

WINDING UP TIME

A wee, brown maid on the doorstep sat, Her small face hid beneath a wide-brimmed hat. A broken clock on her baby knee...

WEDNESDAY

CHAPTER I. The time for the marriage of Ned Bly and Ruth Hatford was drawing near. Bly was the most promising young man in the neighborhood of Gray Eagle church, Arkansas.

Ruth was a quiet, even tempered girl. In the picturing of gentleness, she could have appropriately served as a model.

Saturday evening, Ned was to come and spend Sunday. Ruth stood at the farm gate, looking down the road. She saw Ned coming and she waved her handkerchief at him.

"There she stands," Ned mused. "Good girl, the right kind of a girl to make a good wife but—high-o!"

"I thought that I was making good time, Ruth." "Oh, you might have thought so for it is much more wearisome to wait than it is to travel."

"Yes, I suppose so. Is your father well?" he asked as he opened the gate for her.

"No, not very. His cough does not seem to get any better." "Sorry to hear it. Shall we go to the house or walk awhile?"

"You have walked enough, Ned. Why didn't you ride?" "Well, I was out in the woods, thinking, when the time for me to set out arrived, so I thought that it would be saving time to walk rather than to go back to the house and catch a horse."

"Mr. Hatford, with feeble tread, was walking up and down the porch. He cordially greeted the young man, for whom he had a pronounced regard.

"How are you feeling, Mr. Hatford?" the young man asked as he seated himself in a large arm chair which Ruth had drawn out from an adjoining room.

"I am not at all well, Ned. To tell you the truth, I believe that my time here is short."

for several days, that we'd better in definitely postpone that little affair of ours. I want to go out west. I want to see something."

"Then you—have—been deceiving me. You don't love me!" she said with a sob.

"Now here, Ruth, don't talk that way. You can find a better husband than I could possibly be. Ruth, where are you going?"

"To the house." "I hope that I have not offended you."

"Oh, no," she replied in a tone of sarcasm, "the contemptuous Mr. Bly never offended anyone. Good bye."

"Here, Ruth, just a minute." "She didn't turn around."

"No, I have fixed it," he mused. "I intended to break it gently, but failed. Well, I have simply done my duty. I would be miserable if I were to marry and settle down here. It is impossible for a man to explain himself to a woman. Hang it, she don't want to understand me. I am sorry for the old man—and sorry for the girl, of course. Well, for that matter, I am sorry for myself. All over. Now I'll show the people that one can accomplish something."

Ruth did not tell her father. The next day when he asked why Ned did not stay all night, she replied that he had a business appointment which he was compelled to meet.

Two days later, the old man died. Just before passing away, he spoke in high praise of Ned. The girl was almost heart broken, but she spoke to no one of her greater grief.

The farm was sold and Ruth went out west to live with her uncle. Several years passed, but she had never ceased to pray for revenge. Her time was coming.

One day, with a feeling of pleasure, a kind of bitter delight, she learned that Ned Bly lived in the country, that he had begun the practice of law in a town not far away. She felt sure he would come to see her, for he had tried to see her before she left her old home.

"Ruth," said her uncle, upon returning from the town, "I met an old friend of yours to-day. His name is Ned Bly. You know him, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, I know him." "He said that he had known you a long time. I had some law business and I gave it to him. The people say that he is a fine lawyer."

forerance which the angels themselves could not teach, you do not know how I worship you. I have bought a nice little house and—well, I long for you to see it. I want you to see how devoted a man can be. You are thoughtful, Ruth."

"I am thinking, love, of our coming happiness." She turned her face from him. She was afraid that her thoughts of vengeance might be outlined on her countenance.

"I know that you ever had a bitter thought." "Not against you, precious," she replied sweetly able to conceal her hate.

"Ruth, during our long separation, while many people were anxious to compliment me, I did not cease to lovingly think of the quiet little girl who had won my boyish love. I know now that fate is kind, that the old world has been slandered."

The day arrived. Ruth sat in her room, waiting for the coming of the man who had darkened her life.

"When I denounce him," she mused, "uncle and aunt will say that I acted rightly. Oh, I will teach that wretch a lesson that he will never forget. I know that he loves me and I hate him for it."

Ned arrived. Ruth heard his merry laugh, and she laughed bitterly. She wore a rose in her hair, a rose which she fancied came from the old garden.

When she descended the stairs and caught a glimpse of the company assembled in the parlor, she smiled. She would give them a piece of acting. Without betraying her desperate intention, she stood beside Ned. The minister advanced. Now was her time. She trembled violently. The ceremony was pronounced. She had said "yes."

