

PREPARATION IN LOVE.

It was a lover loved a maid
That had a father who
Was thought to be by all the world
Exceedingly well-to-do.

POOR LITTLE SUT.

Up in Tompkins County, N. Y., lives
a well-to-do farmer, named Pitkins,
with his wife and two daughters.

Why, Mary, exclaimed Pitkins,
"he's too small!"
"But he'll grow, John, and then I like
his looks better."

So, Farmer Pitkins grumbled a little
over her choice, as he lifted Sut into
the buggy between them and drove home.

It's no use, Mary, waiting for this
boy to grow. I must take him back
to the poorhouse and get a larger boy.

Mrs. Pitkins, with a feeling of tenderness
toward the little homeless waif she
had selected, hadn't the heart to go and
pick out a boy to supplant him in the
home that had been born in it.

Tramps, miserable, dangerous outcasts,
seem to be the constant menace of
unprotected farmers, especially the
women who are so often left alone.

The noise that little Sut made and the
vigorous fusillade of potatoes that he
hurled at the tramp so disconcerted him
that it allowed the two women a chance
to escape and lock themselves in a room
up stairs.

They had done their work cruelly and
well. Little Sut lay in the corner motionless
where he fell, and the neighbor
had him on the bed, while Mrs. Pitkins
and her daughters went over to him and
frantically called his name.

A little grave down at the village
churchyard, kept green by three grateful
women, and fragrant with perfumes of
flowers, is all now left on earth of little
Sut, but somewhere we know he has
gone where they do not think him too
small.

Women's Waists.

Women, especially those of the upper
classes, who are not obliged to keep
themselves in condition by work, lose
after middle age (sometimes earlier) a
considerable amount of their height, not
by stooping, as men do, but by actual
collapse, sinking down, mainly to be
attributed to the perishing of the muscles
that support the frame, in consequence
of habitual and constant pressure of
stays, and dependence upon the artificial
support by them afforded.

Finding a Father.

About 30 years ago there resided upon
a farm, a few miles northeast of the city
of Oakland, a man named Thomas A.
Fairbanks, who, if not in affluent circum-
stances was, as the saying is, "comfortably
fixed," with a good home, a happy
family, consisting of a wife and two chil-
dren. He was proud in the strength of
his manhood, and had a panorama of his
life for the twenty years to come been
spread out before him he would have
scoffed at the picture.

But again he was crushed and his limbs
were mangled—this time by theaving of
a well which he was digging. Then his
courage left him, and he abandoned him-
self to the use of the baleful weed, and
for the past twelve or fifteen years he
has been most of the time an inmate of
the county infirmary, and constantly so
for the past six years, until ten months
ago, when Dr. Kelly, one of the visiting
physicians, became interested in the
quiet, patient old man, and determined
to give him a better home. Since then,
Fairbanks, now upward of seventy years
of age, has been thoroughly content, and
has striven earnestly to make all possi-
ble returns in the way of light chores,
for the kindness of the doctor, whom he
regards in the light of a benefactor. A
week ago he received a letter. An event
in itself, as he had not received a letter
from any one in a half a score of years,
and did not suppose that outside of this
valley there was a friend anywhere who
remembered him.

He recognized the name of his daugh-
ter, but Fruitvale he knew nothing of.
He showed his letter to his best friend,
and described to him the location of his
former home, which is where Fruitvale
Station now is. By the advice of the
doctor he answered the letter, giving as
full account of his own and the history
of his family as he could recall. A few
days ago he received a letter from the
same man, stating that he was the hus-
band of Albertina Fairbanks, for whose
father they had spent ten years in un-
availing search, and that they believed
him to be the man. He will be sent to
Oakland in a few days for an interview,
but the circumstances are such as to
leave no room to doubt that the old man
has found a home for his declining years
and that the few years remaining to him
will be made as happy as possible. Dr.
Kelly speaks of him as honest, industri-
ous and faithful, having but the one
vice, and that the result of his injuries.

