

# PINEVILLE CHRONICLE



**W**HEN Joe Peterman and Polly May got married, it was a standing jest in Pineville.

Joe and Polly lived on adjoining five-acre lots, with only a fence between them. It was not a very high fence nor a strong one either, for it was almost rotted down in many places.

It was said that years ago Joe and Polly had been sweethearts, but that they had quarreled about some trifling matter, and that they had not spoken to each other since that day.

Jonessy had just been elected justice of Pineville, and was looking around to see where the fees of the office were to come from.

As there was nothing for him to do in the office, he thought that it was his duty to go outside of it and hunt up something. In debating the question with himself as to what would be most likely to bring him in a fee, his mind, of course, turned to marriages.

"When Joe Peterman and Polly May get married," he repeated to himself, smiling, "well, it is a duty I owe to this community to end that quarrel of theirs the first thing, and it is a duty I owe to myself to see that they get married as soon afterward as possible."

So Jonessy took a walk out to Joe Peterman's place, and found the latter at home.

"Joe," he said, after some talk on subjects in general, "Joe, I came out to see you on official business."

Joe's eyes flew wide open.

"I haven't been doing anything wrong, have I?" he asked, with trembling voice.

The truth was that Joe had thrown a brickbat at Polly's cat the night before, and without really intending to do so, had hit her and knocked her out of his favorite peach tree, and had felt rather mean about it ever since.

"Well, I don't know," Jonessy replied, cautiously, for he could see that Joe had something on his mind, and thought to draw him out. "You see, Joe, the right and the wrong generally depends on the circumstances attending the case."

"That's what I reckoned," said Joe. "You see I saw her coming through the fence, and tried to make her go back."

"And she wouldn't go?"

"No."

"What did you do next?"

"Soon as I spoke she ran up that peach tree, and went to clawing and scratching the bark."

"She did, eh?"

"She did. Then I got mad, like a fool," said Joe, hanging his head. "I picked up a brickbat and threw it at her, and down she came, kicking her legs like drumsticks."

"Didn't she say anything?" asked Jonessy.

"Who?"

"Why, Polly May, of course."

"You didn't think that it was Polly I treated that way, did you?" asked Joe.

"No, hardly. But who was it?"

"It was Polly's cat, Jonessy. I thought that perhaps Polly had seen it, and gone to you and entered a complaint against me."

"No, she hasn't done it yet, Joe, but there is no telling how soon she may do so," said Jonessy. Then he added, confidentially, "If I were you I'd go over and see her and settle the whole thing out of court."

After Jonessy left him Joe stood and scratched his head for some time. The whole thing was a puzzle to him. Had Jonessy known more than he pretended? If so, had Polly told him? And if Polly had, was it at her suggestion that Jonessy had come and told him to go and see her?

"It is ten years since we spoke," he mused, with a sad smile, while a mocking bird was singing blithely in a tree close by.

Then suddenly he burst out laughing. "The idea of Polly climbing a tree," he cried. "And me throwing brickbats at her, and she falling—ha-ha-ha!"

But Jonessy walked homeward in quite a different mood. Somehow he felt that his mission had been rather a failure. Still, every once in awhile, a gleam of hope darted upward and he thought that he could see a fee of office afar off.

As he walked along, musing and dreaming he found himself suddenly face to face with a woman carrying a huge basket on her arm.

"How do you do, Judge?" she cried, cheerily, letting her basket down to the ground. "I was real glad to hear that you was elected."

"Thank you, Polly. I was just thinking about you when you bobbed up," said Jonessy. "Have just been over to see your neighbor, Joe Peterman, and was on my way home with my thoughts full of both of you."

Polly frowned.

"Joe isn't going to have me to court, is he?" she asked.

"Can't say, Polly. I reckon that depends as much on you as on him."

"Well, he had no business coming in through the window like he did," Polly cried. "It served him only right that the window fell down on him like it did and caught him by the leg. Of course, when I grabbed him by the throat to keep him from squalling, and he cut me on the wrist, I was mad enough to kill him. But I kept my temper, and I didn't hurt him any more than I could help," she protested.

"But Joe didn't—," Jonessy began.

"Of course Joe didn't. Joe never would listen to reason," cried Polly.

"But, Polly, Joe—" Jonessy began again.

"That's all right, Jim Jonessy; you have Joe's side of the story, and I am going to tell mine," cried Polly. "After I got him loose I bothered with him all day, and doctored him, and that night, after dark, I carried him in my arms to the fence and set him down on the other side."

