

THE DEACON'S VIEWS

Spooner Makes Some Observations on Widows.

SAFER TO COURT OLD MAIDS

Tells How He Was Thrown Down Good and Hard by a Widder Woman. The Case of Jim Hopewell Similar to His.

[Copyright, 1907, by Homer Sprague.]
"Gentlemen," said Deacon Spooner as he took his accustomed seat in the postoffice to wait for the mail to be distributed, "I was digging potatoes this afternoon when Ezra Smallman came along the road and holed at me that Jim Hopewell had tried to commit suicide by cutting his throat. I wasn't the least bit astonished. I hear that some of you got weak in the knees and turned as white as flour, but I'd been expecting a tragedy along



"I USED TO SIT AND HOLD THAT WIDDER'S HAND IN THE MOONLIGHT."

for the last six months. For why? Because Jim was courting a widder woman.

"I am living with my fourth wife, as I told you the other night, and not one of them was a widder woman when I married her, but I've had some little experience with widders jest the same.

"A widder woman is a wife whose husband has died and left her free to play the devil with men for ten miles around.

"She hain't sure whether she wants to marry ag'in or not, but she is sure that she wants to make a fool of about twenty men before she does it.

"A widder woman is like a spider in a web. She is waiting for victims to come along.

"She's a steel trap set on a sheep trail. You are slouching along and thinking of nothing in particular when you suddenly put your foot in it, and there you are.

"A widder woman may not have smiled at her husband for a year previous to his death, but four weeks afterward she's fittering and giggling with a tin peddler.

"She may have fallen down in a faint when they buried her husband, but the next sewing machine man that came along found her singing.

"Yes, in my courting around I courted widder women as well as the other kind. I thought it might be jest as well to find a widder with a farm and plenty of live stock as to take a woman with nothing but what she stood in. I found that widder. There was a hundred acres of land, a good house and barn, and the horses, cattle, sheep and hogs made my mouth water.

"I didn't let on that I'd come courting. I was in the tombstone business then, and I told her I'd called to see about a stone for her husband. I described the one I'd put up for my wife, and when we got to telling each other how lonesome we was we both agreed we'd never marry ag'in.

"That's where we both lied and knew we were lying.

She Shed Tears.
"The widder shed tears as she talked of the many virtues of the late departed, and of course I told her that what was her loss was his gain. That's always a good thing to ring in. She said that if ever I came that way ag'in she'd be happy to have me call, and down in her heart she knew that I'd be back in about three days. I was. I made the excuse that I wanted to buy a cow, and she pretended to be awfully surprised to see me, but both of us were lying ag'in.

"That widder woman drew me on in fifty different ways, but mostly by tears when she spoke of the departed. I never saw tears in her eyes that I didn't want to put my arm around her waist and wipe them away. She said that man was an oak tree and women only a willer and that it was natural for the willer to want to lean ag'in the oak. She pitied me in my loneliness, and I pitied her, and at last it got so that I dared to swat a skeeter that had settled on the back of her neck. Say, now, I jest as much calkerated to marry that widder as I do to get a quart of molasses in this jug after the mail is distributed. After I had courted her for six weeks I had no more doubt of her saying yes than I have that Hiram Baker over there ought to be ashamed of the old hat he's wearing.

"One day I decided to settle things. I drove over, and she had the same smile for me until I begun to talk business. Then she said she guessed I'd made a mistake in the house and hit

it, but checked it. He remembered the incident, and he thought it a mean trick on the part of Mrs. Gay to give him away. He had thought himself all alone, and when he went into that hole backward and busted things and sprained his back he just naturally shouted out, the same as Judge Landis or Elihu Root would have done. Mrs. Gay should have realized the provocation and kept the affair to herself.

"Samuel, I don't want to weep, because I know men folks don't like tears, but I have to," continued Mrs. Dolby as she proceeded to weep and let the tears fall where they would. "I leave you setting a new gatepost and singing a hymn. If fifty different people had told me that you were a pirate, I couldn't have believed it. Within half an hour you were hitting the fence with the spade and using such language that Mrs. Gay thinks it curdled her pear preserves and that she will have to throw them all out. Can you blame me for fainting away? Can you blame me for wanting to expire? Can you wonder that my spirit longs to sail far away where post holes and pirates are not?"

The deacon didn't blame her one bit, but as he had now reached the photograph of his Uncle Jim, who always claimed to be the original discoverer of the Atlantic ocean, he wanted to keep quiet and do a lot of thinking.

