



THE FAMILY STORY

GOOD : WEIGHT.



LILLIAN SNELL, teacher of the first grade in building No. 3, public schools of Windsor, turned quickly from the blackboard where she had been drawing a pert wren swinging on a spray of clover.

"It is little Agnes Gregory," volunteered a dimpled-faced boy who sat near. Miss Snell crossed the room and bent over the child.

"Agnes, little sunshine lassie, what is it? Can you not tell me about it?" "Sols were Agnes' only reply. Miss Snell kissed her gently, then went back to her work.

"I don't care so much about myself, Miss Snell," the child went on, artlessly, "because I'm mamma's brave girl, but when little Margaret Royce wakes up he will be so hungry and he is only 3 years old. He does not know he mustn't cry."

"A little more questioning and Lillian learned that some one owed Mrs. Gregory for sewing, also that she hoped to have dinner ready when Agnes came home.

"Lillian looked out into the driving storm of a January afternoon. She knew Mrs. Gregory and her heart ached for the pale young mother.

"Miss Snell was quick of thought and action. Ten minutes later Agnes was in a warm cloak room, feasting on the dainty lunch Mrs. Snell had prepared for her daughter's midday meal.

"The teacher, Florence Fox, listened sympathetically to Lillian's story and to the suggestion that her own 12-year-old brother be called from the sixth grade to deliver the note.

"She's worked her precious fingers 'most to the bone," she concluded, "but work's scarce, an' I don't know what ever's goin' to become of her and her babies."

"The wood soon came, Florence's half-cord had been re-enforced by a whole cord, perhaps because she had written her cousin that the needy widow was a protégé of Miss Snell's."

"As to Lillian's orders for groceries, Mrs. Davis had added to it a sack of flour, a ham, coffee, tea, sugar, apples, cookies, cheese, canned fruits and meats, and a big bag of candy."

"Mrs. Donovan went back to her own room and the wagons rolled away. Mark thought built a fire, then sat down to think how best to explain the liberty he had taken.

"The bare room faded from his vision as he sat there. In its place came an old country garden overgrown with roses and clematis. It was June and the air was heavy with the scent of many blossoms. By his side was a beautiful girl in whose curls the sunshine seemed entangled.

"He had known for some time that Margaret was a widow and lived in the city. He knew nothing of her poverty, supposing that her means were ample. To go to her now with a story of love had never occurred to him. She knew nothing of what had parted them. He could not blacken the memory of the man who had been her husband, the father of her children.

"He sprang to his feet. There was no need of an explanation. He passed out, pausing for a final word with Mrs. Donovan.

was already faint for the want of food, yet she turned in laughing from the thought of a meal obtained in that way. It would be worse than death, but death doesn't come at one's call, and there were her babies.

A dry sob burst from her lips. She passed Mrs. Donovan's door in silence. She must have a moment to herself before she could ask charity of one so poor as her kind neighbor. Hurrying on she pushed open her own door.

A bright fire was blazing in the cracked stove. Mrs. Donovan had prepared potatoes for the oven and cut slices ready for frying from the ham. The open door of the wood closet showed a huge pile, while the table was heaped high with food.

For a moment she stood gazing wildly around her. Then she dropped on her knees and a shower of tears relieved her overwrought nerves.

The next day's mail brought a letter from Margaret to Mr. Davis. The writer had gone to Miss Snell to thank her. From the young teacher she had learned of Mark's connection with the affair.

It was an earnest, grateful letter, blotted here and there with tear stains. She accepted his generosity; for her children's sake she could not refuse charity. She referred to the friendship that had existed between their parents, but Mark was glad she was too womanly a woman to even hint at the relation they had once borne to each other.

When he finished reading the letter his heart was light, for he understood that Margaret knew of the treachery that had blotted the sunshine of his life.

