

Jaw-awn and His Folks.

Miss Lucy Mills waited with three early arrivals in the sitting room. The rest of the people would not gather for half an hour. Her wide bosom, venerable for the region in which it stood, aged by vines, and mossy rooted, was in perfect order; and sheaves of May lilies exhaled fragrance around an object placed in the centre of her parlor. Neighbors no longer trod about on tiptoe, for everything was ready, and the minister might arrive at any moment.

Miss Lucy sat a dignified spinster, whose sympathies ramified through the entire human race. She was so homely that strangers turned to look at her as at a beauty. Mr. Sammy Blade was in his thirties, but she considered him a youth, having helped his mother to nurse him through measles and whooping cough. Mr. Sammy had a protruding pointed beard and rolled his silly bald head on his shoulders when he talked. He had studied medicine but, failing of practice, was turning his attention to the peddling of fruit trees in season. Coming home and hearing the news, he hastened to appear at Miss Lucy's house.

Mr. and Mrs. Plankton had returned to the neighborhood to visit, from a region which they called Indiana. The husband was a frisky grey little man, and his wife was a limp woman in stiff black silk, with thick lips and shifty eyes.

All three of Miss Lucy's callers coughed and made the unconscious grimaces of plain people who have not learned the art of expression. They sat with their hands piled on their stomachs. Local contemporary history interested them more keenly than anything which could happen in the world abroad. Yet, while they longed to get at facts which only Miss Lucy knew, they approached these facts roundabout, bringing newsworthy bits of their own.

"Have you heard that Emeline Smith's oldest girl has experienced religion?" inquired Mr. Sammy solemnly, breaking the silence of the down sitting after greetings.

"No, I hadn't heard it," responded Miss Lucy, in the soft slow drawl which her candid speech made its vehicle.

"Law me!" exclaimed Mrs. Plankton, "Emeline Smith was always a great hand for revivals. It she had went less to meetings and had saw more to do in her own house, her children would be better brung up."

"Seems like there is some spite work against Emeline Smith amongst the women," observed Mr. Plankton. "I was a beau of Emeline's once, I went to see her the other day, and she laughed and waved the broom and acted so glad Jane can't get over it."

"You orto married her," said Mrs. Plankton, crisply. "You'd be richer than you are. Her mother was the savin' at person I ever heard of. She gave a tea-party one time, and the milk floated in lumps on top the cups. She said she didn't see how it could be sour, when she had put sal ratus in it and boiled it twice! Them Smiths got their money from a rich old aunt, that used to cut up squares of tissue paper to make handkerchiefs. I seen her one time myself, when she was a-visitin' the Smiths, come to meeting with a wreath of live geranium leaves around her bonnet, in Winter, and them leaves all bit black with the cold! We've heard she would set before the parlor fire in them city hotels where she boarded, with her dress turned up on her knees, showing her little sticks of legs in narrow pantalettes and white stockings, just to save fire in her room—and young ladies obliged to receive young men, with her a-setting there!"

Mr. Sammy coughed gently, for Mrs. Plankton had overlooked his presence in her wrath against Emeline Smith's relations.

To cover the situation her husband directly inquired "What's become of them Ellison girls, seven sisters, that all dressed alike and carried umbrellas the same color?" They used to walk into church in Indian file. I never in my life seen them go two or three abreast."

"They all live where they used to and look like they always did. For they was born old-like. Caroline," said Miss Lucy, "took to herb doctorin'. Along about the time that President Garfield was shot, Caroline got very dissatisfied. 'I know just what would fetch that bullet out,' she used to say, 'and the only thing that would fetch it out.'"

"And what was that?" inquired Mr. Sammy, rounding his lips and stretching his short neck forward.

"Spear-mint tea!"

Mrs. Plankton beat her right palm softly on her left forearm and leaned over, shaking. It would not have been decorous to cackle out loud. The American flag and his Cuban little sister, draped together around the wide doorway of the parlor, swayed in the May air. She glanced through the open portal, her oblique eyes slanting up to Miss Lucy's hanging lamp decorated with feathery asparagus.

"Caroline told my niece," Mrs. Plankton added to the Ellison subject, "why she never got married."

"Did she have a disappointment," inquired Mr. Sammy, as one of the younger generation, who fully sensed a woman's loss in not obtaining a companion like himself.

"No. 'Do you know,' says she to my niece, 'why I never got married?' 'No,' says my niece, 'I don't.'—Tew skittish!" says Caroline."

"I never seen such a neighborhood as this is for old maid!" exclaimed Mr. Plankton.

Miss Lucy regarded him with a virgin's pitying tolerance. Homely as she was, she thought it would have been impossible for her to have taken up with the like of William Plankton in his best days.

"There has been too much marryin' and givin' in marriage in this neighborhood," she declared with a soft drawl.

"Seem-em-like you a't no good judge of that," Lucy bantered Mr. Plankton.