"Goodness, Polly, you don't mean to tell me that you carried him in your arms?" Jonessy exclaimed.

"Well, I just did, and I'll swear to it before Joe or anybody."

"I wouldn't do it if I was you," said Jonessy, earnestly. "Why, there isn't a soul in Pineville would believe you could do it."



"I CAN," SAID A MANLY VOICE IN THE DOORWAY.

"Could do what?"

"Why, carry Joe Peterman in your arms, of course."

"Jim Jonessy, you are a fool!" she cried, very red in the face. "It is Joe's old Dominick rooster I have been talking about."

"Why, yes, of course," stammered Jonessy, in confusion, trying to smile. "I was just teasing you, Polly, knowing that you and Joe were such old friends."

"But did Joe say he was going to take me to court?" she asked.

"Not exactly, but I advised him to go and talk the matter over with you. Say, Polly, you two ought to make up. You take my advice," said Jonessy.

Then Jonessy went one way and Polly went the other, each one busy with many thoughts.

That evening Mrs. Jonessy asked her husband how many fees the new office had brought him.

"This is the first day, you know," he smiled faintly. "I have just been setting the wheels in motion to-day, and the fees will come in after awhile."

"Yes; when Joe Peterman and Polly May get married," she said, laughing.

Jonessy had accomplished something that day. He had set Joe and Polly thinking about each other. Joe's long, lantern-jawed face, usually sober and solemn, had relaxed into smiles several times, and once he had actually caught himself humming an old song that had lain forgotten for years within him. On the other hand, Polly's round and rosy face, that was supposed to wear a smile even in sleep, was very thoughtful and sad. And while bending above the

steam from the fragrant teapot, at the supper table, her eyes seemed filled with unshed tears.

"Poor Joe," she sighed, as she sat down to her lonely meal. "I thought sure that he would get over it and marry some one else, but it seems that he doesn't care any more than I do for anybody, and both of us just persist in being wrong, when only a word from either of us would make things so different."

Just then a cat came in at the open door, and when Polly saw that it limped slightly on one leg she sprang up from the table and caught it in her arms.

"Poor Kitty," she murmured. "I wonder who hurt you? You can't tell, can you?"

"I can," said a manly voice in the doorway, and a moment later Joe entered the room. "Jonessy told me to-day that you intended to sue me for throwing a brickbat at your cat," he said.

Polly eyed her visitor closely for a moment, and seeing that his eyes were upon her supper table instead of upon herself, the hard lines that had come around her lips relaxed into a smile.

"Come in, Joe," she said, gently. "Will you take a cup of tea with me?"

"Then you ain't mad because I crippled your cat?"

"Joe," she cried, trying to look severe, "will you take a cup of tea with me?"

"Yes. You ain't mad, Polly?"

Polly did not reply, but busied herself refilling the teapot, and making room for him at the table.

When Joe was seated at the table Polly sat down opposite to him and watched him in silence for several minutes.

"So Jim Jonessy has been telling you that I was about to take you to court for crippling my cat, has he?" she said at last. "I met him when he came from your house, and he hinted that you might have me prosecuted because your old Dominick rooster came over here and got himself crippled the other day."

"I never said no such thing, Polly," cried Joe.

"Nor did I," said Polly.

"I never mentioned rooster to him."

"And I never said cat."

"I wonder how he found out?" cried Joe.

"I guess our consciences gave it away. When I think of it now, he never said rooster to me until I had told him all about it myself," said Polly, smiling.

"I remember now, that it was the same with me and the cat," said Joe. "I know I wanted to tell you how sorry I was, and it was all I could think of when Jonessy came to see me."

"I am sorry, too, Joe," said Polly, "and I hope you won't think that I done it on purpose."

Somehow the summer dusk gathered around them, and neither seemed to notice it, as they talked on and on across the table between them. After awhile, however, Polly rose and went to the open door, where Joe followed her.

"Say, Polly," he said, taking her unresisting hand, "I have been sorry for everything all these years; won't you say that you forgive me?"

Polly looked up into his face.

"I have been sorry, too, Joe. Oh! so sorry."

Just then Polly's cat, purring softly, rubbed herself against Joe's leg, and at the same moment old Dominick crowed lustily on his own side of the fence.

"Now, in Pineville, a good many things are dated from the time 'when Joe Peterman and Polly May got married,'" —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**Ill-Omened East Wind.**

There are twenty-two allusions in the Bible to the east wind, nineteen of them being of a disparaging character.

