

## HURRAH FOR THE MAN WHO PAYS.

There are men of brains who count their gains  
By the million dollars or more;  
They buy and sell, and really do well  
On the money of the poor.  
They manage to get quite deep in debt  
By various crooked ways;  
And so we say that the man to-day  
Is the honest man that pays.

When in the town he never sneaks down  
Some alley or way back street;  
With head erect he will never defect,  
But boldly each man meet.  
He counts the cost before he is lost  
In debt's mysterious maze,  
And never buys in manner unwise,  
But calls for his bill, and pays.

There's a certain air of debonaire  
In the man who buys for cash;  
He is not afraid of being betrayed  
By a jack-leg slyster's dash.  
What he says to you he will certainly do,  
If its cash or thirty days;  
And when he goes out the clerks will shout,  
Hurrah for the man who pays!  
[Dick Steel in Texas Siftings.]

## AN UN-COMMON SENSE MATCH.

The weather had been very cold even for January. For days nobody had stirred up unless compelled by necessity, and I've no doubt our dear mother had longed many times for a change which would allow her noisy children to exercise their lungs and muscles out of doors.

At last the change came. During the forenoon the thermometer indicated a rising temperature, and about midday "the old woman up in the sky began emptying her feather-beds."

Thick and fast the downy snowflakes fell, wrapping every tree and shrub in a garment of pure white and making even the "stake and rider" fences, the log barns and corn-cribs, thing of beauty which were too truly "joys not to last forever."

Hastily we children were clad in coats, cloaks, scarfs, mittens, and all that paraphernalia of outer garments which loving mothers provide and insist on being worn, despite the protests of the wearers.

At last we were free and out upon the hill near by, where there was grand sport, sliding, snow-balling and making snow men.

The afternoon slipped quickly by, the snow ceased falling, and the evening was settling down clear and cold, when upon the opposite hilltop there came in sight a farmer's box sleigh, drawn by a span of bay horses. Hastily we drove our sleds to the foot of our hill and reached it just in time for a "hitch."

The driver of this establishment was no wise visible.

The hand which guided the team seemed not a hand but a huge wad of buckskin and yarn, and it proceeded from a sort of tower of bed-quilts, blankets, buffalo-ropes, comforters, surmounted by a head-piece enveloped in a green and red "Bay State" shawl. There was a little crack undoubtedly left for the eyes, but no eyes could be seen by us.

Edging around a very little, but probably as much as circumstances would allow, the roll of dry goods and furs inquired if "Yon house was 'Squire Black's'?"

We replied affirmatively, and settled down to the enjoyment of a ride to our own door, during which we exchanged whispered speculations as to whom the stranger might be.

When the sled stopped a committee of us reported the arrival at the house while the remainder watched the tying and blanketing of the horses, and then formed a voluntary escort.

In answer to a muffled rap father opened the door.

"Squire Black, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; come in. Getting quite cold outside," said father, eying his guest curiously.

"Well, yes; we've had a fearful spell o' weather, and I've been on the road for the last two days of it. I see you don't know me, 'Squire, and I swan, my eyes were so full o' frost I hardly knew you; but I reckon you'll see who I am when I get this toggery off."

From the moment our visitor had stepped inside he had been engaged in unwrapping one garment after another, a process for all the world like peeling an onion.

At last there stood revealed a young man of four or five and twenty years, a six-footer, with broad shoulders, face bronzed by exposure to the weather, but a goodly face to look upon, with its rather square jaw, ruddy cheeks, full smiling lips, brown hair curling over a broad forehead, and blue eyes, which answered my father's questioning look by a merry twinkle.

In a moment father extended both hands and grasped the stranger most cordially.

"You are one of Aunt Anna's boys."

A hearty laugh preceded the reply. "I wasn't afeard but you'd git it right, 'Squire, give you time enough; I'm the little Joe Tolon you taught long division to."

We knew Aunt Anna was a former landlady of father's when he was a pedagogue; that she lived forty or fifty miles from us—a great distance in those days—and our interest began to flag after mother came in from the kitchen and the conversation was continued about old neighbors of whose existence we had been ignorant. We betook ourselves to the kitchen, where mother soon followed.

