Doing Her Duty

I know a great deal is said about talebearers. I am proud of being one of those women who tell people if they are being treated badly. If I hear one person talking behind another person's back I don't scruple to tell the person talked about that he or she is being maligned. I think they ought to know it. Last autumn I took my daughter abroad and left her at school at Geneva. Then I started for Berlin. I got into an empty compartment and waited till the train started. Presently an oldish gentleman got in with a youngish lady. They were very affectionate at least the oldish gentleman appeared to dote on his young wife, who seemed to be watching for some one. Then a youngish man with black whiskers got in, took a seat directly opposite the wife and she breathed easier. The door was shut by the guard, and the train steamed away.

It didn't take me long to find out that that young feller and that young wife were fooling the oldish husband. The old one never turned his head that they didn't look into each other's eyes lovingly. By and by he got up from his seat, came to the window where I was and sat down directly opposite me at the same time taking a newspaper out of his pocket. I never saw such a fool in my life. If these old men will marry young wives, why on earth do they leave them in temptation, I'd like to know? The poor old husband never took his eyes off his paper, and the couple at the other side of the compartment never stopped flirting.

I sat straight up and tried to frown 'em down. They didn't seem to care much for me, but once the young hussy, when her lover put his hand on hers, drew hers away, cast a glance at me and whispered something to the young man. After that they both leaned back for awhile and stopped their foolin'. But it wasn't long before they was at it again, both leaning forward, one of his knees covered by her skirts, and she didn't know that I knew that they were holdin' hands under it, too.

I couldn't stand it any longer. The husband was a benevolent looking man and I sympathized with him from the bottom of my heart. By and by he put down his paper and looked out the winder. I began by makin' some remarks about the weather and the beauty of the country. He seemed inclined to talk with me because he hadn't any one else to talk with. I purposely directed his gaze to the view to be seen from the other winder so that he'd see what was goin' on, but the miserable things heard me and leaned back against the cushions.

There was nothin' for me to do but tell him. By this I'd be doin' him a service and her, too, for I guessed there hadn't been anything real criminal between 'em, and if the affair was nipped in the bud there wouldn't be. Just as I was makin' up my mind how to put him on to the thing without offense the train whizzed into a tunnel. The compartment was black as ink for awhile, then we shot out into bright daylight. The old fool of a husband was settin' with his head thrown back and his eyes shut. The lovers was settin' back from each other, and a flush was on the young woman's cheeks. But what was that on the black whiskers of the young man? Powder, powder from off her face. I saw it and knew that the whippersnapper had been takin' a kiss.

At that moment the husband opened his eyes. Would you believe it? He looked at the couple unconcernedly and then resumed his paper.

"What's that," I whispered to him, "on that young man's beard."

He looked at me kind o' surprised, then at the young man, then back at me. "I don't see anything," he said.

"Don't you see the powder on his beard?"

"Powder? No."

"Well, I declare! Where's your eyes? That young man's got powder on his beard and his coat collar, and it could have only come from your wife's face."

The old man looked again at the powder, then at me, then back at the couple. Then, looking at the young man, he said fiercely:

"You kissed her, sir!"

"What business is that of yours?" retorted the other in a harsh voice. "She is no longer yours. She is mine."

"Yours, sir!"

"Yes, mine."

"Since when?"

"At high noon to-day."

"By what authority?"

"A certificate of marriage."

I thought they were going to kill each other, when the young woman, blushing red all the time, burst into a laugh. "Oh, father," she said, "you are always so droll. What are you up to now?"

Oh, my goodness gracious! He was her father! What a blunder!

"This lady," continued the old man, "has pointed out the evidence of your guilt. Look at your coat collar. collar. There's face powder on it."

The young woman laughed and dusted the powder off with the tips of her gloved fingers.

"Madam," said the old man to me, "I am very grateful to you. That young man married my daughter at noon to-day, robbing me of my pet. He has had the insolence to show me that I have lost her by kissing her in the first tunnel on the road."

There was a burst of laughter from the young couple, in which the old man joined.

Anyway I done my duty.—EVELYN WITWORTH.

MOONSHINERS WHISKY PILL.

Novel Method Used to Outwit the Revenue Officers.

