

HER ONE DAY OFF

By May Everett Glover

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She was such a little woman, and he was a very large man. He first noticed her when the crowd began pushing toward the reviewing stand, and he could not help thinking that it must be hard for her to keep on her feet. Just then the parade was heard approaching, and again there was great pushing. In spite of the warnings of the policeman, the large man found himself just behind her. When the disappointed crowd swayed from the other direction, she was suddenly crowded against him.

"Look out there!" he exclaimed to the man next to her. "Can't you see how you are crowding this lady?" Then she felt an arm protruding around her. "Excuse me, madam, but I am not going to let them crush a little mite like you."

There was such a free heartiness blended with anxiety in his tone that she laughed in spite of her indignation at the liberty he had taken.

"Thank you," she said when the crush was over and she had been released. She looked up for the first time into the dark, handsome face under the wide-brimmed hat, which spoke so plainly of the west. "A cowboy," she thought. "I suppose that he has been one of the rough riders."

"No thanks needed in a crowd like this. I think it is a— Then he paused, and his dark eyes scanned her questioningly. She felt her face flush. "Excuse me, have I ever seen you before?" he asked. "Oh, I know you! You are Anna! Beg pardon, I mean Miss Reynolds—Mrs. Bains' cousin."

"Mrs. Bains? Oh, Mrs. Bains out in Washington. Then you must be Phil—I mean Mr. Edmunds," she said in surprise.

"Yes, Edmunds is my name, but I am Phil." And there was a twinkle in the dark eyes. "I am glad that I found you today. I have your address and wanted to call on you. I promised Mrs. Bains that I would—I wanted to anyway—but after I got here I— He hesitated an instant. "Well, I just decided it. I am not used to ladies and never could get along very well with them." He laughed bashfully.

"So you were afraid to call. I don't think that I should have frightened you, do you?" She smiled.

"No, not at all, but I didn't know. I had an idea that you were very independent and wouldn't want to see a rough fellow like me, and I didn't know how you would treat me."

"Mrs. Bains wrote me that you were east on business and would call to see me and tell me all about them," she said pleasantly. "But it was strange that she should meet in this crowd and you should recognize me. I was going with some friends, but in some way we missed one another."

"You are alone then? Good! I may take care of you today, may I not?" he asked eagerly.

She looked rather surprised.

"You see, we are not strangers," he said apologetically. "I have heard of Cousin Anna for years, and I have looked at your picture dozens of times. Say, I like that hat of one of you with that fluffy thing around your neck—I don't know what you call it. I wanted that picture the worst kind, but Mrs. Bains wouldn't give it to me, and when I took it she made me bring it back."

She laughed. Somehow she could not feel provoked with him, as she would have done with any one else. There was a ring of sincerity in his tone that made her feel instinctively that she could trust him. She was rather prepared for his abrupt way, for Mrs. Bains had written:

"You will find that Phil is like a boy and blurs out what he thinks. He is not at all used to ladies' society, but he has a high opinion of women. My husband says he is true good. He is quite wealthy, and no one stands higher in this locality than he does."

"You may take care of me today. It will be a new experience. I am not used to being taken care of," she said after a pause.

"That is a shame. Do you know you look like Mrs. Bains, and she is the only woman that I could ever get along with. She is just like a sister to me. You see, our ranches join, and I have known the Bainses for years."

"I am glad that you know them. I have not seen them for so long."

"They want me to persuade you to come along home with me. You will, won't you?"

"I couldn't think of taking such a long vacation. You know that I am a business woman."

"Couldn't you have some business out there?" he asked anxiously.

"I might herd cattle," she laughed. "What do you think of New York?"

"There wouldn't be much pasture," he said, glancing around at the pushing, swaying crowd. "I have not been here for years—not since the year I graduated from college and thought that I knew everything," he laughed. "It seems as if I am nearly smothered with all these high buildings and crowds of people. I will be glad when I get back on my ranch again, where I have room to breathe."

