

A Widow's Hog

By M. QUAD

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"When you strike the village you strike the hog," is an old saying among those who drive about. There may be ordinances against him, but they can't be enforced. The hog is turned loose to make the village picturesque and never quits his job until called upon to fill the pork barrel.

The village of Stamford had its hogs and its mudholes to comfort them. Sam Harris was one of the fifty hog owners, and when he died he left his hog a house and lot and a hog. It wasn't a porker in a pen, but a hog that was running at large around the streets of the village. It was against the ordinance for live stock to run at large, but everybody felt sorry for Sam's widow, and the hog was not disturbed. It was only when Josiah Flint was made village marshal that the old black porker was driven off to the pound one day. There were folks that said it was right and folks that said it was wrong, and there was so much feeling about it that after two or three days a public meeting was called. There was a big turnout, and the first speaker was Squire Flatbush. The squire always starts every one of his speeches with the landing of the pilgrims and gradually works down.

Abraham Fuller came next. Abe had an undelivered Fourth of July address that he had been holding on to for several years, and he had determined to ring it in on this occasion. He began with the battle of Lexington, and he got down to Benedict Arnold before he brought in the hog. From that time until the colonies won their independence, liberty and the widow Harris, the American eagle and that black hog were sandwiched in to make a powerful speech of it, and when he closed it was amid applause. Had a vote been taken then the hog would have been released, but there was a delay of two or three minutes, and it was fatal. Moses Taylor got his feet under him and rose up and began on that speech of his about the rise and fall of the Roman empire. He had got it off a dozen times before, and it had always weighed a ton. Moses was the only man who was way up on the Roman empire, and he knew it and made the best of it. In eleven minutes he created and destroyed the empire and knocked out the widow's hog, and his own oratorical effect was decided to be equal to anything of Clay's.

Ebenezer Schoolcraft had raged himself with the anti-hog anti-widow party. He had resurrected a political speech he made when General Grant was a candidate for a second term. Everybody was wondering just how he could swing the hog into the speech, but he did it as handsome as you please and made it tell. It was over half hog and had there been a campaign on it would have elected the whole county ticket. When he had concluded and sat down with a broken suspender, there was a general feeling that the widow's hog would never emerge from the public pound until the fees had been paid in cash.

It was then that the probogs put forth their last card. They had got hold of a barbed wire fence man who could take the top off a liberty pole, and he rose up with his ears working. His speech was a happy combination of Napoleon, Washington, Judas Iscariot, American Independence, the Missouri compromise and the widow's hog, and he didn't give anybody any time to rest. He was as gentle as a baby and as savage as a meat ax by turns, and some of his thunderbolts made the shingles rattle. He was being paid cash for his speech, and he wanted to introduce his brand of barbed wire to our community, and his shirt collar was wilted in the first four minutes. A windmill man or a sewing machine agent wouldn't have had one show in a thousand against him. Every time he jumped two feet high and came down to bang on the desk with both fists he lifted two-thirds of the audience off the benches and when he sank his voice in a whimper and softly waved his arms he melted hearts.

There were ten men shedding tears and feeling for that hog when the man sat down, and for two or three minutes everybody chewed tobacco and kept his feet still. A vote was about to be taken as to whether the hog should be turned loose and permitted the freedom of the town the feet of his life, or held for the fees and turned into the pork barrel, when Lish Billings came sauntering in. Lish is always a little late at public meetings, but his opinion goes a good way.

"We'd like to hear from Mr. Billings on this case," says the chairman.

"But what is it?" asked Lish.

"It's a hog case."

"Who's hog?"

"The widow Harris."

"What's your idea?" asked the chairman.

"I hain't got none. While you have been arguing the matter he's starved to death in the pound, and if there's any more talk here it had better be about saving his bristles!"

Then Josiah Flint felt it his duty to make a call on Mrs. Harris and announced:

"Widder. It is with sorrow that I make this statement that your black hog is no more."

"You mean that he is dead?" she asked.

"Dead as a door nail!"

"Thank heaven! I've been hoping for it for the last year!"

Americans and Soap.