"Whisky pillows" are the latest device of moonshiners to dodge the United States internal revenue authorities. Many stories have been told of the ingenious tricks resorted to in the sale of illicit whisky, but the "pillow" is the latest and most novel.

Burton Holmes, the lecturer, who has been in the mountains of Tennessee recently, tells of discovering the pillows thus:

"I had joined a camping party near the small town of Jellico, which is on the State line between Tennessee and Kentucky," he said. "Some one suggested a trip up the mountains to get pine needles or balsam pillows from the mountaineers, who sell them to the few tourists that reach this wild region of the Blue Ridge. It was after several hours' hard climbing that a full half mile off the trail we saw our first cabin. We all went over and after several whoops and calls our efforts were rewarded by a woman coming to the door.

We asked if she had any pine pillows for sale and instead of answering she slowly and with great care looked us over. I could see that her inspection more or less satisfied her but she said she didn't know, she would have to see, and turning she went back into the house.

Almost immediately we could hear a hurried conversation that was being carried on in low tones and in a surprisingly short time a man appeared and asked what kind of pillows we were looking for, men's or women's.

Not a little surprised at the question, I replied that we would like a few of both. My answer evidently satisfied him, for his eyes narrowed into a peculiar squint and he said as he did not have any women's made up, but that we could have some balsam for these at the rate of fifty cents a pillow. He said he had men's pillows all ready, but they would be $1.50 each.

Finally we were fitted out with enough balsam to make pillows for the women and each man in the party had under his arm a rude sack-like pillow that felt as if it contained a brick. We had all been wondering what made the pillows so heavy until curiosity finally overcame one of the men, and with the help of a penknife he started an investigation.

"The mystery was soon solved, for when he withdrew his hand, a four-quart bottle of moonshine whisky came with it. Needless to say none of us that had purchased men's pillows could use them to sleep on until slight alterations had been made."

Animals That Wear Jewels.

It is not necessary to go out of New York to find instances of affection for domestic animals taking the form of presents of rich jewelry to unappreciative pets. A lady in this city had a starling for which she had made a diamond studded collar last week, costing $225. What did that unappreciative bird do but escape from his collar and eat the diamonds! Then the lady was in despair and sent to a bird doctor who administered medicine, which so disgusted that ridiculous bird that he turned his toes up to the daisies. He never had a diet of jewels and was disgusted at being deprived of a fair opportunity to digest them. His mistress has the diamonds but is inconsolate over the loss of the bird.

The story of Jane Hading's lace collar selling at auction for $[illegible] and another for a bigger dog with diamond and pearl pendants, bringing $35,000, comes from Paris. It goes without saying that Jane frequently borrowed the dog's jewels and wore them on the stage. Mrs. Anna Comfort of St. Louis has a pet cat whose ears are pierced for diamond solitaires, which it wears on state occasions, and Mrs Jack of this city has an English bull terrier that has a 14-carat gold chain worth $200, with which she leads her pampered pet in the Park. Sometimes she borrows the chain from the dog. – Chicago Tribune.

Old Cannon in Church Bells.

"No silver is used in church bells," said the bell founder. "People claim there is, but I have assayed many an old bell that came here to be broken up, and never an ounce of silver did I find in one of them.

"For the best bells we use old cannon. They give us the purest amalgam we can get. The tenor bell I am making now is composed of twelve tons of old cannon from Spain.

"These two molds, the core and the cope, are what give the bell its sweetness. It is in their cut that the secret of bell founding lies. The core is the inner mold. It has the exact shape of the bell's inside.

"We fit the cope over the core, and into the space between the molten metal is run. When the metal has hardened and cooled the bell is finished, save for its clapper.

"To tune bells it is necessary to chip little pieces out of them. Our bell tuner is a good musician. He has composed a number of excellent hymns."

Fish Hospital in Vienna.

The Vienna hospital for diseased fishes is surprising the doctors. The patients have already included a carp having an inflammation akin to appendicitis, 10 others with smallpox, a porpoise from the Adriatic with inflammation of the lungs, a trout with cataract in both eyes and another with dropsy.

Nature's Recompense

"We learn of God's infinite love and power
From the beauty and fragrance of every flower."

