Over to Lindy's

"There's curiosity, mostly called interest," said Mrs. Marrow, "but I've noticed that curiosity asks questions and does nothing, while interest does things and asks no questions. I once thought that Lindy Shivvers was real curious. She lived next to us in the old Shivvers place, and took care of little Maggie, her dead sister Annie's child, until Annie's husband married again and took little Maggie to the city to live. Our place was small and near to Monahawk Wharf—for Samuel, being a seafaring man, liked things snug, with plenty of room beyond for the eyes. Well, one day I was planting some tomato vines in my little patch and Lindy Shivvers came to the fence. She mostly talked as if she was afraid to hear herself speak.

"'Why, Mis' Marrow, you're planting tomatoes, aren't you?' she said.

"'Seems so,' said I.

"'I have a penty to send you, but it's nicer to have your own, isn't it?' said Lindy.

"I haven't got 'em yet," said I.

"'There's two of you, so I guess you can eat 'em all,' she said, with her head to one side.

"I guess we can eat all that's here,' said I.

"'And pickle the rest,' said Lindy.

"'I won't get my jars out till the tomatoes begin to come,' said I; 'Lindy Shivvers, it's a pity that you had to give little Maggie up. You need responsibility.' But she turned around and went in the house without a word. I went up to the step where Samuel sat smoking and said: 'It puts me out of practice the way Lindy Shivvers goes on about little Maggie. A body can't feel that way about anybody else's child. It isn't nature—for we had lost our one.

"'Well, 'm, borrowin's a dangerous thing," said Samuel, ''specially borrowin' of people or boats. I borrowed the Sally Pate once from old Cap'n Peters, and, by gum! I clean forgot she warn't mine! I set store by the Sally Pate. Yes'm, a body better have somethin' of their own or go without. That's my sightin' of it!"

"'I don't know about that,' said I, I was real young then, and there certainly was a heap I didn't know—'But I'm tired of Lindy Shivvers curiosity. She ought to sell that big place and live sociable and sensible.'

"'I've heard tell there's a heap of comfort just havin' your own things,' said Samuel; 'people's like boats. If they're queer there's mostly somethin' to make 'em so. I guess old Nathan Shivvers was enough to take the wind out of Lindy's sails in our time.' Old Nathan was Lindy's father, and a hard man. 'Lindy Shivvers used to be the bashfullest one around; worse than anybody except Timothy Callow. He's the 'beatenest.' I knew that Samuel mostly stood up for women, though, and I took little notice.

"The next day here came Lindy's voice again, while I was watering my vines:

"'Oh, Mis' Marrow, you're watering your plants, aren't you?'

"'Looks so,' said I.

"'Do you think they'll grow, Mis' Marrow?'

"I don't see how they can well help themselves with their roots in the earth,' said I.

"'I'd rather have only a few of my own than heaps anybody gave me,' said Lindy. With that I put my trowel down and stood up. 'See, here, Lindy Shivvers,' said I, 'if my garden is only a patch, it is big enough for two, and your's is a heap too big for one, so there!' Lindy looked kind of scared at me, then threw her hands up to her face and ran home.

"All that evening I kept telling myself that it served her right for being so curious. But when the lamps were lighted I looked over to Lindy's, and it seemed so big and dark over there for one woman, and a real small one, that I threw a shawl over my head and went across. As I passed her kitchen window I saw her sitting under the lamp sewing. There was a big basket beside her, and she leaned over patting it, almost as if she was talking to it. When she came to the door I held my hand out, for she looked frightened, and I said:

"'I've come across to say that I spoke too hasty, Lindy, and I'm sorry.'

'And I want you to believe that I never thought of your garden being smaller, Miss Marrow,' said she; 'I couldn't, for I do so love little things. Mine are all so big. I got lonely, and just thought to go talk to you to be sociable.'

"'Then don't give it another thought,' said I, sitting beside the table, and she sat, too, and I began to talk easy like about her work. But she got red and pushed the basket under the table with her foot. Then it rolled over and everything fell out—pieces of white linen, fine and pretty and a little skirt, and underneath a great big baby doll. The thing gave me a turn, it was so natural.

"'Dressing a doll for Maggie?' said I.

"'No'm; Maggie's got plenty of dolls, now.' She sat up, as if she expected a pistol shot, 'No, Mis' Marrow, this one's mine.'

"Yours!' said I.

"'Yes'm, it—it don't hurt anybody, Mis' Marrow, and a body must have something.'