Mark went straight home and told his aunt, who was also his housekeeper, all about it. Mrs. Everts was knitting before the open coal fire. She was a bright-faced old lady, with soft white hair and a serene face. When he had finished she laid down her work and sat for a long time gazing into the dancing flames.

"The only daughter of my old friend, Rebecca Henson, in want of food," she said, a note of pain in her voice. "Mark, you and I both have plenty of money.

There is room in this house, and in our hearts, for Margaret and her babies. But she is proud. Go and ask her to come and sew for me. Tell her I am lonely, and ask her to bring her little ones to brighten me up."

HORSESHOERS OF OLDEN TIMES

Antiquity of the Craft as Illustrated in Ancient Classic Art. The early historians made a sad mistake when they neglected to hand down to posterity a record of the lives and manners of these ancient craftsmen.

From 1858 to 1881, a period of only thirteen years, they were slaughtered for their hides and bones. Between those dates, the carbon works of St. Louis and other cities utilized the skeletons of over thirty-one millions of buffalo.

The completion of the Union Pacific Railroad and its branch in Kansas was the occasion of the beginning of the wholesale slaughter of the buffalo. Hunters entered the regions to which the railroads gave them access, and killed the animals for their hides.

In those days, the most conspicuous objects along the tracks of the railroads were the dried carcasses of buffalo, slaughtered by passengers, who never sought the tongue or the hide of the animal they killed.

The hide-hunters slaughtered so wantonly that, in some places on the open prairie, one could walk for hours on the dead bodies of the buffaloes, without stepping off them to the ground.

Providence moves in a mysterious way. The Indian of the prairies depended on the buffalo for food and tents and robes. The removal of the buffalo means that the Indian must live in frame houses, till the ground, and dress in cloth.

"I cannot sing, unfortunately," said a Chicago minister in speaking to a Times Herald reporter of his early pulpit experiences, "and so whenever I conducted revival services I used to take along a friend of mine named Vincent, a great, strapping fellow with a voice like the north wind. He never had any musical training, but Oh, he could sing. Whenever he sailed into a hymn the cornfields would turn their ears toward the church."

In Lord Herbert's "Life of Henry VIII." it is stated that that monarch was in France, having feasted the ladies royally for divers days, departed from Tourney to Lisie, Oct. 13, 1513, whither he was invited by the Lady Margaret, who caused them a joust or tournament to be held in an extraordinary manner, the place being a large room raised high from the ground by many steps and paved by black square stones like marble, while the horses, to prevent slipping, were shod with felt, after which the ladies danced all night.

A shoe of the seventeenth century was found with a fullered margin or, as we say, creased, and calks, with the letters H. I. stamped on it, evidently the initials of the maker.

There is a complete treatise on shoeing by Caesar Paschi, written in the seventeenth century. Along about 1616 and later there must have been quite a fad in fancy shoeing, and silver cheaper than it is to-day, as we find it was used for horseshoes. When a certain Lord Doncaster, an English ambassador, entered Paris his horse was shod with silver shoes, and when he came to a place where beauties of eminence were stationed the coveting of the charger would make him cast a shoe, which the greedy bystanders scrambled for, while a liveried farrier came and tacked on another one, and thus with much ado he reached the Louvre.

In 1809 a train on the Kansas Pacific Railroad was delayed from 9 a. m. until 5 p. m., in consequence of the passage of an immense herd of buffalo across the track. Now the buffalo is almost extinct. Col. Inman's explanation of the disappearance of the shaggy monsters is, abridged, as follows:

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OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Burn-Bayings and Doings that Are Odd, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

Her Cup of Bliss Was Full. Sue—Well, if you were a man what would you do? Nell (who has worn an engagement ring for three days)—Why, I'd want to be a girl again.

She Had No Proofs. Mr. Slowboy—Did you know that I was a member of the Press Club? Miss Willing—Certainly not. How was I to know? N. B.—Miss Willing told her chum next day that Slowboy had a perfecting press for printing kisses.

