

An Unofficial Saint

By Grant Owen

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The little parlor with its haircloth furniture, its gaudy rag carpet, its stuffed birds and its impossible chromos was a dismal place at best, but now with the double row of chairs still ranged stiffly about the sides of it and the feeble light of an unshaded kerosene lamp emphasizing all its barren ugliness it seemed a veritable desert of a room.

Sarah Biddle sat primly erect on the sofa, her black bordered handkerchief crushed between her hands. She was vaguely resentful of this unwanted solitary dignity she was forced to maintain. She wanted to be out in the kitchen washing dishes. This sitting still with folded hands like a visitor in one's own house was in nowise pleasing to her, but she realized that to-night at least it was expected of her, and Sarah was not one of those intrepid souls who can throw conventionalities to the winds.

It was all over. The last mourning relative—fortified by the ample post funeral supper—had consoled with her, wept with her and departed trainward. The only sound to break the stillness was the clatter of dishwashing at the kitchen sink, where two sympathetic neighbors piled their dish towels and discussed the late sad function very minutely.

Sarah moved uneasily on the sofa. No one could wash dishes to suit her; she would have to do them all over tomorrow before she put them away. She ached to get at them now, not only to have them done properly, but to relieve the strain of this unwanted activity. This, however, was clearly impossible according to the precedent of the community. To have a mind for household duties before the morrow would savor of callousness.

She heard the gate latch click and then the sound of heavy footsteps coming up the gravel walk. She leaned forward, listening intently. Any diversion would be welcome to her tense nerves. Presently the front door opened softly and was softly closed.



"IF I WAS GOIN' TO NAME A REGULAR SAINT ON EARTH I'D NAME YOU."

She was aware that some one had tipped clumsily into the room. She looked up to find a pair of good natured eyes regarding her whimsically.

"Good evenin', Seth," she said without rising. "Won't you set down?"

Seth Carlton selected a straight backed chair in the front row, jerked it forward and sat down awkwardly.

"I run over to see how you was gettin' on," he explained.

"Oh, nicely!" she replied. "Everybody's been so good. An', Seth, I want to thank you now."

"What for?" he demanded brusquely.

"For all you done," said she, "fixin' up the hedge an' lookin' after the horses today an' bein' one of the bearers." She paused a moment. "Don't you think everything passed off well?" she asked.

He nodded abstractedly. He appeared to be thinking deeply.

"Sarah," he said at length, looking at her with that penetration of gaze she always found rather disconcerting, "do you know I was sort of provoked today?"

"Provoked?" There was surprise and wonder and disbelief in her voice.

"Yes, provoked," he repeated flatly. Her eyes questioned him, but she waited silently for him to go on.

"I was listenin' to what lots of them folks had to say to you today," he resumed slowly. "I heard 'em talkin' about his sufferin' an' his patience. I heard one of 'em say he was a regular saint on earth."

"Wasn't he?" Her tone was very calm, but there was a hint of challenge in it.

"I'd be the last one to deny it," said he, "but what made me provoked was that them folks only looked at one side of it. There warn't none of 'em that spoke of your sufferin' or your patience."

She was silent. Her hands were now

ously "twistin' and" untwistin' the black bordered handkerchief. A spot of color came into either cheek.

"Mind, I know your father was one of the best men," he said sturdily, "but it made me mad that they didn't tell the other side of it—that you are one of the best women. Didn't you give up everything for him? Where have you been for the past ten years? Nowhere. What have you done all that time except take care of him? Nothin'. Ain't you suffered an' been patient? Didn't you give up the man you loved so you could spend all your time takin' care of your father? Sarah, if I was goin' to name a regular saint on earth I'd name you!"

It was a long speech for Seth Carlton to make. He sat back in the chair, rather surprised at his own statement of his feelings. Sarah smiled feebly.

"It warn't so much as you make out," she protested.

He grunted. "Didn't it mean nothin' to you that night, ten years back, when you told me you could never marry me so long as he lived?"

The color spots brightened in her cheeks.

"Didn't it?" he persisted.

"Yes," she admitted slowly.

"An' hasn't it meant somethin' all them ten years?"

She nodded her reply, for her eyes brimmed with tears and there was a lump in her throat.

"Talk about patience an' sufferin' an' saints on earth!" he exclaimed. "Them folks ain't got eyes to see beyond their noses. That's what made me provoked."

