

THE FAMILY STORY

SISTER CALLINE'S CHILDREN.

THE train ran into a little station in the heart of the pine woods, and the conductor sprang to the platform.

"Hurry up there!" he called, running forward, to the negro coach.

The steps were overflowing with pickaninies, so black that at first sight their small features would have been indistinguishable but for the wide crease on each face, filled with even rows of teeth, startlingly white in contrast with their sooty environment.

A fat, good-looking negress, holding an oval bundle, wrapped in an old shawl, close to her breast, seemed to be the center of the crowd, and an old, old negro man, grizzled and wrinkled, was hovering around his margin.

"Is you got um ah, Sister Calline?" he asked anxiously.

"Clare if I knows," said the woman, running her eye over the company.

"Pears lak dere's one on um missis!"

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor, and the train moved.

"Hyar, mistah!" shrieked Sister Calline, "you're ca'lin' off one o' my chillen!"

The conductor laughed good-naturedly, and was gone.

"Oh, Lawd!" moaned the woman.

"He's done ca'ed off one of um, suah!"

The station agent snarled near. He wore that intensely bored expression only possible to a man who spends his life in a piney woods clearing, seeing four trains a day go in and playing checkers on a barrel head in the intervals.

One wonders if the lunatic asylums are not largely recruited from this class.

"Order have tied 'em along a rope, so's they couldn't get a way," he said.

Sister Calline turned her black velvet orbs in his direction.

"You call dat train back, I say," she cried. "He's done ca'ed off one o' my chillen."

"S'pose I can call the train back?" said the man, contemptuously. "If you're sure one of 'em is missin' you'll have to set down and wait here till the train comes back. They'll bring it, I reckon."

"Oh, my pore lil chile!"

Tears began to stream down the black face.

The wrinkled old uncle looked deeply distressed.

"Is you pint blank suah one on um's missin', Sister Calline?" he asked, sympathetically.

Her eyes wandered, vague and troubled, over the dusky, shifting crowd of faces.

"I see mos' puffedly suah," she said.

"Better count 'em," suggested the agent. "How many are there, anyhow?"

"Dere's Lu Roxy Adline, Lucy-aller—"

"I's here, mammy!" interrupted a long-limbed girl of 14.

"I told you to count 'em!" said the agent, impatiently.

"I can't count, mas'r! I see hawt afore de wah. But anyhow dey say dere's lehen on um."

"Sister Calline," said the old man, tenderly, "let's we set right down hyar an' I'll count um fer ye. I see a scholar."

"You sholy is kind, mistah," said Sister Calline, gratefully, sitting down on the edge of the platform.

The agent laughed shortly and turned away.

The grizzled old uncle took a red and yellow handkerchief from his pocket and carefully dusted the end of the planks before he took his seat.

He wore a threadbare black suit which had undoubtedly once moved in high society.

Sister Calline looked at him with interest.

"I reckon dat you mus' be a preacher, sah," she said, defiantly.

"Madam, I is. I see been prechin' de word dese nine years, eber sence my pore old lady died. I was a powerful sinner afore dat."

Sister Calline looked awed.

"I was, suah!" said the old man, retrospectively. "But I see come inter de kingdom now suah 'nuff, bress de Lord. Is you got a husband, Sister Calline?"

"I see a pore widder, mistah, wid all dese chillen ter scuffle fer, an' de Lawd knows what I see gwine ter do."

Uncle glanced at the bundle in her arms. It had begun to move and whimper.

"Dat your baby, chile?" asked uncle, innocently.

"Dis my baby," replied Sister Calline, looking down at the sooty mite in her arms with maternal pride.

"My po' ole man neber see dis baby. He was blowed up de biler busin' in de mill where he woked. He was lone killed when dey bring him home. De doctors tried an' tried to pump some life inter him, but he never spoke no mo'."

"For de lan's sake!" ejaculated the old man.

Compassion was written all over his kind old face. He had been a good darky from his youth up, and his past was purely fictitious.

"What de matter wid you ole lady you done lost?" asked Sister Calline.

"Consumpshun," replied the old man, solemnly. "It runs in our family. Ole Cunnel Kent's ma died ob it, an' de cunnel's first wife died ob it an' 'il mistis died, too. An' den my ole lady took it an' she died. It's a terrible disease."

"Dat sholy is so!" coincided Sister Calline. "Sense my insurance axin' you, mistah. Does you git you libin' prechin'?"

"De folks pay me some, an' den I see got a nice piece o' lan' an' a lil house. My ole mas'r give um ter me," said the old man, with modest pride.

