

WHEN THE TIME CAME

By M. QUAD

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Mrs. Sarah Drew was a New Hampshire widow. She owned a farm. And Jake White was hired man. He was a good man and a good worker and had been with the family for three years. Jake White died. It will never be known to outsiders whether Mr. White told that he was going to marry his father's daughter or not. But he did say "I can't go, but I have Sarah in good hands. Give her a year or so to mourn me and then propose matrimony."

The year went by and Jake had not proposed. There were times when he was encouraged to propose and other times when he was discouraged to come in from the field after a hard day's work and find that the widow was smiling at the smiling marriage agent who had that routine. The widow gave him thought. It was more than once she whispered about that Jake was in love with this or that farmer girl, and she had come to feel that his love would be a double one.

Mrs. Drew had been a widow for four years and Jake White had done business and business of thinking when winter came on. When the most or more of which he had heard of the change of season had got so and down on the highway. Providence put it into Jake's head to get out the big hand sled and promise a ride down the long and winding hill. Providence didn't go so far as to put the widow right as to what would happen, but it meant well by both. It had been a long time and Providence meant to hurry things up a bit. Half a dozen of the neighbors were to take part in that moonlight sleigh ride for one reason or another all packed out, leaving the two alone. Probably this was another trick on the part of Providence.

About the time the sled was drawn out for the glide, Elder Henderson, who lived just beyond the foot of the hill, was saying to his wife: "Martha, I bought ten bushes of tarts of the Wilder White yesterday. 'We'll need 'em all before spring,' was the reply. "I was going for an tomorrow but it's such a nice night that I dunno but I'll yoke up the oxen and jog along now."

"Might as well, I guess, but look out that the tarts don't get frostbit. You know how nightheaded you are in the moonlight. If you hear somebody's foot-butter give 'em the road. 'Nightheaded!' he indignantly sniffed. "Don't you go to make 'em out that I'm a hundred years old. Why, I could pick up a pin on the darkest night you ever saw. I've got just the same rights as anybody, and I'm dinged if I give 'em a half the road."

The oxen were yoked in due time and started out. There were bags to hold the potatoes and flannels to cover the legs, and any old sport would have given odds of two to one that the elder the oxen and its cargo would arrive at the top of the hill right end up after a climb of twenty minutes. The wagger would have been made without taking Providence into consideration and the old sport could have lost.

The Widow White was hounded up and seated on the sled. In fact, she was strapped on. Jake sat close behind her, dragging the foot that was to steer the sled a straight course. As they were ready to start it came over him to speak of his love. A feeling came to the widow that he was going to, but the time was not ripe. Providence figures those things down to minutes and seconds. As Jake shut his mouth on his words and started the sled Elder Henderson, near the foot of the hill, started singing a hymn. He not only loved the sound of his singing, but he thought the oxen ought to be encouraged. His voice was floating up the hill, and as Jake caught it he said: "Mrs. White, that's Elder Henderson."

"Yes."

"He's probably coming after those potatoes with his oxen and sled."

"What?"

"He'll be in the middle of the road, and his oxen is already getting away from control there's going to be a smashup. I want to say to you that I have loved you for the last three years and to ask you if you will marry me."

"Oh, Jake!"

"It's the elder and the oxen for sure. Yes or no?"

"It's so sudden!"

"Right in the middle of the road, and we'll be into them in ten seconds."

"Must I?"

"Five seconds more!"

"Then—yes!"

Elder Henderson was marching ahead of the oxen, a hero leading the way. He was struck and sent flying and his time cut short. Then the sled struck the oxen and flung them into the ditch and made a long jump over the other and a minute later was at the foot of the hill and Jake was saying:

"We might say the first of next week for the wedding!"

It didn't come off quite as quick as that, as they waited for the elder's cuts and bruises to heal so that he could be a guest, but things came all right in a little time, and a favorite saying of the elder's is:

"All the hand of Providence, sir. If I hadn't set out to sled them taters home that night there might never have been a marriage."

HE WON THE HOUSE.

Ned Harrigan's Plea at a Critical Point in a Play.

