

# Her Brother

By ROBERT L. JAYNES

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association

When I was a young store in Art stony a young woman come in on the stage one evening and put up at the tavern. The next mornin' she come into my store and tole me she'd come out from the east to find employment. She couldn't stenograph or typewrite. If she could she needn't have come away from home, but she could keep a cash account, sell goods and do any ordinary work about the store. She was a mighty trim little body, and I tole her she'd better git married and let the other feller do the work, but she luffed and said it tuk two to make a match. I tuk her in for help thinkin' if she turned out as well as she looked I wouldn't mind makin' the other one of the two.

But it soon appeared that she wasn't goin' to turn out as well as she looked. First thing I knowed a feller come into the store to see her that looked like a road agent. They seemed to be mighty familiar and did a lot o' talkin' in the back o' the store while I was engaged waitin' on a customer in the front. When the feller went out I said to the young woman, says I:

"Rosy"—that was her name—"if you're calcoons with a gang o' robbers the sooner you git out the better."

"Oh, that feller was all right," she said.

"Who is he?"

"Why, he's my brother."

"Your brother?" I says, turnin' away from her contemptuously. "If that's the kind of family y' belong to I don't think much of yer stock."

There was nothin' more said about it at the time, but I done up a lot o' thinkin'. Fust off I thort I'd better give the young woman the grand benches, but I didn't know whether she was up to anything or not, and if she wasn't I didn't want to lose her. She wasn't so much use about the store—I didn't have so very much for her to do—but I'd got a hankerin' after her.

Well, the next thing that happened looked kind o' suspicious. I was layin' down on a settle in the back o' the store when I heered somethin' rattlin' at the front door. I jist reached back under a pillar, tuk my weepin' and let drive through the panel I heered a yell an' goin' to the door, listened. Not hearin' anything more, I opened the door and by the light of a march I struck saw drops o' blood leadin' away. I cal'lated I'd hit some un' who was goin' to rob the store.

Well, this thing comin' so soon after the visit of Rosy's brother, I didn't know what to think about it. I noticed when I tole her about it she looked kinder queer.

"Hope he warn't yer brother," I said to her, an' I thort she was goin' to faint. Seem' it bothered her to talk about it I didn't say nothin' more, and after awhile she righted, though for a few days she didn't look very cheerful. But one day the feller that she said was her brother come in. He looked kind o' white in the face. He talked with Rosy awhile an' went out.

"Reckon yer brother's been sick," I says, a-sympathizin' with her.

"Yes," she says, "he has."

"What's he do fer a livin'?"

"He ain't doin' nothin' jist now. I'm tryin' to git a place fer him. Trade's mighty brisk lately. Don't yer think y' need a shippin' clerk?"

"I don't think I do."

I wondered if she thort I was soft enough to believe the feller was her brother and out o' employment. I reckoned he wasn't employed, except when he was holdin' up a coach or somepin' like that. And I reckoned she'd have to do a lot o' coaxin' to git me to take in a man to work who'd tuked to rob me and I'd winged when he was startin' in to do it.

"But we men are kind o' queer's well as the wimmen. One day the feller come into the store in a hurry. Rosy was there and turned pale. He said somethin' to her quick, and she piked under the counter. He ducked jist in time to dodge the sheriff, who come runnin' in with a weepin' in one hand and a pair o' bracelets in t'other. Rosy she stood up agin the counter right where the feller was hid.

"Eeny one come in here?" asked the sheriff.

"Now, I'm a-goin' to explain why we been in quar as well as the wimmen. Rosy she give me jist one look. She might as well have sent a few ounces o' lead at me, so far as my doin' no interference was concerned.

"Hain't seen no one," I says, talkin' parrot-like, jest as Rosy wanted me to.

"Singular; I thort I had him corraered."

Ho was out in a jiffy, and when the danger was past Rosy put the feller in a back office I had my boots in and called me in too.

"You're a trump!" she says.

"And yer brother's the knave," I says, replyin'.

She could scarcely keep from larin' at my joke. But she didn't. She tole me the feller was really her brother, that he'd gone bad and she'd come out to reclaim him. She had got him to promise to go east with her, but I couldn't get him off unless I'd help her instead o' givin' 'em away. I tole her I'd do all I could on condition she'd come back and run her part o' the store and me, too, as she'd been a-doin' o' it. She promised, and I got 'em away safe.

That's back now, runnin' both me and the store.

