

**AUNT DEBBY'S PRAYER**  
 I've never wasted any time  
 Asking after fishes—  
 As if I didn't know the voice  
 That maddens and bewitches,  
 It ain't that I must answer for  
 The sin of money-getting,  
 And yet it's something just as bad—  
 O Lord, I'm always fretting!

Expensive clothes I never yet  
 Was guilty of possessing—  
 I always had to do the work,  
 While others did the dressing.  
 But common clothes are good enough—  
 For that I ain't regretting—  
 It's only this I'm asking for:  
 Deliver me from fretting.

I do the work that comes to me—  
 They never called me lazy;  
 My thoughts concerning right an' wrong  
 Are far from being hazy;  
 I try to do my level best—  
 A good example setting—  
 But somehow, Lord, I always fail,  
 And yield myself to fretting.

Of course that ain't my only fault—  
 I make no vain pretensions,  
 For all my other failings are  
 Of none too small dimensions.  
 But that, of all my worldly sins,  
 Is much the most besetting,  
 And so, O Lord, I humbly pray  
 That I may keep from fretting.  
 —Youth's Companion.

**Cowards All**

The small, weary-looking man with the patient eyes climbed the stairs of the tenement as the clock struck 6. His work for the day was ended, but he showed no sign of pleasure at his home-coming. On the contrary, he seemed a little terrified.

He knocked timidly at the door. It was flung open by a very slatternly woman with small red eyes, and an aggressively pointed chin.

"Well, I'm sure," she began angrily, "so you're late again. Don't know what you mean by it. I've had the kettle on the hob since 5. And this is all the thanks as I get."

"I'm sorry," said Huxtable slowly, "but it couldn't be helped, my dear. The foreman put me on a special job, and it meant stoppin' a bit later than usual or spoilin' the whole thing."

"Yes, your work is all you think about," said his wife, spitefully, "not a thought for your home and two children, not to mention me."

"I don't think that quite true," he said meekly.

It certainly was not. He was good and devoted, but Mrs. Huxtable never admitted anything in his favor. She was one of those women who seem to regard their husbands as schoolmasters of the old regime would regard their unhappy pupils—as something to be bullied, maltreated and altogether subdued. Huxtable had put up with the treatment for fifteen years. Sometimes, when he looked back on the past, he wondered how he had been able to endure his torments with such patience.

"Where's Jack and Archie?" he asked, as he went to the sink to wash his hands.

"Ah, you may well ask. Where, indeed! Playin' in the court, I expect and gettin' into bad company. But that comes because their father don't trouble himself about 'em. They'll go to rack and ruin, you mark my words, if you don't keep a tight 'and on 'em."

"I should have thought that was your job, so to speak," suggested Huxtable.

"No, it's a father's place to look after his boys. Besides, you know as how they don't think nothin' of me when you're about. It's dad this and dad that, till I'm fairly sick of hearin' them say it."

"Yes, I think they're fond of me," said poor Huxtable, with a little break in his voice.

"Not that they've got much reason to be," snapped the woman. "But, then, children allers takes to them as does the least for 'em. That's what's so unfair."

She poured out the tea, and gave the unhappy Huxtable his meal in silence. He looked round the room and sighed. The week's laundry was suspended from string overhead, and the room was filled with a warm dampness. Not a vestige of comfort was in sight. A bleak, wretched home was this—he reflected—curse by an ill-tempered wife who had not even the virtues of her vices. For the average nagging woman was generally tidy and clean, but Mrs. Huxtable was neither one nor the other. Equally, tyrannical women frequently made good mothers and brought up their offspring in the way they should go, but Mrs. Huxtable's complete equipment for the training of Archie and Jack consisted of a broken broom handle. She taught them nothing which could help them to grow up into good and useful men. She had, indeed, spoken the truth when she said that unless the father looked after them their futures would be in peril.

After tea Huxtable took out his pipe. This action was always the signal for unkind comment on the woman's part. She did not really dislike the smell of tobacco, but she disliked the idea of her husband enjoying himself. So she sniffed, groaned and criticised until at length he knocked out the ashes and replaced the pipe in his pocket.

