

SQUAN CREEK FOLKS

Some Local Matters as Recorded in the
Squan Creek "Gazette."

M. QUAD.

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We regret to announce that Bobby, the two-year-old son of Robert Henderson, our justly popular butcher and general hustler, had a fall on the sidewalk the other day and skinned his nose. Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven, and Mr. Henderson will continue to sell fresh and salt meat at the lowest prices.

It was reported around town Monday afternoon that Mrs. Aaron Schemerhorn, wife of our courteous and big-hearted blacksmith, had broken two ribs while leaning over to dip water out of the rain barrel. Our reporter hurried to the house and found the report false. It probably arose from the fact that she cut her foot on a piece of broken glass the same day. She has assured us that she will be at prayer meeting Thursday night as usual, though she may limp a little. Let us thank Providence for her narrow escape.

Last week, in mentioning the various new enterprises on foot in Squan Creek, we stated that Richard Spooner would build a \$400 addition to his beautiful residence on Lobster avenue. Mr. Spooner has called at the Gazette office to make a correction. Instead of building an addition to his house, he is going to tear down and entirely reconstruct his pig pen. The plans and specifications provide for all modern conveniences, and no money will be spared to make it an ornament to the village. Next fall, in case a business boom follows the war, Mr. Spooner may change the 7x9 panes of glass in his mansion for 8x10's.

Among the exciting incidents of last week was the alarm of fire, caused by Mrs. Charles Longman setting fire to

lions of oil, and should begin painting his house next Monday. He will paint it a pea green, and if times continue fair will also make a new gate for the front fence. Such evidences of prosperity make us rejoice, and we are only too glad to chronicle them.

It is our sorrowful duty to chronicle a painful accident to Mrs. Daniel Wheeler, wife of "Dan," the popular and highly esteemed carpenter. Last Tuesday morning she started to carry a 20-pound feather bed upstairs, and had nearly reached the top when her strength gave out, and she fell backwards and bumped to the bottom. Her screams alarmed the neighbors, and they rushed in and laid her on the lounge and sent for Dr. Danforth. He found the victim badly bruised, but with no bones broken, and predicts that she will be about again in two weeks. It was indeed a narrow escape from death, and we cannot repress a shudder as we tender our congratulations. There are times when feather beds become menaces to life and limb, and they cannot be handled too carefully.

The editor of this paper must have at least two meals per day, and clothing of some sort to wear. He has a wife and five children, and they must also be provided for. Last week pie plant was offered on our streets at five cents per bunch, and one bunch would have made seven pies, but alas! we had not the money to buy with. If we were not sorely pinched for cash we should not ask delinquent subscribers to settle up, but, as it is, we hope that the 42 who are owing us will make payment, even if only ten cents a piece. We will take wood, provisions, soft soap, cider vinegar, carpet rags or most anything else on subscription, but three



"THERE ARE FIFTEEN JOHNSONS AROUND HERE."

an old straw bed in her back yard. As the dark smoke billowed to heaven and the lurid flames stretched forth their fiery tongues in every direction, the cry of "Fire!" rang out o'er the peaceful landscape, and in five minutes the entire population of the town was on hand to perform deeds of valor. No harm was done beyond tramping down a few cabbages. The fire bell was rung by Mr. Shakespeare Jones, and the coolness and placidity displayed by him in so doing is the talk of the town.

Two or three weeks ago Mr. Henry White, who is, without doubt, the most accomplished cooper in this state, if not in America, bought a bottle of hartshorn for family use. It was placed on the clock shelf, and two or three days ago, while Mrs. White was temporarily absent from the house, young Herbert climbed up and got possession of the bottle. Later on he was found in the back yard and had got the cork out and was about to drink the contents for lemonade. With a wild shriek of terror the mother dashed forward and wrested the deadly bottle from his innocent hands, and then fell unconscious. Our reporter was almost instantly on the spot, as he always is, but the grim specter of death had spread his wings and gone in search of other prey. That is, young Herbert had been drawn back from the edge of the grave. It is far from our purpose to blame Mrs. White, whose heroism is beyond question, but we must say that there is a warning in this incident. Folks who keep hartshorn in the house can't be too careful of it. One gulp of it and young Herbert would have been with the angels.

We had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Thomas Longfellow as he was on his way to prayer meeting Thursday evening, and he informed us that he had bought two kegs of paint and 1½ gal-

or four dollars in cash would help us out wonderfully just now.

Exaggerated reports of the trifling misunderstanding which occurred between Mr. Jonas Barber and Mr. Darius Baker last Sunday evening are flying about and we feel it our duty to correct them. The gentlemen named were at the wharf when Mr. George Gill brought in a strange fish. One pronounced it a flounder, and the other contended that it was a sunfish. Neither one called the other a liar, and not a blow was struck. All reports about pistols being drawn, blood shed and a terrible struggle are the veriest nonsense. We trust that this statement will settle the matter for good and all.

