

THE RETURN OF BILL CARVER

...By David H. Talmadge

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Conductor Wilson of the "Electric Flash," a term applied in kindly derision to the passenger train on the Goose river branch of a certain great western railway, was called upon one morning to apologize in behalf of his engineer, and his apology, from end to end, including stops and slowdowns, as the saying is, was not entirely devoid of entertaining features.

"The truth of the matter is," said he, addressing the principal kicker, a traveling salesman from Milwaukee, "that there's only one man on earth who understands the teakettle that we use in place of a real locomotive on this line, and his name's Bill Carver. Bill knows her from the track up. He gives her a pat here and a jab there, and she settles down to her paces like an old family horse. But let a new man take her, and she either gets on to her hind legs and goes crazy or else she sulks and won't go at all worth mentioning. She's sulking this morning."

"I should think so!" growled the Milwaukee man, looking at his watch. "We're forty minutes late now, and I'll miss my train on the other road. Where is Carver, anyway? What do they let him go away for without taking his banged old steam pot with him?"

"He's at Geneva Lake by this time," replied the conductor. "He came down with us last night. He's on his wedding trip. By George! You wouldn't have known him, togged out as he was in the regulation black, with his hands in kid gloves and his feet in patent leathers. He could hardly drag his gaze away from his bride long enough to recognize the teakettle; that's a fact. He was simply soaked full of love or whatever it is, and he was purring like a kitten. I'd never have believed it of him, for all the mean things I ever heard any one say about women as a sex and about marriage as an institution he'd said the meanest. He never had any patience with idiots who repose confidence in petticoats. He said women were all false as hades and foolish as barnyard fowls. He was married to his ridiculous old engine, he was, and he never wanted anything better in this world. Of course we married fellows knew when he spouted that sort of stuff that he'd been disappointed in some love affair and that he didn't really mean all he thought he meant, but none of us was ever able to pump him out. So we just laughed at him and told him that sooner or later he'd meet something in petticoats that would jerk him over the line and into the roundhouse as a mogul jerks a sick switch engine. It made him smart to tell him that, but it's precisely what happened. If I ever saw a man who'd lost the last vestige of his power of resistance, it was him last night. He was coal in the scoop of the fireman, nothing else."

"How did it happen?" asked the Milwaukee man, glancing again at his watch and settling resignedly into his seat. "Well, as near as I can make out from what I was told at Whippleville yesterday by a chap who lives next door to Bill's bride's folks up at Correy Center it was mostly Bill's fault that he didn't get spiced long ago instead of going away in a huff and turning himself into a make believe woman hater. The girl liked him all right, but she was like most girls—she didn't like to seem too easy. Bill might have understood her if he hadn't been so lacking in ordinary—what do you call it?—perspicuity. He sized up a woman just as he did an engine. He expected definite results. When he pulled the throttle, he expected her to go, and when he put on the air he expected her to stop, and when she didn't do these things he got mad. Furthermore, he gave the girl to understand plain enough that he was dead gone on her, and that was another mistake. He's fair, square and aboveboard, Bill is, and he has mighty little patience with any one who tries to take advantage of him. He's no fish to be played on a string, he says."

"Now, there never was a healthy girl, I suppose, who wouldn't play with a chap after she was sure she had him hooked. It's the nature of 'em. And this girl did things just to make Bill mad. She flirted with other fellows, and she had little spells of false anger, when she made him think he'd done something she didn't like and wouldn't tell him what it was, and she twitted him on his looks, which aren't specially handsome, and altogether she carried on in a way to drive an honest man to desperation, although most men in Bill's place would have brought her up with a round turn. And at last, one night four years ago, Bill reached the limit, and for about an hour he read the riot act to her. He was like a life or death special on a new track—simply shut his eyes and made her run. Then when he'd got through he slammed his hat over his eyes and bolted, never looking at the girl. I'll bet \$5 she was holding out her hands to him and trying to get her talk pipe to work. A woman can tell usually when she's gone too far, and almost always she'll come down from her perch peaceably enough if she's given the right sort of a chance."

