

THE FAMILY STORY



A FARMER FOR LOVE.

N HEN Elliott Raymond bought a farm in Flint valley. It was not because he intended going into agriculture, or because he wanted to be quoted

as "gentleman farmer"—it was because he had money he didn't know what to do with.

Hurrying down to the station one morning to catch the train in order to join the first meet of the Flint Valley Hunt Club, he ran against his broker, who stopped him long enough to say:

"Great Northeastern went up any number of points yesterday. We sold. I'll send you a check for \$4,000 to-day."

On the train Elliott had time to think over several business matters, among them the rise in Northeastern. Four thousand was a small sum to Elliott Raymond, but still he didn't know what to do with it. Banks were paying only 3. General Metalle was away down. Real estate was low, and it was still a problem when the train stopped and he climbed onto Tom Harvey's coach beside Miss Carruth. In her society he forgot all about Northeastern, General Metalle, and banks that pay only 3.

"The hunt starts at 1," she said, smiling at him with frank, level eyes. "We have luncheon at the Birchies," and so the conversation drifted, followed by a swift run across country after the hounds, a flash through Patchin's woods and gulley, and the meadows beyond, where Miss Carruth came in first and won the brush.

"Shall we go home by the Willow road?" she said to Elliott. "It is the longest way," and he said "of course," for Elliott always agreed with Miss Carruth.

It was riding home by the Willow road that Elliott chanced to see a sign tacked to a tree near a farm gate: "This Farm for Sale at a Sacrifice." Suddenly he remembered the \$4,000. The house was away back from the road, there was a neat hedge on one side, and a grape arbor and a few giant elms. Quite a handsome country place. Why shouldn't he put his money in this farm? He would if it was a good investment. He would notify Brooks.

That was how Elliott Raymond came to buy a farm. A distant cousin was brought from the west somewhere and installed thereon, while the former owners—well, Elliott didn't know what became of the former owners. Cousin John wrote Elliott that the farm was in an excellent state of cultivation. He was going to sow such and such fields with wheat and reserve others for white oats, and would Elliott kindly have the florist send a lot of bulbs for fall planting? Elliott carefully attended to every request, and he used to tell Miss Carruth all about it as they drove out to the foot-ball game on his drag.

"Brooks has sent enough plants and things for Cousin Margaret to plant the entire farm," he said, laughingly. Miss Carruth was such a sensible girl—she liked to hear about his farm, he knew, and always seemed so interested.

Truth to tell, Gertrude Carruth had hoped, she acknowledged it to herself boldly, that Elliott Raymond would some day ask her to share his fortunes, his interests, wherever they might be. She did not care about the fortune in itself. She looked straight in her mirror one night and told herself so. "I wouldn't care if he hadn't a penny," she said; "he is the best man I know."

At Mrs. Westerleigh's dinner Miss Carruth was sure Elliott had something in particular to say to her. They were in the conservatory, she sitting on a rustic seat and he leaning on the edge of a marble basin, watching the gold fishes swimming about. Neither had spoken for some time and she felt when he did speak it would be something she would wish to hear. She pulled a red rose from a branch near her.

"It is beautiful, isn't it?" he said, taking it from her fingers. "It is a crimson rambler. I am going to have

a lot of them sent down to the farm in the spring." He threw away the fragrant white flower from his buttonhole and put the rose in its place. The spell was broken—the farm had done it, Miss Carruth thought, bitterly, and they walked back to the drawing-room.

Spring came, summer passed, and the Flint Valley hunts were once more calendared. Elliott sent Black Bess down to the farm and he followed by train one October night when it was just chilly enough for a small blaze in the big fireplace. It was his visit to his own farm.

The hunt was at 8 o'clock, with the hunt breakfast four miles away, and as Elliott rode Black Bess through the lane he noticed how beautifully the lawns were kept. A few chrysanthemums were beginning to show their colors, and a bed of pink and white cosmos, that flower that never blooms until touched by frost, flaunted fairy faces at him in the sharp wind.

"I will come down here and stay all next summer," Elliott said to himself, as Black Bess took the front gate and dashed away toward the Laurels.

Again Miss Carruth was the leader of the chase, and again Elliott rode by her side on the slow return.

