A Mother's Scare

By EDITH V. ROSS

Mrs. Jaegar was not an educated woman; but, her husband having many years before started in the soap boiling business and built up a large manufactory, the family were wealthy. Two children came to the Jaegars, a boy and a girl. Their parents gave them an excellent education, and they were both very fond of reading. There was a library in the place where they lived from which they constantly drew books. Tom Jaegar read a great many works of fiction that have long ago passed out of date and are only now read by those who value them chiefly for the pictures they give of a former time. His sister, Ruth, was more modern in her taste.

Mrs. Jaegar was an ambitious woman and desirous that both her children should marry well. That meant that she proposed to watch them to make sure that they made no unfortunate entanglements. One day there was a ring at the telephone and Mr Jaegar answered the call.

"Is Tom in?"

"Well, what is it?"

"Tell him Evelina's here."

Whoever was at the other end of the wire was evidently in a hurry, for the receiver was dropped, and Mrs. Jaegar was cut off from further inquiry.

"Who was Evelina?" Mrs Jaegar was at once seized with a sudden terror. She had never heard her son speak of her, and this call for him to come and meet her boded trouble. She said nothing to him about the call—not she. If the young woman were bold enough to telephone to the house for him she could not help it, but unless he should reply to the call himself it would avail nothing. Nor would Mrs Jaegar say anything about the matter. If he were getting entangled with a girl she would not let him know that his secret was hers. Nothing would feed the flame of love so much as opposition.

But what was her consternation when a few days later there came another ring at the telephone, and Ruth was called for.

"What is it?" asked the mother.

"David Copperfield has just come in."

There was the same click that had followed the announcement that Evelina was waiting for Tom, indicating the same hurry. Was it hurry? Did not this go-between shut off the phone that there might be no opportunity for the person receiving the message to ask questions? David Copperfield? Never had she heard her daughter mention any such person, and Ruth talked of all her friends freely. If the good mother feared for her son she was in terror for her daughter. But Mrs Jaeger treated the matter with the same caution she had practiced in the case of her son. She would set a watch on Ruth, but would not put her on her guard by telling her that she had stumbled upon this secret affair.

Mrs Jaeger did not consider it practicable to shadow her son, but she had a maid whom she bribed to watch her daughter. Never did Ruth go out but this young woman found some errand to take her out also. One afternoon she came in from shadowing the young lady and reported that she had seen Ruth go up the steps of the library at the same time with a young man whom she appeared to be much pleased to meet.

"Aha!" said Mrs. Jaeger. "It's the library where they meet. And they have been hounding me for a subscription to buy books. Them cozy alcoves are just the places for young people to meet and flirt."

Mrs. Jaeger was called up again, and her son was inquired for. This time it was: "Tell him I would like to see him about Evelina. There's another man waiting"—

Some one other than the speaker butted in, and the sentence was not finished. But Mrs. Jaegar had heard enough. Heaven grant that the other man would get the girl away from Tom and he would be saved a misalliance.

The good lady's patience was beginning to wane. She was drifting toward a point where she would not be able longer to keep her knowledge a secret from her son and daughter. Despite her watchfulness she could get no further information of either of those clandestine affairs. One afternoon her son and her daughter were talking together in her hearing.

"I'm through with 'David Copperfield,'" said Ruth.

"And I'm through with 'Evelina. She was due at the library a week ago."

"I'm glad you two have got through with your beloveds. I've been worried to death about you. I've known all about these meetings at the library. First I got a telephone message that Evelina was waiting for Tom there, and the next message was that this Mr. Copperfield was waiting for Ruth at the same place. Who are these persons anyway? I've never heard nothing about them before."

Tom and Ruth looked at each other and would have burst into a laugh had the speaker not been their own mother. As it was Tom said:

"Mother, 'Evelina' is a novel written by a young girl about a hundred years ago. 'David Copperfield' is the name of one of Charles Dickens' books. The librarian, Sue Young, whenever a book we want is out holds it for us when it comes in and notifies us over the telephone."

"Well, I am mightily relieved," replied the fond mother.

Illuminating Gas.