Edward Harrigan once said that the most trying moment in his theatrical career occurred in New Orleans soon after the civil war. He had gone south with his company and, yielding somewhat to popular request, put on "The Blue and the Gray." The play had been a success up north, but down south, with the air still full of the bitterness of the war, it was a dangerous experiment. Tony Hart was to represent the Confederate gray, so he bought up a uniform of the Louisiana Tigers, and when he came marching on, young, stalwart, handsome, the typical soldier boy in the beloved uniform, the house, men and women, cheered and shouted and cried for all their voices embodied in this boy Harrigan, standing in the wings in his northern blue, waiting to go on had just one thought: "They'll kill me!" Then he stepped out, the embodiment of the enemy, and a cold, dead silence fell upon the house. Not a hand moved for him. The audience was tense with emotion, and there was only an instant to act if the play was to be saved. Harrigan, big, kindly, good looking, came swiftly down to the front and stepped over the footlight gutter, leaning down to them. "For the love of heaven, won't you give the Yankee a hand?" he exclaimed. At once the house was caught and all the pent-up feeling turned the right way. There was a roll of applause.

RULE OF THE ROAD.

Decided Abroad by the Sword and Here by the Gun.

Several travelers were seated in the hotel lobby discussing the difference in customs of the various countries they had visited. What struck one as most peculiar abroad, said one, "is the custom of keeping to the left instead of the right as we do here. Why is the rule reversed?"

"I can't explain that," said a reserved looking man in the corner. "In medieval and early periods and men were in the custom of wearing swords. The sword was worn on its hilt on the left side, consequently in drawing their weapons it was done with the right hand and to get quickly upon guard a man had to have his right side to his opponent, hence the custom of keeping to the left."

"In America when every man carried his life in his hand on account of savage Indians all men carried guns. The easiest and most natural way to carry a gun, either at rest or mounted, is over the left arm with the muzzle pointed outward, and it takes but a very slight movement to throw the butt against the right shoulder. For that reason the early settlers kept to the right of the road so their weapon could be readily brought to bear on any mark that was necessary." Philadelphia Times.

Romance of a Shadow.

It is hard to believe that a shadow is probably the origin of all astronomical, geometrical and geographical science. The first man who fixed his staff perpendicular in the ground and measured its shadow was the earliest computer of time and the Arab of today who plants his spear in the sand and marks where the shadow falls is his direct descendant. It is from the shadow of a gnomon that the early Egyptians told the length of the year. It is from the shadow of a gnomon that the inhabitants of upper Egypt still measure the hours of work for a water wheel. In this case the gnomon is a thin stick supported on forked uprights and points north and south. East and west are pegs in the ground evenly marking the space of earth between sunrise and sunset. In a land of constant sunshine a shadow was the primitive chronometer. It was also the primitive footrule.—London T. P.'s Weekly.

Man With Green Hair.

"Copper is scarce," said a broker. "But there is still enough of it left to turn the copper worker's hair green."

"His hair green?"

"Precisely. In those copper districts where the ore is of a low grade it is washed in open furnaces to refine it and make it more marketable. As you can see from the furnaces that turn the women's hair a bright green, this arsenic green that the women's hair takes on."

"So if you ever see a man with green hair you can say, a tin smelter's son."

"There, my dear Watson, is a copper furnace tender."

A Request.

"I shall never forget," says the eminent man of wealth during the course of his little speech on "How to Become as I Am," "I shall never forget how I saved my first hundred dollars."

At this juncture a weary individual in the audience, who has heard this story many times, and has read it many times more, interrupts:

"Well, if you can't forget it, for heaven's sake give the rest of us a chance to."—Chicago Post.

A Friendly Tip.

Snapleigh: Would you—er—advise me—to marry a beautiful girl or a sensible girl? Hammersley—I'm afraid you'll never be able to marry either old man Snapleigh—Why not? Hammersley—Well, a beautiful girl could do better and a sensible girl would know better.—Exchange.

All They Could Find.

"What's all that noise in the next room?"

