Summer Afternoon Reading

Lem Brown's Dilemma

For a full hour and a half on last Wensday morning Lem Brown, our talented carpenter, painter and general jobber, stared cruel and relentless deth in the face, while brave men and weeping wimmen and delighted children looked on horrifide and helpless. It was a awful experients and will go down in the annals of our town as one of the worst that ever happened.

Some time ago the Ladies' Aid of our church desided that the church steeple needed a new coat of paint. The ladies held a meeting and past a vote to purchase paint sufficient to paint the steeple. Being as they was no money in the treasury of the aid the ladies went out with subscripshion papers soliciting money. The members of the church didn't seem to be any too keen for giving up good money to buy paint, but after two weeks' beggin' it was desided that they had enough to buy the paint, perviding someone could be secured to put same onto the steeple. Lem Brown was approached and askt how much he would charge to paint the steeple. Lem said he thought it ought to be worth about 75 cts. to him, but as the ladies didn't want to spend any of their paint money they told Lem, being as he was a member in good standing of the church, it was his Christian duty to paint the steeple for nothing. It took Lem a good while to see this the way they saw it, but after they had pestered him for several days he said: "Oh, well, dod-durn it, if you think it's my christchian duty to do it for nothing I reckon I'll haft to do it, but that's the last job I'll do at them figgers."

The paint was bought at the Co. seat. It was white paint, and they was two gals of same. They was also 1 qt. of green paint for trimming. Lem started in on the job bright and airly last Tuesday morning. He borrowed Cy Hoskins' apple ladder and clim up to the ridge pole of the church beside the steeple, and then hauled up the ladder and set it straddle of the ridge pole on the roof and leaned the upper end against the top of the steeple. Lem then took a pail of white paint in one hand and a brush in the other and started up the ladder. They was considerable of a crowd standing around on the ground in front of the church to watch Lem do the job. wich was a tickelish one as you might say. When Lem started up the ladder Gideon Smalley hollered at him, saying:

"Lem, you had ort to build a stagin around that steeple to paint from. Suppose that ladder would fall down with you up to the top end of itthen, where would you be, hey?"

"I've painted and carpentered man and boy for more'n 30 years," says Lem, pausing in his tracks about haffway up the ladder and lookin down at "I calkilate I know a thing or two about the bizness. I'm a purty good hand to tead to my own business, and I hope other folks will do the same.' Lem then perceeded on up the ladder.

and Gld he got mad and started off home and said if Lem Brown fell and broke his neck, leaving his wife nothing but a widder. Lem couldn't blame him, and he hoped he would fall. The crowd on the ground increased

until almost the entire populashion of Bingville was present watching the brave painter with horrifide eyes and balted breaths. Before Lem started in to paint he filled up his pipe and lit it jest as keerless as if he had of been sitting before his fire on a coolish like night.

He was jest as unconcerned as you please and hummed a tune jest to show them below that he felt perfeckly at home and him durn near 40 ft. above the ground.

Lem had jest hung his paint pail over the top of the steeple and begin to sling paint like a expert when the ladder suddenly slipped on the roof and fell with a crash end over end clean to the ground.

They was a deep groan went up from them below.

Wimmen turned away their eyes and begin to scream. The men helt their

All expeckted to see Lem drop from that dizzy height to the ground below with a dull sickening thud a lifeless corpse. Then they would throw a sheet

over him and gether him up tenderly and carry his dead, lifeless and smashed remains home to his expect-

But Lem did not fall as anticipated. When he felt the ladder slippin from under him he throwd the paint brush into the air and hugged the steeple with both arms, also rapping his legs around same. The paint brush which he let go of so suddint fell swiftly, striking Deacon Butterworth smack in the eye who was standing with his mouth open looking up at Lem when the catastrofee happened. Lem also upset the paint in the struggle, some of it falling on Mrs. Rufe Green, who come out in her bare head and got it all mixt up in her hair and she hasn't ot it out yet. Lem also bit off the tem of his pipe which fell striking lke Peters and some of the sparks ent down Sike's neck and burnt his ack and Sike thought he was aftre nd began to undress and would of sgraced hisself then and there if Cy loskins hadn't called his attenshion to the fact that they was ladies pres-

ent and that if be desired to disrobe | And could I take their flag from then to retire back of the horse sheds, which Sike done.

Where was Lem all this time you

Lem was still hangin onto the steeple for dear life and hollering "Help!" at the top of his lungs. But where was they any help to be found? Help was scarce. What could a person do to help Lem and him hangin in mid air as you might say 40 ft. from the ground?

