

# THE FAMILY STORY

## FIVE \* THOU'

MY dear girl, you'll have to let me off. I'm awfully sorry, but the Governor won't give way. I'm really fond of you, and I think you are of me, but—

"O! why didn't I want to marry a decent barrister, a doctor, or even a journalist, instead of an Earl's younger son?" said Miss Muriel Mallett, with a frown on her pretty face, and a tear or two in her large, limpid eyes—eyes which made all the men think, wrongly, that she was poetical and sentimental. "But, seriously, can you give me up?"

The Hon. Bob Martindale looked at her. She was just his ideal—tall, well-built, but with a saucy face in which the big black eyes seemed out of place, if fascinating. There was in her countenance the strangeness which, according to Bacon, is necessary to great beauty. She affected a tailor-made gown and was always well groomed; yet, though her dress was a trifle mannish, in the brusque movements which showed that she was flimsy, glimpses of gossamer stockings and fine Valenciennes revealed themselves, and showed that she had a conscience in costume that would have delighted the hero of Gaudier's novel with the famous preface.

"My dear girl, if it were a question of risking my life, or anything like that, I wouldn't hesitate; if it were even one of those affairs of fellows who for a few hours of—of—well, you know, gladly die, I'd be there; but—but I can't be a cad. They have brought me up as a swell without any profession, and I'm a bit of a fool, and I couldn't live on your earnings as an actress, so there you are."

Miss Muriel sighed. Bob was a handsome fellow and manly, and he would have the title and estates some day if two obstacles were to disappear.

"I did like you, Bob, and do, and you were always straight. I should like to have been your wife. If only we'd some money to run a theatrical company with!"

"Yes, if I hadn't been such a juggins as to blue the five thou, old Uncle Tom left me—I didn't know you then."

"Yes, if we'd the five thou," she started a little. "You will marry me if ever I have £5,000? O, you'd have to work, have to be my manager."

He nodded.

"It's a promise for two years?"

"Yes."

"Honor bright?"

"Yes, of course, if—"

"If I run straight? Well, look here, we've been engaged—honorably—and you want to break it off."

He lowered his head.

"I'm young, only 24 even at Somerset House. I'd like to have married you, and I should have been a good wife, too. However, some day I may want to marry some one else."

The man shuddered.

"A broken engagement isn't a certificate of good character; you must give me one. That's fair."

She got up and wheeled to him a little round table, on which was a crocodile-skin writing-pad, with silver edges. She opened it, took out writing paper, and found him pen and ink.

Now, then, write this—

"My Dear Miss Mallett: It is my painful duty to tell you that I have made fruitlessly a desperate effort to gain my father's consent to our marriage. He utterly refuses, saying that he is so old-fashioned as to object to have an actress as daughter-in-law. Therefore, I am compelled to break off my engagement with a woman whom I still love and esteem."

The Hon. Bob signed the letter sadly.

"Now, be off. I've to go to rehearsal. No, you mustn't drive me down. Once more, if within two years I have five thou, as capital, you promise you will marry me?"

"Yes, darling, on my word of honor!"

With a swift movement she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him passionately. A minute later he found himself in the street, sad and bewildered.

That evening there was rejoicing in the big mansion in Belgrave square, and the Earl of Hexham drank too much in honor of the return to respectability of the prodigal Bob.

"We'll soon find you a wife, my boy," he said, over the port, which he drank in honor of the affair and in defiance of gout and doctor's orders. "None of your rich American trash, but some one of decent family and the sort of solid, reasonable dowry that a younger son deserves."

Next morning at 12 o'clock, when the Earl was vainly trying to put on his boots without swearing at the pain, the Hon. Bob entered the library with a document in his hand. "I never thought she'd have done it, sir," he said.

"Done what?"

"Look; the beastly thing says, 'The plaintiff claims damages for breach of promise of marriage.'"

"Bring me my slippers!" shouted the Earl; "damn the horse! send round the brougham!"

Off he went to Lincoln's Inn Fields.

"You'd better settle," said Mr. Ponder, the old family lawyer.

"Settle!" he shouted, "settle! I'll show up the baggare, the —! I'll put every detective in London on the job."

I'm not afraid of court, and when the jury hears what she really is—"

"But the scandal?"