"My wife and three of her girl friends are trying to play whist with only forty-seven cards in the pack."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Thought She Ought to Know

By EDITH V. ROSS

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Young Mrs. Hardenburgh was a creature of impulse. She was not only swayed by impulse, but would take the most important steps without realizing what she was doing. Decisions that another would only make after long deliberation she would make on the instant.

Nevertheless Mrs. Hardenburgh was a dear little woman, kind hearted, lovable and popular with all who knew her. The only trait that interfered with her getting on with all the world was that if told anything to one's disadvantage she would not stop to question the truth of the information, but would at once to strike the culprit's name off her list.

Now there are persons in the world who think nothing of making trouble between other persons, even to the members of families. A woman one day gave Mrs. Hardenburgh information about her husband's doings which if the world had marked him for a very dishonorable and contemptible person. The informer had got the news from another, who had got it from some one else. Her ground for telling Mrs. Hardenburgh of it was that she thought she ought to know it. It did not occur to the tale bearer that it might not be true, and if it were true it was just the thing of all others the guilty man's wife should not know. Nevertheless the about named person is the universal excuse of those persons who carry such information.

Mrs. Hardenburgh was thrown into hysterics by the story and instead of giving her husband an opportunity to defend himself of the charge ran away to her mother as fast as she could go. Being an only child, her mother was used to humoring her and on this occasion gave her unbounded sympathy. Whether the good lady doubted the truth of the story and tended later to pave the way to a reconciliation does not appear. For the time being she comforted her child as best she could. When the latter had recovered her equanimity her mother suggested that she send her husband the reasons for her flight. The young wife did so sprinkling her notes with such words as "perfidious," "disgraceful," "iniquitous," and the like.

When Hardenburgh returned home in the evening and found the letter, instead of running right around to his wife to explain matters he sat down to think it was certainly no pleasing that he had married a wife who, when a firebrand was thrown into the family instead of picking it up and tossing it back at the thrower had proceeded to set the house afire with it. If he were going to live with his wife it was certainly necessary that he eliminate this trait in her, and if he could not eliminate it he was perhaps better that they should remain apart.

He had for some time meditated going to a distant city to settle a long standing matter of business, but had put the matter off from time to time on account of having just been married. Within an hour after his return to his home he had commenced to start out for the distant station.

The young wife meanwhile was posting all persons who met her to the fact that she had been humiliated by her mother's suggestion that she should write a letter to her husband. To this the daughter responded that the informer had no object in giving false information and had done it only because she thought the wife ought to know it. Nevertheless Mrs. Hardenburgh began to be worried. She noted the hour that her husband usually returned home and gave him time to come to her. After several hours had elapsed and Mr. Hardenburgh did not appear she could not conceal her trepidation. She gave her mother as a reason for it that she feared something might have happened to him.

When 10 o'clock came and there was no news from the culprit husband the mother was sent to the house to reconnoiter. He returned reporting that Mr. Hardenburgh had gone away.

The result of this information which Mrs. Hardenburgh's friend "Thought she ought to know" opened with the most frightful night the young wife ever spent. From her previous condemnation of her husband she swung to the other extreme, and it rushed upon her with overwhelming force that the really good man who had married her could not possibly have been guilty of any such conduct as had been imputed to him. After a sleepless night she went home, hoping to learn something of her husband's movements. She was disappointed. The servants only knew that he had gone away the night before. The discolorate wife went to her husband's office, but elicited no information there.

And now Mrs. Hardenburgh thought herself to make inquiries of the informer as to where she got the information. The dear woman who had so great an interest in her friend's affairs said that she had heard it as coming from "And Mrs. Hardenburgh's investigations never got any further than "as coming from."

After two weeks' absence Mr. Hardenburgh returned to find his wife waiting for him, a very penitent woman, not likely to make the same mistake again.

Strange to say, the young wife after all did not appreciate having heard what she ought to know and does not speak to the informer.

LIFE IN ICELAND.

Farmhouses Are Built of Turf and Often Have Earthen Floors.

