

THE FAMILY STORY



SARAH SAVED THE DAY.

JACKSON SMITH had a hobby. He would stand at the foot of his table, carving knife in hand, while he enlarged upon the "soulless democratic times," emphasizing his sentences by brandishing the carver in air.

His next aversion to a Democrat was an old maid. Indeed, the old maid was even more odious to him. The Democrat he could forgive as being a fool, but the old maid was beyond pardon on any grounds. And yet, as in very mockery of his pet antipathy, his only child, Sarah, had developed into the hated object, right in his own household.

Sarah was tall and angular, like her father, but her face was pleasing, and her disposition mild and amiable. She had never revolted against anything in her life—not even against the injustice of spending her youth in making preserves, apple butter or piecing quilts, while other girls were making merry. Sometimes Sarah wondered where her youth had gone, but, while she was 32, she could not recall having been young.

One day Jackson Smith received a hurt, and when Dr. Brown was called in he told Jackson his days were numbered. Then it was that his hatred for old maids proved itself.

"I'll never leave this place to a woman that can't get a husband," he said fiercely.

"But, father, Sarah's never had no chance—we've always kept her down," remonstrated his weeping wife.

He waved his hand to silence her. "Woman, no old maid shall inherit my place. I've sent by the doctor for Lawyer Clarke, and he'll come to-morrow. There's money enough in bank for you, but I'll fix it so that at your death it will go with the farm. Jackson Goggan, my namesake, shall get it all."

Tearfully Mrs. Smith imparted the facts to Sarah.

"Mother, would he turn you out of the old place just because he hates me?" And Sarah looked incredulous.

The elder woman nodded; then Sarah kissed the round, sunburnt face and said: "Mother, I never have revolted against father, but I'm going to save the place for you—I wouldn't mind so much, but you shall never leave your home. I'm going out now to think it over." And putting on her pink sunbonnet she went out the back door. When some distance from the house she sat down in the shade of a tree, and, while her heart beat loudly over her father's contemplated injustice, she resolved to outwit him.

"There's Josh Mullin; he might—but I can't bear Josh; he chews tobacco, and his mouth always looks dirty. Henry Hodge is home, but he drinks so that there's no dependence to be put in him." She cast her eyes over the landscape, and on the next farm she saw the figure of a man in the field. Yes, there's John Howard, but— and her face grew pink—"I hate somehow to ask it of him." Then the tear-stained face of her mother passed before her mental vision, and giving a jerk to her sunbonnet she started down the path across the meadow.

John Howard was hoeing corn. When he saw Sarah approaching he stopped and leaned on his hoe, a look of concern in his face.

"Is the old man worse, Sarah?" he asked.

"Yes; Dr. Brown says he can't live more'n two or three days, and—Oh, John, it's awful the way he is."

"Yes, but you have been a good, sacrificing daughter, Sarah, and you can't blame yourself for anything, you—"

"Oh, you don't understand, John; he's going to leave everything to— to Jackson Goggan, and mother'll have to leave the place," she half sobbed.

"You can't mean it, Sarah? Why—why, that would be outrageous. What makes him talk of such a thing?"

"Because—because—I am an old maid; he hates old maids." And her face grew pinker than the sunbonnet. John Howard shifted the hoe to the other arm and looked down.

"John, I've come to ask you—Oh, John, don't think me brazen; it's for mother's sake. I can't stand to see her turned out, and for my fault, and if you will only help me and— and— come

up to the house and pretend that we are to be married—just until after the will is made—it wouldn't be so very wrong. John—not so bad as letting mother be put out of her home—" She caught her breath in short gasps, but when John was silent her pink face suddenly paled. "I reckon it's asking a heap too much of you, John, but don't hold it against me; I couldn't see any other way. Good-by, John." She was turning away.

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John hitched the horse and went in. He walked to the bedside of Jackson Smith and sat down.

"Uncle Jackson," he began, "I've come to tell you what I've done. You know that I've often warned you that some day you would lose the most valuable possession you had—"

"It's the bridle heifer," interrupted Jackson Smith, his eyes snapping angrily. "John Howard, you think because I am or my deathbed that you can do as you please, but I'll show you. It's just like a rascally Democrat to shoot a neighbor's heifer just because she jumped into your wheat. I don't expect anything better of you—the whole party is made up of thieves and cutthroats—but I'll leave it in my will. Jackson Goggan shall law and law until—" He sank back exhausted from his outburst.

"If you get that angry over the bridle heifer, Uncle Jackson, I don't know what you will say when I tell you that I have not touched the heifer, but I have married Sarah."