"You are coming to luncheon with us," she said, as they paced along the willow road.

"Yes," and he looked at his watch. "We are early. Will you stop at the farm and meet Cousin Margaret. I'd like you to see the place."

The girl was pleased that he wanted to show her his farm. They entered the house unannounced, and as they passed through the wide old hall they heard some one singing a low, quaint old air to the music of the piano. They paused at the door of the parlor. A young girl was seated at the piano, her back toward them. She was singing a song which Elliott had heard a well-known Irish tenor sing many times:

"Give me a word of love, Douglas Gordon,

Just a word of pity, Oh, my love," said she,

"For the bells will ring to-morrow, Douglas Gordon,

My wedding bells, my love, but not for you and me."

Miss Carruth's eyes grew tender as she listened to the words. She looked at Elliott. He touched her arm and they walked softly through the hall to the room beyond, where Cousin Margaret was busy.

"You have company, Cousin Margaret," Elliott said, after introducing Miss Carruth.

Cousin Margaret flushed. "You don't mind, do you? You see, the piano belonged to her and they had to sell it with all the other things. She's such a sweet girl. I told her to come in and use the piano whenever she liked. It will keep it in tune, you know."

Cousin Margaret's explanation was not very lucid, but Elliott understood that the girl was the daughter of the man who had owned the farm. While they were still speaking they heard the hall door close and the girl crossed the lawn. Miss Carruth, standing by the window, looked after her, and with the quick intuition some women have she felt that this girl was to have some influence over Elliott's life.

Elliott was to remain at the farm for the entire hunting season, and now and then he caught a glimpse of the girl, but she did not come to the house again when he was likely to be home. One day, however, Black Bess went lame and he returned from the first ditch. He heard the sound of the piano as he crossed the lawn, and just as he reached the door it opened and the girl stood before him.

Although he had not seen her face he had known she was beautiful, and when she blushed her face was like some sweet, delicate flower.

"Excuse me," she said. "I didn't know—"

Elliott smiled. "You are Miss Thompson. Cousin Margaret told me you came in to awaken the echoes sometimes. I am glad you do." His tone was so pleasant that the girl smiled as she again bowed and passed on.

He did not go to hunt the next day, and when the girl came across the lawn he went to meet her and asked if he might come in and listen to the music.

"It has been a long time since I have heard a really good voice," he said.

"Do you like my voice?" she asked frankly.

"I do. I came in the other day when you were singing 'Douglas Gordon.' It is my favorite song. Will you sing it for me now?"

She sang it and many others, and so it came about that she promised to come every morning, while he went to the city for his violin, and he hunted no more mornings or afternoons. Miss Carruth noted day after day that he was absent from the chase, and though she at first wondered, she was not long in discovering the reason.

One morning the girl did not come, and Elliott paced uneasily up and down the hall, drew the bow across the strings of his violin, went to the window, and at last wondered at his impatience. "I never knew I cared so much about music," he said to himself. Just then the girl came through the gate. She had pulled a few of the pink cosmos and wore them in her belt, and as she saw Elliott at the window she looked up and smiled.

If a thunderbolt had fallen out of the autumn sky Elliott Raymond could not have been more astonished than he was at the throb his heart gave when he saw her. His surprise at his feelings was so great that he leaned against the window to steady himself for a moment.

"Thirty-five years old," he said to himself, "and I have never—" and then she came in.

"You are waiting," she said.

"Yes, I was waiting."

She looked up in surprise at his tone. When she saw his face she flushed. He held out his hands. "Alice," he said. "I want you always. Will you come? I want you to be my wife."

He was surprised that he could not express himself better. She looked up at him, her eyes moist and glad.

"Do you?" she asked.

"I do. Will you, Alice?"

She held out her hands and met his. "I will," she said, softly. "You are very sure?"

"Quite sure, Alice." And so it comes about that Elliott Raymond will undoubtedly carry out his promise to himself to spend all next summer in Flint valley, because Mrs. Raymond will want to go back to her old home on the farm after the winter of gaiety in the city.

And Miss Carruth's gift to the bride and groom is a water-color sketch of a slender, dark-haired girl seated at a piano, with autumn sunlight streaming in at the window, and the card accompanying it has a most informal line: "With the best love of Gertrude Carruth."—Buffalo Evening News.