What might have been a fatal accident, but which turned out to be only a painful one, occurred to William Green, our favorite house painter, one day last week. He was using a rake in the garden, and after laying it down carelessly stepped on the head of it. This brought the handle up with great force, and, hitting him on the forehead, it produced a lump as large as a walnut, and for a moment rendered him unconscious. His shouts of "Fire!" and "Police!" were heard by several neighbors, and they were speedily at hand. They would have called a doctor, but Mr. Green, whose grandfather fought at Bunker Hill, and who is himself a born hero, insisted on sitting down on the doorstep and bathing the lump with camphor, and in the course of an hour he was sufficiently recovered to drive a stray hog out of the garden. In the midst of life we are in death, and you can't be too careful about stepping on rakes and things.

Miss Boodle—Count, how do you know that your diamonds are genuine? Count Otto—By ze advances of ze pawnbroker.—Tit-Bits.

CUPBOARDS FOR SILVER.

Out-of-the-Way Places in Which to Put Treasures of Plate—Sideboard Display Out of Date.

Sideboards laden with silver are out of date in the dining-room. It is de rigueur to have as little of it visible as possible, excepting during the actual service of the table. If one stops, therefore, to think of the large amount of plate used at formal dinner parties, it naturally leads to wonderment about its hiding places at other times.

In many dining-rooms there is apparently a second sideboard, made in the style of 50 years ago. It has drawers above and two large doors below usually decorated with fine metal medallions.

As a piece of furniture it is quite unobtrusive looking, and fits with astonishing closeness into the side wall. The bit of rich brocade that covers its top, the vase of flowers, or perhaps the large punch bowl that stands upon it, give no suggestion of being what it really is, an iron safe.

Here after every meal the silver is put away, the small pieces in the drawers and the larger ones in the compartments below. The combination lock is then turned by the butler, or whoever has the plate in charge.

The latest fad, however, is to have secret safes so well concealed that by even the initiated they are hard to find. The handsome paneled woodwork now so much in vogue suggested the idea.

Among these panels such a place in the wall is chosen as might have answered for a closet. This is fitted up as the inside of a safe should be. The partitions correspond exactly with the wood panels on the wall, and, as these often extend higher than a man's head, it is possible to have a great number of compartments.

Much originality has been brought into play in devising unique means of opening the panels. The majority of them, however, succumb to pressure on some particular spot. Sometimes they slide within the wall or they spring inward by means of hinges that are inside. These are really the most convenient safes, from the fact that the individual stands upright in using them, and they have besides the added advantage of being well hidden.

As a rule, necessity is not sufficiently regarded in so-called home-made safes. It is terrible to have to dive under a window seat whenever one needs an extra teapot. An amusing story is told, however, of a family that thought they had displayed a stroke of genius in converting an old fifteenth century trousseau chest into a safe. No expense had been spared in lining and fitting it up to contain their silver, but so simple a thing as a hold-up for the heavy lid was completely forgotten. The chest, moreover, was very deep, and the man in charge of the silver was very short. One evening when dinner was unduly late and it became necessary to inquire the cause, the unfortunate butler was found with only his boots protruding from the chest. He had bent over too far, and, regardless of his dignity, the heavy lid had shut down upon him.—Boston Globe.

FOOD BETTER THAN TONICS.

Debilitated Energies Do Not in Every Case Require the Stimulation of Drugs.

A professor in one of the medical colleges holds that there is no need of buying and swallowing tonics, because they accomplish no more than a judiciously selected diet will. The professor says that spinach is richer in iron, which is the basis of most tonics, than even the yolk of an egg, while the latter contains more than beef. The ordinary dish of spinach and poached egg is a tonic as potent as one in which iron forms a part, without the harmful effect of other ingredients that enter into the medicinal compound. Plants imbibe iron, and it is through them that we should absorb it into our system. That mineral is present largely in apples, lentils, strawberries, white beans, peas, potatoes and most of the red fruits and vegetables. Stewed black currants, if taken daily in their season, will cure anaemia that has become chronic. It is the experience of mariners that while lime juice is a palliative of scurvy, potatoes are a specific. Nansen in his voyage in the Fram had no occasion to resort to the medicine chest. The concentrated form of all the fruits and vegetables that his men were accustomed to eat in Norway was worth a shipload of drugs. It is the first instance on record of the escape of Arctic explorers confined on shipboard from the ravages of scurvy, and it was due entirely to the tonic effect of the food supplied.—Philadelphia Press.

Black and White. No more fashionable combination is promised this season than that of black and white, although comparatively few women look their best in a toilette where no color is introduced. Daring exhibitions of this black and white idea are seen in all the leading shops.—Detroit Free Press.

The Highest Praise. "Was your friend an agreeable guest?" "Yes, even our cook liked her."—Chicago Daily Record.

Seasonable Lyrics.

By Kengett F. Harris.

Do not complain, O my brother, the killer of fools doth rest. What though his hands be blood-free! His languor is surely the best. Though he should slay from the morning until next day's early morn, Yet for each fool that he slayeth there would two others be born. Yes, were this not, thy revivings still would be unreasoning he; Should he kill off all the fools, it would leave me a mourning for thee.