I congratulated myself upon persuading them to take me in, for boarders were not in their line. That was one reason I wished to stay, another no less important was the proximity of their place to a virgin forest, for I had planned to pass the waking hours of my vacation with rest and study in nature's arboretum.

There it was I first saw the "idiot." The apparition loomed up suddenly before me. His heavy body moved gracefully; no other word can better express the ease with which his clumsy feet picked their way over the wild flower and brake. That was my first glimpse, although I had for some time been aware of his existence. A son and two daughters home for their summer vacation often renewed within my hearing the evidently never ending discussion of influencing the mother to send him away. Evidently an old fellow wrapped up in the study of flowers and trees could have no interest in their affairs.

But the idiot! I watched him make his way to the edge of the forest, ever mindful of the growing things about him, stopping to examine a flower or rest his hand caressingly on a tree, sometimes going out of his way to do so. At the edge of the forest he hesitated, then plunged out into the open. The light of a setting sun was full upon him. His whole attitude was changed. His shoulders drooped, his head hung listlessly, his feet ploughed heavily through the grass, his clothes faded and old were outgrown. As he neared the house he appeared even more dejected. A sorry spectacle! He entered a rear door and vanished from my sight. My next view of him was a nearer one. I sat with my back comfortably supported by a tree trunk deeply interested in my book. Something caused me to look up; almost at my feet he stood watching me attentively. He was a young giant and I had heard his brother and sisters say it would be better were he not at large. While I was neither young nor strong still I experienced no fear. His features were hideous but the eyes were beautiful and I thought the only redeeming thing about him until I heard his voice. That was low and musical as a woman's.

"You see, you understand!" He broke the silence which was becoming embarrassing. I realized he had been studying me, how long I did not know, but felt relieved that he had apparently come to a conclusion that pleased him. "They don't see me; she don't see. They see only this," passing his hand over his face and body, "but you see, you understand. I try to tell her, but she dont understand." He shook his head sadly. "But she says she will not send me away. I stay here all day when they are home."

"You like it here?" I ventured.

"Yes, I like it! You like it, too! You come every day and never pick the flowers. I couldn't let anybody pick the flowers! They understand! They, what do they say to you?"

He waited breathlessly for my answer. "Among the flowers and trees I find rest that I have never known elsewhere. They give me an inspiration I cannot find among men."

"Yes, yes, you understand! I try to tell her, but she sees only this." Again he indicated his hideous face and huge body. "I know I am not like them. I used to feel bad and come here and cry where she would not see me."

"You don't feel badly any more, I hope."

"No, not for myself, but she don't know and I feel bad for her." He seemed quite unmindful of the tears that filled his eyes. "I bring her here sometimes so the flowers can tell her, but she only cries." He seemed lost in thought for a few minutes, then continued: "I'll show you the bush some time. That year the blossoms were all perfect but one. I wanted to break that one off, but I didn't. I let it stay. It spoiled the looks of the whole bush and I hated it. I went to it every day and hated it. Then I heard them ask her to send me away. I spoiled everything for them. I was so hideous and an idiot. It made me mad and I hated them. I came here and walked and walked till I was tired, then sat down and went to sleep. It was morning when I woke up and the first thing I saw was that bush. Then I felt better. I knew they didn't understand and I would stay away. I stay here all day. The next day when the bush blossomed every one was perfect." His eyes were bright with excitement. "I told her and she came with me to see it. I told her I was happy here, the flowers and trees made me forget and I was happy."

"She was glad, I know."

He looked away. The troubled expression came to his face again. "She cries; she don't understand."

He turned to walk away. "See," holding a brake aside to expose to my blurred vision a clump of waxen Indian pipe, "ghost flowers." His face was radiant and I realized the flowers had helped him to forget, and among them he had found peace.—LENA SPALDING.

Indians' Choice of Guns.

While some Indians prefer repeating rifles others in actual hunting choose the muzzle loader, as they do not take long range shots, preferring to get close to the game and be sure.

THE MUNICIPAL LUNCHROOM.

Good Results Noted in Cities Where Meals Are Furnished.

