

THE FAMILY STORY

DADDY JOHN'S NEW CLOTHES

HERE had been a royal fire in Daddy John's cabin, and there was still a great bed of glowing coals when his daughter Liz called him to dinner. Daddy warmed his thin hands at the fire and the sweet smell of the corn pone and the fragrance of the coffee were very pleasant to him. His old, wizened face wrinkled into something meant for a smile.

"The doctor woman's bar'l has come," he said.

"I seen it on Jule Fraley's wagon," replied Liz, her dark, weather-beaten eyes lighting.

"Come an' eat dinner, dad," she added.

"I'm a-comin'," quavered the old man, uttering forward and pulling along an old splint chair.

"What's this piece er saddle blanket?" he croaked.

"I had it er ridin' Pomp," declared Dad.

"You git it mighty quick," said his mother.

But brought a tattered sheepskin which the old man carefully folded in the chair and then sat down.

That part of Daddy John's apparel which came in contact with the sheepskin was so attenuated as to fabric that the interposition of the worn fleece was most comforting.

"I've got ter hev some new clothes," said Daddy, presently.

"Liz, she looked at Dad.

"Wants some new clothes powerful bad, too, but he can't get 'em," said Liz, like a nigger never git him none."

"Bud kin git erlong," said the old man, testily.

"Don't you reckon the doctor woman's got clothes in her car?" asked Liz.

"I reckon. But mobby they ain't nary thing for me."

"Ef you should go up thar—"

"I ain't er goin'," interrupted the old man, almost angrily. "Doctor woman's alays been good fer we us an' I don't aim ter ax her fer any thing."

His feeble hands trembled as he took up his torn hat.

"She got plenty of everything," said Liz, sullenly.

"It don't differ. I ain't goin'." Daddy John went out.

"Dad alays er fool!" mused Liz, as she lit her pipe.

"You an' help yer granddick pick up yaters," she called to Bud.

Bud, sauntering lazily toward the potato bank, saw somebody swinging along the mountain toward the cabin.

"Thar's the doctor woman's nigger comin' after you, granddick," he called.

Daddy John set his spade down hard and leaned forward on the handle.

"Comin' after me? You see a plim dit, Bud."

But he stared from under his shaggy brows and breathed hard as the handsome yellow woman came up.

"Howdy, Sally!"

"Howdy, Daddy John. Bankin' up yaters?"

"I reckon."

He was shaking all over and felt sick.

"Got some permaters yit, daddy? Git some! I want a permater pie, I does."

"Yis, yis," said the old man, shortly.

"Doctor woman's you to come up thar, daddy. She's got sumfin fer you'se out er her bar'l."

"Yessum. I'll come after I gits my yaters done banked up."

Sally started off with her tomatoes.

"Tell her I'm obliged to her," called Daddy's cracked voice.

"What my missis wants to throw yit good clothes on thar pore white mash fer, I don't know," grumbled Sally. "Me and Jake could er make use o' all o' them things."

Daddy John went on with his work.

"Ain't yer er goin', granddick?" cried Bud.

"Yis, I'm er goin' right now."

He toddled off to the cabin, washed his hands at the porch and dried them in a bit of burlaps. The doctor was watching for the old man. He gave a queer pull at his tattered hat brim as she came near.

"Howdy, Daddy John! I'm 'light had to see you. Come in!"

He stood at the edge of the hearth, musing at the barrel. The doctor smiled.

"Your hat is getting pretty old, daddy. The brim is torn and there's such a big hole in the crown!"

"Yessum. Hit's plum worn out, sure s'uff."

"Never mind," said the doctor. "I have such a nice cap for you," showing it to him. "Made of soft fur and with er lappets to tie down."

The old face altered. It lost ten warty years.

"Try it on, daddy! Now, is it not nice? You won't freeze your poor ears no more."

"No, ma'am! Thank'ee, ma'am. I reckon I'd better go now."

"Wait a bit. You need some shoes, daddy. Here are some—good ones."

"Mighty fine shoes, mighty fine," mumbled the old man.

"Now, you need some soft warm socks. Here they are. You want to put them on, coffee yer? Come in here. And now I must go—oh, yes—go to feed my chickens. But there's one thing more. Here is a nice pair of trousers!"

