

THE FAMILY STORY



A MAINE SURVIVOR.

THE civil war had been over just ten years when Glory Price was born.

They called her Glory because, when her soldier father had, with awkward tenderness, first taken the warm little bundle into his one arm, he had glanced up at the bullet-riddled flag that always hung above the family mantel and said softly: "Margaret, I nearly gave my life for 'old glory' and you all but gave yours for baby; suppose we call her 'little Glory'?" and the gentle mother had answered: "All right, John; she shall be our little Glory."

The neighbors had said it was a silly sort of name; that Harriet or Susan or even a fancy name like Rose would have gone beautifully with Price; but they for their parts never knew a child with such a fool name to come to any good, and they one and all hoped that she would be true to her name and not come to an inglorious end; but it was

homestead, Glory thought him the handsomest and bravest looking man she ever saw.

Before he left he had won her promise to be his bride upon his return, and, laughing at her fears, assured her that sending the ship was only a precautionary measure, and his absence would not be long.

It was a sweet and sad parting, their happiness so newly found, their separation so soon.

"I go, my darling," he said, tenderly, "to fight for the old flag if necessary, and then my reward will be the sweetest Glory that ever was given to man. You will be true to me, will you not, dear, and God grant that I come back to you soon," and, not daring to trust himself further, the strong man passionately kissed the tear-stained face and was gone.

She could not shake off the strange foreboding that would not leave her until her father jocosely asked why find-



"HEARD THE NEWS?" HE INQUIRED, EXCITEDLY.

plainly evident they did not look for any such a miracle and would be almost disappointed if the united prediction of the neighborhood should prove untrue.

Notwithstanding the shadow of her name little Glory thrived and grew so sweet and winsome that even passing strangers would stop to pat the crown of golden curls and gaze into the perfect face.

Nothing pleased her childish fancy more than to hear tales of the upholding of the old flag, and oftentimes with shining eyes she would stroke the empty sleeve and look up into the weather-beaten face she loved so well and wonder "what a little girl like Glory Price could ever do to serve her country."

"Be a true soldier's daughter," her father would reply; "for some day the union may need strong men and brave women again, you know."

The years came and went, bringing with them a rare and perfect womanhood for the old soldier's daughter. She was still Glory Price, for to one after another she had said "No," scarcely realizing that her heart was afloat with one who was serving under the old flag, until she read that the battleship Maine—Jim's ship—had been ordered to Havana harbor to protect American interests there. Unshed tears trembled in the blue eyes at the thought that perhaps she should not see him again, and, startled at what she read in her own heart, Glory flung herself upon her little white bed in an agony of tears.

But Jim did come, just to say good-by, and, as he strode up to the old Price

ing a lover had made his Glory so dim. Time passed, still the shadow of ill seemed never to lighten.

On that February morning when the world was appalled at the horrible disaster to the Maine Glory went into the kitchen to give the order to the grocery clerk.

"Heard the news?" he inquired, excitedly; "battleship Maine is blown up and everybody on board is killed—but what's the matter? Help!" he shouted, for the shadow had darkened, and Glory was granted the blessing of unconsciousness.

Then came the horrible days of waiting for the official reports, and finally it was found that Jim was alive, but horribly mangled and burned, and Glory knew from the dispatches that he was maimed for life.

Honest John Price and his wife grieved over the change in their daughter, who was but a ghost of her former self.

At last a letter came from Jim, only two or three blurred lines, and then Glory seemed to change.

With almost a return of her old-time brightness, she went about her household duties until the twilight came, and then, drawing a parent on either side of her, Glory began, half-timidly:

"I want to ask you both to consent to my marrying Jim as soon as he returns. I want to care for this mangled and injured one and nurse him back to what health remains for him; I promised to be true to him, and I meant it," and she looked pleadingly at both parents. "But, Glory dear, he can never sup-

port you, and probably not himself," interposed her mother.