**The Curious Mistletoe.**  
The story of how the mistletoe gets on the trees is a most interesting one. Covering the mistletoe twigs are pear-shaped white berries. These come in the winter season, when food is comparatively scarce, and hence some birds eat them freely. Now, when a robin eats a cherry he swallows simply the meat and spits the stone away. The seed of the mistletoe the bird cannot spit. It is sticky and holds to his bill. His only resource is to wipe it off and to do so leaving it sticking to the branches of the tree on which he is sitting at the time. This seed sprouts after a time and not finding earth which, indeed, its ghoulish habit has made it cease wanting. It sinks its roots into the bark of the tree and hunts there for the pipes that carry the sap. Now the sap in the bark is the very richest in the tree, far richer than that in the wood, and the mistletoe gets from its host the richest of food. With a strange foresight it does not throw its leaves away as do most parasites, but keeps them to use in winter when the tree is bare.

### Already Planned

There were few persons who knew the Locke family even in a casual way who had not discovered that Mr. Locke was in the habit of nagging his husband and children. She loved them dearly but at times nobody would have surmised it.

What did Mr. Locke say when he found himself safe after those hours of danger? Some one asked a friend who had been in company with Mr. Locke on an ocean steamer which met with an accident in mid-Atlantic. "He never says the ordinary thing," "No," said the friend, with a dry smile. "He didn't that time. I said to him, 'James, we ought to make something more of our lives from having them spared to us by this way' for I had felt pretty solemn. I can tell you I've no doubt James did, too, but what he said was, 'William a good share of the rest of my life will be spent in explaining to Theodora how I happened to choose that steamer when there were dozens of others that reached home without any accident.'—Youth's Companion

### The Long Spoon

"Tomkins" recently heard the expression "if you sup with the devil you will need a long spoon." "Though I never heard it before," he says, "it is evidently fairly well known, and what I should like to know is, where does it mean and where does it come from?"

It means that if you are going to sit down to a meal with his Satanical majesty you will need a long spoon to avoid the necessity of getting nearer the red gentleman and, in its general sense, of course, it implies that if you have dealings with a dangerous or notorious person it behooves you to use great caution. It comes from one of the "Ingoldsby Legends," and the quotation reads:

Who suppers with the Devil's spouse have a long spoon.

### —London Answers.

### A Queer Diagnosis

A celebrated Dublin physician was Sir Dominick Corrigan, who was as much famed for his brusqueness toward patients as for his skill. In the course of some reminiscences William Charles Scully told a story of the doctor which is quite well worth quoting. "I was taken to see him," says the writer, "several times, but he always treated me with the utmost kindness. However, a highly respectable accidentant of mine had a different experience. She went to consult him. After sounding her nose too gently and asking a few questions he gave a grunt and relapsed into silence. Then after a short pause of meditation he said, 'Well, ma'am, it's one of two things—either you drink or else you sit with your back to the fire.'"

### Fining English Servants in 1830.

Naz Newton, for breaking a teapot in Phill's chamber, 2s. 6d.  
Richard Knight, for pride and slighting, 2s. 6d.  
William Hetherington, for not being ready to go to church three Sundays, 10 shillings.  
Thomas Birdall, for being at Newton from morning to night, 5 shillings.  
Cook, dead drunk, 10 shillings.  
Anne Adams to be washmaid at Lady day. She went away the 20th of June for being wanton and careless. She lost five pairs of sheets and five pillowcases, for which my wife made her pay £1.—Diary of Sir Richard Newdigate.

### Retribution

Young Father (in the future)—Great snakes! Can't you do something to quiet that baby? Its eternal squalling drives me frantic. Young Mother (calmly to servant)—Marie, bring in my husband's mother's photograph and put in the cylinder "At Ten Months." I want him to hear how his voice sounded when he was young.

### Squaring Himself

Mrs. Hoppecke—What do you mean, sir, by telling Mrs. Toyker's husband you never ask my advice about anything? Hoppecke—Well, Maria, I don't. You don't wait to be asked.

### Showing the Way

Friend (to guide)—Why does your wife always go round with the parities that you take over the castle? Guide—She always gives me a tip at the end so as to induce the others to follow suit.—London Answers.

There never was a bad man that had ability for good service.—Burke.

### Curious Baths in Penang.

One of the many things that strike the tourist as curious at Penang is the type of baths with which the hotels are provided. Penang is in the Straits Settlements, a British crown colony in the Malay peninsula, deriving its name from the straits of Malacca, which form the great trade route between India and China. From each of the first class rooms opens a dark, cement paved, damp smelling little room which serves as the bath. In it is an immense jar of porous brown earthenware about five feet high nearly three feet in diameter in the middle and but one and a half feet in diameter at the top. It stands huge and graceful of outline, but dark and uninviting, and is fast to the brim with water, not however to get into. Near it are a supply of a soft soap and a long-handled quart dipper. The proper procedure is to soap the body well then throw several dippers of water over it, repeating the process until satisfied. There is water enough to keep it up for an hour or so, and there is a huge rush towel as large as a sheet to wrap up in when the bath is over.—Detroit News-Tribune.