Rev. Moore, our beloved pastor, hollered up to Lem to try lifting his voice in prayer. What Lem replied to our pastor is not fit to appear in print, so we wisely expurgate it. Everybody present was awful shocked at the horrible profanity wich flowed from Lem's lips to the pastor and Lem being on the threshold of deth as you might say, and also a church member hisself in addishion.

While people was ringing their hands in despair and wondering what to do, Seth Dewberry, our lion-hearted town constubble, stept forward and raised his hand and said, "Wait, men, I will save him!"

Seth then clim up into the belfry and detached the rope from the bell, and then crawled out into the pick of the roof and coiled the rope up in his hand, and told Lem he was going to throw it up to him and for him to ketch it.

"You must think I be a durn fool," hollers Lem. "If I let loose my holts to ketch that rope, I'll fall and brake my dad-blamed neck!"

But Seth told Lem he thought he could spare one hand to grab it, and Lem said he would try, and Seth throwed up the rope and it fell between Lem and the steeple, and Lem then wound the end of it around the top of the steeple and tied it fast and then he slid down the rope to safety. and him and Seth both come down to the ground, and everyboddy stept forward and shuk hands with Lem, and told him they never expeckted to see him alive again.

The bell rope still remains tied to the church steeple, and will probably remain there till it rots, and how the pastor is going to ring the bell for services is a mystery. Cy Hoskins' ladder was broke in two by the fall. and Cy says if the Ladies' Aid don't pay for it he'll bring suit against the church for damages. The Ladies' Aid selves at liberty they too, goaded by says they will never pay for the lad- the bumblebees, lit out for parts under, and that if Lem Brown don't come to time and pay for the paint at the rate of about 15 miles an hour he spilt he'll git hisself into trouble. Lem says they can whissle for their paint far as he is concerned, because | ceeded to the far end of the field and he's agoing to take his name off the run into a stone fence, and finding church list, for if he hadn't of been a church member he wouldn't of got into sich a mess and come within a hair's breadth of being killed instantly.-"Bingville Bugle" Items in the Boston Post.

Flag of Paul Jones

Paul Jones' flag, the first national ensign to be displayed at the masthead of a United States ship, the first to be saluted by a foreign power, and the first to wave in victory on a foreign sea, was made for him at a sewing bee by the girls of Portsmouth, N. H. They contributed portions of their best silk gowns for the purpose. The following dialogue took place in the Ross house in Philadelphia between Miss Mary Langdon, one of the makers of the flag, and Commodore Jones upon his return from his victorious cruise in February, 1781.

Mary Langdon: "What fortune steers your errant prow Again to greet our shore? Good morrow to your laureled brow, Most gallant Commodore!

"You come with ship and trusty crew And unexcelled renown;
But where's the flag we made for you In drowsy Portsmouth town?

"Right busily with shears and thread We tolled that summer day When safe beneath the gun-crowned head The saucy Ranger lay.

At your behest our silken best Unstintedly we gave; With ruthless zeal we plied the steel So that your flag might wave.

"We found its white and crimson bars in Carrie's cedar press; We pleced its galaxy of stars From Helen's wedding dress;

"To make its azure field—aye, still I think of it with tears— My capuchin of glossy twill Fell victim to the shears!

"To guard its fame through storm and You vowed in valiant tones; Then where's that honored flag to-day, Chevalier John Paul Jones?

"Ah, Mistress Mary, vows more deep
Than aught of lip or eye
Were those I made when your fing dis lts stars in a gladdened sky.

"Twas 'a gaudy strip on a pirate ship;"
Twas 'the vaunt of a lawless sword.
But it rose, the sign of a free-born line
When the Gallic salvo roared.

'Twas 'a flaunting brag of a Rebel When it snapped in a British breeze
But it waved our steel to a conquered
keel
In the wash of the Irish seas.

"le the pallid light of a dreadful night"
I saw its cluster shine
O'er the grimmest grip of ship and ship
In the lore of the foaming brine.

"It gloried wide in shot-rent pride
Above our mizzen-truck;
Our boarders swarmed the splintere
side.
The beaten foe had struck.

But my brave old ship was a shattered Her shot holes gaping wide, the lay, a rolling, helpless bull That drank the bubbling fide.

Yet still the starry diadem Was bright above the wreck

"Down by the head to ocean's bed She plunged beneath the swell; And last of all, a silken pall, Her banner waved farewell.

"My deathless dead I left to her, That would not know defeat— My gallant ship their sepulchre, Your flag their winding sheet!"

Mary Langdon: 'Twas but their due;
For who but those should claim
That riddled flag—the fearless crew
That died to give it fame?