"Doctor?"

"It's all right, Daddy! They will just fit you, I'm sure."

Such a droll figure awaited the doctor's return. A little gray old man, his small spindle legs rattling around in the fine black trousers, his ragged, faded calico shirt abashed in such company. He looked at her speechless, his wrinkled face working.

She smiled at him.

"I have a vest here for you, Daddy. And I'll give you a clean white shirt to take home."

"Doctor!" the old man gasped. "I don't—"

"Don't worry, Daddy. Try on the vest."

He put it on, tugging weakly at the buttons.

believed that the clothes would never be recovered.

Out in the woods one frosty morning a heavy foot crushed into the dead leaves, and a big chestnut, falling, struck the owner of the foot on the nose.

He raised his black face toward the treetops.

"Hi! Dey's drappin' all de time now, an' dey's a heap better'n co'n."

He sat down in his tracks and filled his pockets and shirt-front, eating voraciously the white.

"Reckon I'd better be gwine now," he said presently.

Rising, he picked his way, like a cat, through the underbrush, climbing constantly till he reached a spot where a huge bowlder cropped out and overhung the mountain side. Its crest commanded the whole valley, and its shelving underside made a cozy shelter. Thick pines crowded up and concealed the entrance. The convict had been so sharply hunted that he had been unable to escape from the neighborhood, and it was in the boldness of desperation that he had chosen his retreat so near the State road that he could hear the voices of the country folk as they passed to and from town.

He sat down to cogitate. "Ef I could git word to Rosy, or git to Rosy, I'd be all right; but, Lordy! I can't do nary one on 'em."

The train whizzed out from a cutting and whistled sharply as it tore along. The negro grinned with pleasure. He was so much a savage that this nomadic existence, though hunted and tortured by fear, was sweet to him.

"Howdy, gemmen!" he chuckled, as, peering through the pine boughs, he recognized some of his fellow-convicts on the train. "Don't you wish you was me? Plenty grub, heap o' new clothes and no work to do. Ho, ho!"

He rose and drew out a bundle, undid it, viewed its contents with a series of laughing explosions, and then presently doffed his striped suit and arrayed himself anew.

"Mighty fine clothes fer a fac', cost a heap o' money."

He softly patted his limbs, twisted his neck to get a glimpse of his back, and creased all his black face into one big smile. A mirror would have made his rapture perfect.

"Rosy won't know me in dese yere. She'll tek me fer a preacher jest from confunce!"

He changed back to his striped suit and tied up his bundle. A sharp wind sprang up and drove before it icy drops of rain.

"Golly!" muttered the darky. "Ain't it cold? I'll risk a fer arter darky."

Down to the doctor's farm everybody was hurrying to get the crops under shelter. The last load had gone in when Jule Fraley looked up at the sky. The clouds were rolling up like a curtain, showing the far mountains a deep, intense blue etched with an amber sky.

"Durned ef it's going to storm, after all," said Jule.

Suddenly he straightened himself.

"Bud!" he called sharply. "Look yon-on the mountain. Ain't that smoke?"

Bud could see as far as an Indian.

"Yes. That's smoke."

"Ther' ain't no house thar?"

"Naw. Nary house."

Jule walked away briskly.

Two hours later five men parted the umbrageous pines and tip-toed cautiously toward a small opening under a great rock on the mountain side. A whiff of warm air stole out to them. A great bed of coals glowed red, and with his feet to the fire, a negro in convict dress lay sound asleep. The men had their guns ready. One pointed his piece upward and a shot tore through the tree tops. The negro was on his feet in an instant.

"We've got you!" said one.

He looked from one to the other and his dark face grew a shade lighter.

"I surrender, gemmen!" he said, calmly.

Shortly after this event Daddy John reappeared in his new clothes. He wore them almost constantly for a few weeks, and then they were suddenly retired from public observation, and Daddy went about looking as if the scarecrow in the cornfield had stepped down from his perch and toddled off to seek winter quarters. The doctor was puzzled. When, at last, she questioned Jule Fraley, Jule shook his head mysteriously.

