How Sarah Was Converted

"So Hetty Granger's dead," observed Priscilla Pipp solemnly, laying aside her bonnet and sinking comfortably into a rocker. "God rest her soul," she said devoutly.

"And her tongue," added Sarah Potts, tartly.

"Well, I s'pose it will rest now she's gone," admitted Priscilla. Then she added, "I low it's earned a rest anyway."

"It wa'n't exactly in need of exercise," observed Sarah dryly.

"It seems strange to think of Hetty gone, that we won't see her comin' out of the back way any more with a plate to borrow butter on," Priscilla continued. "I remember her comin' over one afternoon when she had company to tea unexpected, like, with that old blue plate—you remember that old blue chiny one her great grand mother handed down—no, you don't, either, because you ain't ever been inside of their house as I know of, but anyway I let her have a piece off my last print of butter an' me not gettin' any more till Saturday, which was Dave Jenks's reg'lar time to bring it in, an' Hetty goin' back home so careful like an' slippin' where some one throwed out dishwater and fallin', the butter an' breakin' th' chiny plate all to pieces an' her lookin' all around to see if any one was lookin' an' then pickin' up the butter and wipin' it off on her apron. But the plate was too far gone for savin', although I believe she did afterward gather up the pieces and glue 'em together. Poor Hetty! It seems strange to think of Hetty gone in Paradise."

"It does seem strange," Sarah admitted.

"What?" said Priscilla absently.

"To think of her in Paradise," Sarah said. "I don't s'pose she'll make any great stir in Paradise?" she continued, in a half inquiry.

"Well, mebbe not as much as she will after she gets her bearin's," Priscilla agreed with qualification. "Hetty's bound to be busy in the flesh or in the sperrit. Hers ain't no sperrit to sit by with folded hands and watch things takin' place. It's my belief she'll be active even in the sperrit. She was a powerful cleaner, Hetty was. I don't know of any one in the neighborhood that had rugs an' curtains out on the line oftener 'n Hetty did."

"An' certainly no one had her tongue out oftener," observed Sarah tartly.

"We don't want to be too hard on them as is departed, Sarah," Priscilla said, with mild rebuke.

"Truth don't hurt nobody, livin' or dead," Sarah declared epigrammatically.

"Well, it ain't so apt to hurt th' dead as it is th' livin'," Priscilla agreed.

"An' it ain't told about th' dead as often as it is th' livin' either," Sarah retorted.

"Sarah," she began, "you won't mind if I talk to you like a sister o' yourn, will you?"

"If you talk like a good many sisters do, mebbe you better not," answered Sarah, with a frown and a drawing down of the corners of her mouth.

"I wouldn't feel hard toward her now she's dead," Priscilla volunteered, feeling her way along cautiously. "I know she—she did you a lot o' wrong, but mebbe she liked him better'n you did, an' it was a—years an' years ago, an' she's dead an' he dead, an'—"

A tear trickled down Sarah's cheek. "Mebbe she did," she admitted, "she talked faster'n I did, anyway." She brushed the tear away impatiently and left a shiny streak on her face.

"That ain't neither here nor there," Priscilla declared.

"Well, there was a good deal of it there when she was," observed Sarah, "an' there's apt to be a good deal of it there—if sperrits talk, an' I fancy they do—when they got rested up anyway," she finished sharply.

Priscilla rocked again.

"You've got nice things, Sarah," she said, looking about her through the big room. "I remember when you an' me was girls together how we used to build dollhouses an' wonder about all the nice things we'd have when we growed up an' got married"—the last word came with an effort.

"An' then when we got along about the marryin' age, who should come along but Peter Pipp, with nothin' but poverty an' prospects, an' before I knew it we were married, an' while we ain't had no money to brag of, we've always been comfortable, an' Pipp's made a good husband, aside from his mother's interferin' sometimes. An' afterwards I remember how you an'—well, you fell in love an' somewa, it got broke off an' he married Hetty, an' you lived with your father on th' ol' place for so many years, an' then he died an' left you comfortable for the rest of your days."

