

# The Democratic Sentinel

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## NEVER MENTIONS NAMES.

Leaves her breakfast dishes standin' in the middle of the floor.  
Hurries off to do an errand at the little country store.  
Makes about a dozen calls on as many patient dames.  
Lets a flood of gossip loose, but never mentions names.

Knows what couple's settin' up most every Sunday night—  
House to house the way from her'n, and blessed to see the light.  
Tells where the dress is being made to honor Cupid's claims.  
And when the weddin's coming off, but never mentions names.

Heard, just now, a certain deacon not a thousand miles away—  
Right on hand to every service, and the just to speak and pray—  
Recounts what was cheatin', and a dozen other gossips;  
For her part she doesn't wonder, but she never mentions names.

Been a most unwillin' witness to a dreary family row—  
Woman wouldn't give an inch, and husband wouldn't bow—  
Peace ain't comfort all gone up in anger's risin' flames.  
Lookin' for a separation, but she never mentions names.

Such a one is mean and stingy and another puts on style:

Half a dozen broad and haughty and the rest low-down and vile;  
Nothin' in creation suits her, so she frets and scolds, and blames.  
Mighty sly and underhanded, for she never mentions names.

You and I have seen this person, and have listened to her tongue Goin' like a barrel of water that is running at the bung;  
And we'll just jump where to place her, with her pettiness, groveling alms,  
But we'll follow her example and refuse to mention names.

## HIS WOOING.

"Kitty, Kitty, run and turn the white cow out of the clover-field! And, bless me, there are all the turkey chicks out draggling themselves in the dew, and the pony has broken his halter, and is kicking up his heels in the middle of the pansy bed!"

Kitty Kipson ran, first this way and then that, now scolding and now laughing in the extremity of her bewilderment, until the cow was safe in her paddock once more, the pony tethered in his stall, and the turkey brood restored to the sunny quiet of the farm-yard. And then she came in, flushed and rosy, and resumed the beating of eggs and sugar for a cake.

Mrs. Kipson sighed. She was rather a plaintive little woman, with a fresh complexion like a girl's, blue eyes, and a trim figure, which still retained its youthful curves.

"It seems as if everything went wrong this morning," she murmured. "And it's all Mr. Ross' fault."

"Oh, mother!"

"Yes, it is," persisted Mrs. Kipson. "He left the garden gate open when he went out this morning. I declare I don't see what brings him here so much."

"Neighboring kindness, perhaps," said Kitty, demurely, beating away at the creamy mass that surged to and fro beneath her wooden spoon.

"Neighboring nonsense!" retorted her mother. "I do hope, Kitty, that you're not seriously encouraging that man?"

"Why shouldn't I seriously encourage that man, mother?"

"He's twice as old as you are," said Mrs. Kipson, pausing in the act of buttering the pans, and wistfully gazing at Kitty's round, rose-like face.

"Well, he might be that, mother, without being so very old, mightn't he?"

"He's a widower," resumed Mrs. Kipson. "And widowers have no business to marry again."

"Nor widows neither, mother?"

"No," snapped Mrs. Kipson, "nor widows neither. Now, if you are through with the cake, Kitty, the oven is ready."

Kitty went singing about her baking that morning—and as she sung she cast a glance ever and anon at the weary-looking little woman who was mending the torn spots in the parlor curtains.

"I won't get married, if I have to leave mother here all alone," she thought. "Mother's life is hard enough without being deserted by her only child. If she only would like Mr. Ross a little."

Presently old Deacon Jackman came along from his daily jaunt to the postoffice.

"Here's a letter for you, Sister Kipson," said he, "with the York post-mark on it."

Mrs. Kipson took the letter and held it in her hand, while she and the deacon discussed the chances of a plentiful peach crop, and sighed over an epidemic which had lately broken out in the poultry-yards of the neighborhood. And when the old man had trudged slowly away, she broke open the buff-colored missive.

"It's from Delia Jane," she thought, "to let me know how she gets along in the dyeing and scouring business."