In Berlin the giving of free breakfasts has brought the happiest results, says Robert Hunter in the Reader. Children who start from a poverty stricken home in the morning without a sufficient, and often without any, meal to sustain them, cannot be expected to give their minds to their studies in the same degree as the children whose bodies are well cared for. A considerable falling off was consequently noticed in the attendance of the ill fed and weaker children, the very ones who could least afford to neglect the studies required to fit them to earn their daily bread in after life, until the system was adopted by the municipal authorities of distributing food free during the so-called breakfast hour to these poor waifs.

In Christiania, Norway, the principals of the schools report that the free board has had a good effect upon the children, as they take more interest in the work and are more wideawake and lively; their appearance also shows better health and more strength. The report comes from Havre that the free meals there have been found to encourage school attendance as well as to benefit the children physically, mentally and morally. The people of Brussels conceive it to be their duty to have every school child medically examined once every 10 days. Its eyes, teeth, ears and general physical condition are overhauled. If it looks weak and puny they give it doses of cod liver oil or some suitable tonic. At midday it gets a square meal, and the greatest care is taken to see that no child goes ill-shod, ill-clad or ill-fed.

WHY OIL KILLS MOSQUITOES.

The Larvas Can Not Get Access to the Outer Air.

"Mosquito larvas or wrigglers, as they are termed, require water for their development," says Henry Beach Needham in the County Calendar. "A heavy shower leaves standing water which, when the air is full of moisture, evaporates slowly. Then, too, the heat favors the growth of the micro-organisms on which the larvas feed. Wrigglers found in the water forty-eight hours after their formation will have plenty of food, and adult mosquitoes will appear six to eight days after the eggs are laid. Clear weather, with quick evaporation, interferes with the development of the wrigglers, so that a season with plenty of rain, but with sunshiny, drying weather intervening, is not good mosquito weather.

Inasmuch as a generation of mosquitoes appear to torment man within ten days, at the longest, after the eggs are laid, as a batch laid by a female mosquito contains from two hundred to four hundred eggs, as from each egg may issue a larva or wriggler which in six days will be an adult mosquito on the wing, it is to the destruction of the larvas that attention should be directed. The larva is a slender organism, white or gray in color, comprising eight segments. The last of these parts is in the form of a tube through which the wriggler breathes. Although its habitat is the water it must come to the surface to breathe, therefore its natural position is head down and tail or respiratory tube up. Now if oil is spread on the surface of a pool inhabited by mosquito larvas the wrigglers are denied access to the air which they must have. Then they drown just as any other air breathing animal would drown under similar circumstances.

Luxurious Russian Dinners.

With the Russians of the higher class living is an elaborate function.

When you are invited to dine with a nobleman you first stroll to a sideboard whereon are anchovies, smoked salmon, pickles, sardines, radishes, cold sausage, caviar and olives.

The guests eat freely of these and wash them down with fiery vodka, taking about an hour to do it amid animated conversation.

Some of the appetizers you would like. Salmon in jelly, for instance, is not bad. But salmon in custard is a little too much for the average Yankee stomach.

The company takes seats at the table and the real business of the dinner begins. First, there is a great thick soup. Next comes a huge pike or salmon, cooked to perfection and stuffed with cracked wheat.

After fish comes on a huge loin of roast pork, or maybe veal, sometimes beef, but not often—generally it is pork cooked in a mysterious way which has added all sorts of strange and pronounced flavors to it.

Roast or boiled fowl is the next course, and with it comes pickled cauliflower, gherkins and vegetables.

Then comes a cold pie of meat, fish and vegetables. This is cut into slices and served with mustard dressing. After this you will, if you have survived so far, be expected to toy with a peculiar Russian salad, and to end up with a rich dessert and black coffee.

After a Russian dinner one can say with particular fervor, "Fate cannot harm me; I have dined."—What to Eat.

The fact is recalled for the benefit of those complaining about the slowness of Americans on the isthmus, that M. de Lesseps spent some $90,000,000 of the money of the people of France and two years' time in preparatory work and practical installation before his excavators lifted a pound of earth on the canal line.—Panama Journal.

End of the Feud

On her veranda sat the mistress of the cottage in satisfied silence. The servant problem, which at one time had threatened to eclipse an otherwise charming Florida Winter, seemed to be solving itself.