Fond of Art. Dear Mother—I have tried my hand at art and am taking a number of pictures. Yours, T. A. Ke'm.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

At the Wrong Desk. Caller (in newspaper office)—Hello, old man! Anything new to-day? Paragapher—Well, I'm surprised. And you an old newspaper man, too! Caller—Why, what do you mean? Paragapher—The idea of any man possessing ordinary intelligence coming into the humorous department and asking if there is anything new.

He Thought It Proper. "I hope you do not consider it wrong for a young lady to wear fine clothes, necklaces, rings and things of that sort," said Miss Giddy to the young minister. "Certainly not," replied the youthful parson, "when the heart is full of vain and ridiculous notions there is nothing objectionable in hanging out the sign."

Getting at the Facts. Dixon—I understand that you said I didn't know as much as your yellow dog. Dixon—I never said anything of the kind. Dixon—Then what did you say? Dixon—I said my yellow dog knew more than you did.

Equal to Leap Year. "Do you know, Miss Willing," said young Woodie, the other evening, "that your face reminds me of a perfect mirror?" "Does it?" she asked; "and why so, pray?" "Because," he replied, "it reflects nothing but the truth."

With His Last Breath. "Have you anything to say?" asked the sheriff, as he strapped the murderer in the electric chair. "Very true, dear," replied the other, "but you know her only brother died three months ago." "Indeed! But what has that got to do with the color of her hair?" "Why, don't you understand? She's in mourning."

Not What He Required. Customer—Have you anything that's good for a cough? Druggist—Yes. I have a delightful cough mixture that I can recommend. Customer—Won't do. Mine is not a delightful cough.

A Solemn Subject. The Widow—I wonder why crape is the emblem of sorrow? The Bachelor—Probably because three feet of it make a grave yard.

Two Points of View. Diggs—Senator Poser seems to be a man of very broad views. Biggs—Yes, indeed; I don't believe it is possible to bring up a question that he can't straddle.

According to Dingley. "You will have to pay extra for this," said the customs officer to the returning tourist. "Why must I pay extra?" asked the traveler. "Because it's your duty," replied the heartless official.

Wise and Otherwise. The wise man his umbrella takes When he starts out for a room; But others who take chances off Bring some other fellow's home.

Assurance of Peace. Teacher—I have been talking to you of peace. I suppose you all knew the meaning of the word? Johnnie—I do, sir. Teacher—What is it, Johnnie? Johnnie—It's what we have at our house when pa goes off on one of his trips.—Richmond Dispatch.

Business. Bookkeeper—This man has always paid cash and now wants to open an account. Shall I accommodate him? Manager—Certainly not. Bookkeeper—And this man has had an account and now pays cash. Manager—Never trust him again.—Brooklyn Life.

Had Noticed It. She (gushingly)—There are days when we seem more in unison with nature than other times, when our hearts seem to beat in accord with the sublime harmony of the universe. Have you ever noticed it? He—Indeed I have. It is always that way with me on pay day.—Tit-Bits.

Time Works Wonders. Doctor—After a careful examination I find no symptoms of insanity in the lady. Soften—Well, I want you to be positive about it; she is my wife. Doctor—How long have you been married? Soften—Three years. Doctor—I can readily understand that she must have been crazy at that time, but I can assure you that she no longer labors under any of her former delusions.

Just What He Wanted. Rev. Seldom Stirksem—Oh, my friend, to see your plight makes me too full for utterance! Sooner Soakum—Wash I could git full, podner, by Jus' seein' a plight.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

An Explanation. "Look!" exclaimed a lady to her companion at the opera. "There is Mrs. Oldime in that box. Her hair is jet black and I'm positive it was streaked with gray the last time I saw her." "Very true, dear," replied the other, "but you know her only brother died three months ago." "Indeed! But what has that got to do with the color of her hair?" "Why, don't you understand? She's in mourning."