Presently, while Joe was caring for

his team, father came in, and all un-mindful of the adage about "little pitchers," said, with an air of one who must be circumspect lest his risibilities would betray him, "Ma, what do you think Joe has come for?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied mother, composedly stirring another handful of meal in the boiling mush which was to be the *piece de resistance* of our evening meal.

"He has come for a wife."

"A wife? I did not know he was acquainted around here."

"He isn't. He wants me to recommend him to some girl that is strong, able and willing to work, knows how to run a house and [hesitating a little as he saw the contemptuous curve on my mother's nose and mouth] and I've spoken about Jane."

"Squire Black!" said mother emphasizing her words still further by a dash of the pudding stick which sent the mush flying over the stove.

Jane was a farmer's daughter who worked for us summers and went home winters to help do up the spinning, weaving and the like.

A mutually satisfactory agreement, as Jane's services were more needed at home in the winter than in the summer, and mother thereby saved the board and wages of a girl during the winter when the work was not so heavy. Moreover, mother often said that Jane put the work ahead so when she was there that she could not keep her busy the year round.

Ah, help was help in those days. But to return to our kitchen. Father had changed his position, getting a little out of the way of another charge from the mush-pot, where the beating was going on vigorously.

After a pause he began again. "Well, ma, Jane is not bound to marry Joe unless she wants to. But perhaps she'll never get another chance as good. You know yourself that any one of Aunt Anna's boys is bound to be a good man and a smart one."

"None too smart if he thinks to get a wife in this way," snapped out mother.

"Let him try, ma, if he wants to; let him try. It won't hurt him to have the conceit taken out of him."

No reply, but the mush was stirred as never stirred before. Another pause. "You know, ma, Jane has been keeping company with that trifling Dan Marcy."

"Why doesn't he marry a girl who knows him if he wants to get married?" sourly inquired mother; but the pudding stick relaxed its vigor slightly and father ventured a little nearer the speaker.

"He says the girls up there are all squaws, and down by his mother's they have too high notions."

"Well, it's a heathenish way of courting a wife," replied mother, "and if he were to come about me that way, if I were Jane, I'd empty a bucket of water over him."

"Maybe she will, maybe she will," chuckled father, who probably would have enjoyed that termination of the affair as well as any.

"But, ma, you know Jane is terribly homely, and—"

What further he would have said was cut short by the entrance of Joe bearing a jar and package.

"Mother sent these to you with her compliments, Mrs. Black."

Mother, who knew the flavor of Aunt Anna's cheese and honey of old, was somewhat mollified by these presents, but she remained rather sulky all the evening; even when Joe filled her wood-box, piling the sticks as evenly as lath in a bundle, filled the water-pails, cut the kindling, did the milking, bringing the pail in as clean, she condescended to tell him, as she would herself or—but she checked herself and did not say "or Jane."

She would be no party to that iniquity.

He nearly won her when he repeated his text promptly and correctly and knelt reverently at prayers, and she told her father "he was a likely young man," but—her lips shut close, and she shook her head when she thought of his mission.

But before morning the sky cleared, and things were hurried for an early start to Jane's.

During the ride it was arranged that father was to introduce Joe's errand to the elders, and if they were willing Joe might thereafter proceed as he liked.

So upon our reaching the farm father and Mr. Holton left Joe and the boys to put out the team, and they came up to the house and held a conference with Mrs. Holton while Jane was busy building the fire in the best room.

The "best room" of an old-fashioned farm house was dreary enough. This one had a bright yarn carpet, several split-bottomed and wooden chairs with patch-work cushions, a low-backed rocking-chair, a wooden "settee," a table with the Bible, Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted," an almanac and a file of the Christian Era. A few silhouettes and prints from magazines were on the walls; but, after all, its only ornaments were the scrupulous cleanliness and its big fire-place.

Jane bustled in an out on household and hospitable cares intent, being given by general consent some opportunity for acquaintance and a chance to see and be seen before being told our errand.

You already know what she saw. What did Joe see?

Jane was, as father had said, undeniably homely.

She was tall and angular. Her feet and hands were large. Her hair was a trifle too red for auburn, and not yellow enough for gold. "Carrotty" is the proper description.