"No, mamma, I have thought of that, but it is no burden to care for those we love, and I am strong and young, besides our great and generous Government will find some niche for the wife of a Maine sufferer to fill; I am not afraid to try and I shall succeed," and in the light of the slowly rising moon the upturned face was angelic in its sweetness and purity.

"I want to be married beneath the old bullet-ridden flag—my namesake, you know—for you see your little Glory has found something to do for her country."

And so it was all settled, and when Jim is able to return to the New-England village among the hills he will find waiting what he has already won—Glory—his bride, a soldier's daughter.—Emogene Manchester, in Chicago Record.

TABLE MANNERS.

Wall of the Ean Who Carves for a Large Family.

"A Veteran" writes to the Listener of the Boston Transcript to complain of table manners in these later days, incidentally protesting against the hard lot of the father who has to carve for a large family: "In the old way we are taught to wait until the carving and helping was done before beginning to dispose of the food, out of respect to the carver, and so that he might have a chance to get something to eat and not come out behind all others at the table, but modern 'table manners' seem to have changed all that, and if the carver gets anything to eat he is lucky. Modern table manners also do not appear to regard it as any way inappropriate to have a newspaper at hand to occupy the time at table. The old way was to occupy the time in lively conversation, and reading a paper or book was disrespectful. In modern table manners there seems no incivility in lighting a cigarette at the table or in adjourning to the hall to smoke one while the table is being cleared for dessert. There are many other innovations in modern table manners which might be noted, but I think many of the old ways best."

The Listener gives the old grumbler comfort. "It is a queer father of a family who expects to carve and get anything to eat. The size of the roast may be simply prodigious, but, even if the young people at the table who were first served do not come around for a second helping by the time the last person is served the first time the roast will probably by that time have got into the shapeless and refractory condition peculiar to roasts, which will incline the carver to content himself with a little bread and gravy—or at least to take the edges off the pangs of hunger with something of that sort, while he is organizing a second assault on the roast for the benefit of the others."

Not All the Gold in Klondike.

Within my little cottage
Are peace and warmth and light,
And loving welcome waiting
When I come home at night.
The polished kettle's steaming,
The snowy cloth is spread—
And close against my shoulder
There leans a smooth brown head!
Her eyes are lit with laughter
(They light the world for me)—
"For how much would you sell me?
Now, tell me, sir!" cries she.
'Tis then I answer, somehow,
Between a smile and tear:
"Not for all the gold in Klondike!
The gold in Klondike, dear!"

When the cozy tea is over,
With many a frolic fond,
I sit and read my paper,
And from the room beyond
I hear the clink of china,
The tread of nimble feet,
And broken bits of singing
That somehow ripple sweet.
I hear a rush and rustle
Behind my easy chair;
Short, chubby arms enclasp me
And choke me unawares!
Into my arms is tumbled
A crinkled golden head,
A ball of fluffy whiteness
That ought to be in bed.
She asks her mother's question—
I kiss the answer clear—
"Not for all the gold in Klondike!
The gold in Klondike, dear!"

In dim and dusty office
I dig my bits of gold;
I suffer not with hunger
Nor perish with the cold.
My nuggets needs be tiny
(I dig them with a pen),
But the Yukon's golden gravel
I leave for other men.
My treasure lies exhaustless,
My claim is staked with care;
What is all the gold in Klondike
Since I'm love's millionaire?
—Leslie's Weekly.

Out of the Frying Pan.

A 76-year-old lover at Coventry, England, finding as the wedding day drew near that he had not money enough to pay the expenses, drowned himself in a pond.

Why do you call them "congress" garters? Did any one who ever went to Congress wear them.

Some worthless people devil you so much that you are compelled finally to pay attention to them.

After a man reaches 70, he begins to get small and dwindle away almost as fast as a cake of soap.

GALLANTRY WON HIM A WIFE.

Cowboy Rides Twenty Miles to Get a Dress for a Girl from the East.

"And now he's one of them there millionaires," mused the grizzled frontiersman whose relatives had induced him to come back for a brief visit in a center of civilization. "I see it right here in the paper. He owns railroad stock, mining stock and lots of other stock. I knowed that there same Henry M. Holden when he done nothin' but punch stock for other people out on the plains. He was a genuine cowboy, and as fast a feller in a round-up as I ever see."

