shaking your head and pulling out your watch for?"

"What have you got to find fault with, anyhow?"

"Oh," replied Lord Ross, "it is all the same to me. I have got no fault to find. I am just waiting till the boiler explodes."

"The boiler explodes? Why you are crazy man," exclaimed the engineer, angrily preparing to turn the peer out as a dangerous crank.

"Well," retorted the earl, "if you work ten minutes longer with that loose screw there the boiler will certainly explode."

"The engineer, gazing in the direction indicated by Lord Ross, paled and jumped to stop the engine.

"Why didn't you say so sooner?" he blurted out.

"Why should I?" answered the peer. "I never yet have had an opportunity of seeing a boiler explode."—Louisville Courier-Journal

**Huxley's Discovery.**

Mr. Huxley long ago discovered the blunder that had been made in applying the theory of natural selection to social evolution.

It is no doubt a profound discovery that the altruistic principle conserves and builds up human society, while antagonism disintegrates it; that love conquers, overrules, and fruitifies the lower competitive forces, as animal life conquers, overrules, and fruitifies chemical affinity or gravitation in organic development.

Europe Beaten on Toys.

For years past the Swiss peasants have had almost a monopoly in the making of certain toys. Now in the vast woods of Northern New England the factories will turn out in one day more toys than fifty households in the Tyro could produce in a week.

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