"He didn't go back to Correy Center after that until about two weeks ago. He wouldn't have gone then only that his mother was sick and wanted to see him before she reached the end of her run. So he got a ten days' lay off and set his teeth together as if he was going into a den of lions or a baby show

or something like that and went. The old lady was better when he got there. Within a week she was sitting up, and Bill's excuse for staying in the house with her wore pretty thin. He saw the girl go past several times and he noticed that she looked in with an expression on her face that resembled anxiety, but it never occurred to him that she was so anxious to make up with him that she couldn't eat nor sleep. And I expect he'd have gone back to his dear old teakettle without finding it out if it hadn't been for an accident.

"He was standing in front of the village postoffice one morning, waiting for the mail to be distributed. He was keeping his eye peeled for the girl. He didn't want to meet her. He was afraid. He reasoned that it could do no good and would be confoundingly embarrassing. He never carries a false face with him, Bill doesn't. And then, too, he wasn't absolutely sure of himself. He knew down deep in his steam chest that he had about as much affection for the girl as he'd ever had, and he rather suspected that if he met her face to face he'd make three or four kinds of fool of himself. He could see her house from where he stood—a pretty place in a regular snarl of roses and honeysuckles and flower beds, and I've a notion that he looked at it with something of longing and regret. It was only natural that he should.

"Well, while he was standing there an old friend of his came up on horseback and asked him if he wouldn't do a favor for him. He wanted Bill to take the horse home. Some business had unexpectedly claimed his immediate attention, and he didn't like to leave the horse standing on the street. He thought Bill might like a ride anyway. Of course Bill said he would. He didn't know any more about riding horseback than a woodchuck knows of darning, but he never hesitated to accommodate a friend. He got his mail and climbed into the saddle and in less than three minutes something was doing in his vicinity. The horse was a spirited beast, with a habit of shying at everything which seemed to offer an excuse for it, and every time he shied Bill stuck in his heels, and every time Bill stuck in his heels the beast took it as an invitation to make speed. Half way down the street he was galloping right merrily. A little further and he was giving a tolerably correct imitation of Garry Herrman, and Bill was bouncing like a rubber ball. He said 'Whoa,' but it didn't seem to have any effect. His mail, which he had tucked under his arm, was scattered broadcast.

"It dawned on Bill presently that he was being run away with, but he didn't lose his head. Bill never loses his head. Said he to himself, 'I've got to shut off steam.' And he stretched himself on the beast's neck, reaching for the nose, and he got a grip on it, and the first thing that horse knew he couldn't breathe, and something was on his neck, for Bill had bounced clean over the shoulders, and he stopped dead, stiff legged as a sawhorse.

"But Bill didn't stop—not at once. He went on, and he landed plump on a pany bed in the yard at the end of the street, and when he opened his eyes he was looking square into the face of the girl, who had been sitting under a tree reading. Neither spoke for a moment. The girl's color came and went, and Bill's breath did likewise, but pretty soon the girl's wits, which were in working order, it seems, asserted themselves. 'Oh, Will,' she said, 'I'm so glad you've come back to me!'"

"Bill raised himself on his elbow in a dazed sort of way and tried to say something, but his breath wasn't quite equal to it. And the girl went down on her knees and wrapped her arms about him. 'So glad, dear,' she murmured. 'They got married. That's all there was to it. And we're doing the best we can till they get back from their honeymoon trip.'"

The semblance of a smile appeared upon the Milwaukee man's face. "I suppose that under the circumstances we'll have to forgive him," he said. "But, by jingo, I'm sorry we're going to miss connections at Whippleville. I'm to be married myself tonight if I can get to Carlinsburg."

"Pshaw!" said the conductor. "You don't say?" Then he chuckled. "Guess you'll have to go horseback, won't you?"

"Not on your silver plated punch!" replied the Milwaukee man decidedly.

Old Bridal Customs.
There used to be a custom of strewing flowers before the bridal couples as they went to the church and from the church to the house.
Suppose the way with fragrant herbs were strewing.
All things were ready, we to the church were going.
And now suppose the priest had joined our hands—
Is a quaint old verse that refers to this custom. The Persians introduce a tree at their marriage feasts laden with fruit, and it is the place of the guests to try to pluck this without the bridegroom observing. If successful, they must present the bridal couple with a gift a hundred times the value of the object removed. In Tuscan brides wear jasmine wreaths, and there is a legend that a once reigning grand duke, who at great expense procured this flower for his own particular garden, gave orders to his gardener not to part with any flowers or clippings, but the gardener, who was in love, took a sprig to his sweetheart as a gift. She, being shrewd, planted it and raised from it several small plants which she sold to the duke's envious neighbors at a great price. In a short time she had saved sufficient money to enable her lover and herself to marry and start housekeeping, and so the Tuscan have a saying that "the girl worthy of wearing the jasmine wreath is rich enough to make her husband happy."