When an only son comes down town earlier than ten in the morning, he looks as though he hadn't had his sleep out.

## ANECDOTE AND INCIDENT

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy once had put into his hands by a hostess a volume containing some of his own poems, and was asked for his opinion of them. "Dreadful drivel," replied the modest Sir Charles. His predicament may be imagined when his hostess flushed and said sharply: "I don't mind your laughing at me, but pray don't laugh at verses which came to me from the very heart of my husband when we first knew each other, and which I will treasure to my dying day."

A member of the National Guard of Pittsburg, who has been absent from the city nearly a year, had been wiring his captain at brief intervals for a week inquiring anxiously when he should report for duty. The captain answered by wire several times, but the thing got monotonous. When affairs assumed definite shape he set the anxious militiaman, whose given name was John, a brief telegram. Johnny arrived in the city next night, and exhibited the telegram to his comrades. It read: "Johnny, get your gun."

When Huxley visited this country some years ago, says the Ladies' Home Journal, he was entertained at the home of his friend, John Fiske, the historian. At breakfast, when the raised biscuits were passed, it was noticed that Huxley took one, eying it curiously, and laid it carefully beside his plate for further investigation. It was evidently an unknown quantity to him. As soon as he could quietly, without being observed, gain the attention of his host, he lifted the biscuit solemnly, and, holding it out to Prof. Fiske in the palm of his hand, said in a whisper: "Is this a buckwheat cake, Fiske?"

General Grant, when in Scotland, heard a great deal about golf, and, being a guest at a country house, expressed a wish to see how it was played. Accordingly the two gentlemen went out to the park. The host teed the ball, and wagged the club with all due solemnity, and the General's expectations ran high as he observed these impressive preliminaries. Presently there was a heavy thud, a flight of turf, and the little ball still sat on the tee. Again, and yet again a thud, heavier than before, with turf still flying, with ball unmoved, with the golfer perspiring and perplexed. Whereupon General Grant gently remarked: "There seems to be a fair amount of exercise in the game, but I fail to see the use of the ball."

Ellas Howe, the inventor of the sewing machine, proved his patriotism during the war by enlisting and by frequent heavy contributions from his private purse. In November, 1862, his regiment was in Virginia, suffering great discomfort. Not having been paid off, and the men needing money, Private Howe advanced \$13,000 due them. He sat at a table handing out the money, when a clergyman asked him for a subscription toward a new church. "Oh," said Howe, "this is war time." "Yes," the clergyman replied, "but we need churches, and hope you will give us something for St. Peter's." "St. Peter," said Howe; "he was the fighting apostle, and cut off a man's ear." "Yes," "Oh, well," said Howe, "I'll give you \$50 for St. Peter, but just now most of my money is being spent on saltpeper."

Captain Sigbee served as ensign under Farragut at Mobile Bay. He was in charge of the forward powder division. The fire was hot for a while, and when it was quieter Sigbee went aft to ask a brother ensign if there were any casualties in the after command. While talking he stood up against a stanchion in the ward-room. The next moment there was a crash against the side of the ship within ten feet of where they stood. The air was filled with dust, and splinters, and flying fragments. The stanchion against which Sigbee was leaning came down, broken in the middle, and one jagged end of it went flying. Sigbee reeled and staggered. "Are you hurt?" cried the other, rushing to him. He drew himself up, and said: "No, sir; but I would like to know where that went to." They told him that the shot went through the side of the ship. "I don't mean that," said he; "where's the skirt of my coat?" One skirt of his brand-new uniform coat had been ripped out of sight by the jagged end of the broken stanchion.

The late George Dawson accompanied Carlyle during the latter's travels in Germany in search of material for his "Frederick the Great," and they had with them on one occasion a quiet German book-worm, who did a great deal of the underground work. One night, having comfortably bestowed their great charge in a farm-house some eleven miles from the city, Dawson and the book-worm betook themselves to Berlin, and had a quiet dinner to themselves, went to the theater, sat up late over beer and a pipe or so, and as a consequence of all this breakfasted rather late in the morning. It was summer weather and they took their meal in the garden. Up came a figure with flying coat-tails—Carlyle in a towering rage. "Call ye that a quiet place? Call ye that a quiet place? At three o'clock a score of cocks began to crow, and woke two score of dogs, who barked till they woke a hundred oxen, who lowed till I came away. And ye call that a quiet place?"

