

The Transcript.

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R. H. COLLINS, T. D. BOWERS
EDITORS.

HIS BABY BROTHER.

Yes, I've got a little brother,
Never asked to have him, nuther,
But he's here.
They just went away and bought him,
And last week the doctor brought him.
Weren't that queer?
When I heard the news from Moll,
Why, I thought at first 'twas jolly.
'Cause, you see,
I s'posed I could go and get him,
And then mamma, course, would let him
Play with me.
But when I had once looked at him,
'Why,' I says, 'great snakes, is that him?
Just that mite?'
They said, 'Yes,' and, 'Ain't it cunnin'?'
He's a sight!
He's so small it's just amazin',
And you'd think he was blazin'.
He's so red;
And his nose is like a berry,
And he's bald as Uncle Jerry.
On his head,
Why, he isn't worth a brick,
All he does is cry and kick;
He can't stop.
Won't sit up; you can't arrange him;
I don't see why he don't change him
At the shop.
Now, we've got to clothe and feed him,
And we really didn't need him.
More'n a frog.
Why 'd they buy a baby brother
When they know I'd good deal rather
Have a dog?
—Kansas Farmer.

All's Well That Ends Well.

A STORY OF FOUR-SIDED LOVE.

I.
He looked for the most part straight
in front of him as they walked across
the field side by side. His forehead was
puckered, his mouth set, his peculiarly
youthful face paler than his wont.
'Life,' he said, 'is such a huge re-
sponsibility.'
Unconsciously his voice took the dog-
matic tone which so often characterized
it in the performance of his clerical
duties.
'Life is such a serious matter; I do
not think we half realize its tremendous
seriousness.'
'Talking—of—er—tigers?' said she.
His voice dropped to one of surprise,
almost of irritation. 'What do you
mean?' he asked.
'I haven't grasped the connection,'
she said. 'It is only when I am in pain
that I feel like that.'
Plainly he was seriously affected, for
he even ignored her frivolous aside.
'Oh, what is it?' she asked. 'There
must be something,' she continued.
'Has the vicar'—here she smiled, al-
though unwillingly—'has his reverence
been insisting on the fifteen minutes'
limit for your sermon again?'
'You couldn't neglect your mother for
any one,' she said, bravely.
'No,' he admitted, 'no; that's true.'
'So you are forced to make a duty of
necessity,' she said.
He waited a moment repeating her
words over to himself, as though he had
not reached their meaning.
'Give, me,' he said, 'one crumb of
consolation to help me through the
empty days. If there had not been this
plain, straight way of duty for me, could
you—?'
'Yes, oh, yes!' she said.
'I had to speak?' he questioned.
'I can bear it better,' she said, 'since
you have spoken.'
'If love were all?' he quoted.
'Nothing else could have made me
love you like this.'
Only his look thanked her. 'Now,'
he said 'you must forget that once I was
tempted to play the man.'
You must only remember me as the
conceited young curate who tried—
'Don't,' she exclaimed, 'don't hurt
me like that.'
'Take your own way, then,' he wis-
pered with a wintry smile. 'And bless
you always, my one love. You alone
hold my secret—safe with you.'
'Dear God, how safe!' she cried.
And so they parted. It was the only
way.

II.
But that was not the only confidence
with which she was honored at about
this time, and strangely enough, it was
the curate's mother who next put her
powers of secret keeping to the test.
She prefaced her confession with a
touch of flattery.
'I hope you will not laugh at me for
a silly old goose?'
'As if I should!'
'I don't know—wait and see. I sup-
pose that in your idea no one could
possibly fall in love after—well, thirty-
five?'
'Oh, why not?'
'Very well tried, dear! Very cred-
itably said! But I am more than thirty-
five—and I am in love—I don't wonder
you start.'
'I don't—think—I did!'
'Not badly! But there, I don't want
you to think that because experience has
taught me to laugh in the face of mis-
fortune I cannot still feel. Child, there
is no love like a late love for tearing

your heartstrings. Practice helps to
make perfect, perhaps—I don't know.
Women love and marry and live happily
ever after—hundreds of women do that
But I have had experience, and I know
what I am saying is true, that not one
woman in a hundred ever finds her ideal
as I, so late, have found mine.'