To be sure, Mandy was young and crude, though learning fast and willing to please. This morning the breakfast toast had been browned to a turn, the coffee clear and the eggs boiled to a proper consistency. So good was everything, in fact, that Mrs. Lane forgot for the moment that the fourteen-year-old girl had so strong an aversion to shoes and stockings that she occasionally ushered in guests without wearing these toilet accessories.

Now, as Mrs. Lane watched the girl leap over the fence and dart toward the post office, she could not but admire the grace and beauty of the unconventional little creature. She thought of the wonderful change the past two months had made in her, how tractable and quick to learn she was, how inherently refined, poetical in thought and soft in speech.

A half formed plan to take her to the North in the Spring, give her an education and make a companion of her crystallized in Mrs. Lane's mind. She determined to go to see the girl's mother that afternoon and talk it over with her.

Then came doubt and dismay. Returning slowly Mandy walked with a lank youth who bent toward her. Bits of village gossip recurred to Mrs. Lane's mind. But no, Mandy was too much of a child to think of beaux!

However, if she had any such tender sentiments they could stand in the way of her going North. So as the girl came in at the side gate Mrs. Lane called to her.

"I saw you walking down the street with Bud Johnson, Mandy," began Mrs. Lane kindly when the girl approached. "Is it true that you and he are sweethearts, as they say?"

The girl's eyes flashed and her slight figure became tense as she answered, "Him? No, ma'am. I jes' le him walk a piece-a way with me to tell him not to be handin' 'roun' no moah. No Johnson ken come sweethearting roun me none. Doan you all know they is the othah side of the feud?"

Mrs. Lane's heart jumped. She had read Southern stories full of feuds and now she had come in contact with one.

"You all sure know 'bout that?" queried Manday again. "They ain't no moah men left on our side so they ain't no moah shootin' but they's been time's when they's been blood a-plenty between we-all and that Johnson tribe, an' none ken come 'roun' me—no, ma'am! They killed my daddy an my gran'daddy an' daddy killed two 'fore they popped him an' they's been shootin a plenty afore that."

"They ain't no men left on our side now, so I reckon the feud's broke. But the feelin's there, yes ma'am. I'd be a poor thing to marry a Johnson."

"Well, you should not marry for some years at least, Mandy," hastily interposed Mrs. Lane. "You are not old enough to think of such things yet."

"Yes, ma'am," answered Mandy in her gentle voice as she went into the house.

That night the girl had permission to go to a cousin's in the woods to a cabin dance with the stipulation that she would return at noon the next day.

When the next night came and no Mandy appeared and the next morning found her still absent Mrs. Lane was filled with forebodings of what might have happened to the girl. So she rode out to Mandy's mother's house near the bayou.

She had never seen Mandy's family and looked about curiously as she neared the house. Children of all sizes were rioting in the hot sunlight with chickens, dogs and a litter of young pigs. A faded, tired woman who might have been sixty came to the gate.

"I reckon I'm her," said the woman.

"Then have you seen or heard anything from her? She should have been back from her cousin's at noon yesterday, but she hasn't been heard from and I am so worried!"

"I reckon you-all needn't worry 'bout Mandy," responded her mother, listlessly. "She won't come back to you-all this year, anyway. They say as how her an' Bud Johnson lit out las' night an' was married," she explained, impersonally.

"Mandy married! It can't be. She's hardly more than a baby!"

"I reckon she's married. Bud Johnson's daddy drove up here this noon an' says how the preacher down in Curlew neighborhood says he married them."

"But can't we do something? That poor child!"

The woman loked at her visitor for the first time with a gleam of interest. "No, they's gone to the east coast to the tomato pickin' an' won't be back till July."

The Disturbing Telephone.

"The telephone has destroyed all the privacy of society," said the society girl. "It breaks in on everything. Nothing is sacred to it. You may be saying your prayers. The telephone. Or in the midst of your bath. The telephone. Or doing up your back hair, or, worst of all, a delightful man may be making love to you, when k-ling, k-ling, k-ling! The telephone breaks off the thread of his theme and he fails to resume it."—New York Press.

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