There is a serious absence of cake soap from the hotels on the tourist belt of west Scotland, and nearly all of the soap supply is in liquid or powder form. A correspondent of the London Chronicle reports that the spray and the trickle were safeguards against the Yankee. No American tourists, he was told, can see a hotel cake of soap without putting it in his pocket, provided he is unobserved. "They are a splendid people to deal with," said one of the hotel keepers, "but unchained, portable soap is their undoing."

"That matter of soap is one of the international quarrels of manners," observes the Chronicle. "The whitest American is as dishonest about a cake of soap as the blackest of his compatriots is about chickens. He will steal anybody's cake of soap."

"And just across the channel you find countries where you carry your own soap and would as soon think of a public cake of soap as of a public toothbrush."

When Right Seemed Wrong.

Brown, a stranger in a Canadian city, stopped a pert looking newsboy and asked directions to a well known park. He grew wrathful as he repeated the urchin's instructions.

"Take any old street car," Brown echoed.

"Yes."

"And at the end of the line change to the first young street car. Is that what you said?"

"Yes," answered the boy, with a grin. Then he whined off at the gentleman's gesture toward his check.

"You'd better run," Brown called after him. "You needn't try your smart tricks on me or I'll thrash you." He walked away, stopped at a newsdealer's to buy a city guide and found the directions to the park as follows: "Take any old street car to end of line, then change to Yonge."—New York Press.

When Hoops Began.

When were hoops "in" for the first time? According to Strutt, "trundling the hoop is a pastime of uncertain origin, but much in fashion at present" (1801). Dr. Murray's dictionary, incidentally remarking that the original hoop affected by boys was a barrel hoop, gives no English reference to it earlier than 1792. But the hoop was well known to ancient Greek and Roman boys, who called it a "trochus" (wheel). Their hoops were made of bronze, and representations of them on gems show that they were driven by a little hook with a wooden handle, very like the modern boy's hoop stick. This was called by the Greeks "clavus" (driver) and by the Romans "clavus" (key). Sometimes the ancient hoop had bells attached to it.—London Mail.

Order of Gyboggles.

The gyboggie is one of the rarest and most curious animals in existence and is found only in Madagascar and a part of Australia. It didactically began Professor Li-Kelpher, the schoolmaster, during a recent session of the Sit and Argue club. "It is a sort of a vampire, something like a cross between a kangaroo and an enormous bat, and can swim and fly with equal ease."

"Fine, fine!" snarled the old codger, whose rheumatism was hectoring him with unusual severity. "Swell name for a new lodge. The Concatenated Order of Philanthropic Gyboggles, or something of the sort—and what a jocular emblem a little gold gyboggie would make to wear on our watch fobs!"—Kansas City Star.

Royalty's Game.

Cards have always been a royal game. Queen Elizabeth played cards and lost her temper over them frequently. She was no Anne of Austria, to play "like a queen, without passion of greed or gain." In her reign was commanded to be played "at Windsor a Comedie or Moral devised on the game of cards," which resulted in the performance by the children of her majesty's chapel of "Alexander and Campaspe," in which the pretty things occur:

Again the Government.

"What do you think of this government ownership idea, Weary?"

"Your experience?"

"Yes; de government runs de jails, don't dey? Well, de way dey does it don't make no hit wit me."—Boston Transcript.

His Art.

Mrs. Syllie—My husband takes a deep interest in art. Mrs. Oldar—You surprise me. Mrs. Syllie—Well, it was a surprise to me, but I heard him telling Jack Rowder last night that it was a good thing to study your hand before you draw.

Sarcastic.

"That's arrant nonsense," said Mr. Henpeck, "about there always being room at the top."

"Oh," his wife sarcastically replied, "when were you up there to see?"

Tough Luck.

Bix—Picked up a five dollar bill this morning. Dix—Lucky dog! Bix—Lucky nothing! Right behind me was a chap I owed a favor to, and he boned me for it.—Boston Transcript.

Two Passions.

Mrs. Pippy—Reading is quite a passion with my husband, Mrs. Dresser—So it is with mine when he reads my milliner's bills!