QUER STORIES

A pound of phosphorus heads 1,000,000 matches.

A ton of oil has been obtained from the tongue of a single whale.

Over 600,000 pounds of tea are consumed in England daily.

The volcanoes of Vesuvius and Etna are never both active at the same time.

Web to the length of two and a quarter miles has been drawn from the body of a single spider.

A newly discovered spot on the sun, which is visible just now, is said to be 30,000 miles in diameter.

A complete electric plowing plant has been installed on an estate in France, in the department of the Tarn.

Engineers in Germany receive from the Government a gold medal and \$500 for every ten years of service without accident.

Telegraph wires will last for forty years near the seashore. In the manufacturing districts, the same wires last only ten years, and sometimes less.

To cool a hot room, wet thoroughly a large sheet and hang it up in the middle. The temperature will go down ten or twelve degrees almost immediately.

Bicycles are now being made with one of the tubes in the frame plugged at each end, to be filled with oil through an inlet at the top, and drawn off below, so that a cyclist need not run out of fuel for his lamp.

The oldest building in the world that has been uninterruptedly used for church purposes, is St. Martin's Cathedral at Canterbury. The building was originally erected for a church, and has been regularly used as a place for religious gatherings for more than 1,500 years.

Ruskin on the Bicycle.

John Ruskin, who is opposed to railroads because they disfigure rural scenery, and for other reasons, objects also to all forms of cycling. His language is quite radical: "To walk, to run, to leap and to dance are virtues of the human body, and neither to stride on stilts, wriggle on wheels, nor dangle on ropes, and nothing in the training of the human mind with the body will ever supersede the appointed God's ways of slow walking and hard work."—

The upper ten is composed of the winning nine and the umpire.

KOREAN FAIRY TALE.

reads as Charming as One of Mother Goose's.

The Koreans have an interesting legend concerning the manner in which Tong-Pak-Suk, the Methuselah of their mythology, got the better of Satan. Tong lived 1,000 years and acquired great wisdom. The later years of his life were spent in fishing, but not wishing to diminish the stock of fish in the river, he used a straight piece of wire instead of a hook. Thus he was able to enjoy the excitement and pleasure of fishing for several centuries without catching a single fish.

Realizing that sooner or later the devil who did death's errands would be looking him up, he changed his name and abode with each generation and thus eluded him. In the meantime the evil one disguised himself in a flowing Korean robe which covered up his tail, concealed his horns under a mourner's hat three feet in diameter and wrapped his legs in curious padded stockings, so that he easily passed for a native. He heard that Tong was fishing in the Hau river. So he collected a quantity of charcoal and washed it in that stream. This of course blackened the water, and Tong, being surprised and annoyed, went up to discover the cause. Finding the devil washing the charcoal, he asked what he was doing. The devil replied that he was trying to make it white.

Old Tong in his astonishment was thrown off his guard and said: "I have lived in Korea hundreds of years, and of course have met many fools, but I never saw a big enough fool to try to wash charcoal white."

The devil at once knew his man, and unfolding his tail by way of exhibiting his warrant of arrest, seized Tong and hurried him along in the direction of that dark portal through which all mortals must pass.

On the way the devil, being in good humor over his success, chatted pleasantly with Tong, who ventured to ask him what he most abhorred and was most afraid of. The devil made a fatal blunder—one which might have been excusable for a mortal, but was most stupid for a devil—he told the truth. He said that he hated and feared but four terrestrial things—a branch of a thorn tree, an empty salt bag, a worn-out straw sandal of an ox, and a particular kind of grass that grows in Korea—the foxtail—and that when these were put together he could not go within thirty feet of them.

In return the devil asked Tong what he most feared. Tong, being wise and experienced, lied and said he was in mortal terror of a roasted ox head and mackalee—a kind of beer.

Shortly after this exchange of confidence Tong noticed that they were passing a thorn tree, around the roots of which foxtail grass was growing, and, curiously enough, under it was an old bag and a cast-off ox sandal; so, making a sudden spring from the side of the devil, he gathered up the bag, the grass and sandal, and hanging them on a branch of the tree his charm was perfect. The devil could not come within thirty feet.

