THE ROMANCE OF PRETTY SALLY

HARRIET C. LE TOY in Los Angeles Times.

A shirtwaisted, short-skirted, sailor-hatted figure came wheeling along the level country road leading from the railroad station. Mrs. Beckley shaded her eyes with her hand and looked intently at the glistening bicycle and its rider. "Sally," she called, "you come here a minute! Ain't that the girl that boarded here last summer? Seems like it must be. I don't know anybody else that holds their head up jest that way. Look, she's turnin' in. It's that girl! An' for any sake, what do you s'pose she wants?"

The shining wheel slowed up and the rider dismounted with easy grace. She laid her steed on the grass and came to the side door, where Mrs. Beckley and Sally stood watching her. The girl laughed and took off her sailor hat. "Well, how do you do, Mrs. Beckley?" she inquired. "Why, I do believe you think I'm a book agent. Don't you know me? Didn't you get my letter"

Mrs. Beckley held out her hand in a dazed sort of way. "Letter?" she said blankly. "I hain't had no letter. Did you write you was comin'?"

The girl shook hands with her and Sally and sat down on the steps. "My dear Mrs. Beckley," she said, "I surely did. I want you to keep me again this summer. I wrote, telling you so, and saying that unless you let me know to the contrary I should descend upon you this very day. So here I am, and, of course, you're going to let me stay."

Mrs. Beckley looked troubled. She glanced towards a hammock swung between two tall maples. "Well," she said slowly, "I don't know. You see, I've got a boarder—he jest came yesterday, an' he's goin' to stay all summer. He's a college feller, he says; sets in some kind of a chair, he calls it, in some big school. Sally an' me think he's a little too old to go to school, an' so he must be a teacher. But, lawsy! I don't know! Last summer you was here alone, an' you said that suited you. There's the same room you had last summer you can have. I've put him in the spare room off'n the parlor. I guess you can stay if you want to, an' I'm reel tickled to see you. An' I bet Sally is—she took a great shine to you last summer."

Sally smiled delightfully. Sally almost always smiled. It seemed to be second nature to her. "Sally, the Smiler," was what Helen Pomeroy had mentally called her. But it seemed good to see the girl again—the familiar smile seemed like an old friend.

"My trunk will be out this afternoon," Helen said to her hostess, "that is, it will be if Job doesn't forget to 'tackle up.' He said he 'lowed he'd tackle up somewhere 'long towards night an' bring it out."

Mrs. Beckley laughed. "That's Job," she said, "the slowest mortal that ever put one foot ahead of t'other. But if he don't git here I'll have Hiram hitch up and go after it."

Helen looked towards the hammock under the maples. Something familiar about the close-cropped head startled her—and there was the gleam of eyeglasses. It looked like—it might be—it was. Of all things! To meet a rejected suitor and summer with him in a place like this, isolated from the rest of the world!

She determined to have the meeting over with, and walked towards the hammock. "Well, good morning, professor," she said, heartily, holding out a cordial hand. "However did you discover this delightful old farmhouse? Isn't that a coincidence, now—'great minds,' you know seem in this case to have chosen the same vacation place."

The professor got out of the hammock, his long legs behaving most awkwardly. His face flushed furiously as he looked down into the girl's frank eyes. The last time he had seen her was that evening last winter when she had "turned him down," as he expressed it, and offered to be his friend and sister. Friend and sister was not what the professor wanted. But he determined to make the best of the chance meeting—to meet her on her own ground, and do his part in a platonic affair which should, after all, have its own peculiar charm.

The professor shook hands. Helen, feeling the surprised gaze of Mrs. Beckley and the smiling regard of Sally upon her, called out, "Prof. Boughton is an old friend, Mrs. Beckley, and I'm delighted to find him here."

Mrs. Beckley breathed a sigh of relief. She went into the house, followed by Sally, and they proceeded to prepare the noonday dinner.

"Well," said Mrs. Beckley, "I declare, I thought at first that girl was flirtin' with him, but it seems she knows him. Well, well, Sally, mebby we'll have a weddin' on our hands before the summer's out."

