A Widower's Tenant

By C. B. LEWIS

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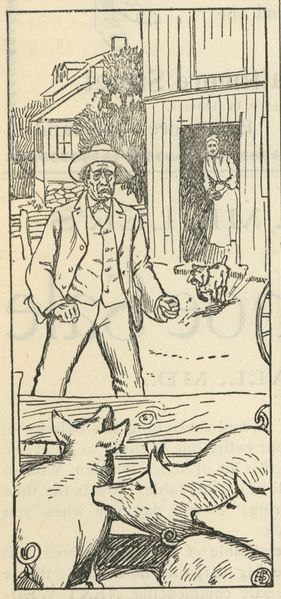
After being in business in the city nearly a score of years, the last five of which he had been a widower and in failing health, John Dayton finally heeded the advice of the doctor and bought a farm and prepared to retire to the country and rejuvenate himself. The farm was purchased through an agency and without his having ever stepped foot upon the land. But there was one thing the agent failed to represent. The previous owner of the farm had died and left a widow and a mortgage. While the mortgage had been foreclosed and the farm sold according to law, a village lawyer had discovered a flaw in the proceedings and advised the widow to stick. Having paid for legal advice she was determined to get the benefit of it. She remained on the farm as much of a fixture as the big red barn, and she proposed to fight it out on that line.

It therefore came about that when the widower came to take possession of his farm he met with a surprise party. He understood that he would find the Widow Parsons in the house, but he didn't understand what sort of a widow she was. He found a middle aged, pleasant faced woman ready to welcome him, and her soft ways and the goodness of the dinner prejudiced him in favor of country life at once.

Nothing of the business in hand was broached until dinner was over and until he had sized the widow up as a meek and humble woman. It was when he carelessly inquired whether she had taken another farm or proposed to move to the nearest village that the first brickbat hit him. She didn't propose to vacate at all. She preferred to go on living amid the peaceful songs of birds and the lazy drone of bumblebees, but if it was to be lurid war he would find her waving her banners at the front. John



AS HE STARTED FOR THE HOGS THE BULL DOG STARTED FOR HIM.

Dayton was an aggressive man, an obstinate man and a man with a temper, and the widow didn't blame him a bit when he pounded his leg with his fist and replied to her:

"I don't want to be mean about this thing, but I want and will have possession of my own. I will give you one week to clear out. If you are not gone by that time I'll have you thrown out."

"You are invited to dinner a week from today," the widow quietly replied.

Mr. Dayton went to town to consult a lawyer and the sheriff. The lawyer told him that all the rights in the case were his, and the sheriff said he would put him in possession as soon as the writ of execution was placed in his hands. Meanwhile if he could bluff the widow it would be so much gained for him. He returned to the farm after a day or two to bluff. He was as kindly received as if he had come to buy paper rags and sell tinware, and, though he was vexed and annoyed, he couldn't help but admit that the widow had beautiful blue eyes.

"I have ascertained that I have the law on my side," he began, "but, as I said to you before, I don't want to be mean about it."

"No; I don't think you are a mean man," she kindly replied.

"I want possession, but I don't want any row, and if you would consent to take $50 and vacate next week I think I would pay it."

"You are a generous man, and I won't rob you. Three or four years hence, after the case has gone to the supreme court and been decided against me, I may look around for another farm."

"Woman, you are defying the law," claimed the widower as patience ceased to be a virtue. "I tell you I'll have possession here if I have to dump everything and everybody into the public highway with my own hands."

"Come to dinner any day—glad to see you," was her reply as she followed him to the door.

"Y-e-s; I see," mused his lawyer as the widower returned and reported. "The widow is simply a trespasser. She ought to be put off at once."

"Y-e-s; I see," mused the sheriff when he was appealed to. "That writ ought to be placed in my hands."

Both lawyer and sheriff hinted at a certain line of conduct, though protesting that they were not legal hints, and three days later John Dayton drove out to his farm prepared to take all the bulls and cows by the horns. He began at the barnyard. He opened wide the gates and turned a one eyed ram and a one horned cow into the road. A couple of hogs with curls in their tails would have been next on the programme had not the Widow Parsons appeared on the scene. She was accompanied by a bulldog, who seemed anxious to complicate things, and her voice was not at all high pitched as she warned the widower off the premises. He pounded on the barn door and replied:

"This is my property. I am here to take possession. The widow and the bulldog who interfere with me must take the consequences."