Her light complexion was freckled, but her cheeks would have shamed the

roses. Her eyes were gray; her nose had grown very long, and then, as if wishing to make amends for that mishap, had shaped itself into a decided pug. Her mouth was large and always smiling, and smiling showed what was Jane's only beauty—a set of as regular and white teeth as ever came from a dentist's hands.

Her dress was of blue flannel, every thread spun and woven by herself.

The hour or two until dinner was spent in viewing and discussing the stock, in telling the scanty news, and in talking over "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which was then appearing as a serial, in all of which Joe took his part sensibly and modestly.

At noon we were summoned to an excellent and bountiful farm dinner. It was quite evident that by this time Jane had been informed of our errand, so from perfect unconsciousness she became suddenly preoccupied, nervous and blushing. Joe enjoyed his dinner and did ample justice to it.

After we were all done suddenly there came a break and an awkward pause in the conversation. Joe cleared his throat, but without other sign of embarrassment began:

"Miss Holton, I see somebody has already told you what I've come for, and it's right I should tell you something about myself. The Squire here will tell you about my folks."

"I am 25 years old, have never been sick in my life, I don't drink whisky, sweat, or chew tobacco."

"I've been raised to work and can hold up my end with any man. I have 160 acres of land about half cleared. There's the papers to show for it, and Squire Black will tell you that they're all right."

"I've a good log house, log stable and so on. I own the horses I drove down here and a yoke of oxen besides. I don't owe any man a cent. I shall have cows and chickens when I've a wife to take care of 'em. Now, if you think you can make up your mind to marry me I'd like to ask you a few questions."

Jane said nothing, and Joe, evidently taking silence for consent, proceeded:

"Did you cook this dinner?"

Still Jane was silent, but her mother answered "yes" for her.

Joe smiled. "Well, the Squire told me you were a good cook or I wouldn't have come out here."

"Can you make good bread?"

A faint but rather indignant "yes" was heard from Jane, as if he had asked her if she could wash her face or comb her hair.

"Can you milk and tend to milk, butter and cheese?"

"Yes," a little louder.

"Can you run a house and do all kinds of house work?"

Joe seemed to have gotten Jan's tongue again, and my mother, pitying her embarrassment, replied with an exhaustive catalogue of Jane's virtues as a housewife. Then suddenly checking herself as one who had said too much or said it in a wrong cause, became silent, but the questioning went on:

"Can you sew?"

"Yes."

"Can you knit?"

"Yes."

"Can you spin?"

"Yes."

"Can you weave?"

"Yes."

"As you've got to saying, yes I'd like to go right on and ask you to have me; but I'll go out and feed my horses, and you can talk with your folks and the squire and his wife, and give me the answer to that question when I come in."

"I want to say first that if you agree to marry me I'll try and do the fair thing by you, and expect you to do the same by me."

"You can always have what you can make from the butter and eggs and half the wool for your own spending. It will be very lonesome, for there won't be another white woman nearer than five miles for a while yet, and the work will be hard, but maybe not harder than you're used to. If you go we'll have to go day after to-morrow. The roads are very rough, and it will take two—maybe three—days to travel the sixty odd miles."

It took Joe a long time to feed his team, and during his absence a great deal of talking was done. When he returned Mr. Holton stood by the table looking very sober, and there were tears in the eyes of all the women when he said: "Joe, Jane has concluded she'll chance it with you. She's been a good girl always, and we hope you'll use her well."

"I will, Mr. Holton, so help me God," solemnly answered Joe, and he walked over to where Jane stood and put his arm around her and kissed her.

Then there was a general handshaking, and arrangements were made for the wedding next afternoon, after which Joe and his wife were to come back as far as our house and the following morning start for home.

The wedding was an old-fashioned country one, and not long after the ceremony Joe's sleigh was packed with a cargo of feather beds, quilts, blankets, and housekeeping goods of various kinds, and a nice cow (the pick of the herd) tied behind, for Mr. Holton would not let his daughter go empty-handed.

Every second year after that for many years Jane came home for a visit. The intervening year she could not come because "the baby was too little to bring," and the numerous little Tolons grew up in regular succession, their heads mounting one above another like the rounds of a ladder.

Father regularly asked Jane when she made these visits if she had come for her divorce.

Jane always replied: "Not this time. I don't see but Joe and I get along as well as those who take more time for their courting."

