

His Manly Wife

The first beams of a June sun were shining upon a world of dew and blossoms.

So thought Jimmie Thompson as, hastily rising from his little bed under the eaves of Farmer Thompson's big farmhouse, he prepared himself for the duties of the day.

It was a busy season on the farm, for hay was to be cut, and the ring of the scythes as the women were grinding them to an edge on the old grindstone already rose upon the air.

"I wonder what mamma will say to find me late again," murmured the youngster as he hurriedly donned his simple garments and tripped lightly down the stairs.

Breakfast was already laid in the big stone paved kitchen, and the delicious fragrance of coffee, mingled with that of frying ham, forecasted a tempting feast.

Somewhat timidly Jimmie stole into the room and took his place at the table. He was an only son, and, although loved by his stern mother and his yielding and more gentle spirited father with a love that shrank at no sacrifice in his behalf, there was that in the strict discipline ever maintained by his mother, combined with a naturally sensitive and docile nature, which had repressed our poor Jimmie and given him an air of quiet hardly consistent with his bright eyes and hair of willful shining gold.

"Late again, my son, and for the third morning!" remarked his mother as the young man took his seat and carefully tucked the napkin of snowy linen under his chin.

"Good morning, my darling—my rosy-eyed boy in the garden of boys!" said a low voice as a hasty kiss was pressed upon the lips of the youth, and he felt himself strained to a womanly breast.

For only an instant could the lovers (for such they were) remain in the outer shed before the stern voice of Mrs. Thompson bade the visitor enter.

It was a grand young woman who stepped with uncovered head into the midst of the Thompson household and gave it courteous greeting. One had but to look on the high brow, the steadfast mouth and the firm poise of the statuesque chin to know that he stood in the presence of one of nature's noblewomen.

Her garments, although scrupulously neat, bespoke the working woman, and there was that in the clear, sunburnt tint of her face which told of outdoor toil.

"There was a brief silence as Jimmie, with a pleading look in the direction of his mother, resumed his seat.

"Good morning, Nell," said Mrs. Thompson at last, somewhat grimly, laying aside her fork and reaching for a toothpick. "What brings you out so early?"

"Oh, I've been stirring since long before dawn," responded the young woman. "I have cut the swampy field here and am going over on the beach meadow now. I dropped in on my way to see if I could get the loan of your horse rake this afternoon."

"I shall be using it myself," said Mrs. Thompson in tones of studied insolence, "and if I were not I don't know that I should care to lend it."

"Oh, mother!" cried Jimmie and his father in reproachful unison. "How can you?"

"What did you come for, then?" shouted Mrs. Thompson. "Shall I tell you? No, seek not to entice me, Jimmie!" she exclaimed as the pale young man fell at her feet and, bursting into tears, implored her to speak no further.

"Hold, mamma! By the love I know you bear to me, speak not that profane word!" cried the fainting Jimmie as he drew himself to his mother's feet and clasped her knee.

"What mean you, boy?" cried the laughing mother as she bent and raised the sweet face of her son, looking long and piercingly into the streaming eyes.

"I mean," faltered Jimmie, suddenly rising and hiding his blushing face upon the bosom of his weeping father, "I mean—"

"He means," interrupted the young woman, who until now had preserved her calm and courteous quiet, "that the laws of the state last night gave him into my keeping forever! Your son and I were married last evening by Judge Henry Grover Booth, and I stand here now to claim my lawful husband."

"Jimmie," shrieked the frenzied mother, snatching the man from his father's arms, where he clung, and turning his tear wet face to meet her gaze, "does this bold woman speak the truth?"

"She does!" cried Jimmie as with a bound he leaped into the strong arms held to receive him, and the young husband fainted upon the bosom of his young bride.

But little remains to be told. A reconciliation was effected late in the fall, and a winter snow fell the noble wife was adopted into both home and hearts of her gentle husband's parents. Together they soothed the last days of the excellent but somewhat mercenary Widow Thompson, long after her gentle husband had been gathered to his rest, and there is no happier couple in broad and blossoming Crane county today than Jimmie Thompson and his manly wife.

Mr. Davis' son, a stalwart young man, had returned from college. "Father," he said, "when I was a boy mother used to make your old clothes over for me, didn't she?"