Sally smiled more radiantly than before, and blushed all over her freckled face. "Mebbe you will," she said. "Sam an' me—we——"

Mrs. Beckley laughed. "Sam an' you—what?" she asked. "Dear land! Sam an' you have been a-courtin' an' a-keepin' comp'ny for three years that I know of, an' ain't no nearer a weddin' yet. I don't see what does ail Sam that he can't get his courage up to pop the question, Landy! I do think it ought to be all right for the girl to do the proposin' sometimes. Now, Sally, you hull them strawberries, an' I'll stir up the shortcake for dinner. Dear me, that girl's comin' in on me so sudden has flustered me terrible!"

The days drifted by lazily. There were two hammocks swung under the maples, and down by the river there was moored a little boat, into which were piled red cushions, and Helen's guitar case almost every evening at sunset. The two passed the hours in ideal comradeship. It seemed as though the "friend and sister" plan had met with the professor's approval, so naturally did he play elder brother and friend to the trim, well-built girl with the laughing eyes and independent ways.

One night as the little boat moved away from its moorings and down the river in the sunset's glow, Helen said, "I saw Sally as I came downstairs. She was sitting in her little room."

"Still smiling?" inquired the professor.

Helen looked troubled. "No," she said, "that's why I noticed her particularly. She wasn't smiling—in fact, she looked suspiciously like a person who had been crying."

The professor grew interested. "Well, well," he said; "now what do you suppose—"

"I suppose a lover's quarrel, or, what is worse, a lover's indifference," responded Helen. "Sally, poor girl, has told me about Sam—he's the hired man, you know. They've been 'going together' for three years and he has never come to the point. Sally loves him devotedly and would make him a good wife. I believe Sam is equally interested in her, and would make her a good husband, but from bashfulness or some unknown reason he doesn't settle the matter. Lately he's paid some attention to a little girl from Swansett. Mrs. Beckley says he took her driving last Sunday, and poor Sally is quite heartbroken. What the fellow needs is a severe shaking up. He isn't exactly trifling with the girl, but he's grown careless, he's so sure of her. What he needs is to have his jealously aroused, or—or—something."

* * * * * *

"'Something?' mused the professor: "that's a little vague, isn't it? Well, may I ask, Miss Matchmaker, if I am to sacrifice myself upon the altar of affection and devote myself to the unsmiling Sally sufficiently to bring the erring Samuel back to his duty?"

Helen looked at him. "Oh, if you only would!" she cried. "Oh, do let's make the poor thing happy if we can! Why, do you know, I miss her smile!"

"Here, too," agreed the professor. "The strawberry shortcake would fall flat indeed if it were served by an unsmiling Sally." He laughed. "It's a fact," he said; "I do miss that perpetual smile. Now, how can we best reach the erring Samuel? What can you suggest?"

They talked on in the gathering twilight. The little boat drifted slowly down the river, to be propelled back again a little later by the professor's athletic arms. Helen touched her guitar strings now and then, and the soft notes mingled with the murmur of the river. The evening star shone chastely in the pink afterglow of the sunset, and the birds twittered sleepily in the willows on the shore.

It was an idyllic evening. The professor's pulses quickened. "Helen," he said, leaning forward, his hands on the idle oars. "How can I say it—but I must—I love you, Helen, you know I do—I want you—I need you——"

She put up one shapely hand protestingly. "Now, professor," she said, "please don't! We're having such a perfectly delightful summer—don't say a word to spoil it. I don't want to go over all that ground again—I did that last winter, you know. Please be good, and let's go on just as we have been doing, just friend—comrades."

The professor looked at her in silence. He turned the boat round and began to row up stream. "Well," he said at last, in a low voice, "since you ask it I will promise—not to say another word to you about this matter, but please remember that I shall not change. I mean what I have said, and I can only wait and hope."

The guitar tinkled musically and Helen laughed softly. "Oh," she said, "if only Sam were more like you! We should have Sally smiling away again as serenely as ever. But, seriously, I wish you could say something to him; do something to wake him up and bring him to the point. If only Sally could fall into the river and be gallantly rescued by you, borne to the house, a dripping burden in your manly arms, her auburn hair falling in wet masses over your shoulder; ah!" she sighed in mock sympathy, "then the erring Samuel would suddenly realize what she is to him, andw hat life to him would be without that omnipresent smile."

