

THE FAMILY STORY



THE GOVERNOR'S TRAGEDY.

As the Governor rode last night my grandmother's house on the morning when he left the State forever he wore his uniform and carried the sword with which he afterwards led the charge at San Jacinto. He was a tall man, broad-shouldered and well-knit, with a certain graceful stateliness which, though he had it by nature, he had not left uncultivated. It was held in those days to be a mark of the person of quality, and from the time when as a boy of 10 he had lain on the punchon floor of his father's cabin spelling out Pope's *Iliad* by the light of a pine knot, the Governor had always felt himself a person of quality.

My grandmother was on the porch as he passed and he bowed low to her, ceremoniously doffing his hat, as he always did to ladies. It was the last time she ever saw him, and though she had been his warmest friend, he kept his own counsel with her as with every one else.

To the day of his death, he never explained himself. "Sir," he would say, in response to every attempt to draw him out, "let us speak of something else." And the bow with which he said it was conclusive. When he had just reached the summit of what had been his ambition; when he was Governor of what was then the pivotal State of the Union, with the Presidency as a possibility for him, and the United States Senate for life a certainty, why it was that he chose to dress himself in his uniform and ride out into the wilderness beyond the Mississippi, never to return, his biographers have not been able to explain except in vague generalities. How my grandmother knew the story I cannot say, further than that she was the friend not only of the Governor himself, but of Virginia Frazer and of John Endicott, the Governor's private secretary, who made the trouble between them.

"It is true, my dear," said my grandmother to me, "that Endicott was a Yankee and an impetuous school teacher, but he was a Harvard graduate and a gentleman. The Endicotts are an excellent family—almost as good as our own, or as Virginia's. And the Governor, you know, though one of the best bred men I ever saw, lacked the great advantage of descent from well-bred people."

Those who conclude from this that my grandmother was something of a Tory will not be wholly mistaken, but if they had known the charming old lady as well as I they would forgive her as easily as I do, even though—which is not likely—they are as radical in their politics as I am thought to be by some.

The Governor's honeymoon was barely over when he left the State. The fact of his resignation, which he had addressed in due form to the presiding officer of the Senate, was not generally known until he was 300 miles away, sitting in a Cherokee cabin, smoking an Indian pipe, as silent and impassive as any other savage of those around him. For that was undoubtedly his idea at the time to renounce civilization forever and live a barbarian among barbarians.

Mrs. Frazer, Virginia's mother, was a famous match-maker and one of the Governor's staunchest partisans. "If he was born in a cabin," she said to my grandfather a few days before the wedding, "he has more brains than any other man in the State. I expect to see him President yet."

With visions of Virginia in the White House and herself as the power behind the throne, she was correspondingly elated on the night of the wedding. It is no part of my purpose to attempt to describe her feelings when the catastrophe came and she found herself face to face with the climax of one of those tragedies which compel silence in all who are incapable of resignation.

When Endicott first met Virginia Frazer he was not more than 25, very handsome, and with an unassuming self-possession which made amends for his lack of the ceremonious courtesy habitual to the society into which he was thrown. There had been a marked attraction between him and Virginia from their first acquaintance, and some who did not know her mother expected it to be a match. But Virginia, before any one knew of her engagement to the Governor, had begun to hold Endicott at arm's length, and after the climax there was never the slightest scandal connecting her name with his.

She was not more than 20 at the time of her marriage. Six weeks later, when she stood before the fireplace of her sitting-room as the Governor entered at 11 o'clock at night, she wore the

muslin whose contrasting whiteness had so heightened her brunette beauty on the day after her marriage. The Governor had just come from a conference of his political friends and was flushed and hopeful. His wife did not move as he entered the room. Her face was half averted when, with his usual impressive gallantry, he took off his hat at the door and crossed the room to kiss her hand. He had taken it in his and his lips had almost touched it when she hastily—almost violently—withdraw it. Slipping past him, she stood in the center of the room facing him as he turned, not understanding her at all and thinking that she had begun to develop an unaccustomed playfulness.

