

### THREE WARNINGS.

Dr. Townly's lips twitched, but he controlled himself. It was a very serious case. And he knew that men and women had died of fright.

Everybody in Torbett township knew just what was the matter.

Miss Sallie Jones, a very estimable lady in middle age, had lain down on her bed knowing that she would soon die. She had received three mysterious warnings. Wherever the case was discussed—and it was talked of now throughout the township and the greater portion of the county—nobody could be found who had ever heard of an instance where a person forewarned had ever received more than three warnings. One was the rule. Cases where two warnings were given the doomed were cited, but they were not so well authenticated.

Miss Jones had lain in bed now three days. Everybody could see her falling. She had a hunted look; her face was pale, sometimes clammy with perspiration. She had not slept now in three nights. Dr. Townly's first resolve was that she should sleep that night—but kept his own counsel.

He really feared the poor lady would die of fright.

After examining her carefully with a puzzled expression he entered the little parlor, which was darkened to keep the flies and the light out, and conversed with Miss Jones' niece, a bright and fairly well-educated girl. The niece had been sent for in haste. She had no patience with the story of the "warnings," but she admitted that she had not had much time to investigate the matter.

She had the forethought, however, to call in the neighbor who had telegraphed her that her presence was required in Torbett.

The neighbor was a member of the leading church in Torbett, who announced herself as the mother of a large family, therefore very conscientious. Miss Jones had not said anything to her until she had slept over the first warning.

"She told me it looked like an angel with wings. She could see the angel's head better than the wings. But the wings were there."

The doctor knew the story, but he asked Mrs. Bennett gruffly: "Where?"

"They were on a melon—a watermelon. It was a melon grown in a patch just back of the henhouse—on the little bench of land very near the ravine."

"Well?" growled the doctor.

"I did see the second warning myself."

"What was it like?"

"It was on a melon, too. It looked just like Miss Jones told me. It was just like the branches of a weeping willow."

"Did anybody else see it?"

"My son John saw it, and a half-dozen of the neighbors saw it."

"How big was the tree—the branches, I mean?"

"They covered the breadth of your hand, I am sure."

"Did Miss Jones say she regarded it as a sign she was going to die? Or suppose the melon hadn't been pulled—or somebody else had picked it up?"

"That's just it. She didn't get the melon—her little nephew, Tommy—he's about 6 years old—he brought the melons in to her. There was an old patch back there once—she never goes into it. Tommy, he was chasing the hens—and run there and found the melons."

"Then she went to bed, did she?"

"No. She wondered what it meant—asked me what I thought. And I haven't said what I thought. It was the first 'sign' I ever saw. And I hope I may never see another."

"Did she show any signs of fright—did she lose her appetite or cry? Was she nervous? Or did she talk much?"

"Neither of the three. She just sat down and rocked herself. If anybody spoke she just looked at us, as much as to say: 'You don't know anything about it. It can't be helped.' Wouldn't be coaxed to eat. We couldn't get her to swallow a cup of tea."

"Well—and then?"

"She got the third warning."

"What was it?"

"It was on another melon. It's not as plain as the others. But hundreds have seen it. It was an overripe melon. Kind of faded away now. She said when Tommy brought it in that she did not need such a plain warning, said she ought to be thankful she got three. And then she laid out her shroud and got into bed. Of course dozens of us were in and out."

"Yes," thought the doctor, "and hundreds more, bigger fools, were telling the story and adding to it."

"What was on the last melon?"

"Just an urn—the same as you see any place."

"Humph!"

"She came over to my house that afternoon. I'd just got the parlor closed and was going to lie down when she walked in without rapping. A thing she never did in her life. 'I am going to die soon,' she said, then she sat down. 'I want you to see that everything is right. You know the most about my things.' I expected then she had another warning, but I waited to see what she would say—sure enough she had. So I went over with her. Then she showed me the melon. I declare, doctor, I almost fainted then. I had to sit down. And I had to help her into bed and send for the neighbors. That's all I can tell you."

