

THE FAMILY STORY

THE : NEW : TENANT.

"NOW, Mary, I have spoken!" Mr. Peel threw himself back in his chair as if that settled the matter once for all.

"I heard you, dear," sweetly responded Mrs. Peel; "and now, listen to me. I have accepted Herr Schmidt's offer, and he will enter the adjoining house as tenant-to-morrow."

"Not if I know it, madam!" shouted Phineas, jumping from his chair and bringing his fist down on the table. "Do you think I am going to have Rhyd cottage turned into a menagerie, and my garden into a howling wilderness? The house may remain tenantless forever, but Herr Schmidt and his monstrosities shall not enter there."

"Herr Schmidt, my dear, is merely a naturalist."

"I know it!" stormed Phineas. "I've heard of these plaguey naturalists before. I've no desire to come downstairs some fine morning to find a ring-tailed monkey sitting on the window sill, acting as referee while the kangaroos and crocodiles play leap-frog over the flower beds. No, madam! No naturalists for Phineas Peel!"

Pretty Mrs. Peel never allowed her temper to get the better of her. She laughed softly at her husband's fears, and did not alter her determination in the least.

"Has it slipped your memory, Phineas," she asked, "that Rhyd cottage is a portion of my property? If I choose to let it to a naturalist—even though he be a foreigner—I am perfectly justified in doing so."

This was true enough, and Phineas calmed down.

"Herr Schmidt's collection of 'monstrosities,' as you call it," went on Mrs. Peel, "probably contains nothing more dangerous than a death's head moth in a bottle. Anyhow, I have no intention to disappoint him."

"But I—"

"You will treat him with the respect due from one gentleman to another, Phineas," broke in Mrs. Peel. "And now, dear, we'll dismiss the subject."

Phineas Peel was—though at times he doubted it—a lucky fellow. He had carried off a young and handsome woman from a host of suitors.

Why Mary Marsden had chosen to bestow her hand and fortune on such a plain, everyday sort of fellow as the diminutive Phineas Peel was always a mystery to her acquaintances. The wedding was an accomplished fact before her relatives had recovered from the shock caused by the announcement of her engagement.

Mary appeared to be happy enough, too. Phineas, taken as a whole, was not a bad sort of fellow. He was jealous, that was true, but his wife came to regard that as an extra proof of his devotion.

Had the proposed tenant of Rhyd cottage been an aged, decrepit, broken-down old man, Phineas would have stretched out the right hand of fellowship. But alas! Herr Schmidt was young and handsome—far too handsome, Phineas thought.

"Very well, Mary," said Phineas, taking his hat from the peg and making for the door, "you have overruled me as usual, and must be prepared for the consequences. In less than a week we shall have the house and garden overrun with every conceivable variety of reptile—from the beastly lizard to the boa constrictor."

And Phineas stalked indignantly forth with the merry laughter of his wife ringing in his ears.

A month or more had passed, and so far the fears of Phineas proved to be groundless. Herr Schmidt's "monstrosities" had been kept well within bounds, and as yet Mr. Peel had not seen so much as a strange caterpillar in his garden, which never looked better.

However, he was not happy. He had taken an aversion to the new tenant from the first, and would never be satisfied until he had got rid of him.

"Confound the fellow," muttered Phineas one evening, as he sat on an upturned bucket behind the peasticks, "he's prowling about on the other side of the hedge again. Hope he won't catch sight of me, for I'm about tired of his oily tongue and eternal smile. Hullo! what the deuce is the meaning of this?"

Down the garden path tripped Mrs. Peel. The naturalist was evidently expecting her, and greeted her with a smile that almost brought tears into the eyes of the furious Phineas.

"Good evening," he said. "You vos Joost a leetle late!"

It was soon evident that this was not the first chat indulged in over the boundary hedge. Though Phineas strained

his ears, he could not catch the drift of the conversation. Like a flash he remembered that Mary had often of late taken a stroll in the garden at dusk. Was this the explanation?

Phineas had been glaring at the couple from behind the peasticks for ten minutes or so, when he saw his wife take a rosebud from his favorite tree and hand it over the hedge with a charming smile to the delighted Herr Schmidt. Then, with a pleasant "good night!" Mrs. Peel tripped lightly into the house.

"You villain!" hissed Phineas, savagely, jumping from his seat and shaking his fist after the retreating figure in the next garden, "I'll pay you for this."

The rage of Mr. Peel was something to be remembered. Nothing but blood, he vowed, would obliterate his wrongs. But he would smile and smile and murder while he smiled. Seizing a peastick he tragically buried it in the heart of an unoffending cabbage, and played havoc with a stately row of sunflowers.

