

PREPARATION IN LOVE.

It was a lover loved a maid
That had a father who
Was thought to be by all the world
Exceedingly well-to-do.
"Oh, be my wife," the lover cried,
"My bride, my queen, my own."
"You do not love me," she replied,
"I fear, for myself alone."
"My pa, he is a wealthy man;
His only child am I,
And all his riches shall be mine
Whenever he shall die."
"But riches, the apostle says,
Unto themselves take wings; oh,
If you were poor would you love me?"
"I would," he cried, "by jingo!"
"I am so glad—know you would—
I in your love are blest,
For a fair last night," she sobbed and sank
Upon her lover's breast.
"That makes not a bit of difference,"
That gallant lover cried,
"So I have you I care not who
May take all else beside."
That night when her lover took his leave
At twenty minutes to one,
To the season, a number of farm hands
Being necessary during planting and
harvesting of crops, while one being
usually the only assistant needed in the
winter. Realizing the need of a boy on
the place to do the chores for which it
did not justify to hire a man, Pitkins
talked the matter over with his wife, and
she decided to select a waif from the
poorhouse and raise him up as one of
the family, which, of course, meant food
and clothing until he was of age, and
three months schooling in the winter.
With Farmer Pitkins, to decide was to
act, so the next day he and Mrs. Pitkins
drove over in the buggy to the county
poorhouse and made application for an
orphan. The superintendent, always
willing to dispose of his charge to farm-
ers, ordered out the boys in line for a
review, and Pitkins and his wife eyed
the boys closely and talked with them. He,
with an eye to service, selected a large,
strong boy; but she, with a motherly
instinct, more akin to sympathy, picked
out little Sut, the subject of the sketch.
"Why, Mary," exclaimed Pitkins,
"he's too small!"
"But he'll grow, John, and then I like
his looks better."
"Looks! tut, tut! What have looks got
to do with it?"
"A great deal. If we are to adopt him
and raise him up as a son, and even if he
is only to be a farm hand, we do not
want a boy to grow up dishonest and
vicious. I don't like the big boy's
face."
So, Farmer Pitkins grumbled a little
over her choice, as he lifted Sut into the
buggy between them and drove home.
The boy was indeed small for service on
a farm, but he seemed grateful for the
home, and was willing to do all the busy
tasks his hands were put to, and would
put his little hand on his tired back
without a murmur, after a long time
sawing wood. Mrs. Pitkins seemed
drawn toward him by his very diminutive
size and strength, while Pitkins
seemed almost to dislike him, and was
always grumbling about the boy's being
too small, although the farmer's wife
very sensibly would remark that she be-
lieved the willingness of a small boy
would accomplish more than the unwill-
ingness of one twice his size. As little
Sut wasn't large enough to wait on the
girls, they rather sided with their father
and made the poor boy's life rather un-
pleasant by teasing him.
Thus matters went on for a season or
so, while one farm hand after another
came and went, and although colts and
calves and pigs and chickens all grew
and fattened on the place, little Sut
seemed at a standstill and failed to come
up to Mrs. Pitkins's assertion that he
would grow.
"It's no use, Mary, waiting for this
boy to grow. I must take him back to
the poorhouse and get a larger boy. You
can't be larger."
Mrs. Pitkins, with a feeling of tender-
ness toward the little homeless waif she
had selected, hadn't the heart to go and
pick out a boy to supplant him in the
home that now seemed as dear to him as
if he had been born in it, so Mr. Pitkins
drove over alone, while the farm hand
took the wagon and drove to the mill for
lumber, leaving Mr. Pitkins, the two
girls and little Sut on the farm alone,
except a little dog which Sut had been
allowed to adopt from the roadside, the
cattle on a farm scarcely being counted
as company by lone women who can
not look to them for the protection
which even a boy or small dog can at-
tempt.
Tramps, miserable, dangerous out-
casts, seem to be the constant menace of
unprotected farmers, especially the
women who are so often left alone. Little
Sut was in the barn, with his dog, sort-
ing potatoes, when his attention was
called by hearing one of the girls
scream, and looking out, to his surprise
and terror, he saw a man rush out at the