Dancing With Vim in It.

Let us present ourselves at a genuine
country dance in Vermont. The musi-
cians have just come in and taken the
seats provided for them on a slightly
raised platform at one end of the long
hall. About fifty or sixty "couples" of
young people are scattered about through-
out the hall, some in merry groups, talking;
others, more bashful, clinging to each
other's arms and waiting in silence for
the music to strike up. After the usual
prelude of shrilling and tooting the
leader of the little orchestra nods to the
floor manager, who promptly steps for-
ward and shouts: "Gentlemen, please
take partners for—," as the dance may
be. If it is a waltz, the expectant swain
awkwardly and blushing circles the
fair one with his arm and begins to
swing, with a sort of rhythmic apology
for the prematureness of the embrace.
She timidly places her hand in his and
undulates slightly in sympathy with his
impulse.

At last the leader of the orchestra
looks significantly around his little band
of artists, nods his head upon his violin,
draws his bow with an emphatic gesture,
and the music strikes up. About half
the couples in the room have caught the
rhythm of the music; the others swing
hopelessly round, changing step and
bumping into each other, till something
like a conglomerated dead-lock ensues in
one part of the room, and the dancers
composing it disengage themselves, and
wander away with many blanches to a
more open space, where they try again.
Nobody seems to notice the little by-play.
All are dancing or trying to dance, and
have enough to do to attend to their own
motions. Here is a couple, neither of
whom knows how to waltz or has the
slightest idea of the magic power of
rhythm; but that does not seem to dis-
turb them in the least. Round and round
they swing, executing the simplest kind
of a circle with endless repetition. Pres-
ently they both grow so dizzy that they
stagger against the wall, and stand there
panting and perspiring, till their equi-
librium and their breath are recovered,
when they launch upon a new series of
revolution.

But there are plenty of good dancers
on the floor whom it is a pleasure to
watch. They do not adopt the limp,
esthetic attitude and lazy lobe of the
fashionable city waltzer, but go whirling
down the floor at a good lively pace, and
even where the crowd is thickest scurry
from couple to couple like billiard balls.
The young lady does not lay her cheek
affectionately on the young gentleman's
shoulder, nor stretch out her lily white
arm and feathered fan in the direction
of the Polar star, where it meets her
partner's at an equally inconvenient and
ridiculous attitude, but she dances in a
natural position, slightly inclined for-
ward and supported by her partner's
arm, while one hand rests firmly on his
shoulder and the other is clasped by
his disengaged hand. There is a spring
and spirit, an endurance and evident
enjoyment about these country
dances which you will look for in vain
in the enervating and perfumed air of
the fashionable salon. These young people
will dance all night long, and be ready
for another ball the next night.—[Bur-
lington, Vt., Letter.

BEER AND RAILROAD BUILDING.—The
consumption of beer in the camps of
railway builders is enormous, observes
E. V. Smalley, in The Century. At Bi-
marck I saw an entire freight train of
thirty cars laden with bottled beer from
a Chicago brewery, bound for the town
nearest the end of the track. The chief
engineer of the construction force said
that an average of one bottle for every
trod laid is consumed, and that the trees
and the beer cost the same—fifty cents.
Thus the workmen pay as much for their
drink as the company for one of the im-
portant elements of railway construction.

English hotel proprietors write to the
London Daily News that their efforts to
prevent guests thinking it necessary to
give fees to servants prove utterly un-
availing.

A Story of a Quarter.

"I gave you a quarter, sir," said an
elderly woman with an acid smile last
Saturday, as she glanced through her
glasses at an old sea captain who had
just deposited her fare in the cash box of
a Madison Avenue stage, says the New
York Sun. He started up and rushed to
the box just in time to see the quarter
disappear through the trap. He turned
around in confusion and said that he did
not notice the money, and that he thought
it was all right. Then he hammered at
the glass opening for the driver, and
asked for twenty cents in change, but the
driver wanted to know how he was going
to get down into the box and get the
quarter. He was sure he was not going
to pay it out of his own pocket and trust
to luck to get it back from the company.
If the passenger wanted it she should go
to the office and get it.

