THE FAMILY STORY

IT WAS FOR LENKEN.

WHEN Meyer came to Pineville he gave his name as Wilhelm Windmeyer, and it was promptly changed by the citizens to Bill Meyer.

He came direct from the fatherland to make Pineville his home. He thought it was his duty, too, to tell everybody he had left a sweetheart behind, and that it was for her sake that he was working to make a home. Her name was Lenken. She was very beautiful, he said, and so good that it seemed almost a miracle she had lived to the age of 20.

It was this loyalty to the girl he had promised to marry, and who was so far away, that made Meyer a favorite with everybody in Pineville.

But Meyer was a slow, easy going fellow, and the one thought about Lenken seemed to occupy every cranny of his thinking apparatus, to the exclusion of every other thought. He was a very small man, and that, and the wooden leg he wore, he said, had saved him from doing duty as a soldier.

Meyer found employment with Judge Peterkin. The wages were low, but it was a steady job, and that was what Meyer most desired.

During his first year in Pineville Meyer gained a little sum of money, and lost four fingers and part of his nose. He was trying to whistle "Die Wacht am Rhine" down the barrel of an old musket, when the gun went off accidentally and carried away part of his nasal organ. The fingers were cut off with a small circular saw used for cutting firewood.

Two fingers on one hand were cut off first. When the wounded hand had been tied up, Judge Peterkin, his daughter Molly, and Aunt Phyllis, the cook, followed Meyer out to the woodshed to be shown how the accident had occurred.

"It must have been a piece of pure carelessness on your part," said the judge, looking very severe. "Now show me how it was done."

"I vas singing 'Over die garten vall,'" said Meyer. "Den I pick up a shtick of vood like dis," picking one up with his unwounded hand. "Und den I hold it like dis, und den de shtick shlip like dis, und den my fingers vas cut off like dis." And that was how Meyer came to lose the second two fingers.

The second year Meyer laid up another small sum of money, and was divested of part of an ear, two toes and a good deal of his hair. The ear and toes were lost accidentally, and the hair incidentally, from natural causes.

"Why, Meyer, Lenken won't know you when she sees you again, you are such a wreck," said Molly to him one day.

"Vell, maybe so," he sighed. But in a moment the confidence in his sweetheart's steadfastness returned. "Oh, she vas so goot, Miss Molly, und so beautiful," he said, "dat it makes no difference to her how I look. She vas true all de time."

Then Molly thought she would see if Meyer would not pay her a compliment.

"How does Lenken look, Meyer? Does she look something like me?" she asked.

"Like you!" he exclaimed. "Lenken don't look like nobody. Miss Wiggin look like you, maybe, but Lenken vas different."

Miss Wiggin was Molly's rival beauty in Pineville, and the reference to her made the latter flush very red in the face. Meyer laughed merrily.

"You don't look pooty ven you look like dat, Miss Molly," he said.

Then there came changes, and Meyer did not profit any by them. Judge Peterkin died, Miss Molly married, and Meyer had to look out for himself as best he could. True, Molly still interested herself in him as much as possible, but she had new cares and new duties now that claimed her attention most of the time.

But Meyer was always hopeful, and in good humor. His every thought, act and deed was to accomplish something to bring the day nearer when he could write to Lenken and tell her that he had made a home for her. It was all for Lenken.

"How long since you heard from Lenken?" Molly asked him one day.

Meyer thought awhile.

"A little over two years ago," he replied.

"And when did you write to her?"

"Oh, dat vas t'ree years ago."

"Meyer, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," cried Molly. "You must sit down here, right now, and write Lenken a long letter, and tell her that you are still alive. Why, don't you know that she is grieving all the time, and imagining that all sorts of accidents have befallen you?"

"Maybe so. I never t'ink of dat."

"For all you know, too, she may have got tired waiting, and married some one else."

That brought Meyer to his feet, and made him prance around on his wooden leg pretty lively for a minute.

"No, no!" he cried. "Lenken would not do dat. Lenken is true. Vy, she tink I vas married, too, maybe." The thought seemed to tickle him greatly. "You t'ink I would marry anybody but Lenken?" he asked.