The worst of it was it was all true. Deacon Pritchard had called repeatedly and prayed for her; old friends flocked to the house and filled it from the porch to the sickroom—or, rather, the dying-room, as it was now called. The leading druggist pooh-poohed

the story. He had a theory. He imagined he could see somebody experimenting with chemicals. But if the experimenter was wise he'd "sing low." But he ought to write a letter confessing how the trick was done—it was nothing but a chemical trick of some sort.

Meanwhile Miss Sallie Jones was surely but certainly falling. She could not live a week, in the doctor's opinion. If she fell away at the rate he had reckoned. However, he would adhere to his original plan. He would give her enough to insure sleep for four or five hours. Meanwhile he would "overhaul his log." He had served before the mast when in his teens. The sailor lingo still found utterance when he was puzzled.

His thoughts turned toward the melon patch. As far as he could learn nobody had visited the melon patch, a circumstance that did not surprise a man who argued that not one man or woman in ten could see two inches beyond their noses.

On his way out to his buggy he asked for Tommy. Tommy had been taken in by a friendly neighbor. The doctor sat upright in his buggy when Tommy made his appearance.

He was very much alarmed when the doctor asked him to take a little ride with him—as far as the end of the lane.

"Can you show me near where you got the melons for your aunt, Tommy?" the doctor asked in a kindly voice. Tommy thought he could.

"I'll drive around the old back lot," said the doctor.

A heavy growth of locust screened the old back lot from Miss Jones'



SHE GOT THE THIRD WARNING. house. The doctor lifted Tommy out of his buggy and entered the old melon patch. He remained in it ten minutes or more.

Had anybody passed that way he would have heard a gurgle like that made by water dropping into a brook. It was the doctor. His broad chest rose and fell, his head shook convulsively, his eyes were cast upward very much to Tommy's alarm. Then he wiped his eyes (Tommy said afterward, "The doctor cried"), and, placing Tommy carefully outside the dilapidated fence, drove rapidly away.

He returned later in the day, and, summoning the neighbors who had seen the last warnings, closeted himself with them in a room. There he displayed to their wondering eyes facsimiles of the picture they saw on the melons. The pictures the doctor exhibited were made on putty, curved to resemble the surface of a good-sized watermelon.

"Now," said the doctor in his briskest tone, "I want you all to come to the 'dying-room' with me."

The wish of skirts that Miss Jones said she was sure was the wings of the angels who would carry her to heaven proved to be the retinue that attended the doctor, fully resolved to carry out his somewhat vague instructions.

The pale face of the splinterer flushed slightly as the room filled with her friends.

"Miss Jones," began the doctor in a hearty voice, "I've brought these ladies here for a purpose I am sure they will like. I am going to order them to make as much chicken soup, waffles, gravy and mashed potatoes as they can prepare in an hour's time. They are your guests—my guests also. I'll help foot the bill if it's permitted—in short, nothing would give me more pleasure. When they have everything prepared, I want you to get up and set them a good example by eating just as much as you can. You need it. It won't hurt you a bit. I'd advise you to give your shroud to the poor board—you won't have any more use for it than I have for a fifth wheel in my buggy."

Miss Jones craned her head—she was not sure she was not dreaming. But there were nearly a score of familiar faces. She sat up and gazed at the doctor. The doctor laid down a parcel where she could see it. Opening it, he lifted out three flat pieces of stone, saying:

"I have brought you these stones to show you where your three warnings came from. I found them in the old melon patch where they have been lying ever since Jabez Strong smashed his wagon and broke the headstone designed for his third wife into smithereens. He tossed them over the fence. There are enough left, I should judge, to make a dozen more warnings. Provided the melon lying on them is big enough to gather weight—"

The doctor never finished his remarks.

Of all the women present no two can be found who will agree as to the precise words Miss Jones used. She lifted one stone, smiled, sat up, demanded her clothes immediately, got up, selected two of her visitors to assist her, drove the others out of the room amid peals of laughter, and speedily repaired to her kitchen.

