

NOT A BAD MATCH

By DON LA GRANGE.

One day the good Deacon Pennybone, of the village of Delhi, found it necessary to drive over to the village of Wharton, six miles away. He was hitching up his horse and buggy when Mrs. Hannah Savage came to the house to say:

"Deacon, they say you are going to drive over to Wharton today?"

"Yes, I am," was the reply.

"Got a load?"

"Only a jug to be filled with fle."

"You know my sister Sarah lives over there?"

"Yes, guess she do, though I hain't much of a hand to keep track of folks' sisters."

"Well, Sarah's got a baby a year old, and she writes me that it can't walk yet. Something seems to be the matter with his knees or back."

"It sure orter be walkin' at a year old. They say I wasn't quite ten months old when I could trot right out doors. Do you want to send any word to Sarah?"

"I want to drive over and back with you."

"All right. You be ready in fifteen minutes. Guess the old mare can take us both and not get tuckered out."

Deacon Pennybone was a widower. Hannah Savage was a widow. They had both lived in Delhi for years, and both belonged to the same church, but gossip had never even hinted a marriage between them. It had never hinted that either one of them would marry again.

The drive to Wharton was made. The deacon went to get his jug filled with oil, and the widow to see her sister and the baby. The baby was walking all right. The next day after its mother had written about its walkless condition it had got choked on a spool of thread and been shook and dangled head downwards with vigorous hand! Ten minutes later it was taking its first steps.

The drive out and back was pleasant. The widower and widow talked about the new spire for the meeting house that was going to be erected—the death of Silas White's cow—the plenty of potato-bugs—the success of the late Sunday school picnic and even the best way of killing off burdocks so they would stay killed, but not a word nor a hint of anything closer. They were just neighbors. If the subject of the heathen of Africa had been brought up they might have discussed it for miles to the exclusion of all else.

The deacon's sister was his housekeeper. She was a sour-faced old maid with a sharp tongue, and when her brother got back home she felt it her duty to say something. She therefore remarked:

"I suppose the match was at least half-made today?"

"What match?" asked the deacon.

"She's been trying to catch a man for the last five years."

"Ruth, who you talkin' about?"

"Why, the widow Savage."

"What's wrong with her?"

"She'd like to change her name to Pennybone!"

"Say, now," replied the deacon as he fired up, "you quit talkin' that way! She hain't the slightest idea of it. If she has I hain't."

"All widders want to marry again," said the sister.

"Then let 'em marry, but none of 'em will marry me!"

When the widow Savage got home Mrs. Goodhue, a neighbor, dropped in to ask about the baby over at Wharton that couldn't walk. She was given full information, and then she remarked:

"Lots of folks thought it funny."

"What was?"

"Your riding over there with Deacon Pennybone."

"But I don't see anything funny about that."

"Well, you hadn't been gone half an hour when the story was around that you and the deacon had gone away to get married."

"Upon my soul! The deacon and me get married! Why, he don't want me, and I don't want him. If the fool-killer would come along he'd find plenty to do in this town!"

"Then—then—"

"Then nothing!"

What a curious thing is human nature! Here were two people who were neighbors and friends—nothing more. They hadn't thought of each other once a week, unless happening to meet. But now, because a sour-tempered old maid and a gossipy neighbor made a few remarks they began thinking of each other.

"By gosh!" said the deacon to himself as he sat down to milk the cow that evening. "The widdler Savage wouldn't be such a bad match if a feller wanted to marry agin. She's purty good lookin' when she's got her Sunday duds on, and she can talk like a streak and talk sense too. I've heard she was a savin' woman, and had money in the bank."

And as the widow Savage cleared away her supper dishes she smiled and mused:

"So they thought the deacon and me were going to elope and get married! Um! Guess he'd be the last man I'd think of, though I will say for him that he's good-tempered and upright. He pays his debts and never says anything mean of anybody. If I wanted to get married agin, which I don't and the deacon wanted to get married agin, which he don't—why—"

It is highly probable that the deacon did some more thinking, as in

about four weeks after that drive to Wharton and back he called at the house of his pastor and said:

"Pastor, I know a widdler woman in this town."

"Yes?" was replied.

"She's a church member."

"Yes?"

"She's a darned nice woman!"

"Be careful, deacon!"

"I'm kinder thinkin' that as I am a widower and she a widdler we might make a match."

"Yes?"

"She's purty well off, and I'm purty well off, and—"

"And what?"

"Why, I've come to ask you what you think about it."

"Do you love her?" asked the pastor after a silence.

"Can't say that thinking about her has kept me awake nights."

"Have you courted her?"

"Not a darned court!"

"Deacon, must I caution you agin about your profanity! Have you spoken to her about marriage?"

"Not a darned—I mean not a word."

"Then, as I gather from your words, if you marry this widow it is a selfish sort of marriage on your part."