She did not leave him long in error. "Do not touch me!" she said in a voice which, though it trembled with excitement, showed the decisiveness of long promediation. "Do not touch me. I cannot bear it."

The Governor stood motionless, with the puzzled look of one whose intellect is overcome. She might have pitied him and receded had she been capable either of seeing or understanding, but she had become a mere automaton, governed by long-suppressed emotion.

"I cannot bear it!" she repeated. "I do not love you. I have never loved you. I have tried to learn. I cannot. I have tried to become a true and dutiful wife to you. I cannot. I have tried to forget the only man I ever loved. I cannot. There must be an end of it all, and it must come now!"

"Virginia!" said the Governor, helplessly. "Virginia—"

"Do not stop me!" she went on, with increasing rapidity. "I am not insane, though I am near it. I am a good woman, sir. At least, I have nothing with which to reproach myself, except the shame of having allowed them to make you believe I love you. It was all my mother's fault and yours. Why did you follow me? Why did she force me on you, when I did not love you, when I never can love you; when I have ceased to wish to love you?"

She paused a moment for breath. The Governor did not move. He had leaned his elbow on the mantel, and now, with his hand supporting his chin, he stood looking at her blankly.

"I will not be stopped," she said, catching her breath with a sob. "I will tell you everything, everything, the whole miserable truth that is killing me. I love John Endicott. I have never loved anyone else. I never will. He does not know it, and he never can know it, unless you tell him. Now you know what a wretch I am, and you know what you have done to make me so."

As she stopped she drew herself up and threw back her long black hair, which had escaped from her comb and fallen around her face. As yet the Governor's mind had assimilated hardly anything of what she had said. It had come upon him a supreme calamity at the climax of his good fortune. He seemed to himself to have died suddenly and to be striving to wake to consciousness in another world. The one idea which shaped itself clearly in the chaos of his brain was that his wife had never been so splendidly beautiful as now, when she stood with head thrown back and flashing eyes, lifted above herself by the stress of such an effort as no one person ever makes twice in a lifetime, as very few ever make at all. A moment later, overcome by the inevitable reaction, she had rushed sobbing from the room, leaving the Governor still standing at the mantel, immovable, as he had stood since she began.

He had made no attempt to follow her. She had gone only a few minutes when he stood upright, threw back his shoulders, walked twice up and down the room and then took his seat before a writing desk, drawn close to a win-

dow overlooking the river. Settling down in the chair with his elbows on his arms and his hands locked across his breast, he looked steadily out of the window, motionless, as the clock on the mantel struck the hours, one after another, until the small, square window panes began to glow luminous with the dawn. Then he rose, and unlocking a drawer in the lower part of his desk, took out a mahogany box with silver-mounted corners and a heavy silver plate in the center of the lid. He unlocked it deliberately, and, taking from it a pair of the long blue steel dueling pistols of the period, tried the locks of both, and then looking at them, said aloud:

"They are the ones Benton gave me—'The same, sir, I had the misfortune to be obliged to use in my difficulty with my much-respected friend, Gen. Jackson.'"

Before he had concluded his unconscionable mimicry of Benton's presentation speech he recognized the fact that he had caught the solemn pomp of that statesman's carefully-modulated periods. The incongruity of the idea grew upon him, and as he turned one of the pistols over and over in his hand he almost smiled at the utter lack of logical sequence in his own mental processes. Simultaneously he seemed to have reached a conclusion, for he replaced the pistols and locked the case. "No," he said, "I will not do it. He is a good boy and it is not his fault nor hers either. She is as good a woman as ever lived, and I am a fool."