kitchen door in pursuit of one of the
girls. With a boyish impulse, Sut ran
out with a basket of potatoes in his hand,
followed by the dog, which he urged to
a fierce attack on the man. The little
dog went gallantly into the fight and set
his teeth so vigorously into the legs of
the tramp, that the girl was enabled to
escape from him and run to a neighbor's
for assistance. Little Sut realized that
there was work for him to do. The
screams which came from the house
plainly indicated that the man was not
the only enemy on the place, and with
a shout little Sut rushed in to find
another tramp on the point of overcom-
ing Mrs. Pitkins and the other daughter
in a fierce struggle, in which he had al-
most torn their clothing off.
The noise that little Sut made and the
vigorous fusillade of potatoes that he
hurled at the tramp so disconcerted him
that it allowed the two women a chance
to escape and lock themselves in a room
up stairs. Poor little Sut and his dog
were left alone to contend with the two
eragred tramps; the fight was uneven
and short, the dog was driven from the
field, and little Sut stood alone at bay.
Suddenly one of the tramps, who had
been keeping an eye open for danger, saw
approaching the farmer, to whose house
the other daughter had fled, and giving
the alarm, the two desperadoes rapidly
made their escape to the thick woods
near by.
They had done their work cruelly and
well. Little Sut lay in the corner
motionless where he fell, and the neighbor
had him on the bed, while Mrs. Pitkins
and her daughters went over to him and
frantically called his name. There was
a gurgling sound in his throat, and a
little stream of blood trickled down the
side of his mouth and stained the white
ruffled slip of the pillow. Just then Sut
opened his eyes as Mr. Pitkins returned
from selecting another boy to take his
place. A little cut on Sut's breast
showed where the knife had penetrated
his lungs, and the gurgling sound was
the blood that was forcing its life tide
inside.
"Did I drive 'em off?"
That was all little Sut ever said, but
with a smile on his face and the blood
streaming from his mouth, he died in the
arms of Farmer Pitkins, who had gone
to swap him off because he was too small
to do anything.
A little grave down at the village
churchyard, kept green by three grateful
women, and fragrant with perfumes of
flowers, is all now left on earth of little
Sut, but somewhere we know he has
gone where they do not think him too
small.

POOR LITTLE SUT.

Up in Tompkins County, N. Y., lives
a well-to-do farmer, named Pitkins, with
his wife and two daughters. Having no
sons he is dependent on hired help, the
supply of which is regulated according
to the season, a number of farm hands
being necessary during planting and
harvesting of crops, while one being
usually the only assistant needed in the
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the place to do the chores for which it
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Finding a Father.

About 30 years ago there resided upon
a farm, a few miles northeast of the city
of Oakland, a man named Thomas A.
Fairbanks, who, if not in affluent circum-
stances was, as the saying is, "comfort-
ably fixed," with a good home, a happy
family, consisting of a wife and two chil-
dren. He was proud in the strength of
his manhood, and had a panorama of his
life for the twenty years to come been
spread out before him he would have
scorched at the picture. Sickness came,
and after years of unavailing care, in
1857 he laid the mother of his children
away in the grave. The long illness in
his family and consequent expenses
made it advisable for him to dispose of
his homestead, and his children, then
quite small, were taken in charge by a
sister of his deceased wife, who, says the
San Jose Mercury, shortly returned with
them to her home in Massachusetts.
Fairbanks came to this valley soon after
to make a new home, fully expecting in
a little time to again be able to gather
his children under his own roof. But
man proposes and God disposes. Soon
after his arrival here, while engaged in
his vocation as a farmer, his team ran
away and he was thrown under a wagon
and had one of his sides literally
crushed. His wounds were very pain-
ful, and trouble him even yet. During
his long illness physicians sought to
alleviate his agonies by the use of opium
and with the usual result. He became
an opium fiend. At times he struggled
against the habit, which he knew was
weakening both body and mind. He
might still have recovered had he not
again been the victim of misfortune.
But again he was crushed and his limbs
were mangled—this time by the caving of
a well which he was digging. Then his
courage left him, and he abandoned him-
self to the use of the baleful weed, and
for the past twelve or fifteen years he
has been most of the time an inmate of
the county infirmary, and constantly so
for the past six years, until ten months
ago, when Dr. Kelly, one of the visiting
physicians, became interested in the
quiet, patient old man, and determined
to give him a better home. Since then,
Fairbanks, now upward of seventy years
of age, has been thoroughly content, and
has striven earnestly to make all possi-
ble returns in the way of light chores,
for the kindness of the doctor, whom he
regards in the light of a benefactor. A
week ago he received a letter. An event
in itself, as he had not received a letter
from any one in a long time, and he
did not suppose that outside of the
valley there was a friend anywhere who
remembered him. His memory was
weakened by the drug which had been
his sole luxury for years, and he scarcely
remembered that he had children
somewhere in the world. The letter was
signed with a name that he had never
heard, but it contained queries which
agitated him greatly, although it was
very brief. It merely asked if he had
ever lived at Fruitvale, in Alameda coun-
ty, and if he was the father of a daugh-
ter named Albertina.