Hast thou a million of income, then grim want no longer would rage; Thou wouldst find work for the idle—and pay them the maximum wage, Lifting the poor from the gutter, fostering science and art, Holding back from the assessor of all thy vast substance no part. Yes, so thou wouldst, so would others, if they, too, were rich, do the same The trouble with thee and with them is—you haven't a cent to your name.

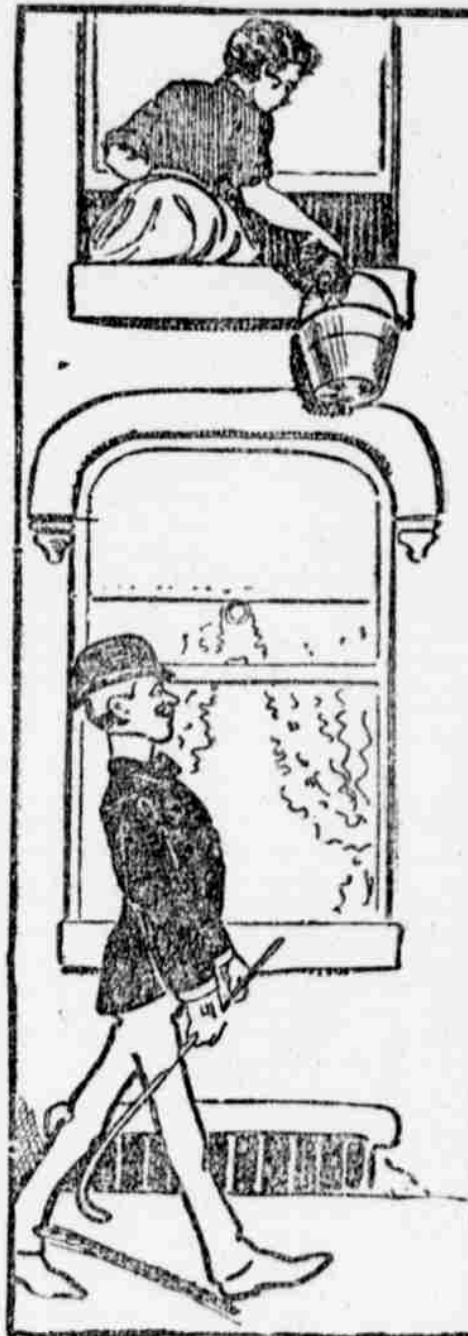


The poet hath studied the woman and deemeth he knoweth her well, And what in his knowledge is lacking the savant can easily tell, In their poor, simple minds they do know and can fathom her every wile; But their wisdom is naught at her glance, it is fled at her touch or her smile. Though the loves of the poet be many, and the sage hath read volumes galore, They are both of them driving babes to a clerk in a big dry-goods store.



Hast thou forsworn the bad habits that once thy perfection did mar, When the fresh beer foamed high in the schooner and slopped its wet trail on the bar?

Hast thou passed up the perfumed perfects, the pipe and the pale cigarette, Quit lying abed late a' mornings? 'Tis well, O my brother, and yet, Oh, brag not so often and loudly, lest men in their weariness scoff And say your new habit by tenfold is worse than the ones you've sworn off.



A maid sat on a window-sill (Sing hey, but she was sweet) And rubbed a pane with right good will, A story from the street. Her form it seemed of passing grace, You could not see that maiden's face, Nor could you see her feet.

Her sleeves tucked up showed dimpled arms (Sing hey, her arms were white), I mentioned that her other charms Were simply out of sight. She worked upon that window-pane With a wet sponge and might and main, Also with main and might.

A man came walking down the street (Sing hey, that man was gay), You could not find a man more neat Wherever you might stray. His hat was new, red was his tie, His collar was extremely high; As for his clothes—well, say!

The maiden looked upon the man (Sing hey, his Sunday best); She dipped her sponge within her pan— 'Tis sad to tell the rest— The sponge with soapy water dripped. Out from her heedless hands it slipped And plunked him on the vest.

It splashed his tie, it splashed his hat (Sing hey, but he was sore); It sprinkled every garment that This wight unhappy wore. His collar was a flabby string, His tie was soiled like everything, As I remarked before.

The maiden looked down from her sill (Sing hey, a merry freeze); She called out very sweetly: "Will You throw that sponge up, please?" The man looked up. His face was red. But what he to that maiden said Is shown by things like these: "!!!"

Where are the bills I've fooled away— The Vs and Xs that I knew For some brief space—at most a day— Before they spread their wings and flew? I wish to Moses that I knew Some sort of plan to make them stay. Or even to hold back a few. Where are the bills I've fooled away?

The bills that I have fooled away Would buy me lots of things I need— A goodly steam yacht and a sway-backed Dachshund of the purest breed. A trotting horse of record speed Would be my own without delay. I'd buy an overcoat, indeed, Had I the bills I've fooled away.

The bills that I have fooled away Are badly scattered everywhere, And who has got those bills to-day I do not know and do not care. What worries me is how to spare Enough of them the rent to pay— One can't pay rent or railroad fare With bills that one has fooled away.

L'ENVOI.

Prince, prithce, only show me where I can dig up some dust to-day— Let me but line my wallet here, And have the bills I've fooled away! —George Henry Brown.