"I wish you was a bit more even tempered," he said gently; "it 'ud make things pleasanter."

When the children came home, Mrs. Huxtable delivered a short lecture to them on the brutality of their father. The youngsters, however, did not take

much notice, but climbed on the little man's knees and begged for pennies, which he gave them with smiling good nature. But when the boys had gone to bed, and he was alone in the little sitting room, he sat with his head in his hands, asking himself what it all meant.

Why were some men singled out for such homes as this, he wondered, whilst others had love, happiness, and all that made life worth living? There was Tom Harris, for example, who worked in his shop. Harris was anything but a saint, and drank a large part of his wages, but he had a wife who worshiped him, and his home was always comfortable and cozy. There was Barclay, that long, ugly fellow, who frequently blacked his wife's eyes, but who, nevertheless, led a pleasant life enough when he was not under the influence of drink, whilst he, Huxtable, was bullied and badgered from morning to night, until his existence was rendered almost unbearable.

As he sat and pondered things, he remembered how another acquaintance of his own had cut the Gordian knot abruptly by clearing out and leaving his unkind wife to her own resources. He had gone off suddenly, and no news had been heard of him afterward. Some said he had gone to Canada, the place where a man who knew a decent trade could always get good work and good wages.

Of late, Huxtable had thought a good deal about this man. Secretly, he had envied him his pluck, and had wished that he, too, could do likewise. O, for a glorious spell of freedom—freedom from that harsh voice—from that most gloomy face. If only he dared.

An evening newspaper lay on the table. He took it up, and strangely enough the first thing which he noticed was the advertisement of a steamship company that announced reduced rates to Canadian ports. Huxtable began to tremble.

"I've got money enough," he murmured, "money to take me over, and to keep me goin' till I get a job. And when once I was settled, and earnin' decent money, I could send Carrie a bit every month." . . .

With silent feet he went toward the door and opened it. The chill morning air seemed to rob him of courage. Seated by the fire in the pleasant warmth, flight had seemed an easy matter. The future had appeared equally simple. But the inhospitable air of the dawn seemed to bid him go back rather than forward.

He mastered the impulse, and went down the stone stairs that led to the street. Then he walked rapidly along Gray's Inn road toward King's Cross. At a coffee stand he bought some food. It revived him, and he felt inclined to smile as he pictured his wife's wonderment and rage when he failed to come home.

At Euston he was told that there would not be a train for an hour. He sat down in the great booking-hall. How strange it seemed to be there. At that hour he was usually on his way to work. Already a sense of freedom was beginning to hold his being. He felt elated and surprised at the same time.

A bookstall boy entered the booking-hall on his way to the platform. Something in the youngster's face recalled the face of Archie. A slight pang took hold of Huxtable's heart. He wondered why he had not thought about the children before. At least he might have contrived to take a last look at them previous to his leaving the house. He felt very annoyed at his neglect.

It would be hard on them, losing their father, he reflected, very hard. Their mother meant little to them, but for him they had always love and tenderness. He remembered how he had promised to take both boys to Battersea park that afternoon, it being the Saturday half-holiday. And now—how now? Well, he knew just what he was doing. He was running away from them and from his responsibilities, like a thief in the night, fleeing from justice. Gradually his memory would slip from their childish brains. The way would come when the word father would convey naught to them save a shadowy recollection.

What would be their future, now that he was gone? Surely the streets would claim them, and the foul influences of the slum would bear them down into the depths. Had not his wife said that he alone could keep them from "rack and ruin"?

He rose and paced the gloomy hall, in a fever of doubt. Already his new freedom was beginning to seem a thing of mixed good. It certainly had its evil side. His wife could manage well enough without him, but the children—ah, they were different.

He was a coward now, and he was



SNIFFED, GROANED AND CRITICISED.

afraid of the future. The future seemed dark and terrible. Within its awful grasp there lay the destiny of those two little ones whom he loved. Conscience awoke in him, and stirred all the fear that lingered in his blood.

A man in uniform touched him on the shoulder.

"The booking office is open now, mate," he said kindly. "The train goes in fifteen minutes."

Huxtable looked up with a start.