"I suppose truth is like a lantern; if we don't carry one on a dark night, we want to go in the dark, that's all. It didn't take me a minute to see all I'd been blinding myself to; all of Lindy Shivvers' starved life. I remembered all I'd heard about old Nathan Shivvers' cruelty to his daughters, and how Lindy had nobody after little Maggie went away, and how she had been sort of left out by people thinking her offish and queer, and I just said helplessly, 'Oh, you poor thing, you poor thing!' Lindy looked at me; than she slipped down into my arms, sobbing. By and by, she told me pretty nearly everything, and I guessed the rest—all the loneliness and the fear of people, and how she got desperate grieving for little Maggie, and got the doll to dress that she might have something to think about. I didn't tell her to go work for a poor child, for I remembered that when mine died there wasn't a live child in the world could have filled the place. So that day she came out to try and talk to me, and I had misunderstood her, and had spoken so sharp to her that she got to thinking she didn't want to live any longer, and all the evening she was wondering if it would be a sin—if it would be a sin—Lindy sobbed, and I turned cold thinking what might happen through our blindness of heart, which is worse than blindness of eyes. Well, after awhile, when she had gotten quiet and was sitting holding my hand, and I wondering what to do with her, there came a rap at the door and in walked Samuel.

"Now, I've always said that Samuel Marrow was a wonderful man, being such a good hand at not seeing what he had no call to see. I don't know how long he'd been outside the window, but you'd have thought it an evening party to have heard him.

"'Good evening, Miss Lindy; fine growin' weather,' he says. 'Not that you need it, Miss Lindy, being a pretty size for a woman. I stepped across because it looked so sociable, and to ask for a piece of your cheese. It's the best in town,' says Samuel, slapping his knee as he sat down; 'yes'm, the best.' You never would have thought he had plenty of cheese at home. Lindy flew around after knives and plates, and Samuel cut his cheese and talked on. 'My, my! There! I intended to step in and see how Timothy Callow's coming on. His mother's just died, and he's been sick. There's always been just the two, you know. My, my, what will Timothy do? He's the sort that must have a mother around; he's like a boy. Well, well!" Samuel thought it over and looked at this cheese. 'I guess Timothy will just turn in and die there by himself one o' these nights.' I had to listen, for I hadn't heard of Timothy Callow being at the point of death.

"'It seems dreadful for him to be alone, and sick, and in trouble, too,' said Lindy pitifully; 'and only a boy, too. Can't anybody help him, Captain?'

"'Well, now, he's something more'n a boy, Miss Lindy,' said Samuel. I remembered that Timothy was just one year younger than Samuel Marrow, but Samuel had lighted his pipe and had caught my eye over the bowl. 'Yes'm, somethin' more; but he's the easy sort; content with his books and his telescope and his mother. It's bad, bad. Timothy can't stay alone, not till he gets strong again. If you had to let your rooms out, Miss Lindy, I'd ask you to take him for a matter of a few weeks until he gets all right. But I s'pose he must go down to Granny Bloom's.'

"'Oh, Cap'n, no!' said Lindy, getting red and clapping her hands; 'he mustn't go down there.' Granny Bloom had two little smoky rooms that Timothy wouldn't have looked at. 'I was thinking,' said Lindy, 'that maybe I can take him, anyhow—if it would help him—he being sick, and so young, too,'—

"'By gum!' shouted Samuel, catching the lamp up; 'what a head that little woman's got! Me worryin' about Timothy Callow and she sittin' there figurin' it all out! Come on, Miss Lindy, show us the room. Mother, Timothy Callow's in luck this voyage, sure!"

"He didn't give Lindy time to wink before she was showing us her best bedroom, looking as pleased and bright as a child, while Samuel talked about her grand idea and what a fine head she had for managing. Lindy got so interested that she looked made over, and when we left her she was planning what she'd give Timothy Callow to eat; for Samuel arranged to see Timothy in the morning and help him move. That night I said, 'Lindy's going to be real set back tomorrow when Timothy arrives with his books and his telescope, and he as old as you are. I don't see what you mean anyhow!'

"'He used to be a boy all right,' said Samuel. 'I'm not to blame for his growin' up.'

"The upshot was that the next evening here came Lindy flying across just before supper time. Her cheeks were pink and she was breathless.

"'He's come, and, Mis' Marrow, he isn't a boy at all! I thought the Cap'n meant he was. And he's got books and books, and he's real learned, and—and hadn't you better come over to supper?'

"'No, indeed,' said I; 'you just feed him up, Lindy; that's the first thing a man wants.'

"'And I won't have to talk much to him, will I, Mis' Marrow?' said she.

"'The best way to converse with a learned man is to listen to his talk,' said I. So she went back somewhat easier in her mind and the next evening Samuel said:

"'I stepped over to see how Timothy's coming on.'

"'Well?' said I.

"'All right,' said Samuel; 'he's talking about comets with two tails and Lindy's listenin' with her eyes.'

