JERRY.

Jerry drove out of Mrs. Haring's yard, his fine, honest face, which had been rather hot when he stopped at Mrs. Haring's kitchen door and sounded his gong, still brightly and becomingly flushed. Jerry drove a first class butcher's wagon for the first class German butcher in Westwood, three miles away.

When Susy Marsh, who was Mrs. Haring's neat, capable kitchen treasure, had come to the door, she was rosy also. She did not change color when the Westwood baker came along, though he was young, and much admired her. But at sight of Jerry she was apt to flush up.

And it had been rather worse since last Saturday night, when Jerry, going home, had overtaken her tramping along toward her own home, two miles toward Westwood, to see her mother till morning, and had taken her in and driven her to her very door. And he had found that she went home nearly every Saturday night, and—well!

Jerry touched up his horse, whistling. What had she said? Only that she would take a tenderloin roast, about six pounds. But he had her blue eyes and her pretty, babylike ways to think about; and think of them he did, almost grinning in his contentment. And when Cooley, the young Westwood baker, came up alongside of him and began to talk, he wished him in Texas.

Cooley eyed him. Truth was that when, delivering his rolls at Mrs. Haring's, he had offered Susy a broad compliment along with them, she had frowned and disappeared, sharply.

"Hello, Jerry!" he said. "Been to see your girl, Jerry? Well, she's mighty pretty. I guess you ain't the only one thinks so. Reckon not. Gibbs thinks so, for one. You know Gibbs?"

Jerry didn't.

"Clerks in the shoe store down to Westwood," said Cooley, and Jerry identified him. He was a rather large mouthed young fellow, who wore a red necktie and spotted collar and cuffs.

"Yes, sir," said Cooley. "He's right up to snuff, and any fellow that's after his girl better look out. Looks as though he was bound to get little Susy."

"You speak of her the way you ought to!" said Jerry, sternly, though his heart felt like lead.

"Oh, all right," said Cooley. Jerry was a six footer. "Miss Susy, then. He's bound to have Miss Susy, and don't you forget it. What do you say to a drive in a brand new buggy behind a fast trotter? That's what he give her—leastwise see, yes, Saturday night two weeks ago, 'twas. He was driving her toward home lickety-split—she goes home Saturday nights, you know."

"Lickety-split; I saw 'em," said Cooley. "Having a first rate time they was, too. Guess you better step down, Jerry, my boy. Guess you got a pretty slim chance; that's my opinion," said Cooley, almost hugging himself.

He would have continued, but Jerry, rather ashy hued and wild eyed, turned his horse up another road, with a dash. It would take him two miles out of his way, but it was his only course; he knew that if Cooley said another word he should knock him off his seat.

Poor Jerry! He stared at fences and hay stacks without seeing them, and nearly went into the ditch.

Poor Jerry! Already he had, almost without his own knowledge, made timid little plans for the dim future—plans over which his heart had thrilled, and now thrilled with misery as he wretchedly relinquished them all.

Pretty? Yes, she was, and the dearest girl under the sun; and was it likely that nobody had observed it but himself? He, an awkward, six foot booby, who was too bashful to meet her pretty eyes! And Mr. Gibbs, who drove the fine equipage and had smooth and easy ways, if he did talk loud—she liked him, of course, and of course she would marry him.

And he wouldn't trouble her again; she dreaded him now, probably. Never again. But, oh! had any fellow ever got his heart quite so near broken?

"Mein cratious!" the German butcher ejaculated at sight of him, "Cherry, vat for you look so quier and know nodings?"

Jerry gave a hasty laugh.

"I'm all right now, Mr. Schultz," he said. "Fifteen dollars and twelve cents I've taken in, sir."

* * * * * *

"Got your rubbers and waterproof and umbrella, Susy?" said Mrs. Haring, looking into the kitchen as Susy was starting, Saturday night. "I'm afraid it's going to rain again."

"It had rained for two days, but there was a little break in the clouds to-night, and Susy was started home hastily. Mrs. Haring looked at her shrewdly.