"Thanks, ole man," he said absently, but he did not go toward the window where one booked for the north. He sought the street instead, and climbed on a bus going eastward. It deposited him at the gates of the factory where he worked, and he was just in time to slip through the door and save himself being shut out till dinner time. . . .

In the afternoon he went home with his wages, and with a boat which he had bought for the children to sail on the pond in the park. Mrs. Huxtable greeted him in her usual acid manner.

"You never came to bed last night," she said. "Pon my word, I think you must be goin' off your head. What was you doin'?"

"I was just thinkin', that's all," he replied nervously.

"Thinkin'." Much good that did you. I expect. Thinkin' of how you could upset me, I dare say."

Huxtable shook his head and smiled. The two boys were standing close by, eagerly discussing the question of navigation as they handled the little boat.

"If we was in the boat, and fell out, dad would save us, wouldn't you, dad?" murmured Jackie, aged 6, "for you're awful brave, I know."

Huxtable laughed gently.

"Your father 'ud be too much of a coward for that," snarled the mother. But he only laughed again.

"It's good to be a coward sometimes," he said huskily. "It's better for them as we love." . . . —Manchester Chronicle.

**MAKING OF FRUIT SUGAR.**

**Use for Dahlia Root—Valuable Properties of the Product.**

Levulose, or fruit sugar, is little known to the general public, according to the Umschau. It is sold only by druggists, and the cost of manufacturing it by the methods now in use is so great that the price of levulose is nearly a dollar a pound. This variety of sugar possesses properties which would bring it into extensive use if its cost were not prohibitive.

The only process by which chemically pure levulose can be produced cheaply in large quantities is based on the employment of inulin as the raw material. Inulin is a variety of starch which is found in proportions of 8 to 11 per cent in the roots of chicory and the tubers of the dahlia. The dahlia is a native of America and was introduced into England in 1789 and into Germany in 1812. It was supposed that the tubers would be a valuable food for cattle, but the cattle refused to eat them, and therefore the dahlia has been cultivated for its flowers alone. Yet dahlias could be raised as easily and almost as cheaply as potatoes. They are propagated by division of the tubers, which with special culture may attain a weight of more than a pound. Chicory root is well known and is raised in immense quantities in Germany, Austria, France and Belgium for the purpose of mixing with coffee.

The manufacture of pure levulose from chicory or dahlia tubers is simple. In the first place the inulin is extracted from the tubers by boiling them with lime water. The inulin is then converted into levulose by the action of diluted acids.

The field of application of levulose is extensive. Levulose is sweeter than ordinary sugar and it possesses other advantages over the latter. In particular, it can be eaten with impunity and completely assimilated by the majority of diabetic patients. It is also recommended in acidity of the stomach, and in recent years several eminent physicians have advocated its use as a food for consumptives. It may also be substituted for milk sugar in the preparations of infants' foods. In the manufacture of bon bons, jellies, marmalades and fruit preserves it possesses the advantage of neither crystallizing nor becoming turbid, and from it can be made an imitative honey which does not solidify and which is almost identical with natural honey, of which levulose is the principal ingredient. From inulin an excellent bread for diabetics can be made.

**No Place for Robbers.**

"A dangerous neighborhood you're living in, Colonel," said a newspaper man to Charles Edwards, of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, a few nights ago, in Washington. "Been four highway robberies there in the past month. Aren't you afraid that somebody will hold you up and go through you some night?"

"Should say not," said the big Texan. "Why, ah've got so few means on my person at the present time that the robber who goes through me will get himself in debt."—Success Magazine.

**Hopeless Case.**

Dill—I lost my silk umbrella yesterday at the club.

Pickles—Too bad! But you'll get it back, won't you? Aren't your initials on it?

Dill—Well, come to think of it, there are some initials on it, but they aren't mine.—Yale Record

What a splendid thing it would be if people who lose their tempers were unable to find them again!

One cuff on the wrist is worth a dozen on the ear



THE GROCERYMAN

"You know Henry, don't you?" said the groceryman, after the pretty cook had checked up the groceries with the bill.

"I know two or three Henrys," replied the pretty cook.

