

GRIGSBY'S LAWSUIT.

A Prairie Fire Settled the Case Amicably.



WON'T be trampled on by Seth Stubblefield no longer!" sputtered Farmer Grigsby, in a towering rage. "I'll her the law on him, that's what I'll do!" Mrs. Grigsby was washing clothes in the back yard, where a bent and gnarled old apple tree made a shady spot for her tub. "What has Seth Stubblefield been a-doin' now, Hiram?" she asked, in a querulous voice.

"What's he been a-doin'?" snarled the farmer. "Ain't his cows been tromlin' my cornfield ag'in, an' ruined more'n a acre of corn? Pretty nigh ready for the second plowin', it was, too! But I'll put a stop to it afore long. Human natur' can't stand every-thing, an' if he don't fix up his end of the division fence, or keep his cattle out of my field, I'll sue him! I'll sue him fur damages as sure as eggs is eggs!"

"It's no more'n you'd ought to a' done long ago," assented Mrs. Grigsby, clapping a handful of softsoap on a homespun sheet and rubbing it vigorously on the wooden washboard. "You've been too easy with him, Hiram."

"I shan't be easy with him no longer," assented Hiram, aggressively. "I shall go and see Squire Barnacle this very day."

And, striding to the stable, he saddled the sorrel cob and proceeded to put his threat into execution while his anger was still at fever heat.

It was not so very long since the Grigsbys and Stubblefields had been

the best of friends and neighbors. Scarcely a week elapsed without a visit between the two families.

Hiram Grigsby and Seth Stubblefield exchanged work at corn-planting and harvest time, and their wives consulted each other on such momentous questions as soft-soap, or apple-butter making, and the relative merits of Plymouth Rock and Black Spanish fowls as layers and setters.

Tom Grigsby and Ben Stubblefield, well-known lads of sixteen and seventeen years of age, had been chums ever since they were "little tacksies."

They attended "deestrick school" together in winter, and went gunning or fishing, and helped each other pile shocks in the harvest field in summer.

The daughters of the two families were also on the best of terms. They exchanged patchwork scraps and basque patterns, confided important secrets to one another, and were, in fact, kindred spirits in every respect.

This friendly intercourse continued until the feud broke out, and all neighborly feeling was at an end.

How the trouble began, or which party was most to blame, it would be hard to say. Doubtless there was some fault on both sides.

At all events the hatchet was dug up, and hostilities were carried on, until, from sympathizing friends, the two families became relentless enemies.

Farmer Grigsby fenced up the little pool which ran from his spring, and from which his neighbor's stock had been wont to quench their thirst for years gone by.

Farmer Stubblefield at once retaliated by blocking the private road through his woods pasture, thereby forcing the Grigsbys to drive two miles further around in hauling cord-wood, or taking their garden truck to market.

brown leaves had already been drawn from the oven and set on the wide pantry shelf to cool.

A home-cured ham was gently simmering over the stove, and the twelve o'clock dinner was under way.

Farmer Grigsby sat moodily awaiting the coming meal, when Tom Grigsby dashed into the house.

"Forest fires!" he shouted. "The fence has caught, an' it's almost up to the stacks!"

In a moment all was confusion. The farmer seized a spade and rushed to the rescue of his crops.

His wife and daughters eagerly followed, each armed with a stout cudgel, to assist in battling with the devouring element.

For weeks there had been a drought leaving the grass and underbrush as dry as tinder. The flames swept rapidly forward. Rail fences and fallen brushwood cracked in the fierce heat.

Bravely the anxious family fought for their possessions, only to be baffled and driven back by the relentless flames.

Overcome at last by exhaustion and despair, Farmer Grigsby dropped his weapon and groaned aloud.

"The crops must go!" he sighed, hopelessly. "I am a ruined man. If we can save the ole homestead, it's more'n I expect."

But, even as he spoke, an encouraging shout was heard from the deserted footpath, which led "across lots."

"Keep a stout heart, neighbor. We'll see you through!"

Every eye turned in the direction of the cherry sound, to behold the stalwart figure of Seth Stubblefield hurrying forward, a stout spade on his shoulder.

At his heels came his son Ben, carrying a long-handled shovel, and following closely after him were Mrs. Stubblefield and Susan, the one bandishing a rake and the other a hoe.

