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Sister Todhunter's Heart.

(From the Century Magazine.)

There was an unusual excitement in Sweetwater. The new preacher, a young man of fine parts, accompanied by his wife, had arrived a few days before, delivered a most effective sermon, and had been called upon with the promptness common to country communities where isolation renders local curiosity unbearable after twenty-four hours. The lady of the parsonage, whose husband was but lately a theological student and now engaged for the first time upon regular pastorial labors, came from the city dressed in a manner that was bound to win her the admiration or the hatred of half the village. Already that grand, interchangeable jury common to all communities was sitting upon her case. The term is used in a figurative sense, for the inquest was conducted from yard to yard, window to window, and even across the one street along which Sweetwater was congregated. Wherever two or three were gathered together and two of the three happened to be of the cradle-rocking order of society, Parson Riley's wife was the theme.

The climax was reached in the case when Parson Riley's wife sent out modest little notes inviting about twenty matrons to take tea with her the next day. Then the jury let the main question pass while it resolved itself into committes of one, each of which began with almost frantic anxiety to look into the question of dress. Adaptation became the order of the day, for no time remained for new garments, even if Sweetwater could have furnished them. Twenty ladies drew out from their hiding places twenty bonnets of varied shapes, ages and designs; twenty ladies shook to the breeze the camphored folds of twenty bombazines, alpacas, and venerable silks; and twenty pairs of hands went to work with needles, thread, hot irons, stain-eradicators, and all the household help that could be mustered, to turn the water of ancient respectability into the wine of modern style as outlined in stray magazines and described by the occasional town visitor.

So it was, then that Sweetwater, as very properly represented by its leading ladies, assembled in Parson Riley's modest little parlor and gazed upon itself in all its glory, a somewhat satisfied air settled over it. Poor faded little Mrs. Brown in her dingy alpaca, which everybody knew she bought nine years before with money awarded her at the county fair for preserves and pickles, and had turned and re-turned until it was equally worn all over, smiled placidly upon Mrs. Bailey's watered silk that she she wore when she was a bride, and upon the bombazine gown that Mrs. Buckner inherited from her mother, and felt thoroughly comfortable. And Mrs. Buckner's little straw bonnet, that had been in fashion twice in the fifteen years of service, rested easy upon her own artificial knot of hair when she beheld Mrs. Culpepper's Leghorn flare-front head-gear, and noted the corkscrew iron-gray curls pinned around the severe brow of Colonel Ledbetter's wife just as they had been on state occasions for twenty years.

This feeling of comfort was greatly strengthened by the fact that Parson Riley's wife wore a plain dark close-fitting gown of some flexible material without ornamentation, and that her hair was brushed back without any attempt at the fashionable arrangements they feared would crush them. Then the little lady moved about among them with her sweetest smiles, and the nicest tea, and a little notice for each of her guests. She had observed what an "elegant young woman" was Mrs. Buckner's Samanthy, just back from Wesleyan College in Macon; and Mrs. Brown's son Tom was "handsome enough to be governor." As for Mrs. Culpepper's baby, why, it was "just too lovely for anything." She captured a very large-hearted woman entirely when she whispered to Mrs. Bailey that her husband was the finest looking man she had seen in Sweetwater, —"excepting my Phil, you know," she added. And this loyalty only sank the compliment deeper. Then she hurried off for a pencil, and begged Mrs. Colonel Ledbetter to give her recipe for making the scuppernong wine she had heard so much praised, and she laid her book in the dear old lady's lap and wrote it as dictated. In an hour Parson Riley's wife was by unanimous consent established at the head of Sweetwater, and could afford to take the company in to see her lace curtains, baby and baby dresses, and all the little bric-a-brac that had been showered upon her as a bride,—without awakening a single jealous feeling.

But a storm was brewing, and its first mutterings were heard when Mrs. Culpepper thoughtlessly mentioned "Sister Todhunter."