"I reckon I kin tell yer ef yer won't be put out about it."

"Well, well! Do so!"

"I reckon," in a hushed voice, "at her keeplin' of 'em ter be buried in."—New York Tribune.



Solid Petroleum.

It is reported in Science that Monsieur De Humy, a French naval officer, has invented a process by which petroleum can be converted into solid blocks, as hard as anthracite coal. Common petroleum oil, it is asserted, has been thus solidified, and the blocks, in burning, give off intense heat and are slowly consumed. One ton of solid petroleum used as fuel is said to be equivalent to thirty tons of coal. The comparative cost of the two forms of fuel is not given.

Measuring Wind by Music.

Dr. Carl Barus has recently shown how the velocity of the wind can be reckoned by noting the musical pitch of the sound given out when wind blows across a stretched wire. The principal elements on which the calculation is based are the diameter of the wire and the temperature of the air. The length of the wire is immaterial, so long as it is not changed. Every variation in the wind's velocity is faithfully represented by the rising or falling of the pitch of the note sung by the wire.

Giant Plants on Mountains.

Recent explorers of the Caucasus Mountains have reported the existence there of a peculiar race of gigantic herbaceous plants growing at a height of nearly 6,000 feet above sea-level. Plants belonging to the same botanic families, but growing at the bottom of the valleys below, do not attain an extraordinary size. For instance, a species of campanula—our ordinary harebell—is a campanula—grows only two feet high in the valleys, but on the mountains it reaches a height of six feet, and its stem becomes thick and rigid, like that of a small tree.

Armies on Ice.

Army engineers in various countries have calculated the thickness of ice necessary to sustain certain weights. Ice two inches thick is deemed strong enough to bear a man's weight, according to a summary of the army rules on this subject published in "Engineering Mechanics," and on such ice infantry may march if the distance between each man is properly spaced. Cavalry and light field guns can cross ice four inches thick. Six-inch ice will sustain heavy field guns; eight-inch ice artillery batteries with horses; and ten-inch ice "an army or an innumerable multitude." On fifteen-inch ice railroads have been laid and operated for months at a time.

The Fluoroscope.

Mr. Thomas A. Edison has invented an apparatus, called the fluoroscope, by the aid of which a surgeon, instead of photographing with the X rays the bones or other hard substances concealed under the skin and flesh of a patient, may actually see them. The machine depends for its action upon the fact that the X rays possess certain substances, which chemists call fluorescent. Mr. Edison first determined, by experiment, that the best fluorescent substance for this purpose was calcium tungstate. The tungstate is spread in a smooth layer upon a piece of pasteboard which forms the bottom of a small box, having holes for the eye at the upper end. A Crookes tube, enclosed in another box, is excited by a current of electricity, and if the hand, for instance, is to be examined, it is placed upon the box containing the tube. The observer then looks into the viewing box, whose tungstate-covered bottom is placed directly above the hand, and sees, with startling distinctness, the bones and joints, showing as dark and delicately graduated shadows, while the flesh is only faintly visible. The reason the bones appear is because they intercept the X rays, and thus prevent the tungstate surface from becoming fluorescent where their shadows fall.

A PARSON AND A PIG.

What Was Effective in One Case Was Tried in the Other.

A poor woman came to the parson of the parish with the request: "Please, pass'n' my old sow be took cruel bad. I wish now, you'd be so good as to come and say a prayer over her."

"A prayer! Goodness preserve us! I cannot come and pray over a pig—a pig, my dear Sally—that is not possible."

"Her be cruel bad, groaning, and won't eat her meat. If her dies, pass'n'—whichever shall we do? the winter w'out bacon sides and ham? Oh, dear! Do'y, now, pass'n', come and say a prayer over my old sow."

"I really, really must not degrade my sacred office, Sally! Indeed, I must not."

"Oh, pass'n' do'y, now!" and the good creature began to sob.

The parson was a tender-hearted man, and tears were too much. He agreed to go to the cottage, see the pig, and do what he could.

Accordingly, he visited the patient, which lay groaning in the sty.