All the women agree upon one thing

—that she got up one of the best dinners they ever ate, and one and all aver that she violated all rules by the way she ate when she had served her visitors.

### WISER THAN THE PROFESSOR.

Old Colored Woman Who Knows Something About Fossils.

A scientific gentleman of Washington, who is greatly interested in fossil remains, recently received a very fine specimen, purporting to be of the Devonian or some other old period. He was delighted, and he called in all his friends to decide on what manner of thing the animal was during its lifetime. They were not able to decide, and they were on the point of appealing to some of the government geologists. The great trouble was that the specimen had no head, and the absence of that member combined to make a mystery of the missing link variety. Meanwhile the skeleton was kept carefully guarded in a cabinet especially made for it. One day, after a short absence from the city, the scientist opened the cabinet and found that the fossil had been provided with a head. He was delighted. When he made inquiries his son told him that the friend who had sent him the trunk had found the head and forwarded it to him while he was away. The professor called in his friends, and they decided that the head fitted perfectly, and that it belonged to the fossil. When thus equipped it looked for all the world like one of the dogs one would imagine the cave men to have kept as their pets. The professor felt that he ought to write a treatise on the canines of the paleozoic ages. An old colored woman who takes care of the office came in one day and saw the fossil, with its recent addition. She went up to it and deliberately knocked the head off with her duster. "Foh de Lawd's sake, puffedah!" she exclaimed, "what yo' doin' wid a ol' chicken carcass on yo' skullington?" On minute investigation the professor found that the old woman was correct; but he does not speak to his son now.—Washington Post.

### CITY MAKES THE PROFIT.

How Ownership of Street Railways Operates in Glasgow.

From the beginning Glasgow owned its own street railway lines. It was too careful of its streets to allow any company to control them. Though the conditions under which a company leased the lines for 21 years were highly favorable to the city, at the expiration of the lease it was decided not to renew it. An offer was made to take over the company's rolling stock, stables, etc., on an arbitrator's valuation, on condition that the company should not put on a rival line of buses. As this was declined the council started car shops and equipped the line with new material entirely. On the day of the transfer the competing omnibuses appeared, but the citizens had long experienced the advantages of loyal support of their own government. All the blandishments of the omnibus conductors were unavailing; the omnibuses ran empty, while the street cars were crowded, and soon the chagrined rivals withdrew from the uneven contest. Scotch shrewdness has been justified of her children. For short distances a system of 1-cent fares has been introduced; the cars have been made more elegant and comfortable; electric traction is being installed. In one year the number of passengers was doubled; and after paying interest on the capital and providing an adequate reserve fund, a surplus of \$200,000 is left to pay for open spaces, baths and wash houses, river ferries, art exhibitions, music and improved sanitation.—Harper's Magazine.

### The Australian Bunyip.

Legends of a weird creature called the bunyip, said to have once inhabited the Australian lakes and rivers, still survive at the Antipodes. Whether it was an aboriginal myth or a vanished reality continues to be a debatable point. Some are inclined to think that it was the former, as not a bone or vestige of the bunyip is to be found in any museum or scientific collection. If, however, we are to believe Buckley, the most renowned and remarkable of the wild white men of Australia, the bunyip had a real existence. He alleges that he actually saw one in Lake Modewara, a few miles to the south of Geelong. "The waters of the lake are perfectly fresh, abounding in large eels, which we caught in great abundance. In this lake, as well as in most of the others inland, and in the deep water rivers, is a very extraordinary amphibious animal, which the natives call the bunyip, of which I could never see any part except the back, which appeared to be covered with feathers of a dusky gray color. It seemed to be about the color of a full-grown calf and sometimes larger. The creature only appears when the weather is very calm and the water smooth. I could never learn from any of the natives that they had seen either the head or the tail, so that I could not form a correct idea of its size, or what it was like."