"Sister Todhunter?" said Parson Riley's wife, looking from one to the other, a puzzled expression shadowing her pretty face; "have I met Sister Todhunter? Dear me, can I have made a mistake after all?" She had tried so hard to please everybody, and here was trouble at the first move.

"No, my dear," said Mrs. Culpepper promptly; "it was I who made the mistake." But poor Mrs. Riley noted the ominous look upon the faces of several and the glances they exchanged.

"I am sure," she said earnestly, "I would have been glad to have had Sister Todhunter if I had known in time. Does she live in the village?"

"No, dear," said Mrs. Colonel Ledbetter; "she is a disagreeable old thing who lives out on her farm about a mile from here. You haven't lost anything by not knowing her." Mrs. Ledbetter was a power in the land, and her iron-gray curls shook in a dangerous and threatening manner as she declared herself. "She is sometimes pleasant, to be sure, but if it wasn't for her husband, poor man, who married her out of pity, although she was only a 'cracker' and he a man of education and standing, she wouldn't be noticed."

"I think," said poor faded little Mrs. Brown meekly, "that Sister Todhunter has a good heart, and I'm sure she always treated me kindly."

"And who wouldn't?" interposed Mrs. Culpepper laughing. "You see some good in everybody, Sallie, and everybody sees some in you. But as for Sister Todhunter, she is better at long range."

Presently there was a movement among the ladies, and soon Parson Riley's wife, the recipient of twenty kisses and as many warm handshakes, was left alone with her empty cups and the memory of Sister Todhunter.

II.

When Parson Riley heard the description of his wife's tea-party from her lips, told with many a smile and an occasional sigh, his first resolution was to call upon Colonel Todhunter and his wife. So it was that early next morning he saddled his patient mare and ambled out to the Todhunter farm.

As Parson Riley approached the little cottage, he saw sitting on the steps a man with his chin in his hands. The first thing that impressed him was the air of extreme dejection about the individual, an air that had become more marked after he had dismounted and advanced toward the house. Rousing himself from his reveries, the individual rose slowly and fixed a pair of tired, watery blue eyes upon the parson. The clothes he wore were broadcloth, but they were faded now, and stained down the front with tobacco juice; and they shone with a polish evidently acquired, like good manners, through long wear.

"This is Colonel Todhunter, I believe," said the visitor, holding out his hand. "I am the Rev. Mr. Riley." The gentleman in the polished suit held the proffered hand as he replied, in a singularly low and sweet voice:

"You're the new parson, I reckon. You will have to speak louder; I am a little deef."

"Yes," said the parson, elevating his voice. "How is your family?"

"What did you say?" inquired the low, musical voice, while the blue eyes brightened a little.

"How is your family?"

"Oh, very well, I believe. Come in and set down." He led the way slowly, with a slight limp, toward the little porch. As they ascended the steps Parson Riley caught sight of the figure of an enormous woman in a calico dress and a white apron, that loomed up in the doorway. She carried in her hand a broom; and a broad, square, almost fierce face with small black eyes was turned upon him.

"Mandy," said the colonel gently, "this hunter is the new parson." "The new parson" stepped forward quickly and extended his hand.

"My dear madam, I am glad to meet you," he said, a smile kindling on his handsome face. She looked at him suspiciously, gave him her left hand, and said:

"Howdie!"

"I hope you are well, madam?"

"Tolerble," she replied. And then she turned her back and moved off with an elephantine amble.

"So this is Sister Todhunter," thought Parson Riley. "Well, I shall have trouble here."

The men sat down, and the conversation began. Colonel Todhunter proved to be courtly, almost womanly, in his manners, but his few opinions were ventured with a diffidence most painful, and the parson was glad when the time came to say good-day. He was about to mount his mare again when the colonel, who had followed him out, touched his arm.

"I want to speak to you on a private matter," he said softly. "Suppose we walk a little." So arm and arm they moved off. "I want to speak about Mrs. Todhunter," said the gentle voice again. "To tell you the truth, Parson I am leading a life here that is almost unbearable, and I think you can help me.