And Joe, who was always holding the baby while Jane "undid" the bigger ones at the time this question was asked, would say approvingly: "That's so, Jane."

"Dear me," said Jane, as, leaning on Dr. Joe Tolon's arm, she threw back her widow's veil (she has worn that nearly ten years now), and wiped her glasses before the "Heart of the Wilderness," in the art gallery last fall—"dear me, Joe, that looks just like the piece of woods opposite the door of the old house when your father brought me home. I've seen the deer browsing there many a time. I didn't think then it would ever be a city, but your father said it would, and now the cars run over that very spot. It's been a long, long time, Joe, but the last ten years have been longer than all the rest."—*Detroit Free Press.*

## Use of Salt.

The Lancet says that, among the follies of the day, some indiscreet persons are objecting to the use of salt, and propose to do without it. Nothing could be more absurd. Common salt is the most widely distributed substance in the body; it exists in every fluid and in every solid; and not only is it everywhere present, but in almost every part it constitutes the largest portion of the ash when any tissue is burned. In particular, it is a constant constituent of the blood, and it maintains in it a proportion that is almost wholly independent of the quantity that is consumed with the food. The blood will take up so much and so more, however much we may take with our food; and, on the other hand, if none be given, the blood parts with its natural quantity slowly and unwillingly. Under ordinary circumstances a healthy man loses daily about twelve grains by one channel or the other, and if he is to maintain his health that quantity must be introduced. Common salt is of immense importance in the processes ministering to the nutrition of the body, for not only is it the chief salt in the gastric juice, and essential for the formation of bile, and may hence be reasonably regarded as of high value in digestion, but it is an important agent in promoting the processes of diffusion, and therefore of absorption. Direct experiment has shown that it promotes the decomposition of albumen in the body, acting, probably, by increasing the activity of the transmission of fluids from cell to cell. Nothing can demonstrate its value better than the fact that if albumen without salt is introduced into the intestine of an animal no portion of it is absorbed, while it all quickly disappears if salt be added. If any further evidence were required, it would be found in the powerful instinct which impels animals to obtain salt. Buffaloes will travel for miles to reach a "salt-lick;" and the value of salt in improving the nutrition and the aspect of horses and cattle is well known to every farmer. The popular notion that the use of salt prevents the development of worms in the intestine has a foundation in fact, for salt is fatal to the small thread-worms, and prevents their reproduction by improving the general tone and the character of the secretions of the alimentary canal. The conclusion, therefore, is obvious that salt, being wholesome, and indeed necessary, should be taken in moderate quantities, and that abstention from it is likely to be injurious.

## How to Make a Bed.

Says the Philadelphia Press "Let every bed-maker, as soon as all the covers are spread, turn down the upper sheet and all above it, leaving a generous margin below the bolster. Some people, you know, pull all the covers straight up to the top and lay the bolster upon them, so that when bed-time comes the bed must be rearranged at the head. Boys don't like this way, and perhaps some other folks don't, either. It is the custom to pile two big, square pillows on the top of the bolster, and then put on two pillow shams, and then, sometimes, or perhaps before the pillow-shams, a sheet-sham. This is setting a trap for the unwary. Only a remarkably careful woman is equal to the task of getting off all the "finery" properly. Why not almost, if not altogether, abolish shams of all kinds? Why not honestly take off the big, square pillows and supply every bed with a comfortable bolster to take the place of pillows? If you like adornment, embroider or decorate the slips and sheets themselves without any make-believe. Silk, lace and the like seem out of place on a bed, which should suggest repose. Imagine a big boy with boots on flinging himself into the midst of a fairy creation of pink satin and tulle. Let beds be what they look like, and let them look like what they are—real resting-places."

The president of the United States Cremation Society says that "over 5,000 Americans are pledged to have their bodies burned." The original crematory at Washington, Pa., is running on full time, and \$15,000 have been subscribed toward the construction of a new one in New York.

One of the principal ingredients in the happiness of childhood is freedom from suspicion—why may it not be combined with a more extensive intercourse with mankind? A disposition to dwell on the bright side of character is like gold to its possessor; but to imagine more evil than meets the eye, betrays affinity for it.

## JAPANESE ROYALTY.

The Divinity That Hedges About a Mikado.