In 1792 a manufacturer of Redruth, in Cornwall, named Murdoch made gas to light his home and factory. Pall Mall, in London, 1807, was the first street to be lighted by gas. Philadelphia introduced it in 1815, Boston in 1822 and New York in 1825. Gas is obtained from coal, which is heated in large retorts. The heavy gas drawn off passes by a pipe, called the hydraulic main, through a number of curved pipes called condensers, in which process coal tar and ammoniacal liquor condense and fall into a well. The gas passes to purifiers over slaked lime, which takes up sulphureted hydrogen and carbonic acid. It is then headed downward to the gas holder, a large tank having its base resting on water and from which the gas is distributed to the consumers. Certain by-products are obtained in the course of manufacture which are more valuable than the gas itself. These include coke, ammonia, aniline, phenol or carbolic acid; naphthalene dyes, various artificial drugs and basic perfumes.—Christian Herald.

The Actor's Triumph.

In 1845 the Boulevarde du Temple was the heart of the theatrical world of Paris. In the ten theaters that lined that comparatively short thoroughfare so much blood was shed on the stage every evening at the popular plays that it was known as the Boulevarde du Crime.

The audience became so passionately devoted to some of the characters interpreted for their pleasure that they sometimes showed quite fierce hostility to the actors who had to take parts inimical to them. One night, for instance, Briand, who had represented Hudson Lowe in a scene on the island of St. Helena when Napoleon was imprisoned there, was seized by some roughs as he left the theater and flung into the basin of the Chateau d'Eau. This quite delighted him, and he gloated over it as a triumph when he was telling the tragic-comic incident the next day.—Bookman.

Making an Army Sword.

Army swords are tempered in oil. After the blade, pounded, rolled and hammered to the right length, is ground it is subjected to severe tests. The point is caught under a staple, and the blade is bent over a block of wood, making the arc of circle about thirty-five inches in diameter. It is then bent in the opposite direction. Afterward the blade is struck on an oak block and tested on sides and edges. Finally it is dipped in oil and bent. While it is bent the oil is wiped off. If the blade is cracked, even though the defects might be otherwise invisible to the eye, the oil in the minute crevices will be forced to the surface when the blade is straightened, and the defects will instantly be revealed by slight streaks of oil little wider than a hair.

A Good Word For the Salmon.

Salmon live and flourish only in the purest waters of the seven seas and in the clearest of the rivers that flow into them. They exercise the utmost care in choosing the places where they breed and feed. From the time of their birth to the day they are caught they live in surroundings that are as nearly perfect from a sanitary point of view as nature can make them, and from the time they are caught and packed until they are placed before human beings as food they are kept beyond all danger of contamination. Their meat has an attractive appearance, has a delicious flavor, is readily digestible and contains as much, if not more, of the elements that are required by the human system than other forms of meat.—Western Canner and Packer.

Mountain of the Sacred Footprint.

Adam's peak, or Mount Sumanais, a rugged mountain in the island of Ceylon, is known throughout the orient as the "Mountain of the Sacred Footprint." In a flat, rocky basin at the foot of this mountain in stone as hard as blue granite there is the perfect imprint of a gigantic human foot, five and one-half feet long by two and one-half feet wide. The Ceylonese Brahmans have a legend to the effect that the imprint was made by Adam, our first parent, but the Buddhists declare that it could have been made by no one but Buddha.

In a Different Light.

Watchful Mother—It looked very much as though young Mr. Huggins was stealing a kiss when I saw your heads so close together. Confiding Daughter—I wouldn't put it that way. He may have thoughtlessly embezzled a few, but I'm sure he'll repent and have them with him the next time he calls.—Chicago News.

Cynical Foresight.

"That boy of yours may be president of the United States some day."

"Maybe," assented Farmer Corntossel. "But the chances are that he'll be one of the fellows who think they are lucky if they get appointed to be postmaster."—Washington Star.

Good For Business.

Dr. Hoyle—I believe that bad cooks supply us with half of our patients. Dr. Boyle—Yes, and I believe that good cooks supply us with the other half.—Woman's Home Companion.

Locating the Cause.

Helter—After an intimacy of years Brown and Jones are estranged. Skelter—Is it a case of money loaned or wives introduced.—New York Times.

Had Tried It.

Old Gentleman—Young man, hitch your wagon to a star. Reggie—It's no use. I did, and father cut off my allowance.—Lippincott's.