"It's Emeline Smith that's the judge," thrust his wife.

"If you don't stop talkin' so much about Emeline Smith I won't bring you along no more."

"I didn't want to come, nohow, but you made me."

Instead of resenting Mrs. Plankton's brutality, Miss Lucy contemplated it silently as a matrimonial product, making allowances also for the woman's well-known disposition.

"I was thinkin' of Jaw-awn and Sue Emma," she said; and the other three concentrated themselves in their ears, for they were now to hear the facts concerning Jaw-awn and his folks. With a rustle like that of a congregation settling to the sermon after preliminaries, they moved the feet and hands and waited on Miss Lucy.

"I was against the match, for Sue Emma had been married, and was though with it. Her man died and left her with a farm and two children; and a widow well fixed is a sight better off than a married woman."

Mrs. Plankton gave involuntary assent and then glanced with oblique apprehension at her husband, whose will was made in her favor.

"But Sue Emma wasn't of Yankee stock like the Ellison girls. She felt pestered to get along by herself."

"Seem-me like a man always is needed on a farm," put in Mr. Plankton.

"Sue Emma thought that-a-way. But I talked real plain to her when she took up with Jaw-awn. I hadn't nothing against Jaw-awn, except he was a man. He was without property, but he was mighty good to Sue Emma and the children. Seem-like he thought as much of the children as he did of her. And when they had been married a couple of years and the new baby come, Jaw-awn would have been tickled to death if it hadn't been for losin' it and Sue Emma. Now that woman might have been livin' to day if she had let men alone. But Jaw-awn was a great hand for his folks. I thought he would go crazy. Seem-like he could neither lay nor set when he come home from buryin' Sue Emma and the baby; but just wandered around, Lolly Loo, and the little boy holdin' one onto each of his hands."

"Lolly Loo?" challenged Mrs. Plankton.

"What-for name is that?"

"Laura Louise; but they called her Lolly Loo. Jaw-awn nacherly had to have folks to do for. I believe he would go along real well with the children, if he had been left alone; for he was a good manager."

"But Sue Emma's father and mother moved right onto the place after the funeral, and the first thing they done was to turn Jaw-awn out. I suppose he had rights in law, but he didn't make no stand for rights; what he seemed to want was folks. He'd been an orphan-like, without father or mother, and knocked around the world and got kind of homesick clean through. Gettin' Sue Emma and her children was the same to him as comin' to a fortune, and when he was throwed out of them he give up."

"The children, they felt terrible, for they thought so much of Jaw-awn; and cried and begged."

"Jaw-awn won't be no trouble, gram-maw," says Lolly Loo. "I can cook enough for Jaw-awn to eat, if you let him stay."

"But the old couple they up and throwed him out. And when he stopped here on his way to Springfield I could see the man was clean broke down."

"It's a fact that he jumped into the Sangamon River and was pulled out!" inquired Mr. Sammy.

Miss Lucy ignored the question. "The very next thing, along come this excitement of war with Spain, and I seen Jaw-awn's name amongst the volunteers. I knowed he wouldn't ever get to the war though. Sure enough, word come he was sick in camp, and he died right off. I telegraphed to have him sent here. I knowed the children's grandpaw and grandmaw wouldn't do it. And I sent word, but they don't want to excite the children. So none of them will come."

"I don't say nothing about the expense: I have some means. But when I think of them children that he was a father to—being so wrapped up in his folks—and them clippin' to the barn like they do to see if Jaw-awn is comin' back and not even knowin' that he lays in his coffin in that parlor—without any folks to drop a tear on him—I feel like as it things was wrong!"

Miss Lucy arose and entered the parlor. She rearranged the American and Cuban flags which draped the plain casket and touched the lilies and a huge wreath bearing the initials G. A. R.

Her three guests followed her in silent awe. She had wiped her eyes and was ready to add.

"The minister has took for his text, 'He setteth the solitary in families.' I hope everybody will turn out. The weather is nice. Some will come because he is the first soldier buried here from the Spanish war, and the Grand Army Post has took it up and will march and fire a salute over his grave. I don't know as the dead care anything about it, but I'd kind of like to see Jaw-awn have as nice a funeral as if he had his folks around him."

Cost of a New York Newspaper.

A recent reliable magazine article informs us of the expenditure of a New York newspaper that is operated on a large scale, having a morning and evening edition, and starts us with the knowledge that the annual cost exceeds two millions of dollars. There is spent for editorial and literary

matter \$220,000; for local news, \$290,000; illustrations, \$180,000; correspondents, \$125,000; telegraph, \$65,000; cable, \$27,000; mechanical department, \$410,000; paper, \$617,000; business office, ink, rent, light, etc., \$210,000; and 337,550 miles of paper are used during a year.

General Kitchener Knows All There is to Know of War.