"So may it float, though none may mark, Beneath the Northern Sea, Above the unforgotten bark That sank in victory!" —Arthur Guiterman in New York Times.

Whole Town Stung Up

There was a good deal of excite ment in this vicinity on last Tuesday morning at half past 9 o'clock a. m. which for a time greatly disturbed the erstwhile calm and quiet of our thriving community and resulted in pain and profanity to a large number of our most respected citizens.

Lafe Hoover has a piece of ground which borders on the west side of Bingville, perhaps 10 acres in all, which he let come up in timethy this season. Lafe set last Tuesday to cut this timothy and employed Hank Dewberry to help him do the same. Lafe and Hank started in bright and early. Hank he drove the mower and Lafe he come behint later with his old sorrel mare hitched to the hay ted-

There was a large crowd along the street leaning over the fence watching Lafe and Hank do the work and offering suggestions as to how it should be done. It is the general belief that this crown was attracted by the spectacle of Hank actually working, which is so rare a sight that the people of Bingville can hardly be blamed for turning out en masse, as you might say.

Along about 9:30 Hank suddenly drove over a bumblebees' nest and what happened immediately afterwards almost beggars description.

Hank hadn't been stung more than a dozen times until he dropped the lines and started to run for the fence where all the people was congregated. As soon as the horses found themknown, dragging the mower after them and running into a stump and breaking off the cutterbar. Then they protheir progress blocked in this direct tion and several bumblebees still prodding them they stood still and begin to kick and kicked until they kicked every durn bit of harness offen them and then they went to eating grass.

As Deacon Bradbury feared the bees then begin to scatter and to attackt the innocent as well as the guilty, sparing neither men, women or children. Mrs. Salina Cooper who had come out to the fence with her infant son aged three months and is so heavy on her feet that she can't run very fast being as she weigns 275 lbs., started home, but the bees stung her once on her escape and once on her infant son.

Deacon Bradberry was stung couple of times on the ear, and one bee got fast in his whiskers and he don't know how many times it stung him before he got it untangled-he counted up to 11 stings and then he lost count, because it was too painful to remember.

Miss Sally Hoskins, who was pass ing along the street to mail a letter to her best fellow who lives at Snake Bend had a bumble-bee to sting her on the ankle through her openwork stockings.

Snide Petersby had two bees to get up his pant leg and he got out in the road and danced a jig for about two minutes. Ras Slocomb said after it was all over that he never knowd Snide could dance like that being as Snide always complained of being crippled up with rheumatiz, but with them two bees up his pant leg he was as suppl and spy as a 16-year-old.

Soveral others, whose names we failed to get were stung on different localities, and in a short time after the bees got into the crowd the street was deserted being as those who had got stung dispersed at once to their homes where they bathed the affected

parts in various linaments. Hank Dewberry suffered awful His face, especially his lips, was all stung up fearful where the bees jabbed it to him. Hank said he wouldn't be exaggerating it any if he said that his upper lip felt about two feet and a half long whereas it was only about three inches long by actual measure

ment. Lafe Hoover whose mowing machine was almost a total loss not only refused to pay Hank any wages for elping him cut his timothy, but has Hank charged up with the loss of his mower. ' Hank says Lafe is welcome to the money to pay for his mower if he can get it. Hank says before he would pay for that mower after having his feelings outraged and hisself mutilated so by them bumblebees he would carry suit for damages up to the Supreme Court and spend every cent he had in the world fighting the suit. If Hank spent every cent he had in the world he would expend about 15 cts .- "Bingville Bugle" Items in the Boston Post.

The Mosquito

He comes, a singing in the night—
A thing of terror; yet so small:
'Tis useless to attempt to fight,
And all in vain for help you call.
He scorns so slight a things as wealth.
When his dread visits make you wince;
His quest demands your rest and health,
Of graft he is the very prince.

He takes the public for his prey;
And not content with fattening.
He leaves before he goes away
Mementos that will smart and sting.
He has been caught. But oftener far
In safty he has fled and laughed,
To hear you curse your luckless star—
He is the very prince of graft!
—Washington Star,

BOURNET'S LZDO? BY R.B. SHELTON

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said she.

"Where am I?" Barlow asked.

"And you?" he inquired.

mond, as they call him here."

"This is the Fu-Chang Mission,

"I am the daughter of Father Ray-

"Four weeks nearly," she said.

"Two coolies bought you at night.

They said you had been beaten by

highwaymen on the Sheng-ti road. You

mustn't talk yet," she went on as he

was about to speak. "Shan't I read

Barlow nodded and closed his eyes,

have told me what you ha

been, not what you are."

while she read him news from a Lon-

week's time he was able to hobble

stantly, reading to him on the little

Gradually he told her of his life-

of his aimless wanderings, of his

wasted opportunities. He neither soft-

ened his past nor excused it. There

he did not mention; but what he did

tell her of it he told in a plain,

straightforward way, with sometimes

a note of wistful sadness in his voice.