He spoke now with the decisiveness he had shown at Horseshoe Bend, where, as everyone knows, Gen. Jackson had called him the bravest man in the army. He was almost cheerful as he rose and left the house, walking toward the bluffs, as was his morning habit, with the light, swinging step he had learned on the trail with the Cherokee friends of his boyhood. He did not return until 11 o'clock, and going straight to his office he found John Endicott, his secretary, waiting for him with a formidable bundle of papers.

"Use your own judgment, my boy, on all that will not keep until to-morrow. I am busy to-day with work that cannot wait."

He passed into his inner rooms as he said this, and began sorting the papers in his private pigeonholes. Endicott could hear him tearing them, but if he wondered, he asked no questions, and the Governor kept up his work long after his usual dinner hour. When he went home he found what he had expected. His wife had gone to her mother, and he never saw her again. It is said he wrote her a most affectionate letter, but if he did, nothing he said in it changed the course of his life or hers. "Nonsense. His heart did not break," said my grandmother. Why, all the world heard of him at San Jacinto. A brave man's heart never breaks while he has work to do."

Perhaps she was right. At any rate, there was no tremor in the Governor's voice as he spoke to her that morning, riding with his horse's head turned toward the old Cherokee trail that led across the Mississippi through Arkansas to the Indian Territory.

"Good morning, Mrs. Tupton," he said as he bowed to my grandmother. "It is a beautiful day, and your roses are almost beautiful enough to be worthy of you."—*Utica Globe.*

Drugs Do Not Strengthen.

There is no drug yet discovered, so far as we know, unless it be alcohol which distinctly adds force to the body when it is taken. All of the so-called "strengthening remedies," which enable a man to accomplish more work when he is under their influence, do so not by adding units of force to his body, but by utilizing those units of force which he has already obtained and stored away as reserve force by the digestion of his food. Kola, coca, excessive quantities of coffee and tea and similar substances, while they temporarily cause nervous work to seem light, do so only by adding to the units of force which a man ought to spend in his daily life those units which he should most sacredly preserve as his reserve fund. The condition of the individual who, when tired and exhausted, uses these remedies, with the object of accomplishing more work than his fatigued system could otherwise endure, is similar to that of a banker, who, under the pressure of financial difficulties, draws upon his capital and reserve funds to supplement the use of those moneys which he can properly employ in carrying on his business. The result in both instances is the same. In a greater or less time the banker or the patient, as the case may be, finds that his reserve fund has disappeared and that he is a pecuniary or nervous bankrupt.—*Therapeutic Gazette.*

The Reason.

Bessie—Is your friend Longhair going out to play football?
Barbara—What made you think so?
"Why, he's headed that way."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

When a girl thinks she is awfully sweet, she finds it difficult to keep the opinion to herself.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

Something That Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

Donna's Skirt Dance.
Out on the lawn sit father and mother.
Four-year-old Donna, Kate, Joe, neighbor Krumm,
And grandma, who asks, "Now, will we Donna give us
A dance while papa gaily sings 'tumty tum?'"

"Yes, oh, yes, g'an'ma, dear," and up she stands blushing.
Her lavender muslin 'twixt finger and thumb,
Serious, watchful, patiently waiting,
For none but papa must sing 'tumty tum."

"Tumty tum" sets the tan slippers flying.
Around and around the waving locks come,
Fallen leaves rustle, and "Bravo!" is shouted
To the musical heat of tum, tum-tum-tum.

But a dry, old stick, all doubled and twisted,
Lies right in her path, close-crouching and dumb,
Till her steps hasten on to a quick, quicker, quickest
Tee-tumty, tumty-ti tem-p tee-tum!

Then it springs! There's a whirl of locks, lace and muslin,
Embroidery and shoes; there she's up, rather glum,
But again circling smoothly and steadily onward
To papa's cheerful "Ha! girlie, tee-tumty tum."

