



## A PATENT ELOPEMENT.

66 **A** VISITOR, Jabez." Old Farmer Smith rose from the dinner-table and picked up his hat from the side of the chair.

"Who is it, wife?" he asked. "A young man," she replied. The farmer's lip set tight as he witnessed a glance which passed between his wife and his daughter.

"I understand," he said, severely, with a determined look at the anxious face of the girl. "That London chap, Leslie Austin."

"Yes, father," she replied. "I'll settle his business for him," and Farmer Smith strode into the parlor, his heavy boots sounding a death-knell to the faint hopes in the sinking heart of pretty, winsome Alice Smith. "So you're here again, eh?"

The brusque interrogatory did not seem to crush the courteous, handsome young man, who arose and faced the farmer.

"Yes, Mr. Smith," was his reply. "And on the same old errand, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; I came to ask your consent—"

"You can't have it!" interrupted Farmer Smith, savagely. "Alice ain't going to marry you or anybody else, just yet."

"But time—"

"You've heard me, Mr. Leslie Austin. You can't have my daughter."

"I love her, Mr. Smith."

"Nonsense! She's too young to know her own mind. I have said my say, and the harvest hands are waiting. Good-day, sir!"

Under such determined resistance, Leslie Austin retreated. He bit his lips angrily, as he walked rapidly down the road to the village hotel.

"It's a shame," decided his friend Bob Townsend, as he heard the disappointed lover's story.

"We think so much of each other," murmured Leslie, mournfully.

"You ain't going to give up this way, are you?" asked Bob.

Leslie looked up inquiringly. "What else can I do?" he asked.

"Marry her," said Bob.

"Her father won't consent."

"Suppose he don't."

Leslie started, but shook his head slowly.

"I know what you're hitting at, Bob—an elopement."

"You're right."

"But it could not be."

"Why not?"

"Because Alice is bound to obey her father, and I am, too, for that matter."

Bob scowled impatiently.

"Nonsense!" he aspirated, angrily. "See here, Leslie. If you were the irresponsible chap old Smith thinks you'd hesitate; but you ain't."

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lowing, just as Farmer Smith had sent his boys to the town with a load of potatoes, and was seated, resting for an hour or two, on the front porch, with Alice industriously sewing by his side, that a vehicle driven by a single occupant came down the road.

Old Jabez looked in profound amazement as the vehicle came to a stop. It was a kind of skeleton wagon, with a double seat, and behind it was attached a small rubber hose, with several wheels distributed here and there, near the axle.

"In the name of wonder, what have we here?" he said, as he walked to the gate.

The driver sprang down. "Jabez Smith?" he asked.

The farmer nodded a dignified assent, little dreaming that the bearded stranger was Bob Townsend in disguise.

"I learn from inquires in the village that you are quite a scientist, Mr. Smith."

Science, of which old Jabez knew nothing, but affected much, was his salient point. Flattered by the stranger's words, he replied pompously:

"I reckon I know something about it."

"I have come, Mr. Smith," said the stranger, "to show you a new motive power for hay rakes."

The farmer's face fell.

"A patent right?" he muttered. "I don't want to buy one," he said, aloud, turning to re-enter the house.

"Buy one!" replied the stranger. "This is not for sale, sir," declared Bob, with quiet dignity. "I desire your opinion as a scientist in regard to the principles involved in its construction and operations."

The farmer's face grew pleased again.

"Happy to give it, sir. If I can be of any use to the world at large by my knowledge of science—"

"Or make your fellow beings happy, you're ready to sacrifice your valuable time—eh, Mr. Smith?" insinuated Bob. "Certainly, sir."

"You can—you can, believe me, sir," asseverated the wicked conspirator, earnestly and truthfully. "Have you a rake?"

"Yes."

"I'll help you bring it out here, and we'll make a trial trip of this wonderful machine."

A few minutes later the farmer's hay-rake was brought out. Bob, made much ado of it, and the farmer watched as he turned it about, as he turned the hose to position.

"An air brake, sir. The air will make it do so, to have operate as usual. The air will offer a resistance to the wheel forward the front vehicle, and the hay. Man and brute demand air—why not vegetation?"

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clung on wildly as the horse was driven briskly. He almost fell forward as there was a break caused by the rope parting. Bob had deftly cut it with a knife.