"Why, I'd get a good woman and her property, and she'd get a good man and be cared for."

"Such matches are made every day," said the parson, "and I regard each and every one as an evil. Every marriage should be based upon love. If you should find yourself loving this woman then it would be right and proper to offer marriage. Unless this is the case I shall hope there will be no marriage."

"I guess that cuts me out, parson. I hain't got no more romance about me than a bump on a dead log."

And it is highly probable that the widow Savage did some more thinking, for within a week she followed the deacon's trail to the parsonage and said to the pastor:

"I am terribly embarrassed, but I want your advice."

"What is the trouble, sister Savage?" was asked.

"If a man—if a good man—if a widower asked me to marry him, and I did not exactly love him, would I be doing right to marry him?"

"Not according to my lights, sister. You must learn to love him first."

"But if I don't have the chance to learn?"

"I sometimes think that Providence has a hand in those things," replied the good man, though there was a bit of doubt in his tones.

It was two weeks later and the widow was returning from the sawmill, where she had been to order some boards to repair her pig-pen. She met Deacon Pennybone face to face. He was bound for the mill to order some shingles for the roof of his kitchen.

"Hope I see you well, widdler."

"And the same to you."

"Did the frost last night nip you garden any?"

"Not a speck."

And then, as the deacon was about to say that he guessed the frost had killed off the horse-flies for good and all, there came warning shouts of:

"Mad dog! Mad dog! Look out, deacon!"

He turned to see a mastiff that was surely suffering with the rabies coming down the street full at them. He didn't lose a second. He picked the widow up and threw her over a picket fence, and then sprang after her. The mad animal came racing up and would have made the jump had not a big club knocked him down and afterwards battered the life out of him.

After the marriage, which took place a month later, the deacon asked:

"Hanner, dear, when did you first feel that you loved me with all your heart?"

"Why, it was when you chucked me over the fence!" she replied as she gave him a kiss that lifted him off his heels.

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CAMP FIRE STORIES

CAPTURE OF PLYMOUTH, N. C.

Town Was One of Most Important Places on Sound and Was Commanded by General Wessells.

In reply to a query the National Tribune gives the following account of the capture of Plymouth, N. C., and the reason for the surrender of General Wessells.

It was felt necessary to keep a garrison at Plymouth and other places around the North Carolina sounds, though these were reduced to the minimum. They were kept there in isolated position for two years, this giving the enemy time to plan operations to overpower them. Plymouth, N. C., one of the most important places on the sound, was held by a brigade commanded by General Wessells and which consisted of the Eighty-fifth New York, One Hundred and First and One Hundred and Third Pennsylvania, Sixteenth Connecticut and six companies from other regiments, in all 2,400 men. The position was fairly fortified, with three gunboats in the water to assist the garrison, and it was felt that this would be sufficient, but the enemy had built an ironclad ram, the Albemarle, and collected a force of three brigades, under Gen. R. F. Hoke, numbering in all at least 7,000 men. For some reason our people knew nothing of this gathering of forces, nor of the strength of the Albemarle. April 17, 1864, Hoke suddenly appeared at the same time as the ram came down the river and attacked Fort Warren, the upriver outpost. One of our vessels went to the assistance of the fort, but was quickly disabled. Hoke pushed down a mile and attacked Fort Wessells, but was repulsed several times in his assaults. However, the enemy surrounded the fort and got within 200 yards of it, while the Albemarle ran by Fort Warren, rammed the Southfield and sunk her, and then disabled the Miami, killing her captain, Lieut.-Commander Flusser. The Albemarle then shelled the garrison, the attack on the forts was renewed, and though the enemy lost heavily, they were carried, and the Confederates reached the town, so that Wessells was compelled to surrender, giving up about 1,600 prisoners, 25 guns, 2,000 small arms and much valuable stores. The Confederates admitted a loss of only 300, but our people estimated it at 1,000. The prisoners were taken to Andersonville, where most of them died.

Loved the Old Flag Still.

After the battle of Mill Spring, when the Minnesota regiment returned to its quarters at Camp Hamilton, they marched past the colonel's marquee with banners flying, and their splendid band playing "Hail Columbia." Standing in front of the tent were Dr. Cliff, Zollieffer's brigade surgeon, Lieut.-Colonel Carter of the Twentieth Tennessee (Confederate) regiment, and several of the federal officers. It was observed that "Hail Columbia" affected both the Confederate officers to tears—they wept like children—and Carter remarked that: "Although compelled to fight against the old flag, he loved it still."

Couldn't Believe Him.

Two boys of the Fifty-eighth Massachusetts agreed to settle their dispute by a fight, and it was understood that whoever wanted to quit should say "Enough." One got the other down and was hammering him unmercifully, when he called out several times "Enough!" One of the group who gathered to see the scrap demanded fair play, and said:

"Why don't you let him up? Don't you hear him say that he's got enough?"