"'But Lindy isn't Granny Bloom,' said I; 'what will people say to this?'

"'You ought to have thought of all that, old lady, when you sent Timothy Callow to board over to Lindy's!' said he. Now this was fairly outrageous, but for a month he bothered me about it until I grew to thinking I had done it. In that month Lindy got to be a new creature. She was always busy and happy, for having somebody to see to was natural. I've known women to love and marry just because it is natural for them to see after somebody — only they didn't know it. One evening Timothy Callow came across. He had picked up a heap in the month and said he had never been so comfortable in his life.

"'I guess you'll be sorry to leave Miss Lindy's,' said Samuel, beginning to smoke steady, and I looked at him in surprise.

"'I'm not considering leaving,' said Timothy, stroking his beard easy and comfortable.

"'I don't blame you,' said Samuel to his pipe; 'the Lower Hotel is a poor place and Granny Bloom's the worst in town. But all good things must have an end—as the hymn says.'

"'No, I'm not considering leaving, Captain,' said Timothy, looking way off like he was seeing stars. 'I've got some new calculation to make and Miss Lindy doesn't mind having me around.'

"'Not she!' says Samuel. 'She's a born housekeeper! Yes, yes, it's a pity Lindy never married, and it would be a pity for you to go, Timothy; still as she ain't married—though 'twould be better if she was, a lonely woman's like a boat without oars. Samuel smoked and Timothy looked perplexed.

"'I haven't thought of goin,' he said; 'I'm fixed comfortable.' Samuel caught my eye steady over the pipe, as if to say 'I'm tacking this boat;' and, he says, blowing his smoke up, 'Yes, 'twould be a pity, but I guess you're right, Timothy; as you say, Lindy ain't exactly Granny Bloom and there ain't any other boarders. I guess you're right Timothy, of course!'

"Timothy Callow looked real startled. He got up and walked up and down, pulling his beard in a way he had, then he took his hat up.

"'I see, Captain, I see!' he says, and bolted out.

"'Well, Samuel Marrow, what do you mean by upsetting things just as they're set?' said I, real put out. 'Now you've gone and put notions in his head!'

"'What did you expect when you would send Timothy to board over to Lindy's?' said he.

"The very next morning here came Lindy, looking as worried as her old self. She had on a blue print and a ruffled apron, and I thought how much younger and prettier she looked than she had before.

"'Mr. Callow's going,' she said, and her lips trembled; 'and he won't say why. He's been so much company, Mis' Marrow, I'll be all alone again when—when he goes. I thought maybe you would find out the reason.'

"I told her to ask Timothy to step across that day and see to the depth of a new well we were having dug. So that afternoon Timothy came over, and, after he had looked at the well with Samuel, he looked at his watch.

"'I must be going, for I'm moving, he said.

"'Moving!' says Samuel; 'why, what's up over to Lindy's?'

"'Nothing, nothing at all, Captain, says Timothy, turning his hat round and round. 'I've only been thinking over what you said. and—and I've concluded you're right.'

"'Eh?' says Samuel, taking his pipe from his mouth and looking like a week-old lamb.

"'Why—er—about Miss Lindy not being—married, Captain.'

"'Married!' says Samuel, staring, 'married!—I guess not! No'm, I guess Lindy Shivvers ain't married—he packed the tobacco in his pipe—'I'm sorry for ye, Callow, if that's the way o' the wind! Lindy'll be no easy craft to land. But you brought it on yourself when you would go there to board, knowing her to be such a fine and interestin' woman!'

"Timothy got red and pulled his beard and I was fairly scandalized.

"'No no, Captain!' he says; 'you're mistaken, I assure you! When I came here to board I understood that Miss Lindy was—er—rather an elderly person, who would be a mother to me, as it were. I—I have no other intentions whatever!'

"I looked at Samuel Marrow and seemed to begin to see daylight. But he was deaf as a post, packing his pipe. "Twouldn't hurt to ask her,' he says to his pipe; ask her, by all means, Timothy, if you can weather it when she says no—as I'm thinkin' she will! By all means, ask her!'

"By this time Timothy was scarlet, and standing first on one foot and then on the other.

"'You're wrong, Captain,' he says, wrong, wrong! 'I—I haven't any such intention, I assure you!' Samuel held his pipe out and came near, speaking slow.

"'You mean to say that you've been triflin' with Lindy; Shivvers all this time, and meanin' nothin,' Timothy Callow? Is that it?'

"'No, no, imdeed, Captain!' says poor Timothy, at his wit's end. "I assure you.'