"Hold on—hold on!" cried old Jabez, as the new motor-power vehicle dashed forward.

He stared blankly as it traversed the field, made a sharp turn to the road, and, gracefully rounded a curve in the highway, disappeared from view.

What did it mean? The boys had taken the horses to town, and he could not start in pursuit; but he grew white as he discerned a fact:

He had been tricked! He had cooled down considerably when, at nightfall, a carriage drew up before the gate.

He looked grimly up from beneath his shaggy eyebrows as Leslie Austin and pretty, blushing Alice came forward.

Bob, following them, was the first to speak.

"The new motor power took up a new passenger down the road, Farmer Smith," he said, shyly. "You wanted to make mankind happy, neighbor—you've done it!"

Jabez made a feint to declare hostilities, then and there, against the conspirators, but he sank back disarmed in his chair as the gentle voice of his wife said, pleadingly:

"Forgive them, father—they are so happy!"

And Farmer Smith had not the heart to say nay.

### ADMONISHING CHILDREN.

Reproof and Advice Must Be Sugar-Coated to Be Heeded.

"The universal frailty of our human nature which dislikes to be told of faults must be taken into consideration when we converse with our grown-up children," writes Kate Upson Clark in the Woman's Home Companion.

"After they pass the age of fourteen or fifteen they usually betray a greater sensitiveness than before to even reasonable fault-finding. By the time they reach eighteen or twenty this tendency has become a marked trait. They have then become substantially like the rest of us. Even from the lips of loving fathers or mothers and in strict privacy they want nothing but the same sort of honey on which our own souls love to feed. They wish no allusion made to the facts that they are acquiring nasal tones; that their gait is awkward; that their taste in dress is unformed and even bad; that they have not good judgment in choosing associates, and so on. Private discourses upon the wiles of the world and the weakness of youth and its proneness to wander they wish none of. Whatever medicine of that sort is to be given must be administered in small doses, interjected with skill into conversations upon ordinary matters, and sugar-coated, if possible, with artful compliment, though it should be always deserved. Even the best and dearest of our carefully-brought-up young people are likely to have their year or more of obstinacy and 'pig-headedness,' or their permanent streaks of unreasonableness and contumacy. Therefore, they would better receive most of the telling strokes that mold into shape before they reach the age of fourteen. From that time up to the age of what is called 'discretion,' which does not arrive with most of us before twenty-five (if then), the youth, in judgment and sense, is really not much superior to what he was at from seven to fifteen, but he has no suspicion of this fact."

### Business Girls.

I do not mean a girl who has gone into some trade or profession, for the most domestic "home bird" of my girl readers may be one. Indeed, if she helps to carry out her daily duties successfully she must do her utmost to become a "business girl" in my sense of the word. And when, in course of time, she passes to a home of her own, she will be at no loss in taking up her position as housekeeper and mistress. She will win the respect of those in her employ by showing them that she understands how she should be served, and that while comfort is absolutely required, no extravagance will be allowed. She will cause her husband's love for her to increase by showing him how truly his interest is hers by bringing into play her knowledge of "how to spend and how to save." To make home uncomfortable by mean, unnecessary savings is no real economy, but to plan with loving thought how to make every dollar yield its true value is housekeeping in its best sense, for such a "business girl" will make a small income go further and give more real happiness and comfort than would one of double and treble the amount in inexperienced hands. But to make my girl reader a complete business one of the type which I write, she must also learn how to conduct her charities. Giving indiscriminately, without inquiry or thought, is often more productive of evil than good, and she must be as wise over the spending of the portion allotted "to help others," and give as thorough consideration to it as she does to what she puts apart for her personal concerns.

When a small boy wants a match with which to light a cigarette, he prefixes his request for one with the word "please." He then goes home and says: "Pass the butter."



"A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer; ain't that so?" "I can't answer you."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Help! help!" cried the man who was being robbed. "Calm yourself," said the highwayman. "I don't need any assistance."—Exchange.

An art criticism: "She'd look better without so much powder and rouge on." "Yes. She isn't so bad as she's painted."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Mrs. Oatcake (reading newspaper)—There are 15,000 Poles in Philadelphia. Farmer Oatcake—Gracious! What a place to raise beans!—Philadelphia Record.