But it was not from "Delia Jane." It was short and curt, in a lawyer's hand, notifying her that the old Kipson Farm would be sold at auction on the following Tuesday, at the Merchants' Exchange in New York City, on behalf of the holder of a foreclosed mortgage.

"Foreclosed!" gasped Mrs. Kipson. "Why, it was only a few months ago that they wrote us to know what we intended to do about it."

"And we did—nothing," said Kitty, who, over her mother's shoulder, had read the letter with sorrowful, startled eyes.

"What could we do? I meant to ask Deacon Jackson's advice," said Mrs. Kipson, "or to borrow money from Cousin Hunt Halliday, out in Jersey. But somehow there never seemed to be a good chance. I don't see why on earth these people should be in such a hurry."

And she began to cry in a weak, convulsive manner.

"Don't fret, mother, dear," said Kitty. "It's too late for that sort of thing now! Don't you think we might talk to Mr. Ross about it?"

"I don't want Mr. Ross prying into my affairs," said Mrs. Kipson.

"But, mother, pleaded Kitty, 'ev-

ery one says what excellent judgment he has, and here—"

"Oh, everybody, everybody!" retorted Mrs. Kipson. "And you, I suppose, are willing to fall down and worship him with the rest!"

"Indeed, I've no idea of doing any such thing!" said Kitty, bursting out laughing in spite of herself. And she felt, more than ever, that this was no propitious opportunity to broach the subject of her engagement.

"Next Tuesday! At the Merchants' Exchange, New York! Sold at auction!"

Mrs. Kipson unconsciously repeated the words to herself as she wandered up and down the rooms, viewing the familiar nooks and corners which she should see no more. It was a plain, unpreferring farm-house, but it was her home. She had no other place to go. Kitty might get married to Mr. Ross—she thought it more than likely that such a thing might transpire—but she wasn't going to play mother-in-law in any man's house. The Ross place was a fine one, she knew—they had recently built on a two-story addition, with a dairy at the back, and put in spring water and a gas machine. But the house never yet was built that was big enough for a man and his mother-in-law.

Poor Mrs. Kipson! She was losing home, Kitty, everything!

"It isn't as if I were young," she thought. "I'm over forty now, and there's only the downhill of life left for me."

In her mind's eye she beheld herself, like old Hester Morris, passed on from relation to relation, an unwilling guest everywhere—a dependent on grudgingly given charity.

"It would be better to live with Kitty and Mr. Ross than that," she thought. "Kitty is at least my own child. And then, if—Dear me, Mr. Ross, how you startled me! I'm sure I never heard you knock."

Mr. Kipson sunk, pale and conscious of heavy eyelids and red eyes, into a chair. It was all coming now—Mr. Ross was going to ask her for Kitty! And of course she must be prepared with some answer on other on the instant.

"I did not knock," said Mr. Ross. "I found the great door open, and so I came directly in. Am I disturbing you?"

"N—no," said Mrs. Kipson, faintly. "I don't wonder Kitty likes him," she thought.

"I have called to see you, Mrs. Kipson, about myself," said Mr. Ross, plunging abruptly into his subject. "I am thinking of marrying again."

"Yes?" faintly murmured the widow.

"I hope you do not think it untrue."

"N—no, not if you have carefully considered the matter," said Mrs. Kipson.

"Of course I am not in the flush of youth," said Mr. Ross; "but then, neither are you quite a young girl."

"Me!" almost shrieked Mrs. Kipson. "Mr. Ross, what on earth are you talking about?"

"About you!" said the widower. "I want you to be my wife, Mrs. Kipson."

"I—thought—it was Kitty!" cried Mrs. Kipson. "Do you mean to say that it isn't Kitty you want?"

"What should I want of Kitty?" said Mr. Ross, changing his seat to one close beside the little widow, and resolutely taking possession of her hand. "Does October mate with April? Should I be happy with a child like that, as long as there was the least possible chance of winning you for my own?"