* * * * * *

The professor's clouded brow cleared. "You frivolous child!" he said; "I didn't dream the stately and dignified principal of the Eighth Street Grammar School could be so ridiculous." He looked at her fondly. "Well, I'd gladly come to the assistance of fair Sarah—knowing too well how it is myself—but what can I do? Better leave it to fate."

Fate did indeed arrange things to suit herself, as she always does, and in the best way. There was a Sunday school picnic a few days afterwards, held in maple grove, beside the river. Everybody went, including the summer boarders. During the afternoon a merry party of young people went out in a skiff. The professor and Helen were not far off in their little boat, and were witnesses to the accident which precipitated the giggling crowd into the water.

The water was deep and the current strong, and there was grave danger of drowning. The professor threw off his light coat and plunged into the water, swimming with easy, powerful strokes towards the struggling, screaming girls. He caught one shrieking maiden by the arm and swam with her to shore, then turned back. Sally! Where was Sally? Men had sprung in and brought out the others, but where was Sally?

The professor's keen eye glanced with lightning speed along the river. Far down he caught the gleam of auburn hair and an arm thrown upward. He swam with might and main, but one was before him—Sam! It was an exciting chase, but the brawny farm hand won, and the professor swam to shore as he saw the unconscious Sally caught and held in one strong arm, while Sam fought his way shoreward with the other.

An hour later, when the exhausted Sally lay upon her little bed upstairs, Helen came out to him under the maples, where, newly clothed, he awaited her. "The poor little thing is asleep," she said, "and Sam acts like a different fellow. "Miss Pomeroy," he say, when I told him she was all right, 'I deserve to be drowned myself for actin' so pesky mean lately. I love that girl if ever man loved woman, an' here I've went a-flirtin' with others—I don't know what possessed me, for there ain't none of 'em can hold a candle to Sally. I'm goin' to marry her jest as soon as she'll have me, an' I wish you'd say a good word for me and kin o' hustle things along. I'd like to have the weddin' while you're here—you and the professor—for you've been good to Sally, and the professor, he'd saved her if I hadn't.'"

* * * * * *

Helen sat down in the hammock beside him—a rare mark of favor—and the professor looked down at her with a fond light in his eyes. Suddenly Helen laughed. "But did you ever," she asked, "see anything work out so beautifully? Just as I had planned it, but I'll confess I felt pretty shaky when Sally's red hair went floating down the river so fast."

It was Helen who dressed the bride, a month later. The girl looked really pretty in her white gown, with her red hair arranged in shining coils high on her head, with a fluffy bow of white chiffon set coquettishly among them. It was Helen's hands that arranged everything pertaining to the important tolet, and Sally felt that things were sure to go right if Miss Helen managed the affair. And later, in the big, square, old-fashioned parlor, while the minister pronounced the fateful words, it was the professor who stood beside the blushing Sam and Helen, who acted as bridesmaid for Sally.

It was a pretty wedding, and Helen entered into it with all her heart. Sally's ever-present smile was more radiant than usual, but not more so than Sam's, whose broad, good-natured face positively shone with joy.

The wedding ceremony was followed by a bountiful supper, for Mrs. Beckley intended to give her handmaiden what she called "a good send-off."

Later, in the evening, when the happy pair had departed for a brief wedding trip, liberally showered with rice and pelted with old shoes, and the hilarious guests had disappeared, Helen and the professor strolled out to the hammock. The moonlight sifted down through the leafy maples and carpeted the ground with flickering shadows. They could hear Mrs. Beckley as she clattered the dishes in the kitchen and sang an old-time Methodist hymn. The frogs down by the river peeped cheerfully, and the birds overhead nestled sleepily among the boughs.

"Well," said the professor, breaking a silence, "the wedding passed off beautifully, didn't it? Sam did himself proud, and Sally smiled like an angel. I don't believe we can take to ourselves the credit for bringing about this delightful event, but our sympathy evidently helped it along."

He looked off across the river, musingly. "Oh, if—" he began, then stopped.

Helen spoke softly: "If what?" she asked, with a little laugh.

"If I were as happy as Sam," the professor went on. "Helen, I'm going to speak, and you must listen. I've waited and waited, hoping to see some change in you. I don't want your comradeship—dear as it is—nor your friendship, though that is sweet, but something dearer, sweeter. I want you to be my wife, and—soon!"