"I never knew what broke it off, Sarah," Priscilla said, suggestively.

"I'm goin' to give 'em to th' guild when I get 'em all hemstitched," Sarah volunteered this much in the way of information.

Priscilla went back to rocking.

"Hetty's left a girl, too," she went on, as though the destiny of the napkins did not impress her. "They say she looks more like him every day. It's too bad, ain't it—just the time she needs a parent's care the most, an' both of 'em gone an' nothin' left in th' way of money or property. I wonder what she'll do," she ventured.

"What she can, mebbe, like th' rest of us," Sarah suggested harshly.

"They say she ain't got no relatives," Priscilla added.

"Which ain't always an unmixed affliction," retorted Sarah.

"If it wa'n't for Minnie an' Ma— an' Willie an' Jimmie an' little Pe— I'd take her mys— If Pris— [illegible] —ed passing Sarah's fa— [illegible] unnoticed. "It would be a mer— [illegible] take her in an give her a home [illegible] I s'pose th' Lord 'll provide a way for her, but blessed if I can see [illegible]."

Sarah folded the napkins [illegible] put them on the chair beside her.

"I should think you'd get lonesome in this big house [illegible] around but a boy [illegible] to school," Priscilla said.

"It ain't always them that [illegible] you that keeps you from bein' lonesome," Sarah remarked, looking at something out of the window [illegible] seemed to have a fascination.

"No, I s'pose not," Pr— [illegible] softly.

There [illegible] rocking and looking out [illegible].

"Only fourteen years old," Sarah [illegible] half to herself.

"What did you say?" [illegible] asked.

"Nothin'. I was just thinking," [illegible] Sarah.

"You know [illegible] a sure [illegible] at my Minnie was [illegible] I wonder if I [illegible] that would [illegible] an' found her [illegible] of example," she said.

"I don't [illegible] away. A good many [illegible] on weird [illegible] right after [illegible] up when [illegible]," she added somewhat [illegible].

"You mustn't, Sarah [illegible]," Priscilla [illegible].

"What plate?" Sa— [illegible]

"Not talking [illegible]."

"Well [illegible] I g— [illegible] to th' good [illegible]."

"It ain't napkins [illegible]," suggested Priscilla.

"What is it then?" inquired Sarah.

"It's hearts, good [illegible] hearts, that's what [illegible]."

"Well mine was good an' [illegible] once," Sarah said [illegible] is old an' hard an' dry now [illegible] cheese rind."

"Mebbe He's tryin' to make [illegible] an' tender again an' give you [illegible] to put into [illegible] where it used [illegible]," Priscilla [illegible] stated.

"How?" Sarah asked.

"Oh, I don't know," Priscilla responded. "He works in a mysterious way, that's what the poet says."

"You mean for me to take that girl of Hetty's?" demanded Sarah fiercely.

"No, I mean for you to take that girl of Robin's," Priscilla [illegible] her.

"I—I forgot," Sarah responded bitterly.

"Her name is Robin, same as [illegible]," Priscilla informed her. "It's the kind of a name you can give to a girl or a boy either. Th' boys after Robin [illegible] th' girls after Robin [illegible] mebbe."

She told him [illegible] bitterness [illegible] lies and [illegible] on her hands and [illegible] her knees [illegible] the window where everything [illegible] misty.

"I know," said Priscilla soothingly. "But she is dead an' he is dead an' you an' me are here."

"I never knew about her fa— down with th' butter," Sarah said. Then she added, "Was it true that they got pretty poor before she died?"

"I guess they were in bad straits," Priscilla said. "They say little Robin ain't hardly got clothes enough to keep soul an' body together."

"Her mother should a talked less an' sewed more," Sarah ventured.

"Hetty Granger wa'n't idle," Priscilla objected. "Give th' dead her due. She was always busy, but a woman can't do much in th' way of earnin' th' way things go."