"I never dreamed of such a thing," said Mrs. Kipson, hysterically. "But—if you really think I could make you happy—"

And so they became engaged then and there.

Kitty was delighted, and kissed her stepfather-elect with the most cordial affection.

"Didn't I foresee it all along?" said she. "When mother, there, was as blind as a bat, bless her dear little heart. And now, mother, what do you think about widowers getting married?"

"Don't, Kitty," said little Mrs. Kipson, blushing just as prettily as if she were eighteen instead of forty-one.

"Or widows either?"

"Now, Kitty, that isn't fair."

And then Kitty deemed it a fitting opportunity to confide to her mother her own engagement to one Mr. Nicholas Allen. Under other circumstances, Mrs. Kipson would probably have pleaded that the swain was too young or too old, too this or too that. But in the new sunshine that had streamed into her life Mrs. Kipson saw everything couleur de rose. And she kissed Kitty, and hoped she would be happy.

Mrs. Kipson was married the first of the two. She wouldn't have consented, only Mr. Ross suggested that it would be such a fine plan to have Kitty's wedding from the Ross house.

"And," said Kitty, "if anything could make me more glad than I am now, it would be seeing my dear little mother so happy."

Men that Women Abhor.

The chivalrous gentleman never boasts of his popularity with the ladies, but the coxcomb has the inefable meanness to brag of favors that he never has received, and that he is an object of admiration in quarters where he is regarded as a nuisance. Now and then one of these pretenders gets a horsewhipping from the indignant brother or lover or husband of some lady whose taste as well as character he has libeled, but many of the tribe—more's the pity—go unwhipped of justice. We recently heard of one of the genus who is in the habit of procuring the cartes de visite of ladies at photographic establishments for the purpose of exhibiting them to his male acquaintance as portraits sent to him by the fascinated originals. There are some vilaines which can only be reached and adequately punished by the right arm of a private avenger, and this is, we think, one of them. Only fools of the lowest caliber seek popularity in this way. All women, without exception, abhor such men.—New York Ledger.

The Chinese do not permit their women to be photographed.

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## HELLESPONT AS IT IS.

### AEGEAN ISLAND WHERE THE SAILORS LANDED.

A Turkish Outpost Which Would Fall Easily in Case of War—The Key to the Dardanelles—Treaty Concerning Navigation—When the English Disembarked.

Europe's Political Chess-Board.

The whole civilized world was startled at the report that a detachment of blue jackets and marines from a British ironclad, accompanied by a battery of field-pieces and several Gatling guns, had landed on the Turkish island of Mitylene, formally occupying it in the name of the Queen of England. There was an element of truth in the report. The landing had taken place, but the British force remained on the island but two days. Nevertheless it had the effect of attracting attention to the perennial Eastern question and making the world wonder what would be the next move on the European political chess-board.

The whole matter resolves itself into a very simple proposition: Shall Russia have Constantinople and drive the Turk back into Asia whence he came? Since the year 1566, nearly a hundred years after Mohammed the II stormed Constantinople, the Rus-

ians and Turks have been fighting. The Dardanelles, the narrow channel separating Europe from Asia and uniting the Sea of Marmora with the Grecian archipelago, is the bone of contention that has caused the British naval demonstration at Mitylene. Several treaties have confirmed the provision that no ship of war belonging to any nation save Turkey should pass the Dardanelles without the express consent of Turkey, all merchant ships being also required to show their papers to the Turkish authorities.

A Russian vessel coming from the Black Sea recently was not permitted to pass, on the ground that she was a war transport and had soldiers on board. Russia protested, the ship was allowed to go through, and the Sultan of Turkey practically apologized. England views this action on the part of Russia as an effort to get the thin end of the wedge that the provision of the treaty may become a dead letter. The Mitylene incident is to show both Turkey and Russia the British lion is going to look after his own interests at all hazards.