The woman gazed wistfully at the parson, and waited for the prayer. Then the clergyman raised his right hand, pointed with one finger at the sow and said solemnly: "If thou livest, O pig! then thou livest. If thou diest, O pig! then thou diest."

Singularly enough, the sow was better that same evening, and ate a little wash. She was well, and had recovered her appetite wholly next day.

Now, it happened, some months after this, that the rector fell very ill, with a quinsy that nearly choked him. He could not swallow, he could hardly breathe. His life was in imminent danger.

Sally was a visitor every day at the rectory, and was urged to see the sick man. She was refused admission, but pressed so vehemently that finally she was suffered—just to see him, but she was warned not to speak to him or expect him to speak, as he was unable to utter a word.

She was conducted to the sick room, and the door thrown open. There she beheld the parson lying in bed, groaning, almost in extremities.

Raising her hand, she pointed at him with one finger and said: "If thou livest, O pass'n! then thou livest! If thou diest, O pass'n! then thou diest."

The effect on the sick man was an explosion of laughter that burst the quinsy, and his recovery.—Sunday Magazine.

What Water Can Do.

The effect of the hydraulic motor, which is now used for the purpose of removing masses of earth, well-nigh passes belief.

A stream of water issuing from a pipe six inches in diameter, with a fall behind it of three hundred and seventy-five feet, will carry away a solid rock weighing a ton or more to a distance of fifty or one hundred feet. The velocity of the stream is terrific, and the column of water projected is so solid that if a crowbar or other heavy object be thrust against it the impinging object will be hurled a considerable distance.

By this stream of water a man would be instantly killed if he came into contact with it, even at a distance of two hundred feet.

At two hundred feet from the nozzle a six-inch stream, with three hundred and seventy-five feet fall, projected momentarily across the trunk of a tree, will in a second denude it of the heaviest bark as cleanly as if it had been cut with an ax. Whenever such a stream is turned against a bank it cuts and burrows it in every direction, hollowing out great caves and causing tons of earth to melt and fall and be washed away in the sluices.



Here I am sick with thinking and with dreams;
With memories of struggles, lately past,
Here come to me the town's sharp, fretful streams
Of jarring sounds—that all sweet sounds
outlast.

There in the wood's shut heart is spacious calm;
And vast, deep silence; and sweet
spicy
Shed downward from the dusky pines like
balm—
Good to sad souls that ache for sympathy.

There, from the open mouth of one cool
spring,
The gurgling laughter breaks in silver
streams—
Too soft to mock the quiet of a human
thing.
Beside it resting from late fever-
dreams.

There vague, fresh airs uplift, like finger-
tips,
The matted curls from off the throbbing
brain;
And vapory kisses, from the mist's light
lips
Dissolve upon t' cheek in fine, sweet
rain.

There is green shadow, shot with threads
of gold—
Too mellow-toned to strain an aching
eye—
And there a heaven of blquets, on a wold
Far up the sloping hillside that lies by.

There can one catch, too—prone in emer-
ald gloom—
Semblance of dawn; rose hillow, foam-
ing fair,
Of a peach orchard full of clustered
bloom
That blows pink flakes afar—Would I
were there!
—Lola Ridge, in Harper's Magazine.

The Old Barn.

Low, swallow-swept and gray,
Between the orchard and the spring,
All its wide windows overflowing hay,
And cranked doors a-swing,
The old barn stands to-day.

Deep in its hay the Lethorn hides
A round, white nest; and, humming soft
On roof and rafter, or its log-rude sides,
Black in the sun-shot loft,
The building orns glides.

Along its corn-crib, cautiously
As thieving fowls, skulks the rat;
Or, in warped stalls of fragrant timothy,
Gnaws at some loosened slat,
Or passes shadowy.

A dream of drouth made audible
Before its door, hot, smooth, and shrill
All day the locust sings * * * What
other spell
Shall hold it, lazier still,
Than the long day's, now tell!

Dusk and the cricket and the strain
Of tree-load and of frog; and stars
That burn above the rich west's silver
stair;
And drooping pasture bars,
And cow bells up the lanes.

Night! and the moon and katydid,
And leaf-list of the wind-touched
boughs
And many shadows that the fire-flies
thrid;
And sweet breath of the cow;
And the lone owl here are hid,
—Madison Cawein.