"I suppose not," Sarah said. "Does she look any way like her mother?"

"They say she's th' image of her father. She's all alone in th' house up there, with nobody but Kate Adams, an' Kate's been havin' such a time mournin' openly for Hetty. I'm afraid she'll have poor little Robin scared to death before night. Kate's a good soul, but she's a powerful mourner, so I'm goin' up to get Robin and bring her home for a few days with me. Jimmie an' Willie an' Little Peter can sleep together in the three-quarter bed, an' that'll make room for her with Nellie."

"I don't think I ever saw her," Sarah mused. "I ain't looked at one of 'em for fifteen years."

"You better peek out when we're goin' by," Priscilla suggested.

"I'll rattle my parasol stick against th' fence pickets."

"I don't s'pose she'll look at me. Hetty probably filled her up with stuff about me."

"Hetty never told her a word," responded Priscilla. "She told me so on her dyin' bed, and th' truth will out then."

"Which is some better than never," said Sarah. "Well, mebbe I'll peek out. Don't scrape th' fence pickets too hard. They're fresh painted."

"It'll crowd Jimmie an' Willie and little Peter to sleep three in a three-quarter bed, but it's crowdin' in a good cause," Priscilla suggested. "It must be strange to live without crowdin', Sarah. We can't turn around home without runnin' into a trunk or a table or a chair or a baby."

"If you think she'd come"—Sarah hesitated—"if you think she would care to come, Priscilla, I will let her have the front room upstairs for a night or two."

Priscilla rose from the rocker and touched Sarah's forehead with her lips.

"It's like when we were girls again," she said.

"I don't s'pose she could help what her mother did before she was born," admitted Sarah.

"I don't exactly see how she could," admitted Priscilla cautiously.

Sarah's glance went out of the window and away off up a green slope to the top of a hill where white shafts rose.

"Priscilla," she said, "if you think she would care to come an' live with a dried up old maid—"

"Yes," eagerly.

"Well, you can bring her in when you go by and leave her here for a while anyway. I'll try to do right by her, although I ain't saying that I forgive Hetty Granger. An' I don't know as I ever will unless you come around again talkin' about girls together and sayin' things like that. I ain't doin' it for Hetty Granger either [illegible] for Robin's sake."

"For Robin's sake," Priscilla asked.

"No, not for Robin's sake either. It's for the sake of Willie and Jimmie and little Peter an' to keep 'em from crowdin' three in a bed," said Sarah, wiping her eye with a corner of [illegible] of the guild's napkins. "An' I'll say [illegible] scrapin' on th' fence pickets [illegible] they're fresh painted."—N. Y. [illegible]

Wedding Customs

The custom of throwing a shower of [illegible] over newly wedded couples [illegible] from India and originated [illegible] idea that rice was an emblem [illegible] fecundity. The Hindu bridegroom [illegible] close of the marriage ceremony throws three handfuls of rice [illegible] bride and she repeats the ceremony [illegible]. With us the [illegible] thrown by [illegible]. The [illegible] custom is generally supposed to come from the Hebrews and is supposed to have originally implied that the parents of the bride gave up all authority over her. The Germans had long a custom which perhaps they have not wholly given up even now of putting the groom's shoe on the pillow of the bridal bed, and in Anglo-Saxon marriages the father gave a shoe of the bride to the bridegroom, who touched her on the head with it to remind her who was now master. The wedding ring was used among the ancient Hebrews primarily with the idea that the delivery of a ring conferred power on the recipient, and thus the wife, wearing her husband's ring, shared his authority. The ring in the Roman espousals was a pledge of loyalty and the idea that it should be worn on the third finger of the left hand because "a nerve connects this finger with the heart" originated with the Romans. Orange blossoms were worn by brides among the Saracens because they were held to symbolize fruitfulness. The very general use of these flowers in Europe and America for bridal adornment is comparatively a modern custom. The use of a bridal veil is a relic of the far off time when the husband was not allowed to see his bride's face till after marriage.