"Mrs. Todhunter is a violent woman, Parson,—I use the term advicedly; she is a violent woman, and unless I can bring about a marked change in her character, I do not know what I shall do. She uses language toward me that is altogether unchristian-like and unbecoming. And worse; when she gets one of her spells upon her, she assaults me with anything nearest at hand. Only this morning I received several blows from her broom that have nearly lamed me. Parson,"—they had reached the friendly shelter of the barn by this time, and the colonel straightened up a little, while his eyes actually glittered,—"I am tired of this dog's life, and I want your assistance. I think if Mrs. Todhunter is formally reported to the church, and humiliated, it will bring about a change." Parson Riley's face showed his surprise, and the colonel added, at once, "I have had this in mind a long time, and once I brought the matter to the mind of Parson Thompson, who preceded you,—a worthy man, but timid. He would not move in the matter. Now, will you?" Parson Riley was young and combative.

"I will," he said promptly.

"What?" The deaf man placed his hand to his ear.

"I will," shouted the parson. Sister Todhunter shall be disciplined." The colonel looked pleased.

"I was a church-member myself once," he said softly, "but this eternal quarrel drove me out. I could not break bread feeling as I do toward Mrs. Todhunter." His chin trembled. He filled his cheeks with wind and blew it out under the pressure of his emotion. "You cannot imagine to what an extent this persecution has gone. Why, sir there have been times when I considered my life in danger. I am not a dissipated man," he continued, resting his blue-veined hand upon the parson's shoulder and turning the blue eyes earnestly upon him, "but of course I take a julep now and then, —you understand; habits of an old-time Georgia gentleman—and sometimes I have taken too much. I admit that Mrs. Todhunter has had some provocation in that direction, but not enough, Parson, to justify her in regarding me as a dog." His breast heaved convulsively.

"A woman," said the young man firmly, touched by the pathos and emotion of his dignified companion, "has no right to strike her husband except in the defense of her life."

"Hey?" Colonel Todhunter cupped his left ear deftly with the transparent hand.

"I say a woman has no right to strike husband——"

"Why, bless your soul, Parson, that's a small matter, a very small matter indeed!" A sad smile flitted across the lips of the speaker. "A very small matter." He fixed his eyes upon his companion with a sudden resolution. "Why, do you know, Mrs. Todhunter came near smothering me, only last week?"

"Smothering?"

"Hey?"

"Came near smothering you?"

"Yes, sir. To tell the truth, Parson, I was a little mixed,—had taken a little too much, you understand. Had been camping out a week down at Bloomey's mill with Colonel Ledbetter and others, fishing, and drank a little too much. Unfortunately I came home a little under the influence of stimulants, and found Mrs. Todhunter on fire about the cotton being in the grass. As I was preparing to lie down, being also ill, Mrs. Todhunter, with her superior strength and weight, forced me between the mattresses and sat down on me. And there she sat, Parson, three hundred pounds, and it a July day, and knitted all the afternoon. 'I'll sweat that whisky out er you,' she says; and she did. The perspiration that exuded from my pores soaked through the mattress and dripped on the floor. I do not know how I lived through it." He drew out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead, to which the memory of his sufferings had actually brought the moisture. "When will you move in the matter?" he asked more cheerfully.

"At once."

"Hey?"

"At once. I'll have her up next Sunday—"

Parson Riley paused. The vast presence of Sister Todhunter had passed around the corner of the barn. There was a painful silence of about two seconds, and then her voice arose.

"So," she said loudly, with her eye on the colonel, who started as though shot, "so! This is your game, is it? Tellin' lies on your wife to every stanger that comes along. I'll teach you better manners, if I have to break every bone in yer soft, cowardly body." She made a rush at her offending lord, which he easily and promptly avoided by stepping briskly away, leaving his late companion to hold the field as best he might.

