

A WIDOW'S WANTS

By M. QUAD

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It was generally understood in the village of Crowell that Deacon Henderson had his eye on the Widow Glazier. Why not? The deacon was fifty-five and a widower and wanted a home. The widow was fifty and lonely.

Deacon Henderson dropped into the widow's cottage one day, and after complimenting her on her hollyhocks and tomato vines he said:

"Widder, do you know what the folks are saying?"

"La, no!"

"They are saying that you're no ought to get married."

"But I can't get my breath! It's all so sudden. Deacon, if we get married we'll live in your house, won't we?"

"We will."

"And you'll put down a new carpet on the parlor floor?"

"For why? The one there is a good one."

"It's a rag carpet, and it's twenty years old. I helped Sarah cut and sew the rags. I shall want a Brussels with patterns of roses."

"Um! Too much extravagance."

"Then I won't marry you."

"The deacon went away in a huff and trying to make himself believe that he had a lucky escape. However, after thinking it over for a week he returned to say:

"I guess I'd be willing to buy that carpet."

"But I want something else. We must have three lace curtains. They must be long 'nuff to sweep the floor."

"Store carpet and store curtains!" shouted the deacon in dismay. "Why, widder, you'd bankrupt us in a month! No, no! Green paper shades are good 'nuff for us."

"Then I guess we won't get married. Folks have hinted that you was stingy, and now I see you are."

Away went the deacon for the second time, and for two days he patted himself on the back. He could figure that he had saved over \$50 on that deal. The rag carpet and the paper shades looked good to him as he sat in the parlor, but after three or four days he found the old loneliness creeping over him. He would give in to her. He waited one day more and then called on her under pretense that he had mislaid his family almanac and wanted to know when the moon would be in her third quarter. After finding that out he said:

"Well, widder, mebbe you are right about the carpet and curtains."

"Deacon, I've been thinking since you were here we must have four stuffed chairs to put in that parlor to go with the new carpets and curtains!"

"Saints and sinners! Stuffed chairs! Stuffed chairs in our parlor! Never, Widder Glazier, never! The carpet and curtains would tempt Satan 'nuff. I don't propose to risk any more."

"Four stuffed chairs, deacon, and mebbe a sofa to boot."

"I'm going home. Good day!"

Those stuffed chairs, with an additional sofa looming up in the near future, were a shock to the deacon. They meant extravagance; they meant vanity; they meant the breaking down of long erected barriers. No; it could not be. He must continue his lonely life by his lonesome. He did continue it for ten long days and nights. Then he went over to ask the Widow Glazier if the tater bug had yet appeared in her garden and to offer to lend her some parsnips to dope him with if he had. No, the bug had not appeared. But the deacon had other things to say. Leaning on the well curb and the widow standing in her kitchen door, he observed:

"I s'pose one can sit down on a stuffed chair?"

"Oh, yes!"

"And they don't make a body vain?"

"Never heard of it."

"And they are wuth the money you have to pay for 'em?"

"They surely are!"

"Well, we might get 'em. Shall we be married next month?"

"I—I dunno. What about your house?"

"Why, it's there in the same old place, ain't it?"

"Yes, but it needs repainting."

"You mean it wants another coat of whitewash. Well, me and you will do that together."

"But we won't, deacon. It's got to be painted—real paint, and two coats at that. It's got to be pea green with darker green for trimmings."

For the first time in his life the deacon lost consciousness and things whirled around with him. When he braced up the widow was saying:

"And new front steps, and a new sidewalk, and a new picket fence, and a pump in the well, and then we must have brass bedsteads and china dishes."

The deacon got home with shaking knees and fell upon the bed and sent for the doctor and the minister. The doctor said he'd get well, and the minister said he wouldn't lose his soul even by having a gold framed mirror in the parlor. It was a terrible struggle, but after two weeks the day was set and a marriage duly followed.

There were those who thought the deacon would droop and die, but he didn't. He is hale and hearty and very proud of his wife and house and stuffed chairs and things, and he may even have a bell at the front door before he goes hence.

The Trouble With the Meat.

Stepping into a small restaurant, a grouchy old man demanded of the waiter a certain piece of meat he had in the show window.

"But," said the waiter, "we—" "No buts," replied the old man. "You bring me what I ask for or I won't get anything here at all."

Rather than lose a customer, the waiter did as he was told and, getting the piece of meat, took it back to be cooked. After a long wait the meat was brought to the customer, who, instead of thanking the waiter, said:

"Look here, young man, what is the matter with this meat?"

"Nothing is the matter with it, sir, except that the point on it has formed a few blisters from the heat."

"Why, what do you mean by that?" asked the old man.

"Simply this," replied the waiter. "Those pieces of meat you saw in the window were not made to eat. They were made for advertising purposes, but you insisted, sir, upon having one of 'em."—Philadelphia Times.

Napoleon's Custodian at St. Helena.