"No, Meyer, I don't suppose you would, or could, but with a woman it is different."

"No, it vas all de same," Meyer persisted.

"But you are going to write to her?"

"Maybe so, maybe not," doggedly.

"Why?"

"I want to buy dat land you own down on de river," he said. "You sell me dat land, I write pooty soon, maybe."

The matter was not settled just then,

"UND DEN I HOLD IT LIKE DIS."

but a few days later it was, and Meyer became a land owner in Pineville.

"What are you going to do now?" asked Moly.

"I make a fine farm—one big garten, und build one little house, und Lenken und me live dere, und get rich like everything."

"But, suppose when Lenken sees how crippled you are, that she won't marry you?"

"Und, suppose, ven I see how pooty she vas, I say: 'Come, Lenken, I love you all de time. I lose one leg for you long ago, und I give all de rest for you afterward, to make you happy!'"

"Did you lose your leg for Lenken, Meyer?" Molly asked, greatly interested.

"Maybe I did. But some odder day, ven Lenken come, you ask her."

For once Meyer was rushing things. In a short while he had cleared several acres of land, and a little later began to build the house. When the house was completed, he came to Molly in high spirits.

"Lenken is coming next week," he cried. "Ach, Gott! I vas so glad."

Molly inquired the day, but Meyer could not tell her. He said he was going to watch every incoming train until she arrived. Molly, too, somehow managed to be at the depot at train time, and watched Meyer.

"I am so curious to get a first glimpse at Lenken," she said to herself. "I have wondered so long what she looks like, and have heard her praised so much by Meyer that the curiosity is almost killing me."

One evening, when the train came in, she saw Meyer rush forward, and knew that Lenken had come at last. She peeped around the corner, and saw a woman looking around bewildered. That woman had beautiful eyes. Molly looked straight into them for a moment, and everything else in the woman's appearance was forgotten.

"Come, Lenken," Meyer whispered, touching her hand. "Ach, du Liebchen," he murmured as their eyes met. Then both turned, holding each other by the hand like children, and started to walk away.

As Molly looked after them there was a soft moisture in her eyes. Then she roused herself, and, smiling, murmured: "Why, she must weigh at the very least 200 pounds."

The bell of the locomotive rang out a warning. There was puffing and wheezing, and the train was in motion. Then there came a piercing scream, and the train stopped suddenly.

When Molly looked through the crowd that gathered in a moment to see what had happened, she saw Meyer lying on the ground, and Lenken was bending above him.

Molly pressed up closer. Meyer looked up and saw her. "It was for Lenken," he said, his eyes twinkling merrily. Then he added: "But I t'inks it vas only de vooden leg dis time." And it was.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

CAUGHT A WALKING FISH.

It Had No Gills, but Had Four Legs and Knew How to Use Them.

Frank Davey, the photographer, is the possessor of a very strange fish, which, after having exhibited to a number of friends while still alive, he put into alcohol to keep. The fish is known to some people here, but is quite rare. Its home is in the deep water, and if the story told by the Chinaman who procured it, namely, that the catch was made in comparatively shallow water just outside of the harbor, it is to be depended on, the occurrence is indeed unusual.

It is about three inches in length, and when alive was of a bright yellow hue, with spots of black here and there. Its mouth is quite large, and the part of the body nearest is correspondingly large. It then tapers off to a small tail. But the peculiar part is that there are no gills or what are popularly known as such. Where these should be the skin is just as it is all over the body. At a distance of about half an inch and protruding from the belly near the central part are what might be called arms or legs. They are jointed and have some ten very fine claws. These, together with another pair further anterior, the fish, when alive, used to walk about with on the bottom of the jar in which it was contained.

It would show fight instantly when approached, and gave every sign of being endowed with the spirit of the evil one, bristling up its fins, snapping its sharp teeth, elevating a sharp, knife-like appendage on the top of its nose, and sending two currents of water from holes or false gills just back of the large, arm-like appendages mentioned above.