Of course the devil used every inducement to get Tong to come forth, but the old fellow stuck to his post. At last the devil went off and got a roasted ox head and a cask of mackalee, and rolled them in to Tong, confident from what he had told him, that Tong would be driven outside the magic circle. But when he saw Tong eating heartily of the beef and drinking the mackalee with gusto, he realized that the game was up, and despairingly departed.

Tong's long life was due to the accident by which his page in the Book of Fate stuck to the next one, so that his name was overlooked. When ultimately the complaint was made that Tong had been living too long, it took the registrar of the lower regions 340 years to hunt up his name in the archives.

Toy Making.

A great many toys are now made in this country, including many mechanical devices. Many toys are still imported. Such things as woolly sheep and dogs, now as highly prized by children as ever, come from Germany, as do the skin-covered horses. They could be made here, but they can be produced cheaper abroad.

As a rule, whatever can be made by machinery is made here, while toys made by hand are mostly imported. The minute a thing is brought within the reach of machinery, American manufacturers can pay their higher prices for labor and still beat the world. With the low prices of labor in foreign countries hand-made productions can be made cheaper in them. As a result of this there toys of some kinds which in their completed state are partly American and partly foreign. Among these are toy vehicles with horses attached. The vehicles and everything in and about them may be the product of American machinery, while the horse standing between the shafts may be from Germany.—New York Sun.

A man can easily become notorious these days by announcing his intention of going to the Alaska gold fields.

After a girl is 28 years old, she doesn't believe in long engagements.

All people who play the fiddle look something alike.

AUTHOR OF "BEN BOLT."

He Is Now at Work on an Irish Play Soon to Be Produced.

Thomas Dunn English, the author of "Ben Bolt," announces that he is now at work on an Irish play, which will be produced very soon. English has written prose and verse for sixty years, and he says that he is good at either to-day, when he is 77. He was sixty years ago, when he wrote the one song that people now know him by is "Ben Bolt," which Maurier dragged from a well-known



THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

obscurity and gave a painful wound in his irrepressible "Trilby." The writer of "Ben Bolt" is a native of Philadelphia, and has written a number of alluses. He has never above mediocrity, but many of his songs are sweet and simple and once popular. He wrote under various pen names, because he was a lawyer with a good practice, and did not want to be thought so trivial as to write verses. He was first graduated a medical doctor from the University of Pennsylvania. That was as long as 1839, but three years later he studied for the law. He was something of a politician in his young days, but never rose in statesmanship to the New Jersey Legislature. His play will certainly get a fair hearing from all who have heard his now famous song.

LIBRARY'S GUARDIAN ANGEL.

It Is an Image in Marble Distinctly Graven by the Hand of Nature.

The Chicago public library now has its guardian angel. Unseen by hundreds of visitors who are charmed by the beauty of the new library building every day, a grand colonial angel keeps silent watch over the corridors of the main floor. It is an image in marble—not fashioned by the hand of a sculptor, but graven by the hand of nature in the far-off quarries of the Adirondacks. The lines of the face are quite distinct, and the likeness has been remarked by several observant visitors at the library.

The image is on the marble-covered wall near the Washington street entrance, at the south end of the passage way that runs through the building. The complete figure had been formed by the junction of two marble slabs that were cut in halves by the quarrymen. Oddly enough these were placed side by side when the building was constructed. The long side of the hair are plainly visible.



GUARDIAN ANGEL CHICAGO'S LIBRARY.

nose and mouth, though somewhat distinct, give an animated look to the face. The outline of the neck and cannot be mistaken. Strangest of all is the position of the arms, which are raised upward so that the hands are on the sides of the face.

James Nasmyth.

James Nasmyth, of Edinburgh, inventor of the steam-hammer, and man of extraordinary energy and genius; and being ambidextrous, he is able to draw or sketch or handle hammer or chisel with either hand. The laboratory or workshop in his home he called "Fireside." Even when sitting in church, when a new idea came across his brain he rose and walked off to his workshop, and there he drew, or in order to preserve in form, he would either forge it in the anvil, or make a wooden pattern.

Extraordinary.

Huntley—My wife is one of the remarkable women in this town. Bosworth—How are you going to prove it?

Huntley—A new house was built on our street two months ago, and has never been through it yet.—Land Leader.