Found at Last.

Almost every night of his life for the
last twenty-three years a Detroit has
been aroused from his slumbers by a
poke in the ribs and a voice whispering:
"John, do you hear that?"
On such occasions the conversation has
always run in one channel, and about as
follows:
"Whizzer want?"
"Don't you hear that noise?"
"No."
"Listen! I tell you some one is raising
a widow."
"Oh, hush!"
"For Heaven's sake, John, get up, or
we'll be murdered in our beds! I hear
some one moving around in the dining
room!"
"Let 'em move."
"There it is again! If you don't get up
I will, for I'm all in a chill!"
There was no peace until John got up
and stumbled around the house with a
rusty old revolver in his grip. He never
expected it was anything more than the
wind or the frost, or the cat, but almost
every night brought a repetition.
The other night ushered in an entire
change of programme. Just before mid-
night the wife elbowed his spine and
whispered:
"Mercy on me! but I feel a draught of
cold air!"
"Nonsense!" growled the sleepy hus-
band.
"And I hear some one walking
around."
"It's the cat."
"Get out of bed this minute, or I will
yell murder and arouse the neighbor-
hood!"
John obeyed. He felt the cold air
on his legs as he tramped through the
upper hall, and when he was half way
down stairs a dark figure skipped out
of the open front door. When he
reached the threshold he saw a man run-
ning across the street. He called out to
him:
"Hello there—hold on!"
The man halted.
"Come back here, you burglar!
Come back and I'll give you the run
of the house. I've been waiting for and
expecting you over twenty years, and
now I don't want to be shook in this
manner!"
"You go to South America!" shouted
the man.
"Well, I'll leave the door open for
you and you can enter and burglar
around for a whole hour, if you want
to, and I won't lift a finger. I'm glad
you got in—powerful glad, and I'm
sorry I drove you out before you had
loaded up."
He left the door open and walked up
stairs and jumped into bed, but his wife
threw up a window and whistled for the
police and raised such a racket that the
neighbors were roused. It was found
that the robber had opened the front
door with a false key, but had been
driven away before he had time to
secure any plunder.
"I've just got tired of poking around
for burglars," as he waived the crowd
out of the hall, "and if this chap had
only stopped long enough to fire at me
a couple of times, I wouldn't have
bought him a new overcoat."

A Strange Case.

On Sunday, January 14th, the Rev.
John Krnell, for the last five months pas-
tor of the German Catholic church of
this city resigned his charge, and re-
ceived a letter of good character from the
trustees of the parish. On Friday of
last week Father Krnell and Sister An-
gela, the teacher in the parish school,
came to the Commercial hotel and en-
gaged rooms, Sister Angela being ac-
companied by a young woman, said to
be the priest's housekeeper. On Satur-
day the Rev. Mr. Phillips, rector of St.
Paul's Episcopal church, of Kankakee,
received a call from Father Krnell. The
visitor informed him that he wished the
latter to marry him and Sister Angela
that day. In all his clerical experience
Mr. Phillips had never been confronted
with such a situation, and he begged for
time in which to consider the matter.
He then held a long conversation with
Father Krnell, who gave his reasons for
leaving the church of Rome (prominent
among which was his love for the wo-
man), and expressed a desire to unite
with the Episcopal church. On Sunday
Father Krnell and Sister Angela were
both at St. Paul's, the former attending
the morning and evening services. In
considering the practical question how
he was to support himself and wife,
Father Krnell was advised to advertise
himself as a teacher of languages.
In pursuance of that idea,
the reverend gentleman sent word to
the local editor of the Gazette, request-
ing the latter to visit him at his room
and receive a full statement of the case.
In response to the invitation, the writer
called at room 25, Commercial Hotel, and
interviewed the apostate priest. The im-
pression gained in the interview was that
Father Krnell was weakening. He man-
ifested a singular reluctance in talk-
ing about the matters concerning which
he had sent for a reporter to interview
him. He seemed anxious that nothing
should be published at present; he
wished to wait for further developments
in his case. As the writer was about
to leave Father Beaudoin, Presi-
dent of the college at Bourbonnais, came
into the room. In a few minutes
Fathers Beaudoin and Krnell passed out
of the hotel together. Between six and
seven o'clock in the evening Father
Beaudoin returned and paid the bills of
Father Krnell and Sister Angela and
asked for the former's baggage.
This the landlord refused to
surrender except on Father
Krnell's written order. About 11 a
man brought a written order from Father
Krnell, but the baggage was then in pos-
session of Sister Angela, who had moved
into Father Krnell's room, and who re-
fused to give up the property unless
Father Krnell himself came after it.
During the evening she was visited by a
leading member of the German Catholic
Church, who gave her \$10 with which to
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possession of Sister Angela, who had
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A Strange Coincidence.

