WHEN BETTY SULKED

By RONALD ALLEN

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"Look a-here, Betty Spooner, I should like to know what on earth has ailed you for the last two weeks. You've been around actin' as sulky as a crow with a sore foot, and you've got mighty little to spare! We don't know what's gone to happen."

It was the wife of Farmer Spooner and the mother of the eighteen-year-old Betty who spoke as above one morning while she was washing the dishes and Betty stood with her back to her in the open kitchen door.

"Two weeks ago," continued the mother, as she wiped a yellow platter, "you was singin' around and walkin' on your toes and plantin' what was gone to happen when you and Reuben got married. Then all to once you begin to sulk, and from that time on anybody's been able to say whether you had the toothache or the heartburn. It's my opinion that that lurtled wire Peter man who stayed here overnight

HE TOLD OF WAR, BATTLES AND PERSONAL ADVENTURE.

and had so much gab to him brought about the change, I'm sure! Who was that's the matter?"

"Nothing," replied Betty.

"I know better. In the first place that feed of a fellow has prawed your hands and feet and eyes and put you stuck on yourself. In the next place he a quarrel with Reuben and hasn't spoke to him above. In the third, if you don't give worry enough to go and all the feed I shall forget how old you are and box your ears. Most girls when in trouble of any sort come to their mothers for advice. You've kept right away from me instead, and so I can't tell what's on your mind. Have you broken out with a rash or anything?"

"Of course not."

"Got a bile?"

"No."

"Pains or aches anywhere?"

"No."

"Have ye or I said anything to hurt your feelin's?"

"Not at all. It's just that I—I don't feel like singing and cutting up."

"Oh, I see," observed the mother as she finished the last plate and hung up the dish towel to dry. "Well, I can tell you one thing. If you don't get some longer you'll go to bed and drink quarts and quarts of bilerla tea and have horseradish drafts put to your feet. I'm sick and tired of your moping. Come on and finish up the dishes for dinner, and I shall expect you to make 'em."

Reuben Warner had been Farmer Spooner's hired man for a year. He was a young man of twenty-two and was always referred to as being as smart as a whip. He was a go ahead fellow, with a business gallop ever up, and he and Betty had been in love almost from first sight. Outside of an occasional tiff the course of true love had run smooth until the barbed wire fence was appeared. He was a good talker and a hunter and a beagleer. He had of war, battles and personal adventure until Reuben sat with his mouth open and his eyes bulged upon him as one of the heroes of the earth. He slept was only for the night, and Betty might have forgotten him for more than day but for Reuben. His jealousy had been excited, and he was determined to do something to say about burglars and tramps. Betty fell sulked upon to take the side of the man who had compared her eyes to the twinkle of stars, and it didn't take long to bring about a row.

"If you were only half as brave and chivalrous as he is I should be proud of you," ensnared Betty.

"If I could be brave while he does his times I could make you believe been was brave," retorted Reuben.

"You are jealous."

"And you are foolish."

"Mr. Warner?"

"Miss Spooner?"

That is the way it began, and of course things grew worse instead of better. Betty was sure that her mother would support Reuben in saying that she was silly, and so she withdrew her confidence, but at the same time she had assumed a air of contempt for her lover when she reproached him for only adventure of his life was in being run over by a yoke of oxen. Reuben dwelt about trying to whistle and sing and hoeing out that he did not care, while Betty was so quiet that her mother was sure she was at her sewing. She made the apple dumplings that day, and the helped wipe the dishes and put away or cellared the fruit.

How Betty spent her day, that day of days, Gods in the lofty Olympus and think.

The new hand been filled with new hay, and she climbed a ladder and found a hot bed against the end of the loft. There in the sweet-smelling hot only thought all kinds of thoughts, mostly about Reuben, but occasionally she sighed and sometimes she grinned and cried. In this way she expended a getting up considerable emotion and in tring herself out, and she felt so good fell asleep. One of her last thoughts was that Reuben was so cheerfulness, but an old pain in the side would live and die without even failing down a well. When she awoke it was dark, and there was a grumbling of voices on the floor below her.