Helen laughed softly. "But my school!" she said. "I'm engaged for next year, you know. Wouldn't it be perfectly ridiculous to break the contract to get married? Why, the very idea! Walter, you're too——"

The professor's smile was like Sally's in its wide expanse. When had she ever called him Walter—and in that tone?

Won't next August do a year from now? And I shall need the money I can earn this year; there'll be lots of things to buy, you know—"

"Helen," cried the professor, joyfully, "what do you say? We'll be married right here—the same minister, the same parlor, the same Mrs. Beckley! We've two weeks left of our vacation, and we'll spend it as a honeymoon. On the river—in the woods—Helen! Helen!"

Helen slipped her hand into his and laughed. "Now, see what I have got myself into!" she said. "I suppose it was seeing Sally so happy that set me thinking—wondering—but, dear me! You're in such a dreadful hurry." She smiled up into his eyes. "You're just like Sam!"

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THE VALUE OF WAMPUN

Meant More to Reds Than Money to Whites.

How and Why This indian Medium of Exchange Was Used by the European Settlers.

If one wished to indicate the most obvious characteristic of the Indians of the Atlantic seaboard at the time of the English settlement in New England he could not, perhaps, make better selection than their general eagerness to possess and display large quantities of wampum. It means all to the Indian that money does to us, and infinitely more. Not merely did it serve him as a medium of exchange and a standard of values, but worn as an ornament it was a badge of wealth and position, on the hands of the chiefs his record book and ledger, and through the favor of the Great Spirit its possession became in on small degree the passport to the happy hunting grounds of the future world. The use of wampum constituted a bond of union among the Indians such as was scarcely supplied by language, religion or racial customs.

Wampum was made from shells, usually clam or oyster, and it is, therefore, not surprising that the coast-dwellers were the most prolific producers of it. The black beads were made from the dark "eye" of the shell, the scar indicating the point of muscular attachment, while the white ones were taken from the outer parts. Black beads were known as sacki, white ones as wompi, and the black were usually considered twice as valuable as the white.

"COINING" WAMPUM.

The beads themselves were simply little shell cylinders about one-eighth of an inch in diameter and one-fourth of an inch in length. They were polished smooth by being rubbed against stones, and were bored by means of a flint awl, many of which are still to be found in the shell heaps along the New England coast. In boring the beads the workman used a cane or reed tipped with this stone awl, which he rolled continually on his thigh with his right hand, holding the bit of shell in his left. After the coming of the English iron awls were substituted, but even then the process of manufacture must have been extremely tedious. It is said that by a day's hard labor it was barely possible for a man to produce 15 cents' worth of wampum. Whether the work was done by the men or by the women cannot be known, but it may well have been shared by both. It required not only a vast amount of patience—such as only the Indian possesses — but also a considerable degree of skill, for the shells must be perfect in shape, free from cracks, irregularies or flaw. The Indian trader demanded that his wampum be as sound and perfect as the present day merchant expects Uncle Sam's new minted coins to be. It was the labor involved in their making that gave the beads a purchasing power so much in excess of that of the unwrought fresh water shells which archeologists believe were used as currency in the remoter inland regions.

Although anyone was entirely free to manufacture for himself as much wampum as he pleased, the difficulties of the process seem to have prevented men from thus becoming rich by their own handiwork. The rich men were those who accumulated wampum through trade and war, so that generally the possession of an unusual quantity of it betokened some real ability or bravery.

THE FIRST WAMPUM.

In 1627 De Rasieres, in command of a Dutch trading vessel, brought 250 worth of wampum from New Amsterdam to Plymouth. This was the first Indian money acquired by English settlers. It was used in trade among the Indians of the Kennebec region, and was found so profitable a means of exchange that thereafter the thrifty Plymouth yeomen lost no opportunity to increase their stock of it. To the English settlers strings and belts of beads possessed no intrinsic value. They were altogether lacking in that symbolism which rendered them precious to the Indian wholly from their monetary value.

But as long as the Englishman could exchange them in the inland regions for furs, which met a ready market in Europe, he was just as willing to employ this medium as any other. During the earlier part of the seventeenth century, the supply of beaver never equaled the demand, and, as one writer put it, wampum was the magnet which drew the beaver out of the interior forests — the talisman which kept up the equilibrium of trade between the two people who otherwise had really very little in common.