There is probably no part of the world that seems with historical and mythical associations as the Dardanelles. While sailing through the channel and stopping at the forts, as all vessels are obliged to, one feels in sacred waters. It is the ancient Hellespont, widely known from the story of Hero and Leander and from Lord Byron's successful attempt to rival the ancient swimmer. Here Xerxes crossed by means of a bridge of boats, and Alexander the Great performed a similar exploit. Xerxes crossed 480 B. C. to enter Europe, and Alexander almost at the same spot to enter Asia nearly 150 years later. Now the Dardanelles is strongly defended on both sides with fortifications mounting many guns of more or less power, but some of them being of immense caliber.

Easily as this narrow passage is defended, nevertheless in 1807 the English Admiral Duckworth made his way past all the fortresses into the Sea of Marmora. The feat was also accomplished by a Russian squadron in the wars of the last century, but it is probable that modern artillery well directed would make it an al-

## ABOUT RAIN-MAKING.

### The Scientific American Indulges in a Little Sarcastic Jokelet.

In a recent issue the Scientific American drops into humor. The artificial production of rain has given it an opportunity to crack a joke in a pictorial way which is worthy the best efforts of Flick or Judge. The subject of this self-evident sketch is a certain Mr. Daniel Ruggles, of Fredericksburg, Va., who secured a patent some eleven years ago on a rain-making machine, and the Scientific American warns Senator Farwell and his fellow moisture precipitators that they are infringing on Mr. Daniel Ruggles' patent.

"Our engraving," says the Scientific American, "represents an individual in the act of bringing down the rain."

Leanness.

Some persons are born with a normal tendency to become fat, others with a tendency to leanness. It is the same among the lower animals. The hog is a sort of machine for transforming the odds and ends of food into fat; but the farmer knows beforehand that a little pig with long legs and snout will work off the fat as fast as it can be made. So a long-legged person seldom inclines to obesity.

Temperament has much to do with the bodily condition in this respect. In lymphatic people the life processes are slow, and the fat is largely deposited, rather than burned. This temperament furnishes some of the best types of surface-beauty. The person of nervous temperament, on the other hand, by excessive activity of body and mind, and by predisposition to haste, worry, fret and impatience, naturally remains lean; but while the features of such a person will probably lack softness and roundness of outline, they may exhibit in a marked degree the higher beauties of mind and soul.

People who incline to obesity may hold the tendency in check by appropriate food and stirring exercise in the open air, thus both lessening the amount of fat-forming food taken into the system, and causing a more rapid consumption of such fat as is produced; and those who incline to leanness, may largely increase the amount of fat deposited.

"To us the most practical result likely to follow from these experiments is the extraction of money from the public treasury. We have seen how easy it was to obtain the first \$10,000 to aid the chimera.

"I asked them to put in the rain appropriation just as an accommodation to me," says the Senator, "and they did it. Nobody in the House cared to see what No. 17, a little appropriation anyhow, was, and it passed."

"The idea that rain can be precipitated by cannon-firing is almost as old as gunpowder; but while there are many curious coincidences there is no satisfactory evidence that rain was so produced. It is on a par with the Chinese mode of conquering the enemy by making a loud noise.

"It is true a downpour often follows a clap of thunder; but this does not prove the rain was produced by the concussion. On the contrary, we know that rain probably results from the cooling of moisture-laden air, and simultaneously electricity may appear. Hence in thunderstorms the aerial concussions are most probably the results, not the cause, of rain formation.

"Nature works on a vast scale in producing rain; and it is idle to suppose that the burning of a little explosive matter can materially affect the boundaries of the atmosphere of the skies.

"In a certain sense it may be claimed that rain always follows an explosion, since all atmospheric changes are successive. If to-day is fair, fire a gun and it will rain either to-morrow or some following day. If to-day is rainy, fire a gun and it will be fair either to-morrow or afterward. There appears to be just as much sense in appropriating public money for explosives to produce dryness in Alaska as to make rain by similar means in Texas."

I Wrote a Girl.

I would take care of my health, by living out-doors as much as possible, and taking long walks in the sunshine. English girls understand how necessary this is for good complexions and