**The Reindeer Moss.**

Though the common name of this little plant of a gray tint is reindeer moss—*cladonia rangiferina*—it really belongs, says the Boston Transcript, to the family of lichens. These are a little lower in the scale of life than the mosses which have roots and leaves.

The lichens have neither stems nor leaves, and may grow flat upon the surface of the trees, rocks or ground, or may, as in the present case, grow up in numerous thread-like parts. The reindeer moss is very common in the old pastures and open woods of New England where the soil is poor. Indeed, it often covers the ground so closely with its compact masses that it would seem as if cows put out to pasture would find it a hard task to get a sufficient quantity of grass for their daily meal. It fairly tinges the ground with a whitish gray hue. When dry it is quite brittle and very pretty, its stem-like parts being hollow like little tubes. They branch out and stand up some four or five inches high. After a rain this lichen is soft to the touch. It makes a beautiful addition to a fernery, where it needs no care. The reindeer lichen grows in other parts of the world as well as in New England. It covers the barren plains of Lapland and the northern parts of Siberia, growing well where nothing else would. There it forms the principal food of the reindeer, from which fact it has received the name of reindeer moss. It is said that at one time, when there was a great scarcity of grain in Sweden, this moss was ground up with flour to make bread. To us the food made in this way would seem to be most unpalatable.

**CHARITY IN FRANCE.**

**Society Women Nurse in Hospitals Where Loathsome Diseases Are**

Miss Anna L. Bicknell writes of "French Wives and Mothers" in the Century. Miss Bicknell says: Ladies of the highest rank, who seem the most engrossed by frivolous pleasures, will perform heroic acts of charity in the most unexpected manner. The Infirmary for Cancerous Diseases, containing the most fearful and loathsome examples of that repulsive malady, is regularly attended by ladies of rank, who have their fixed days of duty, when, each in turn, they dress the wounds with their own hands. The Duchesse d'Uzes, one of the best-known leaders of fashion, whose splendid festivities fill the chronicles of the leading newspapers, is one of the most assiduous, showing an adroitness in the exercise of her charitable functions which induces her care to be particularly desired by the patients.

I know great families who, when residing in their country houses, have regular days in the week when the daughters of the family dress wounds and sores among the surrounding peasantry. The mothers in such families repress energetically any morbid sensibility which might interfere with such duties. "What will you be fit for in after life if you cannot command your feelings?" I have heard said by a venerable marquise who looked as if she had stepped down from the frame of one of the pictures in her chateau. I may quote another instance, of a lady in a less high position, who took in a wretched beggar child on a cold wintry night, performing maternal offices as regards removing the consequences of her neglected condition which were so repulsive that her physical strength gave way and she was taken violently ill in consequence. On my praising her charity, she exclaimed almost indignantly: "What! when our Lord washed the feet of his disciples, you would have me shrink from doing what is necessary for a poor, wretched child, merely through a feeling of disgust?"

I said nothing, but could not help thinking how many would have left the care to others.

It must be acknowledged, however, that by the side of acts of heroic charity there is, saving exceptions, a great lack of that genial kindness which shows itself to equals in any trouble by many little friendly attentions in England and America—the "cup of cold water" of the gospel.

**Origin of Visiting Cards.**

As is the case in many other instances, we owe the invention of cards to the Chinese. So long ago as the period of the Tong Dynasty (618-907), visiting cards were known to be in common use in China, and that is also the date of the introduction of the "red silk cords" which figure so conspicuously on the engagement cards of that country. From very ancient times to the present day the Chinese have observed the strictest ceremony with regard to the paying of visits. The cards which they use for this purpose are very large, and usually of a bright red color. When a Chinaman desires to marry, his parents intimate that fact to the professional "matchmaker," who thereupon runs through the list of her visiting acquaintances, and selects one whom she considers a fitting bride for the young man; and then she calls upon the young woman's parents, armed with the bridegroom's cards, on which are inscribed his ancestral name and the eight symbols which denote the date of his birth. If the answer is an acceptance of his suit, the bride's card is sent in return; and should the oracles prophesy good concerning the union the particulars of the engagement are written on two large cards, tied together with the red cords.—Saturday Evening Post.

**Old Wooden Churches.**

Some of the wooden churches of Norway are fully 700 years old, and are still in an excellent state of preservation. Their timbers have successfully resisted the frosty and almost arctic winters, because they have been repeatedly coated with tar. Norway pine, thus treated, seems to best resist decay.