In some way she felt unusually free. There was something about him that made her feel that she was really being taken care of. It was a new sensation to have some one help her over streets, on cars and plot her through crowds. They laughed and chatted like a couple of children suddenly let loose from school. They even stopped at a corner and bought peanuts and munched them

NOT IN THE BIBLE.

Quotations Popularly Attributed to the Good Book.

"There are a number of sentences not in the Bible which everybody thinks are there," said a clergyman. "The chief of these sentences is: 'Temper the wind to the shorn lamb.' You would search the Bible pretty thoroughly before you would find that sentence in it. Where you would find it would be in Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey.'"

"Sterne gets a good deal of praise for the origin of this sentence, but it was originated, as a matter of fact, before he was born. In a collection of French proverbs published in 1784 we find: 'Bien mesure le vent a la brebis tondu.' That convicts Sterne of plagiarism."

"In the midst of life we are in death." Everybody thinks that is in the Bible. It isn't, though. It is in the burial service.

"That he who runs may read." This is another sentence supposed, wrongly, to be Biblical. It is not Biblical, though the Bible has something very like it—namely, 'That he may run that readeth.'

"Prone to sin as the sparks fly upward." The Bible nowhere contains those words.

"A nation shall be born in a day. The nearest thing to that in the Good Book is, 'Shall a nation be born at once?'"

South America in 1000 B. C.

The greater the number of the succeeding phases of civilization the more even must be the average length of each and thus resemble the general length of human periods. It is to be seen that the two central European periods, those of Hallstadt and of La Tene, together embrace about a thousand years, an average of 500 for each. The cultured periods of Egypt may be even longer.

The development of Peruvian civilization, accepting on the average five successive periods, would result in a stratification of cultures representing between 2,000 and 3,000 years. About the year 1000 B. C., at the time when Solomon built his temple, the early Americans in Peru reared their mighty structures to the glory of a creator god. Civilization in America would beyond all doubt have worked itself up to a high plane at some time and might have accomplished alone a peculiar but certainly brilliant development without the intervention of European civilization. Professor Max Uhle in Harper's Magazine.

Effect of Rain Upon Animals.

"The effects of a rainy day upon animals of a zoo," said a keeper the other day. "are as interesting to watch as anything I know in connection with a collection of beasts. Now, that big wolf over there just revels in a rainy day and skips about as gay as you please. All the wolves are the same. Rain cheers them up. But the lions are different. They fret and fume and growl and snarl unless you give them an extra allowance of meat or a big pan of warm milk. Then they will sleep, but a rainy day seems to get on the nerves of a lion or any of the cat family. Snakes are kept in just a certain temperature all the time, and you would think that the damp air would never reach them. Perhaps it doesn't, but I have always noticed that all the reptiles are active and cheerful, if a reptile can be said to be cheerful, when it rains."—The Biss.

He Had a Daughter.

"You have a daughter, have you not, sir?" said a minister to an old gentleman with whom he had formed a casual acquaintance as a fellow passenger.

The old gentleman essayed to answer, but the question had strangely affected him.

"I beg your pardon," said the minister, "if I have thoughtlessly awakened in your mind recollections of a painful nature. The world is full of sorrow, sir, and perhaps my question recalls to your memory a fair, beautiful girl whose blossoming young life had withered in its bloom. Am I right, sir?"

"No, not exactly," replied the old gentleman sadly. "I have five unmarried daughters, minister, the youngest of the lot is twenty-eight years old."

The Teacher's Fault.

Teacher—Why, Freddy, how did you get those black and blue welts on your arm?

Scholar—Them's your fault, teacher.

Teacher—My fault? What do you mean?

Scholar (sobbing reminiscently)—Why, you told me it was a poor rule that didn't work both ways. So when I went home I took pa's new two foot rule that doubles up on a hinge and bent it back till it worked both ways and then pa said I'd broken the joints and he went and got his razor strop.

Having a Hard Time.