It is said to be a curious fact that the wedding cake that elaborate indispensable at the modern marriage ceremony is the direct descendant of a cake made of water, flour and salt of which, at the Roman high class weddings the married couple and the witnesses partook at the time of the signing of the contract.

An African Night

There is nothing as black as an African night, and I think that it is because the earth, being a deep red, offers no reflection to the faint starlight such as we get in other lands. Instead it swallows up what slight glow there may be, and gives to the darkness a dense, velvety quality not to be found anywhere else. Overhead the stars glare more brilliantly than in northern latitudes, but they seem to cast no light, and the night is palpable, suffocating, appalling, and filled with a nameless horror which is quite indescribable.—From "African Highways."

Bridge Built in Forty Minutes.

An unusual feat in pontoon bridge-building has been accomplished by a company, a hundred strong, drawn from four cavalry regiments of the Berlin garrison. Arrived at a point where the Spree is very wide, the guardsmen, assisted by a dozen pioneers, constructed in forty minutes a bridge of steel boats and plates 108 feet long and ten feet broad. A squadron of cuirassier guards was the first to try it, riding twice across. Then a loaded baggage wagon weighing fifty hundredweight, drawn by six horses, traversed the bridge repeatedly.

Request for Calendars.

A British mercantile firm in Pekin recently received the following request for some of its calendars: "The Chinese calendar in your company is glance in looking, to be sure surpassing all the others, and also it is gigantic beyond example in connection with its fine spectacle while I look at it. I shall be very much obliged, if you will kindly give me some pieces, as I have great deal of interest of it."

Women Best Chauffeurs.

"Ladies learn to drive much more quickly than men," said a principal of a motor school, "and the reason is that they pay more attention to what they are told, and do not start with the preconceived notion that they know all about it already."

THE PADLOCKED REVOLVER.

Novel Sight for a Man Unaccustomed to Shooting Galleries.

"Maybe it was because I don't go around much among shooting galleries that this sight seemed strange to me," said a man who commonly stays pretty close at home, "but in this gallery it certainly did surprise me to see a big revolver secured to the counter by a padlock.

"They had a lot of rifles there, magazine rifles, these all lying with their muzzles toward the targets handily across the board, but that one big revolver was padlocked down so that nobody could pick it up until it had been unlocked. I wondered at that. Were they afraid somebody would carry it off?

That seemed scarcely likely, for it was as big as a cannon, a 44, and a man would hardly try to slip a gun like that in his pocket with the gallery man standing by. But pretty soon a man wanted to fire this big revolver and when he came to handle it I thought that perhaps we could see the reason why it was kept chained.

The rifles were long enough [illegible] [illegible] the muzzle [illegible] above your head and [illegible] of the bystanders, but [illegible] the revolver could [illegible] [illegible] to a point where [illegible] [illegible] Maybe that [illegible] they kept the [illegible] chained so that people [illegible]

In the Heat of Battle

[illegible] After the game was [illegible] and the contestants had returned to their various homes one of the heroes of the winning team complained of a feeling of soreness in the lower [illegible] of his neck.

"I didn't feel it until just now," he [illegible] "but it hurts like sixty!"

The father examined it. It began to swell, and was very sore to the touch.

"I believe your collar bone is broken, my boy," said his father.

A surgeon was hastily summoned, who made an examination.

"Yes," he said, "the bone is fractured. How did it happen, Walter? [illegible] know anything about it?"

"Why, yes," answered the boy. "I remember that when I tackled Skinny Morgan I fell on top of him, and [illegible] cracking crack but I thought it was his collar bone."

Melody on the Farm

If you like music and pretty pictures you can have them at your will by getting up early on the farm and listening to the songs of the birds and all the signs and sounds of nature's resurrection. You can hear the chickens, the cows and the hogs, the neighing horses as the farmer comes with their feed. You can hear the voices as [illegible] as the boys or the hired hands draw water for the stock and make ready for the day. Then as the first golden lance of light strikes down across the silent fields you can see all the life and bustle of another opening day. And all of it is sweet and bringeth peace and joy as we find out sometimes when we have left it and pine for it again.—Sylvania Gas Telephone.