The great room in the Iceland farm house contained a narrow bed, a big round table and an organ made of a wooden box and air organ made in the usual box of snuff and with it a box of good cigars.

The host and hostess then showed up all over the house. It is a turf structure and is typical of the older farmhouses, with narrow, dark, winy doorless corridors leading to the kitchen. One passageway leads to a large open room where a fire is made to smoke meat and fish and incidentally the whole house and everything in it. An other passage leads to another kitchen with a woodpile store. The walls are all of turf, as is the roof, with just enough driftwood in the roof to make a framework to build it in place. Very steep stairs lead up to the bedrooms or sleeping apartment. The bedrooms frequently form the sitting and common workrooms of the family, especially in winter, as well as the sleeping room of the entire household. Bunks built into the wall extend around the room and are often filled with seaweed or feathers over which is thrown a fold or two of wadmud and a thick covert of elderdown. The floors are sometimes covered with boards, but more often consist of damp earth. From the ceiling are suspended numerous articles of domestic economy while large chests containing clothing and valuables are scattered throughout the house.—Springfield Republican.

STORY OF A LOAN.

A Case Where the Statute of Limitations Was Not Considered.

A well known Kansas banker told a story the other day about the statute of limitations. There is a simile in it, some good philosophy.

One day an old southerner walked into this banker's office. The southerner was a typical gentleman of the old school, suave, courteous and to the point of punctiliousness and honorability to a degree of inflexibility.

"What can I do for you?" asked the banker.

"Well, replied the southerner, "about thirty-five years ago I loaned a man down south some money, not a very big sum. I told him that when over I should need it I would let him know and he would pay me the money. I need some money now so I shall let him know and I would like to have you transact the business for me."

"My good friend," replied the banker, "you have no claim on that money. You can't hold that man to that loan. You say it has been thirty-five years since you loaned it to him? The statute of limitations has run against that loan years and years ago."

"Sir," replied the southerner, "the man to whom I loaned that money is a gentleman. The statute of limitations never runs against a gentleman. So the banker sent for the money, and within a reasonable time there after the money came. There was a courtly gentleman at the other end of the transaction also. Kansas City Journal.

Trees and Wind.

The effect of wind upon trees is powerful. Even the presence or absence of forests may be determined by the character of the prevailing wind or the conditions that modify it. The wind acts as a drying agent, giving a special aspect to many plants. When it is almost always from the same quarter the plants show greater development upon one side. Trees are smaller on the windward edges of forests and trunks and branches are bent to leeward. The deformations are most marked near the sea or in flat regions. The cherry, plum, walnut, black poplar, ash and certain pines are very sensitive to the wind, but mountain pines and certain firs offer great powers of resistance, and these are recommended for reforesting wind swept lands.

His Way of Getting Even.

"You know that fellow, Jim McGroarty, the kid that's always coming up and thumping you on the chest and yelling 'How are ye?'"

"I know him."

"I'll bet he's smashed twenty cigars for me—some of 'em clear Havana's. I'll get even with him now."

"How will ye do it?"

"I'll tell ye. Jim always hits me over the vest pocket where I carry me cigars. He'll hit me there just once more. There's no cigar in me vest pocket this mornin'. Instead of it there's a stick of dynamite. 'Ye mind?'—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Matter of Business.

"I cannot understand, sir, why you permit your daughter to sue me for breach of promise. You remember that you were bitterly opposed to our engagement because I wasn't good enough for her and would disgrace the family."

"Young man, that was sentiment; this is business."

Afflictions.

Before an affliction is digested consolation comes too soon, and after it is digested it comes too late, but there is a mark between these two as the almost as a hair for a comforter to take aim at.—Sterna.

Dear Talk.

"Talk is cheap," quoted the wise guy.

"Not always," replied the simple mug. "Sometimes it costs a man his reputation."—Philadelphia Record.

The average person wastes lots of time talking other people things they do not care to hear.

Salt on the Bird's Tail

Story of a Madrid Grass Noquerade

By SAMUEL E. BRANT

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"Who is the biggest fool you ever met?"

"Man or woman?"

"Woman."