"Married—Sarah?" And Jackson Smith's eyes dilated. "Married Sarah!" he said under his breath. "John, give me your hand. I knew Sarah was a Smith. Why, there never was an old maid in the Smith family, but it did seem she meant to take after the Walkers—her mother was a Walker. Sarah—married! I can go in peace, John, now that you have lifted the disgrace from the Smith family. You needn't mind what I said about the Democrats—I reckon you don't know better. Call Sarah; I want to give her the bridle heifer."

When the lawyer came the next day he wrote a will bequeathing all, save a life interest to Mrs. Smith, to his beloved daughter Sarah, who had gladdened the last hours of his life.

A few days later, with all due ceremony, Jackson Smith was laid away by the side of other Smiths. John Howard went home with his wife and her mother. At the porch he halted awkwardly, seeing which Sarah turned.



"HER FACE GREW PINKER THAN THE SUNBONNET."

could go on just the same, and I'll never want to marry any one else, and if you should you could get a divorce, you know."

"Oh, you're sure it makes no difference—you don't mind, John?" Her tone was eager.

"No, I don't mind; I'd help you any way I could, Sarah. It's high noon now. I'll drive over for you in the buggy right after dinner."

"I'll be ready, and—I wouldn't have asked you, John, only—only—you understand how it is, don't you?" Her face was red again.

"I understand it, Sarah. Don't fear."

"Why, Sarah, where have you been? You look as rosy as a poppy." And Mrs. Smith wiped the tears from her eyes as she gazed at her daughter's face.

"I've been attending to business for us, mother. You will not leave the place. I'm going over to Squire Hall's this evening. John Howard is coming to take me in the buggy."

The sun was sinking low in the west when John Howard and Sarah returned from the squire's.

"Will you come in, John, and stay about some? I'd rather you'd tell him if you don't mind," Sarah said.

you came to me in your trouble I jumped at the chance, Sarah, because I wanted you—I've always loved you, but now I feel I can't stay unless—unless you can take me for your husband in earnest." His eyes did not lift to her face.

"John!" Her eyes were open in wide amaze, and the face so lately tear-stained became radiant with unexpected joy. "You love me?" she questioned in glad unbelief. "Why, I have loved you all this time, too," she whispered.—Chicago Record.

STATISTICS ABOUT THE SEA.

Curious Figures About Its Weight, Depth and Volume.

I intend to take my revenge on the sea for the past indignities suffered from him and to deal deliberately in personalities about him. Inviting to my side his many victims who have suffered the like indignities, I propose that we weigh, measure and gauge him, battle him, play games with him and show him up generally—for, like most bullies, he is a bit of a humbug. For our attack on the sea we shall want a few facts to start from, and here they are:

We take the statements of four good men of science, a geographer, an astronomer, a physicist, a statistician, add the statements, divide by four, and arrive at the result that the surface of the sea is 139½ millions of square miles, his weight 1,332,000,000,000,000,000 tons and his volume 922,000,000 cubic miles. A like process will tell us that the average depth of the sea is 12,000 feet (more than two and one-quarter miles), and we know that one cubic foot of him weighs over sixty-four pounds avoirdupois, i. e., about four and one-half stone, or as much as a small child 8 or 10 years of age. From these figures Mr. Schooling deduces that the sea is simply nowhere when we compare it with the land of this planet as regards the solid quantities of weight, depth and volume:

"Only in the superficial quality of surface does the sea beat the land. As to beauty, there is infinitely more of it and in much greater variety, on the land than on the sea. To further emphasize the magnificence of the sea we will now pour it into a jelly mold—one of those thin, ornamental, tin shapes you see in the kitchen dresser. For this experiment I have dug out all the inside of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, from its surface all the way down to the center of the earth (3,000 miles), and have thus made the largest jelly mold known—or rather two of them, for Ireland forms a shape by itself, although, at bottom, it is firmly joined to England, Wales and Scotland. Now, this jelly mold would be large enough to hold just one-half of all the sea of this planet, so that a pair of these tin shapes would dispose of the whole sea!"—Person's Magazine.

For Nervous Guests.

It is often the little things which make life happy or the reverse to the "stranger within our gates." A night light is much appreciated by the nervous guest who does not like to sleep in total darkness, and naturally objects to the bright glare of gas or electric light all night. Without this bit of illumination she would probably be sleepless and miserable. Quite ornamental night lights and clocks combined are sold that would cheer the weary watches of a victim of insomnia even. The light is furnished by one of the round, fat candles used in fairy lamps, set safely in a disc of metal. The porcelain face of the clock is utilized as a shade, and if one prefers it can be of blue or green or yellow instead of white, thus subduing the light to a mere glimmer.

Another article for which the occupant of the "guest chamber" will bless his or her hostess every time he uses it is a compact and pretty writing stand in the shape of a long bronze leaf. The stem curls up over the leaf, one tending to form a taper, another twining about and supporting a receptacle for sealing wax. An ink well of cut glass, a curled leaf holding matches and a couple of bent twigs forming a pen rack complete the appointments. A stand for paper and envelopes is of bronze leaves laced together with little twigs.—Philadelphia Press.