"Don't talk about scandal; enter an appearance, and leave the rest to me."

"My dear Governor," interrupted Bob, who had accompanied him, "be fair to the girl. I didn't think Muriel would have done it; but she's perfectly straight—I'd stake my life on it."

"Nonsense, Bob! You're a fool, and you'd better stay abroad till the affair's over. I'll attend to it. I'll show her how to fight." The Earl's eyes gleamed. "We'll teach her, won't we, Ponder, what litigation means?" Then he told a lengthy, stale tale of his successful lawsuit about right-of-way—a success which added a new mortgage to the family collection.

"It's all very well," said Mr. Ponder, "but that was chancery, this is common law. I'm sure we should make a mess of it. One of my articulated clerks has set up in business in Bedford Row; he's a smart fellow, and will fight hard, and just suit you."

Bob went off to the Riviera, and lost all the money his father gave him. During his absence the old gentleman employed a detective—a fellow with splendid imagination, but very poor powers of observation—and the skirmishing was done under the Earl's supervision. Bob was to have staid away till after the trial; however, an urgent letter from a club friend of his father brought him home in a hurry. He arrived in the evening, and, going to the Carlton, learned that the case was in the list for next day. When he reached Belgrave Square and was shown into the library he found his father with Mr. Hicks, his Bedford Row solicitor. There was a row going on at a high pitch.

"Pray tell your father he must settle," said Mr. Hicks.

"Settle be damned!" interrupted the old boy.

"Settle, I say," rejoined the solicitor.

"You see, Mr. Martindale, Sir Edward says he won't cross-examine the plaintiff as to her character. He suggests that the material is absurd, and he does not believe a word of the detective's story—he says he'd sooner return the brief."

"And the check?" gasped the Earl.

"Yes, and the check. He says there's no decent defense, and he won't try to support the detective's tissue of lies. Moreover, he insists that if he did he'd fail, and the damages and disgrace would be awful."

"What does it matter to me?" shouted the old gentleman. "It's not my case, it's my son's."

"That's a bit steep," observed the son.

"My retainer is from you, my lord," urged Mr. Hicks.

"O, I'll pay your confounded costs, but where will they get their damages from?"

Bob groaned.

"They've told me they'll make him bankrupt," replied Mr. Hicks, "and his discharge will be suspended for two years at least."

"What has that to do with me?" said the Earl grimly.

Bob interposed: "Lord Salisbury has many claims on his patronage, and in my bankruptcy he'd find a decent excuse for leaving me out in the cold."

The Earl had no gout, but he managed without its help to use very vigorous language concerning sons, solicitors, advocates, and actresses.

"They will take £5,000 for damages, with a full apology and withdrawal in open court," said Mr. Hicks, "and £500 for costs."

"An apology! A withdrawal!"

"A withdrawal of all the charges on the record."

Next day, to the infinite disgust of the reporters and the crowded court, Sir Edward, in a graceful speech, made an apology of the most ample character, withdrew all imputations, and announced that £5,000 would be paid as compensation for the injury to the lady, together with her costs.

The Morning Post, on the morrow, announced that the Earl of Hexham had gone to Buxton.

When the honorable Robert, a day later, received a letter from Muriel, saying she was most anxious to see him, he took a cab to Brompton Crescent, and grew more and more perplexed every inch of the way.

Miss Muriel, looking very neat, natty, handsome, and piquant, with a prodigious glow of life in her eyes, shook hands with him warmly and made him sit down on the sofa by her side. For a quarter of an hour she stimulated his curiosity by talking about nothing in particular. At last his patience broke down.

"Look here, Ella," he said brusquely, "stow the cackle and come to cues. I'm delighted to see you, and don't bear malice; but what on earth put it into your pretty head to send for me?"

She laughed loud, long, and heartily—so loud, long, and heartily that at last he laughed with her.

"Well, you are a goose!" she said.

"I know it," he answered. "I dread Michaelmas."

"I think your brain is developing; you're growing witty. O, you haven't got there yet!"

"Well, but—"

"Listen to me. The Hon. Robert Talbot Hiesmes Clarence Martindale made a promise to Miss Muriel Mallett that

if within two years she had £5,000 to finance a theatrical company with he'd marry her."

He gazed open-mouthed.