"Madam," said Parson Riley, raising his hand as if about to ask a benediction,—it was his most impressive attitude,—"I beseech you to remember that this gentleman is your husband and that you are a member of my church.——"

"What have you got to do with it, you little chick'n-eatin' thing you?" She had turned upon him with war in her eye and war in her whole make-up generally. "A pretty sort er parson you air, ain't yer, hangin'roun' decent women's houses list'nin' terlies an' slanders. Oh, I know what he wants; he wants ter git me up 'fore Moun' Zion Church. He tried hit on ole Thompson, but he daresn't move er peg. I tole him, an' I tell you, if they have me up 'fore Moun' Zion, hit'll be er bad day fur Moun' Zion." She shook her clinched fist at him.

Parson Riley was half Irish, a little Welsh, and the rest American. Besides, he was young and inexperienced.

"Your case will be up next Sunday morning. You can come or not, as you please." He said this with a somewhat unclerical but very natural emphasis, and turning on his heels, left the spot. The last words he heard were, "I ain't 'feared o' you ner all the Moun' Zions in the world."

As Parson Riley mounted his mare, Colonel Todhunter crawled through the hedge a few yards off, looked cautiously around, secured his pipe from the porch, and went back silently the way he came. A smile forced itself upon the lips of the young preacher, and a little farther down the road he laughed outright.

Eggs From Every State.

"Eggs begin to come from the south in January," said a Dey street dealer, "and they run up just like shad and strawberries. A few come from Texas. There is big money in the business there if it is developed. But it isn't worked up yet. North Carolina starts in first. In about four weeks afterward we get some from Washington, which come from the Shenandoah Valley. Then come the eastern shore eggs."

"Which next?"

"Pennsylvania, and then came Ohio, West Virginia and Kentucky. Ohio usually drops in a month after North Carolina, but this year she was even with her."

"Which are next in the procession?"

"The far west and southwest, by way of Kansas and St. Louis. Then Iowa and Illinois. After them came northern Indiana, Minnesota, Dakota, northern Iowa and Michigan. We get some—not many—from Dakota."

"How about New York?"

"This state has so many large towns that most of her eggs are consumed in the interior markets. After they get through pickling, however, New York dealers send us some fresh eggs in the summer. Canada comes next to the far west. Foreign eggs have been barred out this season because prices have been better in England. They took very well where they could be sold for enough less to make it an object for people to use them."

"Why are southern eggs so much smaller?"

"That is because they adhere so much to the game fowl down there. The difference is not only in size, but in the quality of the meat. The Cochins, Plymouth Rocks or any northern breeds afford altogether more nutriment in their eggs than the southern fowl. The best way to ship is in free cases, with patent dividing pasteboard, unless the shipper is a very skillful packer, when the best way is to send them in barrels packed in cut straw."

"Is much pickling done?"

"There are firms in New York State that pickle from 100 to 1,000 barrels, 840 to a barrel. Iowa has single picklers that put away from 500 to 5,000 barrels, and so has Minnesota. Chicago has refrigerators that can hold 50,000 cases. In this city the refrigerators are only used in cases of emergency. But talk about pickling eggs, Germany takes the lead. There are some vats in this country that hold 25,000 eggs, but one German pickler has a vat that holds 500 barrels, or 420,000 eggs. He pickles yearly from 75,000 to 100,000 barrels of eggs, or from 63,000,000 to 84,000,000 eggs."—*New York Sun.*

Decorations of the table.

But many are the tables at which the formal "grace" is the only suggestion of things spritual; at such tables the "grace," far from elevating the ceremony of eating, seems rather itself to suffer desecration.

The mistress of the table is not ready for her place as director of the feast, if she is less certain of the tone of temper, of the flavor of the mood, the aroma of the conversation which will be served at her board than she is of the quality of the meat and the character of the bread which will be served there. The appetite for food, as food, is gross; if that appetite alone is stated at a table is but a manager. The eye, the olfactory nerve, the ear, not the palate, are susceptible to poetic suggestions. Such is the subtle connection between smell and taste that appetite for food is aroused by savory odors; and delightful odor disconnected from food is a more refining influence.