Health and Mountain Climbing

If women (and men, too) would take suitable exercise, eat moderately and slowly, and get all the fresh air possible, they would not in middle life acquire figures so ungainly, feel so averse to physical effort, or drop off with heart failure. Even stair climbing is better than nothing, for the last year or two, though there is an elevator, I have done four flights several times a day. Reasonable mountain climbing will bring or preserve health, joy and youth up to really old age. It does not require great muscle and brawn nor the overtraining which strains the organs and compels continued exercise or collapse. Its victories over nature leave no sting, the paths are open to all.—Annie S. Peck in Colliers.

Caught on the Rebound.

The old man was lecturing his more or less wayward son on the evils of getting up late in the morning.

"Remember," he said, "that it was the early bird that caught the worm."

"But how about the worm, dad?" queried the youth, who thought he had his sire up in the air. "Where did his reward for getting up early come in?"

"I am informed," replied the old man gravely, "that the worm was on his way home—hadn't been in bed at all."

And there being nothing more to say, the young man said nothing.

Fogs and Wireless Telegraphy.

It is one of the many marvels of wireless telegraphy that the ether waves which carry its messages, unlike light waves, suffer no absorption in mist or fog. Quite the opposite, in fact, is the case, for the effect on them of clear sunlight is so marked that they can be sent with equal initial power only less than half the distance by day as by night. For this reason press dispatches and long-distance messages sent by wireless telegraphy are, whenever possible, committed to the either waves after sunset.

The Summit

The chill of autumn seemed now to have touched the blood of all things. Since early summer the artist and his hostess' daughter had roamed the fields and sailed the river together in congenial companionship. Finding a marked talent in the country girl he had taught her to draw and to use the brush, kindly predicting a creditable future for her as an artist. The art lessons had brought them much together. It was the old story of the man of the world, seeking his amusement and selfishly regardless of the simple moth fluttering about the candle and of the inexperienced country girl, her fancy and her heart captivated by the first cultured man she had ever met.

In order to attain to the place that his gifts entitled him to he must have money and social position and to obtain these he must marry wisely. Gradually he had brought home to her benumber comprehension that he must marry a wife whose wealth and social position would furnish stepping stones to the recognition which his talents deserved. His heart smote him as he saw the girlish face pale and the soft eyes fill and his conscience whispered uncomfortable things. He knew his power to charm and he had used it. But then he assured the reproachful voice within he had been sincere. He was really deeply fond of her and it was hard for him too. So he fell to pitying himself for the fate that dictated them. His first duty was to his art; his own selfish happiness must be sacrificed to that.

"You, too, will be one a great artist," he said kindly as he took the [illegible] hand at parting. And the [illegible] ed, "Yes."

The exhibition was crowded. Every one was there—the fashionable and the ultrafashionable, the artistic and the gay, the connoisseur and the ignoramus, the art lover and the sightseer. Everybody seemed to be moving in an opposite direction from everybody else and everybody seemed to be halting before the very picture which every body else wished at that particular moment to see. Everybody craned his or her neck as a tall fine featured man entered the room. "Hugh Campbell, the artist," whispered everybody who knew and everybody who didn't know soon did. The groups separated and made way for the distinguished painter and his companions as they made a tour of the room. Suddenly the artist stepped before one of the canvases. A bleak mountain loomed darkly to the heavens, its summit lost in clouds skillfully suggesting soft heaps of iridescent bubbles. A horseman was madly urging his steed up the jagged side. He was disheveled, haggard, wild, leaning over the neck of his horse, his eyes upon the bubbles overhead, and one arm outstretched eagerly toward the invisible peak. In the pathway behind him lay a woman's prostrate form struck down by the horse of the rider who was blind to all save what his glaring eye could see in the clouds. It was a striking, fascinating picture, strongly handled. Everybody consulted his or her catalogue to see what the celebrated Mr. Campbell found worthy of so long a study. The picture was called "Ambition," and the artist was Kathryn Field.