Sugar from Starch.

It is announced that a chemist in Java has discovered a way to make cane sugar out of starch. As starch is much cheaper than sugar, such a discovery is a very important one. The man who puts forward the claim is a recognized expert on sugar, concerning which he has written many articles for publication during the last few years, and he has gone so far as to file a description of his process (confidentially) with the French Academy of Sciences, in order to secure his priority rights as an inventor. He is not ready as yet to take the public into his confidence, and for the present it is impossible to determine the truth of this declaration.

When a young man comes more than a hundred miles to see a young lady, that settles it so far as her neighbors and friends are concerned, and they commence to worry about what they will get her for a wedding present.

There are a few things that money cannot buy, but the trouble is that not many people want them.



May—Something told me Cholly would call last night. Addle—How? Perhaps it was Cholly.—Judge.

"Did you hear that creepy story Mr. Smith told?" "No; what was it about?" "His six months old baby."—Truth.

"You can always judge a man by the company he keeps." "That's pretty tough on the warden of the penitentiary."

Teacher—Of course you understand the difference between liking and loving? Pupil—Yes, marm; I like my father and mother, but I love ple.

Visitor—Is Miss Rose at home? Servant—No, sir. Visitor—Why, she has just come in! I saw her. Servant—Yes, sir; and she saw you, too.

"Reggie Littleton is such a conceited thing," said Molly. "He called me a man-hater just because he heard I said I didn't like him."—Harper's Bazar.

"They say, Blokely, old man, that your wife had an independent fortune?" "That's right. It's so comfortably independent that I can't get any of it."

The Bachelor—Nero killed thousands just to hear the death-rattle in his throats. The Benedict (extenuatingly)—Maybe he had a baby to amuse.—New York Journal.

"Some are ready to go to war the moment they are needed," remarks the observer of men and things, "and others the moment they are not needed."—Detroit Journal.

"That's a fine, solid baby of yours Middleton," said a friend who was admiring the first baby. "Do you think he's solid?" asked Middleton, rather disconsolately. "It seems to me as he was all hollow."

"Did you know," said Miss Cayenne, "that the young man who was trying to propose to you writes poetry?" "No spring?" "Yes." "Well, he ought to be in sympathy with his subject. He is certainly very backward."—Washington Star.

Tabsley—You look as if you must have had a good time last night. Mudge—I hope not. "You hope and why?" "Because if I did it was wasted. I don't recollect a thing about what sort of a time I had."—Indianaapolis Sentinel.

"How well the baby talks," remarked the visitor. "Doesn't he?" returned the proud father. "What is he saying?" asked the visitor. "Um—well, he replied the proud father, hesitatingly. "I guess you'd better ask his mother about that."

"I am told," remarked Miss Cayenne, "that you said some very clever things last evening." "Yes," replied William Washington; "it is very discouraging." "What is?" "The surprised manner which everybody is talking about it."—Washington Star.

"What was your first thought?" she asked, as she seated herself beside the cot, "after you realized that you had lost your foot?" He replied: "Thought, 'Well, this is a fine fix to be in now I'll not be able to ride the bike any more.'"—Chicago News.

"I've been told," said Mr. Olden, "that I seem very much younger than I really am." "Yes," replied Miss Cayenne, "to judge from some of the letters you wrote me, one would say that you were certainly under 20 years of age."—Washington Star.

Dick—Yes, you see, I'm in no need of a fix. I would never have proposed if I had the least idea that she would accept me, but she did. Jack—Well, propose again, as if you had forgotten. That ought to make her angry enough to refuse you.—Boston Traveler.

The Heavy Villain—These attorneys times I would rather be a statesman than an actor. The Light Comedian—I would at any time. Living is so much cheaper. The statesman gets his railway transportation and press agency work for nothing.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Is our colleague in earnest about stirring immediate action?" inquired a member of Congress. "In earnest?" replied the other. "There can't be the slightest doubt of it. Why, he has speech all ready which he couldn't deliver unless there were further delay."—Washington Star.

"What is that terrible noise on your head?" asked the startled youth as the clock struck 12. "I thought you had been in the navy?" answered the man under her breath. "So I have." "And don't understand that noise?" "No." "Well, that's papa clearing his throat."—Yonkers Statesman.

He was a great bore, and was talking to a crowd about the coming election. Said he: "Gibbs is so good a man; he is capable, honest, firm, and conscientious. He will make every kind of representative we need. He once saved my life from drowning." "Do you really want to see Gibbs elected?" said a solemn-faced old man. "I do, indeed. I'd give anything to see him elected," answered the bore. "I never let anybody know he saved my life," counseled the solemn-faced