"It's muddy, Susy," she said. "If somebody should come along in a market wagon and give you a lift— Well, remember, Susy, what I've always said—that if you get married to suit me, I'll give you a good parlor set that very day."

The mud was bad, and puddles frequent, and there was a new cloud visible. But Susy tripped along cheerfully.

Now and then she looked back. It must be nearly time for him. She would be glad when he did come, because of the mud—only because of the mud, of course. And the bridge, further on, she had heard that the water had crossed it, and what should she do if he didn't come along? And altogether she looked bright and happily expectant as she went.

That cloud would break in a minute, she was sure. It must be almost time for him. Was that a rattle now? Yes, and it was Jerry; it was his red lettered wagon and his sleek horse, and he was coming fast.

Susy walked on—she could not well stop and wait—with risen color and fluttering heart.

Alas and alas! the butcher's wagon came on, and Jerry with it, and Susy raised her beaming face, with her frankest smile, and Jerry took off his hat and lowered his head; but that was all.

He drove on—on past her—on down the muddy road, and left her standing there; for, in her hurt astonishment, she stood stock still, with a candid stare.

Then she walked on briskly. Mrs. Haring's efficient young manager was not the girl to be wholly subdued even by a calamity such as this.

Pshaw! it was plain enough. She wasn't the only girl he sold meat to, and he had seen somebody he liked better. That was all, and he was thinking that it was time she knew it. Tum—tum—tetum.

She held her head up and hummed a tune.

It was beginning to sprinkle and she was glad of it. It would give her something to think about. She raised her umbrella and jogged along with emphatic step.

It was more than sprinkling—it was raining hard. Big drops bounced on her umbrella and dripped from it.

But her chief interest lay in the butcher's wagon. It had rattled into a yard and hadn't come out, and she was anxious to get ahead of it. Then she would march on stiffly when he repassed her, and not even look at him again.

It was pouring now. Her umbrella was of small use; she was getting wet from head to foot, and the mud grew deeper with every step.

And, oh, dear! there was the bridge, and it was busier—two good inches under. She wished she had waited under the tree, dropped into a house—anything—because now Jerry would see her splashing over the submerged planks, as splash she would, for she wouldn't ride now if he should beg her on his knees!

What a time! Her mother wasn't expecting her, either. She knew in her wounded heart that she had come principally because of certain expectations, and she despised herself.

Was she going to cry? Not if she knew it! Here was the bridge, and behind came that dreadful rattle of wheels, and she grasped her skirts, and, almost shutting her eyes in her shivering distaste, stepped on the water covered bridge.

A plank in the middle was still visible, and she made for it, splashing along fast. What was crinkling? Merry! was the bridge giving way? Yes, or one board of it! Her groping foot went suddenly through, and she fell forward.

She was so faint with fright that nothing was clear to her for a good three minutes, and then she found herself perched high, though not dry, on the seat of Jerry's wagon, safe on the other side of the bridge, with Jerry's handkerchief mopping her white face, Jerry's coat around her wet form, and Jerry's arm tight around the coat; and Jerry was talking to her.

"Don't look so! You ain't going to die! I hain't killed you! Oh, Susy, I'm sorry—I'm awful sorry! I don't care who you like, or who likes you. I hadn't ought to get mad enough to let you tramp along alone in the rain. Oh, I want a pounding! I'm going to get some fellow to give me one. Oh, Susy, don't! You didn't get hurt, did you? Oh, Susy, how sweet you look! Lord, what wouldn't I give to be him!"

Mrs. Haring's capable manager sat up straight—against Jerry's arm.

"Be who?" she demanded, sharply.

"Why, Gibbs," said Jerry. "It's Gibbs you like, ain't it?"