She wheeled the little round table to him, opened the crocodile-skin writing pad with silver edges, and took a bundle of crisp "fimsies" from the flap.

"One, two, three, four," she counted out up to fifty; "fifty" brand new Bank of England notes, each for 100 beautiful, shining sovereigns. You see, I've got the five thou."

He stared, mentally paralyzed.

"The damages!" she shouted, hysterical with laughter.

"The damages!"

"Yes, and your promise."

"Yes, but—"

"There are no buts about it; you've promised, and you love me."

He nodded.

"And I love you. If the Earl hadn't played it so low down in the defense I might have chucked up the game. As it is, I hold you to your word as a man of honor. Will you marry me?"

She looked into his eyes. He really loved her. She took hold of his left hand, his right arm wandered round her waist.

"Will you marry me?" she repeated, her lips an inch from his.

He replied affirmatively without a word.

There is now one obstacle the less between the husband of the fascinating Muriel Mallett and the earldom of Hexham, for his lordship died suddenly from apoplexy on getting a telegram from an old club friend concerning his son's marriage with the fascinating actress.—The Sketch.

## ILLITERACY IN THE NATION.

### Percentage Now Greater in England than in the West.

The report of the Commissioner of Education presents some curious and interesting facts with regard to illiteracy in the United States. This information is derived mainly from official records and deserves careful attention. It appears that the number of persons over 10 years of age who cannot read and write is 6,324,702, or 13.3 per cent. of the total population, according to the latest statistics. In 1880, the rate of illiteracy was 17 per cent., and a decrease of 3.7 per cent. since that time is gratifying in the sense that implies gradual improvement, but the situation is still lamentable, and no good citizen can contemplate it without experiencing a certain degree of humiliation.

The government is based upon the idea of popular intelligence as an assurance of political safety and prosperity, and vast sums of money are expended for educational purposes. There is really no excuse for ignorance in a country where free schools abound and instruction is within easy reach of all classes. Nevertheless, over thirteen out of every 100 of the people are unable to read and write. This great army of illiterates is a standing reproach, as well as a menace, and there is no more important duty than that of reducing it as rapidly as possible.

There was a time when New England led all the rest of the country in the general average of popular intelligence, but this is no longer true. It is now in the West, and not in the East, that the best showing is made of the education of the masses. Nebraska stands at the head of the States in point of literacy, only 3.1 per cent. of its population being unable to read and write. No State west of the Mississippi River, with the exception of the four Southern States, ranks as low as Massachusetts in the number of illiterates in its population. This means, of course—and the fact is a very significant one—that a large percentage of the educated element of the East has removed to the West, thereby materially modifying its "wild and woolly" condition, and it means furthermore that the West has been doing a great deal in the enlargement of its educational facilities.

The public schools of such States as Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, and the Dakotas are equal in every respect to those of any of the Eastern States, and their academies and universities are rendering effective service in the sphere of higher learning. So far as the South is concerned, allowance must be made for the presence of the colored race, the illiterate members of which constitute nearly one-half of the total number of illiterates in the United States, but even with this serious drawback, the Southern States are making substantial gains in education, and the conditions promise an acceleration of such progress from year to year.—Minneapolis Times.

## A Long Shot.

James Shields was elected to the Senate in 1848, defeating his predecessor, Senator Breese. Shields had distinguished himself in the Mexican War, and at the Battle of Cerro Gordo he was shot through the lungs, the ball passing out at his back. His recovery was one of the marvels of the day. Shields' war record is believed to have secured to him his triumph over Breese. When the news of Shields' election was received, a lawyer named Butterfield was speaking of it to a group of friends, when one of them remarked: "It was that Mexican bullet that did the business." "Yes," retorted Butterfield, "that was a great shot. The ball went clear through Shields without hurting him, and killed Breese one thousand miles away."

## Microphones.

A recent invention consists of an apparatus by means of which a microphone suspended over a child's crib automatically rings an electric bell situated at any convenient point on the least noise made by the child. The microphone, as is well known, is a very sensitive form of a telephone transmitter, capable of detecting the faintest sounds.

Lots of people are afraid of a cyclone who are not afraid of the devil.

## SOLDIERS' STORIES.

### ENTERTAINING REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR.

Graphic Account of the Stirring Scenes Witnessed on the Battlefield and in Camp—Veterans of the Rebellion Recite Experiences of a Thrilling Nature.