Sir Hudson Lowe, the man appointed by England to be the custodian of the emperor, arrived at St. Helena on April 14, 1816. His appearance was not prepossessing. He was extraordinarily thin, with a stiff carriage. He had a long, bony face blotched with red and scanty hair of a dirty yellow color. His hollow eyes gleamed under thick reddish eyebrows, but were furtive and restless, never looking straight at any one save by stealth.

"That is a bad man," declared Napoleon when he had seen him. "His eye as he examined me was like a hyena's caught in a trap."

He really resembled this horrid, sly animal in its walk as well as in hair and eyes. He never sat down when he was talking, but swung about hesitatingly and with abrupt jerks.—Stokes, "With Napoleon at St. Helena."

The Stork's Lazy House Building.

The most interesting sight in the Rotterdam zoo was the stork, whose nest is set high on a pinnacle of the buffalo house. He was building in the leisurely style of the British workman. He would negligently descend from the heavens with a stick. This he would lay on the fabric and then carefully perform his toilet, looking round and down all the time to see that every one else was busy. Whenever his eye lighted on a toddling child or a perambulator it visibly brightened. "My true work!" he seemed to say. "This nest building is mere bypaths of industry." After drinking and overlooking and congratulating himself thus for a few minutes he would stroll off over the housetops for another stick. He was unquestionably a king of the garden.—Lucas in "A Wanderer in Holland."

The Way Out.

A well known Boston physician was on his way to his office one winter morning when the sidewalks were a glare of ice. While going down the street he met a lady coming in the opposite direction. The lady was a stranger to him, although he was not unknown to her.

In trying to avoid each other on the icy pavement they both slipped and came to the sidewalk facing each other, with their pedal extremities considerably entangled. While the polite doctor was debating in his mind what was the proper thing to do under the trying circumstances the problem was solved by the quick witted lady, who quietly remarked:

"Doctor, if you will be good enough to rise and pick out your legs I will take what remains."

Safety Valves of the World.

Terrific as are the forces of volcanic action, they have served and do yet serve their ordained purpose in the magnificent scheme of cosmic development. Volcanoes form a natural vent for the pentup internal forces resulting from the slow cooling and consolidation of the earth's mass. They act as the safety valves of the world, without which the crust of the earth would in all probability burst with explosive force and with a resulting cataclysm appalling to contemplate. Volcanoes tend, in fact, to maintain the normal stable equilibrium between the interior and the outer surface of the world.

Strong Held.

Bill—Experiments with thousands of subjects have shown that the average man attains his maximum strength in his thirty-first year.

Jill—A woman's strong age is twenty-eight, I suppose.

"Why?"

"Haven't you noticed how they hold on to it?"—Yonkers Statesman.

A Richer Strike.

"Is it true that Maude refused a man worth a million?"

"It is."

"Was she crazy or in love?"

"Neither. She accepted a man worth two millions."—Boston Transcript.

Dodging Indigestion.

Hoax—Billieus was engaged to an heiress. I wonder why he broke it off?

Joax—He had an attack of indigestion, and the doctor told him to avoid all rich things.—Philadelphia Record.

Spiteful.

"Why do you hate him?"

"He has been knocking me to the girl I go with."

"What did he tell her?"

"What my salary is."—Houston Post.

He Was Dense.

Blotbs—When she wasn't looking I kissed her. Slobbs—What did she do?

Blotbs—Refused to look at me for the rest of the evening.—Philadelphia Record.

A Bad Boy of Colonial Days.

A notebook of a justice of the peace in Connecticut in the year 1750 specifies the behavior of a certain small meeting house boy as follows:

A rude and idle behavior in the meeting house such as smiling and larding and intinsing others to the same evil. Such as larding or smiling and pulling the hair of his nayber benoni simkin in the time of public worship.

Such as throwing Sister Pentecost Perkins on the ice it being Saboth Day or Lord's Day between the meeting hours and his plaes of abode.—Bliss, "Side Glimpses."

The Bridge of Bolls.

Among the many works carried out by the late Sir John Aird is the most oddly named bridge in the world. This is in Peru, on the railway from Lima to Oroya, spanning a deep and precipitous chasm over 600 feet wide and resting on three gigantic piers. Many of the men employed on the work were ex-sailors, whose training enabled them to work at dizzy heights. Although the work was necessarily of a most dangerous character, there were comparatively few accidents. But an epidemic of bubonic plague broke out. So the bridge was officially christened Puente de las Verrugas, or Bridge of Bolls, a name which it still retains.

The Elusive Fly.

Any one who has tried with outstretched hand to catch a fly cannot fail to have noticed its wonderful alertness in escaping. "One reason for this," explains a naturalist, "is the fact that the fly was watching the movements of its would be captor out of all or most of its 8,000 eyes. Another reason for its rapid retreat is that, instead of seeing one hand coming toward it, the fly would have seen at least 7,500 hands all looking alike and all moving down upon it in the same direction. A third reason of the fly's nimbleness is its ability to vibrate its wings nearly 700 times in a second and to travel through the air at a rate of a mile in two and a half minutes or twenty-four miles an hour."

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