Toora, loora, tee-tum," so it now must be ended—
With spirit and never a tear in her eyes;
That done, her lips quiver while showing her bruises
As she leans on papa, and, oh! how she cries!
—*Detroit Free Press.*

Awfully Concited.
The Indianapolis Journal reports a scrap of dialogue between two boys. Some people would say that their ideas and logic were both rather characteristic of their sex.

Tommy—I wouldn't be as stuck up as girls is for anything.
Jimmy—Me, neither. They thinks they are just as good as boys.

Boy Who Knows How to Whittle.
Here's a Chicago boy who knows how to use a jackknife. His name is George Richardson, and the cut will show you what he has done.

Out of a straight pine stick, about one inch thick, one inch wide and two inches long, he whittled the cage with the round ball inside of it. This ball is loose and can be readily rolled about, but it is too large to be taken from its prison.

The work is smoothly and neatly done, and George says he used nothing but a jackknife, although it must have been difficult to whittle out the inside of the cage by this means. Where's the boy who can show a better job of whittling?

Samaritans Among Birds.
Once upon a time a pair of robins built their nest on a fence, and a pair of catbirds (American thrushes that are so called because their cry is like the mewling of a cat) in a brush close by. Baby birds appeared in each nest about the same time, and all went well for a few days, when one morning the parent catbirds were both missing, probably slain. Their young would have starved but for the robins. Whenever the robins lit on the rail with a worm or other food the catbirds set up a hungry squeak, and so the kind birds of the redbreast determined to feed the stranger fledglings as well as their own. Both families were successfully reared, the catbirds being so strong and lively that they looked as if they had been brought up by their own parents.

Where Neddie Found Him.
Where was Baby? Neddie looked under all the sofas and Lawrence even peeped into the big tin cake box. You see, Baby had only one little tooth in his head, but that one was such a sweet tooth. And he had twice been known to creep out into the pantry into the cake box. But he wasn't there this time. He didn't seem to be anywhere, and mamma began to get alarmed.

"Get the dinner bell, Ned," she said, "and ring it out the back door for papa. And, Lawrence, are you sure you hunted in all the closets? There's the linen closet, you know, and Bridget's closet."

"I looked in 'em all," Lawrence said, despondently. "He isn't anywhere. I guess he's desolved. He's sweet enough to."

Papa came in and hunted, too. Outdoors and in they hunted, getting more frightened all the time. Then Neddie found him. He laughed till the two anxious tears just crossing over the bridge of his nose lost their balance and tumbled down hill.

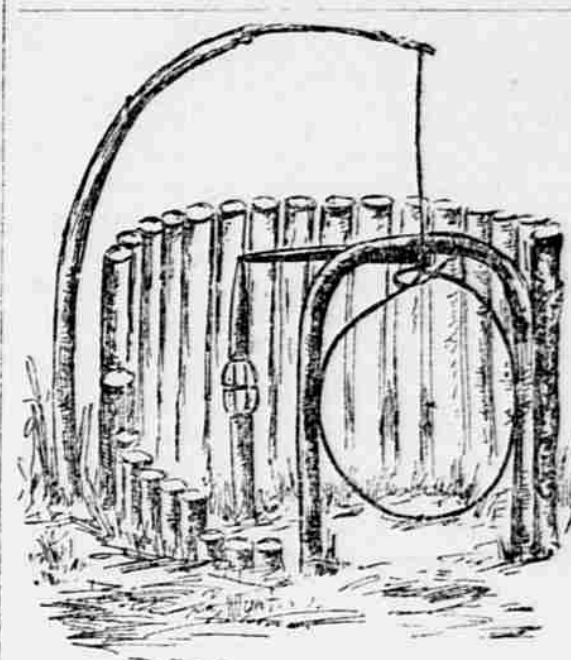
I said Neddie found Baby, but really and truly it was only his little, soft shamois shoes he found and part of two little, black-stockinged legs in them. The rest of Baby was out of sight.