A Sonnet.

Come, sweetest spring! Too long hath
winter old
Held o'er the frozen earth his cruel sway;
Too long hath Boreas had his blustering
way,
And chilled our hearts with his embraces
bold.
The snows yet lie on plain and mountain
cold,
The trees lift up bare branches to the day,
The fettered waters fret at thy delay,
The songful birds their presence still
withhold.

Oh, come! replace the icy northern blast
With balmy zephyrs blowing o'er the sea;
Melt the drear snow; bid flowers spring
at last,
Crows and v'let; set the waters free;
Clothe the bare trees; and bring on joy-
ous wing
The bluebird and the robin, sweetest
spring!
—F. Harding, in Brooklyn Standard-
Union.

His Sweetheart.

My sweetheart—she just loves me through
every shining day;
She's a rose to me in winter an' the sweet-
est rose in May;
I never mind the seasons; they're always
fair to see;
A rainbow's in the heavens, for my sweet-
heart—she loves me!

My sweetheart—still she loves me; no
matter where I roam,
I see her eyes, like bright blue skies, that
woo an' win me home;
And never where my footsteps stray—
wherever I may be,
Will any skies seem dark, for still my
sweetheart—she loves me!

My sweetheart—she just loves me! I see
in her bright eyes
All that I've heard of heaven, and it's
nearer than the skies!
The seasons change, but what to me is
fruit of flower or tree
When we go through life together, and my
sweetheart—she loves me!
—Atlanta Constitution.

A Dream Dreamed Over.

The music was throbbing and pulsing;
The flowers and the palms and the light
In smooth, waxed floors were reflected
That glorious gala night.
With the fragrance of roses about her,
In her dainty, pure white gown,
She was, as he whispered to her,
"The prettiest girl in town."

She smiled and flushed and denied it,
As a pretty girl must do,
But by her heart's deep contentment
She knew that he thought it true;
And they danced to the thrilling music—
O, life was rapture then—
When she was the prettiest girl in town
And he was the first of men!

They parted with anguished sorrow;
Time cleared the clouded sky;
But at last night's ball she lived again
In the charmed days gone by.
His son and her daughter were dancing,
The girl in a pure white gown,
And she heard him say, as they passed
her,
"You're the prettiest girl in town!"
—Oakland Echo.

"I hate a man who chews tobacco,
but I chew."—Parson Twins.

Stanley and the Congo.

The Great Explorer Tells of His First Journey Down the River.

The geographical world was anxious to know what was this mysterious river the quest of which had occupied Livingstone's declining years. The London Daily Telegraph joined with the New York Herald in defraying the cost of this second expedition. The story of how I set out a second time from Zanzibar, circumnavigated the Victoria Nyanza, discovered Lake Albert Edward, voyaged around Lake Tanganyika, and reached Livingstone's farthest point—Nyangwe—on the banks of the Lualaba, has been told in detail in my book "Through the Dark Continent." It also relates how, after a tedious land journey parallel with the river, I made a score of native canoes, embarked my followers, and how, after a course of nearly 1,800 miles, we reached the Atlantic Ocean at the mouth of the Congo. By this river voyage the question which had puzzled Livingstone for eleven years was solved. It is a noticeable fact that when I began my descent of the Congo I was the only white man—excepting my companion, Frank Poock—to be found between the Zambesi and the Bah-el-Ghazal, and between Zanzibar and the Lower Congo.

It may easily be understood why, on returning from the discovery of the great African waterway, I should be anxious that England should avail herself of it. In 1816 England had dispatched a naval expedition under Capt. Tuckey to ascend the Congo, but it terminated disastrously 200 miles inland. In 1873 Capt. Grandy, another English officer, had attempted the task. In 1870 Admiral Hewitt's expedition had suppressed the pirates of the Lower Congo. For over sixty years England had kept watch over the Congo slaves. Half of the expenses of my expedition had been contributed in England. She was also rich, tender, and just toward native natives, and her people were the best colonizers in the world. All these facts were, in my opinion, claims that might justify England in stepping forward and taking possession.—Century.

Training the Human Body.