He rose and stalked up and down the room. At last he paused before her.

"You've been a saintin' of it about long enough," he said; "you've done your duty—more'n done it—an' I've waited for you for ten most unsaintly years. Now, next Saturday I want you!"

"Not so soon at that, Seth," she begged.

"Next Saturday," he said inexorably. "An' we'll go on to Washington an' stay a month, an' to New York an' to Philadelphia. Your saintin' days are over. It's time you had a chance to be just a woman for awhile."

"I can't—not so soon," she protested.

"Did I say a word durin' them ten years?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"Hadn't that ought to count for somethin'?"

"Yes, I suppose it had; but, Seth—"

He smiled almost grimly as he played his trump card.

"I've bought the tickets," he said gently.

Suddenly she began to weep without restraint. He watched her in silence. Intuitively he knew that these were not tears of sorrow. After a time he sat beside her on the sofa and awkwardly stroked her hair.

"You ain't goin' to know what care or sorrow is if I can help it," he declared. Unconsciously he had raised his voice.

"Hush—oh, hush!" she whispered.

"They'll hear you out in the kitchen. Mis' Jones an' Mis' Parsons are out there washin' dishes."

"Think I care if they do?" he said defiantly. "I ain't a mite ashamed of it. Are you?"

She lifted her eyes to his and smiled. It was a wonderful smile. Somehow the room seemed to lose much of its desolation, even as her face lost its many traces of years and patient suffering.

"I'll be ready Saturday," she said.

The Tyrant.

The well intentioned man overheard two women talking together in a tram car, and he immediately let down the portals of his ears, for the well intentioned man always goes about with a lifelong hunger in his heart to busy himself with the affairs of other people.

"I tell you he is a perfect tyrant," said woman No. 1.

"I have no doubt of it," said the other.

"I will listen to this poor woman's tale," thought the well intentioned man, "and perhaps I may be able to assist the poor soul."

"Yes, he is a regular tyrant and despot. He has no mercy on me whatever. He rules the whole house like a czar."

"Of course he does," said woman No. 2.

"I shall have to offer my services to this poor, downtrodden woman," thought the well intentioned man.

"Yes, he rides over the whole of us roughshod. And sometimes, when he gets on the rampage, he breaks everything he can lay his hands on."

"Madam," said the well intentioned man, who could stand it no longer, "madam, my services are at your disposal. Let me go to your home and intercede with your tyrannical husband."

"He ain't my husband at all, you simpleton," snapped woman No. 1. "He's my nine-months-old baby—bless his precious little soul!"—Tit-Bits.

Seeing is Believing.

A drastic and highly successful surgical illusion recently carried out by a French doctor has caused no end of talk in Paris. A woman suffering from nervous troubles was convinced that the symptoms were produced by a lizard which she felt crawling about in her stomach. She insisted that she recalled perfectly having swallowed the animal when young in slaking her thirst at a brook. After drugs and dieting had failed to work any relief Dr. Richelot had an idea. He remembered how the surgeon Velpaun treated a peasant who thought he had swallowed an adder. So he proposed to his patient to deliver her of her unwelcome guest by a serious operation and had her enter the Hospital Cochin. Then the doctor secured a fine