The colonists never came to regard wampum as anything more than a convenience for the prosecution of trade with the Indians. Nevertheless they were forced sometimes to use it in their dealings with each other, and even in the payment of their taxes. But when so employed, it was not regarded as any form of money, but, as the Rhode Island colonial records for 1662 say:

"It is but a commodity, and it is unreasonable that it should be forced upon any man."

The large measure in which the colonists found themselves under the necessity of using it as money, though still protesting that it was not money, gives conclusive evidence of the utter impossibility of a people of any advancement to live by mere barter. Even the Indians had passed that stage. Barter being inadequate, and coin being almost unknown, the colonists inevitably drew into use among themselves the medium of exchange, which they had originally regarded as fit only with which to win beaver and food from the natives.

ITS USE IN THE NORTH.

The use of wampum in the northern colonies was at its height about 1640. At that time, despite the suspicions and the reluctance of acceptance of many, it was by far the nearest approach to a universal currency that the colonists had. It could be exchanged for merchandise, used in the payment of labor and court judgments, and given to the state in the discharge of taxes. Bequests were made in terms of it. An old English shilling found in a roadway at Flushing, L. I., in 1647, was regarded locally as a great curiosity. Many of the younger generation had never seen such a coin.

There were many circumstances which conspired to deprive wampum and eventually strip it of its character as currency. First may be mentioned the very familiar process known to students of finance as inflation. The quantity in circulation had increased so much by reason of the trade in beaver that when, about the middle of the century, the demand for the latter in Europe diminished, there was no other to take its place in keeping the wampum afloat. Moreover, the thrifty Dutch at Hackensack and Albany introduced lathes in the manufacture of the beads, so that much greater quantities of it could be produced. The effects of this were, of course, to bring great profits temporarily to the Dutchman, but ultimately to render wampum too common to maintain its value.

Another cause for the decline of wampum was the decrease of trade with the Indians.

Still another reason for the degradation of wampum was the widespread practice of counterfeiting.

The employment of wampum died out slowly. Connecticut made a grant of "50 fathoms of Wompom" in 1666. Rhode Island recognized it officially as late as 1670. In New York it was used until after the end of the century—as for instance in the payment of ferriage between New York city and Brooklyn. It was used in Southern Connecticut as late as 1704, and in the backwoods regions of the northern and middle colonies well down into the eighteenth century.—New England Magazine.

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Machinery in Manufacturing.

The most surprising fact brought to light by the last census was the enormous increase of machinery employed in manufactures in the United States. The total horse power so employed in 1890 was 5,954,655. Ten years later it had risen to 11,360,681—an increase of nearly 90 per cent. As one-horse power is equal to ten men, we had machinery at work for us at the beginning of the century which was equivalent to the muscles of 113,600,000 men.

Compared with this enormous force, how insignificant was the number of employes engaged in all our factories, viz., 5,316,802, counting men, women and children! That is, more than 19-20ths of the work was done by iron and steel men, who never tired, never got drunk, were always on hand Monday morning and every other morning, were never lazy, never shirked behind the back of the superintendent, and never struck for higher wages.

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Cost of Ocean Speed.

What is costs to increase the speed of a ship by one knot has lately been determined with great accuracy in the steam trials of the British armored cruiser Cape of Good Hope. On her full power trial this vessel of 14,100 tons attained a mean speed of 23.65 knots an hour. By the speed curves plotted from the trial results, it appeared that to go from half speed of 19 knots an hour. At full speed knots—needed, roughly, 26,000 additional horse-power, of which the last knot alone absorbed 8,261 horse-power. In other words, to increase the speed of this cruiser from 22 to 23 knots consumed as much power as was needed to propel her at 16 knots; or, to put it in still another way, the power required to propel her at full speed would have propelled two vessels of the same size at an average speed of 19 knots an hour. At full speed her coal consumption was 26 tons per hour; at 19 knots it was 11 tons per hour. This means that at full speed she would move .85 knot for each ton of coal burned under her boilers, while at 19 knots the distance would be doubled for the same coal consumption. This illustrates very clearly the price paid for high speeds afloat. Applying the ratios thus established to steamers of the Atlantic merchant fleet, it will be readily understood why the "greyhounds" earn more applause than dividends.—New York Times.

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