In the court of his own conscience to guilty man is acquitted.—Joyce.

The Cause Of the Spat

By RUTH GRAHAM

"I have made up my mind to leave you," said the wife to her husband.

"On what ground?"

"Incompatibility."

"Do you mean that I am incompatible with you or you with me?"

"I mean that you are incompatible with me."

"Will you make that a plea for divorce?"

"I shall not apply for a divorce. Do you suppose that I am going to permit you after ruining my life to walk off with some other woman?"

"What am I to do?"

"Do what you like, only you will not be free to supply the place which you asked me to occupy and which I accepted in good faith."

"Well, then, I shall go to housekeeping. This boarding is in a measure accountable for your irritation."

"My irritation! I like that! But isn't your going to housekeeping locking the stable door after the horse has been stolen?"

"I think it rather a case of runaway. You have taken the bit in your teeth and are kicking the dashboard to pieces."

"Do you consider that a proper simile to apply to your wife?"

"When are you going to leave?"

"When I get ready."

"I have the same right. I shall leave when I get ready, and I shall be ready as soon as I can find a house. Wait a minute."

He stepped to the telephone and asked a real estate agent if the house offered a week before was still unrented, the wife listening to one-half the dialogue.

"All right," he said, hanging up the receiver. "I shall be ready with my part of the separation tomorrow. I have taken that house we were offered last week."

"Who is to keep house for you?"

"A housekeeper."

"What housekeeper?"

"Why should that concern you since you have decided to leave me?"

"It concerns me very much. I don't propose people shall say that I have been turned out to make room for another."

"I shall not discuss that matter with you now. I'm going around to the house to have a look at it."

"I think I'll go with you."

"Very well; if you insist, come on."

They walked past the agent's, got the key and went to the house. Neither spoke a word on the way. The house was furnished. The wife did the talking as to the appointments.

"The sitting room is attractive," she said, "and the little parlor on the other side of the hall is plenty large enough for formal visits. The butler's pantry is nice too. What a roomy kitchen! And the bath occupies half the left it neat as a pin. Every pot shines. The upstairs, too, is light and roomy. I always did like these brass bedsteads. They're so bright and cheerful looking. What a lovely bathroom—tiled all through and not a bit of that elegant porcelain chipped! These bed-rooms are all beautifully furnished, and the rugs are not a bit worn. And the hardwood floors—so easy to keep clean! The outlook from the front bedroom is delightful. I shall have it for my own."

"What's that?"

"I mean I would occupy it if I had not been forced"—tremulously—"by your ill treatment to leave you."

"This will be my housekeeper's room."

"Your housekeeper! Her room should be in the garret."

"It shall be right here."

"Are you going to have your housekeeper roomed better than your wife?"

"My wife makes her own bed, and I suppose she must lie in it."

"Eh? Perhaps, now, you will tell me who is to be your housekeeper?"

"Don't bother about whom I select to take care of the premises. I shall have a woman older than myself so that persons will not talk about me."

"Whom, for instance?"

"Well, I think the Widow Scott would like the position."

"The Widow Scott! Well, I declare!"

"What's the matter with her?"

"I wish you to distinctly understand that I don't propose to turn you over to any such person."

"Suppose you name some one."

"To occupy this room?"

"Of course."

"No one occupies this room but me."

"But how can you occupy it if you are going to leave me?"

"Since you've taken this house and I look so nice and cozy and comfortable with such pretty furniture and soft rugs and hardwood floors and tiled bathroom—"

"Are you making an inventory?"

"Don't be silly—and lovely curtains and since I like the outlook from that window so well and would love to exchange that dirty one at the boarding house for it. I have decided to stand your harness awhile longer."

He put his arm about her. There was no fight left in her. It had vanished.

"I couldn't drive you away with a cat-o-nine-tails," he said.

"Oh, how happy we shall be here! throwing her arm about his neck.

"Yes, and we'll do no more bores. It kept up long enough. We'll dine under our own roof-tree in future if the house is no better than a chicken coop. This one is for sale as it stands, and I shall buy it."

