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A Fortune Lost
 By EDWARD T. STEWART

"Tom," said my uncle, "I'm going to leave you all my property. I shall not live a year, that I know, and I wish to have an understanding with you before I go. We hear a great deal about the advantage of a young man sowing his wild oats before marriage. There's no art in sowing wild oats at all, and I wish you to marry young. So important do I consider this that I have put a proviso in my will that, in order to inherit, you must be married before you are twenty-five years old. On that day if you are married my estate will be turned over to you."

"Yes, uncle," was all I said, but it was not all I felt. I was then twenty-two, which was old enough to understand the peculiar position I might be placed in by my uncle's will. However, there was still at least three years in which to find a partner, so I did not worry.

My uncle lived two years after what he had said to me. It was not known that I was to be his heir. I alone possessing the secret of the condition. Naturally if I married I desired that my bride should take me for myself alone. This may have been a romantic view to take of the matter, but in those days I was given to romance. Since then I have taken on more practical views of marriage. Indeed, the day I was wedded I learned this lesson.

I was within six months of twenty-five when I met Jennie Tisdale. She was very feminine, very pretty, and I said to myself I had found the girl with whom I may enjoy my uncle's fortune. A number of young men were ready to marry her, but so far as I knew, she had not yet settled on any one. I began to show her marked attention, and she appeared pleased with it. She didn't cast off others who were attentive to her, but gave me the preference in the matter of making engagements.

"I had been brought up with my cousin, Kate," said she, "and I had much upon her judgment." I told her that I was considering a proposal and arranged a meeting between the two girls with a view to getting Kate's opinion of Jennie. But Kate wouldn't give it. She said that in such matters it was not wise to interfere. I had doubtless made up my mind to marry Jennie if she would have me, and if she endeavored to persuade me not to do so she would surely fail.

This state of anxiety lasted up to within a few weeks of our wedding day, appointed for a week before I would receive my fortune. One day when I dropped in to see my fiancée, I found a note from her stating that one of her bosom friends had been suddenly taken ill and was lying at the point of death. Jennie had gone to her, but would return at the earliest possible moment.

This was within ten days of our wedding day, and I was worried, Jennie, not knowing how important was our marriage within a given time, might remain with her sick friend. If so it would be too late. She left no address for me or I would have written urging her on no account to remain away.

One can imagine my feelings at experiencing such an uncertainty. I went to Jennie's home and asked her mother for her address, or that she would write her; that I insisted on her return at once for our wedding. Mrs. Tisdale seemed to be concealing something from me, but promised to write her daughter. No further word came from Jennie, and the day before my twenty-fifth birthday I was without a bride.

In a fit of desperation I went to my cousin Kate and told her of the straits I was in, confessing that if I were not married before noon the next day I would lose my inheritance.

"I would advise you," she said, "not to rely on your fiancée. For my part, I question if she has not gone off with Scoville."

"Yes, his attentions to her since you have been engaged to her have been very noticeable."

"Heavens! What shall I do?" "Select some good, steady girl of your acquaintance, tell her of your inheritance and the condition attached to it and ask her to marry you at once." I stood thinking for a few minutes, then, turning to my adviser, said "Kate, will you marry me?" "I will, to help you out." "To help me out only?" "You surely deserve nothing more, to have gone off after a flighty little fool when you could have had—" "One worth a thousand of her." Kate and I were married that same evening. We returned from our wedding trip about the same time as Mr. and Mrs. Scoville, for Kate was right about the real cause of Jennie's absence.

HAVING A GOOD TIME.

Young Persons Should Learn There is a Serious Side to Life.

Many young persons think of little except how they can have a good time. If there is work to do it is only something in the way to be got rid of as soon as possible, no matter how. They think they can live as the butterfly does when in its glory. To find something entertaining, to be amused, is all they think of.

This is natural, and it is well that they can look on the bright side of life. But they should know also that life is not all play. There are duties to be performed, and real happiness comes only after work well done. Happiness is not found when sought as the child.

Entertainments cease to entertain. The clever computation does not please, unless there are sterling qualities of character back of the cleverness. Work is the blessing of mankind. There ought to be some earnest purpose, some worthy aim, in the heart of every one.

Live not for the present moment. Live to be and do. There are consequences to all our acts. Folly soon brings a bitter harvest which no one can escape reaping. There are innocent joys to which all, especially the young, are entitled. But it should be learned that living to some worthy purpose brings the truest enjoyment. —Milwaukee Journal.