Papa's tall, square scrap basket in the library was over on its side, and Baby had crawled in and gone to sleep. How mamma laughed when he was found!—*Youth's Companion.*

A Boy's Rabbit Snare.
One of the most effective rabbit snares for boy-trappers is known as

the bait twitch-up. It is very simply made, and if there are any rabbits in the neighborhood where it is set up it will certainly catch them. As you will see in the picture the snare consists of a pen made of small sticks about a foot high, and having an opening on one side about six inches across. In the picture some of the sticks are shown cut off short in order to reveal the interior of the pen. Over the doorway a stout twig is arched.

Two sticks about ten inches long are whittled to a point at one end and cut square at the other. One of them is



A BAIT TWITCH-UP.

baited with a sweet apple and balanced upright at the further side of the pen. The point of the other stick is carefully balanced at the point of the upright, the other end being placed just under the arch, where it is held fast by the noose wire. This noose-wire is fastened to a springy sapling.

When the rabbit sees the apple he pops through the noose, but the moment he touches the bait down fall the two sticks, up goes the sapling and he is caught in the noose.

Daily Mails by Birds.
Out on the Pacific coast there has been established what is probably the most novel postal service in the world, says the New York Herald. It is not under Government control, and Uncle Sam has nothing to do with the appointment of the operators.

This line is between Santa Catalina Island, lying twenty miles out to sea, and Los Angeles, Cal., and the postmen are trim, saucy little carrier pigeons, whose feathered coats, oddly enough, are precisely the bluish gray shade of the regulation postman's uniform. Every day during the three summer months, and sometimes twice a day, these tiny messengers fly from the island across the ocean channel and over the land—fifty miles, air line to their loft in Los Angeles, bearing beneath their wings not only dispatches to private persons, but a daily budget of news for the city press.

The owners and originators of what is now known as the Catalina Carrier Pigeon Service are two bright Los Angeles boys—the Zahn brothers. Catalina Island is one of the most popular summer resorts on the Pacific coast; therefore it came to pass that every summer several thousand people found themselves literally "at sea," practically cut off from the outside world. A steamer lands at Avalon, the principal resort on the island, once each day, arriving at 6 o'clock p. m., and returning to the mainland at 7 o'clock the following morning. All communication with the outside world was, therefore, cut off for twenty-four hours at a time.

At first the only thought was to send private messages; but it soon occurred to the editor of one of the enterprising city dailies to have the daily correspondence from the island transmitted by the pigeon line. The experiment was therefore tried.

Private vs. Public Opinion.
An Englishman who was traveling at the time Senor Canovas was killed, writes to the London Standard his observations of the manner in which men really spoke of the assassination: "Every paper devoted columns to denouncing the deed, commenting on the political results, and to unanimously singing the praises of the dead premier. According to the Liberal and Conservative papers alike, his efforts for Spain had been colossal, and had he lived he would speedily have ended or mended the difficulties in Cuba, the Philippines, and at home. He was an ideal man, politically and socially, and was to be the saviour of his country. During the last few days, in Seville and Madrid, I have heard the opinion of many classes of the community, and ninety per cent. of the people here state openly, in the cafe, in the streets, at the table d'hotel, and in the clubs, that, far from being surprised, they wonder that Canovas was not murdered ten years ago. They speak of him as a cold-hearted despot, opposed to all measures for the improvement of the people, the prime cause of the wasted millions in Cuba, and the murderer of the thousands who have died there from famine, disease, and at the hands of the insurgents. They lay at his door the innumerable tax abuses, which lately have increased considerably."

Descriptive, at Least.
A baby in St. Louis has the original name of Cyclonia. It was given to her, the Chicago Times-Herald explains, because she was born during the destructive storm which visited St. Louis in the spring of 1896. But for this explanation it might have been supposed that her name indicated simply that her father and mother were completely carried away with her.

Entertaining company is nothing but vanity. The professional visitors have a way of praising everything offered them, and those who entertain break their necks for the cheap compliments.