Returned With Interest.

The author and Sallie Quickstep were playing tennis, and the author, who is something of a tease, had been rallying her about her game.

"I say, Miss Sallie," he cried at last, "do you feel warm? You're getting awfully red."

"Am I red?" returned she calmly as she sent the ball flying over the net.

"Well, that's more than can be said of your books, Mr. Inkwell. That's a lot of love, I believe."—New York Press.

Busy Fireman.

"You have a fire department in your village, I suppose?" asked the visitor to Mudville.

"Oh, yes," replied the proud citizen.

"And is the department kept busy?"

"Busy? I should say so! Why, we have four parades a year!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Perfectly Secure.

An old farmer once excused himself for sleeping under the rector's sermons by observing, "Lor, sir, when you are in the pulpit we know it is all right!"—London Standard.

He Backed Out.

Dentist—We must kill the nerve of the tooth. Patient—Then I'll go out of the room! "Whoo-oo-oo!" he tried to "winch" it.—Herald-Examiner.

A Chinese Incident.

"I'll tell you a true story," said a missionary, "that illustrates the nobility of the Chinese character."

"A drunken Cossack in Manchuria shot a Chinaman fatally. It was necessary to identify the fellow, and half a dozen Cossacks were brought to the Chinaman's deathbed for that purpose. He, however, refused to point out his murderer, saying:

"Why should he be killed? since I must die in any case?"

"They explained that the Cossack would not be put to death, but only severely punished for his crime. Thereupon the Chinaman said:

"But why punish him, since he is already forgiven?"

"To this they made answer that the punishment would not be a revenge, but a deterrent. It would keep the Cossack from repeating such a heinous crime."

"But the Chinaman only shook his head."

"He won't repeat it anyway," he said, "when he knows that I forgive him."—Minneapolis Journal.

New Rain Bore Holes.

When rain falls it does not actually soak into the earth, but bores its way in, forming tiny tubes. These tubes are so small that it would be impossible to insert a hair in one of them without bursting its wall. Sometimes the tubes are bored down to a depth of four or five feet. When the surface dries, the water evaporates from the tubes, just as it would from a pipe. If the tube is twisted it takes longer for the water to evaporate. If one takes a rake and stirs the ground after each rain he breaks the tops of the tubes, and the water will stand in them for months. In this way the farmers of the west, on the semiarid lands, store the rainfall one year and raise a crop of wheat every other year, there being sufficient water in two years, but not enough in one, to raise a crop.—Harper's.

Manners If Not Mathematics.

The little boy, aged five, was sitting in the midst of the large family circle at the luncheon table. Opposite him was his young lady cousin, who mingled with her affection for him an earnest desire to see his infant feet in the paths of knowledge. Just now in her intense way she was trying to teach him how to divide an orange into quarters.

Again and again she led up to the point that she wished him to think out and so often he failed to follow.

As she leaned forward, wholly absorbed in her desire to make the idea clear to him, she asked once more, "But how would you get a quarter of an orange?"

The boy, blissfully unconscious, replied with a beaming look, "I would say please."—Youth's Companion.

Puzzles For Patients.

Although the patient had waited half an hour for her interview, the time had not dragged.

"I worked on one of those puzzles," she said. "By the way, doctor, you are not a children's specialist; then why do you keep so many puzzles in your reception room?"

"You answered your own question before you asked it," the doctor said. "I keep them to amuse the groupings. Most people who feel bad enough to visit a doctor can entertain themselves better with a puzzle than a book or magazine. Every puzzle that has achieved popularity in the last twenty-five years has a place in that cabinet. Dentists also rely on puzzles to keep waiting patients in good humor, for even toothache will share attention with a good puzzle."—New York Times.

Trade Emblems on Tombstones.

In Scotland it was for a long time usual to place on a man's tombstone the symbols of his trade. Especially was this the case at Dundee, where, in the burial ground of the abbey, it has been found that of those tombstones which are from 100 to 200 years old about one-fourth are thus marked, the symbols being in low relief. A sugar cane may be seen as showing the grave of a grocer; an ax and saw, with hammer and nails, occur on the grave of a carpenter; an awl and a hammer on that of a shoemaker. There are many other graves similarly marked.—London Answers.