Half an hour later Mary saw him take down an old-fashioned duck gun from the hook in the hall.

"There's a German culture in the neighborhood," he volunteered, impressively, "and I'm going to bag him at the first opportunity."

However, as nothing short of an earthquake would have induced the old gun to go off in any circumstance—and Phineas had made assurances doubly sure by dropping in the shot first and powder afterward—the "vulture" in question was not likely to be seriously damaged, and Mary contented herself with expressing a hope that her husband would not hurt himself.

On the following evening Phineas took up his old position in the garden, with murder in his heart. Herr Schmidt, however, did not put in an appearance. After waiting some time, Phineas reentered the house and reared his duck gun up in the hall in a conspicuous position.

He had almost decided to run up to town and consult his brother John, the detective, with a view to having the movements of Herr Schmidt watched, when he was startled by the click of the latter box.

A scrap of paper lay on the mat. Picking it up, Phineas glanced at it, turned deadly pale, then hurried into the garden. Scribbled in lead pencil on dirty paper was the following:

"Peel has discovered everything. We have not a moment to lose and must clear out to-night. The front door is unsafe. Will meet you at the back—10:30 sharp."

There was no signature.

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Phineas, after reading the note for the third time. "I'd no idea matters had gone so far. Oh, yes, Mr. Schmidt," he added grimly, "I'll meet you at 10:30 sharp."

It was about 10:45, and raining heavily. Phineas Peel, seated on a well overlooking the back of Rhyd cottage, with his duck gun laid across his knees, was beginning to feel uncomfortable.

"The note said 10:30," he muttered. "It must be after that time now. What's that?"

Phineas had caught the sound of heavy feet moving cautiously over the gravel. He grasped his gun and peered into the gloom, but could distinguish nothing.

Suddenly he heard voices, evidently at the front of the house. He was about to quit his position under the impression that Herr Schmidt was leaving by the front door after all, when one of the back windows was cautiously raised and the lithe form of the naturalist dropped lightly to the ground.

Creeping along the side of the wall on which Phineas lay, he presented an excellent mark. Mr. Peel, however, could not bring himself to shoot a man down in cold blood. He would give him a chance.

"Stop, you scoundrel!" he shouted. The effect of the challenge was scarcely what Phineas had anticipated. Herr Schmidt darted forward and seized the barrel of the gun.

He was much the stronger of the two, and Phineas was pulled from the wall in a twinkling. Lying on the broad of his back on the gravel, in a half-dazed condition, he saw the tall form of Schmidt standing over him with the gun raised.

"Keep your tongue still, you fool," he hissed, "or I'll brain you. Now, quick, help me over the wall."

Phineas hesitated, but the threatening attitude of the other induced him to rise. However, he had no intention of giving in.

Obeying his instructions, he caught hold of Schmidt's foot to give him "a leg up." Before the naturalist could grip the top of the wall, however, Phineas saw his opportunity.

Bracing himself for the effort, he exerted all his strength and pulled Schmidt bodily from the wall. He fell flat on his face, and before he could recover himself Phineas jumped on his back and seized him around the throat, emitting a yell that would have done infinite credit to a Sioux Indian.

The next moment Phineas was dragged off from behind and found himself in the clutches of a burly member of the police force.

Four or five others seized Schmidt, who struggled in vain to free himself.

"What am I arrested for?" gasped Phineas. "There's your man."

Phineas would no doubt have been led off with the other prisoner but for the timely arrival on the scene of the last person in the world he had expected to see—his brother John!

"Here, what on earth is the meaning of all this?" he demanded when, as the result of John Peel's interference, he found himself free.

John stayed behind a minute or two to explain that Herr Schmidt, the "naturalist," and Edward Harper—the notorious forger, who had defied new Scotland yard for the past six weeks—were one and the same.

"It was a smart dodge of Harper's," said John Peel, "and he might have got clear away but for that clever wife of yours, Phineas. Mary suspected the man from the first and supplied me from time to time with valuable information. It is to her entirely that the credit of the capture is due. Tell her I'll call around and thank her myself tomorrow. By-the-by, the gang of which he is the head, got wind of our intentions, and a man was dispatched with a warning. Harper doesn't appear to have received it."

Then Phineas began to understand things a little more clearly.

"I suppose this will be it," he remarked, producing the note and handing it to his brother. "You see, the messenger left it at the wrong door, and I—er—I thought I might as well see the fun."

