

DELAYED PERMISSION.

I came upon the sod-house about dusk one evening as I was traveling "cross country" through Western Kansas. It was rough, low, mean and dirty, but never the less was the abode of a lively family, the Daddsworths, as I found out later. I could go no further and so stopped, asked for lodgings, put out my horse and sat down to talk with my host.

"You may hafter sleep out ter the barn part o' the night," he volunteered.

"Why," I asked.

"Wa'al, young Bemis is comin' over hyar pretty reg'lar to spark Mary, an'—"

"Oh, pa! how can you talk so!" chimed in the buxom daughter of the family, immediately flouncing out of the kitchen into the best room.

"So he is stuck on Mary?" I suggested.

"You bet he is. He's over here reg'lar. He's a nice fellow, Bemis is."

"What does he do?"

"Oh, he farms 'Squire Lewis' land on shares. He ain't got much money, that's the only thing; but I don't care. ay they're big enough to marry when they're old enough and old enough when they're big enough, money or no money."

"Does Mary like him?"

"Yes, tolerable. She says he's kinder bashful—not near so peart as the schoolmaster that's shinin' up to Tilly Marks; but I say she shall have Bemis as sure as my name's Daddsworth."

"Well," I put in, "you had better let 'em go and marry."

"That's what I say; but, you see, Sally, my wife, is dead again' it. She's awful opinionated, Sally is, and don't use good sense. Now, fer me, when I see I'm wrong, I always admit it and let it go; but she won't. She just sticks and hangs an' won't gin' up. You want to be careful of gitting in an argyment with her."

I said I would and remembered the caution when Daddsworth had gone out to milk the cows, she approached me and began to talk about Mary and Bemis. I remembered what he had said.

"I ain't got nothin' agais't Bemis," she admitted. "He's a good enough boy; rather bashful, of course, but Mary likes him."

"Is your husband opposed to the match?" I suggested, to see what she would say.

"Of course, I don't like to talk much about it, but he's kinder offish about it. He's awful set, Daddsworth is. Sometimes I think he don't use good sense. Now, when I see I'm wrong I'm willing to admit it and drop the matter; but he won't. He just sticks an' hangs an' won't give up. He don't exactly like Bemis an' he won't give up that Mary can marry him."

Here, thought I, is a grand chance to bring two clashing natures together and make them work for Mary's happiness. Mary was already entertaining her lover in the "best room," which was the only other room in the house but the kitchen, in which we sat, and I concluded I'd please the pair as well as surprise them, so when the husband came in, I addressed him:

"I was just talking to your wife, Mr. Daddsworth, and she seemed perfectly willing to have young Bemis for a son-in-law. Now, you expressed the same opinion to me a while ago, and as you are both very liberal in your views, why not unite on this question?"

"Is that so, Sally?" exclaimed the husband. "Be you willin'?"

"Well, I—"

"She began, when she caught my eye and frankly admitted. "Yes, I ain't got nothin' against him, but you was always so obstinate that—"

"No, Sally, it was you that was set in your—"

"See here," I put in, "no quarreling now. You are agreed in this matter. Let's break the news to the young folks."

They had no opportunity of demurring before I opened the door leading to the "best room." There was a sudden shuffling of chairs and feet as we entered, as though the lass and lover had moved rapidly apart.

"Mary," said I, for I rather enjoyed the theatrical aspect of the case, "your folks are willing that you should marry this young man if you want to. I hope you will be happy and prosperous."

"Say, you city dude," drawled the young man in question, "whose funeral is this, anyhow? Do you run this household now? Mary and I don't care fer yer blessin'. We was married by Squire Quinn last night when the folks thought we was at the dance."

"The folks," who had been standing in the back ground, somewhat awed by my officiousness, and myself, beat a precipitate retreat. Our kindness had come too late.

I rode on the next morning and have not seen Bemis or the Daddsworths since.—C. M. Harger, in *Detroit Free Press*.

The Baby in the Bureau.

There lived in a Pennsylvania town a few years ago a woman who managed this baby-in-the-bureau question most skillfully. To begin with, the baby, as well as the bureau, was her own. Her method was to remove the two upper drawers, and seating the child in the lower drawer, gently slide it shut and turn the key. The child then sat up of its own accord, and with its head in the space vacated by the upper drawers, crowed merrily away for hours. Not unfrequently, the mother thus left the child to attend to her duties in another room, or even to go on shopping expeditions requiring an hour or two. Confined in this improvised cradle, the child was not always quiet,

but it could neither harm itself nor any of the objects about it, and that the mother knew.

Another Belief Killed.