New strength was infused into the Grigsby family by this timely reinforcement, and all hands fell to work to haffle the advancing enemy.

The men, with their spades, beat out every fresh blaze made by the spreading flames. The boys tore down endangered fences, and carried the rails out of harm's way.

The rake and hoe, in the hands of the women, were used to good advantage in drawing dead leaves and other debris away from the line of the encroaching fire, and the girls brought water around in tin pails and handed dripping gourdfuls of the refreshing element to the thirsty and perspiring workers.

Their heroic efforts were crowned with victory at last. The persistent foe was conquered, with no more serious loss than the destruction of a few rods of rail fence.

TWO GIRLS AND A MAN.

The Young Women Found Life Less Serious Than He Did.

He was carefully dressed. There was not the slightest blemish on his silk hat. His trousers were carefully creased, his coat was long, and he held his stick in the approved fashion. With him were two charming-looking women, their teeth white and small, and their gray eyes bright with an honest, mirthful sparkle. They boarded a Broadway cable car, the girls climbing up with unconventional alacrity, the man swinging himself to the platform with an assumption of easy dignity. The girls plumped themselves down on a seat and then crowded closely together, for the car was about full, to make room for him.

"Sit here, George. There is plenty of room," said one, patting about two inches of space with a little hand that in a mouse-colored glove looked very pretty.

"Oh, no," said George, graciously. "You will be more comfortable if I stand up." So the girls smiled and laughed and chatted, while he stood straight up with a lofty, "know-it-all" air. Those girls were delightful to the rest of the passengers. There was something about them that showed that they were not New York girls, though they were dressed in the proper New York fashion. They were wholesome-looking girls, who smiled when they were pleased and laughed when they were amused. They were full of youthful spirits and their innocent frankness was reflected in their pretty faces.

When they laughed they made no attempt to conceal the clearing ring of their voices. There was not the slightest affectation in their manner; not the faintest trace of a "pose."

Every movement and posture of the young man was studied to give him a cold, calm, superior appearance. If he were not to the New York manner-born, he was at least carefully trained to it.

It was warm in the car, and he stepped forward to catch the cooling breeze from the front platform. The door was open and he took up a dignified position there.

"No standing on the platform," said the gripman, curtly.

"Oh, is that the rule?" said the other, stepping back.

In two pairs of gray eyes there was a gleam of fun that "George" should have been caught trespassing a New York rule. One pair of pretty lips curved suspiciously, giving warning of a little laugh. Another pair, pressed tightly together, held in check what would have been a musical peal. Swift glances were exchanged.

Just then the car gave a quick twist, and "George" went forward with a lurch. To save himself, he caught the handle of one of the doors. The weight of his body drew it toward him. Broadway cars, as those who ride on them know, have double doors. When one opens it his brother does the same. When one closes the other comes half way to meet it. Poor George worked his own destruction. His body kept the doors from closing entirely, but they crushed his splendid hat and they skinned his well-shod nose, sending his stick to the floor with a most unconventional clatter.

There was an alarm in the faces of the young women then, but when he gathered up his hat and stick, and with a bored, uninterested look on his face, resumed as easy a position as circumstances would permit, the countenances of the girls changed.

"A man-trap," he said, with calm scorn, and at that it came—two bursts of ringing laughter. They tried to stop, but they could not. He did look like a fool standing there with a naughty look on his face, but a battered hat on his head, a passionless, stony eye, but a skinned nose. Peal after peal came, not loud and vulgar, but musical and mirth-stirring. There was no stopping that merriment. Every time their eyes met they either began with a giggle and ended with a laugh, or starting with a laugh, ran it into a giggle. And all the while he stood in his end of the car like a statue which some irreverent man had decorated with a smashed silk hat.

The passengers, two, were joining in the chorus. That merriment was irresistibly infectious, and however much one could admire the unfinching courage the young man, sympathy was with those girls, who did not take life so seriously as the man.

Finally they got up. Before they reached the rear platform the young man began to administer a severe reproof in a low tone.

"Isn't it enough," he said, "to have a gripman show his insolence, and to have a lot of stupid passengers snicker at a man's unavoidable mishaps, without having his own siffers humiliate him?"

"But, George," said one in a whisper "you did look so funny."