### A Bad Break.

Philadelphia Bulletin: Riva—Did you say, "This is so sudden!" when Jack finally proposed? Nita—No; I intended to, you know, but I was so frustrated that I forgot and cried "At last!" instead.

### Hot Scotch Wins.

"It's a cold day when I get left," said the proud pink lemonade. "I never get left on a cold day," replied the haughty hot Scotch.

### FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

The Village Darning-Needle—Jesus' Folks—Rainy Days—The Games That May Be Played to Make Them Brighter—The Feast of the Dolls.

My Little Boy.

When my little boy is gone, House as lonesome all the day, I can hardly stand the quiet And I want to get away. Silence seems like something real, And it settles like a stone on my heart until—God help me! When my little boy is gone.

When my little boy's away Everything seems kind of blue, And his playthings in the corner Act as if they missed him, too. Hold their little hands to me, Like there's something they would say— Wistfully calling for their master— 'Till my little boy's away.

Set I think my God for this. It is but a little while I'll hear his happy prattle And will see his dimpled smile, With a heart of gratitude. For the hope I thus enjoy, 'Till I pray the common Father To protect my little boy.

He'd rather see his face, Hear his happy laughing ring, Give him tell me that he loves me. Than to be a sceptered King. And I ask no boon but this: Just to hear him at his play; That the child who came from heaven May remain with me always.

When my little boy comes back He'll drive out this beastly quiet, He will fill the still, old house With his happy, childish riot. All his playthings will be glad And there won't be any lack Of the sweetness of the sunshine. When my little boy comes back.

—Denver News.

### The Village Darning-Needle.

"Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do? I've lost the village darning-needle!" cried good Mrs. Dickson, wringing her hands. It was a bright July day in the year 1776, soon after the signing of the declaration of independence; but the people of Mystic had not heard of that great event. It took

sometimes weeks, for news to be carried to towns that were far away from the large cities and seaports. The news of the loss of the village darning-needle was a great blow to the good wives of Mystic. Out they ran, some to scold poor Mrs. Dickson, who had lost it while on her way home from the mill, and some to look for the needle—which was, of course, a great deal more sensible. The village was a long way from any place where new darning-needles could be bought, and women did not go shopping in those days. They stayed at home and spun what goods they needed for clothes and bedding, instead of going to buy it. So it happened that just at that time there was only one darning-needle, and all the housewives used it in turn. It was sent, carefully wrapped up, from one house to another. And now Mrs. Dickson had in some way let it fall from her apron while jolting along on horseback from the mill. Three miles of forest road along which she might have dropped it! It was a deal of space in which to hunt, but hunt they must, or stockings could not be mended! All the children, and all the women, yes, and some of the men, turned out to look for the village darning-needle that bright July day. Meantime, the news of the declaration of independence had reached another village fifteen miles nearer to the city than Mystic was; and after the people there had got over their first excitement, and had settled down to planning how they should celebrate the Fourth of July properly, even if it was a few days late, some one proposed that the news be sent on to Mystic. All the boys in town were eager to go, but Paul Davenport was soon chosen, because he had the swiftest horse, and was known to be a brave and fearless lad. It was no uncommon thing in those days to meet with Indians in that part of the country, and one had to depend mainly on a brave heart and a fast horse then. Paul felt very important as he rode out of the village and started on his journey. It was such a lovely day that it seemed as if nature was really smiling for joy. Most of his way lay through the woods, and he could hear the songs of birds and the chatter of squirrels as he rode along. Fortunately Paul met no one. Few people traveled far from their home in those days. At length he came out of the woods upon the highway that led to the village. He had made up his mind to ride straight to the green, dismount there, and tell his news with all the ceremony it ought to have. He entered the village flying, but strangely enough, he saw no one. The fields were empty, and no housewives were out on the doorsteps, or spreading their webs of linen to bleach in the yards. Doors and windows were wide open, but no faces looked forth. Paul leaped from his horse and went to one of the houses to look in. Everything was in order, and a baby lay asleep in its cradle.