A Memorial Day Story

By ANDREW C. EWING

"Memorial day has come around again," said an old fellow to another at the soldiers' home, "or Decoration day, as we used to call it when we first started putting flowers on the graves of our dead comrades. It was a solemn day then, but now that nearly two generations have grown up since the war and that struggle has passed into history the day has become a regular holiday."

"That's right," said the other old chap, grinding on a quid of tobacco. "You don't expect every generation that comes on is going to mourn for men who died long before the newcomers were born, do you?"

"No, I don't, but somehow Memorial day brings it all back as fresh as if it were yesterday. I can see my Nanny now just as she looked the day I come out of that wood the day after the battle of Seven Pines and she caught sight of me, the raggedest, dirtiest, hungriest, bloodiest, ghostliest young ragamuffin you ever saw."

"By the bye," interrupted the other vet, "I went down into Virginia last summer and all over Seven Pines. It was a cornfield when we fought there. Now it's overgrown with a forest of trees. It reminded me of the generations that have grown up since the war."

"Just so. That day, when I saw Nan standing by the well, I was about as near gone up as I ever was in my life. I'd been taken prisoner by the Johnnies, but before they could get us where they could corral us I'd managed to slip away. I knew if I didn't get some help and some sustenance I'd die right there in the wood, for in addition to having nothing to eat I'd got a bullet in my leg, and I couldn't get any help or food unless I trusted to the girl. If I trusted her the chances were she'd give me away to the Confederates and I'd get back into Libby, where I'd been once before, and I'd rather die than do that.

"Well, there was nothing to do but risk it. So I stepped out before her. You'd ought to seen her look. It was like suddenly coming on to a scarecrow. At first she was frightened; then she laughed. When she laughed at me I was all broken up, and a worse expression than before came over my face that made her laugh again. Then all of a sudden she began to pity me, and, sobering down, she asked:

"'Are you Yank or Johnnie? You're so ragged and dirty and bloody I don't know which you are.'

"'I'm Yank,' I admitted. 'I suppose you'll give me away.'

"'Give you away! Who would want such a looking thing as you?'

"'There's lots like me in Libby prison.'

"'What's the matter with you?'

"'Oh, nothing, only sick and tired and hungry and wounded.'

"'Is that all?'

"The humor of it struggled with her sympathy. She told me that her folks were strong Confederates and she dare not take me into the house, but the hayloft would make a good hospital, and she put her arm under mine and helped me around, skirting the wood so that one could get into the barn without being seen, and she almost had to carry me up the steps to the hayloft.

"You'd better believe that 'hay was soft. I've slept on hair matresses since, but none of 'em ever gave way under me like that hay. But I had to wait a long while for a breakfast. You see, Nan had to wait till she could steal out of the house with the provender. And when she did she couldn't bring anything hot. I'd have given my wounded leg for a cup of our United States coffee.

"Well, Nan nursed me in that loft for a week or more. I couldn't tell how long it was, since I didn't take any account of time. She stole some old clothes her brothers had worn out and brought 'em to me and kept my leg bandaged and did a lot of things for me. I suppose it was taking care of me that way that got her used to having me round, for when there was no more excuse for my staying and I thought I'd better light out she cried.

"And Memorial day's come again! I must be off to put these flowers on Nan's grave. I've been putting 'em on for ten years now, and it won't be long before the few boys that are left will be putting 'em on mine. I'd like to live till Memorial day in '15. It will then be fifty years since I was discharged and went to that farm in Virginia and we were married. We went out to the barn where she had nursed me, and I lay on the hay just to see if it was as soft as when I sank down on it that day I first saw Nan. She told her folks how I looked when she brought me in there and how she'd stolen things to take out to me, and they couldn't understand how she could have managed it without getting caught. Truth is, those times in the south made everybody rely on their wits, and there was more deceiving done in those four years than in a whole century of peaceful times.

"I brought Nan back north with me, and a mighty good wife she made for a matter of nearly forty years, and the rest of it since she left me I don't count for anything.

"Well, so long. As I was saying, I must take these flowers and put them on her grave. You fellows can take care of the boys in the cemetery back of the house. So long. Don't forget the flags."

The Two "Dark Days."