"If that was all, Samuel," said Mrs. Dolby after a sobbing silence of three minutes, "I shouldn't feel so like dying. I would lay it to your absent-mindedness. I would think that you temporarily mistook yourself for Captain Kidd and that the words fell unconsciously from your lips, but that couldn't have been the case. Three days after that, as I well remember, Mr. Brownfield came over and asked you to go back with him and see what ailed his cow. He thought she was coming down with the cholera horn. You are not saying a word, Samuel, but I know you remember all about it. Can't you get me the kitchen towel to wipe my eyes on?"

The deacon never moved. He had struck an attitude, and he thought it safest to maintain it. Besides, he was now looking at the photograph of an aunt of his who was the first woman in America to discover that heavy bread and sour buttermilk added years to the life of a tramp.

Kicked by a Cow.
"You went over and saw the cow. You were examining her horns when she threw her head around and knocked the breath all out of you. Mr. Brownfield was scared almost to death. As he stood there, looking at you, you jumped up and began kicking the cow. He counted the kicks, and there were just twenty-six of them. You called her seventeen different names. You swore forty-two times and was still at it when Mr. Brownfield laid his hand on your arm and told you to recollect who you were and what you owed to society. You grabbed him and ran him against the barn, and if Mrs. Brownfield hadn't come out and screamed I don't know how you would have ended up. Think of it, Samuel—think of it!"

Samuel thought of it, and the more he thought the more he wished he had knocked the cow's horns off. He didn't say so, however. He was in one of his silent moods. Mrs. Dolby was permitted to weep for the next five minutes and wipe her eyes on the skirt of her dress, and it was almost a relief to hear her finally say:

"Well, Samuel, you can go out to your taters, and I will lie here and die. You'll find me dead when you come into supper, but don't let it bother you. You can get yourself some bread and milk, and if you want tea you'll find the teakettle boiling. Farewell, dear. I can no longer live with a pirate. My place is with the angels."

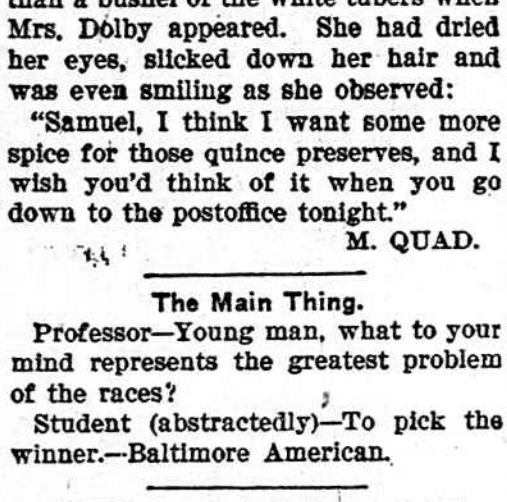
Mr. Dolby went out and resumed his digging, but he hadn't unearthed more than a bushel of the white tubers when Mrs. Dolby appeared. She had dried her eyes, slicked down her hair and was even smiling as she observed:

"Samuel, I think I want some more spice for those quince preserves, and I wish you'd think of it when you go down to the postoffice tonight."

M. QUAD.

The Main Thing.
Professor—Young man, what to your mind represents the greatest problem of the races?
Student (abstractedly)—To pick the winner.—Baltimore American.

Diabolicalness of Diabolic Diabolo.



The world, the flesh and the d—

The Only Way.
My butcher sells me doctored veal, My coal man sells me clinkered coal, My grocer sells me moldered meal, My baker stints the breakfast roll, My vintner sells me weakened hoch, With other tinctured chemic wines, My broker sells me watered stock, And boosted shares in salted mines.

How can I make both ends to meet
When thus these rogues my wealth purloin
Unless I practice like deceit
And pay their claims with tainted coin?
—Arthur Gutterman in Judge.

COSTLY DRUGS.

Some Rare and Peculiar Substances Used in Medicine.

A writer in Wissen fuer Alle throws some interesting light on rare and peculiar drugs. Saffron, he points out, would strike an ordinary observer as decidedly expensive at \$13 a pound (to change marks into our coinage) until told that it is composed of the central small portions only of the flowers of the crocus, 70,000 of which it takes to make a pound. Attar of roses sells at \$112 odd per pound, and it takes 10,000 pounds, or nearly five tons of roses, to obtain one pound of the oil.

Aconitine, extracted from the root of monkshood, is said to be the very strongest poison extant, the dose being one six-hundredth of a grain. It is sold at the rate of \$103 per ounce. Turning from the vegetable to the animal world in search of rare drugs, the writer refers to the musk of the Asiatic deer, which at \$24 to \$30 an ounce must be a prize to the wily hunter. In some of the tropical seas a floating, sweet smelling mass of ambergris is met with worth at present \$30 per ounce, or \$480 per pound in the market. The ambergris is said to be the diseased biliary product of the whale.

Another peculiar product in use as a drug is a solution of the pure venom of the rattlesnake, given occasionally in malignant scarlet fever.