"You must be mistaken, uncle."

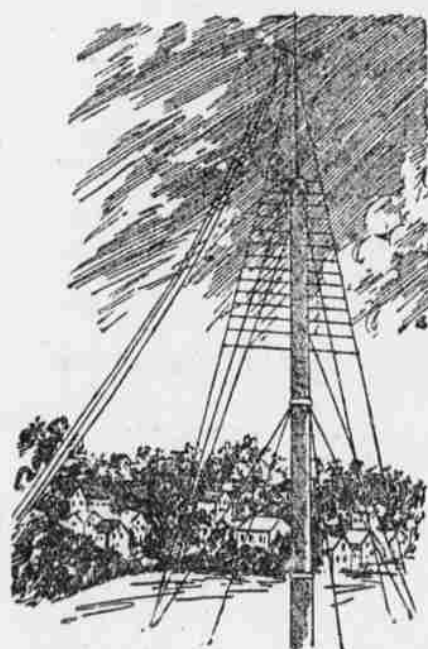
"Nothin' of the kind. When I talk about people you kin bet I'm allus dead certain of my fac's. We called him Hank them days, and he was jist as handsome a youngster as ever throwed his leg over a saddle. Jist by puttin' things together as they kin out I learned as how he was a college graduate and was goin' so fast a clip and scatterin' the old man's money so rapid that they sent him out there fur to git a schoolin' in economy and build up ag'in. He was soon the fav'rite on all the ranches 'bout there, fur he was squaras a dle and not afraid of nothin'."

"Well, this here girl what he married kin out fur to stay fur a while on her dad's cattle range, that jined ours. Some of the swell people up to Lead-town, twenty miles away, what knowed her people, gave a ball fur her. Her and her dad went over in the cool of the forenoon, and after dinner was in a lawyer's office talkin'. It seems Hank got some money frum that same lawyer once a month and was there too. He heard the ole man laughin' and tellin' how they had kin away frum the range with the wrong valise, leavin' her ball dress ahind, and her a'most crazy about it. Hank never says a word, but jumps on his horse, goes that twenty miles as though injins was after him, gits the dress, changes critters, makes the run back and throws the girl into a fit of happiness when he delivers the goods on time. A year's courtin' wouldn't have made him so sold. The very next winter they was married. Hank was as steady as a deacon, both ole men boosted him, and now you see where he is."—Detroit Free Press.

TELEGRAPH WITHOUT WIRE.

Time Is Coming When Messages Will Leap Through Space.

This is the way the telegraph pole of the future will look. Moreover, there will not be lines of telegraph wires stretching across country and making the distant sky look like a music chart. Wireless telegraphy is



MESSAGES LEAP THROUGH SPACE.

coming in. Already on the Isle of Wight they have a wireless telegraphy plant. Messages leap from a pole like this one at Alum bay, fourteen miles through space, to Bournemouth. A man named Marconi is responsible for the wireless system of telegraphy.

German Army's Colored Bandmaster.

Sabac el Cher is the only colored bandmaster in the German army. He is at the head of the music corps of the Royal Prussian regiment of grenadiers King Frederick III. (No. 1 East Prussian), which garrisons Koeningberg, Prussia. Sabac el Cher is said to be remarkably handsome. His father was born in lower Egypt. Prince Albrecht of Prussia found him at the court of the Khedive and brought him to Berlin. He married a German woman. Sabac el Cher played the violin when he was 8 years old and received an excellent musical education. The band is in great demand.

Plea for Beer on Sundays.

An extraordinary argument for Sunday opening was quoted by one of the speakers recently at a temperance convention. He related that at a public meeting once held in Coventry, England, an orator urged that public houses should be opened at noon on Sunday, in order that workmen should have an opportunity of discussing together the sermons they had heard in the morning.

Pretty Custom in Japan.

The Japanese have a custom of celebrating the blossoming of the fruit trees by a general holiday.

