

NEW PREACHER AND WIDOW

Each Sat by an Open Window and Fanned

While the Old Maid Watched Them, Said They Were Flirting and Raised Cain About it.

The Rev. George Peters of the First Presbyterian church of Homerville was a young man of about 25. It was his first call, but it was agreed that his sermons were the best ever delivered before that congregation. He was also popular in a social way, and, taken all around, he had a standing that few young ministers could boast of. When he had been in Homerville six months, he had made just two enemies. These were an old maid named Angelina Harris and her father. Neither was an open enemy, but Angelina was plucked and provoked and somewhat embittered because the minister had kept clear of the matrimonial net she would have thrown about him. She would have been willing to make a match of it with almost any one, but it was the ambition of her soul to marry a clergyman. She struck the young reverend's trail at an early date, and she followed it with ardor and persistency until he was obliged to give her the cold snub. As she was one of his flock, and as her father was a would-be pillar of the church, the snub wasn't ice cold or full of carpet tacks, but he made his meaning plain nevertheless.

From that hour Angelina Harris had it in mind to do that good man up. She didn't give her hand away by throwing out little slurs and innuendoes, because she would have found no one to listen to her, but she set herself to watch and bide her time. He who watches and bides finds an opening sooner or later. As Angelina was keeping tab on current events a widow named Moreland moved to Homerville from Chicago. She was young, rich, vivacious and took her place at the head of society at once.

She occupied a house exactly opposite the one in which the minister lodged, and it was also next door on the left to that occupied by Mr. Harris. She hadn't got settled yet when Angelina made up her mind that her cue was to watch for something between the new arrival and the minister. She sized the widow up for a flirt, and, though she had never seen the Rev. Peters in anything of the kind, there was no telling what he might do if coaxed on by a designing woman.

A couple of weeks had passed when one hot afternoon the Chicago widow sat down at an open window to read and fan herself. She hadn't been there ten minutes when the Rev. Peters sat down at one of his second story windows to do the same thing. The widow didn't see him, and he didn't see the widow, but Angelina saw them both. She saw the widow's fan waved in a way that said, "Glad to see you," and the reply was waved back. "Many thanks."

Then the widow's fan began an outrageous flirtation, and the minister's fan kept company with it, and even when she waved that she thought she could love him for himself alone he wasn't driven off the field. The snubbed girl had watched and bided, and in a day or two a social thunder-clap shook the town.

The father of Angelina, would-be pillar, etc., had not found the Rev. Peters as clay in his hands, as he had hoped for, and his effort to run things connected with the church to suit his

own ideas had not proved successful. He had put up with the defeat as meekly as possible, but, like Angelina, he was on the watch and the bide. That his only child and favorite daughter should have failed to make a sentimental impression was another thorn in his side, and a smile of satisfaction lighted his face as she called him to witness the last five minutes of the flirtation. With his own eyes he saw those fans working as if driven by steam power. He wasn't a man to stand anything of that sort even if he hadn't had a grievance. He drew the line at a minister riding the bike or playing croquet and thought he was over-liberal at that. Within a day he and Angelina had taken care that about 50 different members of the church had been posted on the flirtation. It is needless to say that people were dumfounded and that the Rev. Peters wobbled about and almost fell down in a faint when he heard the gossip. As for the Widow Moreland, she was more than astonished, but of course she had to giggle over it. When the elders of the church doubted the sanity of Angelina's father in spreading such a yarn, he vigorously replied:

"I'll show you whether I'm crazy or not! Call a meeting of the vestry, and I will be there to make my statement and prove it! When I see a flirtation with my own eyes, I guess I know it from a load of coal!"

A meeting of the elders was called. It had to be. The minister wanted it as well as Mr. Harris. When all was ready to take up the charges, it was Elder Spooner who asked in his slick, suave way:

"Now, Brother Harris, how long since you flirted with a woman?"

"Never in my life!" was the indignant answer.

"Then will you please tell us how you knew this was a flirtation?"

"Why—why, they were waving their fans at each other."

"But we have seen plenty of fans used in church. You don't mean to say that flirtations were being carried on during service, do you?"

"Of course not, but this was different. She'd fan, and then he'd fan."