The consequences were taken. As he started for the curly tailed hogs the bulldog started for him, and when the widower got through with the circus he had half a dozen bites to carry back to town.

"Stars above, but it is nothing less than a case of murderous assault!" exclaimed the lawyer when the story had been told. "You have only to apply for a warrant to have the Widow Parsons sleep in jail tonight, and she must surely be convicted when she comes to trial."

"Never in all my life did I hear of such an outrage," added the sheriff, "and I will take the greatest pleasure in making the arrest."

But when the bites had got over aching more hints—not legal hints—were thrown out, and as a result John Dayton made a fourth visit to his farm. This time he knocked at the front door of the house instead of stopping at the barnyard, and when admitted he said:

"Widow Parsons, I'm a determined man. I'm bound to have my farm if I have to take you with it."

The widow looked at him for a long minute, and there was a smile around her mouth as she quietly replied:

"It might be your best way. Come a-courting, and we'll see about it."

And six weeks later there was neither widow nor widower. John Dayton and his wife were running the farm, and the bulldog was quiescent.

True Love Is Not Jealous.

The greatest thing in the world is love. It is the most beautiful thing too. Strangely enough, however, it is apt to go hand in hand with the ugliest thing, which is jealousy. The green eyed monster's favorite victims are lovers.

No sight is more terrible than the jealous rage of a lover. The man who suspects his sweetheart of flirting with some one else is enduring such pain that he is hardly responsible for his actions.

Similarly, the girl who sees that her fiance is faithless experiences a heartache which is little short of maddening.

It is sad when such suffering is without any real cause. The man or girl who is a victim of unreasoning jealousy is to be pitied. The intensity of their feelings cannot be realized by an outsider.

True love is trustful, above all things. Sweethearts who trust each other are never worried with jealousy, nor have they any need to be. A true lover never flirts. He would not be a true lover if he did. A girl who really loves her sweetheart can bear to see him walking or talking with another girl without the slightest pang. She knows well that there is only one girl in the world for him, and that is herself. In his heart she reigns supreme, just as he does in hers. Polite and attentive though he may be to many another maid, he reserves one thing for her alone. This one thing is love.

Making Amends.

A poor Turkish slater of Constantinople, being at work upon the roof of a house, lost his footing and fell into the narrow street upon a man. The pedestrian was killed by the concussion, while the slater escaped without material injury.

A son of the deceased caused the slater to be arrested. The cadi listened attentively and in the end asked the slater what he had to say in his defense.

"Dispenser of justice," answered the accused, "it is even as this man says, but heaven forbid that there should be evil in my heart. I am a poor man and know not how to make amends."

The son of the man who had been killed thereupon demanded that condign punishment should be inflicted on the accused.

The cadi meditated a few moments and finally said, "It shall be so." Then to the slater he said, "Thou shalt stand in the street where the father of this young man stood when thou didst fall on him."

And to the accuser he added: "Thou shalt, if it please thee, go up on the roof and fall upon the culprit even as he fell upon thy father. Allah be praised!"

The Bee's Stinging Apparatus.

A bee's sting, unlike that of a wasp, is always left in the wound; so the first thing to do is to remove it. Do not take it between finger and thumb, for that will cause it to open and release more of its poison. The right method is to push it out by rubbing up against it with the back of the thumb nail. To remove the pain there are many remedies, most of them homely. Here are a few: A slice of onion, ordinary laundry blue, sal volatile, honey, earth moistened with saliva. One or another of these remedies is always at hand, and a handkerchief will serve as a bandage to keep it in place as long as necessary.

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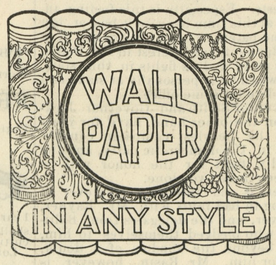

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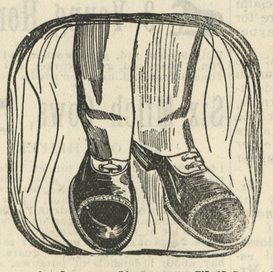

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