She sat down when her friends had congratulated her. When the people were gone she threw her arms around her husband and exclaimed: "Oh, Ned, I worship you."

"Yes, the time for my revenge had come.—Arkansas Traveler." An Old-Time School-Master.

A hundred and fifty years ago, among the German settlers of Pennsylvania, there was a remarkable old school-master, whose name was Christopher Dock.

Whenever one of his younger scholars succeeded in learning his ABC, the good Christopher Dock required the father of his pupil to give him a penny, and also asked his mother to cook two eggs for him as a treat in honor of his diligence.

There were no clocks or watches; the children came to school one after another, taking their places near the master, who sat writing. They spent their time reading out of the Testament until all were there. But every one who succeeded in reading his verse without mistake stopped reading, and came and sat at the writing-table to write. The poor fellow who remained last on the bench was called a Lazy Scholar.

BILL NYE IN BOSTON.

An Account of a Visit to His Birthplace in the State of Maine.

Last week I visited my birthplace in the state of Maine. I waited thirty years for the public to visit it, and as there didn't seem to be much of a rush this spring, I thought I would go and visit it myself.

A man ought not to criticize his birthplace, I presume, and yet, if I were to do it all over again, I do not know whether I would select that particular spot or not.

How hard it should teach the boys of America! Here, amid the barren and the inhospitable waste of rocks and cold, the last place in the world that a man would naturally select to be born in, began the life of one who, by his own unaided effort, in after years rose to the proud height of postmaster at Laramie City, Wyoming, and, with an estimate of the future that was almost prophetic, resigned before he could be characterized as an offensive partisan.

Here on the banks of the raging Piscataquis, where winter lingers in the lap of spring till it occasions a good deal of talk, there began a career which has been the wonder and admiration of every vigilance committee west of the turbulent Missouri.

There on that spot, with no inheritance but a predisposition to premature baldness and a bitter hatred of rum, with no personal property but a misfit suspender and a stone-bruise, began a life history which has never ceased to be a warning to people who sell groceries on credit.

It should teach the youth of this young land what glorious possibilities may lie concealed in the rough and tough bosom of the reluctant present.

Still, my birthplace is all right as a birthplace. It was a good, quiet place in which to be born. All the old neighbors said that Shirley was a very quiet place up to the time I was born there, and when I took my parents by the hands and gently led them away in the spring of '43, saying: "Parents, this is no place for us," it became quiet."

It is the only birthplace I have, however, and I hope that all the readers of The Globe will feel perfectly free to go there any time and visit it, and carry their dinner, as I did. Extravagant cordiality and overflowing hospitality have always kept my birthplace back.—Boston Sunday Globe.

A Drunk Umbrella.

A most laughable scene was witnessed at the Buckingham House one evening last week. A traveling man named Smith was the cause of it all. Smith has a new-fashioned umbrella, which is the result of the study of some genius in the center, so that unlike the umbrella it spreads it looks like the worst wreck of an umbrella in the world.

The umbrella has been quite a curiosity at the hotel for several days, many respectable citizens trying to borrow it to take home to fool their wives with. One gentleman said if he should go home with that umbrella in that shape, his wife would procure a divorce. Joe said he had been fooled a good many times, but he never was so completely taken in as he was by Smith and the drunk umbrella.—Peck's Sun.

"Treating" and Law. The figure which is announced of the "anti-treating" law in Nebraska was a foregone conclusion. No law could be framed for such a purpose which could not be evaded; and any law attempting to achieve such a purpose was sure to be provocative of evasion. It was one of those invasions of natural right which man instinctively regards as a challenge.

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thought, Smith was. The clerk turned to one of Smith's friends and said, "Your friend is pretty full." The friend said he was trying to get Smith to go to bed, so the clerk said to Smith, "Guess you better go to bed." Smith raised his head, pulled the umbrella around and laid it on the register, and said it was only eight o'clock, and he didn't want to go to bed.

The clerk looked at Smith and the umbrella, which was collapsed all over the counter, and thought it was the saddest case he had seen. People gathered around and looked at the umbrella and Smith, and thought he must have been out in a cyclone of beer. One of the friends asked the clerk to call a porter and put Smith to bed.

The bell was rung, and Joe, the porter, was instructed to show the gentleman to his room. Joe saw the umbrella and winked at the clerk, as much as to say he had dealt with a good many such guests in his time, and he took Smith by the arm and told him he had better come along quietly to bed, and he would feel better in the morning.

