********************** When Grandma Came By C. B. LEWIS

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Young Lucien Davis, son of the village builder, had been courting Tilly Spooner, daughter of the village miller, for six months or more when Grandma Whitbeek came on a visit. She was and she made no secret of the fact that her western home she had heard that girl and that it would probably be a match, and that reason, more than any other, brought her east in midwinter. Grandma Whitbeck arrived in Sunny-

side at an unfortunate hour. The river running through the village was frozen two feet thick and was being used as a boulevard and race course by every villager who had a horse and cutter. There were some good horses and some drivers who were anxious to head the procession, and among the latter was Lucien Davis. It was a untural thing that 'fully Spooner should be with him as he drove and that she should clap her hands in glee when the cutter crossed the line fifty feet ahead of the next best horse for ten miles around. Grandma happened to be crossing the bridge during one of the trials of speed and saw it all, and as she continued to gaze her jaw began to set.

"The idea of it-the idea," she muttered to herself. "My favorite grandson has not only turned to hoss racin', but that gal he is as good as engaged to is sickin' him on the best she knows how. I've got to see about this thing right away."

She did. She hadn't got her bonnet off before she was saying to her daughtens

"Sarah Davis, it seems as if Provi-) dence had sent me here at this time. Do you know what Lucien is doin' at this very minit?"

"He's driving on the ice, 1 believe," was the reply.

"Drivin'! Why, he's hoss racin'; down lickety split-and that Spooner gal, about who you've all been writin' so much, is in the cutter with him and a-sickin' him on. I stopped on the bridge and saw it all, and I'm goin' to tell you right out plain that I'm ashamed of you. I never spected to live to leftle." see the day when you and James would gambler and a murderer and never beat us." even advise him agin it."

"Come, come, mother?" childed the daughter. "They may be driving fast,



call at Spooner's. It was a call that left its mark. She reproved Mrs. Spooner, wondered what sort of a lt Is of All man Mr. Spooner was and wound up by calling 'Illiy an impertiment minx,

mer of light.

One day Lucien had business over toshe had made her will in his favor. In After a drive of two miles and a halt gesta to the eye, the ineffectuality of a at a farmhouse for a moment Lucien toy is out of place in any sort of gar ty others.

"Lucien, what does this mean?" she demanded.

"It's our nearest way home, grandma.

The horse started off at a good pace, but after a couple of minutes two or three others began to draw up to him. In five minutes Grandma Whitbeck began to wriggle around. In six or seven she became so nervous that she asked: "Lucien, what do them fellers back

there want?" "They want to pass me and crow

over it," he replied.

Just then two of the cutters did pass, and the drivers looked back and grin-Lucien held his horse down, ned. however, and he pretended not to mind Two Specimens of Cristofori's Work it when he was passed by two or three others.

"You see, I'm just out for a drive," he explained to grandma.

if you didn't want 'em to?'

crowed over, but I know it's wleked to speed horses."

"Yes, of course it is, but"-

Just then an old crowbalt attached to a home made sled came up and passed the cutter at a jog, and the half dozen boys on the sled had some cutting remarks to make. Grandma did some more wriggling, but she didn't say anything until the mark was reached and the horse had been turned that's what he's doin-goin' up and around for a straight mile course to the bridge. Then she observed:

"Lucien, I don't like to be made a laughing stock of." "Nor I, either."

"But there are five or six men with

"Then shake a lectle harder."

seemed oblivious.

grandma. still gained, and others were heard seffy, Paderewski and others.-Housecoming up. "Shake harder!" Lucien clucked, but he did not draw away from the danger. Grandma waited until the nose of a horse was level with her arm and then said: laughed at you are no grandson of mine. Make your hoss git up and git." Three seconds later she was riding nt a 2:40 clip and holding on to her breath and her bonnet, and three minutes later the bridge was passed and she knew that she had led by a hundred feet. She hadn't a word to say on the way from the river to the house nor for half an hour later. Then tell you what I'll do, though. See that she put her hand on Lucien's shoulder and observed;