"Sho! Ain't you too old ter wuk?"

"I wuks some, an' de ars helps me. I see de onliest one ob de ole saven's lef. I see 95 year ole!"

"Sho, now!" said Sister Calline, much impressed.

"How ole you is, Sister Calline?—hepin' you'll excuse me fer axin'."

"I dunno 'zactly," said Calline, studying a little. "I s'pect I see 60—gwine on 50."

They had become so interested in their humble annals that the pickaninies had been lost sight of. They were scattered along the railroad line gambling like a menagerie turned loose.

"Does you wan' me tu coun' you chillen, Sister Calline?"

"Co'se I does, Hyar! You-all, Come hyar."

The children paid no attention.

"Dey needs disserplainin', Sister Calline."

He rose. "Chillen, chillen!" he called in a voice of authority.

The black cloud drew together and here down on the station-house.

"Now you-all stand still outwell dis gentleman couns' you," commanded the mother. "Lu Roxy, min' yerself, Abe Linkum, stan' up. Don' serouge so! How he gwine coun' you, if you dodges roun' dat away?"

A mild degree of order at last prevailed and the old man began.

"One, two, three, fo', five, six, seven, nine, eight, ten! Dere ain't only ten."

"Dawter be lehen, suah," said Sister Calline. "Oh, what I gwine ter do?"

"I'll coun' 'um ober agin'," said the old man, kindly.

Sister Calline wiped away her tears.

"You am so kind, mistah! I knowed you was a good man when Brer Martin tole me ter keep long er you on der train."

"An' I knowed you was a good woman when Brer Martin tole me 'You take good care o' Sister Calline,' says he. Now I'll coun' 'um agin'."

"One, two, three," and so on. They went over and over this, but by no ledgerman of counting could ten be made eleven.

Sister Calline grew more and more distressed and was just breaking into hysterical sobs when the train whistled at the next station below.

When the train drew up and the conductor stepped off, there was Calline to meet him.

"Pleese, mistah; has you bring back my chile?" she tearfully pleaded.

He looked at her.

"Donner and blixen! What do you mean, woman?"

"I see got 'lehen chillen,' groaned Sister Calline, "an' dis gentleman has counDED 'um ober an' ober, an' dere ain't only ten."

The conductor ran his eye over the group.

A score of heads were thrust out of the coach, and a murmur of amused sympathy stirred along the line.

"H-m!"

He pulled forth his book hurriedly and turned over the pages.

"Pass Calline Jackson and eleven children."

He glanced over the black, bobbing heads and back at the woman.

His eye fell on the bundle in her arms.

"Great Jove! What's the matter wid the baby making eleven?"

There were roars of laughter and much waving of hats and handkerchiefs as the train moved out.

"You done counDED um wrong, Mistah," said Sister Calline, looking up reproachfully at the old man.

"Is dey all hyar?" he asked, with dignity.

"Co'se dey's all hyar."

"Den don't dat pinterly show dat I counDED um right?"

Sister Calline's dark countenance wore a troubled expression, but as they

went along the piney woods road toward Kentville it gradually cleared up, and when they came to sight of Kent Hall it was beaming.

"Dere's de cunnel!" said uncle, pointing to a gentleman dressed in a white duck suit, who sat comfortably in a big armchair on the gallery.

"He's one o' de ars. You jes' wait here a spell ontel I go an' tell him."

"Well?" said Colonel Kent, good-naturedly, laying down his newspaper.

"What is it, Cunnel Dick?"

"I see jes' come ter tell you, cunnel, dat I see foun' a good woman dat I laks the bes' in de world, an' we've fixed our min's dat we'll marry fore long. We reckons ternaught is de bes' time."

"Marry! Good Lord!" said the colonel, astonished. "Such an old fellow as you are!"

"I is ole, for a fac', Mas'r, but I see lived alone nine years, an' its mighty lonesome—"

"That's so," said the colonel, kindly.

"An' pears like I can't stan' it no longer. An' Sister Jackson needs a husband ter help her raise her chillen. Dere's lehen chillen an' none ob 'em misstin', counDin' um right."

"Eveen! How in de name of General Jackson are you going to take care of eleven children?"

"Dey's gwine ter take care o' me, Mas'r," said the old man, eagerly.

"Dey's mighty peart chillen, mighty peart, an' dey c'n pick a heap ob cotton an' hoe co'n an' taters an' weed in de garden an' do a power ob oder turns."

