TOMMY'S TOMBSTONE.

Tommy McGuffy was growing old. The skin of his attenuated face was wrinkled and so stretched from wrinkle to wrinkle that it seemed narrowly to escape breaking. About the pointed chin and the cheek bones it had the color of faded brick.

Old Tommy had become so thin that he dared not venture to the top of the hill above his native village of Rosewood upon a windy day.

His knees took positally when he walked.

For some years the villagers had been counting the nephews and nieces to whom the earnings of the old retired dealer in dry goods would eventually descend.

Ten thousand dollars and a home and let constituted a heritage worth anticipating in Rosewood.

The present old man was not upon terms of intimacy with his prospective heirs. Having contained commercial, his only close associates were two who had been his companions in that remote period which had been his boyhood. One of them, Jerry Hurley, was a cripple when out; a very estimable and highly respected man who owned two farms. The other, like himself a bachelor, was Billy Skidmore, the sexton of the church and therefore the regulator of the town clock upon the steeple.

There came a great shock to old Tommy one day. As old Mrs. Sparks said, Jerry Hurley, "all exhibited him just took a notion and died."

The wealth and standing of Jerry Hurley caused him an imposing funeral. They laid his body beside that which had been his in the wife in Rosewood cemetery. His heirs possessed his farm and thus went on—slowly, or it always seem at Rosewood.

Tommy went frequently to Hurley's grave and wondered when his turn would come at a moment to his mind. It is necessary that your grave be marked with a monument if you would stand high in that still society that holds eternal assembly beneath the pines and with lone weary only the breezes speak, and they in subdued voices.

Years passed, and the grave of Tommy's old friend, Jerry, remained unmarked. Jerry's relatives had postponed the duty as long last they had given offence in public opinion. Besides, they had other purposes to which to apply Jerry's money. It was easy enough to wait, they had only to refrain from visiting the graveyard.

"Jerry never deserved such treatment," Tommy would say to Billy the sexton, as the two met to talk it over every sunny afternoon.

"It's an outrage, that's what it is," Billy would reply for the hundredth time.

It was in their eyes, an emotion almost equal to that of baptism or the second coming.

One day as Tommy was sitting himself along the main street of Rosewood by means of a unkiny stick, a frightful idea came to him. He turned and called Billy Skidmore.

What if his own heirs should neglect to mark his own grave?

"I'll carry home and put the money for it aside in a stocking foot at once," thought Tommy, and his knees bent now than usual as he accelerated his pace.

But as he tied a knot in the stocking there the fear that even this money might be misapplied, even his will might be ignored through repeated postponement and the law's indifference.

Who, save old Billy Skidmore, would see whether old Tommy McGuffy's last resting place were designated or not? Who, let the worms begin operations upon this antique corpse, what would it matter to Rosewood folks where the longest was failing place?

Tommy now underwent a second attack of horror, from which he came visibly, a gleeful smile momentarily filling the dimness from his consciously mortal eyes.

"I'll fix that," he said to himself. "I'll go today to Ricketts, the marble cutter, and order my own tombstone."

Three months thereafter Ricketts, the marble cutter, noted the knot in the stocking, that had been Tommy's and displayed the contents to his local savings bank.

In the cemetery stood a new monument, very lofty and elaborate. Around it was an iron fence. Within the inclosure there was no grass as yet.

"Here," said the monument in deeper letters but bad English, "lies all that remains of Thomas McGuffy, born in Rosewood, Nov. 11, 1820, died—." Some whether the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

This supplementary information was found in the words of Tommy's favorite passage in his favorite hymn. He had chosen for this was mainly on account of its tone.

He had left the date of his death to be placed by the marble cutter after its occurrence.

Rosewood folks were amused at sight of the monument, and they ascribed the placing of it there to the eccentricity of a bachlers old man.

Tommy seemed to derive much pleasure from visiting his tombstone upon mild days. He spent many hours contemplating it. He would enter the iron inclosure, lock the gate after him and sit upon the ground that was intended when day to cover his body.

He was a familiar sight to people riding or walking past the graveyard—this little old man leaning upon his cane, contentedly perusing over the inscription upon his own tombstone.

He undoubtedly found much innocent pleasure in this.

One afternoon, as he was so engaged, he was amazed by a new appearance.

Suppose that Ricketts, the marble cutter, should fail to inscribe the date of his death in the space left vacant for it!

There was almost no likelihood of such an omission, but there was at least a possibility of it.

He glanced across the cemetery toward Jerry Hurley's unmarked mound and shuddered.

Then he thought laboriously.

When he left the cemetery in such haste to avoid a delay of his evening meal and a consequent outburst of anger on the part of his old housekeeper, he had taken a resolution.

Three more years and ten, says the Rider," he muttered to himself as he walked homeward. "The scriptural lifetime is so far off."

A week thereafter old Tommy count pleasily upon the finished inscription.

"Nov. 11, 1897" was the newest bit of biography there engraved.

