

A FAMILY STORY

THE WEDDING AT LUMLEY'S.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

LL the settlers who constituted what was locally called the "Lumley Pass folks" were hard working and unimaginative. They were much given to staying at home and minding their own business, in the sense which conveys to the ear the interest in anybody else's affairs.

Long reaches of rough mountain roads; frequent torrents, which rushed rudely wherever resistance was most readily overcome, combined with some stretches of dense forest to discourage sociability.

Nevertheless, when it became known, in a general way, that the old pit tilted log house—a house heavy with age—about which the halo of romance had never clung, was to be the seat of a wedding, interest in it became vivid, and visitors multiplied miraculously.

The house stood at the head of the Pass, and gave it its name. It was Peter Lumley's daughter, who was to be married.

That piece of information percolated through Peter himself, one evening when he had lingered at the store in Hogan's Gulch long enough to forget his usual taciturnity and wax confidential with other late stayers.

On that occasion Mr. Peter Lumley remarked, in a general way that "women folks was a cursed lot of trouble when they got married in their heads, and he was considerable thankful that he didn't have one gal to turn the world upside down just because a fellow had asked her to change her name."

This amiable allusion to his only daughter, coupled with the fact that, earlier in the evening, Mr. Lumley had openly invested in ten yards of white "cross bar" muslin and a "scaloped" handkerchief, fastened the impending change of name on Sue Lumley.

Until that cross bar muslin and embroidered handkerchief were actually transferred from Hogan's counter to the gummy sack which already held Peter's supply of tobacco, seed potatoes and rope for plow lines, the general public had laid no particular stress upon Peter's outburst.

Never before had Sue Lumley been an object of even passing local interest. No one had ever associated her name with a possible lover. She was accounted rather a spiritless creature, totally lacking in grit. Grit is a moral quality in high repute with your mountaineers.

Being motherless and sisterless, Sue had grown up with even fewer feminine accomplishments than fell to the lot of other Lumley Pass girls.

"Likely, ain't it, so many folks pass this way!" Her father laid his hand on the clumsy latch to the sagging barn door. Sue straightened her back against it resolutely.

"Not in there, pop. I've just found that old yellow turkey hen we thought the minks had got. She's sittin' up in the hay-loft, and I wouldn't have her pestered for forty Jeb Wilsons. No, I wouldn't! She do look so peaceful and prondlike. Bud Frank, take the gentlemen to the spring house and give 'em a bait er butter milk. Fresh churned this mornin', gentlemen. And you uns do look like you'd been swallerin' yo' pecker er dust all 'r onest."

Lumley took his hand off the latch and faced toward the men.

"We're foolin' away valuable time, gents. Will you step down to the milk house and wet yo' whistles before we start ag'in?"

"Won't the gentlemen stay and take a bite?" Sue's hospitality waxed urgent as she perceived her father was bent on pushing forward. "Twon't take me more'n half an hour, pop, to get 'em somethin' hot."

"They'll have somethin' hot when we ketch the feller that done for Jeb Wilson; so will he."

This witticism revived the flagging energy of his followers, and after a hurried excursion to the spring house, she had the satisfaction of seeing them mount their horses and disappear down the steep, stony bridle-path by which they had come.

When the last hoof-beat had ceased to sound upon the rocky ground, she fed her prisoner, and loading him down with provisions and good advice, sent him away in the opposite direction from that taken by the horsemen. He turned and waved his hat to her before the black woods swallowed him up.

"Of course I won't never see him again," she said stolidly, and I don't know as I care to; but I lied for him, right on top of mammy's Bible, and that's goin' to make it hard for me to forget him out and out."

In point of fact, she found it impossible to forget him. She called herself a mean spirited creature for clinging so tenaciously to his memory, but it did not mend the matter as she would have wished.

Job Wilson's real slayer was discovered and summarily dealt with. Job Wilson himself was well nigh forgotten when Sue, sitting on the stilted porch, as she had been doing that evening, lifted her eyes to gauge the lengthening shadows of the familiar landscape, as she sat there on that evening, and saw a man stepping up the stile that spanned the rude yard fence.

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

A Case of Unwisdom—Helping Him Out—Willing to Oblige—Fooled—The True Reason—An Ambiguous Position, Etc.

There was a man in town, who wasn't a bit. His business kept a-going down—An advertiser? Nt.—Boston Courier.

HELPING HIM OUT.
Little Brother—"Do you know what 'ostentation' means?"
Little Sister—"The way other people show off."—Puck.

WILLING TO OBLIGE.
"You are well fitted for the position, but I should prefer a married man."
"Perhaps we can arrange that. I see you have daughters."—Life.

THE TRUE REASON.
Dashaway—"I have an idea that Mrs. Hightower has asked me to dinner in order to fill up."
"Over there? That's what we're going for, old man."—Life.

ON WALL STREET.
Uncle Josh—"There's lots of money dropped in Wall street, ain't there?"
Nephew—"Lots of it."
Uncle Josh—"And it's all dropped by folks that's tryin' to pick it up."—Puck.