The curiously wizened old face shone as if he had just come into a fortune.

"An' cunnel," he went on, "I see gittin' too ole ter wuk much, an' I tinks my meetin' up wid Sister Calline is a special providence. I wants ter git de oration roun' soon dat dere's gwine ter be a weddin' down ter my lil house ternaught."

"Go ahead then," laughed the colonel. "The missis will have a cake baked for you, and, by George, it'll have to be a big one to go roun'."

The cake was baked in the big iron bake kettle of antebellum associations, and there was a festival in the cabin down by the creek which lasted into the small hours.—New York Tribune.

THE PIANO NUISANCE.

Protracted Practicing Leads to Severe Nervous Maladies.

Gounod, the composer, bitterly resented the omnipresence of the average piano player, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. He was strongly in favor of a somewhat severe pianoforte tax.

His argument was that ninety-nine out of every one hundred who learned to play the instrument failed to attain to more than a superficial stage, either of conception or execution, and that they wasted valuable time, which might otherwise be employed in doing something that would benefit them. He also contended that piano practice of students constituted a public nuisance, and was irritating and exasperating to such a degree as to become an outrage on peacefully inclined citizens. The proposed tax was never levied, but some figures published by a French scientist may possibly in some measure tend to restrict the indiscriminate teaching to music to very young children. It is declared that a large number of nervous maladies from which girls of the present day suffer are to be attributed to playing the piano.

Children who ought to be exercising in the open air are kept at dreary and distasteful work at the keyboard hour after hour daily, and the nerves simply will not stand the strain. It is said to be proved by statistics that of 1,000 girls who study this instrument before the age of 12, no less than 600 suffer from this class of disorders, while of those who do not begin until later there are only some 200 per 1,000. The prosecution of the study of the violin by the very young is proved to be equally injurious. The remedy suggested is that children should not be permitted to study either instrument before the age of 16 at least, or, in the case of delicate constitutions, not until a later age. So far as the piano is concerned, however, it is possible that the true remedy may be found in a better method of teaching. The main point in early tuition is to "form" the hands and give them flexibility and strength. This is purely mechanical, and it can be done away from the pianoforte keyboard. The endless repetition of sound, which is responsible for much of the wear and tear of the nerves of young musical students, is thus avoided, and better progress is made from the concentration of the mind and technique only. The objection has been raised that such a system makes only those "mechanical" players who would be so under the ordinary system of tuition. To those of true artistic instinct it is an inestimable help, and shortener of labor.

A Sailor's Remarkable Escape.

A seaman on H. M. S. Edinburgh recently had a remarkable escape. He was at work on a ladder on the bow of the vessel as she was going into Portsmouth harbor, streaming ten knots an hour, when the ladder broke and he was thrown into the water directly under the keel. He came up again in the wake of the ship, two ship's lengths astern, unhurt, having escaped the suction of the ressel and contact with the propellers.

CAPT. BENSON'S STATEMENT

A REMARKABLE AND INTERESTING CAREER.

A Member of the First Kentucky Battery Who Was in Twenty-Seven Hard Fought Battles.

From the Capital-Journal, Salem, Oregon.

Salem, Or., can boast of no better known private citizen than Captain William Benson. To the old residents, as well as to the school children, his figure is as familiar as that of Mt. Hood or the state capital.

Captain Benson, of the First Kentucky battery, detached from the 112th Illinois infantry, is now seventy-four years old, and has taken part in twenty-seven hard-fought battles, besides a great many interesting skirmishes. He is pensioned for injury in the breast, from concussion of a shell, and for a wound in the right shoulder, caused by leaping from a car while being taken as a prisoner from Andersonville to Pine Forest. For the past twenty years he has suffered almost continually from malaria and shortness of breath, and has been afflicted with rheumatism in the legs and shoulders to such an extent that he had not seen a well day in all that time. He was also afflicted with constipation and piles. Eighteen years ago Mr. Benson removed from Illinois to Oregon, on account of his failing health, and since the close of the war has not been able to support himself by manual labor, and has had almost constant medical attendance by physicians of all the different schools of practice. To see him now, tipping the scales at 210 pounds, enjoying regular health, his cheeks mantled with a fresh, rosy complexion, walking off proud and erect, with a fresh, firm, vigorous step for a man in his seventy-fourth year, is enough to make one believe in the possibility of Ponce de Leon's fabled Fountain of Youth.

Captain Benson is not only a hero of the Civil War, but a man worth considerable property. He says he would part willingly with his interest in all his earthly possessions rather than be placed back in the debilitated condition where he lingered for a score of years.