For some little time after Phineas was of the opinion that he had made a fool of himself. Lately, however, he has taken a different view of the matter, and is never tired of relating how he literally "dropped on" Harper, the forger, alias Schmidt, the naturalist, next door.—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

Disposal of Sewage in Birmingham.

One of the worst features under the old management was the disposal of the sewage. By way of remedy two systems have found adoption. Under one the Health Committee collects the offal of houses, and either destroys it or turns it into fertilizers. This is more offensive and less successful than it might be made, but is apparently a necessity until the pan system has been abandoned. A sewage farm of nearly 1,300 acres has been developed several miles from the city, some 400 feet lower in elevation. The sewage, first mixed with lime to prevent too rapid decomposition and to assist in the precipitation of the solid matter, is passed through a series of depositing tanks, during which process the mud is removed. The remainder is dug into the land, one-third of which is dealt with each year, the effluent being discharged in a harmless state into the river Tame. Upon the other two-thirds are grown early vegetables, and grain and hay for cows kept for milk and market. The net annual cost to the city is about £24,000.—Century.

The Chinese Are Self-Helpful.

The percentage of foreigners in our hospitals, asylums and penal institutions is overwhelming. But the Chinese make little call upon us for philanthropy, and that only for medical help. Little by little these people are coming to see the superiority of our medical treatment, and in cases of severe sickness they will sometimes turn to our hospitals for help. But they ask no other aid from us. If a Chinaman needs any monetary assistance, his countrymen help him without burdening our public philanthropies. It is not uncommon for the men of one clan, or friends from different clans, to band together to establish a loan fund, every man giving so much toward it week by week. This is loaned to needy men, without security or interest; and when repaid it is loaned again, and thus many a man is carried through a sickness or set up in business, and outsiders are none the wiser.—Century.

Joan of Arc's Devotion to the King.

For her king, who had so cowardly abandoned her, she retained a passionate worship. He was the personification of France; he was her banner. One day during the trial Guillaume Everard accused the King of France of heresy, whereat, trembling with indignation, Joan cried out "By my faith, sire, with all reverence due to you, I dare say and swear, under peril of my life, that he is the most Christian of all Christians, he who best loves the law and the church; he is not what you say." In such a cry we feel that she uttered all her heroic soul.—Century.

Every man makes a failure of his love affairs.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

NO eyes can see like those of the soul. God's mercy can no more wear out than his love. If our belief is wrong, our eternity will be wrong. Every successful Christian life must be a life of faith. Growth in grace is often helped by having the grace to say no.

As soon as thought finds a body it begins trying to move the world.

If some people would laugh more, their doctor bills would be less.

When a young lion is hungry, how much better off is he than a wolf?

Persecuting a good man is the devil's way of showing that he hates God.

The wages of sin is death, no matter how promptly we pay our pew rent.

When praise is going up, showers of blessing are sure to be coming down.

Considering what God has done will soon lead us to rejoice in what he will do.

There is only here and there a man who praises God half as much as he should.

When we have a keen eye for the faults of others, we are apt to be blind to our own.

A right state of heart cannot be maintained without keeping a close watch on the tongue.

As to Children and Dogs.

Washington Irving has often been accused of saying that little dogs and children were influential members of French society. It is quite true that in the United States I never noticed that close and sentimental intimacy between human beings and quadrupeds so frequently seen in France. American life is so active, so desperately crowded, either usefully or socially, that perhaps it does not permit the loss of time inevitably brought about by friendly intercourse with a dog. As for children, I believe that their importance is equally great in all countries; but it asserts itself in a more noisy manner in America than anywhere else. Everything is sacrificed to them, for they represent the future, which is all that counts in a country whose past is very short, and whose present is a period of high-pressure development. Yet no one must suppose that, before presenting an apology for French children, I intend to malign American children, as certain travelers have taken the liberty of doing very thoughtlessly, although they had met them only on steamships, cars, or at hotels, enjoying a holiday with that buoyancy which is the characteristic mark of the whole race. I have known some who were very well brought up, even from our point of view, and among those who were not I have admired precocious sense, vivacity of mind, quiet determination, and capacity for self-government, qualities which I should wish for all ours.—Century.

Ice by a New Machine.