Crossing the Dough.
 "When I was a boy in South York shire," says a correspondent of an English journal, "where most wives baked their own bread, the last thing before putting a 'kneading,' as the finished dough was termed, down by the fire to rise was the two stashing cuts with a knife that made a cross. Then a piece of mutton was thrown over the top of the bowl. Where one wife would admit that the cross was 'to let the witch out,' another would say it was 'to help the dough to rise,' and a third would answer that it was 'just a fashion or an 'nvet' else.' But if some trouble seeking boy had meddled with the cross and the baking turned out, and very seldom did the dough market, the blame on him for 'spoiling the cross.'"

Dangerous Talk.
 A new arrival at a certain boarding house was a man who had taken part in a famous arctic exploration, and at dinner time he often regaled the other boarders with stories of his adventures.

"Yes," he said after one particularly thrilling description, "we were slowly starving to death. Just when things were at the last gasp one fellow had an idea. He cut up our boots and made soup of them, and—"

"Hush! Hush!" hissed all the other boarders anxiously. "Don't let the landlady hear you!" —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

His Own Hands.
 A fashionable painter, noted for his prolific output, was discussing at a studio in New York a recent scandal in the picture trade.

"Look here, old man," said a notable critic, "do you paint all your own pictures?" "I do," the other answered hotly and with my own hands too."

"And what do you pay your hands? the other inquired. "I'm thinking of starting an anti-factory myself!"

A Fine Distinction.
 A small boy in the village school when writing a composition on "Quakers" wound up by saying, "Quakers never quarrel, never get into a fight, never claw and never scratch." Their he added, "Paw is a Quaker, but I really don't think paw is."

The Adjutant Bird.
 The adjutant or marabout bird of India, which is named on account of its feathers, will swallow a hare or a cat whole. It stands five feet high and has a fifteen foot expanse of wing.

Test.
 "They seem to be in love." "Yes, I really believe those two black as much of each other as they do of themselves." —Louisville Courier-Journal.

Gypsies and Death.
 The custom of placing the property of the dead in their graves has always been followed by the true Romany gypsies. It is due to some old tradition of ill luck attending the possession of an article whose former owner is gone, and much valuable property is buried in this belief. There is also a sentiment among gypsies against the possession of anything that has belonged to a dead person, because it serves to remind the living of the departed and inspire in them a dread of death. The custom of burying their property with gypsies died out from the earliest history of the Romany tribes.

Watering the Horse.
 It is allowable when a horse is hot to let him have three or four swallows of cool water, but no more. The few swallows will help cool him, and another limited drink may be given every few minutes for four or five times, after which he may drink his fill without danger. In careless or inexperienced hands, however, the only safe way is to let the horse stand for half an hour or more with no water until he is fairly cooled off.

THE TRAMP'S SIDE OF IT.

He Laments the Wickedness of the World
 By M. QUAD
 Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

"Oh, yes, I see a good deal of human nature as I travel about," replied the tramp as he put his wet shoes against the hot stove, "and the more I see of it the more I wish I was a hermit in a cave up in the mountains."

"Do you find it growing worse?" was asked. "Preachers tell us that the world is growing better," continued Willie, "but if one day's travel in the country wouldn't prove to the contrary I'd give my old hat. I began touring sixteen years ago, and I give you my word that there is at least twice the wickedness now that there was then, and it is growing mighty fast. Yes; I'll give you some illustrations."

"I meet so many liars that I have come to believe that not one man in a hundred has any respect for truth. I get two or three days' work with a farmer. After the day's work is done the family looks for me to sit down and relate my adventures. They encourage me to lie. They want me to tell about the robberies and thefts I have committed and the prisons I have been in and escaped from. If I don't lie out rationally they think I am a villain who will not give himself away; if I do lie the chances are that they will give some constable the tip and he will arrest me for the crimes I have confessed."

"I have heard husbands lie to wives and wives to husbands. I have, in fact, heard so much lying as to disgust me, and I am only a tramp. There are by-paths and deceptions everywhere. There are swindling and graft everywhere. A country constable who arrests me on the highway as I am plodding along will swear before the justice of the peace that I was just entering or leaving a farmer's barn. The owner of that barn can be induced to go into court and perjure himself, and the justice who tries me will remark that I look like a murderer."

"I very seldom ever heard one family speak well of another in the country, but when they met they were all ways very effusive. One afternoon a farmer's wife had me in the house scrubbing floors and washing windows and moving furniture about. In three hours' time she blasted the character of every family for five miles around. She had just finished her trade when a woman that she had accused most bitterly happened to drop in. The accuser rushed for her with open arms and kissed her half a dozen times before she stopped."

"I have read and heard about savagery of war—the submarines, the poisonous gases, the starvation of prisoners—but let me tell you that there is savagery elsewhere than in war. Man was born a savage."