**Half a Day of Discord.**

It requires half a day to sing the national hymns of China.

Lying will never become a lost art until all the men and women have been buried.

**THEY CAN SING.**

Royal Personages Who Have Melodious Voices.

Few outside the intimate court circle at Berlin are aware that the Kaiser has a very fine barytone voice, and that he is exceedingly fond of singing German and English ballads, which he does with a good deal of expression and feeling. His performances in this direction are restricted to the evening which he spends with his family, none but the most intimate friends and nearest relatives being admitted to the imperial circle. On such evenings as these the hours between dinner and bedtime are devoted to music, the Emperor being a remarkably clever pianist, while whenever Prince Henry is present he produces his violin, on which he is a far more accomplished performer than even his Uncle Alfred, the second and sailor son of Queen Victoria.

The Emperor never sings unless either his wife or his brother consents to accompany him, for singing is one of the few things—perhaps the only one—in which he is not absolutely sure of his superiority, and it is probably, precisely on that account—that is to say, in consequence of his diffidence—that he really sings in a very pleasing manner.

It is King Oscar, however, who possesses the finest barytone voice in Europe, and experts have declared that had he been forced to sing instead of to reign for a living he would have surpassed every professional barytone now on the stage. Queen Margherita of Italy is passionately fond of singing and music, but her husband, King Humbert, like King Leopold of Belgium, abominates the very sound of music, which grates upon his nerves. None of Queen Victoria's family professes to have a sufficiently good voice for singing to encourage him to perform solos. But they are all glad to join in singing, no matter when or where, and their voices are easily distinguishable above those of the remainder of the people singing. I never have been able quite to make out whether this is due to the peculiarity of their accent or if it is attributable to the fact that owing to their royal rank they have a right to pitch their voices higher and louder than any one else.

Queen Victoria's third daughter, the Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, belongs to choral societies in London and Windsor which give public concerts. In these the Princess takes an active part. Nothing is more inspiring than to hear the Princess of Wales singing on Sunday at church at the top of his voice his favorite hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," the rolling "rs" giving it something essentially militant and military.—Chicago Record.

**Neat Wives and Touchy Husbands.**

Women have their faults, 'tis true, and very provoking ones they sometimes are; but if we would all learn, men and women, that with certain virtues which we admire are always coupled certain disagreeablenesses, we might make up our minds more easily to accept the bitter with the sweet.

For instance, every husband, we believe, delights in a cleanly, well-order house, free from dust spots and unseemly stains; the painstaking machinery necessary to keep it so, he wishes never to see; or, seeing too often forgets to praise.

If then, his wife, true to her instincts toward cleanliness, gently reminds him, when he comes home, that he has forgotten to use the doormat before entering the sitting-room on a muddy day, let him reflect before he gives her a lordly, impatient, ungracious "pshaw!" how the reverse of the picture would suit him—viz., a slatternly "easy" woman, whose apartments are a constant mortification to him in the presence of visitors.

It is a poor return when a wife has made everything fresh and bright, to be unwilling to take a little pains to keep it so, or to be properly reminded, if forgetful on these points, upon which many husbands are unreasonably "touchy," even while secretly admiring the pleasant results of the vigilant eye of the good house-mother.

**Trying to Make a Perfect Book.**

It is said that a Spanish firm of publishers once produced a work in which only one letter got misplaced through accident, and this is believed to have been the nearest approach to perfection that has ever been attained in a book. It is further stated that an English house had made a great effort to the same end, and issued proof-sheets to the universities with an offer of two hundred and fifty dollars if any error was discovered in them, but in spite of this precaution several blunders remained undetected till the work issued from the press.—Saturday Evening Post.

**Postage Stamp Patriotism.**

It is a source of complaint that people put stamps on their letters in every position but an upright one. Washington is sometimes seen on his face, Grant standing on his head, and Franklin in an undignified attitude. As it is not proper to hang out a flag ensign down, neither is it becoming nor patriotic to paste stamps in any other way than with the head turned top-side up.—Philadelphia Times.

**Fatal to a Pleasant Task.**

She—Yes; that's the new pair of skates Uncle Ned gave me. They're the very latest out.

He—I don't like them as well as the old-fashioned strap skates.

She—Why?

He—It only takes about thirty seconds to put them on.—Puck.

When men quit the prize ring and women give up the marriage ring there's new stars in the theatrical firmament.