The Tranquil Mind.

Who does not love a tranquil heart, a sweet tempered, balanced life? It does not matter whether it rains or shines or what misfortunes come to those possessing these blessings, for they are always sweet, serene and calm.

That exquisite poise of character which we call serenity is the best lesson of culture; it is the flowering of life, the fruition of the soul.
It is as precious as wisdom, more to be desired than gold—yes, than even fine gold. How content; the mere money wealth looks in comparison with a serene life—a life which dwells in the ocean of truth, beneath the waves, beyond the reach of tempests, in the eternal calm!

How many people we know who sour their lives, who ruin all that is sweet and beautiful by explosive tempers, who destroy their poise of character by bad blood! In fact it is a question whether the great majority of people do not ruin their lives and mar their happiness by lack of self control. How few people we meet in life who are well balanced, who have that exquisite poise which is characteristic of the finished character!—Success.

Taking a Chance.

He looked happy enough as he walked up to the postoffice box, set a huge bundle on the floor and began taking pretty square envelopes therefrom, dropping them by twos and threes into the box.

"Big lot of letters," remarked the policeman. "Nice day too."

"Letters!" said the happy man. "My dear fellow, these are not letters. They are wedding invitations."

A stern look came over the face of the hitherto friendly policeman.

"My friend," he said, "I am sorry to disturb you, but I must do my duty. Come with me."

"Arrested?"

"Yes."

"On what charge, sir? This is an outrage."

"Not at all. You are advertising a lottery through the post."

The man went along.—Kansas City Independent.

The Bubble Reputation.

The Governor—Colonel, don't you know Judge Blank? Shake hands with him.

The Colonel—Ah, you are Judge Blank of Blankville?

The Judge—Yes; Blankville is my home.

The Colonel—Of course I know you by reputation then.

The Governor—Colonel, don't you know it always makes me feel mighty uncomfortable when a man says that about me—that he knows me by reputation?

The Colonel—How is that, governor? Why should it make you feel uncomfortable?

The Governor—Because, by jingo, I always wonder which reputation he means.

A Simple System.

Teacher—In what year was the battle of Waterloo fought?

Pupil—I don't know.

Teacher—It's simple enough if you only would learn how to cultivate artificial memory. Remember the twelve apostles. Add half that number to them. That's eighteen. Multiply that by 100. That's 1,800. Take the twelve apostles again. Add a quarter of their number to them. That's fifteen. Add what you've got. That's 1,815. That's the date. Quite simple, you see, to remember dates if you will only adopt my system.

Making Sure.

This hunting story comes from Scotland: When the beaters came out of the covert, one of the guns said to the keeper, "Have you got all your beaters out?"

"Aye," said the man, astonished.

"Are you sure? Have you counted them?"

"Counted them?" said the keeper. "Aye, they're all right."

"Then," said the shooter, with a sigh of some relief, "I have shot a roe."

The Spitting Snake.

A snake found in Africa is called the spitting snake by the Boers. It is between two and three feet long and is especially bold and active, readily attacking every one who approaches it. In confinement it is very savage, opening its mouth and erecting its fangs, from which the poison may be often observed to drop and even sometimes to be forcibly ejected; whence the name given it by the Boers.

Sources of Alcohol.

Some terribly potent liquors, it is said, can be distilled from the innocent looking banana and also from the milk of the cocoanut. The Japanese make a beverage from plums and from the flowers of the motherwort and the peach. The Chinese produce several qualities of spirit from rice and peas, all of them intoxicating, besides which they can make an alcoholic drink from mutton.

Same Old Thing.

Tom—Did you call on that pretty telephone girl?

Dick—Yes, but I guess there was another fellow there ahead of me, or maybe it was only force of habit.

Tom—How do you mean?

Dick—My card came back with the message: "Busy. Please call again."—Philadelphia Press.

Reassuring George.

She had been shopping, and he was naturally disturbed.

"I hope you didn't spend much money while you were downtown today," he remarked.

"Not a cent except car fare, George," she answered reassuringly. "I had everything charged."—Chicago Post.