Some Balloon Stories.

There are no two names better known in the annals of American aeronautics, says the Philadelphia *Times*, than those of King and Wise. Prof. Samuel A. King is now in his sixtieth year. Since 1851 has been a practical aeronaut, making his first ascension in the summer of that year from the old zoological garden in Fairmount Park. Since then he has made 280 aerial voyages and a great many lesser ascensions. His wife, who is a quiet, modest little woman, has made a number of ascensions with him, and regards ballooning a much safer mode of traveling than carriage-riding. She is afraid of horses, but doesn't mind taking a jaunt through the air a mile or so above the earth. In one of her trips she once had a narrow escape. It was two years ago at Indianapolis. After a remarkably pleasant ascension the balloon in descending suddenly swayed when near the earth and caught in a dead tree. The sharp branch ripped the balloon open, causing it to collapse, and landing the basket in which she and her husband sat in a fork of a tree, sixty feet from the earth. As quick as thought Prof. King braced the basket with a rope until he had cut the balloon away, then, dropping another rope to some farm hands, he loosened the basket and was lowered over a limb to the earth. Neither he nor his wife received a scratch.

Too only time he was ever hurt was in an ascension from Augusta, Ga. When he descended the balloon caught on a dead pine and was torn. He attempted to descend by the drag rope, when the balloon collapsed and came down with a crash, badly bruising, but not otherwise hurting him. Some of his voyages, however, have been exceedingly perilous.

On October 14, 1878, he went up from Scranton, got caught in a windstorm, and came down at Oak Station, Montgomery county, 140 miles from the starting point. The whole trip consuming but two hours. On October 15, 1881, he made his memorable ascension from Chicago, with Hashagen, of the Signal Service Bureau. He was up nineteen hours and descended in the Wisconsin Wilderness, where he and his companion lost their way and suffered terribly before they again came in contact with civilization.

One night he was suspended between sky and earth for thirteen hours over the Maine and Canada wilderness. His experience that night was thrilling and remarkable. The ascension was made at 4 P. M. at Plymouth, N. H., his companion being Luther E. Holden, of the Boston *Journal*. For six hours they hung over a mile above the wilderness, the balloon not losing a foot of gas or the car an ounce of ballst. When they came down next morning they landed at the head of a new railroad which was being constructed 260 miles below Quebec, near the Gulf of St. Lawrence, over which they had spent a portion of the night. The road was 200 miles away from any other road or civilization. They rode to Quebec on a buck-board, driven by a French-Canadian. Mr. Holden always attributed their lucky descent to an interposition of divine providence.

In an ascension he made in August, 1875, from Burlington, Iowa, he was caught in a thunder-storm, and came near being struck by lightning. The expansion of the air acted on the balloon and drove the gas from the neck into his head and through the open valve with terrific velocity. He had a thrilling descent through the clouds, and on reaching the earth went crashing through trees, landing twelve miles from where he ascended, having been driven back by the storm. The whole trip consumed three-quarters of an hour.

On the 4th of July the same year he took a party of seven, including two bridal couples, over Lake Erie from Cleveland. The balloon sailed over the lake to Buffalo, where it struck a back current and returned, passing Cleveland, gradually approaching the Canada shore, which it struck at Point au Pele. It then crossed a strip of Canada and thirty-five miles of Lake St. Clair, landing eleven miles from Port Huron at midnight, having made 480 miles in thirteen hours.

On another Fourth of July he took five newspaper men from Buffalo to Quinton, N. J. He crossed the Alleghenies and followed the Susquehana as far as Harve de Grace, took a sharp turn, and sailed due east across Delaware into New Jersey, the whole trip taking thirteen hours.