## Custer at the Surrender.

Every war has its ideal hero, and the conflict between the States was no exception to the general rule, for there was not only one, but many heroes, writes a Confederate soldier in the New York Sun.

There were, however, two, one wearing the blue and the other the gray, around whom clustered a halo of chivalrous daring and romance, which will ever cling to the names of Custer and Stuart. It is of the former of these two that we propose to relate a characteristic incident.

The night of Sunday, April 2, 1865, will never be forgotten by any ex-Confederate who was encamped in front of Fort Harrison, on the north side of the James River, eight miles from Richmond, Va.

For several days before a heavy cannonading heard in the direction of Petersburg had indicated that something unusual would soon break the monotony which had reigned supremely in the Confederate camp on the north side for nearly four months. But whether another bloody struggle to capture the fort named would be made or whether another retreat would be sounded was soon decided in favor of the latter.

About sunset on the day of which we are writing orders were issued to cook three days' rations, and be in readiness to march at midnight. Orders were also given for the strictest silence, as a whole corps lay in front of us only a quarter of a mile distant, and for it to have been apprised of our departure would have meant disaster to the small force of only 8,000 men in their front.

Silently but quickly at the appointed hour the line was formed and the march taken up in the direction of Drewry's bluff, about two miles distant. This point was soon reached, and here a pontoon bridge was laid, and the troops marched over by twos to the south side.

Day was now at hand and of course sleep was out of the question. Also, it was now become a question of speed between the two detachments of the Union and Confederate armies respectively, the former straining every nerve to prevent the Confederates from overtaking the main army under Lee, and the latter using their utmost endeavors to do so.

The race was kept up without intermission for three days and nights. Our troops never slept over two hours at a time during that period. Their rations were exhausted and they devoured everything eatable which came in their way, without so much as subjecting it to the suspicion of fire.

But in spite of every exertion the boys in blue gained upon and at last overtook us about 11 o'clock a. m. on April 6. It was not the infantry, however, but a detachment of cavalry under Gen. Custer.

Preparations were at once made to receive the charge which we knew would follow.

The battle began by a vigorous shelling of our wagon train, to which no reply could be given, as we were without artillery. The Confederate infantry was massed behind a hill which completely shut it out from the Federal commander. A heavy skirmish line was thrown out on the hill in order to deceive him and allure him into the trap.

As everyone knows, Gen. Custer never would "take a dare." He at once formed his lines for a charge and on they came. How gaily the trumpets sung. How merrily the boys rode to their death as they came on at a swift trot, amid the booming of cannon, the rattling of sabers, and the heavy thud of their horses' feet.

Arriving at the top of the hill they were met by an appalling infantry fire, and many a gallant trooper "bit the dust." The action was short, sharp and decisive, and Gen. Custer soon recalled his troops. It was in vain to throw a small body of cavalry against a solid mass of veteran infantry.

But the end was near—only a matter of a few hours—for at 5 p. m. the Union infantry arrived, the battle of Sailor's Creek followed, and Gen. Sheridan took 8,000 prisoners.

So much as background to the picture; so much as a setting for the incident we now give, and which ever after endeared the memory of Gen. Custer to every one who was a witness to it.

The morning after the battle the prisoners were ordered to fall in line. Soon Gen. Custer and his staff appeared on the scene, and this was the signal for an outburst of uproarious applause. The sky was fairly darkened with caps thrown in the air, the band played "Yankee Doodle," and altogether it was a sight to sadden the captive Confederates, more especially as they held eighteen of their battle flags, which had been torn with shot and shell on a hundred battlefields, now adorning the train of the conqueror.

Gen. Custer seemed to realize this, and with a delicacy of feeling and magnanimity of spirit which only true chivalry can appreciate, as soon as the applause had subsided and the band ceased, he turned to his leader and said, "Give the boys (meaning the prisoners) Dixie."

As the sweet strains of the Confederate war song rolled in waves of liquid melody through the air Gen. Custer took off his hat and waved it as a signal, and the applause was deafening. The Union huzza and the rebel yell, blended into one and shook notes as well as hearts and hands, across the

bloody chasm.