The Biggest Little Thing

measured by the amount of nutritive value it contains, is the fresh soda cracker. Many people think a cracker an insignificant and easy thing to make—yet no one ever succeeded in reaching perfection until **Uneeda Biscuit** were introduced. To maintain the quality of **Uneeda Biscuit** requires the best of everything—wheat, flour, baker, and bakery.

Uneeda Biscuit furnishes every element necessary to bodily vigor; and, above all, they are fresh and clean. This is due to the **In-er-seal Package**—the package with red and white seal—which protects them from the air, moisture, dust, and other things not best to mention. There's a world of worry, work, skill and care in making a soda cracker like—

5c Uneeda Biscuit

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Tons of Food For the Atlantic.

Commenting on the tremendous amount of food consumed on the average Atlantic liner nowadays, a writer in the Springfield Republican says: "At 8 comes the monumental breakfast; at 11 the deck steward fills up the commodes with those thick, obese English cups; at 1 the magnificent luncheon; at 5 the sleepers assaulted by the deck steward again; at 7 the awesome English dinner; at 9:30 a trifling lunch to ballast you for bed. Besides this barbaric mounds of sandwiches, olives, cheese, crackers, perpetually stare you in the face in the smoking room. Food, food; the sight and smell of it pursue the unwilling stomach in every corner of the place; food tasted, wasted, thrown away. There is one port hole on the steerage deck, from the galley apparently, which belches it forth in a continuous stream—half loaves of bread, great remnants of meat; we have left a trail of it across the Atlantic. If some one would only estimate the tons of wasted food which are annually thrown into the Atlantic or could calculate how much cheaper these steamship companies could give us our travel if they substituted plain, self respecting fare for this gilded glutony, it would certainly be interesting and worth while."

The Gullotine and Its Inventor.

One of the most widely disseminated of popular errors is that Dr. Guillotin invented the grim machine which still bears the name. The real inventor of this sinister contrivance was Dr. Louis, a well known medical man and permanent secretary of the Parisian School of Medicine, or Academie de Medicine.

Dr. Guillotin, who died in 1814, energetically but vainly protested against the use of his name in connection with this disagreeable subject—an evidence, if one were wanted, of the great difficulty there is of correcting a popular error. Needless to say that the legend that Dr. Guillotin was among the victims of his friend's ingenious and merciful instrument of destruction is wholly apocryphal. He died at a good old age and in his bed, surrounded by his children, who, however, obtained permission to change their name.

Outward Show In Italy.

All over Italy social life is characterized by a great love of outward show. Here is an anecdote which Mr. Luigi Villari relates in "Italian Life in Town and Country" to illustrate this national feeling:

An American gentleman who was spending the winter in Naples had taken a flat in a palazzo, the first floor of which was occupied by a noble family in somewhat reduced circumstances. He noticed to his surprise that every day he met a servant going up or down the stairs carrying a pair of carriage doors. At last the mystery was explained. The said noble family shared a carriage with some other people, but each had its own doors with the family coat of arms, to make their friends believe that they both had carriages.

Didn't Work.

First Suburbanite—I hear that neighbor of yours adopted that hired girl of his so as to get her to stay with the family.

Second Suburbanite—Yes, and now his adopted daughter wants to stay in the parlor and play the piano all day and let her mother do the housework.—Judge.

Titanium is the hardest metal. It looks like copper, but will scratch rock crystal.

THE SAUERKRAUT PEDDLER.

A Character Common to the German Section of New York.

The regular and popular visitor to the German inns and taverns of the east side is the sauerkraut man. He brings his calling with him from the old country and makes a more profitable field in New York than in Berlin or Hamburg. His equipment is quite curious. He wears a blue or white apron running from his neck nearly to the ankles, and from his shoulders is suspended a circular metal box which goes half around his waist. It has three large compartments, two of which are surrounded by hot water. In one are well cooked frankfurter sausages and in the other thoroughly boiled sauerkraut. In the third compartment is potato salad. He carries in his hand a basket in which are small plates and steel forks. One sausage and a generous spoonful of sauerkraut and potato salad cost 5 cents. All three articles are of good quality, well cooked and seasoned. He finds his best customers in the bowling alleys, where the exertion demanded by the game produces large appetites. Next to these are the taverns which do not supply food with their drink. Last of all are the halls and meeting rooms where different societies assemble. His nightly stock consists of fifty sausages, seven pounds of sauerkraut and as much more of salad. On bad evenings he takes only half as much stock as on fair ones. Some of the more fortunate peddlers have arrangements with clubs which pay them a very fair profit upon their goods. Others are free lances who visit every place where they think they can effect a sale.