There are two "dark days" mentioned in the annals of New England. The first occurred on Oct. 21, 1716, when it suddenly became so dark soon after noon that the people were forced to use artificial lights to do their ordinary work. This strange condition of the atmosphere lasted about three and a half hours. Again, on May 19, 1780, there was a remarkable darkening of the atmosphere, but the phenomenon did not come on so suddenly as that upon the earlier date. The darkness in this latter instance began between 10 and 11 o'clock on the morning of the day named and lasted throughout the day. The darkness extended from the northeastern part of New England westward as far as Albany and southward to Pennsylvania. The most intense and prolonged darkness, however, was confined to Massachusetts, more especially to the seaboard. It is said to have come from the southwest, but there is no mention of it made in the history of Ohio or the Virginias. The exact cause still remains one of the unexplained mysteries.

"Warned Off" the Turf.

To be "warned off" is the most severe sentence that can be imposed on any one in England connected with the turf. Not only does it debar a man from owning, training or riding horses, but until the committee decides to revoke the punishment prevents him even from showing himself on any race course. This is so owing to the fact that the decision of the national hunt committee is registered automatically by the racing authorities in France and Ireland and of course by the Jockey club. Like the national hunt committee, the stewards of the Jockey club also reserve to themselves the right of summoning any rider whom they suspect of sharp practice or even carelessness to appear before them and, unless the explanation given proved satisfactory, to "suspend" or punish the offender in some other way.—London Answers.

Turner's Carelessness.

Perhaps the most prolific painter who ever lived was the great Turner. When he died his house in Queen Anne street, which he had not occupied for a long time, was found to be full of masterpieces all going to rack and ruin. Even the famous "Crossing the Brook," one of the priceless treasures of the National gallery in Trafalgar square, was there, with large pieces chipped off it. Many of Turner's masterpieces which he had refused to sell for "love or money" were almost ruined by the damp coming from defective windows and ceilings. There were, besides the oil paintings, literally thousands of water color drawings "chuking about the place," any one of which would draw a little fortune at this moment from the pocket of an American millionaire. By his will he left them all to the nation.—London Spectator.

Speed of Flying Ducks.

How fast do ducks fly? is a question that sportsmen have long debated. A correspondent of Forest and Stream throws some definite light on it. Business requires him to ride frequently on a railroad in New York state that skirts a large lake. Wild fowl, startled by the train, will sometimes fly for a long distance parallel to the track at a speed the same as that of the train; hence it was easy, by timing them and getting the speed rate of the train from the conductor, to learn how fast they were going. The rate varied from forty-seven miles an hour to a little over fifty. The belief of gunners that ducks sometimes travel at the rate of a mile a minute is therefore not far from the truth.

No College Degree In Brazil.

Brazilian law, it is claimed, prohibits the establishment of any university because "the conferring of academic distinctions is contrary to the principles of true democracy." There are many institutions in Brazil where medicine and law are taught, and these grant certificates of proficiency to pupils who complete the course in a satisfactory manner. But, however well qualified he may be, no Brazilian can legally get a degree in his own country of a doctor of medicine or of law.

Too Vigorous.

Vicar (to sexton)—That pulpit cushion is worn out, Edward. I wish you would see that a new one is put on. Edward (grimly)—Yes, sir; I know it be worn out, an' it's the third one this year. It ain't my place to pass remarks, sir, but in my opinion there's such a thing as carryin' religion a leetle too far!—London Opinion.

Amicus Curiae.

"I hope this is the last sentence I shall pass upon you," said a French magistrate to a tramp who has appeared before him regularly for many years. Affecting surprise, the tramp replied, "Then you think of retiring, your worship?"—London Telegraph.

A Musical Pun.

In "Reminiscences, Impressions and Anecdotes" Francesco Berger records a pun made by the late Lord Coleridge at a public dinner. "Even in music," he said, "there is variety of opinion. Some loved their Bach often, while others preferred Offenbach!"

Fuming.

Hicks (meeting friend at 11 p. m.)—Hello, old man, what's going on out your way? Wicks—My wife is, I expect. I told her I'd be home at 6.—Boston Transcript.

The more we do the more we can do; the more busy we are the more leisure we have.—Hamilton.

A CASE OF GRATITUDE

By M. QUAD

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"Thar ar' folks as will contend that the mewl has no gratitude in his soul," said the old possum hunter as he walked through the chestnut forest on the side of the Cumberland mountains, "but them thar folks is wrong."