Smith said he did not want to go to bed, but Joe took hold of his arm, and at a nod from the clerk he urged Smith along towards the elevator, the umbrella hanging all over the ribs sticking against Joe, catching on the elevator door and running into the elevator man's coat. Smith sat down in the elevator, put the point of the umbrella on the floor, when it turned wrong side out, and when they arrived at Smith's floor he dragged the umbrella out by the handle. Smith started off in an opposite direction from his room, and Joe caught him, and led him the other way, Smith all the time saying he did not want to go to bed, he had an engagement to meet a man at 8:30, and it was an outrage to be dragged off to bed in a first-class hotel in the shank of the evening.

Joe tried to soothe him, and finally got him in his room, and Smith laid the umbrella on the bed and was going to sit down on it, when Joe grabbed it out from under him, told him the umbrella was demoralized enough without being sat on, and he began to pull off Smith's boots, saying, "Now, undress yourself and I will soon have you in bed and you can sleep till morning."

Smith begged as a special favor that Joe would go away and leave him. He said he could undress himself easily enough, and finally Joe went out and left him. Joe went down the elevator, and Smith went out of his room and walked down the stairs, and was standing in the office with the umbrella under his arm, talking with his friends apparently just as drunk as ever, when Joe came out of the elevator. Joe looked at Smith as though he was a ghost, and walked around him twice before he spoke, and then he walked up to Smith and said, "I thought I just put you to bed?" Smith looked at Joe in astonishment, and said, "I beg pardon, sir, but I believe I have never met you before." Joe looked again at the umbrella, and at Smith, and then he went up the elevator to the room to see if Smith was there; Smith hurried up the stairs and got into the room, and pulled off his coat, and was just trying to get his boots off, when Joe wrapped, and was told to come in. He opened the door, saw Smith and the umbrella, turned pale, asked if he could be of any help, and said there was a man down in the office that resembled him a good deal, and was about as drunk, and had mashed his umbrella terrible. Smith told Joe he could undress, and Joe went out and Smith put on his coat and went down the stairs and when Joe came out of the elevator Smith was looking over the register, with his umbrella hanging loose, one of the points in the overcoat pocket of a stranger who was trying to register. "Stand back, please," said the clerk to Smith, as he pushed the register to the stranger. Then turning to Joe the clerk said, "I thought I told you to put that drunken man to bed." Joe looked at Smith, and his eyes stuck out, and the perspiration came out on his face as he told the clerk that he had put the other drunken man to bed, that this was evidently his twin brother, as he had been up to the other one's room, and he was there all right. "Well, take this one to the pound, or the refrigerator, or somewhere," said the clerk. At this Smith's friends began to laugh, and Smith straightened his umbrella out and looked as sober as anybody, and the clerk and the porter soon found that they had been fooled by a drunk and disorderly umbrella. The umbrella has been quite a curiosity at the hotel for several days, many respectable citizens trying to borrow it to take home to fool their wives with. One gentleman said if he should go home with that umbrella in that shape, his wife would procure a divorce. Joe said he had been fooled a good many times, but he never was so completely taken in as he was by Smith and the drunk umbrella.—Peck's Sun.

Law and Lawyers.

It cannot be supposed that every one who appears in a court of justice possesses that amount of familiarity with his country's laws which would make him a fit or capable exponent of his own cause, although there are some chronic offenders who, by long experience, have become as expert in cheating the galleys and the jail, as a regularly ordained counselor at law.

Almost every person who attains years of maturity, sooner or later, has some cause which can be settled only at the bar of justice, as, for instance, when the matured person refuses to comply with his promise to commit matrimony, and refuses to meet his other obligations.

The duties of a lawyer are not such as can be discharged by one who is unfamiliar with their requirements, for the art of bullying witnesses and throwing dust in the optics of the jury is not as easy as might be supposed. It requires time to harden the cheek of the criminal lawyer to the requisite degree of toughness.

At all times the harvest of lawyers has been abundant, and there is no immediate reason for fearing that the supply will diminish, as the crop is not affected by late frost or drought, or the seventeen-year locusts.

Laws are formed to guide the good and restrain the evil, but they do neither the one nor the other, owing to the skill with which the laws are perverted by the lawyers, who get themselves elected to the legislature, where they can mix up the laws so as to promote litigation. Its apostles and expounders should try above all others to see its majesty maintained. The fact that a man is a lawyer does not argue that he is wholly abandoned—that he has nothing in common with his fellow man. Their interests are identical with those of other citizens. They cannot harm others without sooner or later harming themselves. Let the lawyer vindicate truth and elevate his profession from the labyrinth of past darkness.