The 3d of November is the birthday of the present Mikado, and I had the good fortune to be here in Yokohama on that occasion. It is now esteemed a rare honor to see the Mikado here, and the event, unless it occurs on some festival day, creates but little excitement. I cannot help contrasting all this with the seclusion enforced scarcely more than a decade ago, when no subject could ever hope to look upon his sovereign unless he ministered to him in the capacity of an immediate servant; when the very chinaware from which Mikado ate his meals was destroyed in order that no mortal might obtain possession of it, and use it for his own unhallowed purposes. Japan has receded, or rather advanced, a long way from those days of punctilious etiquette, and no one ought to be more thankful for this than the Mikado himself. By this I do not mean that the Mikado mingles with his people in anything like the sense that a president of the United States does; but he goes and comes in a superior, isolated way as he pleases, and on certain set days of the year exhibits himself to the populace under circumstances of special ceremony. Chief of these, perhaps, is his own birthday, when he reviews the imperial troops at Tokio. Then he dons his most magnificent robes, surrounds himself with an unusual display of Japanese royalty, and invites the foreign representatives to be present as his guests. In thus graciously permitting his subjects to survey his royal person the Mikado does not surrender his claim upon the reverential regard of his people. He simply defers to the quality of royal liberty, which prevails among most civilized nations. He still expects and receives a nominal homage that is almost servile. I suppose Shintoism was made to supplant Buddhism as the state religion, in order to bolster up imperial authority, among other things, so as to counteract any unfavorable results of this royal exposure. According to the philosophy of this religion the Mikado is of divine ancestry, and, therefore, cannot err. It is a significant fact, however, that the Mikado is as careful and conservative in his official conduct as though his authority was contingent wholly upon the exercise of worldly wisdom on his part. In other words, though he is still an absolute monarch, these sixteen years of his administration have built up a public sentiment which he is bound to respect, and which none of his predecessors had to deal with. The while, therefore, that he has the reputation of being a liberal, well-disposed sovereign, there is in everything a substratum of policy and cunning, born of consciousness on his part that there are some things which he dare not do.

## Love, Courtship and Marriage Among the Roving Arabs.

Colonel De Funk in Louisville Courier-Journal.

The girls have little to do with selecting their husbands. The men nearly always fix that up among themselves. A bold warrior sees a girl whom he loves in another tribe. He rides up at night, finds out where she is sleeping, dashes up to her tent, snatches her up in his arms, puts her before him on the horse and sweeps a way like the wind. If he happens to be caught he is shot. If he is not, the tribe from which he has stolen the girl pays him a visit in a few days. The dervish, a priest of the tribe, joins the hands of the young man and the girl, and both tribes join in the merriment. All the bravest men steal their wives, but there are some who do not. Their method is a little different. Of a calm moonlight night—and a moonlight in the tropics is far more beautiful than here—you may see an Arab sitting before the tent of his innamorato picking a stringed instrument something like our banjo and singing a song of his own composition. This is his courtship. They are the most musical people in the world. They talk in poetry, and extemporization is as easy with them as it was with the Scalds of old. The courtship only lasts a week or two. If the girl is obstinate he goes elsewhere and seeks to win another girl by his songs and music. Sometimes the father makes the match, but always the girl is the obedient slave. Her religion, her people, her national instincts, the tradition of her ancestors, all teach her to be the slave of her husband. The power of life and death is in his hands, and she bows before his opinions with the most implicit obedience. It is only when the fair faced Frank comes, with his glib talk of woman's highest duties and grander sphere, with his winning manner, with his marked respect, so flattering to a woman's soul, that she leaves her husband, forsakes the teachings of her childhood, gives up home and friends, and risks death itself to repose in his arms. They are as fine riders as the men and as fearless. They ride straddle and can go almost any distance without fatigue. They are fine shots, and don't know what personal fear is.

The woman of these people are modest and far more faithful than the woman of civilized life. Indeed, it is the rarest thing in the world to hear of conjugal infidelity. The woman mature at 11 and 12 and are old at 35. When young they are very beautiful. They have soft, dark skin, black, flowing hair and soft languishing eyes. They are passionate in their loves, but after marriage all their affection is centered in their husbands. If a woman is found to be untrue to her husband she is instantly killed, together with her lover. But this seldom happens.