Years afterward, when the chivalrous Custer rode gallantly to his death in his last charge, it sent a thrill of pain throughout the length and breadth of our land, for in his death one of the most daring and unselfish of men had perished, nor can it be doubted, had he been spared, he would have been one of the most potential factors in bringing about that golden era:

When heroes of the blue and gray Shall each to each due homage pay, And scorn with all their martial souls The cowards, base and venal ghoul, Who shunned the conflict they had bred, And lived but to malign the dead.

## A Tribute that Means Something.

There could be no surer sign that the old wounds are healed and the old bitterness is passing away than the references of Southern newspapers to President Lincoln, incident to his last birthday. That he should be loved and held in esteem by those whose beliefs he expressed and whom he led to victory is not surprising, but that his memory should be honored by those whom he strenuously opposed, and who owed to him the downfall of their dearest hopes, is not alone a remarkable testimony to his greatness; it is quite as much a token of the honesty and magnitude of the Southern people.

In thus recognizing the purity of Lincoln's character they honor themselves. A writer in the Atlanta Constitution says:

Much of misapprehension on the part of the South regarding the character and career of this great man has been removed by the facts of dispassionate history. Lincoln has been shown to be a genuinely great man, with a lofty soul and an honest heart. Gentle and tender as a woman, he had also the rugged virtues of a Roman tribune. No act of cruelty stains his fair fame. With opportunity to be a tyrant, he stood for liberty, and fought with the lance of a knight in a fair and open field.

Why should we of the South begrudge to him the meed of his fair fame? When Northern men can build a monument to Lee, and their orators praise his genius and character with unstinted eulogy, it is time for bitter and narrowminded partisans to be relegated to the rear. The brave and true recognize worth and sublimity of character everywhere, and are willing to crown the hero with his merited honors, even though his sword was drawn in the battle against them.

The Vicksburg Commercial Herald in an editorial said:

Long ago the Southern people became acquainted with some of his elements of greatness, that caused general acknowledgment that his death, so deeply mourned in the North, was profoundly calamitous to the South. And now there is growing up in all minds of all sections, or rather without regard to section, a recognition in Abraham Lincoln of a grand character, a great and a good man. Such development and growth of change in the estimate of a man by his enemies is wonderful and awe-inspiring. It suggests the thought that the hand of Divinity shaped such a character for the great work to which he was so strangely called.

Coming out of the deepest obscurity and of the humblest origin, his walk through life has been tracked and marked in its every stage and step. The whole of his life's record has been laid bare, and it is the simplest truth to say that no other character of history has come out of such a crucible so absolutely unalloyed. He has been shown to have been equal at all times to the occasion and its demands, standing successfully the severest tests to which mortal man could be subjected.

Elevation from the lowest and humblest station to the rulership over a mighty nation failed to turn his head or swerve his principles. Ever true to duty, honest and just toward all in triumph or adversity and trial, Lincoln stood unshaken and settled in his fidelity to right and fixity of purpose. The strifes and contentions of personal motives, the envy and rivalries of his co-workers and lieutenants, did not reach or involve him. With such an adversary, is it strange that the South failed?

## A Soldier's Fright.

Col. Johnston, of the Union Veteran Legion, tells of an incident during the war that nearly frightened him to death. It was at Ship's Island. He was detailed to "lay out" a man who had recently died, and together with two others he carried the body to a deadhouse. As they entered the house they were just placing the body at one end when they heard a slight noise.

The room was very dark and close. Col. Johnston, then a mere boy, lighted his lantern and peered into the further corner, where two other "laid out" corpses were resting. He observed one of the forms move.

Almost frozen with terror he watched and saw the shroud rise, and from under the white sheet a face appeared. A grizzled head loomed in the yellow light of the lantern and ponderous jaws opened in a wide yawn. It was too much for the young boy, and with a scream he ran from the deadhouse into the night.

As he ran he fell over a tent guy holding up a hospital tent, and he thought surely some ghost had grabbed him.

It was his worst fright of the war.—Buffalo News.

## A Double-Headed Turtle.

L. E. Hudson tells about a freak turtle he found on the shores of Lake Ontario among a lot of newly hatched turtles. This turtle was just emerging from its shell. There were two heads and necks to it and each head was apparently independent of the other, and each seemed to have contrary ideas of the proper way to go. Both heads would be asleep, when one would wake up and start the body off according to its own ideas. That would rouse the other head and then there would be a mix-up of motions. It died after a while.