"It could not be a raid by the Indians," thought the boy as he went out, "they would not leave a child, and, besides, there are no marks of 'rattle around.'" Just then he heard a faint sound of shouting. For a minute he was frightened, thinking it was perhaps a band of Indians; but, as he looked, he saw on the edge of the village a crowd of women, boys and girls, with a few men carrying on their shoulders a little girl. The children were capering and shouting, "Hurrah! Hurrah!" Ruth found it! Ruth found it! When Paul got up to the crowd he found what was going on. It was the party of searchers for the lost darning-needle. They had not had to go very far, for before a half mile had been searched, the bright eyes of little Ruth Endicott had gazed

the shining needle in the road. As soon as Paul got a chance, he jumped up on a tree stump and told his news in a loud voice, and then how the people shouted "Hurrah!" The whole village at once set to work to plan a big celebration that very day, but in all their fun they did not forget the little girl who found the darning-needle. She was placed at the head of one of the tables, and some one proposed a toast to "little Ruth Bright-Eyes." And "Bright-Eyes" she was always called after that. MAY W. CLYMER.

### Rainy Days.

"Printing by magic" is great fun. Take a mustard tin and half fill it with boiling water. Add to this six thin slices from a cake of soap and a teaspoonful of turpentine. When cold it will be a jelly. Now get some papers with pictures; paint a very little of this jelly over the picture, spread a clean sheet of paper over it, and then press it hard. Separate the piece of paper from the picture, and you will find you have two pictures instead of one. Have you ever tried coloring the pictures in periodicals or papers or even advertisement pictures with colored chalk. Ask mother if she will give you a penny to buy a box of chalks, and next wet day try it, and I am sure you will agree with me that it is a most delightful employment. Then I wonder if you know that it is possible to buy boxes of modeling clay (red and grey are the nicest). With this clay you can build all kinds of things—ships, houses, animals, almost anything you like in fact. The clay can be used again and again, and, as it is only just moist enough to mold and not moist enough to be messy, there is no need to have a special room in which to use it. The simplest plan is to spread newspapers over an ordinary dining table. This clay can be gotten from toy shops either by the pound or box. Another game is "my house." For this you want some advertisement pages containing illustrations of chairs, tables and an article that would be used in furnishing a house. Vases, clocks and things of that kind all come in. Cut all these things out, and then either arrange them on a table or stick them into a scrap book till all the house is furnished—the dining room with its tables and chairs, the kitchen with its pots and pans, and so on.

### Jesus' Folks.

Little Charlie S. was taking his first railroad journey—at least, the first he could remember. He and his mamma were going east. It was such a sultry midsummer day that nearly all the passengers had fallen into a doze. Little Charlie wondered how anybody could sleep when there was so much to be seen and talked about. He wasn't sleepy, no, indeed! His blue eyes were wide open to catch everything going on, both inside and outside the car. There were so many things he wanted to know! At that particular moment he wanted to know if the train had left Pennsylvania yet; if it were any nearer New York. But his mamma, too, was asleep and being a manly little fellow he would not disturb her. "I can't ask anything," he thought, "Everybody's asleep. I do wish something would happen so I could talk." Presently something did happen. The train slowed up, and the porter called out, "Bethlehem! Bethlehem!" That didn't seem to arouse anybody, not even Charlie's mamma; but Charlie was so much excited that he called out in his clear, high voice, "Mamma, mamma, you must wake up now! Here's where Jesus' folks live!" When his mamma explained that this Bethlehem was not the Bethlehem where the Christ child had lived, the little fellow was greatly disappointed, but the rest of that afternoon the passengers found pleasure in both entertaining and being entertained by the wide-awake little boy.