TOY GARDENING. Sorts the Most Pitiful and

Ridiculous. Our counsel is to avoid all mimicry Of course, there were results, and in gardening as we would avoid it in those results made at least two hearts speech or in gait. Sometimes we do ache. Lucien was informed in plain not mind being repetitious. "In gar-English that if he didn't "drop that dening," we say, "almost the only gal" he would be dropped out of thing which costs unduly-in money or grandma's will, and, though he refused in mortification-is for one to try to to be bluffed, the situation became give himself somebody else's garden! strained and anything but pleasant. It One of the reasons we give against i was Tilly herself who solved the prob- is that it leads to toy gardening, and ST. PAUL, MINN. tem where others failed to see a glim- toy gardening is of all sorts the most pitiful and ridiculous. "No true art," we say, "can tolerate any make be ward Liverpool, and as it was a bright lieve which is not in some way finer mother to Mrs. Davis, and although February day he asked grandma to go than the reality it simulates. In other over sixty years old it was her boast along. She was glad to get ont and words, imitation should always be in that she could still make things hum, see the country, and she meant to take the nature of an amiable condescen-Lucien was her favorite grandchild, advantage of the occasion to have a sion. Whatever falseness, pretension long private talk with the young man, or even mere frality or smallness sughe was "keeping company" with a headed the horse back home, and he dening." We do not actually speak all fore grandma knew where she was the this, but we imply it, and we often find outfit was on the ice along with twen- that the mere utterance of the words "toy gardening" has a magical effect to suggest all the rest and to overwhelm with contrition the bad taste and frivolity of many a misguided attempt at adoramient. At that word of exoreism joints of cerulean sewer pipe crested with searlet geraniums, rows of white cobbles along the walk or drive like a cannibal's skulls around his hut, purple paint kegs of petunias on the scanty doorsteps, crimson wash kettles of verbenas, anthill rockeries and well sweeps and curbs where no wells are, go modestly and forever into oblivion.--G. W. Cable in Scribner's.

FIRST PIANO MAKER.

Still In Existence.

It was a harpsichord maker, Cristoforl, in the employ of the Duke of Tuscany, who in 1711 made the first suc "Yes, I know. Could they pass you cessful plano. As curator of Ferdinand de Medici he had a splendid collection "Hardly. I hate to be grinned at and of Belgian, French and Italian instruments to look after, and this undoubtedly aided him, though the model was by keeping it in a safe place such as so crude that the inventor could never have dreamed a monument would ever be crected in his memory. There are only two grand pianofortes of Cristofori in existence.

One decorated in gold and Chinese figures is in Florence, and the other is in the Crosby-Brown collection in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Three spend from it. Don't you want to documents attest the authenticity of know more about it. this last instrument, which was purchased from Signor Diego Martelli.

From this feeble beginning a long list of names could be mentioned of men "Then if any more crowbatts come who helped perfect the plano. But facup you might shake on the lines a tories alone could never have achieved without royalty to encourage and virtuosos to play. Frederick the Great or see Lucien become a hoss racer and a good horses who will surely try to dered five planos for his palace, where they can be seen at the present day. Marle Antoinette was a patron of the One of the good horses presently art, and Clementi in England and Mocame pounding up behind, but Lucien zart in Germany introduced the instruments, so it became a part of life. It tention to the farmer patrons. The "I said shake the lines," remarked was in Pleyel's concert room that Cho- tables are supplied with the best pin played, and our later firms have the markets afford. The young man shook, but the horse brought out a long list of artists-Jo keeper.



"LUCIEN DAVIS, MAKE YOUR HOSS OFT UP AND GIT!

and one horse may come out ahead of the other, but it's not horse racing. There are people driving on the lee who belong to the church. It's simply recreation. I was driving with Lucien myself yesterday, and I enjoyed it immensely."

"Don't talk to me, Sarah Davis! I know a hoss race when I see one, and I know that hoss racin' leads to gamblin' and murder. If folks around here think they can be Christians and hoss race at the same time let 'em go ahead, but I can tell 'em where they'll end up. 1 was in hopes I should take a likin' to that Spooner gal, but I never, never can. Any gal who will urge a young man on to his doom ought to be sent to jail, and I'll tell her so whenever I see her."

When Lucien came home he got a bad roasting from grandma. He tried to explain, but it was no go. Grandmn had her opinion, and it was:

"It nin't a bit of use to waste your breath, Lucien. I'm disapp'inted in your father and mother and in you. When I was here last you was splittin' wood and studyin' your Sunday school lesson all the time. When I come this time I find you hoss racin' and on your way to state's prison. I feel it my duty to save you if I can, and I'm goin' to try and think up a way to do it."