"I suppose," said he, laughing, "that what you are after is an advertisement for Pink Pills, but I want to say that I am very glad to give you this testimonial, as I am convinced it will relieve a great deal of suffering, if it can become widely known. I am firmly convinced, after an experience of over fifty years with both patent medicines and physicians, that if every family could keep these Pink Pills in the house they would never need a doctor."

"I have paid out over \$1,000 for doctoring with the best physicians at Salem, but not a cent for myself since a year and a half ago. It was then that I first heard of Pink Pills. I got the first box at a drug store, and had not much confidence in them when I began to take them. I took one box before I got much benefit, but by the middle of the second box the pain in my breast began to disappear, and the rheumatism in my shoulder went away. The shortness of breath was alleviated, and I began to sleep like an infant. For the first time in twenty years I realized the luxury of sound sleep, and my system began to recuperate."

"By the end of the third box it had taken away all my rheumatism and stiffness in the muscles and joints, and I began to feel as nimble as a boy, and could do as good a day's work as ever, but for my wounds. I enjoy the best health I ever enjoyed in my life. My natural weight increased from ten to twenty pounds. My flesh is solid and my skin is as clear and fresh as a baby's. I had tried every remedy under the sun for piles, but without relief. At times they were near killing me. Sciatica rheumatism had laid me up in bed for months at a time. Pink Pills have cured all these things, and I have not felt an indication of piles or rheumatism for eight months. People who see me now can not believe that I am the same man. My face looked drawn, my eyes were bloodshot, my skin was scurried, and I could not have had a worse appearance if I had undergone starvation on an arctic expedition. I can now eat whatever I like, a relish for, and all I want of it, and it don't hurt me."

"I used to be constipated continually, and I have taken wheelbarrow loads of other pills, but never got perfect relief until I tried Pink Pills. I am now taking two pills a week, and sometimes I go without them for a month, and, as I said, I enjoy continuous good health. I have got rid of rheumatism and everything else. Pink Pills perform wonders. They go to work and fix up the kidneys and back and the whole system. Three days after first taking them you feel the effect all over. The worst troubles with me was, I had got so I could not remember anything. My mind was clouded. A month after I began taking Pink Pills I first began to notice my mind become clear and active, and my memory is perfectly restored, a happy change from the feeling of stupidity I had suffered. This medicine has fixed me up and made a man of me. It is only the other day that Dr. Reynolds, Dean of the Kansas Medical College, remarked to me that I was looking hale and hearty. I said

Yes, and no thanks to you doctors. Pink Pills that have done it. He purred at it. But I know what I'm talking about, and he had to see what I said."

(Signed) Wm. Benson.

State of Oregon, Marion County, ss. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 20th day of November, 1895.

E. Hofer, Notary Public.

In and for the state of Oregon.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of grippe, palpitation of the heart, and shallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female.

Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, and will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

In 1894 there were in all 1,477 missionaries in China—869 men, 608 women and 546 single men. Of the 1,480 were representatives of British, Irish and Canadian societies, 812 of American societies and 85 of continental societies.

It is said that the poison from the bite of a mad dog may be neutralized by washing the wound as soon as possible in warm vinegar and water, and dropping a little muriatic acid into the wound.

Goldfish are of Chinese origin. They were originally found in a lake near Mount Taientang, and were first brought to Europe in the seventeenth century. The first in France came as a present to Madame de Pompadour.

A Kennebec, Me., man was showing gravel out of a bank into the water the other day, and was naturally a trifle surprised when he shoveled a woodchuck into the cart with a spadeful of gravel.

Three hunters returned to Bangor the other day from a long hunt in the region about Big Fish Lake, Me., having killed between thirty and forty sable, four caribou and three deer.

For lung and chest diseases, Pisco's Cure is the best medicine we have used.—Mr. J. L. Northcott, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

FITS.—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after the first trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

Syrup of Figs

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

Mr. A. H. Granby, of No. 125 Kerr St., Memphis, Tenn., writes that his wife had cancer which had eaten two large holes in her breast, and which the best physicians of the surrounding country treated, and pronounced incurable. Her grandmother and aunt had died of

Cancer

and when told this, the most eminent specialists of New York, under whose treatment she was placed, declared her case was hopeless. All treatment having failed, she was given up to die. E. S. S. was recommended, and astonishing as it may seem, a few bottles cured her sound and well.

Her treatise on this disease will be sent free to any address.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.