"Here I've been running for years," said the hall clock, "and I haven't moved an inch. I wouldn't mind that so much, but every evening about 8:20 the young lady of the family turns me back because she says I'm too fast and then in the morning the old man comes along and grumbles because I'm too slow."

Fancy Work.

"Does your wife do much fancy work?"

"Fancy work? She won't even let a porous plaster come into the house without encircling a red border round it and running a yellow ribbon through the holes."

A Pampered Ambition.

"That boy says his only ambition is to make a living without working."

"What are his parents going to do for him?"

"Make a politician out of him."—Detroit Free Press.

A SEXTON'S HABIT

(Original.)

Old Pollock, sexton of St. James' church, and his wife were childless. Mrs. Pollock pined because she had not a girl to keep her company and Pollock shared in her wish.

Pollock had a habit of stepping to his door every night before going to bed to take a look at his church, not that he expected to see anything unusual—it was a mere matter of habit. His wife told him that it was a habit and begged him to break it up. He gathered his resolution for an effort to do so.

This effort took place one night in November. At 10 o'clock Pollock put out the lights in the house and went to bed. This was only the beginning of it. No sleep came to him, and he tossed about struggling with a desire to get up, go to the door and look at the church, after which he knew he would go back to bed and to sleep. It was near 2 o'clock in the morning before he gave way; then, rising, he went to the door, opened it, looked at the church and was about to turn when he saw or thought he saw a flash of light at one of the windows.

Putting on his clothes and taking his lantern and the key to a door opening into the vestry, he hurried over to the gloomy pile, now dark within, though lighted dimly without by a waning moon. Opening the door, he entered and, passing through an arch, stood on the chancel steps with his lantern behind him, that it might not interfere with his vision, and peered at the pews, aisles, nave—indeed, at those things with peculiar names that go to make up the interior of a church.

Seen at that hour, by the faintest glimmer of moonlight shining through the windows, nothing could have been more uninviting. Even a sexton may have feeling, and old Pollock, although he had seen the sight many times before, remarked to himself that he would rather be opening a grave by daylight than standing there gazing over a sea of emptiness. But, not seeing anything unusual, he was about to take his departure when he heard a fumbling at the great front door. Not wishing to be seen, he blew out his light and got into one of the choir pews, where he could watch any one entering the church.

Sure enough, the big door opened and some one came in. Then came the scratch and flash of a match and the lighting of a candle. By its faint flame Pollock saw a man enter the church, leading a shrinking girl up the center aisle, who shuddered at every step. The pair came nearly to the chancel, where the man waited, listening for a sound, while the girl sat in a front pew, her face buried in her hands. They were evidently expecting to meet some one.

Then the clock in the tower struck 2. A moment later Pollock saw a light moving in the guild rooms, and presently a man dressed in the vestments of a clergyman came in, holding in his hand a small lamp. The man before the chancel met him at the rail and whispered something to him. Then he turned to the girl.

"Grace, dear," he said, "this is the Rev. Mr. Hartshorne, rector of this church. He will marry us."

From this moment Pollock saw through what was on foot as well as if he were intimately acquainted with the parties. He had served as sexton with Dr. Hartshorne for twenty years and knew full well that the man before him was not Dr. Hartshorne. A young girl was about to be ruined by a mock marriage.

But what was he to do? He was an old man incapable of overcoming these two rascals and did not think that to appear and accuse them would be of any avail. At any rate he did not dare try it for fear of bodily injury. The girl was almost dragged to the altar. There was light enough for Pollock to see that the man was well dressed while the girl was in the garb of the poorer classes. The mock clergyman began the service and had reached the words, "Grace, will you have this man"—when Pollock gave a groan that echoed through the church with all the despair of one suffering from melancholia insanita.

The groom and the mock clergyman looked at each other with startled faces. The bride had to be supported.

"Go on," said the groom under his teeth with an oath, and, after considerable urging, the service proceeded.

"Do you, Grace, have this man?"

There was another groan, this time down in the body of the church, for Pollock had slipped around by a side passage and got in among the pews. The pretended clergyman dropped his book.