"Let me give you an incident. I was plodding along the highway one summer morning about half-past-8 o'clock. I passed a country school-house. Thirty rods beyond the house I met the schoolmazzar on his way to open school. I had not quite forgotten the manners of other days, and I raised my cap and bade her a good morning. She passed on without a word in reply, and a short quarter of a mile beyond I met three children going to school. I gave them a smile and a nod, and they laughed in reply. That was the whole thing,—the whole thing I knew that the children stopped and looked after me, but I stopped along without turning my head."

"At a farmhouse a mile further on I got work hauling corn. I worked so hard during the day that the farmer complimented me at night, and I heard his wife whisper to him that they had found a tramp at last who seemed willing to sweat a little to earn his way. I was to sleep in the barn, and soon after 9 o'clock and when I was getting ready to go out to my roost there arrived at the house, headed by the schoolmazzar, a gang of five or six farmers. These among them had guns, two had clubs, and one had a coil of rope in his hand."

"There is the villain that's the man," exclaimed the woman as she caught sight of me. "What is the trouble?" I asked. "You can't after me this morning," she cried. "You would have caught hold of me if I had not picked up a stone and threatened to throw it in your face."

"Well, that was a nice fix I was in," said the tramp. "Nothing of the kind had taken place, and for a minute I was dumb with surprise. Then I decided it, but it was no go."

"In a moment or two more something would have happened to me if I had not thought of the three children I met. I asked that some one might go for them, and my employer was good enough to hasten on that errand. He said that I should have a fair show."

"The children and their father came, and it put a different light on the story as once. When the young woman was asked why she had said in a yarn, which might have brought about the death of a man, she carelessly replied: "Oh, I was so scared that I really don't know just what did happen." "My employer said to me: "You are an innocent man, but a marked man. You will have to go. You can't stay in this neighborhood." "And when Willie moved on," was the conclusion of the story. "He was threatened with lynching because he had raised his cap and given good cheer to a woman on the highway. Don't say we have returned to savagery. Say, rather, we have never lost it."

AN OLD TIME DINNER.

Curious Table Manners of England in the Seventeenth Century.

An account of hospitality in England in 1620 gives a good idea of the manner in which a country gentleman of the period lived. Dinner and supper were brought in by the servants with their hats on, a custom which is corroborated by Fynes Morison, who says that, being at a knight's house who had many servants to attend him, they brought in the meats with their heads covered with blue caps.

After washing their hands in a basin they sat down to dinner, and Sir James Pringle said grace. The viands seemed to have been plentiful and excellent—"big pottage, long kale, borage of white kale," which is cabbage, "brach soppe," powdered beef, roast and boiled mutton, a venison-pie in form of an egg and goose. Then they had cheese, cut and uncut, and apples. But the close of the feast was the most curious thing about it.

The tablecloth was removed, and on the table were put a "towel the whole breadth of the table and half the length of it, a basin and ewer to wash, then a green carpet laid on, then one cup of beer set on the carpet, their little lawn servitor plaited over the corner of the table and a glass of hot water set down also on the table; then there were three boys to say grace, the first the thanksgiving, the second the Pater Noster, the third prayer for a blessing of God's church. The good man of the house, his parents, kinfolk and the whole company then do drink hot waters, so at supper, then to bed."

BREAKING INTO FARMING.

Some Advice to Those Who Yearn to "Wee the Soil."
 "How can I make a start?" ask men who have grown tired of un congenial positions.

Certain things seem clear. First, the individual must decide for himself just which line of work he prefers, and then he should secure a good knowledge of the theory of it. The next thing is to develop a knowledge of the practice of the work, and about the only way to do so is actually to work awhile at it. Don't be too hastily alarmed. In this day the farming business are crying for labor, and the workers are paid well for their services.

Next, he ought never to buy a place "unseen." He should look over the prospective farm, consider location, soil, climate, markets and labor conditions. In short, he must be prepared to handle a farm business like any other business. He must be prepared for hard physical and keen mental work. If he is capable of these, especially of the latter, he need not be afraid to venture into a farming proposition, for it will repay his efforts. But if he hasn't this ability let him stay right where he is.

Never let him attempt to show the natives how to farm, for without good business management behind it he will find farming about the hardest work with the poorest pay on earth.—Justice Miller in Countryville Magazine.

One Way to Get Fame.

Walter was something of a wag. One day his father said to him: "See here, my son. You must begin to think of the future. What are you going to do to gain fame and fortune when you grow up?"

"I'm going to make toothpicks," answered the boy.


"Going to make toothpicks? I don't understand how you'll ever become famous."

"Why, father, it will be easy enough. I'll manufacture millions upon millions of them, and on each I'll stamp my name. The toothpicks will be in everybody's mouth, of course, and so will my name. And if my name is in every one's mouth I shall be famous enough."

"Well, well," said the astonished gentleman. "I think I would do well to let that boy alone." —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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