"You're afraid it's some gag, ain't you?" grinned the groceryman. "You think I want you to ask what Henry, an' then I'll say suthin' foolish."

"You'd say that anyway," observed the pretty cook, indifferently. "That wouldn't be nothin' new. What about Henry?"

"His other name was Clay, an' now it's mud," replied the groceryman, chuckling. "Don't get mad, Evelina. That's right—straight goods. You know Henry 'at clerks in the store. His name is Henry Clay, honest."

"I thought you said it was mud," remarked the pretty cook.

"That's right, too," said the groceryman. "He's a-goin' to be married. I feel sorry for him, pore guy!"

"I feel sorry for the girl," said the cook. "If I had to marry a feller like him I'd feel sorry for myself. I know that."

"Don't you waste no tears o' sympathy on her," said the groceryman. "She didn't have to marry him if she didn't want to."

"I s'pose he don't have to marry her if he don't want to," said the pretty cook. "I don't know who she is, and I don't care, but I bet she didn't give him chloroform an' tie him up an' keep him tied until he promised to marry her. She prob'ly said she'd marry him to get rid of him."

"Sure thing," said the groceryman, sarcastically. "That's the way you all do, don't you? You want us to stop makin' love to you, ain't that it?"

"You know all about it. Why do you ask me?" said the cook.

"She looked mighty innocent," said the groceryman. "So does the mousetrap look innocent. It doesn't care whether there's a mouse anywhere within a mile. It can get along first-rate without any mice. Mr. Mouse comes up an' sniffs, but the trap don't take no notice. Then it sorter seems to him that there's suthin' wrong an' he scoots off. That's the way Henry done. He said he didn't want to get tangled up with no skirt. He quit goin' to the door for nigh two weeks, but that didn't worry the girl. She didn't come into the store to see what had come of him any more'n the mousetrap 'ud try to squeeze into the hole after the mouse. She jest waited."

"It's one good way to make you stop," said the cook. "I don't know which is the worst. Women have hard luck, anyway. If you'd only let us alone, though, I guess you wouldn't have no trouble. We don't do the chasin'."

"You don't need to," said the groceryman. "You never seen a trap go chasin' around after a mouse, did you? All it does is jest to set around an' look invitin'. That's all this girl done that Henry's goin' to marry."

"I bet she didn't know he was on earth," said the cook.

"I bet she could have thrown a wad o' gum over her shoulder an' hit him in the eye if she wanted to," said the groceryman. "Anyway, it wasn't long afore Henry was out again, an' after a while he got to speakin' to her, an' the nex' thing you know he was pickin' out the best candy in the showcase jest afore quittin' time, three nights a week an' Sunday mornin'. No, I don't s'pose she gave him no encouragement. If she was out on the steps wearin' her lace waist, with a carnation in her hair, an' he was fool enough to come along and set down by her, she wasn't to blame, was she?"

"I sh'd say not," said the cook.

"Sure she wasn't," agreed the groceryman. "But when pore Henry sat her how about a flat—snap!—she had him right around the neck—strangle hold. Henry told me about it, an' honest, it makes me nervous every time I come up these back steps."

"You don't need to be," said the pretty cook.

"Then what have you got your hair done up that swell way for?" asked the groceryman.—Chicago Daily News.

**THE OLD-TIME TURKEY EAT.**

**Gone from the Pennsylvania Mountains Along with the Woodsmen.**

"It isn't because there is no more material in the Blue Mountain region of Pennsylvania to provide a turkey eat that we have had the last of those famous festivities," said a former dweller of the district described to a writer in the New York Sun, "for there are still wild turkeys a-plenty."

"The turkey eat has gone out with the passing of the people whose homes, traditions and manner of life made it possible and with the occupation that was once theirs."

"In the days when the turkey eat was the great winter festivity in the mountain districts between the Schuylkill and the Juniata watersheds the sparse population was chiefly of rude and rugged woodmen and their families, many of them descendants of pure Pennsylvania Dutch stock. Scores of them depended almost entirely on their skill with gun and trap for their food supply.

"The cabins of these mountaineers were built of logs, the chimneys between which were filled in with clay. A huge stone chimney rose at one end of the cabin outside, covering that entire end,

while on the inside it opened on a broad fireplace across that end of the room.