"You'll burn for this!" came a voice from a still different direction.

By this time the groom had lost his nerve as well as the clergyman and, picking up the bride, who had fainted, hurried down the aisle with her.

"Drop her!" roared a sepulchral voice. The girl was dropped in the aisle and the men frantically made for the door. Pollock, fearing they might gather courage to return, picked up the girl and carried her out of the vestry door and to his house.

Lena Bruce remained with the old couple till they died, they believing that Providence had caused the sexton to take his resolution on that very night and break it after midnight for the purpose of saving the girl and giving them a daughter. Lena, who was a good Christian, only yielded to the villain's solicitation to take her to a church. No church was available except at an hour when all the world was asleep. But how they got the keys old Pollock never knew. He did not again think of going to bed without his last look at his charge and often got up in the night to do so.

BELLE ATWOOD.

Theatrical Pay Days.

Every legitimate theater in New York has two pay days—union and non-union. The union employees, which include the men in the orchestra, the stage hands, property men and stage carpenters, are paid, as their union regulations demand, on Saturday night. The actors, who have no union, are not paid until Tuesday, although their week ends on Saturday with the night's performance. Their salaries are held up two days merely to insure their reappearance at the theater on Monday.

If the company were paid off on Saturday night unreliable or disaffected members of the organization might not show up on Monday for rehearsal or the evening performance, thus weakening the production, but if the week's salary is held back they are reasonably sure to report on Monday in order not to lose what is coming to them. Actors are distinctly temperamental and capricious, and if a manager were to pay off on Saturday night and there existed any temporary dissatisfaction in the company he could never tell whether he would have a chorus with which to open up the week on Monday evening.—New York Press.

The Origin of Pyrography.

About a century ago an artist named Cranch was standing one day in front of a fire in his home at Axminster. Over the fireplace was an oak mantelpiece, and it occurred to Cranch that this expanse of wood might be improved by a little ornamentation. He picked up the poker, heated it red hot and began to sketch in a bold design. The result pleased him so much that he elaborated his work and began to attempt other fire pictures on panels of wood. These met with a ready sale, and Cranch soon gave all his time to his new art. This was the beginning of what is now known as pyrography. The poker artist of today uses many different shaped tools and has a special furnace in which they are kept heated. The art has been elaborated greatly. The knots, curls and fibers of the wood are often worked into the design and delicate tinting produced by scorching the panel.

Cure For the Talking Habit.

One part horse sense and two parts of many determination to keep still. Mix well with an unlimited amount of the best quality of thought. It is impossible for a woman to talk all the time without saying a lot of things that she shouldn't or without proving a jolly bore to everybody about her. This talking habit is not confined entirely to women, though. Some men have the affliction terribly. Sometimes it's wheat, sometimes it's chess, sometimes it's baseball. A steady diet of one kind conversation is always tiresome. Take a nibble of this and a nibble of that, and your chatter will be more interesting, particularly if there are plenty of rests between nibbles. Talking improves when there's silence by way of contrast.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Meanest Traders In the World.

There is a colony of Syrian merchants in Kingston, the capital of Jamaica, who could give cards and spades even to the bland Chinaman "for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain." They take one match out of every box they sell until they have enough matches to fill another box and so make an extra cent. They shave tiny flakes of cakes of soap and boil them down to make other cakes. They put a thin layer of molasses on the bottom of the scoop with which they serve rice so that a few grains will stick to the bottom. These are only a few of their thousand tricks to turn a dishonest penny. Without doubt they are the meanest traders in the world.

How Plants Remain Upright.

If a flowerpot is laid on its side the stalk of the plant growing in it gradually curves upward until it resumes the vertical position. This is called geotropic curvature, and the question is by what means the plant is stimulated to change its direction of growth. One theory avers that movable starch grains in the plant cells fall to the lower side as the position is changed and by their pressure influence the mechanism of growth.

Breechloaders.