The metal boxes are very ingenious and are made in Germany. The metal is some variety of pewter, and the fitting of the compartments and of the entire affair to the body is very accurate. The covers are so well hinged and snug at the edges that when the owner falls down he is not liable to spill any of the contents. The contrivance costs some \$3 in Germany, and about \$5 in New York. A few of the peddlers appeal to educated palates and carry with them cervelat, bock, reh, leberwurst and vienna, as well as frankfurters. These fancy sausages usually bring 10 cents instead of the regulation 5.

The forks are washed after the customer has finished his little meal, and from repeated cleansing and use are as bright as silver. The plates, on the other hand, are so banged and bruised that they might be easily mistaken for crackle-pear.—New York Post.

Carefulness of Surgeons.

It is an object lesson in godliness to see a surgeon washing his hands after performing an operation, says the Chicago Chronicle. He works of course with sleeves rolled up to the elbow, so that the washing extends from the crazy bone to the tip of the finger nail. First there is a hard scrubbing with plain soap and sterilized water. This is followed by a swabbing with tincture of green soap and sterilized water. Then comes a genuine scouring with equal parts of quicklime and soda in sterilized water and finally a rinsing in a solution (1 to 2,000) of bichloride of mercury. Without these four separate washings no surgeon would think of venturing out to scatter germs of disease.

The highest point to which man can ascend without his health being very seriously affected is 16,500 feet.

No man can build character by trying to raze that of others.—Nashville Banner.

comes covered with brown pea shapes

scales, which can be easily detached and which, when opened, reveal the flowery looking mass of minute animals, whose movements can just be detected by the naked eye. In May and June, however, the scales are found to contain a swarm of brown creatures with six legs and two antennae each. Some of the scales also contain the white bag or cocoon of a small black beetle, which, if left undisturbed, burrows into and consumes the scales. The Chinese say that this beetle eats the little wax insects, and it appears certainly the case that where the parasite is most abundant the scales fetch a lower price in the market.—Chambers' Journal.

All in the Family.

They were discussing the factors which make for success in the world, when the knowing young man said:

"There's nothing like force of character, old man. Now, there's Jones. Sure to make his way in the world. He's a will of his own, you know."

"But Brown has something better in his favor."

"What's that?"

"A will of his uncle."—Stray Stories.

Two Dinners, One Meal.

"I have a lawyer friend whose name is not Henry Peck, but it might be," said a city official.

"Last week my wife and I were invited to his house for dinner, and you never saw finer silver and china on a table, but food was at extreme low tide. My wife gave me a significant glance, and I saw the color rise to the cheeks of our host, but he played the agreeable without a word or look of disapproval.

"Both my wife and I were awfully hungry when we started for home, and she at once accepted my invitation to enter the first restaurant we saw for a good square meal. We were no sooner seated than we saw our dinner host come sneaking in and take a seat in an obscure corner.

"Make believe that we don't see him," said my wife, with a woman's tact. We did make believe, and, the funny part is, so did our late host. By the friendly aid of a mirror I saw when he first observed us the color come to his cheeks, as it had at his own table. He turned as far from us as possible and ate as though he were not enjoying his meal very much."—New York Herald.

Moqui Village Criers.

Among the picturesque features of life in the Moqui villages are the town criers, who take the place of the daily newspapers in civilized communities. There are two of these functionaries, one representing the "hostiles" and the other the "friendlyes," the opposing political parties in the Tusayan villages. Twice a day these officials ascend to the housetops and, wrapped in their scarlet blankets, their figures outlined against the clear blue sky, call out in long drawn, resonant tones whatever announcement or record of town happenings may be in order.

The Woes of Cupid.

"Men is sho' fickle," said Miss Miami Brown. "Dey goes back on you on de slightest provocation."

"What's been happenin'?" asked Miss Ollie Jefferson Tompkins.

"Mr. Rastus Pinkley come aroun' tryin' to kiss me, an', so as not to seem too willin' an' audacious, I smashed 'im wif a flatiron, an' jes' fob dat he jilted me."—Washington Star.

The Earth's Other Motion.

The earth, in addition to its diurnal and annual revolutions, has a slow wabbling of its axis a motion seldom