The old mariner said: "Blast your
eyes, if you be so mean, I'll pay for my
mistake, and he began fishing in his
pockets for the money, while the woman
looked like a picture of injured inno-
cence, and asked another passenger in a
bitter tone of voice if the one who had
taken her quarter was not connected
with the company.

"Me!" exclaimed the honest old blun-
derer, whose confusion was increased be-
cause he could not find his change; "bless
you, I do not belong on land. I'll pay
you back this money, though; but I
don't believe I've got a cent."

He completed his vain search, and,
picking out an old memorandum book,
asked for her name and address, saying
that he would call there that night and
leave the money.

"Oh, never mind," said she, in a min-
ing way; "it only teaches me a lesson.
Hereafter I will pay my own fare."

"Oh, I'll bring you the money, ma'am.
I just happened to be out of it now,"
and he placed the memorandum upon
his knees and said, politely: "What's
the name? I'll get the money to you."

"Oh, well," she said, "let it go. It's
all right. I've learned a lesson. I'll
pay my own fare hereafter."

She repeated this several times with
the air of one who knew she had been
swindled, and wanted others to know it.
The old captain, with flushed cheeks,
asked again for her name, and she at
length gave it, but as a parting shot, re-
peated that she had learned a lesson.

"Well, ma'am," he said, "I am ready
to make all amends, but I get a lesson,
too; and while I'm not a-saying what it
is so much, I've got it all the same."

A pretty young woman, with eyes that
began to snap beneath the shade of a big
fur hat, could not repress her delight at
this, and she said in the softest tone of
voice, to the old captain:

"I'll tell you, sir, what to do. We'll
collect all the fares that come into the
stage now until we make up this sum,
and that will save you from further
trouble."

and cherishes riots. It crowds your
penitentiaries and furnishes victims to
your scaffold. It is the life blood of the
gambler, the element of the burglar, the
prop of the highwayman and the sport
of the midnight incendiary. It counten-
ances the liar, respects the thief, es-
teems the blasphemer. It violates obli-
gations, reverences fraud, and honors
infamy. It defames benevolence, hates
love, scorns virtue, and slanders inno-
cence. It incites the father to butcher
his helpless offspring, helps the husband
to massacre his wife, and the child to
grind the parrioidal ax. It burns up
men, consumes women, detests life,
curses God, and despises heaven. It
suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, de-
files the jury box, and stains the judicial
crimine. It degrades the citizen, debases
the legislator, dishonors the statesman,
and disarms the patriot. It brings
shame, not honor; terror, not safety; de-
spair, not hope; misery, not happiness;
and with the malevolence of a fiend, it
calmly surveys its frightful desolation,
and, unsatisfied with its havoc, it poisons
felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights
confidence, slays reputation, and wipes
out national honor, then curses the
world and laughs at its ruin. It does
all that and more—it murders the soul.
It is the son of all villainies, and the
father of all crimes, the mother of abomi-
nations, the devil's best friend, and
God's worst enemy.

Identification by Handwriting.

A good handwriting is getting to be
one of the lost arts. The fathers and
grandfathers of the present generation,
as a general thing, wrote a handsome
and more legible hand than do the chil-
dren and grandchildren. There is one
point in penmanship to which I have
just been giving some attention. It re-
lates to the testimony of handwriting.