"The cabin was banked all around with earth, against which hemlock and pine boughs were heaped. Sometimes ranks of cordwood were piled up almost to the eaves, the better to keep out the cold, which is always intense during the winter on these windswept hills.

"There was rarely a cabin with more than one room. The walls were dark and smoky, and from rafter or beam hung plentifully strips of jerked venison and chunks of smoked bear meat, along with hams and bacon from the family pigs fattened in the woods and almost as wild as the bear and the deer. But the choicest and best beloved thing of the cabin's larder was the fat and well frozen wild turkey.

"While the woodman's cabin was always prepared for a turkey eat, it never knew when it was coming. A turkey eat began with the making up of a party in a neighboring village or settlement. Taking along a fiddler, they would appear at this, that or the other woodman's cabin of a winter evening and the woodman and his family did the rest.

"Instantly the birchwood pall of elder came forth. While the cabin's guests drank elder the host prepared and spitted the turkey over the hickory coals in the fireplace to roast for the feast. When it was ready for the table it was placed before the guests on a big tin platter. Each one carved for himself, the plates being squares of birch bark.

"The turkey eat was not complete, though, without a liberal supply of 'paan haas' and headcheese, and with it went the sweetest of rye bread and butter. Paan haas is a strictly Pennsylvania Dutch creation.

"It is made from the rich juices left after boiling the ingredients for headcheese, these being thickened to a stiff paste with buckwheat flour. This paste is pressed in forms until cold and is served in slices. It is a dull blue in color, very rich and very good.

"After the feast the turkey eat was rounded out by a night of jollity superinduced by the fiddle and maintained by it in its music for the old-fashioned cotillon figures and reels, which were danced until the gray of morning.

"But most of those old-time woodsmen have passed away, and on those who are still dwellers in the mountains the game laws have forced a situation that leaves them with their ancient occupation gone and the hunt being no longer a source of maintenance, its traditions have departed with it. The newer generation of these people is of other taste and association, so while the wild turkey is yet in proximity in that Blue mountain region to supply the material for the festive turkey eat, the traditions and associations that made it possible are no more and it is gone, like the apple cut, the quilting bee, the pig-killing frolic and others of the old-time rural pastimes that are now but a memory."

**An Honest Opinion.**

Among the interesting anecdotes illustrative of Mr. Cleveland's refusal to give pledges of any sort is that which describes an incident of the campaign of 1892, and is printed in the New York Evening Post. A literary friend of Mr. Cleveland brought together, as if by chance, the Democratic nominee and a prominent Irish-American contractor who was supposed to have much influence with the coveted Irish vote.

The interview was so managed that the two men were left alone in the literary man's library for an hour. At the end of that time they were discovered swapping stories with each other like old friends.

"Well," asked the host of the contractor, after Mr. Cleveland had left, "what do you think of him?"

"Sure," replied the contractor, beaming all over, "he's the greatest man I ever saw. He's a foiner man, a grand man. He wouldn't promise to do wan thing I asked him."

**Saw Him First.**

About the year 1707 William Penn became heavily involved in a lawsuit, and the author of a recent biography, entitled "Quaker and Courtier," says that he was greatly in fear—under the laws of the day—of being arrested. Many noble personages were in the same plight, but no other, it is believed, resorted to Penn's expedient in meeting the situation.

In the door of his London house he had a peeping-hole made, through which he could see any person who came to him. A creditor one day sent in his name, and having been made to wait more than a reasonable time, knocked for the servant, and asked him:

"Will not your master see me?"

"Friend, he has seen thee," replied the servant, calmly, "and does not like the looks of thee."

**Too Much for Him.**

"How true that old saying is about a child asking questions that a man cannot answer," remarked Popleigh.

"What's the trouble now?" queried his friend Singleton.

"This morning," replied Popleigh, "my little boy asked me why men were sent to Congress, and I couldn't tell him."—Chicago News.

When a bad man dies, his neighbors say: "Well, at the funeral the minister will have to talk about the living."

When a man's house burns down, seven men out of ten believe he set it on fire.



THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN

- 1492—Columbus cast anchor in the bay of St. Thomas.
- 1773—Destruction of cargo of taxed tea in Boston harbor by citizens disguised as Indians, known as the "Boston Tea Party."
- 1775—British under Lord Dunmore defeated by the Americans at Norfolk, Va.
- 1776—The seat of the United States government was removed to Baltimore.
- 1777—North Carolina adopted constitution.
- 1778—Four hundred persons perished in the burning of a theater in Saragossa, Spain.
- 1787—New Jersey ratified the Federal constitution.
- 1789—The first circulating library was established in Salem, Mass.
- 1790—The Russians took the fortress Ismael from the Turks.
- 1792—First provincial Parliament of lower Canada met at Quebec.
- 1799—Burial of Gen. Washington.
- 1804—Thomas Jefferson and George Clinton were unanimously chosen President and Vice President of the United States.
- 1807—First Roman Catholic orphan asylum in America incorporated in Philadelphia.
- 1812—Town of Derby, Vt., attacked by the British.
- 1835—Great fire in New York; \$20,000,000 property lost.
- 1845—Sir Hugh Gough defeated the Sikhs in battle of Moodkee.
- 1846—The first regiment to fight against Mexico was organized in Pittsburg.
- 1852—Sacramento, Cal., was flooded by the breaking of a levee.
- 1856—Joel Abbott, commanding the American squadron in the East Indies, died at Hongkong.
- 1860—South Carolina seceded from the Union. . . . Gov. Hicks of Maryland refused to receive the Mississippi commissioners.
- 1862—The Confederates recaptured Holly Springs, Miss.
- 1864—President Lincoln called for 300,000 volunteers. . . . Gen. Dix issued an order for reprisals on Canadians because of the St. Albans raid; order annulled later by President Lincoln.
- 1876—Destructive fire at Little Rock, Ark.
- 1890—Paul Kruger elected president of the South African republic.
- 1891—Drexel Institute of Art, Science and Industry dedicated in Philadelphia. . . . Sir Oliver Mowat, Liberal prime minister of Ontario, issued an address declaring vigorously against American assimilation.
- 1893—A provincial plebiscite in Prince Edward Island supported prohibition of the liquor traffic by an overwhelming majority.
- 1894—E. V. Debs, sentenced to six months' imprisonment for contempt of court during the great railroad strike in Chicago.
- 1899—The Broadway National Bank of Boston closed its doors. . . . Lord Roberts appointed commander-in-chief of the British forces in South Africa.
- 1902—George Mooreman, adjutant general of the United Confederate Veterans, died at New Orleans.
- 1905—Gov. La Follette of Wisconsin resigned and was succeeded by Lieut. Gov. De Witt. . . . Abraham H. Hummel, New York lawyer, was convicted of conspiracy and sentenced to imprisonment for one year.
- 1907—The American battleship fleet departed from Hampton Roads for the Pacific coast.

**FACTS FOR FARMERS.**

A rabbit hunt, in which twenty men and boys participated, and which resulted in the slaughter of 278 rabbits, ushered in the first heavy fall of snow in the vicinity of Albion, Iowa. Metcalf and Fraley, two members of one team, killed eighty-eight cotton tails in one slough.

Paper is to be manufactured from cotton stalks, according to a report of the bureau of manufactures. A company capitalized at \$500,000 has been organized at Atlanta, Ga., for the purpose. It is claimed that paper can be made from cotton stalks at a cost of about \$15 a ton.

The Minnesota Co-operative Dairies Association, which began in May to hold Minnesota dairy products independently of eastern commission houses, has handled 2,000,000 pounds of butter since that time. The creameries are satisfied with the results, and the business of the concern is growing. The business this month is considerably larger than it was last month.

North Dakotans have been holding a good roads conference at Grand Forks, and a number of changes in the present road system will be recommended.

Special orders have been issued by the British board of agriculture, giving the proper official full power to deal with the cargoes of three steamers that left New York, and four others that cleared from Philadelphia after the board issued its order prohibiting the export of grain from Great Britain.

When a man's house burns down, seven men out of ten believe he set it on fire.