THE MAN WITH THE BIG EARS

A Lover's Trick to Win the Girl of His Heart

In the good old days when New York was called New Amsterdam there lived near Bowling Green a rich Dutchman, Gerrit Ten Broek, whose daughter, Annetta, was the apple of his eye. Annetta was seventeen, and her father thought it high time that she should arrange a marriage for her, for in those days girls were married much younger than now and had very little to say in the choice of a husband.

Ten Broek was engaged in the fur business with one Ten Eyck, Ten Eyck buying furs in Albany, while Ten Broek sold in New York. One day Ten Broek wrote his partner:

Annetta is now old enough to be married. What has become of your son Peter? I remember him as a little boy, and he promised to be a fine looking man, except that his ears, which were very large, stuck out singularly from his head. His mother was trying to alter their position. I trust she succeeded. However, this has nothing to do with what I have in mind. As I said, Annetta is old enough to be married. What do you say to uniting our business for another generation at least by marrying your son to my daughter?

To this Ten Eyck replied:

Your plan of marrying my son to your daughter is a very good one. The only trouble in the way is the defect you mention. Peter is very sensitive about it, and I fear I shall not be able to persuade him to marry any one. However, I will see what I can do in the matter.

After much coaxing Peter was won over to the plan. A betrothal was made by letter, for ships sailed infrequently between New Amsterdam and Albany in those days, and the journey was too troublesome to be taken when it could be avoided. At least this was the reason given by the parents of the contracting parties. The real reason was it was feared if Annetta after seeing her betrothed should have time to refuse to be married. Annetta was broken-hearted over the matter.

However, her father paid no attention to his daughter's repugnance to the match, and it was arranged between him and Ten Eyck that Peter should come down to New Amsterdam on the sloop Katrina, leaving Albany on the 5th of October, 1666, for the purpose of being married. Every preparation was made for the wedding—the parlor swept clean, the dining room and kitchen (they were one scrubbed and no end of cakes made. At 11 o'clock in the morning of Oct. 7 a young man appeared at the front door, gave a loud rap and when admitted announced himself as Peter Ten Eyck.

When Gerrit Ten Broek saw his enormous ears, neatly the size of a donkey's, and how they stuck out on each side, flapping when their owner walked, his heart misgave him. How could he inflict such a deformity upon his daughter? His neighbors would be forever laughing at him, and their sneer if not openly, nevertheless a Dutchman of those days never gave up a purpose. Gerrit had no thought of receding from his plan, but a natural tenderness for his only child induced him to comfort her.

"We will not hasten matters, my dear," he said. "Tomorrow will be time enough for the wedding, or, if you like, next week. Meanwhile you will become accustomed."

"If I must marry him," said Annetta, "let it be at once."

"What—as soon as he has arrived?"

"Yes, I am ready now."

"Very well, my child, since you wish it."

It was a strange wedding procession that walked up what is now Broadway to the church. The ears of the groom flapped in the wind, and the townspeople crowded the wedding party to get a view of him, not scrupling to vent their mirth in loud scuffling. In the church the dominie had a hard time to keep the people from unseemly behavior and hurried through the service so rapidly that few heard the words, and if the couple had been Hans and Mary instead of Peter and Annetta no one would have known the difference. When the twain were pronounced man and wife and they had turned and faced the people to leave the church, the groom put his hands to his ears and, to the surprise of every one, pulled them off.

For a time there was a silence, after which came at intervals explosions of laughter as the plegmatic Dutchman after another got it into their heads that the man had worn false ears. Meanwhile the bridal couple started down the aisle, the groom grinning from ear to ear, the bride smiling contentedly on his arm.

At the door Gerrit Ten Broek came running up to them to ask what it all meant, but was stopped by a stranger, who appeared on the scene with ears somewhat larger than the usual size, though not especially noticeable. He introduced himself as Peter Ten Eyck.

"Who are you?" asked Gerrit of the groom.