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Enforced abstinence from books and periodicals after the operation on his eye was most irksome to Mr. Gladstone. He made the best of his idleness by having one of his secretaries read the second book of the *Æneid* to him in the original, but frequently he would take the Latin words out of the reader's mouth and recite them from memory.

—Probably the dean of American statesmen is ex-Senator James W. Bradbury, of Maine. He has celebrated his ninety-second birthday, and is just two years older than the venerable George W. Jones, of Iowa. Mr. Bradbury's classmates in college were Longfellow and Hawthorne, and he sat in the senate with Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Benton and Sum Houston.

—Mrs. Mary Crossland states, in her "Literary Landmarks," that Lady Blessington and other of the poet Byron's intimates pronounced his name "Biron." The conclusion drawn is that his owner must have pronounced it that way himself. According to Leigh Hunt, Byron called himself both "Byron" and "Biron." The Guiccioli called him "Bairon," and Mary Jane Clairmont's daughter figures in the codicil which concerns her as "Allegria Biron."

—The president of the Canadian Pacific railway, Sir William Cornelius Van Horne, began life as a telegraph operator on the Illinois Central railroad at Chicago. He then became in turn ticket agent, train-dispatcher, telegraph superintendent, division superintendent, general superintendent, and finally general manager of various systems, before he took hold of the problem of the Canadian Pacific. By his indomitable energy the railway was completed five years ahead of contract time.

—Miss Alice King, the blind novelist, who died recently in England, must have been a woman of extraordinary perseverance. She was born with defective vision, and became totally blind at the age seven. Nevertheless, her education went on under her mother's guidance, and she acquired by ear seven languages. She learned to use a typewriter, with which she wrote her manuscripts, which were afterward read by her sister. Most of the proceeds of her literary work were devoted to benevolences.

—Mrs. Abram S. Hewitt, who is a daughter of the late Peter Cooper, the philanthropist, is very much interested in all works on formal gardening, giving descriptions of old places and how they are arranged and planted. She is very much interested in laces. All sorts of curious and intricate stitches and drawn work she studies. She has a large collection of decorative laces, and is quite an authority on stuffs of all sorts, having made a great study of different kinds of weaving and embroideries. She has a large collection of ancient and modern stuffs, also of books relating to their study.

—With Glittering Success.—Popper (testily):—"For Heaven's sake! What's that baby howling for so?" Mrs. Popper:—"I just spanked him to make him stop crying."—Puck.

—He Knew.—Caller:—"Can I see Miss Snuggles?" Servant:—"She's engaged, sir." Caller:—"Of course she is, and I'm the man she's engaged to." Servant:—"Oh, no!—Detroit Free Press.

—Dobbs:—"Sir Isaac Newton—yes—he was one of the founders of Punch, was he not?" Fobbs:—"Good Lord, no! What do you mean?" Dobbs:—"Why, he was the discoverer of the law of gravity."—Harlem Life.

—Did Flo give you anything for your birthday?" "Yes; an absurd daisy she called a picture. What would you say it was?" (Looking at picture.) "I can't think what name I did give it when I painted it."—Inter-Ocean.

—To Please Judge Lynch.—Miss Border:—"My father was very light on his feet, even to the day of his death." Miss Sydgit:—"So I understand. I heard that on the day he died he actually danced on nothing."—N. Y. Herald.

—At the Popular Summer Resort.—She:—"Ah, father's gray mare is a splendid horse; and then the black one—just as furious!" He:—"Does he drive a victoria or a dog-cart?" She:—"Oh, no; only wagons. Paw is an expressman."—Judge.

—A Matter of Opinion.—Maud:—"Please, ma'am, I'd like to give you a week's notice." Mistress:—"Why, Mary, this is a surprise! Do you hope to better yourself?" Maid (blushing):—"Well, not exactly that, ma'am. I'm going to get married."—Truth.

—As to Advertising.—Merchant:—"Do you think advertising pays?" Book Agent:—"No, I don't. Merchant:—"Why not?" Book Agent:—"Why not? Because it takes all the people to your store to buy goods, and I can't find anybody at home to sell a book to; that's why not."—Chicago News.

—The Usual Way.—Wiggs:—"Here comes Blackson. Let's cross over. I don't care to meet him if I can help it. We had trouble together in business relations once." Biggs:—"Ah, I see. And he got the best of you, I suppose?" Wiggs:—"Well, no, he didn't. In fact, I rather think I got the best of him."—Somerville Journal.