"The girl I'm engaged to."

"Well, I like that. What kind of wife do you expect just to make?"

"How should I know her qualifications for a wife? Marriage is a lottery. How many men marry for qualifications, but we youngsters don't pretend to forecast what a girl's going to be. And I don't believe the old ones hit it any better than we."

"What makes you set your fancies down as a fool?"

"I'll tell you, but I must begin back a little way. She's Madge Whitridge, only it should be Madge Wildride in lead. Not that she is so wild as she was. She's been quieted down a bit by a certain little happening that came near resulting disastrously. She nearly caused my death."

"You don't mean it? Not intentionally, I suppose."

"Well, whether there was a spark of intention in it I don't know. You never can tell what a woman is going to do or why she does it. We can't be sure she knows herself. If Madge had caught my death any prosecuting attorney might have made a very good case against her of doing it with malice aforethought. And to tell the truth I'm not sure but she did."

"And you're going to marry her?"

"You bet that is, if she doesn't shake me for another fellow though I don't think she would do that now. She might have done it before this thing I'm going to tell you about happened, but, as I said, I sobered her, and she's quite tame. That's the line I chose for putting salt on the bird's tail."

"This is more apparentness in this simile than you may imagine, as you'll see in a moment. But for the incident. We four gilders as one called our dancing class of young people there was not one over twenty and some of the girls weren't over fifteen. I concluded we'd celebrate the Mardi Gras with the appropriate ball. I'd been getting sweet on Madge—Wildride I may as well call her and about the time the costumes were being arranged I was sitting up to her like a sick kitten to a warm brick. In fact, we arranged to have corresponding costumes for the ball."

"This was after Roland's play of 'Chanticleer' came out, and everybody was talking about it. You know that the leading lady chicken in the play is the hen peasant, the leading gentleman being the rooster chanticleer. We concluded to get ourselves up as these two birds. I was a month or so making my outfit. I did it all myself, you know, but when I got it done it was a corker. I made the body of a moose, which I strapped under my arms, with an elegant head and comb in front and a fine display of cock's tail behind, the tail being made of tissue paper of different colors. You couldn't have told it from the real thing."

I went to see Madge the afternoon before the ball. It so happened that we got to quarrelling and I went off in a huff. This was unfortunate to me, the least. We had spent a lot of time getting up our bird rigs and expected to make a lot of fun billing and cooing during the ball, and the worst of it was now that we were in just the opposite condition from what we expected, we had no time to get other rigs."

"What was the cause of the quarrel?"

"We tried on our costumes in advance and when she walked I told her she waddled like a duck. That made her mad, and she fired back, and we soon were in for it hot and heavy."

"When the ball came off, instead of walking about together, I strutting, she cuddling up beside me, we were as far apart as possible and when we met glared at each other. After a while I saw her sitting in a window with Ned Tucker. The made me all fired jealous as well as mad, and to show my spleen what did I do but go up near where they were sitting and whisk around with the intention of turning my back on Madge. I didn't calculate how near my tail feathers were to them, but it seems they brushed their faces. This made Madge madder than ever. Ned had just struck a match to light a cigarette. Madge jerked it out of his hand and held it under the tip of my tail."

"In a second the whole of it was in flames. I tried to get the rooster part of me off, but it was tied on so well that I couldn't do it. The flames ran from the tail to the wings and from the wings to the rest of the body. The whole roomful of people rushed toward me, scared out of their seven senses, every one crying, 'Put him out!'"

Whether they meant to put out the flames or put me out to prevent my setting them all afire I don't know. I was howling with the burns and with fear when a Roman senator took off his top and wrapped it about me.

"I was taken to a carriage and home. I wasn't burned at all, but just to punish the confounded girl that applied the match I gave out that I might die. She was knocked clean out, and when I let up on her she willed, she had put a match to my tail; I put salt on hers and caught her."

"You mean she caught you. There are lots of men who think they do the catching when they are caught themselves."

COWBOYS OF SPAIN.

Splendid Horsemen, but They Use Their Spurs Without Mercy.