"I do; but he's such a liar I don't believe him."

What He Was Afraid Of.

During the war the town loafer at a country village stood his chances of being drafted. On one occasion he said to one of his old cronies:

"Well, they are going to draft ag'in, and they are going to put my name in the wheel. What they want me to fight for is more than I can tell. I ain't mad, an' I don't want to fight when I ain't mad. And then, on the other hand, if I should be drafted and sent to the front, what honor would it be to a fellow to get killed and have his name spelled wrong in the newspapers?"

A Towel Relic.

Mathias H. Lowe, Wallie Run, Pa., took a towel with him to Gettysburg which he had used during the war. It was spun and woven at home and was part of his kit of saber, revolver, tin cup and spurs. It was used by the boys at the reunion of the Eighth Pennsylvania cavalry.

Evidently Must Be the Case.

Somebody has our new umbrella. Every time that person raises that umbrella our name stares him in the face, and yet it is not returned. We have come to the conclusion that the poor fellow can't read.—Exchange.

Always Switched Off.

The telephone service is said to be improving, but every time we get in the notion to say something nice about it our phone bell rings and a sweet voice inquires: "Is this Robertson's grocery?"—Cynthiana Democrat.

MANITOBA CROP YIELDS

Gladstone, Man., reports that the wheat crop of 1913 exceeded all expectations, 30 bushels per acre was the general yield. The grade was never better. One farmer had 400 acres in wheat, which weighed 66 pounds to the bushel.

On Portage Plains, Manitoba, there were some remarkable yields. Noah Elgert had 61 bushels of wheat per acre; the government farm, 61 bushels; Geo. E. Stacey, 54; T. J. Hall, John Ross and D. W. McCuag, 50; W. Richardson, 51; M. Owens, 51½; Anderson and Turnbull, 60; J. Lloyd, 48½; Jas. Bell and Robt. Brown, 48; R. S. Tully, 52; J. Wishart, 49½; Philip Page, 47; J. Stewart, 45; J. W. Brown, 30; Chester Johnson, 44; E. H. Muir, 42; L. A. Bradley, 43; W. Boddy, 40; Albert Davis, 43; E. McLenaghan, 37; farming the same land for 40 years, J. Wishart secured a crop of 49½ bushels to the acre, the best he ever had, and the yield of Mr. Bradley's was on land plowed this spring.

Marquette, Man., Sept. 21.—Splendid weather has enabled the farmers of this section to make good progress with the cutting and harvesting of this season's crop. Wheat is averaging twenty bushels to the acre, with barley forty-five and oats going seventy. There has been no damage of any description.

Binscarth, Man., says: Good reports are coming from the machines of high yields and good sample. The elevators are busy shipping cars every day.

Dauphin, Man., Sept. 13.—Threshing is general the grain is in good shape and the weather is ideal. The samples are best ever grown here, grading No. 1 Northern. The returns are larger than expected in nearly every case. E. B. Armstrong's wheat went thirty-four bushels to the acre, others twenty-five to twenty-seven.

Binscarth, Man., Sept. 3.—Cutting is finished here and threshing is in full swing. This part of the province is keeping up its record, wheat averaging twenty-five bushels to the acre.—Advertisement.

The Point.

"Here are some excellent oysters on the half shell."

"Ah, there you touch me on the raw!"

SCALP ITCHED AND BURNED

833 South Scioto St., Circleville, Ohio.—"My little girl's trouble first started on her head in a bunch of little pimples full of yellow-looking matter and they would spread in large places. In a short time they would open. Her scalp was awfully red and inflamed and the burning and itching were so intense that she would scratch and rub till it would leave ugly sores. The sores also appeared on her body, and her clothing irritated them so that I had to put real soft cloth next to her body. She would lie awake of nights and was very worrisome. At times she was tortured with itching and burning.

"I tried different remedies with no benefit for months. I had given up all hope of her ever getting rid of it, then I concluded to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment. The second application gave relief. In a short time she was entirely cured." (Signed) Mrs. Alice Kirlin, Nov. 4, 1912.

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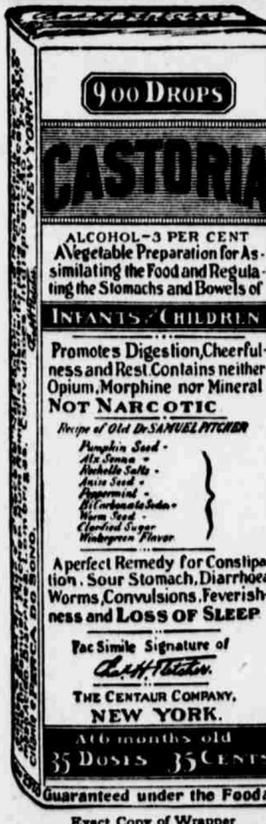
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