### The Feast of Dolls.

Every girl in Tokio, from the tiny toddlers to the maids who think themselves women, devote a whole gala week to their dolls. The dolls are beautiful, nicely modeled and clad often in a quaint old court dress of Japan. And yet, whether the dolls or their owners—little girls, maybe of seven, with their hair "done up" and bowered, and walking about in long, fantastically colored kimonos, with pert airs and solemnly affected dignity—are the more entertaining, it would be hard to say. The little dolls belonging to one little girl invite the little dolls belonging to another little girl to a feast, and everything is conducted with decorum and stateliness. Then the invitation comes from the other side. And all day long the little dolls are being taken round to call on other little dolls. For seven days this charming Feast of Dolls lasts, the most eagerly looked forward to festival in the Japanese calendar.—J. F. Fraser, in Round the World on a Wheel.

### The Two Churchills.

A man's double has been a fruitful theme in literature, but now here is a case of a man's namesake, as it were, rivaling him in almost every field. These two men are contemporaries, and very nearly of the same age. Both are ambitious in literature, and both have begun to make names for themselves. One of these, Winston Churchill, is an American, and has just written a most successful novel. The other, Winston Churchill, is only American on his mother's side, being the son of Lady Randolph Churchill. He has been in active service in India, was a war correspondent in Cuba, and rode with the Twenty-first lancers in its famous charge at Omdurman.—Harper's Bazar.

### OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A Variety of Jokes—Gibes and Ironies, Original and Selected—Fitznam and Jettam from the Tide of Humour—Witty Sayings.

Money Wanted. An amusing story is told about a prisoner who was charged with felony the other day at Bow street police court.

On his way to the police station he became quite confidential with his captor, and remarked:

"There is one thing I am sorry for." "What is that?" asked his captor, expecting to hear a confession.

"I had my hair cut last night," said the prisoner, in a dejected tone. "I might have saved that 3d. It's just my luck."—Spare Moments.

Inconsistent.

Uncle Hiram—I don't like them there upper berths in them steam kays. Nephew—Why not, uncle? Uncle Hiram—Why, you have ter git up ter go ter bed.

Sold. Her dilating eyes left no doubt that she was deeply horrified.

"What dreadful people!" she cried. "The Orientals, I mean. They actually sell wives in department stores, I read here!"

"Well, we can't brag much!" protested the man, her husband, speaking in general terms, it is true, but glaring fixedly at the 80 cent rocking chair she had that day paid \$2.50 for at a bargain scramble.—From the Detroit Journal.

What's Civil? A little boy with an interest in the meaning of unfamiliar words said to his mother: "What's the meaning of 'civil'?"

"Kind and polite," answered the mother. A puzzled look brooded for a second on the boy's face. Then he said: "Was it a kind and polite war that was in this country once?"—Pacific Unitarian.

Rough on the Tough. Hearing footsteps on the stairs, the burglar was so frightened that he swallowed a small ring set with precious stones.

"This," he muttered, after a short pause, "is a case of a diamond in the rough, for sure."

Uttering a low, but bitter laugh, he confiscated a bicycle lamp and left the premises.

She Couldn't. "Boys—boys!" said an aged grandmother, "I would not slide down those banisters—I would not do it!"

"Why, grandmother, you couldn't!" said little Charlie, as he picked himself up from the hall floor.

Those Mean Women. Philadelphia Record: "Dr. De Style is at our place two or three times a week, but I never see him at your house."

"No; we don't owe him anything."

Brilliant.

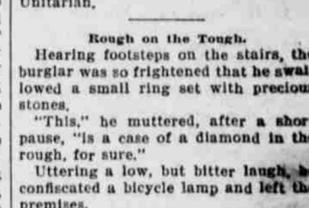
She—Is Mr. Earleedown very bright He—I fancy he is. They say he turns night into day.

The Summer Vacuum. "Awfully stupid lot of men at this resort."

"Don't deceive yourself. Smart people don't try to be entertaining when they take a vacation."

Juvenile Suffering. Chicago Record: "What is Bobby trying about?"

"Our new neighbors are baking ginger bread, and we're not acquainted with them yet."



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