### Gamecocks in Panama

The color here is not very distinctly drawn in the Latin States. The Spaniards and the English are found in Panama. Like the Seminoles of Florida they never were conquered. A curious feature of native life in Panama is the cock-fighting which, like baseball in the United States, is more attractive to the public than any other form of recreation. Even the workmen on the streets have favorite birds gathered near by and seize every opportunity to test their prowess. The clack-clack of steel spurs as the birds strike each other, the spurting of blood and the clamor of men indulging in small wagers seem to supply the mental excitement that Spaniards find in bullfights and that English speaking races derive from less brutal contests. The tacker of each gamecock stands behind it, and if his bird shows signs of exhaustion he takes it up and puts its bill into his mouth while he indicates its exhausted lungs. One gamecock in a fight witnessed by the writer, appearing almost dead, was thus revived, went back into the pit and finally killed its opponent.—National Magazine.

### What is an Element?

In his little book called "The Elements" Sir William A. Tilden defines an element as a substance from which by the operation of ordinary chemical processes only one kind of matter can be obtained. This is something quite different from the four elements of Aristotle—fire, water, earth and air—or the salt, sulfur and mercury of the alchemists. Even in modern times the conception of what an element really is has changed somewhat. Sir William adds: "Until quite recently the elements of the inorganic world were supposed to be fixed, immutable with the lapse of ages or under the mighty forces concerned in the making of worlds. But within a few years we have learned that the atoms at least are continually crumbling away. It is impossible to say whether all may not be suffering a slow waste which in the long run may lead back to the primal chaos."

### When the Plague Raged.

Sir Walter Besant, in one of his books says of the author of "Robinson Crusoe" and "Journal of the Plague" "The Plague was born in the year 1661. His father lived in Cripplegate where, as we know, he had a shop. The child, therefore, was four years of age in the plague year. A child of four observes a great deal and may remember a great deal. De Foe says 'When any one bought a joint of meat he would not take it out of the butcher's hand, but took it off the books himself. On the other hand, the butcher would not touch the money, but put it into a pot full of vinegar which he kept for the purpose.' This must surely have been seen by the child and remembered. It happened in his father's shop before his eyes."

### A German Legend.

The Germans have a legend of Frederick Barbarossa that he is not dead, but in an enchanted sleep, sitting with his knights at a marble table in the cavern of Kyffhausen, in the Harz mountains. His long red beard has grown during this long enchantment and, covering the table, descends to the floor, and he sits thus waiting the moment that will set him free. There he has been kept for long centuries. There he must stay for ages.

### The Soft Answer.

He—Ugh, I'm going out of this, and you won't see me again until the day of judgment.  
She sweetly, getting the last word, as usual—All right, dear, and if you aren't feeling in a better temper please let it be well on in the afternoon.—London Saturday Review.

### Sympathetic Admiration.

Dinks—So you enjoyed the circus?  
Winks—Yes; I was particularly interested in the juggler. I'll bet that man could get any number of bundles from a street car to the train without dropping one of them.—St. Louis Times.

### His Objection.

Scottish Bachelor—Will ye have some tea?  
Visitor—Oh, please don't trouble! Bachelor—It's no the trouble; it's jist the expense.—Punch.

### It Would.

Ella—They say sugar alone will sustain life for some time. Stella—Life would be sweet, wouldn't it?—Exchange.

# THE CARRIER DOVE.

Words by H. W. YOUNG.

Music by HENRY M. OTTERSTEDT.

Speed thy light wings, pretty bird, and a-way To the bow - er of my la - dy fair,

Watch - ing for thee at the lat - tice she sits. And with glad - ness will wel - come thee then.

Bear her my words of de - vo - tion and love. This kiss that I press on thy head. And

say, till I kneel at her feet once a - gain. That peace from my bo - som has fled.

Copyright, 1908, by American Melody Company, New York.

could I thy form but see - some, bonny bird, As le - gends say might be done. I'd

fly to her chamber and leave it no more. Till her heart for my own I had won. I'd

perch on her shoul - der, and kiss her sweet mouth. And toy with her beau - ti - ful hair. But

if from her pres - ence she wished me a - way, I'd die at her feet in de - spair.