He halted to rub his itching back against a tree and then continued:

"Every critter is agin the mewl and ready to wallop him, and why should he be grateful? Why shouldn't he be onery and cantankerous? I'd be meaner'n pison if I was a mewl. Howsomever, I'm goin' to tell you about gratitude.

"Soon after the wah some fellers come along yere with a drove of mewls, and one of the critters fell sick, and they gin him to me. He was about the meanest lookin' mewl I ever did see, but I kinder hoped he'd make up fur it in bein' good. He didn't, however, daggone his hide, but when he got well he was meaner'n skunks. He'd bite and kick at anybody who come within ten feet of him, and if I hitched him to the cart he wouldn't pull a pound. I was keepin' him around in the hopes to trade him off when along comes a stranger one day from Arkansaw. The old woman was gone to a mayber's, and I was sittin' on the doorstep when this stranger halted and said:

"'Kin I everlastin'ly and eternally flatter myself that I am addressin' the celebrated and notorious Zeb White?'

"'That's me,' said I.

"'The critter who has killed 5,000 possums, 3,000 woodchucks, 4,200 coons and fifty bears?'

"'Them's about the figgers, stranger.'

"'The man who crowded a circus elephant into the ditch, flung a bull over the fence and licked three wild cats barehanded?'

"'That's mostly me.'

"'The man who has outrun, outjumped, outwrassled and outdit every critter in Tennessee who would tackle him?'

"'Kinder that.'

"'Waal, sew,' goes on the man as we shakes hands, 'yo' seems to be some pumpkins, and I hope yo' ar', fur I walked over from Arkansaw to git yo' a trial. I'm gwine to do my best, Zeb White, to lick yo' outen yo'r buttes!'

"'What fur?' said I.

"'Jest to take yo' down a peg and let yo' know that thar ar' two or three other folks on airth. Yes, I'm either gwine to make yo' holler or else live on roots all the rest of my days!'

"'I don't want no quarrel with anybody,' said I, but I soon discovered that the critter from Arkansaw was bound to hev a fuss. He bragged and crowed and had so much to say that I just kin start way but to tackle him. We peeled off coats and rolled down thar on the level spot, and I noticed the old mule standin' with his hind quarters out of the woodshed door.

"'I tell yo' what I'm gwine to do,' said the stranger as he made ready, 'I'm gwine to bite off yo'r right ear and carry it back to Arkansaw with me as a sort of a certificate, and I hope you'll write the date on it with pen and ink before I leave.'

"We finally got to work, and I soon found that critter all I could manage. He was peart in his feelin's and a hard hitter, and as he danced around he said:

"'Yo' might as well begin to holler right now, Zeb White, fur I've got yo' licked.'

"Jest about that time I fetched him a swat that keeled him head over heels and broke my thumb. He got up as peart as yo' please, and, seein' my thumb was broke and my right hand useless, he put on mo' steam. It did seem to me that fur the first time in my life I was gwine to be licked, and I had a feelin' of goneness clear down to my buttes. Broken bones don't count in a foot down in this kentry, yo' know. The man who comes out on top gits the credit, and the other fellow hasn't a word to say. Yes, sah, I jest dun reckon I was bein' a powerful clus shave of it when Providence interfered. I was bein' banged all around when I happened to see my old mewl backin' up on us from the shed. He'd heard that row and wanted a hand in. T'other feller's back was to'ard the mewl, and I played to keep it thar. He never had no warnin' of what was comin'. Then fust thing he knew the mewl backed up to within kickin' distance and let go both feet, and old Arkansaw went rollin' most down to the brush fence. His breath was gone when he stopped, and I was alse sittin' on his stomach. In three or four minits he opened his eyes and looked around and said:

"'Ar' I back in Arkansaw ag'in?'

"'Not skasely,' said I.

"'Zeb, I acknowledge to bein' a licked man, but I'd like the consolashun of knowin' how 'twas done.'

"'It war a fa'r fout.'

"'I reckon it was, but I was gittin' the best of it when yo' fastened a couple of horseshoes to yo'r hands and reached over my shoulders and hit me in the back and sent me tumblin'. Was that what licked me?'