THE "COUP DE JARNAC."

A French Adage and the Incident Upon Which It Rests.

The "coup de Jarnac" has become a French proverb, and it serves to distinguish a stroke as decisive as unforeseen which intervenes for the settlement of any affair. The adage rests upon an incident in the life of Gui Chabot, Seigneur de Jarnac, a noble of the court of Francis I. The lie passed between him and Le Chateignerale, the dauphin's favorite. King Francis, however, forbade the duel. At the succession of Henry II, the old quarrel was revived, and the overdue duel was fought on the plain of St. Germain with all the formality of the ancient judicial combats and in the presence of the whole court. Jarnac was weaker and less agile than his adversary, who was one of the noted swordsmen of the time, but he had taken lessons from an Italian bravo. In the duel Jarnac waited for an opening and then dealt La Chateignerale a heavy and unexpected stroke which hamstrung him. This was in 1447. Ten years later Jarnac was a captain in the defense of St. Quentin. Eventually he met his fate in a duel. But the "coup de Jarnac" is historic in the annals of sword play.—Argonaut.

Monkeys and Parrots.
A lung specialist was talking about a famous scientist who had contracted consumption from a lot of consumptive monkeys that he had been experimenting upon.

"This should be a lesson, and a warning to us all," he said, "for nothing is more dangerous to the lungs' health than to have a monkey about the house. Practically all monkeys have consumption in this climate, and it is just as easy to take consumption from a monkey as from a man or woman. It is the same with parrots. They, too, have consumption, and they, too, are most apt to give the disease to those who pet them. As for me, rather than live in the same house with a pet monkey or a pet parrot I would take a cot in the hopeless ward of some consumptives' hospital."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Wedding Day Reminder.
William James, the famous psychologist of Harvard, said at a dinner in Boston:

"An odor often brings back memories that we had thought buried forever. As we regard some strange landscape it often seems to us that we have been just here before! The oddest, the most momentous associations oftentimes attach themselves to the most trifling things.

"Thus at a Thanksgiving dinner that I once attended the hostess said to a sour faced man on my left:

"May I help you to some of the boiled rice, Mr. Smith?"

"Rice? No, thank you—no rice for me," Smith answered vehemently. "It is associated with the worst mistake of my life."

Costs of Office.
On the day after his election the chief magistrate of a certain town in the Midlands who enjoys the reputation of being rather "near" in money matters was asked for a subscription to the local football club.

"I really can't do it," he replied. "Just look at the outlay I've already been put to through accepting office!" And he produced a small ledger inscribed on the cover "Mayoralty Expenses." On the top line of the first inside page was the entry, "Dress suit, £2."—Reynolds' Newspaper.

An Exception.
The Philosopher—Tell me what a person reads and I can tell you what he is. The Dyspeptic—Not always. There's my wife, for instance. She's always reading a cookery book. The Philosopher (confidently)—Well? The Dyspeptic—But she's no cook!

A Humane Woman.
The Cabman—Gimme your bag, lady, and I'll put it on top of the cab. Mrs. Oatcake (as she gets in)—No; that poor horse of yours has got enough to pull. I'll carry it on my lap.—London Tit-Bits.

Do not measure your enjoyment by the amount of money spent in producing it.

NOTICE!

100 K. P. Guano Distributors \$7.50 formerly \$9.00.
50 Henderson Guano Distributors \$4.75 formerly \$6.50.
Moline Cotton and Corn Planter with Guano Distributor \$15.50.
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RUTLAND-BRABHAM CO.,

Batesburg, S. C.

GOT HIS MONEY.

The New Depositor Made Quick Work With His Check Book.
During a financial stringency a Swedish farmer in one of the middle west states had sold some hogs on the local market and upon receiving his check in payment immediately went to the local bank to realize on his sale. Upon presentation of the check the banker said to him, "Do you wish the money on this check?"
"Vell, I tank I just so vell take him," was the quick reply.
"You really want the money?"
"Yah, I tank I take the mon-e."
"But do you really need the money?" asked the banker.
"Vell, no; I don't exactly need him, but I tank I take the mon-e."
"Well," said the banker, "if you really want the money of course I will give it to you, but I thought if you did not need it perhaps you might open an account and deposit the money and then check against it as you needed it."
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This seemed assuring to the Swede, and he said, "Vell, if you pays my shecks, den I open de account." And the account was opened and passbook and check book handed to the new customer.
Half an hour later a close friend of the new depositor appeared at the cashier's window and presented a check signed by his friend for the full amount of the deposit, which was promptly paid by the banker without comment.
In about an hour the Swede appeared and, walking up to the cashier's window, handed the banker his check book minus only one check, with the remark, "Vell, I don't tank I needs him any more."—Youth's Companion.

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