'Oh,' said the girl, 'doesn't he—
doesn't he—forgive my asking—but
doesn't he love you?'
'Yes, dear, that's not the barrier. I
think at my age, you know, a failure to
return my affection would have marred
the picture in the beginning,
have broken up the likeness to the
ideal too soon, would have stayed
the springs of love before much harm
had been done. No, I am spared that.
But I think you know how I have lived
for and in my son ever since his father
died. I have brought him up to honor
his dead father beyond all living men.
How can I now acknowledge to him
that a greater than his father has arisen
for me? How can I publicly set an
other in the place death has made
sacred? Wouldn't it be like sacrilege in
his eyes? The seed I sowed in my boy's
heart have flourished beyond belief—his
very love of me is entwined with it. If
I struck at the one, might I not endanger
the other?'
The girl summoned all her store of
courage to her aid.

'But if he should—think of marrying
—himself, wouldn't that make a differ-
ence?'
'You think that because you are so
young yourself, dear girl. And how
patient you have been to me!' she said,
coming back to her accustomed con-
sideration for her companion. 'Some-
times I have felt I must speak, just once,
or it would kill me—and now I have
spoken. You will respect my confi-
dence, I know.'

'Yes,' said the girl 'yes.'
III

These were the questions which
troubled her, filled her waking thought,
sent her restless to bed.

And while she still waited she became
the victim of yet another confidence,
this time from a man again, but middle
aged and iron-gray.

'You look like a sensible little girl,'
he began abruptly. 'Are you?'
'I hope so!' She smiled.

'Then, although we don't know much
of each other, you'll forgive me for ask-
ing you a question or two which may
seem beyond my limit, believing that
impertinence is the last thing prompting
me.'

Suddenly arrested in interest, the
girl nodded.

'Then, will you tell me if you ever
get below the surface, as it were, in
those long and seemingly confidential
talks you have with our young curate?'
'Have you a right to ask?'
'I have at any rate a large interest at
stake.'

'That sounds almost the same thing.
I am afraid of what I may and may not
say; but I don't see at this moment any
reason why I should not speak the
truth.'

'Then you have?'
'Sometimes,' she admitted.
'Once in particular perhaps?'
'I must not tell you.'

'What are you going to do?' gasped
the girl.
'I am going to tell our curate how
matters stand between his mother and
myself; he is between—and—'

'She didn't bind you to secrecy?'
'I have forgotten it if she did. And
if she did, she will forgive me 'by re-
sults,' or I don't know her.'

'And if there are no satisfactory re-
sults she won't know anything about
it?'
'Of course not. I thought you could
help me.'

She looked at the man's firm mouth,
his pleasant, kindly eyes. 'I want to
help you much more than I've helped
you at present,' she said.

'But I can't get the woman I want
unless I can secure a bride for our curate
—clear him out of the way.'
'Don't talk of him like that,' she
laughed.

'And a troublesome conscience won't
let me go to him after watching him fol-
low you about with his eyes, unless I
can hold out some sort of hope that he
would be successful in yielding to my
prompting—in proposing to you, in fact,
to—er—clear the way—for me.'

'Can't you?'
She blushed and smiled.

'I should not like to. Look here,
little girl, I am as safe as a house; you
can very well trust me. Has he told
you he loves you?'
'Oh, why,' she cried, 'must you put
it round that way?'
'Well done, little girl! Then I'll
manage it, I'll settle things for the four
of us out of hand.'

And this is what he did.—*New York
News.*

'Do you BELONG TO CHURCH?' asked
the city missionary. 'Yes, indeedly,'
replied Uncle Rastus. 'What denomi-
nation?' 'Ah don't quite comprehend
de actuality ob de observation.' 'I
mean what is your doctrine?' 'Oh,
I see a homie path.'

Gentlemen at Odds.

'Hah!' snorted Mr. Sourdopp to Mr.
Arguso. 'Hah! If you knew half as
much as you think you know, you'd
know a half more than you know now.'

'Is that so?' growled Mr. Arguso.
'Well, if you only knew twice as much
as you don't know, you'd know three
times as much as there is to know.'

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UNIQUE PROPOSALS.

Some Rather Curious Methods of Popping the
Question.