When the fish was killed and placed in alcohol the bright yellow disappeared entirely, and left in its place a whitish color.—Pacific Commercial Advertiser.

A Bad Fish.

There is a bad fish found in the Orinoco, and in the salt water off its mouth, called the caribe. In shape it resembles the northern pickerel and has much the same color and markings, only with that yellowness of tint which almost every ship in Venezuelan waters show. The caribe is about twelve inches long and goes about in great schools, attacking any creature, alive or dead, which they find in the water, devouring it piecemeal. The caribe's mouth is fitted with sharp, cutting teeth, and whatever victim it fastens to it comes away with a bit of flesh. Let an alligator or manatee be shot wherever the caribes abound, and almost instantly the water around the floating body will be alive with these fish, crowding to seize upon it; they even leap upon it from the water, so thickly as literally to conceal their prey from view. So suddenly and fiercely do they come that I have known a horse, that had waded out into the water only up to his knees, to be fatally injured by an attack of caribes. Seized at once by every leg and by its nostrils, the fish clinging to him in swarms, he got to the shore only to fall helpless on the bank, hamstrung in both fore legs. Painful stories are told of human beings attacked and devoured alive by caribes.

Ancients Wore Rings.

From the remotest times women have loved to adorn their fingers with rings, and some of the mummies found in the Egyptian pyramids had their fingers literally covered with them. Sometimes these rings were of gold, but at others they were of glass, pottery, or brass, according, no doubt, to the wealth of the wearer.

A ring is bestowed in marriage because it was anciently a seal by which orders were signed, and the delivery of the ring was a token that a man gave the bearer of it power to act as his deputy. Thus a woman, having her husband's signet ring, had power to issue orders as he himself would do.

Life would be a lot happier if the average woman knew as much about what temperature is best for the family as she does about what is best for her cactus.

An amateur concert is like a circus; same old thing.

HOW TO BE GRACEFUL.

Proper Exercise Will Bring About Some Fine Results.

The one rule to be always observed by the woman who seeks to be graceful is to keep the chest active. It should never be relaxed; the body should bend from the hips, whether one leans forward, backward, or sideways.

If, however, lifting the chest is a painful effort, exercises should be taken to strengthen the enfeebled powers. Standing, poising and bending movements are of first importance. The correct standing position is one which most women find it very difficult at first to assume. The chest should be raised, the head held erect, the abdomen drawn in; at first a toppling sensation will be produced, and the back will feel uncomfortable, but continued practice of the movement will properly adjust the muscles and cause the first unpleasant consciousness to disappear.

Poising movements consist in holding the weight of the body on the balls of the feet, and rising and descending for several times in succession, holding the hands, with arms extended, upon an active chest. Other movements throw the weight of the body upon one foot only, while the other foot, after describing a circle, is held suspended behind the active one. Excellent practice for acquiring a graceful carriage consists in poising as far forward as possible with the right and left foot alternately, moving across a large room in this manner.

Proper walking results from stepping so that the heel shall fall upon the ground at nearly the same time as the toe, and always in a line with it, but with the weight of the body falling on the ball, and the chest leading so prominently that a line dropped thence to the foot would fall to the toe; while a line dropped from the chest of the person who walks incorrectly would strike the instep.

Correct positions in standing and walking are often cures for weak and lame backs. Let one who doubts this note the pull upon the muscles of the back when correct attitudes are at first assumed. Other excellent exercises for strengthening the muscles of the back are the bending movements. Lifting the arms as high as possible above the head, bend the body at the waist, immediately below the floating ribs, and bring the hands gradually to the floor. The knees should be kept firm, and the exercise taken directly in front, and also at the right and left sides.

MOVEMENTS TO ACQUIRE GRACE.

Other bending movements are of the waist, and yet others of the head. Nothing gives dignity and grace to the bearing more effectively than a regal poise of the head; and the muscles of the neck can be made flexible by practicing movements which consist, first, in dropping the head upon the chest, then backward, then in a series of rolling movements which call into action all the muscles of the neck.