The oft-told story of the painter who
painted a dead picture of "Innocence"
from the face of a pretty child, who sat
as his model, and in his old age had a
villainous-looking criminal sit to him for
the model of a picture of "Guilt" as a
companion piece to the other, and dis-
covered that the child and the criminal
were the same person, has received some
additional illustrations in real life. A
convict discharged from old Ch. re-ston
State prison told the following remark-
able story of himself to the warden of
that prison:
Some years ago a gentleman, his wife
and their only child, visited a prison.
They were shown through the workshops
and prison by an officer, who pointed
out the different objects of interest as
they passed along. The gentleman
was inquiring about a man who had re-
cently been sent to prison for life for
murder.
"By the way, this is his room," said
the officer, stopping before one of the
cells, the door of which stood open.
The little boy, with a child's curiosity
stepped up and looked in. His father
came up behind the child, and playfully
pushed him in and closed the door.
The little fellow shrieked to be let out.
The door was immediately opened, and
the child ran sobbing into his mother's
arms. She, brushing back the light
curls from his forehead and kissing him,
said soothingly:
"No, no; they shan't shut up my little
boy in prison."
The little boy was terribly frightened.
He turned his eyes once more toward
the dreared cell, and for the first time
noted on the door the "No."
The incident made a deep impression
upon his mind.
Time passed. He grew to manhood.
His father and mother were both dead.
He became a sailor, and a good one,
rising step by step until he be-
came second in command of one of the
California steamers sailing from New
York.
But, like many others, in consequence
of that which has dragged down so
many even from high positions, he lost
his situation, came back to Boston, sank
lower and lower, and was finally arrested
for breaking into a store. He was sen-
tenced to State prison for four years.
When received at the prison he was
taken to the bath-room—the usual cus-
tom—bathed—shaved and clipped;
clothed in the prison dress and conducted
to the room he was to occupy.
Judge of his horror and consternation
when he found himself standing before,
and the officer unlocking the door of the
same cell, "No." into which he,
when a lad, had been thrust by his
father.
In relating this story to me (says
Warden Haynes) he said no one could
imagine his feelings when he found him-
self an inmate of that cell. Every inci-
dent and scene from childhood rushed
upon his mind; the exclamation of his
mother, "No, no; they shan't shut up my
little son in prison," rang in his ears,
and he threw himself upon a stool, weep-
ing, in utter despair and wretchedness.
It is pleasant to see shining through
this strange story of circumstantial retri-
bution the truth of the famous line,
"There is a divinity that shapes our
ends." The convict became a religious
man while in prison, and years after his
discharge, rose to be an officer in the navy.

BEER AND RAILROAD BUILDING.

The consumption of beer in the camps of
railway builders is enormous, observes
E. V. Smalley, in The Century. At Bis-
mark I saw an entire freight train of
thirty cars laden with bottled beer from
a Chicago brewery, bound for the town
nearest the end of the track. The chief
engineer of the construction force said
that an average of one bottle for every
tie laid is consumed, and that the ties
and the beer are the same—fifty cents.
Thus the workmen pay as much for their
drink as the company for one of the im-
portant elements of railway construction.
English hotel proprietors write to the
London Daily News that their efforts to
prevent guests thinking it necessary to
give fees to servants prove utterly un-
availing.