REMOVED THE DANGER SIGNAL.
"I see that you have taken down the barometer that used to hang on your wall."
"Yes; it was too suggestive. There was always a storm brewing."—Detroit Free Press.

POOR.
Good Samaritan—"Don't you know better than to drive that poor horse up hill so fast?"
O'Connor—"Up hill is it! Oh! begorra, the meek and lowly Jesus see it!"—Pearson's Weekly.

WONDERS OF SCIENCE.
"Don't, those 'says no' going to make life easier for you."
"How, precious?"
"Why, you can lie in bed and find out whether it will pay you to get up and go through my pockets."—Chicago Record.

THEY LAUGHED.
"Well," said Snags, "I think many dogs have more sense than their masters."
"Yes," chimed in Craggs. "I've a dog that'll take my hat off to any man that'll take my hat off to my dog."—The Bits.

AN AMBIGUOUS POSITION.
She (with a look of surprise) "This is a nice little house, isn't it?"
He—"Then you do love me, darling."—The Bits.

IMPOSSIBLE.
The aeronaut looked down on the fleecy clouds.
"Somehow, I don't feel right to fly," he soliloquized. "If I were anywhere else than here I would have the idea that I was under the weather."—Indianapolis Journal.

REASONED BY ANALOGY.
Teacher—"What is a synonym?"
Class—"A word that means the same as another word."
Teacher—"Well, what is the synonym for teacher?"
Bright Pupil—"Please, ma'am, it's old maid."—Washington Times.

IT WAS NOT LOST.
Mrs. Vangoek (indignantly)—"Mrs. O'Lone, the color all came out of my new table cover on account of the horrible washing fluid you use."
Mrs. O'Lone (pacifying)—"Niver mind, mum. Shure it'll jint into the other clothes, mum."—Life.

A REPRIMAND.
Teacher—"Thomas, I saw you laugh just now. What were you laughing about?"
Tommy—"I was just thinking about something."
"You have no business thinking during school hours. Don't let it occur again."—Answers.

A CRUEL MISINTERPRETATION.
"Do you not think it is time," said the lady with the air of uncertainty hanging about her face, "that we should stand up for our rights?"
"If you allude to marriage rites," gurgled the sweet young thing, "I think it was time long ago."
The other glared.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

ASTONISHED HIM.
"This is a remarkably high flavored roast," said the King of Mowpka.
"It is from that late Chicago individual," said the purveyor of venison.
"I am really surprised. That Boston missionary told me the English and distinctly that Chicago people were utterly devoid of taste."—Indianapolis Journal.

AN INSTANCE.
"Moral courage," said the teacher, "is the courage that makes a boy do what he thinks is right, regardless of the jeers of his companions."
"Then," said Willie, "is a feller has candy and eats it all himself, and ain't afraid of the other fellers callin' him stingy, is that moral courage?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

VICTIMS OF THE PIANO.
"I see," said Mrs. Fogg, "that nervous disorders are caused by the piano."
"And does the paper say that the principal sufferers are not the persons who do the playing?" replied Fogg.
"Probably not, however; what is the use of saying what everybody knows?"—Boston Transcript.

ON GUARD.
Dobbins—"I didn't know you had organic heart trouble, Bright's disease, hereditary consumption and hardening of the liver!"
Robbins—"I haven't."
Dobbins—"But you insinuated as much to that man who just went out."
Robbins—"I know. He is a friend of mine and a life insurance agent."—Puck.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.
Museum Manager—"You know the sword-awallower who went West to seek his fortune?"
Fat Lady—"Yes."
Manager—"He wants to come back."
Fat Lady—"To swallow swords?"
Manager—"No; they're tarred and feathered him, and he wants to pose as the man-bird."—Chicago Record.

The drummer looked out of the window of the little tavern at the farm wagons slowly edging along almost hub deep in mud and asked:
"How did they ever come to name this waterlogged village 'Highland'?"
"I've heard definite," the landlord replied, absently putting his toothpick back in the box, "but I guess it came from the price the time we had a boom on."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

One of the strangest discoveries in the history of Virginia was that made by Road Overseer Henry Harrison Cawood, of Woodstock, King George County, who found a skeleton buried from head to foot with heavy iron bands. The skeleton is that of a man, and is regarded by all who have seen it as an exceedingly valuable and interesting archaeological relic. The skeleton is now in Washington. It will probably be sold to the Smithsonian Institution.

While Mr. Cawood was engaged in improving one of the country roads in King George County he dug down the side of the road, and in his excavation he picked up a piece of iron. He carried it home, and the next day he brought it to light the complete skeleton of a man, with the exception of the missing skull, in bands of iron. On the top of the skull was a partial cap in which there was a hole and a ring. Other bands, surrounded the neck, arms, torso and legs. The feet were bound in heavy stirrups.