When Sir Herbert Kitchener—who has just been raised to the peerage as a reward for his splendid Sudan campaign—paid his last visit to England he was asked when his army would enter Khartoum. He promptly named two dates a week apart, and explained that the battle would be fought on one day or the other. The margin of a single week was required by certainty in regard to the depth of water in the Upper Nile, which varies from year to year. When the battle was fought it was on one of the dates named by him.

Trained as an engineer he is familiar with all the details of the artillery service, and can make roads build bridges and conduct exhaustive surveys. In earlier campaigns in the Nile countries he has been second in command of a cavalry regiment, and has been in charge of the arrangements for provisioning an army and moving the military stores. As chief of the intelligence staff he learned the Nile languages and all the traits of native character. As the organizer of the Egyptian force, he knew exactly what it could do in a campaign.

In one word, he was master of the art of war with the tribes of the Sudan. He understood every detail of the service as thoroughly as any subordinate under him. That is the type of general to be placed in command of an American army, if unhappily there should be another war. An army should be a machine with a man in charge who knows every wheel and cog.

Two American Girls.

They Present a Great Contrast to the Foreign Music Teacher.

Miss Maude Valerie White, the noted English composer and teacher of music, has recently given the public the benefit of some of her experiences in a magazine article on the "Humors of Musical Life."

Among the anecdotes which she relates of her pupils, two refer to American Women: "I once had an American pupil," says Miss White, "who refused pointblank to do a single thing I told her. She knew everything far better than I did, and talked in the most scientific way about the structure of her hands, which, as far as I could see, differed in no way from those of any one else."

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"I humbly suggested that it wasn't necessary to be a professor of anatomy in order

to teach Chopin's nocturnes; but my remark made no impression whatsoever. I have never been so thoroughly snubbed in all my life! I was, however, to have my revenge.

"One day she arrived at my house rather earlier than usual, and began looking over my books. Among those lying on the table was a volume of poems by Matthew Arnold, which he had given me himself, and in which he had written a few very charming words of dedication. As I came into the room, she addressed me in a voice in which I thought I detected a tone of respect hitherto conspicuous by its absence.

"Well, I never!" she said. "So you know Mr. Matthew Arnold! Well, I declare! I guess he thought a good deal of you, or he wouldn't have paid you such a stunning compliment. I presume you know several distinguished people. Well, I didn't think you did, that's all. I presume you're proud of that book?"

"I told her she presumed perfectly correctly, and I am bound to say that during the rest of the lessons she behaved most politely to me. I shone with a borrowed light, but what did that matter?"

Miss White did not, fortunately, have to base her ideas of the behavior of American women solely upon that of this very "presuming" young person.

She met others, and with one, at least, she was thoroughly delighted. "Madame de Navarre, Mary Anderson that was."

"After a few lessons," so her teacher goes on to relate, she sang my song, 'The Thistle,' as well as I ever wish to hear it sung. There is one phrase in the song which I shall always connect with her, firstly because she sang it really beautifully, and secondly because once when I suggested that she wasn't singing it lightly enough for the English Thistle, she said I was quite right; it certainly was a good deal more like the American eagle!"

That was both neatly and amiably said. Nevertheless, although she may have sung too loud, there can never have been in Madame de Navarre's tones any of the harshness characteristic of the voice of the

national bird—and alas! which is too often heard in the voices of our American women.

If all Americans spoke as melodiously as she, 'Punch' would lose one of its standing themes of jest; 'Punch,' which has always gallantly admitted the beauty of our American girls, but has never ceased to marvel that they should misuse their pretty noses to talk through.

Coughs of an Eagle.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Coughs of an Eagle.

The cough, or puff, of a railway engine is due to the abrupt emission of waste steam up the chimney. When moving slowly the cough can of course be heard following each other quite distinctly, but when speed is put on the puff comes out after the other much more rapidly, and when eighteen coughs a second are produced they cannot be separately distinguished by the ear. A locomotive running at the rate of nearly seventy miles an hour gives out twenty puffs of steam every second that is, ten for each of its two cylinders.

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The Battle of Minden.

The custom of wearing roses in their headgear by the Lancashire Regiment on the anniversary of the Battle of Minden originated in a curious manner. On the day of the battle, August 1st, 1759, the men passed through a field of roses, each man plucking a rose and placing it in his bonnet, wearing the flower during the fight. This commenced the custom which obtains at the present day of wearing roses on the anniversary of the battle.

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Second Stranger: "That so? Then you wrote the very book I am agent for?"

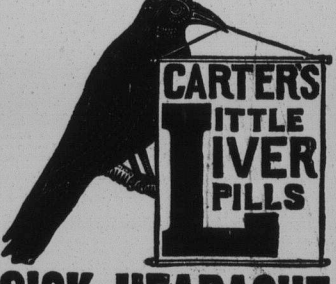
"Yes, the hardest work I ever did was writing that book."

"Well, well! That's another strange coincidence. The hardest work I ever did was trying to sell it."

Aakine: "What do you think of Puffington?"

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