Women's Waists.

Women, especially those of the upper
classes, who are not obliged to keep
themselves in condition by work, lose
after middle age (sometimes earlier) a
considerable amount of their height, not
by stooping, as men do, but by actual
collapse, sinking down, mainly to be at-
tributed to the perishing of the muscles
that support the frame, in consequence
of habitual and constant pressure of
stays, and dependence upon the artificial
support by them afforded. Every girl
who wears stays that press upon these
muscles, and restrict the free develop-
ment of the fibres that form them, re-
lieving them from their natural duties
of supporting the spine, indeed, in-
capacitating them from so doing, may
feel sure she is preparing herself to be a
dumpy woman. A great pity! Failure
of health among women when the vigor
of youth passes away is but too patent,
and but too commonly caused by this
practice. Let the man who admires the
piece of pipe that does duty for a human
body picture to himself the wasted form
and seamed skin. Most women from long
custom of wearing these stays, are really
unaware how much they are hampered
and restricted. A girl of twenty, in-

How to Tell Diphtheria.

"I was called out of bed past midnight
to go four miles in the county to at-
tend what the messenger stated was a
bad case of diphtheria."
"And you went?"
"Had to. When I arrived I found a
ten-year-old girl crying with a sore
throat. I looked into it, asked the girl
a few questions and found that she had
done a big washing that day. Had a lit-
tle cold—nothing else."
"How can you tell the difference?"
"I'll give you a rule by which you can
always determine," was the response.
"If the throat is red and smaller, no fear
of diphtheria; but if it looks like some
one had thrown a handful of ashes into
the throat—a dull gray color—look out.
It's diphtheria's danger signal."
Lincoln, Neb., Journal.
On December 27th Dr. Maron, a lead-
ing Berlin journalist and eminent polit-
ical economist, shot his wife and then
himself. It is supposed that they had
agreed to die together. She had, from
various causes, been in a desponding
plight, while he suffered from an incur-
able malady.

A True Story of a Trinity County Bear Fight.

The Trinity Journal of last week tells
the following: "Charley Noble and two
of John Post's boys, of Junction City,
had quite an adventure last week with a
huge brown bear. They were out in the
mountains for a hunt when they discov-
ered a bear's den in the mountain side.
The brush around the entrance to the
cave was worn and bent down quite close
to the ground, which assured them that
there was a bear in the cave. They came
to the conclusion that the bear would
capture brin, the only practical way being
to smoke the animal out. Accordingly
wood was collected and piled up in the
mouth of the cave and set on fire. It
had hardly got under a good headway
before it was pushed away. The hunters
were surprised. Again the wood was
collected and the brush rebuilt, and
again it was pushed away. The truth of
the whole matter was that brin was do-
ing the work himself with his paws, re-
treating to a safe distance within the
cave after destroying the fire. And so
the struggle continued for two days and
two nights, the hunters building fires,
and the bear destroying them. The
hunters were bound to capture their
game, and finally changed the order of
fuel. They gathered a large quantity of
dry brush, and piled that up in the en-
trance. This last mode was a success.
For no sooner had the fire begun to send
out volumes of smoke and to crack, than
a terrible growl was heard inside, and
immediately after came the bear, with a
bound through the fire, like a dog jump-
ing through a fiery banner at a circus,
growing savagely, and bounding toward
the hunters. They were courageous and
stood their ground, for they were not to
be foiled after waiting impatiently and
working vigorously for the 'varmint.'
Charley Noble blazed away at him, with a
felled the bear to the ground and pre-
cipitated him down the steep mountain
side. Charley started in pursuit, but
had not gone a great distance when he
slipped and was going after brin at a
speed and in a manner which was not at
all agreeable, for his bearship was not
fatally wounded, as supposed, and was
savagely waiting the coming of the foe
at the foot of the hill where Charley
landed, gun in hand, within ten feet of
the bear, who was coming for him with
all the savagery that it could muster.
He waited until the bear got within a
few more feet of him and then sent a
bullet through his brain. The bear
weighed 450 pounds, which is considered
a little above the average weight of that
species. The boys procured some
torches and entered the cave, where they
found the bed of the bear, upon a shelf,
which was made of sticks about the
thickness of a man's wrist."