Not long ago a man was hanged in New
England by handwriting experts. As a
class such experts ought not to have in-
fluence enough to hang a cat. And now
it is claimed that some Brussels murder-
ers have been run down by tell-tale
tricks of their penmanship. The readers
of this little note may be assured that the
writer of it knows individuals who can
write other people's names so cunningly
that these other people cannot decide
whether the signatures are their own or
not. I have actual cases in mind
where this puzzle has been
tried. One notable instance I
must mention. The State of Massachu-
setts not many years since had two of its
bonds presented for redemption, which
seemed precisely alike. One was forged
bond throughout. The officers whose
names appeared upon these bonds could
not tell "which was which." But this is
nothing. I have a man near me who can
write your signature and mine, or the
signature of any person that may be
placed before him as a study, so cunningly
that neither you nor I can tell
which is which. It is lucky that he is
an honest man, or he might do danger-
ous work with your name on a big check
or note. Bankers in the United States
place little reliance upon signatures as a
means of identification in payment of
checks, etc. The person who presents a
check to a Boston bank for payment
must be positively identified before the
money will be paid to him. It is in vain
for him to offer in evidence that he is the
right man any handwriting testimony.

And it does not make any difference
whether the check is payable to bearer
or order. Identification in both cases is
demanded. In England one finds a most
marked difference from this way of doing
business. The paying teller of a London
bank tries to assure himself that a check
is all right both in point of signature of
drawer as regards the drawer's balance,
and then slaps out the money to whoever
presents the check. It matters not whether
the check is payable to order or bearer;
he demands no identification in either
case. He only looks on the back of the
order check to see if it has the name in-
dorsed. This check-paying custom did
not always prevail in England. At one
time the English practice in these pres-
ences was the same as ours is now. They
have since progressed out of it. We re-
main tied to their old style. We shall
get out of this rut one of these days. The
great bankers of London long ago found
they could never get through their busi-
ness if the identification responsibility
was to remain upon them. They pressed
the matter upon the attention of Parlia-
ment. Parliament came to their relief.
It said, pay checks to whoever presents
them, and your whole duty is done. If
I to day drop my check in London,
made payable to the order of W. B.
Morrill, the firstascal that picks it up in
the streets and puts Mr. Morrill's
name to the back may collect that check
—and get imprisoned for life for so
doing. It is, of course, the imperative
duty of any person who has lost a check
to have its payment stopped at once.—
[Boston Banker in Exeter, N. H., News
Letter.

A Model Report of a Hauging.

"Ivison Slade, colored, was hanged at
noon to-day for the murder of Dora
White, his sister-in-law, last June, for
creating trouble between him and his
wife. Last night he made an unsuccess-
ful attempt to kill his death watch. He
was firm on the scaffold. He dropped
five feet. The gallows was in a valley
near town. An immense crowd was
present, many coming from South Caro-
lina and Virginia. Some came fifty miles.
They camped all night. The procession
to the gallows was a solemn scene.
Slade confessed his crime. He died
with a few convulsions." For a report
of the hanging there is some business-
like style about the above. No blubber-
ing, no monkeying, no dull thud. All
neat and sweet and prompt, and the
platform cleared for the next candidate.
—Kansas City Journal.

A plain tapioca, suitable for delicate
stomachs, is made by boiling half a tea-
spoonful of tapioca in half a pint of water;
when the tapioca is entirely dissolved or
melted, add gradually half a pint of
milk; just before taking from the fire
(and, by the way, this should not be
done till the milk is thickened with the
tapioca), add a well-beaten egg, and
sugar and flavoring to suit your taste.
This is nice, either warm or cold.

A Brooklyn landlady recently dropped
her false teeth into one of her boarder's
cup of coffee. He immediately made her
a present of the coffee, and generally
told her she needn't give him credit for
it on his bill.

ALL SORTS.

It's getting so that one will feel safe
only when living in a cave.
What we've got against India is that
they let Joseph Cook come home.
The dead beat poor in the goods of
this world, is generally rich in taffy.
Neither interest nor friendship, to
please any man, should cause us to do
evil.