Both tradition and local history in an adjacent part of the county, Virginia, believed by Virginia historians that the skeleton is that of a desperado criminal, convicted of some atrocious crime and executed as a public warning to the lawless. The skeleton was found in a point at which the remains were found might indicate that this execution was made on the side of the public road, as was often the custom in those days.

The general impression exists among those who have seen this curious relic and who have given the early history of Virginia their attention, that the criminal was a notorious Indian chief who belonged to the fierce Passapatanzy tribe, which gave the pioneers in the upper part of what is now King George County, but which still retains its name a great deal of trouble and annoyance. According to tradition this tribe was often visited by the followers of King Powhatan, and on this supposition certain State historians believe that the remains are those of a cousin of Pocahontas. While this may be a more or less vivid stretch of the imagination, it nevertheless does not detract from the value of the discovery. It is certainly without exception one of the queerest finds ever made in Virginia.—New York Journal.

Picture on a Hen's Egg.
Ed. Owens, a widely known engineer on the Lexington division of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, has a hen's egg on which is depicted upon its shells, with true outlines and perfect distinctness, a locomotive headlight.

The other morning, while going out on the road beyond Eden Springs, Ky., the engine pulling at its usual speed, Owens ran down a flock of chickens that were scratching upon the track. One of these, a hen, was struck by the pilot, knocked down on the track and run over.

When Owens left the cab at Olive Hill, while they were taking water, he walked forward and discovered the hen lying on the ground. He picked up the egg, it had fallen into an aperture just large enough to hold it without allowing it to roll either way.

On the remainder of the run into Lexington himself and a friend discussed the peculiar marking of the egg. Owens is holding the specimen as a curiosity that he values at being worth its weight in gold.—New York Recorder.

To Move His Stone House.
A wealthy resident of Kokomo, Ind., is going to move to Roanoke, Ill., and will take his \$50,000 house with him. The house is of stone and brick and has been built on a hillside. It will be taken down brick by brick, the stone, pressed brick, plate glass, mahogany panels, and every other part being carefully marked, and will be shipped by rail to Roanoke and there reconstructed. The cost of moving the residence will be about \$15,000.—New York Sun.

Riches From an Accident.
The shop of a Dublin tobacconist was destroyed by fire. While the owner was gazing into the ruins, he noticed that his neighbors were gathering the snuff from the canisters. He heisted the snuff, and discovered that the fire had largely improved its pungency and aroma. He secured another shop, built himself a lot of ovens, subjected the snuff to a heating process, gave the brand a particular name, and in a few years became rich through an accident.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Fatal cases of measles in London rose during February from fifty a week to 119.

It is said that stammerers rarely if ever show any impediment of speech when speaking in whispers.

One of the latest novelties is a phonographic clock which calls the hours instead of striking them.

A fossil dragon fly has been found in France which measured twenty-seven inches across the wings, and had a mouth full of sharp teeth.

In Egypt there are annually eight-eighths more births than deaths to 1000 of population, and the net increase has been 1,500,000 in twelve years.

It is said that an Englishman has succeeded in photographing at one end of a wire objects exposed between two vacuum tubes at the other end of the wire.

In France hospitals for infectious diseases are furnished with telephones, so that the sick may converse with their friends without danger of communicating disease.

According to La Nature, angle worms can be obtained anywhere by wetting the ground with a solution of blue vitriol or with sulphur—which will bring them out in surprising numbers.

Since 1872 about seventy lines of rack railway, with a total length of 500 miles, have been built in different parts of the world. They are worked by 308 locomotives, and the heaviest weighing seventy tons.

A man sentenced to death at Liverpool, England, for the murder of a servant asked the judge to direct that his head might be handed over to the local doctors, and report of the examination published in the newspapers.

The mortality rate in New York is a trifle higher for 1895 than in 1894. The rate is stated as nineteen per one thousand of population. Typhoid fever and diphtheria claimed 1270 and five thousand victims respectively.

WHEN THE COWS COME HOME

The light on the mountain falls silent,
The birds in the bush are still;
The croquet chips in the pasture plant
When the cows come over the hill.

The swallows circle about the castle,
A pale star mounts the sky;
The squirrels rustle the golden sheaves
When the cows are passing by.

Over the valley the shadows creep,
Darkening the green of the plain;
Down in the garden the honeybees sleep,
Missing the breath of the kine.

The stalks of wheat are sweet to my taste,
But sweeter the words of the cows;
That the singer is slow by hissing nose,
As she follows the cows along.

She talks of her lover, whose foot she would kiss,
And how she would like to be married;
She tells of her father, whose name she would miss,
And how she would like to be married.

She tells of her mother, whose name she would miss,
And how she would like to be married;
She tells of her father, whose name she would miss,
And how she would like to be married.

She tells of her brother, whose name she would miss,
And how she would like to be married;
She tells of her father, whose name she would miss,
And how she would like to be married.

She tells of her sister, whose name she would miss,
And how she would like to be married;
She tells of her father, whose name she would miss,
And how she would like to be married.

She tells of her mother, whose name she would miss,
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