Breechloading in artillery and small arms is popularly supposed to be an invention of the middle of last century, but such is by no means the case. In a Dublin gunsmith's shop at Cork Hill is on view a breechloading rifle offered to the British war office at the close of the eighteenth century and rejected, as it was considered to need too much ammunition!

The Way It Goes.

"I heard Kronnick remark that he never had such luck in his business as he's having now, but I didn't catch whether it was good luck or bad."

"Oh, he meant bad luck, of course. If it were good luck he wouldn't speak of it as luck at all."—Philadelphia Press.

Scanning His Motive.

You can't be dead sure that a young man is saving to get married just because he stops smoking cigars and begins to smoke a pipe.—Boston Globe.

No, he may be smoking the pipe to get even with the neighbors.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

How It Affected Him.

Mrs. Brownovich—I understand your husband is seriously ill.

Mrs. Smithinsky—Yes; he's too ill to do anything except make good resolutions.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

It Might Be.

"Is kissing dangerous?"

"Well, I wouldn't try it on an athletic girl without her consent."—Olatto Post.

While the Short Hand

of the clock travels twice around the dial Perry Davis' Painkiller will cure a cold; will ease the tightness across the chest and hence will banish the fear of pneumonia. "Just a little cold" does not become a misery that clings until roses bloom if you have recourse to this never-failing help. There is but one Painkiller, Perry Davis'.

All Day Long

you may have comparative comfort until laughter, reading aloud or nervous excitement brings on the fit of coughing which racks you until your very bones ache. Do not suffer needlessly. Even when a cold on its lungs seems to have you fast in its dreadful power, Allen's Lung Balm will loosen the mucus, allay the inflammation, heal the aching throat, and finally overcome the enemy completely.

Why suffer with your kidneys? The discovery of Kidney-Ettes has proved a blessing to thousands of kidney sufferers who have been restored to perfect health. These tablets drive the diseased germs out of the system, and see you all sufferers to give this scientific and successful kidney remedy a trial. Price 25 cents. Kiesau Drug Co.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Do Good—It Pays.

A Chicago man has observed that "Good deeds are better than real estate deeds—some of the latter are worthless. Act kindly and gently, show sympathy and lend a helping hand. You cannot possibly lose by it." Most men appreciate a kind word and encouragement more than substantial help. There are persons in this community who might truthfully say: "My good friend, cheer up. A few doses of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will rid you of your cold, and there is no danger whatever from pneumonia when you use that medicine. It always cures. I know it for it has helped me out many a time." Sold by Kiesau Drug Company.

Can You Imagine

a speck of matter 1-150 of an inch in diameter. Some of the air cells in the human lungs are no bigger than that. When you have a cold, these tiny cells are clogged with mucus or phlegm. Allen's Lung Balm, in curing a cold, clears the tiny air passages of effete matter and heals the inflammation in the bronchial tubes.

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Digests what you eat.

This preparation contains all of the digestants and digests all kinds of food. It gives instant relief and never fails to cure. It allows you to eat all the food you want. The most sensitive stomachs can take it. By its use many thousands of dyspeptics have been cured after everything else failed. Unequalled for the stomach. Children with weak stomachs thrive on it.

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NOW READY The Many Adventures of FOXY GRANDPA

Including all the merry pictures contained in the two volumes, entitled "Adventures of Foxy Grandpa" and "Further Adventures of Foxy Grandpa."

Mr. Schultz said to me one day at lunch: "What do you think of a series of comic drawings dealing with a grandfather and his two grandsons?"

"Let the grandpa be the clever one of the trio, in most of the other cases the young folk have been smarter than the old people upon whom they played their jokes. Let's reverse it."

The next morning he came to my office with sketches for half a dozen series, and with the name "Foxy Grandpa" in his hand.

The success of the series in the New York Herald was instantaneous, for who has not heard of "Foxy Grandpa" and "Bunny?"

The jolly old gentleman, dear to grown people as well as children, might almost be called the Mr. Pickwick of comic pictures.

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