

FROM SISTER'S BEAN.

(A plain statement from little Willie.)
Ma she got a pair of gloves from pa.
And pa he got a pocket knife from me;
I got a story book from Cousin Bess;
About a boy that ran away to sea;
I got a box of handkerchiefs from ma.
And an engine that'll really, truly go,
But the present that I seem to like the most
Is the candy sister Grace got from her beau.

-Chicago Record-Herald.

Stackpole's Stump Fence.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

I don't see but what you will just have to submit, Cyrus, said Colonel Bowker.
The law seems to be pretty clear on the subject.
When the state grants a railroad a charter and a town grants it the right of way, the railroad company can take at a fair appraised value any property lying in the line of its survey, provided the owner refuses to sell at an agreed price.

Colonel Bowker tipped his chair back and threw one leg over the corner of his littered table.
An old man trembling with impotent rage, sat in a rickety arm chair on the other side of the table.

'Then of the law can't do anything for me I'll do it for myself,' cried the old man, bringing his withered fist down on the arm of the chair.

'I hope you won't do anything rash, Cyrus,' said the Colonel, blandly.
It's a case where the welfare of many overrides the welfare of the individual, you see.

'I got done with the law, I tell ye! shouted the old man fiercely.
I'm dependin' on myself now. I said if the law couldn't help me I'd help myself.
I'll see if they can run their consarned trains through my orchard without my permission.

Colonel Bowker accompanied his irate client to the door.
'Better be cautious, Cyrus,' he said as the old man plunged down the steps.

Cyrus Stackpole drove home in a rage.
He was one of those old men who are as set as the everlasting hills and the fact that everything seemed to be arrayed against his will in this instance only served to make his resolve the stronger.

The village station was a mile beyond Stackpole farm.
The train would not have even begun to slow down when it passed through the orchard.

Cyrus Stackpole never looked at his wife, but worked with feverish haste, and she did not interrupt him, for she knew that every moment was precious.

The Suitor—Here's some candy for you, Johnny. Does your sister's other young man ever give you candy?

the old man's grain, and that grain was exceedingly tough.

As it happened, however, Cyrus Stackpole fell into the clutches of a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism soon after his visit to Colonel Bowker's law office and about the time when the railroad came to grade and prepare the roadbed across his orchard.

Upon this Cyrus bestirred himself, though physical exertion still sent excruciating pains through his joints.

It was several minutes past six when the horn blew for supper.
Cyrus was glad of the extra time and glad that his field of operations were hidden from the house by a rise of land.

'Here's a letter for ye,' she said.
'Supper's a little mite late, but the old mare limps so I couldn't git home as soon as I planned.

Cyrus Stackpole ate his supper deliberately and then sank into the old padded rocker by the window and opened his letter.

She turned first to the signature.
It was from Frank, their own dear boy, from whom they had not heard for two years and whom they had about given up for dead, since he disappeared in the Alaskan goldfields.

'Dear Father and Mother—I am coming home at last—a rich man!
Have been out of the world practically, since I wrote you last—living in a hut 200 miles from civilization.

'What was there in that blessed letter that could have caused her husband such distress?
Mrs. Stackpole wiped the tears of joy from her eyes and sped out to the barn.

'Cyrus,' she cried, 'what on airth air ye doing?'
Cyrus was hurriedly replacing the yoke on the necks of the weary oxen.

'Git out of the way,' he shouted as he lashed the oxen from the barn, the long chain that dangled from the yoke clattering behind.

'Where air ye going, Cyrus?' demanded his wife, following the distracted old man as he led the oxen over the crest of the hill to the orchard bars.

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Rheumatism

No other disease makes one feel so old.
It stiffens the joints, produces lameness, and makes every motion painful.

M. J. McDonald, Trenton, Ont., had it after a severe attack of the grip; Mrs. Hattie Turner, Bolivar, Mo., had it so severely she could not lift anything and could scarcely get up or down stairs; W. H. Shepard, Sandy Hook, Conn., was laid up with it, was cold even in July, and could not dress himself.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which corrects the acidity of the blood on which rheumatism depends and builds up the whole system.

'Light the lantern!' cried the panting old man at last.
His wife took the match he flung her and kindled the slight flame in the dusty globe.

'God!' groaned the old man.
It was the shortest of prayers, but it was a prayer and not an imprecation.

'Hark!' cried the trembling old wife.
From far off through the darkness came a faint rumbling sound.

Cyrus disgorged the contents of all his pockets at one sweep.
Among them was an old fashioned red bandanna handkerchief.

The train was almost upon her before the engineer saw the faint red signal.
But the airbrakes did their magic work and the engine stopped within 20 feet of the last huge bristling stump of Cyrus Stackpole's fence across the railroad.

'What in thunder—why, father's old orchard!' he exclaimed.
'And here's mother!' He caught a tottering gray haired figure in his arms.

The railroad company did not enter a complaint against Cyrus Stackpole.
His big black bearded wealthy son may have had something to do with that and he may not.

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Time and Telephone Work Wonders.

'I was startled the other day and in an entirely new way,' said a prominent electrical engineer.
'The use of the telephone has become so much a part of my life that in talking with my friends and acquaintances every few days I apparently kept up the acquaintance as of old.

'When I met him, I was startled.
His black beard had turned gray, almost white, and he had changed in other respects, as was natural, during the three or four years of that period, yet through the use of the telephone I had in my mind's eye seen him as of old every time I had talked with him, and you may imagine how surprised, even shocked, I was to see this change in him.

'Did you ever have a similar experience?
I imagine the increasing use of the telephone causes many of them.

The Florida Razorback.
The Florida 'razorback' is the hog indigenous to this climate and soil.

He is usually large of limb and fleet of foot, being the only known porker that can outrun a dorky.
He has a tail of wondrous length, which, while he is in active motion, he twists into the tightest corkscrew, but with which while quietly feeding he raps his leathery sides much in the same manner that the dole cow uses her tail.

He is self supporting.
He earns his own living and thrives equally well in the highwoods, in the barwoods, in the hummocks and in the marshes.

He is the most intelligent of all the hogs and is likewise the most courageous.
He has been known to engage in mortal combat with a coon for the possession of a watermelon and to rend asunder a barbed wire fence.

Hints For Smokers.
Here is a good tip for a smoker:
The best pipe grows foul sometimes, and the various patent cleaning devices are of little use in making it fresh.

Many people can't smoke a dozen cigarettes without getting a sore throat.
Inveterate cigarette smokers are frequently troubled with a perpetual cold in the head.

When Harry Was the Fashion.
The following extract from the London Times of May 14, 1801, gives an interesting picture of the good old days.

Conseless Growth of the Ears.
The systematic examination of more than 40,000 pairs of human ears in England and France has resulted in some interesting conclusions.

A Puzzler.
Lady Passenger—Do you know, captain, I have never been able to understand how you find your way across the ocean?

The Same Old Cry.
'I wonder what Eve said when she found she had to leave the garden of Eden,' said Mr. Grumpin's wife.

Wanted Her to Have the Best.
Nell—Rather conceded, isn't he?
Belle—I should say. He said the best was none too good for me, and then he proposed.—Philadelphia Record.

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