Supernatural, almost diabolical, influences are attributed to the famous upas tree, which, according to all accounts, is so deadly that if a hot wind passes over it an odor is carried along which is fatal to whoever breathes it. Old letters, written from Paris in 1642, by "The Turkish Spy," describe a plant cultivated in a garden in the city that blasts all that grows within ten cubits of its roots. They call it "ill neighbor." He declares that there was a withered circle around it, while the tree itself was green and thrifty. There is a tradition of a poison or upas tree that grows in the Island of Java, from which a putrid steam rises and kills whomsoever it touches. Foersch, a Dutch physician (1783), says: "Not a tree or a blade of grass is to be found in the valley or surrounding mountains. Not a beast or bird or reptile or living thing lives in the vicinity. On one occasion 1,600 refugees encamped within fourteen miles of it, and all but 300 died within two months."

The falsehood of this story is exposed by Bennett, who says: "The tree (upas) while growing, is quite innocuous, though the juice may be used for poison; the whole neighborhood is most richly covered with vegetation; men may fearlessly walk under the tree and birds roost in its branches."

Darwin, in his "Loves of the Plants," has perpetuated Foersch's fable when he says:

On the blasted heath
Fell Upas sits, the hydra tree of death.

It is probable that the fable of the blighting influence of the upas tree has been derived from the fact that there is in Java a small tract of land on which nothing can live. This is caused, not by the "fell upas," but by emanations of carbonic acid gas, which are constantly going on. At the same time, it is quite true that the juice of the upas is a deadly poison.—*All the Year Round*.

A Chinaman's Funeral.

At the funeral of a Chinaman in Philadelphia some queer ceremonies were observed. The deceased was clothed in garments of the lightest texture, so that he might not suffer from the heat in his new abode. He wore a straw hat, and in one hand he held a fan. The corpse of a Chinaman is always provided with money to pay its expenses to the unknown country. One of the mourners dropped between Hong's teeth a 25-cent piece, and about a score of the others came forward with their quarter subscriptions. The undertaker could not get all of them in the dead Chinaman's mouth, and half of the silver pieces were placed in his pocket. The ceremonies finished, the coffin was closed, and over the top of it were placed strips of red, white, and black bunting, the colors of the Sing Ye Hong Society (Chinese freemasons), of which the dead man had been a member.

He Spoke from Experience.

"What are you doing here?" said a policeman to a suspicious-looking small boy in the Central Park yesterday morning.

"Oh, nothin'; only waitin' to hear mother tell pa what she thinks of him for not comin' home last night," replied the boy, calmly.

"Where do you live?"

"Down there by the Grand Central Depot."

"Why, you are half a mile away."

"That's all right," said the boy, with a grin; "the farther you git away from mother when pap comes in like that the better it sounds. I bet the old man wishes to goodness gracious he was up here with his lovin' son, and don't you fergit it."—*New York Mercury*.

A Desirable Tenement.

"But why do you charge such an enormous rent for a flat in such a well, in such a plebeian neighborhood?"

"Good gracious man, there's a saloon in the basement, and you can get into it on Sunday by going down the back-stairs."—*Boston Courier*.

A Compliment.

Tom (angrily)—"Did you hear Dick call me a fool?"

Harry—"No; on the contrary he paid you a compliment."

"Ah, what did he say?"

"He said you were not the only fool in the world."—*Yankee Blade*.

Air cushions are supposed to be an invention of modern times, but that this luxury was anticipated as long ago as the time of Ben Jonson is evident from a passage in the "Alchemist," where Sir Epicure Mammon enumerates to Surly a list of good things to be expected. Among these indulgences is this prophetic forecast of modern inflated india rubber beds and cushions: I will have all my beds blown up, not stuffed; Down is too hard.

HOTEL proprietor—What is the matter with that sick gentleman in my office? Physician—Jim-jams. "Sir, that gentleman is one of my oldest guests, and has the most expensive apartments in the house." "O! he is suffering from nervous prostration."

MISS DE PLAIN—Doctor, what is the secret of beauty? Family Physician (confidentially)—Be born pretty.

NO WELL-DRILLED society man will admit that he is bored.

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever—until it goes out of fashion.

Episodes at Johnstown.

A party driving through the mountains picked up a ragged little chap not much more than big enough to walk. From his clothing he was evidently a refugee.

"Where are your folks?" he was asked.

"We're living at aunt's now."

"Did you all get out?"

"Oh, we're all right! that is, all except two of sister's babies. Mother and little sister wasn't home, and they got out all right."

"Where were you?"

"Oh, I was at sister's house. We was all in the water and fire. Sister's man—her husband, you know—took us upstairs, and he punched a hole through the roof, and we all climbed out and got saved."

"How about the babies?"

"Oh, sister was carrying two of them in her arms, and the bureau hit her and knocked them out, so they went down!"

The child had unconsciously caught one of the oddest and most significant tricks of speech that have arisen from the calamity. Nobody speaks of a person's having been drowned, or killed, or lost, or uses any other of the general expressions for sudden death. They have simply "gone down." Everybody seems to avoid harsh words in referring to the possible affliction of another. Euphonistic phrases are substituted for plain questions.