"How long have they been keeping house?" "Well, I understand they usually keep one until the landlord insists on having the rent."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Freddie—It's always in damp places where mushrooms grow, isn't it, papa? Papa—Yes, my boy. Freddie—Is that the reason they look like umbrellas, papa?—Tid-Bits.

Physician (giving advice)—Lastly, McGorry, don't go to sleep on an empty stomach. McGorry (who is ailing)—No danger av that, doctor; O! always slape on me back.—Bazar.

An Explanation.—"You referred to your friend as a dead game sportsman?" "Yes; he always buys his birds in the market. Dead game is his specialty."—Washington Star.

Muggins—My wife insists upon having the last word. Buggins—You're lucky. In the bright lexicon of my wife's vocabulary there is no such word as last.—Philadelphia Record.

The Missionary—My erring brother, have you been Christianized? The Native—Not completely. They have gobbled all my land, but I still have my few clothes.—Indianapolis Journal.

"Don't be afraid, Willie! Tigers always roar when it's time for them to be fed." "Oh, I ain't afraid, grandpa. Papa makes a worse row than that when dinner's late at home."—Jugend.

Lady of the house (to applicant for a place)—"Why did you leave your last place?" Servant—"Once I was caught listening at the door." Lady—"Oh, what did you hear?"—Fliegende Blätter.

"How did you manage to escape hay fever this year, Clara?" "I didn't. Papa managed it." "How?" "He said he couldn't raise the money to send me to the mountains."—New York World.

Bride (throwing her arms about the bridegroom's neck)—You are my prisoner for life. Bridegroom—It's not imprisonment for life, love; it's capital punishment.—Sydney Town and County Journal.

Mrs. Wiltby—"I am afraid baby isn't well, dear." Wiltby—"What makes you think so?" Mrs. Wiltby—"Ha hasn't had anything the matter with him so long that I'm getting real worried."—Puck.

An evasive answer: Banker—"Before I accept you as a suitor for my daughter, I should like to know how you stand politically. Now, I am for gold." Suitor—"That's what I'm after, sir!"—Town Topics.

The Military Obsession: Superintendent—Yes, and where did John the Baptist live? Scholar—In the desert. Superintendent—Quite right! And what do we call people who live in the desert? Scholar—Deserters.—Brooklyn Life.

Tired Tootstrong—"Madam, will you please help a poor, homeless man out of his troubles?" Madam (who was raised in the backwoods)—"Certainly? Would you rather be shot or hit on the head with an ax?"—Norristown Herald.

Mrs. Bugg—"If you keep on being so unreasonable I shall just have to go home and live with mamma." Mr. Bugg—"Stay, my dear, I cannot be unreasonable enough to consign you to such a cruel fate."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Jones called up his first wife at the seance last night, and what do you think he said to her?" said Smith. "Goodness knows," replied Brown. "He asked her if she would give his second wife her recipe for mincemeat."—Pick-Me-Up.

The Parting: She—Henry, dearest, I have at last discovered that I love you! He—Ah, you have heard, then, that my uncle has died and left me \$5,000. She—Sir, after that remark we must part forever! I heard it was fifty.—Judge.

Deacon Black—Dis ain't no pussional queschn; but if a man steals a chicking am it propah fo' him ter say grace befo' he eats it? Deacon Johnson—Shuah! Ain't he got two reasons to 'ank de Lawd—fo' de chicken an' fo' not gittin' cotehed?—Puck.

Called: Runner-In—"That kind of coat, sir, we have sold up to date for fifteen dollars; we are now offering them for five." The desired customer—"And you've got the gall to openly admit that you've been gouging people to that extent!"—Leslie's Weekly.

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Los Angeles, Cal., is distinguished for the number of petroleum oil wells it possesses. The output for 1898 approximated 1,100,000 barrels, and that for 1899 is estimated to be about the same.

When hat is wet with rain it should be dried with a silk handkerchief, brushed with a soft brush and when it is nearly dry with a harder brush.

Live as though life were earnest and life will be so.

Mr. Beerbohm, a London grain trade authority, is of the opinion that Europe will this season require 85 per cent of the American surplus supply of wheat, in which event the reserves at the end of the present crop year may be even smaller than they were at the beginning of the harvest in 1898.

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