"Middelpin Jack Somerset of my majesty's shly Terrible. I have loved your daughter since I came into port a week ago, and, hearing that you wanted a son-in-law with donkey ears, concluded to accommodate you."

Now, Gerrit Ten Broek had been very much troubled about his son-in-law's deformity, and Peter Ten Eyck had a deft move in Albany. The consequence was that the wedding party went back to the house and ate the wedding feast, all well satisfied. When the Terrible called for England Jack Somerset took his bride with him, and she became in time one of the most sought social women in England.

Busy Fireman.

"You have a fire department in your village, I suppose?" asked the visitor to Mudville.

"Oh, yes," replied the proud citizen.

"And is the department kept busy?"

"Busy? I should say so! Why, we have four parades a year!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Perfectly Secure.

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He Backed Out.

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The Colonel's

American... (text is very faint and partially obscured)

O-der Street, Tokyo.

One of the most densely populated spots in the world is O-der street, Tokyo. The hair broomstick known as Glinza, which runs from near the Shimbashi railway station to Speculatrix bridge, is made up of several streets with different names, some wide and modern, some old-fashioned and narrow, and if the earth were suddenly to give open wide in that portion known as O-der street at any hour of the day there is no other thoroughfare in the Japanese city where the result in human life would be so fatal, for here the tide of human life runs the highest. But O-der street is extremely narrow, so that the density of the crowd does not make the daily struggle much above the average. Unlike most of the other important cities of the world, this thickly populated commercial district of Tokyo is situated outside the city walls.—Boston Magazine.

The Better Part of Valor.

Nobody ever called in question the courage of the early Spanish soldiers of California, but there seems to have been at least one man among these descendants who held discretion to be the better part of valor. A certain Don Andraes was interviewed by his superior officer on the eve of an engagement with the enemy, and was warned that the American was a very different foe from the Indian or the Mexican, and that courage should not be pushed to rashness in an encounter with him.

"Have no fear, general," was the response of the intrepid caballero. "I would far rather that history should record from where I led than where I fell."

The general's mind was probably relieved of anxiety concerning the fate of at least one individual in his command by this reply.

Black Under the Eyes Explained.

"In the north country,"—so runs the story in "The Hunchback of Notre-Dame"—"the women folk are worshipped by the women folk the great and terrible god Mammon. Labeled lamps must be placed at the corners of the village, under the eaves and in the shade of trees, and the shrine of Mary and one little lighted lamp in each house on a raft in the village tank. When the lamps have burned low it is used to rub the black from the victim under the eyes. It keeps away the evil eye, so that it is the reason to this day why women put the black beneath the eyes."

Natural Ear Transplant.

It has been ascertained that the spiral horns of a wild sheep which he placed that the ear is in the line of the coil, makes the direction from which the ticking of a watch seems more easily discernible. "Once the ear of the sheep is surrounded by the horn it is inferred that the latter acts as an ear trumpet, not improving the hearing for distant sounds, but directing the direction of a sound." This would be useful in enabling the sheep to ascertain the exact points whence sounds come when there is a mist or fog covering its feeding grounds.—Hutchinson.

Carlyle's Way.

Carlyle appears in a brief reminiscence from the pen of Percy Fitzgerald thus: The thing with Carlyle was to stand out for a long churchward in clay pipe and a screw of tobacco, which put him in great good humor. He talked to his plate, as you might say. If anybody said anything which he disapproved you would hear him murmuring, "Oh! the pulp! the pulp! a regular pulp and pulp!"

The Mean is Golden.

"How did Jones come to fall?" asked Binks.

"Oh, he had no confidence in himself," replied Jinks.

"And what caused Brown to fall?" asked Binks.

"He was too confident," replied Jinks.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Fair Play.

"I wonder if she cares for me at all?"

"Has she given you the sign?"

"Oh, yes, I see her looking the clock back when I come in."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Easy.

"The doctors have finally decided what caused my husband's illness?"

"Had a constitution of his?"

"No, an apoplexy."—Judge.

What is celebrity? The advantage of being known to people who don't know you.—Chamberlain.