Two old friends met for the first time since the disaster.

"My God! I am glad to see you," exclaimed the first. "Are you all right?"

"Yes, I'm doing first rate," was the reply.

The first friend looked awkwardly about a moment, and then asked with suppressed eagerness and emotion:

"And—and, your family—are they all—well?"

There was a world of significance in the hesitation before the last word.

"Yes. Thank God, not one of them went down."

A man who looked like a prosperous banker, and who evidently came from a distance, drove through the mountains toward South Fork. On the way he met a handsome young man in a silk hat, mounted on a mule. The two shook hands eagerly.

"Have you anything?"

"Nothing."

The younger man turned about and the two rode on silently through the forest road. Inquiry later developed the fact that the banker-looking man was really a banker whose daughter had been lost from one of the overwhelmed trains. The young man was his son. Both had been searching for some clew to the young woman's fate, and each was ready to bear bad news to the other when they met.

Be Merciful to Yourself.

And heed the appeals for assistance put forth by your liver, when the organ is out of order. Among these are distress in the right side and through the right shoulder blade, yellowness of the skin and eyeballs, furred tongue, sour breath, sick headache, and, above all, irregularity of the bowels. The mercy you extend to the afflicted organ is wisely shown by a prompt course of medication with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, most genial of alteratives, and the hepatic gland early reciprocates the deserved attention by resuming its secretive functions actively and regularly. Among the accompanying good results are renewed digestion, freedom from headaches, and a resumption of activity of the bowels. All bilious symptoms disappear, and appetite and sleep improve. Beneficial are the effects of the Bitters in malarial disease, kidney disorder, rheumatic ailments and nervousness.

A Bold Cavalry Leader.

A prominent Confederate once told the writer that when Sherman's army assumed the offensive there were three or four regiments of cavalry which would wheel on the Confederate flank like chain lightning and strike like a whole division. It was Gen. J. T. Wilder's brigade of mounted infantry, armed with Spencer repeating rifles. They had come down from Rosecrans' army and went back with Thomas, and those repeating rifles made music. Gen. Wilder was a New-Yorker by birth, learned the iron business in Ohio, and after the war, in 1867, built two blast furnaces at Rockwood, near Chattanooga, the first furnaces ever erected in that country which used mineral fuel, and they are still running. Gen. Wilder is at the Ebbitt, a tall, vigorous man, with short, white whiskers and a bluff, hearty manner. He has disposed of his interests in Chattanooga, and is now building the Charleston, Cincinnati and Chicago Railroad. He has done many things in his eventful life.—*Washington Post*.

"THERE is a tide in the affairs of men which, if taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." If your affairs are at a low ebb now, don't fail to write to B. F. Johnson & Co., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va., who have plans that will enable you to make money rapidly.

What She Would Do.

A New York lady, who is not very bright, was reading the proceedings of the McQuade trial, and was very indignant over the testimony.

"I wish I was the judge in that court," she exclaimed.

"What would you do?" asked her husband, "would you get up and leave the room?"

"No, indeed, I wouldn't. I would tell McQuade to leave the room and never show his face there again!"

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IMPLICIT trust in the ultimate integrity of human nature is all very well in a prayer meeting but it won't work for a cent in an ordinary grocery store.

Why He Returned.

"Well, sir," said the old gentleman indignantly, "what are you doing around here again? I thought that delicate hint I gave you just as you left the front door last night would give you to understand that I don't like you very well," and the speaker looked at his boot in a reminiscent way.

"It did," said the young man, as a Kilrain look of mingled pain and admiration came over his face. "But I thought I would come and ask you—"

"Ask me what?"

"If you wouldn't like to join our foot-ball association?"—*Boston Beacon*.

Confidence Begot of Success.

So confident are the manufacturers of that world-famed remedy, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, that it will do all that they represent, in the cure of liver, blood and lung diseases, that after witnessing its thousands of cures for many years past, they now feel warranted in selling it (as they are doing, through druggists) under a positive guarantee of its giving satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it will be refunded. No medicine of ordinary merit could be sold under such severe conditions with profit to its proprietors, and no other medicine for the diseases for which it is recommended was ever before sold under a guarantee of a cure or no pay. In all blood taints and impurities of whatever name or nature, it is most positive in its curative effects. Pimples, blotches, eruptions and all skin and scalp diseases are radically cured by this wonderful medicine. Scrofulous disease may affect the glands, causing swellings or tumors; the bones, causing "fever-sores," "white-swellings," or "hip-joint disease;" or the tissues of the lungs, causing pulmonary consumption. No matter in which one of its myriad forms it crops out, or manifests itself, "Golden Medical Discovery" will cure it if used perseveringly and in time.

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