Miss Annie Oakley, the champion rifle
shot, was practicing in a London shoot-
ing gallery one day, firing at the regu-
lation cardboard target, when a stranger
happened along and picking up a spare
rifle, fired 109 shots thereat, the whole
spelling out the following message:
'Will you marry me?'

The lady was naturally somewhat sur-
prised; but not to be outdone, she
promptly replied after similar fashion
with her own match rifle, 'Certainly
not.'

This is probable unique as an offer of
marriage, but it is a fact that a young
matron living in a south London suburb
has in her possession at this present
moment several rifle written love letters.

The lady in question was formerly an
attendant at a shooting gallery in a cer-
tain popular place of amusement (soon
alas, to be closed forever) which is
'down Westminster way,' and her
sweetheart that was and husband that
is used to drop in of an evening to prac-
tice. He became so expert after awhile
that he could place the shots where he
liked to within a fraction of an inch, and
he frequently used his skill when no in-
convenient onlookers were around in
the manner indicated. Needless to say
that as soon as he had finished, the little
perforated squares of cartridge paper
were carefully removed and preserved
by her for whom alone the messages so
curiously written thereon were intended.

The most far-famed feature of the
beautiful Yosemite valley, in California,
is the Bridal Veil fall. It descends from
the plateau nearly 3,000 feet above, in a
single ribbon of silvery water limned
luminously against the dark vertical face
of the precipice.

Perhaps it was its romantic name
which suggested to Charles Evelyn, a
young and wealthy San Franciscan, to
utilize the falling streamlet in an al-
together novel fashion. Anyhow he
spent several thousand dollars in con-
structing at the summit of the cliff, just
where the water gathers itself together
for its final terrific leap into the abyss
below, a sort of vertically sliding sluice
door which worked so smoothly and so
perfectly that it could be lowered and
raised several times in the course of a
single minute.

Then when his preparations were
complete he brought to the valley from
her far eastern home the young lady to
whom he was engaged, and by alter-
nately raising and lowering the sluice
gates above for longer or shorter in-
tervals, as the case might be, he caused
the cascade to tell her in spurts and jets,
corresponding to the dots and dashes of
the Morse alphabet, of the love he bore
her. Whether the lady exactly approved
of this blazoning abroad of what should
have been a lesson sacred to her eyes
alone is not recorded, but she has, at all
events, the supreme satisfaction of
reflecting that she is the only woman in
the world to whom a love letter has been
indited by a harnessed waterfall.

Love letters spelled out in fireworks
are of course common. One such writ-
ten aloft in particolored globes of flame
and addressed by a Magyar noble to his
affianced bride at Herrmannstadt is said
to have cost £800.

In a Sussex garden a loverlorn but
bashful swain sowed in Mustard and
cress a marriage proposal to the daugh-
ter of his next door neighbor, and the
fair one not to be outdone, answered
'Yes,' in radishes. They were married
without delay, and both the proposal
and answer were served and eaten at the
wedding breakfast.

After all, however, it is doubtful
whether the modern lover has, on the
whole progressed very far in the matter
of inventing novelties, either in marriage
proposals or love letters. Nearly 4,000
years ago a proposal for the hand of an
Egyptian princess was inscribed
elaborately on a block of solid stone and
can be seen to this day by any one
curious in such matters in the British
museum. Maeharos, an old time king
of Colchis wowed his wife by sending
her presents of young and beautiful
child slaves, each of whom had some
tender and loving message tattooed on
the skin of the back, while, coming
down to more recent times, it is recorded
of the Prince de Conti that he sent to a
certain great lady a proposal indited on
a golden plaque, exquisitely engraved,
the letters of the words of the epistle
being formed of diamonds, rubies and
emeralds set in metal.

The lady's answer was, however, in
the negative, whereupon the prince
requested that she would at least do him
the honor of accepting a ring containing
a miniature of himself. To this she as-
sented, but stipulated that the ring
should be destitute of jewels. The tiny
portrait was accordingly set in a simple
rim of gold, but to cover the painting a
large diamond, cut very thin, served as a
glass. The lady promptly returned the
ring, whereupon the prince had it
ground to powder, which he used to dry
the ink of the note he wrote to her on
the subject.—*London Tit-Bits.*

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Reserve for Reinsured (loga
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Reserve for all Unsettled claims. 1,209,718.33
NET SURPLUS over Capital and
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