There has of late been a large demand for ice machines of small capacity specially adapted for use in villages, or in large establishments at a distance from the town supply. A new form of such a machine is constructed to make 10 cwt of ice in 24 hours. It is worked on the ammonia absorption system, and operated by steam. It consists of two steel cylindrical ammonia heaters, enclosed in steel casings, and containing coils of iron pipes. These cylinders are charged with a solution of ammonia, one charge being enough for twelve months' working. The machine is supplied with steam by a two horse power boiler, at a pressure of 45 pounds, the average cost of fuel being about five cents an hour. The machine can also be arranged to work in combination with a gas-fired boiler, and with superheated steam. By the addition of an agitator the machine will produce what is known as crystalline ice, while the generating portion of the plant can be adapted for cooling and refrigerating purposes of all kinds. As the machine has no moving parts there is a minimum of wear and tear, and no foundations are required.

The easiest men for the women to capture are those who have exaggerated ideas of honor.

Roasting Schilling's Best tea in San Francisco costs more than roasting other tea in China or Japan, but it makes tea better.

You don't have to pay the difference, though. It comes out of our profits.

We make money in giving up profits. Queer!

A Schilling & Company San Francisco

SHEEP NONSENSE

The man whose nature 'tis to sigh Can always find a reason; 'Midst frost he says that coal's too high While warmth is out of season.—Washington Star.

He—"Is anything wanting to make your happiness complete, my dear? She—"Yes; about fourteen yards of silk at \$6 a yard.—Yonkers Statesman.

Mr. Poorly—"This 'ere wall'll fall down ef ye don't fix it; th' cracks are enormous. Landlord—"All right. I'll have it papered at once.—Atlanta Constitution.

"Maud Muffett says that the age of chivalry has passed." "I guess she means she has passed the age when she may expect any"—Indianapolis Journal.

Mamma—"Johnny, I fear you were not at school yesterday." Johnny—"I'm! I'll bet the teacher told you. A woman never can keep a secret.—Boston Transcript.

Miriam—"Don't you think my new hat is a poem, Ned?" Ned (critically)—"From the height, dear, I should compare it instead to a short story"—Spare Moments.

"Mabel has a lot of sense." "How does she show it?" "She never permits herself to appear more intelligent than the man who is talking to her.—Chicago Record.

Well-meaning man has seldom said The thing precisely that he ought; He slights her dainty home-made bread And suavely flatters what she bought.—Washington Star.

Crawford—"How is it that the janitor of a flat is such an autocrat?" Grimshaw—"I suppose it's because wherever he goes he generally gets in on the ground floor.—Judge.

"I feel," said the clock that had ceased to tick, "like the victim of a bicycle collision." "How is that?" asked the watch. "Run down.—Philadelphia North American.

Mrs. Troubles—"When we were first married, Harry, you never uttered a complaint." Mr. T.—"When we were first married, Jane, I had cash enough to employ a cook.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

First Suburbanite—"That new cook I got yesterday was uneasy all the way out from town." Second Suburbanite—"What was the matter?" First Suburbanite—"I forgot to buy her a return ticket.—Judge.

Dobson—"Did old Money Bags take it good-naturedly when you asked him for the hand of his daughter?" Hobson—"Good-naturedly? Oh, yes; he said 'Ha, ha, ha!'—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Wheel and the world wheels with you; Walk and you walk alone; 'Ware lest a scorcher shall come up behind And knock you as cold as a stone.—Chicago Record.

"I am a plain man," said Bloughly, "and I believe in being practical. I love you, and I want you to be my wife." "Well," replied the fair one, "how much are you worth?"—Philadelphia North American.

Mrs. Mimms—George, are you sure you locked up the house carefully? Mimms—By jove, I can't remember about the front door. Mrs. Mimms—Never mind the front door. How about the coal bin?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Going to do anything interesting this Thanksgiving, Bagsby?" "Yes, I've persuaded my wife not to invite all our relatives to dinner, just to see if some of them won't have originality enough to invite us.—Chicago Record.

Papa Blunt—I like to argue with that young Tomlins. Sweetest Susan—I hope you find him logical, papa. "Why, my child?" "Because I think he's the logical candidate for your son-in-law, papa.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Freshly—Well, I captured a first prize at the horse show yesterday." Sagely—Didn't know you had any animals entered. Freshly—I hadn't, but I proposed to Miss Cash and was accepted.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Marie—I suppose that your friend, the count, has become greatly attached here in New York during his stay. Nimms—No, he hasn't been as yet, although all his trunks have, his landlord tells me.—New York Evening Journal.

He—I thought you said your love for me was as strong as iron and as true as steel; pray, how do you account for your numerous flirtations? She—Well, you see, the iron and steel works have shut down for the present.—Up to Date.

Playwriter—What do you think of my new work? Critique—Great show, old fellow. Funniest thing I ever saw. Playwriter—Good heavens, man, it's a tragedy! Critique—Yes; I know it is.—New York Commercial Advertiser.