"'Reckon it was.'

"'Shake hands, Zeb White, and tell me goodby.'

"And he shouldered his hunkie and went off whistlin', and to this day he doesn't know why that fust wind ag'in him. I heard that he went back to Arkansaw and tried to settle with Ike Bates that he owed him, but the money stolen from him was made up by shootin' at and hittin' Bates."

Hard Pie a Delicacy.

The Boers, when they were [illegible] getting through the veld at the [illegible] Marches was [illegible] the Colonel, but without [illegible] to carry out the operations of the march. It was [illegible] and a free discussion [illegible] to the main proposition. [illegible] not a man did volunteer. [illegible] newcomer to the army, [illegible] prior to the [illegible] they asked [illegible] to keep [illegible] the party at the [illegible] there was no [illegible] and during the night [illegible] boys [illegible] in command [illegible] talks with "Captain, you [illegible] the problem to [illegible] The captain [illegible] he pulled himself together [illegible] to the sergeant [illegible] you will hang this man?" [illegible] spare his captain one of the [illegible] untouched. He afterwards [illegible] satisfaction of flogging the man who [illegible] volunteered and filled [illegible] ard.

Found the Owner.

The overanxious father and [illegible] charming daughters, who had [illegible] had sought [illegible] sought [illegible] in the direction [illegible] echo of a [illegible]

At [illegible] pay, he [illegible] knocked at the [illegible]

"Jane, my dear, did you [illegible]

"No, papa."

Tap-tap at the [illegible]

"Mary, my love, was that [illegible] ing?"

"Yes, indeed, papa dear."

Pad-pad to the door of the [illegible] terrible.

"Margaret, my pet, I heard a [illegible] Was it you?"

"Oh, no, papa, darling."

Just then the great [illegible] way down the corridor, [illegible] hand's breadth, and the [illegible] an old lady [illegible] who had [illegible] early, looked forth.

"I am extremely sorry, [illegible] it was I who [illegible]

Artificial Glass.

Artificial pearls are so perfect [illegible] that they may [illegible] distinguished from [illegible] claimed. When the [illegible] has lost an eye [illegible] factures for a [illegible] a mold of the [illegible] be left any point of the [illegible] that part also [illegible] in the fitting of the [illegible] factures argue that the two [illegible] alike and that [illegible] man to propose in [illegible] or molds. When [illegible] is packed on the [illegible] the position of the [illegible] only the first [illegible] manufacture, the mother of [illegible] subject, which [illegible] and has been found to [illegible] best material for the [illegible] brief work.—Harper's Weekly.

Xerxes Made Stockings.

Mount Athos, [illegible] named [illegible] by Xerxes. The [illegible] through the [illegible] myth even in the time of [illegible] traces of it live still [illegible]

One circumstance of the [illegible] recorded by Herodotus [illegible] explain why it was [illegible] seem to be this [illegible] twelve furlongs [illegible] plan conceived by Xerxes [illegible] down, with the [illegible] continually fell in. [illegible] work. The Phoenicians with their superior intelligence [illegible] a breadth much greater than the [illegible] itself was to develop, so it [illegible] to narrow with a corresponding [illegible] they dug down.

London's Street Traffic.

It was not until about [illegible] ago that London's existing system [illegible] regulating traffic at street crossings was instituted. At the beginning it required four policemen at every important junction to do with difficulty what [illegible] constables still sometimes can't perform by a motion of the hand—but the men in blue stuck to their task [illegible] hung on to heavy loads and [illegible] rebellious drivers till the reign of law and order was established.

A Bigger Dose.

"My doctor ordered two weeks on the seashore."

"He's a homeopath, isn't he?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Two weeks is a small dose. I'd go to an allopath and see if I couldn't get a trip to Europe."—Washington Herald.

Very Different.

Blinkers—Hello, Winkers! I hear you married a woman with an independent fortune. Winkers gaudily—N-no. I married a fortune with an independent woman.

Cool Spot.

Fussy Old Lady—I want two good seats for this afternoon in the coolest part of the house. Ticket Agent—All right, madam. Here are two in a row.—Life.

Easy.

"Have you any trouble running the baby?"

"Not at all. We've only one that's native of her own."—Detroit Free Press.

[illegible]

"Tom, [illegible]