By those who will exercise the requisite patience, the body and its various functions may be brought under perfect command. Even the vital functions of the body may be affected. There have been not a few exhibitors who could actually control the heart beat, making their pulses noticeably slower or faster according to their pleasure. The seemingly miraculous feats of acrobats are simply the results of continually placing particular sets of muscles under complete control of the will. We should do well to try to appreciate how important, to our physical being at least, the gaining of a complete control over bodies may be. The student who has before him a difficult passage or problem must, if he would succeed, exercise sufficient will force to place everything else in his mind second to the task before him. It is much the same in our daily life. Multitudes of petty things tend to make us forget our purpose in living, and if we are to rise above them, we must remember to unburden our minds of the "worries" that we may have run for the "realities." We must have some excitement of every kind. We must live an even, temperate life; and we can do this easily enough if we have gained perfect control over ourselves.

Not Quite Correct.

In telling a joke, it is well to understand it thoroughly. A party of men were wont to amuse themselves at table by relating anecdotes, conundrums, etc. Mr. Archer was always greatly delighted at these jokes, but he never related anything himself, and being rallied on the matter, he determined that the next time he was called upon he would say something amusing. Accordingly, meeting one of the waiters soon afterward, he asked him if he knew any good jokes or conundrums. The waiter immediately related the following: "It is my father's child, and my mother's child, yet it is not my sister or brother," telling him in the same time that it was himself. Mr. Archer bore this in mind, and at the next meeting of his friends propounded it. "It is my father's child, and my mother's child, yet it is not my sister or brother," throwing a triumphant glance around the table. "Then it must be yourself," said one of the company. "I've got you now," said he; "you are wrong this time; it is the waiter."

A shout of laughter interrupted Archer, who perceiving the mess he had got into, acknowledged his error, and told the company that he would pay for the wine. It was his last effort.

Working Their Way.

During the past summer a number of students who are working their way through the Philadelphia colleges obtained employment as car conductors in that city, and proved to be reliable and trustworthy. A railroad official says that they were thoroughly honest, intelligent and polite, and as their desire was to earn as much money during the summer as possible, they were always willing to work extra hours and take out special cars. They lived economically, and have probably saved something like \$150 each, which will go a good way toward paying their college expenses next winter. This item speaks for itself, and needs no comment.

Astonishing Statements.

A certain woman novelist writes in so amusing a fashion that the many blunders which mar her work are not discovered by the critical. In one of her novels will be found a horse winning the Derby three years in succession; guardsmen sitting up all night drinking hard, smoking perfumed cigarettes, gambling for fabulous sums, and starting forth in the morning after breakfast of oysters and green Chartreuse, fresh as daisies and prepared to do deeds of prowess in the hunting field or at the covert side; and that

A Public Reservoir.

I saw an interesting sight while in Venice. Entering a little square shut in by high houses, and, like most Venetian squares, dominated by the unfinished facade of a time-stained church, I noticed a singular activity among the people. They were scurrying in from every alley, and hastening from every house door, with odd-shaped copper buckets on hook-ended wooden bows, and with little coils of rope. Old men and women, boys, and girls, all gathered closely about a covered well curb in the middle of the square; and still they hurried on, until they stood a dozen deep around it. Presently the clock in the church tower slowly struck 8, and a little man forced his way through the crowd, passed his ponderous iron key through the lid, and unlocked the well.

There immediately ensued a scene of great activity. The kettles went jangling into it, and came slopping out again at an amazing rate, and the people trudged off home, each with a pair of them swung from each shoulder. The wells are deep cisterns, which are filled during the night, and it is out of amiable consideration for those who love their morning nap that they are given as good a chance as their neighbors of getting an unsold supply. It is the first instance that has come to my notice of a commendable municipal restraint upon the reprehensible practice of early rising. I found, on closer investigation, that the water was of excellent quality.

Insects on Hawaii.

Prof. Albert Koehle, of California, has made a three years' contract with the Hawaiian Government to destroy the insect pests of the islands. His method is to get insects harmless to man to kill noxious insects.

A school teacher goes through a book or newspaper looking for grammatical errors with as much fierce interest as a mother goes through her boy's head.