Mr. Hugh Campbell was waiting in the drawing room of Miss Kathryn Field. His artistic eye noted with approval the taste of the furnishings and the fine reserve and discrimination in the collection of art treasures. She entered the room calm and beautiful, greeting him cordially and without affectation.

"I am glad to congratulate you upon the attainment of your ambition," she said simply. "Your pictures are indeed wonderful."

"And you," he said, "have fulfilled my prophecy. You have exceeded my expectations. Your picture, 'Ambition,' shows fine perception as well as rare artistic skill. Owing to my long absence in Europe I have not watched your growth and you have burst upon me as a splendid surprise."

She smilingly acknowledged his praise. She was moved with a vague sense of pity as she saw the change that had taken place in his face. The lines were hard, cut deep by dissatisfaction, cynicism and mental unrest. His eyes were sad. She had heard when he lost his wife. Perhaps he had cared for her after all.

He was speaking again. "Your traveller will reach the summit in the clouds. What will he find? Fame—bubbles. Not worth the sacrifice. He has slain love, the only thing worth striving for. But the fool doesn't know it. I hope your picture will wake up some poor wretch before it is too late."

His tone and his look filled her with alarm. They spoke of love for her. She hastened to turn the tide.

"That was painted some years ago," she said lightly. "The feelings that inspired it have passed away. I am glad if you think it will do good. Mr. Dempsey never liked the picture. I have told him of you and of how you gave me my first start in my work. Of course you have not heard I am to be married next month."

She talked on, without looking at him.

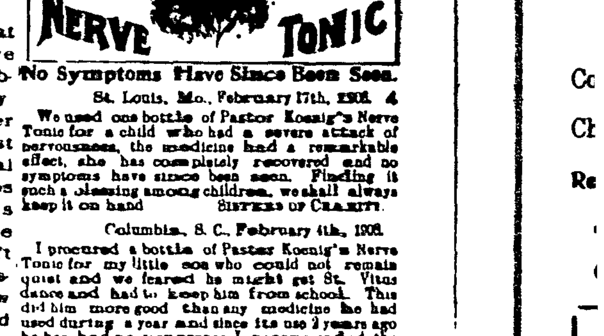
"I'm sorry you must go so soon," she said as he rose. His face looked drawn, but he smiled as he congratulated her. "I'm going to preach sermons on your picture," he said. "I'll tell the poor devils not to throw away the precious things of life for the bubbles they'll find at the summit."—EVELYN WILLIAMS.

A BLIND PHYSICIAN.

His Specialty Is the Chest, so He Needs Ears More Than Eyes.

There is at least one physician in New York who manages to do excellent work and maintain himself well without the use of his eyes. He is totally blind.

He has chosen for his specialty diseases of the chest, into which of course the best eyes in the world couldn't see. One of the compensations of nature has given him unusually acute hearing, which is especially valuable in his practice. His ears can find out more about the lungs of his patients than those of most seeing men.



No Symptoms Have Since Been Seen.

St. Louis, Mo., February 17th, 1905.

We used one bottle of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for a child who had a severe attack of nervousness, the medicine had a remarkable effect, she has completely recovered and no symptoms have since been seen. Finding it such a blessing among children, we shall always keep it on hand. SISTERS OF CHARITY.

Columbia, S. C., February 4th, 1905.

I procured a bottle of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for my little son who could not remain quiet and we feared he might get St. Vitus dance and had to keep him from school. This did him more good than any medicine he had used during a year and since its use 2 years ago he has had no recurrence. I recommended the Nerve Tonic to many friends and all derived benefit from it. I cannot say enough in its [illegible] and beside God, thank so beneficial a medicine.

MRS. DAN MAHER, 1109 Richland St.

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