"I think she did, sometimes," answered Mr. Davis. "Well, I am glad it is within my power to make some sort of recompense," said Henry, opening his suit case. "Here is an evening suit a tailor made for me a year or two ago. I have entirely outgrown it, but I think it will just fit you, and it's as good as new. Suppose you try it on."

Being a sensible man, Mr. Davis swallowed whatever pride may have been involved in the transaction and tried the garments on. They did fit him perfectly.

"They're yours, father," said Henry loftily.—Youth's Companion.

Every one admitted that Mrs. Thompson was an excellent disciplinarian. She was a widow with three boys, whom she had brought up to obedience and truthfulness, if not to joy.

"Children, I have something to tell you," she announced one Sunday on the return of the family from church. "On Thursday afternoon I shall marry Dr. Lane, whom you all know and respect."

WHEN WIGS WERE BIG.

The Fashions That Used to Rule in England and France. In King Charles II.'s reign in England a physician or a judge's ability was gauged by the size of his wig.

Ladies had the hair frizzed and adorned with artificial "heartbreakers" and "love locks." Later on, in William and Mary's time, youths and children wore wigs. In those times combing the wig in public was considered the proper thing.

Steele's large black wig cost him 40 guineas, but it was the fashion to have a large wig, and money was no object. The Duverill full bottomed wigs were invented by and named after a French barber who made them to conceal the elevation in the shoulder of the dappin.

Wig makers when short of material would often resort to foul means to obtain hair, sometimes holding up children and snatching off their locks.

Will Atkins, Charles II.'s gout doctor, wore a three tailed wig carefully frizzed and arranged to fall on each cheek, and for fear of obscuring part of the beauty of his wig he generally went hatless.

Another man of fame was Colonel Dalmahoy, whose splendid wig was a theme in popular song of the time. In the eighteenth century poisoned wigs were used at times for murderous purposes.

A duke of Holstein, being warned, made the wig maker who offered the wig to him wear it on his own head, with the result that the wig maker suddenly died.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, being near-sighted, was in the habit of holding a candle close to his head while reading, and in that manner often burned the front of his wig. His expense for wigs must have been no small item.

In one of his letters to Sir Joshua Reynolds, Oliver Goldsmith mentions having bought a new ribbon for his wig at Canterbury, and a Calais barber broke it so that he might make an extra sixpence by supplying the poet with a new one.

Senses of Animals. An Austrian scientist, having studied the special senses of animals, especially the senses of reptiles and amphibians, concludes that these latter are capable of going directly toward water, which attracts them, so to say, even at long distances.

Light acts upon them independently of heat. In winter they quit warm lairs to go to sunlight. Their sight is generally good and is probably their most acute sense; yet their vision is very limited.

Crocodiles cannot distinguish a man at distances about ten times their length. Fish see for only short distances. The vision of serpents is poor. The boa constrictor, for example, can see no farther than a third of its own length.

Some snakes see no farther than one-eighth of their length. Frogs are better endowed and see twenty times their length. The hearing of all these animals is even worse than their sight.

Most reptiles are deaf, especially boa constrictors. "Deaf as an adder" may represent a careful observation of our ancestors.—Medical News.

The Only Way. A kind hearted woman who was walking the other day through one of the streets in the vicinity of Fairmount park saw a little boy sitting on the curbstones crying bitterly.

Her heart was at once touched, and, going up to the little fellow, she asked him the cause of his grief. Looking up through his tears he explained that his mother had sent him with some pennies to a nearby grocery store and that he had lost the money.

NOTORIETY SEEKERS.

Rebuke For Those Who Write Their Names in Public Places. The man who seeks notoriety by placarding his name where he has no business to put it merely advertises his own smallness.

Why is it that some people must record the momentous occasion of their visit to a notable place by chopping initials on tree trunks or scrawling names with lead pencil wherever a surface suitable for inscription is presented to their restless gaze?

Some years ago there was a national convention of the knights of something or other held in Washington. Besides the eminent sirs there were in the capital a few people of unexalted station who desired to go down the Potomac as far as Mount Vernon.

They were quite indignant when they found that the tombs of Washington and his wife were covered inches deep with the cards of delegates to the convention and that more cards were forthcoming in the very face of their protest, while the officials in charge of the grounds smiled encouragingly at the display of pastboard.

You can't go to Niagara without being informed that John Smith and Matilda Jones were at the edge of the Horseshoe on Thursday of last week; nor can you inspect the dome of the capitol at Washington without seeing all around penciled records of distinguished climbers who have preceded you.