The idea was to propitiate grandma as much as possible, and yet Lucion did not cease to "hoss race" now and then and to take Tilly Spooner along. as before. The family would have liked to bring about an introduction between the girl and the old lady. but it was looked upon as too risky. Little was said after the first two or three days, but grandma kept up a great thinking, with the result that one day, two weeks later, she slipped out of the house and made a

Tilly Spooner over here tonight to hear me say so."

Lady Holland's Luncheon Ablutions.

Lady Murster, granddaughter of King William IV, of England, relates in her brilliant silver and glass, the smart footmen, and, most of all, a most face-the palest face, I think, I ever saw and with such a heavenly, sweet smile. She sat in a large armchair, and her occupation seemed to me, even young

as I was, strange in a dining room. She was not altting at the dining room table with every one else, but in a corner of the room. A maid was kneeling by her bathing the pale, sweet, smiling lady's feet-the lovellest white feet-in a large china foot tub! This lady was It said that these, to outsiders, peculiar ablutions took place in the dining room of Holland House during luncheon whether there were visitors or not?"

The Bloodstone.

"Most persons know very little about the stones of which they so glibly talk," remarked a gem expert. "Very few have any idea of what a bloodstone is, though the red spotted green heliotrope commonly goes by that name. Here are two pleces of real bloodstone, the bloodstone of the anclents. As you see, they are black. By rubbing one on the other I draw what looks to be blood. Touching it to my hand it leaves a bloodlike stain. No, there's no trick about it. These bits of black stone are simply hematite, and hematite is the real bloodstone. Not one person in 10,000 seems to know this."-Philadelphia Record.

Doctor's Fee Remained In the Well. "The queerest fee I ever had offered to me was by an old farmer up in Monroe county," said a prominent phy-"Lucien Davis, if you let me be sician who is also something of a sportsman. "I was up there one year for the trout fishing, and one evening I was summened from the hotel where I was stopping to attend an old woman in the neighborhood who had suddenly been taken ill. After I had fixed her up her husband said to me: 'Doc, I don't know what your charge is, but I ain't got no ready cash about me. I'll well over there? There's one of the finest trout you ever seen in that there "I guess things have changed since well, an' if you can ketch him he's I was a gal. I guess that beatin' the yourn.' I had no tackle with me, and other hoss hain't hoss rach' or gam. as I had to return to the city next blin' or murder, and you'd better bring morning I missed the opportunity to collect my fee."-Philadelphia Record.

The Imperial Eagle.

The imperial eagle, the largest of the species known, files to a height of from 10,000 to 15,000 feet. It is a nabiography that in 1837 she went with tive of South America, and its habitat her mother to take luncheon with Lady is among the lofty mountains of that Holland. "To this day," she says, "I country. Its power of flying to high never taste cold turkey and salad with- altitudes is only exceeded by the conout their conjuring up in my mind's dor of the Andes, which is said to have eye Holland House dining room, full of attained the height of six miles, or within one mile of the greatest height ever attained by a balloon. The eagle charming looking lady with a very pale sails in the air at heights ranging from three to five miles and when seen to soar upward by an observer on the earth's surface disappears from sight in about three minutes.

A Little Cold Blooded.

"Speaking of cold blooded methods in business," said a southern merchant, "reminds me of a story they tell about a New York drummer who died suddenly in an Atlanta hotel. The coroner the famous Lady Holland, and I heard | telegraphed to his firm, saying: Your representative died here today. I await your instructions.' In a few hours this answer came back: 'Search his pockets for orders. Express his samples to New York. Give the body to a medical college."

A Counterirritant.

"What is a counterirritant?" asked Mrs. Smithers.

"A counterirritant," replied Smithers, "Is a woman who makes the clerk pull down everything from the shelves for two hours and then buys 4 cents' worth of hairpins."-Cleveland Press.

Economy.

Friend - If your washerwoman charges by the piece, it must be rather expensive. Young Housekeeper-Oh, no. She loses so many things that her bills are never high .- New York Week-15.

agreeable to taste, but undoubtedly injurious to the stomach. A little good Whisky is a fine tonic and helps instead of harming. Such Whiskies as Yellowstone, for instance, will do you just as much good as a doctor's prescription. If you don't know how good it is

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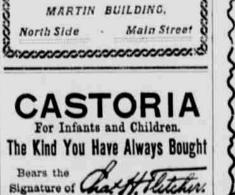
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