"But it's two years and more till Nov. 11, 1897," said a voice at his side.

Tommy nearly met an indignant look upon the speaker and walked off muttering a word.

The whole village now thought that Tommy had become a monomaniac upon the subject of his tombstone. Perhaps he had.

No one has been able to learn from his friend, Billy Skidmore, what thoughts he may have accumulated to the latter upon the matter.

Tommy now lived for no other apparent purpose than to visit his tombstone daily. He no longer confined his walks hither to the pleasant days. He went in weather too most perilous to an old and frail a man.

One of his prospective heirs took sufficient interest in him to advise more care of his health.

"I can easily hire aliva till the time comes," returned the antique. "There's only a year left."

Hardly he held upon life relaxed. A week before Nov. 11, 1896, he went to bed and stayed there. People began to speculate as to whether his unique prediction—or, I should say, its desire—would be fulfilled to the very day.

Upon the fifth day of his illness Death ratcheted to come before the time that had been set for receiving him.

"Isn't this the 10th?" the old man mumbled.

"No," said his housekeeper, who, with one of his nieces, the doctor, and Billy Skidmore, attended the ill man. "It's only the 9th."

"Then I must fight for two days more. The tombstone must not lie."

And he rallied so well that it seemed as if the tombstone would lie nevertheless, for old Tommy was still alive at 11:30 on the night of Nov. 11. Moreover, he had been in his senses when he awoke, and there was every likelihood that he would look at the clock whenever his eyes should next open.

"He can't live till morning, this's sure," said the doctor.

"But, good Lord! you don't mean to say he'll hold out till after 12 o'clock," said Billy Skidmore, whose anxiety only had sustained him in his grief at the approaching disruption of his friend.

"Stranger things happen," replied the doctor.

"Good morning! Tommy won't wait way in his grave if he doesn't die on the 11th. The monument would be wrong."

"Oh, that won't matter," said the sexton.

Billy looked at her in amazement. Was his old friend's reason with its exercises gone?

"Yes, 'twill matter," he said in a loud whisper. "And if there wasn't wait for Tommy of its own accord, we'll make it. Where did he last see the clock?"

"Half past 8," said the housekeeper.

"Then we'll turn it back to 8," said Skidmore, acting as he spoke.

"But he may hear the town clock strike."

Billy had never a word, but plunged into his overcoat. Down on his hat and hurried out into the cold night.

"Ten minutes to midnight," he said, as he looked up at the town clock upon the church steeple. "Can I ring my own bellows in time?"

* * * * *

Tommy awoke once before the last slumber. Billy was by his bedside, as were the doctor, the housekeeper and the niece. The old man's eyes sought the clock.

"Eleven," he murmured. Then he was silent, for the town clock had begun to clang. He counted the strokes—eleven. Then he sighed and tried to speak again.

"Almost—five not—birthday—seventy—twelve—or—all right."

He closed his eyes, and, immediately as the town clock finished the official time for Rosewood, the published epitaph of Tommy McGuffy's going records that he passed at twenty-five minutes after 11 p. m., Nov. 11, 1896.

Very few people know that time tested book one hour and a half in order that the reputation of Tommy McGuffy's tombstone for veracity might be spotless in the eyes of future generations.

Billy Skidmore, the sexton, arranged to have Rosewood time ready for the sun when it rose upon the following morning.—R. R. Stephens in Philadelphia Press.

Injurious Eating.

There are many people who prefer "gamy" or "high" meats, or, in other words, meats that are a little over the line of decomposition. Nor are they ready to accept the fact, long ago established, that such meats are not only unfit food, but are in a high degree harmful.

When decomposition occurs poisons are developed. Healthy adults are able to resist these poisons to a trifling extent. And when this resistance fails, we know, but it is generally accepted that it is in the liver. This theory is supported by the fact that those who are inclined to be bilious and have sluggish and otherwise deranged livers are always the first to get really ill, by meats or fish that have become in the slightest degree tainted.—Boston Herald.

Being Cured by a Tricycle.

The latest remarkable cure reported in Maine is that of a nine-year-old girl named Orff, at Lovant, who is said to have been cured of a bad case of spinal disease by riding a tricycle. Her trouble dated from infancy and she was supposed to be deformed for life, several prominent doctors having pronounced her case incurable. But a month ago the child's father bought her a tricycle and she at once began riding it, at first only on smooth floors, but later out of doors. Lately a great change has been noticed in her condition. Her back has begun to straighten and her general health to improve.—Bangor (Me.) News.

Terrible Experience of a Pioneer Party.

A small fishing schooner has just returned from a trip along the coast, and brought with it a party of father, son and daughter, who had an experience which rarely falls to the lot of any one.

The party is William Buchanan, his son Tom, and his daughter Nellie. Five weeks ago they started on a cruise along the coast in a small yacht, taking a pleasure trip. They were provided with guns, ammunition and fishing tackle, and expected to have a fortnight's sport and then return home. Miss Nellie was so eager with the gun and so set on either her father or brother, and all three were good sailors. About sixty miles south a squall drove their yacht out to sea and wrecked the vessel on one of the small islands about twenty miles off the coast.