The first duty of every citizen is to his country. Law is the only profession that reverses this maxim. The lawyer claims that his first and highest duty is to his client. He has no desire to see justice vindicated; usually that is precisely what he tries to prevent. Since the days of Socrates this has been a legal maxim: "The advocate should keep probability in view, and say farewell to the truth." This is a little trying to tender susceptibilities, but it is true. It is rather a cruel statement of the case, but lawyers throughout the world's history have justified the remark. Few lawyers ever make a speech at the bar that is not full of fallacies. The most brilliant advocate and the most contemptible shyster make common cause to subvert the laws of their country.—Texas Sitings.

Traveling in 1700.

From an illustrated paper on "Social Life in the Colonies," by Edward Eggleston, in the July Century, we quote the following: "The Virginia planter of the richer sort, who was said to live with more show and luxury than a country gentleman in England on an estate of three or four thousand pounds a year, showed a strong liking for the stately six-horse coach, with postillions; but it was not until 1720 that wheeled carriages were recognized in the legal price-list of the Virginia ferries. In the other colonies, also the coach was valued as a sign of official or family dignity, and some of the richer Carolinian carried their luxury so far as to have carriages, horses, coachmen, and all, imported from England; but in Carolina, and everywhere north of Virginia, the light open 'chair' or the covered chaise was generally preferred. These were better suited to the roughness and sinuosity of the roads than the coach. The chaise was a kind of two-wheeled gig, having a top, and drawn sometimes by one, and sometimes by two horses; the chair had two wheels, but no top; the sulky, which was much used, differed from the chair chiefly in having room for but one person. All these seem to have been hung on straps, or thorough-braces, instead of springs. Boston ladies in the middle of the eighteenth century took the air in chaises or chairs, with negro drivers. Boston gentlemen also affected negro attendants when they drove their chairs or rode on saddle-horses. But in rural regions, from Pennsylvania northward, ladies took delight in driving about alone in open chairs, to the amazement of European travelers, who deemed that a paradise in which women could travel without protection. Philadelphians were fond of a long, light, covered wagon, with benches, which would carry a dozen persons in an excursion to the country. Sedan-chairs were occasionally used in the cities. The Dutch introduced sleighs into New York at a very early date; but sleighs for pleasure, though known in Boston about 1700, only came into general use in the northern provinces at a somewhat later period. The first stage wagon in the colonies was run from Trenton to New Brunswick, twice a week, during the summer of 1738. It was a link in the tedious land and water journey from Philadelphia to New York, and travelers were promised that it would be 'fitted up with benches, and covered over, so that passengers may sit easy and dry.' The Effect of Wind on Salt Crystals.

Coarse salt is made in the West Indies by the solar evaporation of sea water. The places chosen for its production are selected on account of the extraordinary saline strength of the water there. The water is allowed to run into shallow ponds direct from the ocean, and when a proper depth has been obtained, generally two or three feet, the entrance to the pond is closed and the water is evaporated by the sun and winds, and a deposit of salt is left. It requires about four months to evaporate three feet of water. The salt is then gathered into piles ready for delivery. Its quality depends almost entirely upon the caprices of nature. A dry and windy season will produce large and hard crystals, the most desirable characteristic of ocean salt, while if little wind blows the salt is fine grained and soft.

This is unquestionably a misfortune. The "treating" habit is undoubtedly a great evil. It lies at the root of a vast amount of intemperance. It is responsible for fully fifty per cent. of the drinking that is done, and probably for more than any other. It is the cause more than anything else of that "drinking between drinks," which has been described as the only drinking which produces drunkenness.—Detroit Free Press.

The effect of wind on salt crystals is a subject of considerable interest. The process of evaporation is greatly influenced by the strength of the wind. A strong wind will cause the water to evaporate more rapidly, resulting in larger and harder crystals. Conversely, a calm or light wind will result in a slower evaporation rate, producing a finer, more granular salt. This has practical implications for the quality and handling of the salt, particularly in maritime or industrial contexts.

The historical context of the "treating" habit in the 18th century is also noteworthy. It was a social custom where one person would buy drinks for others, often leading to excessive drinking and public disorder. The article discusses how this habit contributed to a significant portion of the alcohol consumption and the resulting social and health issues of the time.