Although too much "chin" is not a
thing of beauty, it is apt to become a
jaw forever.
"The young man who says 'yes?'
with an interrogation is to be married to
the young woman who says 'no!' with
an exclamation.
About the safest way to spend a night
at a Western hotel is to stand out on the
steps and have the porter play the hose
on you till morning, says the Rochester
Post Express.

The prohibition amendment now before
the Missouri legislature, says the
Globe-Democrat, contains enough mat-
erial for litigation to keep all the courts
in the State busy for twenty years.
Jimmy's 25 cent watch not running
satisfactorily, he cried it open and doped
it from ma's bottle of peppermint, ex-
plaining to her that "I des it dot tomach
ache."—Watchman.

The music for a Sunday bull fight in
Arizona was provided by a band of
a United States cavalry regiment, with
disastrous results, as it scared all the
fight out of the bulls.—Boston Post.
When a Toronto man can't achieve fame
any other way, he sails in to be the
meanest man of the town, but there's so
much competition that he doesn't always
get there.—Boston Post.

"Dear Mr. Jones," said a learned
woman, "you remind me of a barometer
that is filled with nothing in the upper
story." "Divine Amelia Brown," said
he, "you occupy my upper story."
Aunt Esther is trying to persuade little
Eddie to retire at sunset, using as an
argument that the little chickens went
to roost at that time. "Yes," said Eddie
"but then, auntie, the old hen always
goes with them."

For the information of strangers who
intend to spend the Sabbath in this city,
we would state the penal code is pegging
out and the back doors of most of the
saloons are neither locked nor bolted.—
N. Y. Com. Adv.

A few words properly used express a
great deal. How do my customers like
my milk? The youth, the fearfully
precocious youth, looked into the milk-
man's face with a perplexed expression
and asked: "Your what?"
A telegram from Boston states that on
the 4th there was a storm at Mount
Washington, and the wind traveled at
the rate of 144 miles an hour. This is
the way in which a Mount Washington
wind differs from a district telegraph
messenger boy.—Puck.

On the first Sunday in December or
thereabouts such an amount of snow fell
in Madrid, Spain, that the like thereof
had not been known for 20 years. It is
said the depth of the snow in the Span-
ish capital after a single day's storm was
more than eleven inches.
It has been claimed that using coffee
and tea caused nervousness, and now
comes along a doctor and denies the
statement entirely. The real cause of
the greatest nervousness among married
men is the expectation of finding their
wives awake when they come home
late.

"You may talk about your mean men,"
said one rustic to another on the ferry-
boat the other day, "but we've got a
woman over there in Alameda who beats
all." "Kinder close—is she?" "Close?
Why, last month her husband died—
fourth husband, mind—and I'm blamed
if she didn't take the doorplate off the
front door, had his name added, and then
nailed it on to his coffin. Said she
guessed likely she'd be wanting a new
name on the door soon anyway."

A Practical Minister.

The pastor of St. Chrysostom's church,
Philadelphia, has hit upon a plan for
detecting unworthy persons soliciting alms
at his door, and for the nearly two years
it has been in operation but one in-
dividual has circumvented him. The
pastor accepted the request of the So-
ciety for Organizing Charity to make in-
quiry into the needs of applicants for
alms, and he set about his work in this
manner: He obtained a freshly-coined
silver dollar, and to all persons who ap-
plied to him for assistance he held the
shining coin before them and said it
would be theirs if they would remove a
cartload of gravel that had been dumped
in the ministerial back yard. An hour
would have sufficed to perform the work,
but the applicants were unable to find a
spare hour in which to remove the ob-
struction. The first case was a man on
his way to Baltimore, who wanted only
a little more to aid him. The minister
produced his dollar, and the traveler's
eyes brightened as he spied the shining
silver.

"Here, sir, is a dollar," but holding
on to it, he added:
"You are a strong man, and honor-
able, and you would rather work for it,
would you not?"
"Indeed I would," was the response.
"I have a load of gravel which I would
like to have removed; it will take you an
hour. I will give you this."