Mr. Buchanan was badly bruised by being dashed against the rocks, and Tom had his right arm broken in a similar way. Miss Nellie was the only one of the party who escaped no injury, and it is to this fact alone that any of them are alive. The guns, ammunition and fishing tackle were all saved, and Miss Nellie cared for her wounded relatives and then started out to get them something to eat. The island is out of the way of travel, and in consequence not a vessel was seen for two weeks. During all this time the young lady tended and fished, and was so successful that they did not pass one day without food.

The island is so flat and barren that unless a vessel gets close to it the people on board will not see it. They could not see the little wood they found for signal fires, for they were afraid there would not be enough to save for cooking their food. A stiff breeze had sent them on the island, and a similar occurrence saved them, for the fishing schooner had been driven off the shore and out of her course, and when the captain saw the island he sent a boat ashore to see if no could get water.

Mr. Buchanan had by this time fully recovered, but the son was still suffering from his broken arm. They were taken off and brought to this city, and are now feeling none the worse for their experience, saying Tom, whose arm is in bad condition from neglect of proper treatment during the two weeks of suffering.—Tacoma (Wash.) Cor. Philadelphia Press.

The Health of New York's Wealthy Men.

"With the World sick with the monitoring, C. P. Huntington and of some with malaria and rheumatism, and John D. Rockefeller under treatment for nervous prostration, it is not to be surmised or that Wall street men ask, 'Who are great business breaking down?' Within the past six months the respective presidents of two big trust companies have been advised that they must either abandon their business cares or retire from all association with business necessity. The past year has indeed been a trying period for the nerves of great financiers. They have had to battle energetically with adverse circumstances, and very many have come out of the struggle with impaired health.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, D. O. Mills and Russell Sage are conspicuous exceptions to the general physical demoralization of rich men. Mr. Vanderbilt is not only a very methodical man, but he has so many competent businessmen in the management of his vast property that he does not feel the wear and tear of the ordinary man of millions. Besides, Mr. Vanderbilt probably gives himself more rest and recreation than any other millionaire in this country. He never follows sheet details. Mr. Depew relieves him of those, and Mr. Depew has well trained assistants who relieve him from worry. D. O. Mills retains good health because he has a robust constitution and a placid disposition. Russell Sage is seldom sick, because he can afford to spare the time.—New York Times.

Runaway Charges in France.

The etiquette of French law must sometimes take the Bench of an unwelcome surprise to fairly imported brides. Not long ago the Countess de la Forest Divonne, formerly Florence Ambrosini, of Washington, was driving in her carriage in company with my cousin, Mrs. Florence Cane, another bride from Philadelphia, when her horses suddenly took fright and ran away without hurting anybody seriously or doing perceptible damage. With characteristic promptness, however, a government official called and laid before the countess a bill for damages. The official document stated that some injury had been done to the beds of the trees and to the enclosure of rockery and bordering grass had been caused by her horses.

Well, this seemed rather amusing to an American, but when bills for damages to five different accidents, one after another, the countess began to get anxious, and consulted her checkbook with a growing interest and much wonderment as to whether there would be enough left of her pocket money for necessary expenses. Furthermore, she has no idea when the demand will stop or how many more ancient and decrepit vehicles will come out as good as new at her expense.—New York Times.

To Propagate Common Sense.

Some of the fashionable women of Berlin have formed themselves into a society "for the prevention of sense against common sense" in the matter of dress. In particular do they inveigh against the absurdities of the corset, which in Germany is made longer and stiffer and altogether more abominable than anywhere else. Men are admitted to membership, and are urged to mitigate by prompt and examples various elephant exhibitions of their own attire. One clause in the circular reads, "Male members are respectfully requested to teach their brethren that trouser patterns are built for moving about, waistcoats and overcoats overcoats."—Her Point of View in New York Times.

A Child's Lucky Fall.

The two-year-old child of Mrs. Nutter, of Parkersburg, W. Va., has had a most remarkable escape from death. The little one was playing about the mouth of a well, and getting too near the edge lost its balance and fell in. The well was sixty-one feet deep and so narrow that a full grown person could not wind around. A six-year-old boy finally descended, and entering the little one's clothing, held tightly to it until they were both pulled up again. Neither was hurt, and the little two-year-old was playing about as usual an hour afterward. In the fall the child had not touched the sides and the water at the bottom saved her life.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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NOTICE TO WATER CONSUMERS.

THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC is hereby called to an ordinance in relation to the Water Works, passed September 5th, A. D. 1895, requiring the use of water for sprinkling purposes, within the Upper and Lower Sprinkling Districts, determined as follows:

All that portion of the city lying east and south of the Jordan River, and west of the Jordan River, and south of the Jordan River, and west of the Jordan River, and south of the Jordan River, and west of the Jordan River,