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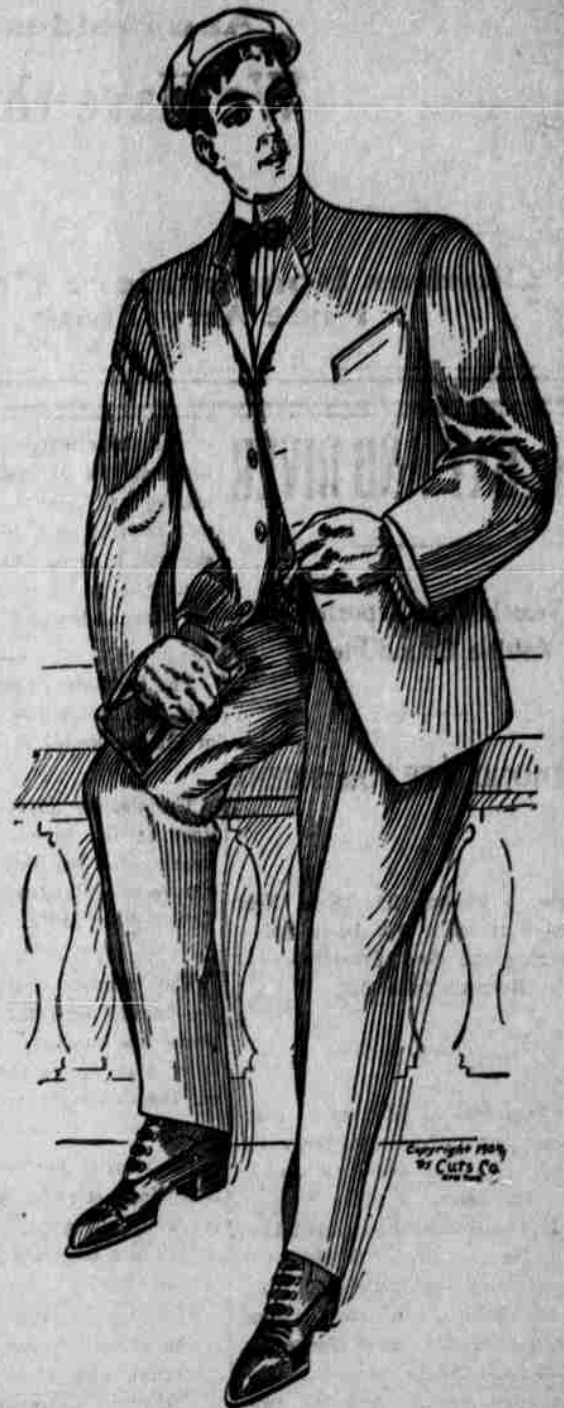
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large, living lizard? Having put the woman under the influence of ether, he opened her stomach and immediately sewed it up again. When she regained consciousness he showed her the lizard. The sight effected a cure and the patient made a pet of the animal.

SUBMARINE REEFS.

How They Are Located by the Naval Engineers.

Prior to the nineteenth century navigation, except on the high seas, was mainly that of the Irish pilot who claimed to know all the rocks in the harbor. "An' there's wan of them!" said he as he struck.

On approaching land one needs to know how far he is from the lighthouse or headland in sight. Triangulation tells him. Two points on land being taken for the base of the triangle, lines from these points, representing the other two sides of the triangle, are drawn until they intersect. That apex of the triangle will be the point where the observer is. Then the distance from his point to the land can be easily calculated.

The maritime wars under Napoleon disclosed the dangerous ignorance of French mariners about their own sea-coast. French vessels were unable to break or run their enemies' blockade. After peace was established Beaumont-Beaupre was appointed as the organizer and chief of corps of engineers to chart the whole coast of France. His work was so well done that the other naval powers hastened to chart their own coasts according to his methods.

The head of a rock may easily escape ordinary soundings, or lie between soundings. When covered by ten or more feet of water and unmarked by ripples or breakers, it is hard to find. Even when known it is hard to get soundings. The lead may glide over it, so that even in well surveyed waters some unlucky ship out of hundreds passing there may "find the rock with its keel."

Groups of buoys with grappling irons are lashed together in long sweeping lines and sunk behind the small sounding boat until they touch bottom, and are then towed until they strike a rock. In calm weather rocks and reefs may be seen at great depths from great heights in balloons. Even after a rock has been discovered, its depth and position must be precisely ascertained. Fishermen, too, help make known these uncharted rocks, rewards being offered for all new ones discovered.

England, the United States, Spain, Italy and other maritime nations have adopted French methods. Japan for years has devoted to the subject its usual minute, trustworthy and masterful study, but has imitated the English crowded and complicated charts rather than the artistic execution of the French.—New York Tribune.

BABY COVERED WITH SORES

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"He got to be a mere skeleton, and was hardly able to walk. My Aunt advised me to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment. So great was her faith in it that she gave me a small piece of Soap to try and a little of the Ointment. I took it home without any faith, but to please her I tried it, and it seemed to dry up the sores a little. I sent to the drug store and got a cake of the Soap and a box of the Ointment and followed the directions, and at the end of about two months the sores were all well. He has never had any sores of any kind since."

"He is now strong and healthy, and I can sincerely say that only for your most wonderful remedies my precious child would have died from those terrible sores. I used only one cake of Soap and about three boxes of Ointment. (signed) Mrs. Egbert Sheldon, R. F. D., No. 1, Woodville, Conn., April 22, 1905."

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