We do not believe anybody has yet defaced the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, because it is somewhat difficult to write names there so that they can be seen by those who come after, and no one who is enough of a vandal to deface nature would perpetrate the defacement unless he was sure that somebody else would witness and imitate it.

Trees and rocks can't be easily protected against such outrages, but public buildings can and ought to be through the summary punishment of offenders.—Brooklyn Eagle.

No Time. The woes of the suburbanite who does business in the crowded city and resides in the outskirts have furnished the theme for many an anecdote. One of these suburban dwellers was rushing along the street in the direction of the railway station when a friend joined him.

"What is your hurry, Jacobs?" asked the friend. "I am trying to catch the 5:40 train," replied Jacobs, "and I don't know whether there is any 5:40 train now or not. There has been a change."

"Haven't you a time table in your pocket?" "Yes; but if I stop to look at it and that train is still on I'll miss it by ten seconds!" And he glanced at his watch and hurried on.—Youth's Companion.

His Crop of Legs. A man in a certain New England town was noted for telling extravagant stories. One evening while loitering in the country store the conversation turned upon feats in gunning.

The man listened attentively and in silence for awhile; then suddenly he exclaimed excitedly: "Waal, boys, I can tell you a queer thing that happened to me the other day. I went to Rye Beach shooting when I see a nice, large flock of yellow legs."

"Aha," says I to myself, "now for a shot at them." So I crept up near by, raised my gun to my shoulder and fired. But I aimed just a bit too low and they riz up and flew off. As I walked along the beach I found two bushels of their yellow legs that I had shot off.—Lippincott's.

The Baby's Name. A clergyman in baptizing a baby paused in the midst of the service to inquire the name of the infant, to which the mother, with a profound courtesy, replied: "Shady, sir, if you please."

"Shady!" replied the minister. "Then it's a boy and you mean Shadrach, eh?" "No, please your reverence, it's a girl."

"And pray," asked the pastor, "how happened you to call the child by such a strange name?" "Why, sir," responded the woman, "if you must know, our name is Bower, and my husband said as how he should like her to be called Shady, because Shady Bower sounds so pretty!"—London Answers.

NATURAL HUNGER A GUIDE.

But the Number of Meals Per Day Depends Upon the Individual. Discussing the question of diet, the amount and kind and the number of meals per day, the department of agriculture advances these propositions:

A certain amount of food is necessary for the maintenance of the body. This food requirement differs with different conditions of age, sex, health, muscular activity, environment, etc.

Hygienic economy requires not only that the food shall meet the physiological demands in respect to quantities of nutriment and energy, but also that it shall be fitted to the digestive powers and other physiological peculiarities of the user.

This is of special importance for invalids and young children. The comfort and welfare of the users are promoted by making the food palatable and attractive.

The expert refrains from dogmatizing as to whether the requisite amount of food shall be split up into bulky meals or in three or four smaller meals. The important consideration is that each individual shall take about the right amount and kind of nourishment per day to maintain him in the most perfect state of health and efficiency.

In respect to the number of meals per day, a man living on natural foods is not likely to go far astray by following nature's dictates to eat when hungry. "False" hunger is not likely to attack a man who lives simply and naturally upon unstimulating foods and drinks.

The one thing many men when giving advice fail to remember is that the amount and kind of food requisite to keep the fires of vigorous youth burning brightly would, if indulged in by him, serve to quench the feeble flames of the man of waning years.

Diagnosed From a Picture. Robert Henri, the painter, once told a story about a Philadelphia physician, Dr. W. W. Keen. An artist was escorting Dr. Keen through an exhibition of pictures.

Before the portrait of a man of middle age the physician stopped. "Do you know this man?" he asked. "I believe," the artist answered, "that it is a Mr. So-and-so."

"Yes; he has been dead for some months." "Well," said Dr. Keen, "I would wager that he died from heart disease." The artist, struck by a skill that could find material for diagnosis in a picture, inquired into the death of the portrait's original and found that the man had indeed died of heart disease the winter before.

Most people stay poor not because they don't make enough but because they spend too much. Once a man was elected to public office and stayed straight, but he died before he took the oath.

There is some hope for a man as long as he knows how to take a hint. We worked so successfully last season. Set 'em old, right on the wheel, and keeps the dish right, too.

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