—Grace—"I don't know what I am going to do!" Ethel—"Why, what is the matter?" Grace—"Why, Mr. Fearer, of Paris, was talking very earnestly to me in French last night, and I didn't quite understand him, as he spoke so impetuously; I replied 'Out, out!' several times. It has just occurred to me that perhaps he was proposing!"—Tit-Bits.

—My darling," wrote the absent husband, "I am very lonesome, very unhappy, without you here. There is enough to amuse one in this place, but I can not take any pleasure in anything while my darling is absent from me. In fact, my life is miserable without you." "Dear fellow," she murmured, as a ravishing smile stole over her face, and she tenderly kissed the epistle. "What delightful letters he writes!"—N. Y. Press.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE PUNCTUATION POINTS.

Six little marks from school are we; Very important, all agree. Filled to the brim with mystery, Six little marks from school.

One little mark is round and small. But where it stands the voice must fall. At the close of a sentence, all Place this little mark from school:

One little mark, with gown a-trailing, Holds up the voice, and never failing; Tells you not to pause when halting. This little mark from school:

If out of breath you chance to meet, Two little dots, both round and neat, Pause, and these tiny guardians greet— These little marks from school:

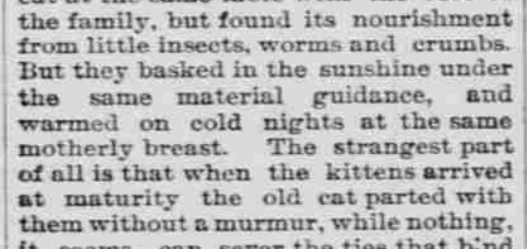
When shorter pauses are your pleasure, One trails his sword—takes half the measure. Then speeds you on to seek new treasure. This little mark from school:

One little mark, ear-shaped, implies, "Keep up the voice—await replies." To gather information tries. This little mark from school:

Six little marks! Be sure to heed us; Carefully study, write and read us. For you can never cease to need us. Six little marks from school! —Julia M. Colton, in St. Nicholas.

STRANGE COMRADES.

How a Cat and a Chicken Struck Up a Close Companionship. Chickens and cats, collectively, are not considered the most congenial companions. A strange exception to the emity that usually exists between the feline and the feathered tribes is to be found in Mount Vernon, Ill., in the household of a photographer, where the family cat, with an instinct of



STRANGE FRIENDS.

material solicitude rarely exhibited in animals for the young of other species, took into her fold of newly-born kittens a little orphan chicken, cherishing it as one of her own offspring. The little waif was accidentally cast upon the world, the egg which contained it being hatched in an unaccountable way, without the warmth always given by the mother hen. The little kittens and their adopted sister thrived in peace and harmony together. Of course, the little stranger did not eat at the same table with the rest of the family, but found its nourishment from little insects, worms and crumbs. But they basked in the sunshine under the same material guidance, and warmed on cold nights at the same motherly breast.

The strangest part of all is that when the kittens arrived at maturity the old cat parted with them without a murmur, while nothing, it seems, can sever the ties that bind her to the chicken, now grown to stately henhood.

MOTHER KANGAROO.

This Tells You How She Lives and Brings Up Her Children. This mother is as fond of jumping as the grasshopper is, and nature has given her the power to take long leaps and to get over the ground faster than way than most animals do in running. She takes sometimes thirty feet at a jump, which is pretty rapid locomotion, you see.

The kangaroo, for I suppose you know what animal is referred to, can walk, but it is an awkward walk at best. Apparently it would be better to hop when hopping is so much easier, and no doubt the kangaroo thinks so. The tail of the kangaroo is almost as good as a fifth leg to her. She rests upon it in walking or jumping and uses it as a weapon to strike animals that attack her.

The kangaroo is said to be a sociable animal. It lives in the woods, in herds. But the strangest thing about the mother kangaroo is the way she arranges her nursery. She does not construct a house in a cave or a hollow tree or in the ground. Nature has provided her with a soft, furry bag on the under side of her body. So she carries her babies around with her everywhere she goes. In this bag the babies stay until, at eight or nine months old, they have grown strong enough to hop out a little and eat some nice, fresh grass while the mother is getting her own dinner.