Mrs. Betty had sulked and slept for hours. When she did not appear at the supper table she was engaged to be at a neighbors, and night fell without anybody being alarmed her. At 8 o'clock Reuben started out to see her home. He stopped for the horse to rest on the horses. Ten minutes before he left the house the girl on his lap had slow carefully dragged herself for world until she could hear what was being said below, and she was sure she got first a gasp of fear or five tramps had slipped into the house and were ordering robbery.

Her heart began to beat in a way to choke her, and she couldn't have relied on her legs to save her life. Some had been shot the kitchen door after him and walked as he came down the path, and she heard the tramps getting ready to attack him as he opened the door. It only took a minute to get up and down and a match was struck to light a lamp, but Betty rolled over and over on the hay and managed to "dark out." "Come, let's break loose! There are robbers here!"

There was a rush for the hired man. There were shouts and oaths and blows from before and screams and shrieks and calls for help from behind, but the battle was over before Farmer Spooner and his wife got there. Reuben had formed a rock yoke at hand and gone to to break heads, and the tramps who had thought to find him an easy prey had gone down under his rain of blows and were doing a good deal of groaning and begging.

"Lord of Jessey, what was it?" asked the farmer and his wife in chorus.

"I guess Betty's been dreamin," replied Reuben as he looked upon all.

"Yes, I'm here," he finally replied the girl.

"And what have you been doin' up there?" asked the mother.

"Getting over the sulks."

"And how you get over 'em?"

"I guess so."

"Then you come down here and quit actin' like a simpin. That fence man has been captured fifteen minutes in the last week." Reuben and Farmer Reuben has licked five monstrous big tramps without any help, so I reckon he or ruffian up his hair. If that don't make him one of them she-heroes you are always talkin' about then I don't know what pumpkin pie from gooseberry bushes."

Dry Water.

"It has been so wet for the last three or four years," remarked Thaddeus Jones, "that a good many people have forgot over dry it used to be. I remember one year when the Missouri river was dusty all the way down from Kansas City to the Mississippi. Of course the river was running all the while, but the water was so low that it turned to dust and blew away. I took a boat down the river at that time, but it was so dusty on the boat that you couldn't see about 10 feet of it or how you was standing on the front deck. It was a little the worst I ever saw. My mouth got so much gritty that I feel that I could strike a match on the roof of my face. One day we had to get stuck in Illinois feet of Missouri river bottom, and it was so dry and dusty that the wheel couldn't turn. What did we do? Well, sir, we went out and hired a farmer to haul water in a wagon and fifteen miles to mix with the river water until it was thin enough to let the boat through."—Kansas City Journal.

Doctors Are Puzzled.

The remarkable recovery of Kenneth Mellor, of Vancouver, B., is the subject of much interest to the medical fraternity and a wide circle of friends. He was suffering from a severe inflammation of the throat and lungs, three doctors gave up hope of his life, when, as a last resort, I was induced to try Dr. King's New Life Pills, every and I am happy to say, it saved his life. Colds, bronchitis, tonsilitis, weak lungs, hemorrhage and grippe vanquished at Harrington Pharmacy.

Seals For Rev's Monkey.

The fact is that government is known that men's hosiery measures in inches from the heel to the ankle, instead as the size. For example, she 8 is equivalent to eight inches, and this standard rule applies with similar effect upon smaller or larger sizes. Half hose not so conforming in measurement is commonly called regarded as imperfect stock.

The following fixed rule for half hose sizes shows the corresponding inches (allowance of proper 10 to desired).

Size of hose.	Size of foot.
8	8½ or 9
8½	8½ or 9
9	9½ or 10
9½	9½ or 10
10	9½ or 10
10½	9½ or 10

—New York Press.

A Scientific Wonder.