And she was always grave and sym-

So the days flew past-very happy

the narrow, crooked streets of Fu-

Chang alone and had it out with him-

self. What was he that he should

dare to love a woman like this? He

cursed himself for a blind fool. That

past of his own making rose before

him like a grim gate, shutting him

The gray morning light was break-

ing over the crooked, dirty streets of

Fu-Chang when he returned to the

mission and threw himself on his bed

utterly exhausted; but sleep he could

not, and after tossing restlessly for

awhile, he arose and stood at the win-

dow, watching the sun creep up above

All these wasted years and nothing

to show for it but the bitterness of

his heart and an ancient yellow map.

In his despair he caught the map

from his pocket and tore it into small

bits. Perhaps it was best after all,

he reflected. He doubted his ability

to remain silent had his assets been

It was evening before he could trust

himself to see her. He found her in

the garden and went to her smiling

"I am going away to-night," said

he. "I must somehow earn enough

to repay the kindness that has been

"You are not able to go yet," she

"I am better able now than I shall

She looked up suddenly and saw

"Don't don't go," she urged. "Stay

"It means too much if I stay," said

"You must, anyway," she said in a

"Good God, child!" he burst out,

"haven't I told you what I am?"

She smiled up at him—a smile of

perfect faith and perfect understand-

"You have told me what you have

been, not what you are," she said

be later," he returned almost roughly.

he was trembling. His face was white.

until you are stronger. Stay until-

He drew himself up.

He saw her face pale a little.

forever from paradise.

the mud-walled huts.

otherwise.

bravely.

low voice.

gently.

shown me here."

pathetic and eminently lovable.

glow of the September twilights.

"How long have I been here?"

Yale had given an A. B., Heidelberg had made him a Ph. D., The World, the flesh and the devil had done the

In the course of many wanderings and as many diverse experiences he had come to the province of Fan-Chau with a legend of a deserted gold mine of wonderful richness ringing in his ears and a parchment map very yellow and apparently of great age in the inside pocket of his khaki coat. But just outside Fu-Chang he encountered one of the many bands of highwaymen that infest the region. Being averse to trouble in any form, his two coolies had left him to face the music alone; and while they fled howling with terror he put up a singlehanded but unavailing resistance, which, while it lasted, was a joy to his wild, reckless soul.

When darkness had fallen and there were only the great, silent stars to see, the two coolies came creeping back. They found him lying in the mud, his clothing torn, his face a mass of blood, and one arm broken where he had shielded his head from the blow of a cudgel. Near him lay two limp, silent figures, their yellow features livid and distorted.

The coolies held a whispered consultation. Then they lifted him between them and bore him down the slough, which was called a road, toward the distant lights of Fu-Chang. But first they rifled his clothes, and in an inner pocket they came across a map and a gold coin that the highwaymen had overlooked. The map, having no intrinsic value, they replaced.

They left him at the mission in Fu-Chang, and went their way, for the potentialities of that golden coin were strong upon them.

Another man would have died; but Robert Barlow had a grip on life that was almost uncanny. After weeks of | don paper six weeks old. unconsciousness, during which it seemed that each hour must be his last, he opened his eyes; slowly, painfully collected his wandering senses: then fell to roundly cursing the highwaymen for misbegotten vandals, and his coolies for equally misbegotten cowards. After which he sank back on the cool pillows utterly exhausted, and fell into a deep, refreshing sleep.

The old missionary smiled knowingly, "He will live," he said grimly, and he went to the kitchen to get some strengthening broth for his patient.

When Barlow awoke it was early evening. He could hear sandals clattering by on the uneven pavements of the street. The odor of some strange, sweet flower floated in through the open window. He stirred uneasily and sat up. He was quite alone in the room.

"I say, somebody," he called lustily There was a sound of light footfalls, the soft rustle of skirts. In the doorway was a gleam of white. He looked up to see a young woman standing there-such a woman as Barlow had not beheld for many months; the kind of a woman he had wellnigh forgotten existed in this world of disappointment and trouble. He felt his heart jump to his throat. The color crept into his synburned face.



He stared at her, scarce daring to

credit his senses. "You have been very ill," she was saying in a low voice that set the blood tingling in his veins. "But you are getting on famously now." "Don't go," he said again.

She turned to pull a bell. A servant came tripping in noiselessly with a steaming bowl.