"And what did you understand the motions of the fans to mean? Give us the flirtation code."

"Do you mean to insult me?" roared Brother Harris as his face got very red.

"I don't know the code, as you call it, but I do know that they were talking by signals—that is, Angelina."

"Oh, it was your daughter Angelina who interpreted the signals to you. We must have her here as a witness. I don't think any one of us ever suspected Angelina of flirtations, but it seems she must have had quite a number to be familiar with the code."

"Angelina shall not come here!" exclaimed the irate brother as he realized that he had put his foot in it. "And how dare you charge my daughter with flirting?"

"But if she hasn't flirted how does she know the code? You have made a grave charge here, brother, and we look to see you support it. You say you saw part of the flirtation. What did the widow convey to the pastor by her signals? Take this fan and show us how she used it."

"I—I can't do it if Angelina was here."

"Oh, if Angelina was here she could," said Elder Spooner as the other caught himself. "Well, let us send for her, as I suggested before."

"I'll never do it!"

"But the charge, brother—the charge. Here is a charge of flirtation against our pastor. You made it, but you haven't submitted one iota of proof thus far. What are you going to do about it?"

"Mebbe it wasn't exactly a flirtation," suddenly admitted the brother after awhile.

The Rev. Peters said he was using the fan to drive away the flies and bring a breath of cool air as he read over the sermon he was to preach on the following Sunday. He had neither noticed the widow nor Angelina nor her father. The Widow Moreland had insisted on being present. Yes, she knew all about flirtations, but really she hadn't the nerve to sit at an open window under the eyes of her neighbors and attempt a flirtation with a clergyman and the pastor of the church she was soon to be a member of. If she used her fan languidly, it was to drive away the drooping house flies; if briskly, it was to warn a darning needle or a beetle to keep a safe distance.

"Were I to flirt," added the widow as she shook out her fan and smiled coyly, "I should do like this."

And she went through such a series of motions and gestures as no elder of that church had ever seen before, and some of them almost found themselves trying to reply to the signals.

"Well, Brother Harris' what shall we do?" asked Deacon Spooner as the widow retired.

"I—I guess Angelina was mistaken," was the hesitating reply.

"And you?"

"I guess I was too. Yes, I'm willing to say I was and take it all back. I hereby ask everybody to forgive me, and I'll go home and box Angelina's ears for a fool!"

M. QUAD.

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Mr. John W. Hutchison, of Lynn, Mass., the only surviving member of the family of 16 singers, is now 80 years of age, and is in this city.

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Films of all kinds at Goetzman's.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION of Yukon Lodge, (U. D. E. F. & A. M.), will be held at Masonic hall, Mission street, monthly, Thursday on or before full moon at 8:00 p. m. C. H. Weitz, W. M. J. A. Donald, Sec'y.

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Sheriff's Sale.

In the exchequer court of Canada, Yukon territory, admiralty district, Between
W. SIDNEY FRENCH, ET AL., Plaintiffs,
And THE STEAMSHIP ELDORADO, Defendant.

NOTICE OF SALE.

Notice is hereby given that in accordance with the command of the registrar of the exchequer court of Canada, Yukon territory, admiralty district, I will sell to the highest bidder by public auction on Tuesday the 9th day of April, 1901, at 2:30 p. m., at the sheriff's office, Dawson, Yukon territory, the following described steamboat, to-wit: Eldorado, official number 107,852, registered in Dawson, Yukon territory, May 24th, 1899. Previously registered in Port Townsend, Washington, U. S. A. Stern paddle-wheel steamship built in Seattle, 1898. Length 140.3 feet; breadth 31.3 feet; depth in hold from tonnage deck to ceiling at amidships 5.8; gross tonnage 466.03 tons; registered tonnage 260.48 tons.

One double engine, non-condensing, made by the Washington Iron Works, Seattle; two cylinders 16x72; length of stroke six feet; made 1898; two steel boilers 170 pound pressure.

Dated at Dawson this 4th day of April, 1901.

R. J. EILBECK,
Marshal of the Exchequer Court of Canada, Yukon Territory, Admiralty District.
Black & Smith, Attys.

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