## Lemon Pie.

Boil one quart of water with one cupful of canned, fresh or dried apples, three-quarters of a pound of granulated sugar, until apples are soft, then stir into it three ounces (or five tablespoonfuls) of dissolved cornstarch; remove from the stove, and when cool add five to six eggs, one-half teaspoonful of salt, the juice of three lemons, two grated lemon peels, and one tablespoonful of butter; strain all through a colander and fill into pie dishes lined with plain pie crust. If you want French lemon pie, line flat pie dish with American puff paste, scallop the edge with your fingers or a knife, fill in the cream and lay four bars of the same paste over the top and four more crosswise over them.

## A Good Sandwich.

A good sandwich is made from rare roast beef chopped fine and well seasoned. This is improved by first spreading the bread with the following mixture: Add to half a cupful of Mayonnaise made very thick two tablespoonfuls of whipped cream, a dessertspoonful of grated horseradish, and two spoonfuls of cucumber chopped very fine. After spreading the bread with a layer of this, spread with the chopped beef. The bread should be thin and evenly spread. All sandwiches, except perhaps those made of very tender tongue, are better for having the meat used in them cut fine and seasoned.

## Table Decorations.

Small flowers with short stems may be made into beautiful table decorations by arranging them in a low, rather flat dish of glass or silver, with the top covered with chicken-wire. Cover the wire with fringed green of some kind so as to conceal the edges of the wire and dish, putting the stems through so that they reach the water beneath. Then arrange your violets, pansies, or other blossoms that look best in a mound in a solid mass, putting the stems through the meshes of the wire into the water.

## Setting a Young Orchard.

The most important point to observe when setting out a young orchard is to secure strong and healthy trees. Many fruit growers import diseases on their farms at the time of purchasing their young fruit stock. Trees one year old will often thrive better than those that are older, and they are also more easily examined. Every tree should be carefully inspected from the tips to the roots, and should be procured from nurserymen known to be reliable.

## Farina or Indian Meal Pudding.

One-half pound of farina or meal, stirred into one quart of boiling milk and leave on fire until it thickens; set away to cool, stirring into it, when cold, one-half pound of sugar, yolks of four eggs, the grated rind of a lemon and the stiff froth of the whites of four eggs; then add one even teaspoonful of good sifted baking powder, and one-half nutmeg, grated. Mix in well and bake one-half hour—not too hot.

## Many Varieties of Beans.

A surprising thing to Northern visitors in the Georgia and Alabama exhibits at the Atlanta Fair was the variety and quantity of small beans, or, as they called them, peas, on exhibition and recommended for feeding purposes. And, from what was said of the values, both as food for stock and for the soil, it is questioned whether our Northern farmers are using the legumes for all they are worth.

## Nuts in the Lunch Basket.

Nuts, rather than sweets in the form of candy, are a good food to add to the lunch basket taken to school, especially if it is a lunch somewhat deficient in nutrition. Roasted peanuts are a valuable food, and may sometimes be used for the lunch-basket sandwich instead of meat. Powder the nuts and sometimes spread them with a little mayonnaise dressing.

## To Destroy Rats.

To destroy rats, cover the floor near their holes with a thin layer of moist caustic potash. When the rats walk on this it makes their feet sore. These they lick with their tongues, which makes their mouths sore, and the result is they not only shun this locality, but it seems to prevent others coming, so that the house and neighborhood is entirely abandoned by them.

## Hints of All Sorts.

To freshen leather bags, seats, etc., rub them with the well-beaten white of an egg.

Stains on linen can be removed by rubbing them persistently with salt and lemon juice.

Flour should always be kept in a dry place by the fire before it is used for cakes or pastry.

When ironing, always wear old, loose kid gloves, and you will thus save many sore places on the hands.

Steel that is exposed to the weather may be kept from rust by having a thorough coating of cupal varnish.

Colored print dresses should be soaked in strong salt and water for an hour before washing, so as to set the colors.

A very good fly paper is made in the following way: Take equal parts of boiled linseed oil and resin. Melt these together and add some treacle. Soak some brown paper in a solution of alum, and dry before applying the above mixture.