There are few women, however old, weak or ill, who will not be directly benefited by practicing the foregoing suggestions. Systematic work with the various movements suggested will not only bring back departed girlish grace, but daily labor, of whatever description, will be rendered less arduous on account of the resulting suppleness.

In the case of girls it is well to be warned in time. No young woman who has acquired a stooping, ill-poised body can hope to have a graceful or stately carriage when she is old.

VOTING MADE HONEST.

Mr. Ross of Ohio Has a Straightforward Machine.

"It is too honest to be popular," was the rather caustic observation of a gentleman who was examining the good qualities of Mr. N. B. Ross' newly patented voting machine.

The inventor of the machine is the present representative of Putnam County, Ohio, in the House of Representatives. Mr. Ross is an old minister of the Gospel, and has had ample opportunity to see the necessity of some automatic and incorruptible voting machine that would register the vote of the people.

He started in about eight years ago to perfect a machine for that purpose, and has succeeded far beyond his original hopes or anticipations. If the Ross voting machines were used the result of any election would be made known within a few moments after the polls are closed, or as soon as the different sum totals of the precincts could be added together.

The machine is a box about three feet wide by three feet high. It is shaped on the top much like the keyboard of the ordinary typewriter, with keys similar to the key of the typewriter, in rows at stated distances apart. The surface is inclined. Over the top of the machine fits down close a sheet of platinum around the keys. Under this platinum is pasted between the rows of keys the various tickets to be voted. There is room for half a dozen different ones, and if there were more tickets placed in the field then more space might easily be provided. It is so arranged that the minute a man steps into a booth his weight upon the

ROSS VOTING MACHINE.

floor throws the triggers of the machine open, and it is ready to be manipulated. Before this is done, however, the representative of every party who has a ticket in the field has to be present, and, by turning a certain combination, admits the voter to the booth. He cannot enter if one be absent. So soon as the combination of the machine is thrown open and ready for action the voter may see the ticket he desires to vote. The row of keys at the top are for a straight ticket. For example, if he desires to cast a straight Democratic ticket, he presses a key opposite the name on that ticket, and at the same time every other key on the board is locked. Say he wanted to vote for a certain man for Governor on one ticket. He presses the key opopsite his name. At the same time the keys are all locked oposite the names of the other candidates for Governor on other tickets, and also the key just used, so that a vote for two men on the same ticket or for one man twice cannot be cast. This is the case with all the rest. If he neglected to press the key opposite any name for a certain office no vote for any man would be marked.

On the same principle as fares are rung up and kept account of in street cars automatically, the number of votes for each man is kept track of and the sum total noted at the bottom of the column. As soon as the sheet is taken from the machine a glance tells how many votes each man has received. The machine, as arranged at present, will count as many as 2,500 votes. Mr. Ross will take the machine before the present Assembly of Ohio and endeavor to have it adopted instead of the Australian ballot system.

Shrewd Young Man.

The young man approached the elderly capitalist with a confident air.

"Sir," he said, "I love your daughter. I ask you for her hand."

The old man turned pale with rage.

"You want my daughter," he snarled. "Well, you'll get my foot." And he made a sudden advance on the youth. The latter did not quail. On the contrary he leaped in the air. He waved his arms. He yelled "Kill him! kill him! robber! robber!" He jumped at the old man, who trembled and shrank back. He cowered before the savage onslaught. "Kill him! Kill him!" roared the youth.

"Wait, wait!" screamed the old man. "I'll reverse my decision!"

"For it appears that the young man had in some way learned the fact that in his early years the aged capitalist was a base-ball umpire.

More Deer than Sheep in Maine.

Twenty-five years ago there were very few deer in Maine, especially in Franklin and Oxford Counties. They were there unknown. In fact, I never saw a deer track in the State till about 1880. Since that time they have increased very fast. I have no fear for deer in the future. They are to-day in every county of the State. Indeed, I may safely say, I am sure that there are more deer than sheep in the State to-day. And that this is so is due, in my opinion, to protection afforded them.—Boston Herald.

When a man has had his leg pulled by one schemer, the next schemer to call on him walks out lame.