"Don't go," he said again. She sat down in a bamboo chair by the window. She was smiling as one smiles at a wilful child.

With an inarticulate cry be spintowards her, his face transformed by love and hope. The perfume of the garden came to him like a breath of Elysium fields. The bells of a distant temple were tinkling musically,

BOY OVERLOOKED A POINT

Had Selected a Turtle Not Sufficiently Venerable

Speaking of the turtles that were recently found in Jersey, bearing dates of fifty and sixty years ago, recalls an incident that once occurred on the farm of the late Henry I. Deacon, a well-to-do and influential resident of the land beyond the Delaware

A youngster, who was fond of roaming over the fine, well kept farm, found a turtle one day and it occurred to him to make it one of the ancient

Nothing short of the George Washington era would do. So, taking out his penknife the boy inscribed, "G. W.' 1776," on the reptile's shell. The cutting, of course, looked very modern, but this was easily remedied by rubbing in it mud and polishing it on the grass.

This done to the satisfaction of the boy, rushed to the jolly-faced farmer, exclaiming:

"Look, Mr. Deacon, I just found a turtle more than 100 years old with eorge Washington's initials on the shell!"

"Thee has?" said Dr. Deacon, holding out his hand for the curtle. "Yes, sir," returned the youngster

with a very straight face. The good old farmer glanced at the reptile just one second, and then burst out into a merry laugh.

"Willie, thee darned fool," said he, "that turtle isn't half grown."-Philadelphia Record.

A Lounging Room. On the first floor of many houses there is an unnecessary little room, called through courtesy a den, a library or a reception room. As a matter of fact, it is without purpose, and I have never yet been able to understand why an architect should add this superfluous touch; but, since the room is there, it must be considered fittingly furnished. This little room can well be done in bamboo, suggests Vogue. Procure the kind of curtains that are used on plazzas to protect one from the sun and have the room covered in these with strips of bam boo portioning off three-foot spaces and covering the seams; a strip of bamboo is also run at the top, close to the cove of the ceiling, and another finishes the matting at the bottom. High bookcases painted a deep cream stretch along the walls and natural color wicker furniture is effective in such a room. A square table, a lounging chair and a small high backed settle comprise the furnishing. Very coarse mesh curtains are dyed a golden brown, and brown and yellow pottery in quaint shapes is placed on top of the book He gained rapidly after that. In a cases-a box of flaming 1 ums are the one touch of vivid color

Not many years ago I took
A baby boy to raise
And bring him up as best I could
In strictly proper ways.

little room can thus be used as a rest-

about the mud walled garden of the in the room. On the table are the

mission. The girl was with him con- latest magazines and periodicals. The

veranda, or singing to him in the soft ful lounging or waiting room.

I hired a homely girl as nurse,
Who said her greatest joy.
Would be to show her constant care
And service to the boy. were many parts of it, of course, that

She said she'd had experience
With baby boys, and she
Assured me that for several years
She'd bossed a nursery.

So in the guileless manner of Old bachelor confidence I left the baby boy to her And ended my suspense. days they were for Barlow, until there came a bitter night when he walked

But not for long; that evening when I came back home there was.

A household filled with dire dismay;
And truly there was cause.

The baby boy was missing-lost;
The nurse girl tore her hair,
And like a loose detective she
Went searching everywhere. The wretched creature said she'd bathed Our darling little Jim; But after that she didn't know What had become of him.

No baby boy; O. Rachel's grief!
I rushed around in dread,
The meantime using language which
Were better left unsaid.

At last I found the precious lamb, Down by the sink forforn, Attired exactly as he was The day that he was born.

How did it happen? Well, that girl,
The low browed, careless cub,
Had simply poured the baby out
In emptying the tub.
—William J. Lampton.

Surprise For the Husband. A truly economical woman has be discovered at Wilton, N. H. Her husband was so unfortunate as to have his hand badly mangled by contact with a buzz saw, and a portion of it was amputated by Dr. George W. Hatch. While he was under anaesthetic influence his better half re bered that be had discussed havin his remaining teeth extracted, preparatory to having an artifici fitted, and inquired of the doctor if her husband would remain under the influence of the ether long enough to extract the teeth, and if it would cost any more to have this done also. Re-ceiving favorable replies, she instruct-ed Dr. Hatch to proceed, and her hus-band, when he regalace his senses,

Dewey's Victory Done in Chinese. Gov. Smith of Vermont asked Admiral Dewey's Chinese cook about the ave this description:

found that his wife had "killed two

birds with one stone."

upee mind dam quick. Bly and bly shotee go big guns, bumes, bumes. Admiral say go anedee, glid by any