The perfection of Spanish horseman ship is to be seen among the vaqueros, gauchoes and garrochistas, by which various names the mounted herdsmen of the Andalusian plains are known. In brief, what we should call a cowboy. Every farm seems to maintain a large number of these for each herd. A flock of drove has its own vaqueros, gauchos or swinehead, as the case may be. The vaqueros are a fine looking lot of men. Tall, thin, light of build, they look like the men of the West, in point of fact, though their mounts are poor.

The vaqueros ride very high on a huge saddle, with a long stirrup and straight leg, using a single rein and a very heavy curb, but he has such beautiful hands that, although with this barbarous bit, he never gets in horse's mouth about it. It is fastened with the animal's side, however, so he uses his spurs without mercy, and the white horses—of which there are large numbers—all have ominous long wings behind the girls.

All the herdsmen who look like cattle carry a long lance, called a roca, of thick and heavy wood, which, except when standing still, they always carry "in rest" and not "in carry," presumably on account of its great length and possibly its weight. With this weapon, in the use of which the vaqueros are exceedingly dexterous, the garrochista is able to control the savagely brutes in the herd, not excepting the savage fighting bull—see World Magazine.

BIRTH OF A WING.

Evolution of the Dragon Fly Into the Aquatic Pupa

Says a writer in the Scientific American: "A wonderful spectacle is presented by the sudden apparition of an insect's wing at the completion of its metamorphosis. The transformation of the grub into the butterfly, though familiar, is none the less amazing, but the evolution of the active and gossamer winged dragon fly from its ugly and sluggish aquatic pupa is still more impressive. Early in May morning the pupa emerges from its cocoon at the bottom of a ditch swims on its back by paddling with its long haired paws to the stem of an aquatic plant and climbs up out of the water. Then after a momentary pause, the pupa suddenly bursts open and the perfect insect appears, with closely folded wings, which soon unfold and assume their final form."

The older naturalists thought that the insect "swallowed air" with which the wings were inflated. In reality the air is absorbed in the digestive organs, causing an increased blood pressure, which mechanically expands the wings. The presence of air is also necessary; hence the first stage is always made at dawn.

"This spectacle of the birth of a wing may be observed in dragon fly reared in an aquarium, the atmosphere of which should be moistened with an atomizer when the pupa rises to the surface."

Ego.

An ego is a latinized I. All men are created egos and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable some things of which neither statute, usage, edict, injunction, bequest, mortgage, back agent nor promoter can deprive them. He who steals my purse steals trash, but he who fleeces from me my ego takes that of which he is already as enough and makes me not at all.

Women without ego would still have them if they saw and the votes, hence egos are not a political issue.

An ego is what a man is when he has nothing and is nothing else; that is to say, he is then first person singular and no particular gender.

An ego is neither soul, body, spirit, family, country nor race. It is neither moral nor pathological. A criminal is just as much ego as a person and a man. Some egos are better than others, chiefly our own—Life.

Cockney Chivalry.

There was a crush in the pit, and the assenic looking girl stood with her legs crossed behind the last row. The young man in front of her, who had been seated, was not too pleased by the musical comedy to note that the girl looked tired as she dozed. He stood up the first act. He rose with the curtain fell. "Would you," he asked, pushing past her, "like to mind if I sent while I go out for a drink? The age of chivalry is not past.—London Chronicle.

Individuality.

To each intellect belongs a certain power. We belong to ourselves, and we lose control of our own when we try to be some one else. The original mind is a magnetic center for an attraction of other minds. By the lodestone loses nothing by attraction; it remains the same.—London Age.

A Goal He Had Never Reached.

"You are the greatest inventor in the world," exclaimed a newspaper man to Alexander Graham Bell.

"Oh, no, my friend, I'm not," said Professor Bell. "I've never been a reporter."—Ladies Home Journal.

Plain Talk.

"Shave," said the crusty person to comically.

"Close?" inquired the barber.

"No, I'm not close, but I'm not in the habit of giving tips if that's what you're driving at."

He who reigns within himself and rules prejudice, desires and fears is more than a king.—Milton.