A good figure in youth, "comes flabby fat in middle age."



"I wonder what kind of a fish it is?" "Gee! I'll bet it's a corker!"—Puck.

Willy—Say, pa, what's a thousand debt? Pa—Our yacht, my son.—Chicago News.

"The only trouble with my position," said an ex-convict, "is that I am apt to be rather a confining one."—Lazar.

She—Why do they call the State penitentiary Sing Sing? He—Because of the jail birds therein, I guess.—Columbian.

Hewitt—How did you queer yourself with that French girl? Jewitt—I asked her to dance the german with me.—Judge.

Governess—D-a-m—dam, a thing keep back water. Young pupil—W-papa says it, mamma always cries.—London Sketch.

The father—What proof have you that you can support my daughter? Aspirant—Haven't I been engaged to her for over a year.—Puck.

"Borrowing is a disease," said a bee, in self-justification. "And lending is insanity," replied Small, significantly.—Philadelphia North American.

"Why, Julia, how the waist of your frock smells of tar." "Yes, mamma, poor Mr. Ratlines of the Naval Reserve has been bidding me good-bye again."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Elia—Where was it George proposed to you last week? Essie—At a hop. Elia—And you accepted him? Essie—At a jump.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"I see that glass bricks are coming into general use," said the popular science boarder. "They won't invade the gold-brick field," said the cheerful fellow. "They are too easily seen through."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Haven't I told you," asked the father, "to always tell the truth?" "You told me that," the young man admitted, "and at another time you told me never to become the slave of a habit."—Washington Star.

Harty—Good many years since we've seen each other, Jack; remember how we used to live from hand to mouth in college? Jack—Yes, that's still the case with me. Harty—How so? Jack—I'm a dentist.—Boston Courier.

He (wondering if that Williams he ever been accepted)—Are both your rings heirlooms? She (concealing the hand)—Oh, dear, yes! One has been in the family since the time of Alfred, but the other is newer and (blushing) only dates from the conquest.—Harvard Life.

"My wife," said the tall, lantern-jawed man, "is as womanly a woman as you could find; but she can hammer me like lightning." "Wonderful!" sang the chorus. "Lightning," the tall, lantern-jawed man continued, "seldom strikes twice in the same place."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"What excuse, if it were possible, have any excuse for such conduct, say you for beating your wife?" asked the Judge. "She flung it in my face that didn't care a rap for her," pleaded the prisoner, "and I just gave her one to show her her error."—Indianapolis Journal.

Teacher (of juvenile class)—Johnny, what was the first thing the Puritans did when they landed at Plymouth Rock? Johnny—They fell upon the knees. Teacher—That's right, Johnny. Now, Tommy, what was the next thing they did? Tommy—Fell upon the altar. Ignes.—Chicago News.

Mrs. Young—I dreamt last night the mother was coming to stay with me for a month. Mr. Young—Ah! dear me, dreams always go by contraries. Mrs. Young—And I also dreamt that you said I couldn't have a new dress. Mr. Young—H'm! funny, isn't it, how some dreams come?—Pick-Me-Up.

"That," exclaimed the Spanish general, as he mopped the perspiration from his brow, "is one of the narrow escapes I have had for some time." "What is the matter?" inquired his aide. "See this typewritten page? I said dictation that I was 'seeking light,' and the amanuensis got it 'seeking light'."—Washington Star.

"My fortune is made!" he cried. "I will be rich beyond the wildest dreams of avarice. I shall start for the Klondike to-morrow. My chemistry will give me my salvation." "How so; have you discovered a compound that will aid in the detection of gold deposits?" "No; I have invented a yeast that will make six loaves of bread from the flour ordinarily required for one."—Up-to-Date.

Widower—I say, my dear friend, have you ever been here before? Burglar—No, sir. Widower—Well, would your mind coming around quite often—once or twice a week—and going through my trousers, just as you are doing now? You don't know how much you remind me of my dear, departed wife, Angeline. It seems almost as if she were alive again. Good-night, my friend—God bless you!—Judge.