But even when it gets to be a pretty big child the baby kangaroo likes to creep back again sometimes to its cozy, warm summer nursery and take a nap. And while the babies are hopping about the mother is very watchful. At the slightest suspicion of danger she picks up her children, pops them into the bag and off she hops with them to a safer place.

In Australia the giant kangaroos are hunted for food. They are very good to eat, and they often have occasion to hop as fast as they can to get out of the way of hunters who are determined to have a good dinner of kangaroo meat. Sometimes they are caught in nets. Indeed, there are all sorts of ways of catching them.

Pearls and Joys. Little boys are little joys. When they are loving and true; Little girls are little pearls. When they are sweet-like you! —Youth's Companion.

MINGO'S FIFTH HAND.

The Remarkable Things a Monkey Could Do with His Tail.

I was standing one day by the house of a large Newfoundland dog, whose attention was evidently much taken up by a number of lusty puppies, writes Charles Frederick Holder, when evidently I noticed a slender snake-like object gradually slip out of a neighboring dog house, and insert its tip into the door of the first dog house.

The shaggy mother within blinked quite peacefully, and one of the puppies galloped toward the intruder. Evidently this was what was wanted, for immediately the object coiled around the leg of the puppy in a gentle, friendly manner and began to pull him toward the door.

The little dog protested after the manner of his kind, but the visitor was persistent, and slowly the puppy was dragged out of his own house, across the foot of space between, and after some little snuffling disappeared into the other house.

A moment later along came a kitten, and stopped before the doorway of the second doghouse, and out came the long, insinuating object again, and before the kitten could object, even had she been so disposed, one of her hind legs was encircled, and she, like the puppy, moved toward the doorway, dragged along till first.

She uttered a single plaintive meow, which, understanding something of the cat language, I considered more a sound of passive acquiescence than anything else.

My eyes soon again reverted to the opening encountered a pair of great brown eyes, pathetic and mournful to a degree, peering from beneath gray eyebrows.

For a moment the eyes looked at me, then seeing that I was friendly, the head to which they belonged came out, and there rose before me the owner of the mysterious serpentine object—a monster so tall and slender, so completely given over to arms and tail that I could only compare it to a gigantic spider coming out of its den.

It stood up, reaching one long, attenuated arm almost to my shoulder, and then I perceived that it held under the other the puppy, whose blue eyes blinked at me in amazement.

Another step and out came the kitten, the monkey's marvelous tail, which was like a fifth hand, still clasped firmly about her leg.

Upon leaving his house Mingo assumed a perfectly upright position, holding one hand over his head, and, then occasionally dropping to all four, he crossed the little grass plot and easily swung himself into a tree.

His long tail stretched out to its full length, and by it he actually lifted the kitten until, when four or more feet from the ground she scrambled at the limb and aided herself up.

Mingo finally settled himself on a bough with the puppy, which he held closely in his arms.

The Monkey, the Puppy and the Kitten. Mingo, the Spider monkey, belonged to a tribe known as Costa, and came from the valley of the Amazon.

Mingo's fifth hand or tail was so deft and cunning in all its movements that one wondered whether somewhere there was not an eye or two concealed in the coarse hairs to enable it to find its way about.

When Mingo walked a limb the fifth hand was invariably caught on a higher limb so that, when he lost his hold, as he sometimes did, with his hands and feet, he swung in safety by the tail.

The tail was frequently employed to inspect crevices in its owner's house, and it could pick up very small objects with the greatest ease.

When approached, Mingo would often extend his tail and grasp one's finger with it in a most confiding manner.

A Serious Case, Indeed. Few things vex a physician more than to be sent for in great haste at an unreasonable hour, only to find upon arrival that little or nothing is the matter with the patient. An eminent English surgeon was called to an "urgent case" of this sort, and found that the patient, who was a man of great wealth but small courage, had received a very slight wound from a fall. The surgeon's face did not betray his irritation, but he gave his servant orders to go home with all possible haste and return with a certain plaster. The patient, turning very pale, said, anxiously: "I trust, sir, there is no great and immediate danger?" "Indeed there is," answered the surgeon. "Why, if that fellow doesn't run like a racehorse, there's no telling but your wound will heal before he gets back with the plaster!"