The cures that stand on the credit sade healing Arnica Salve a scientific wonder. A cured E. B. Mulford, lecturer for the Patrons of Husbandry, Waynesville, Ill., of a disfigured face of pitie. It heals the worst burns, cuts, boils, ulcers, chilblains, chilblains and salt rheum. Only 25c at Harrington Pharmacy.

HOW LINCOLN CLIMBED.

A Lesson Short Path to Success is Good for Business the Supreme Court.

The history of the rise from the log cabin to the office for in a suit before a lower court to a decision in the supreme court of his state has a long and hard path to climb. Lincoln climbed this path for twenty-five years with industry, perseverance, patience, shown all, but self control and been sense of right and wrong which always clearly traced the dividing line between the duty to his client and his duty to society and truth. His perfect fairness of statement assured him the confidence of judge and jury in every argument. His habit of fully admitting the weak points in his case and then their chief attention to his strong case. His clients knew that his advice was always sound.

"Yes," he once said to a man who of his case, "I think I can win it for you, if possible doubt that I can gain your case for you." He was a lawyer, not a steamboat or logrollers. I can discover a widowed mother and her six fatherless children, and I can see that the law will which rightfully belongs, it appears to me, as trick to them as it does to you. I shall not take your case, but I will give you a little advice for nothing. You seem a spritely, energetic man. I advise you to try your hand at making $500 in some other way."

He could have nothing to do with the "tricks" of the profession, though he met them readily enough when practiced by others. He never knowingly undertook a case in which justice was on the side of his opponent. That some inexplicable honesty which prompted him to his unswerving duty to truth the shop and go in search of a woman who had been defrauded of a few pennies of her white weighing out her groceries made it impossible for him to do business with a poor cause. Nothing he always turned, turning unkindly to his associates, "the man is right. You defend him; I can't," and gave up his share of a large fee.—Helen Nicolay in St. Nicholas.

Balsam and Health.

The Ecclesiastic tell us on the authority of Theophile Gautier, that Balsam absorbed moisture. Then did, we know? To him is generally attributed the saying that music was the most expensive method of the Gods but long ago science. Balsam did not himself thoroughly understand it, but he was deeply interested in it. He treated it all sorts of sympathetically. He got, so it was said, a forged German to help him to deal with it elaborately, and not a little money. It may be remembered, were he with the result.

Balsam, a writer of fiction before Balzac ever analyzed any musical composition, had left the impressions with which in one of his shorter stories he has received Heaven in Paris from and all the method of Meyerbeer? And Meyerbeer, it is worth noting, was to Paris of Balsam's time what Paris to Wagner of that place and time. He was an honest musician, who died poised.—London Academy.

Inventors of Oil.

Here Aristotle is regarded as somewhat vulgar in ancient times. Archimedes made little of his mechanical inventions. He were only the amusements of geometry, he said, and he would rather be thought worthy of be consent to give practical expression to his theories. Vitruvius, the author with which he basin treated. And when Pliny, Cicero and Aristotle took means to mechanics they were denounced by Plato as corrupting and debasing the mind, and Plutarch tells us Archimedes descend from intellectual to corporeal pursuits. Mechanics were not taught after despised by the philosophers, and Aristotle considered simply as a branch of military art.

Tortures By Savages

Speaking of tortures, it is to which some of the savage tribes in the Philippines suffer. Their captives were made one of the intense suffering I endured in the Philippines," says W. H. Sherman, of Cedaria, Ind., "but Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured me in a few days." Cures Burns, Bites, Sores, Boils, Felons, Ulcers, Eczema, Piles, Corns, Chilblains, Chapped Hands, Skin Eruptions, Sunburn, Cuts, Bruises, Scalds, Sprains, Sore Eyes, Sore Throat, Sore Lungs, Sore Breasts, Sore Feet, Sore Joints, Sore Muscles, Sore Backs, Sore Stomach, Sore Bowels, Sore Kidneys, Sore Bladder, Sore Nerves, Sore Teeth, Sore Heads, Sore Ears, Sore Noses, Sore Fingers, Sore Toes, Sore Chests, Sore Backs, Sore Sides, Sore Limbs