Prof. Charles Wise is the son of the late Prof. John Wise, Sr., who was lost in his last an aerial voyage. He made his first ascension thirty-seven years ago, then thirteen years of age, at Shannandale Springs, W. Va. He went up two and one-half miles and staid up three hours, landing sixty-five miles from the starting point, to which place he returned in an ox-cart. Four years later he made an ascension from Newburyport, Mass., on the occasion of a civil celebration. The wind was blowing toward the ocean, and the committee offered to pay the price of the ascension rather than take any risks, but after consulting with his father he decided to make the ascension. After going up eighteen thousand feet very rapidly and descending still more rapidly he struck Plum Island bar. As there were no inhabitants and no place to grapple, the only alternative was to jump out of the car. This he did, landing safely in the sand.

The baloon, lighted of its load, shot into the air and blew out to sea. The next morning it was picked up by a whaler 600 miles away and brought into Provincetown. The whole ascent and descent occupied one-half hour. The sailors on the whaler, when they saw the balloon floating in the water, thought it was an immense blubber and harpooned it. It immediately collapsed and was taken on board, the Newburyport papers of the previous day being found in the car. The Professor has been ever since actively engaged as an aeronaut, and at various times has taken up every member of his family, having in thirty-five years made over three hundred ascensions. His son, John, Jr., made his first ascension at the age of eight years with is grandfather.

One of the most notable ascensions that has ever been made was made by him, under the direction of his father, at Waynesburg, Green county, when he was only fourteen years old. After working half a day at inflating the balloon the supply of gas gave out when the balloon was only half full. The balloon refused to ascend with the boy, when his father decided to do a thing that has never before or since been attempted. He cut the lower half of the balloon off. While he was doing this some officious spectator cut the valve-rope two feet beyond the boy's reach, and in the midst of a rain-storm the fourteen-year-old aeronaut went sailing into space and beyond the clouds, hatless and coatless and without a valve-cord.

He was directed by his father not to go over two miles, but being unable to reach the valve-cord, he got caught in a heavy snow-storm and was driven forty miles in forty minutes. Landing where there were no means of communication, he was not heard from in two days. The excitement of the citizens was so intense that they organized a committee to search for and give him a reception when found. When he was found the citizens filled his hat with money. He was nearly frozen to death during the voyage, and when he descended he was covered with icicles. Since then he has made 250 ascensions without accident.

Wanted to See Sawyer.

Senator Sawyer, of Wisconsin, prides himself on his strength of arm, and while home last fall he put on a blue blouse and worked in one of his sawmills. He thinks he can handle a saw log with as much grace and dispatch as ever he could. He tells a pretty good story on himself. One day while he was at work in the wealthy and enterprising young business man came up to Oshkosh to see him. At the office he was told that Mr. Sawyer was in the mill. The young Chicagoan, dressed in height style, tiptoed his way into the mill and finally found a jolly little old fat man in a blue blouse down in a saw pit filing a big circular saw. His bald head was bare, his hands were grimy with oil and saw filings and his Santa Claus face wet with prespiration. Going up to him he asked:

"Can you tell me where I'll find Mr. Sawyer?"

"Right here," said the jolly fat man. "I'm Sawyer."

"Oh—ah—excuse me," faltered the Chicagoan. "I didn't know you were such a—or rather—ahem—I didn't suppose you looked—that is, I hardly expected to find you so bald, Mr. Sawyer," and the young fellow, turning white and red with every word he uttered, began to perspire and wish he had studied up beforehand the art of talking to a plain Yankee Yankee quarter millionaire who could wear a blue blouse and could file saws baldheaded.

"Do you know the difference in yourself and a mule?" asked Mrs. Crimsonbeak of her husband, the other evening, when they were giving conundrums around the family hearthstone.

"No, I realy don't," replied the genial husband, off his guard.

"Neither do I," was the wife,s laughing reply, which had a tendency to make Mr. Crimsonbeak mad and break up the conundrum business for months to come.

"Doctor," said a Philedelphia patient, "I'm troubled with insomnia, and I want you to do something for me."

"Do you lie awake most of the night?" asked the physician.

"No, I'm all right at night, but I can't get any sleep during the day."