Twenty-five dollars for wedding cards is apparently too much; brides have almost stopped using them, because they do not bring \$25 worth of presents.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

PREJUDICE is the sword of fools.
Fog is the gossip's sunshine.
Covetousness is cussedness nicknamed.
Knowledge will grow until the last scholar is dead.
If only good men could marry, the world would be full of old maids.
Mother, is the little child's Bible.
Slow promises make the best time.
Opinions never change the weather.
A fool's company is not hard to find.
Honesty has never found a substitute.
He that is always calm is always brave.
He is very unfortunate that has no trouble.
Gold loses its shine when it is gotten by guilt.
Nature is the supernatural partially unveiled.
The best safe for your money is a prudent wife.
A giant among giants is not aware of his own size.
The ass might sing better if he didn't pitch his tune so high.
The man robes others who does not make the best of himself.
Nothing can happen without bringing good to those who love God.
Everybody says, "Go up higher," to the man who is "getting there."
Call a little man great, and other little people will throw up their hats.
Whenever an ass brays he probably thinks he has enlightened the world.
To get the good out of the years, we must learn how to live each hour well.
The devil cannot be less merciful to men than they have been to each other.
If you talk to a mule about voice culture, take care to keep away from his heels.
A shallow man may always see the face of a fool by looking into a deep well.
We may stand on the highest hill if we are only willing to take steps enough.
The man who travels the same road every day soon ceases to admire the scenery.

Time and Silence.
As time is the greatest of physicians, so silence is the greatest of arbiters. Time and silence succeed oftentimes where all other agencies and influences fail. The truth is omnipotent and needs no props. In the end only the right will prevail, and all men shall see it. Suffering is the only avenue to the highest and divinest experiences. "He was made perfect through suffering," and if we would "reign with Him we must also suffer with Him." Suffering is Heaven's brightest angel in disguise. If we suffer as Christians, let us rejoice and be glad, for great is our reward, not in the far-off life to come only, but here on earth also. If we are right with God and our cause is just, we have nothing to fear, however we may suffer, but in the end we shall say, "It was well; it was well!" All things come to those who know how to wait, and silence is golden when we know that He guides our steps. He doeth all things well, and He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment (vindication) as the noonday." So shall it be well with thee; so suffer on, if it be thy lot.

The German Woman.
In Germany to-day no woman can control her own actions; she cannot even control her property; whatever of value she has acquired in any way belongs to her father, her husband or her son, and the law requires her to obey their orders. Japan is the only other country on earth that pretends to be civilized where the rights of women are so restricted. When a woman marries in Germany all her property passes into the ownership of her husband forever. He has the legal right to use or dispose of it in any manner he chooses regardless of her wishes or protests. If they are divorced the property remains with him. When she assents to the marriage vow she forfeits independence and confers upon him absolute jurisdiction over her mind, body and estate. He can compel her to work or do anything else that is lawful for women to do, and she has no relief or protection except in public opinion. Some of the American heiresses who have married German barons have learned of this law to their sorrow, and others who may have an opportunity to assist in supporting the German army and restoring ancestral estates should look into the matter very carefully before they appoint the wedding day.—*Chicago Record.*

Mutual Interest.
"So that young man wants to marry you?" said Mabel's father.
"Yes," was the reply.
"Do you know what his salary is?"
"No. But it's an awfully strange coincidence."
"What do you mean?"
"Herbert asked me the very same question about you."—*Washington Star.*

Much-Named War God.
China has a war god with 3,000 names.
Every man has troubles of his own, but owing to the demands for sympathy made by other people, not every man has a chance to get around to them.



IT WAS THE LAST TIME SHE SAW HIM.

above herself by the stress of such an effort as no one person ever makes twice in a lifetime, as very few ever make at all. A moment later, overcome by the inevitable reaction, she had rushed sobbing from the room, leaving the Governor still standing at the mantel, immovable, as he had stood since she began.