"It's Gibbs I like, is it?" said Susy, indignantly; and now she broke down in earnest, and fell to crying in Jerry's handkerchief. "Gibbs! Why, I just hate him! He's going to marry Sally Porter, up our way, and I'm sorry for her, that I am! He overtook me the other night, going home, Mr. Gibbs did, and I had to let him take me in; but, my goodness! I thought, what with his perfumery and his loud tongue, he'd kill me. I never!"—

"That'll do," said Jerry, but he whispered: "That's a pieaty, Susy. I'm going to thrash Cooley, though, 'cause he knew better. If you don't like Gibbs, Susy, who do you like? Do you like me? Say you do, even if you don't, Susy, 'cause I couldn't stand it!"

And Susy, with her damp head pressed well against Jerry's pounding heart, did say yes. And got a sound kiss for it, too.

Cooley was forced to apologize. And when Schultz took Jerry into partnership, a year later, he and Susy got the parlor set.—Emma A. Opper in Saturday Night.

A Colt That Joined a Herd of Deer.

William Nichols, of Milton, when gathering his horses from the range last fall found that a favorite Percheron colt was missing, and all efforts to find him prove unavailing, so the animal was abandoned to its fate, which no one doubted would be that of the vast number that have found their way into the equine paradise through the inclemency of the unusually severe winters.

Recently Mr. Nichols, accompanied by another gentleman, while hunting deer among the mountains that form the source of the Walla Walla river, started a band of seventeen black tails from a deep canyon, and to their surprise observed a yearling colt speeding away with the band, apparently as frightened as the deer themselves.

Although the colt had acquired their wildness by association, he lacked the speed of those mountain climbers, and was soon left far behind in the mad scramble over the rugged hills. The gentlemen, who were well mounted, pursued and overtook the colt, which proved to be Mr. Nichols' Percheron.

From the fact that traces of the colt following the trail of the deer were seen in several instances, and other evidences that were to be seen, it is believed that it had spent the entire winter with its strange companions, and prolonged its existence by following the guidance of the excellent instinct of the deer in search of food when the snow was deep.—Milton, (Ore.) Eagle.

A Bride of Two Years.

England can furnish instances of child marriages, not perhaps to any great extent, but as young as any to be found in eastern countries, where such marriages are almost of daily occurrence. The youngest English bride on record is, beyond all doubt, a daughter of Sir William Brereton, who in the Sixteenth century was united in bonds of holy matrimony, when only two years of age, to a bridegroom who was only her senior by one year. In this case the children were carried into the church, and their elders spoke for them. Subsequently, when the pair reach years of maturity, they ratified the strange tie. In this instance the object was to carry out a desire to unite property.—All the Year Round.

For Towing a Few Hundred Miles.

In April, 1888, the engines of the steamship California, from Hamburg for New York, broke down when the vessel was about fifty-six miles southeast of Nantucket shoals and 300 miles east of this city. She was towed to this port by the freighter Chateau Margaux, bound from New York to Bordeaux. The latter was awarded $15,000 salvage.—New York Evening Sun.

The Ancient Knocker.

The days are gone when the inmates of a house in aristocratic portions of New York could tell by the knock at the door whether a member of the family or a visitor was awaiting admittance. Also they knew then what member was there, or the social standing of the visitor who was outside.

A few small knockers still linger in Varick and Vandam streets and similar localities, but nobody seems to use them. The bell may show advanced civilization, but there are people who miss the knocker.—New York Sun.

HEALTH IN OLD AGE.

Edward Collinson, Queens, N. Y., says: "I commenced using BRANDRETH'S PILLS over fifty-five years ago. I first bought them in London, and have continued using them since I came to this country in 1830. I am now over seventy-five years old, hale and hearty, and attribute my wonderful health to the persistent use of BRANDRETH'S PILLS. Occasionally I have a bad cold or severe attack of rheumatism, indigestion or biliousness, but four or five doses of BRANDRETH'S PILLS always cure me. Whenever my children have been sick with scarlet fever, measles, acid stomach, disordered digestion or costiveness, a few doses of BRANDRETH'S PILLS restored their health at once."

Mother—Now, let me catch you in the jam again. Willie (sobbing)—I—I tried not to let you catch me this time.

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By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the eustachian tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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