Jay Gould's Philosophy.

(New York Times.)

It is very distressing to be rich. Some folks may not believe this; but Mr. Jay Gould insists that it is so, and Mr. Gould is supposed to know a thing or two about being rich.

Mr. Gould sat on a sofa in the Windsor Hotel and tried to make a newspaper reporter contented. If Mr. Gould didn't succeed that was merely because the reporter happened to be narrow-minded, not that Mr. Gould's philosophy was weak-kneed.

"The poor man ought to be the happiest man," went on the millionaire. "Wealth brings cares without compensation. A man gets rich and then he's a slave. Very mistaken ideas exist on this subject." With so much promised Mr. Gould proceeded to tell in a genial way of the joys that once he himself knew and now was too rich to know any more. "Ah," he said, "I often recur to the days when I was a boy up in Delaware county I was a pretty happy lad. There wasn't much wear and tear in life then. How good it would feel just to go out and drive the cattle home from the pasture once more! And how delicious it would be to stoop down by the old cow again to do the morning's milking and just squirt a stream of her fresh, hot milk in between my lips as I used to do. That was nectar. That's what gave an apetite for breakfast!"

Mr. Gould's eyes glistened. Boyhood memories were evidently much to his taste.

"A boy on a farm ought to be one of the happiest beings alive," he added. "He may leave to go out in the busier world, and he may make more money elsewhere and in other ways, but he'll never be a jot happier anywhere or anyhow—not a jot; it isn't in human possibility to be happier. Of course, though, nobody is ever bontented. I remember how it was with myself. One of my boy friends was Sam Dimmick, who lives up at Kingston-on-the-Hudson. His father, Col. Dimmick, was one of the well-to-do-men men up in Delaware county in those times, and I remember that I used to wish and wish and wish that something would happen that would enable me to get as rich as he was. He seemed like a Crœsus to me. And I left the farm."

"Going to church," he explained, "contributed this one bit of sadness. We used to starr from home early every Sunday morning," he said, "and ride over to the little yellow meeting-house where the country round worshiped. At 10 o'clock the proceedings began. They were real proceedings, too; I can see the tall old elder yet as he loomed up in the pulpit and went to his sermon. Eleven o'clock came and the elder was just getting underway; 12 o'clock arrived and he was only becoming warmed up. At 12.30 we adjourned. All over? Oh, no. We were only on a half-hour's furlough. The sermon stopped in the middle to let us eat the lunches that we had to bring along. After the lunch the dominie plunged ahead unchecked till well on toward evening. How hard those board benches in the yellow meeting-house used to get! How very tired even some of the most pious ones used to grow! Often and I remember the elder would come to a sudden halt, look down despairingly on his devoted flock and ejaculate: "Wake up! wake up! Why, every soul of you is asleep!" That would help for a little while, perhaps, but I tell you, it was pretty trying sometimes on even the best of folks.

"About the only time, I think, when I was real genuinely interested at church in those times, under those circumstances, was one Sunday. When we were all safely tucked in for the eternal sermon there came a smash and a crash against one side of the church, and the boards there gave way and splinters went flying. We were listening to something about the wrath to come, and most of us for a time rather suspected that it had really arrived. The trouble was that our horses, left loosely hitched outside, had become weary, and were entering a protest against the elder's long-windedness by punching their wagon-pole straight through the side of the meeting-house. I felt quite under a sort of personal obligation to the old horses, and I guess I wasn't alone in the feeling, either. I'd give a good deal, I assure you, to go through that lively day again."

Milk and churches! Both seemed texts for jubilation. Mr. Gould laughed and was gleeful. He looked as if he spoke truth in every syllable as he remarked: "Those old days and their experiences were better than cash—a good deal better."

Then once more this magnate, the owner of a score of railroads, an assortment of Legislatures, a Judge or two and luxuries of that sort, produced his conundrum:

"After all what does any man, however rich he may be, get in this world except his board and his clothes and a place to live?"