"'So that's it' says Samuel, not listening to a word. 'You say you're more comfortable than ever you were in your life, and you can't stay and be comfortable without asking Lindy, and you're goin away without askin' Lindy—why, then, split my rafters, sir roared Samuel of a sudden, 'split my rafters, you've got no more sense, sir,' roared Samuel of a sudden, and he stuck his pipe in his mouth and strutted off as if he was on deck in a gale. Poor Timothy Callow looked struck dumb with sudden thought.

"'The—the Captain's mistake,' he says, helplessly.

"'Now don't mind the Captain, don't!' said I. real mortified.

"'I've never looked out for myself in that way,' says Timothy, looking at me.

"I fancied in what way he meant, and I said: 'Mr. Callow, the best things must be tried for.' With that he put his hat on and went over to Lindy's. That evening at sunset I sat on the step where Samuel was smoking. A wagon had just carried off Timothy's things from over to Lindy's, and the place looked closed and quiet.

"'I was real ashamed of you to-day,' said I to Samuel; 'all that talking didn't do any good, and Timothy's gone! Samuel narrowed his eyes toward where the water made a purple line along the shore and smoked steady. 'She's all alone again, poor Lindy,' said I. A bird flew over the marshes calling, and Samuel blew a curl of smoke up. 'It's a heap worse than it was before,' said I, and all for nothing. I don't see why you couldn't let Timothy stay as long as he was comfortable and go in his own time.'. The sky settled down into redness, and it grew twilighty, and Samuel smoked hard. Suddenly Lindy's gate clicked and she came across. She looked little and sweet, and I saw the lines begin to gather at the coorners of Samuel's eyes, like he was pleased at something, but he smoked steady. Lindy sat down beside me and slipped her hand in mine. I thought she felt so bad she couldn't speak.

"'Well, Timothy's gone,' said I, there being nothing else to say. She nodded and looked out to sea. She seemed taller and older, and held her head up. 'I'm terrible sorry, Lindy, said I.

"'I'm not,' said she, with a little laugh back of the words, and the lines got deeper around Samuel's eyes. Then the gate clicked, and Timothy came up the walk. Lindy got up and met him and they stood together befor us in the twilight. 'Good evenin'! says Samuel. Come up!'

"'No, I just came over so we could tell you together,' says Lindy. Then she looked up at Timothy.

"'It's wonderful,' said Timothy 'but she's going to let me come back for good, soon. I guess I'll have to thank you, Captain.'

"'Good luck to you!' says Samuel, clapping his knee, 'Thank me? No, sir! Thank the old lady here. I know nothin' of such matters.'

"With that they both shook hands gravely with me, who hadn't any more to do with it than the dead, and Lindy whispered: 'I don't see how he came to think of me, Mis' Marrow, and he so learned, but he did.' And Timothy was saying to Samuel: 'It's the best day's work of my life, Captain!' And he must have thought he did it all himself, for he looked as proud as if he'd discovered a comet. Then Lindy said they must go home, as it was growing late, and Timothy must not stay in the damp, so they thanked me again and went over to Lindy's together. Then I said':

"'Well, Samuel Marrow! Of all men you are the beatenest!'

"He looked across to where they went throught the twilight, and he folded his arms and says:

"'Yes'm, people's like boats. Some crafts can't be left to the wind. They've got to be steered. Old lady, you did the right thing when you sent Timothy Callows to board over to Lindy's!'"

RESOURCEFUL BADEN-POWELL.

How He Avoided the Attentions of a Young Lady in Malta.

It may be said that no man has aroused more affectionate enthusiasm among the English people of any of the leaders in the Transvaal war—not even excepting "Bobs" himself—than Colonel, now General Baden-Powell, the hero of the siege of Mafeking. This is due not only to his achievement in successfully resisting the Boer investment for nearly five months, but also to the picturesque character of the man himself. Nobody in England refers to him as Baden-Powell nowadays. He is known everywhere as "B. P.,' and to arouse the enthusiasm of a British crowd it is only necessary to mention these letters, or to display the familiar of "the British Rough Rider.'

Many good stories concerning B. P. are going the rounds at present, and one of the best of these relates not to his achievements in fighting Kruger's men, but to his success in escaping from a bore of another sort in time of peace. The handsome Colonel has always been a favorite with the ladies, and he has received a great deal of the sort of attention that is lavished on matinee idols. It is said that when he was quartered at Malta he was greatly bothered by the persistent attentions of an admiring person of the kind designated in England as "a garrison hack—' a term applied to young women who devote themselves to officers on station. This particular garrison hack persisted in accompanying the gallant B. P., then a captain, on his daily walk. To escape from a bore in so small a place as Malta is a difficult matter, but devoting some thought to the subject B. P. managed to do it by disguising himself as a navvy. For three days in this disguise he lounged past the unsuspecting damsel as she was waiting for him. Emboldened by this success on the fourth day the "navvy" approached the siren and said, "Beg pardon, miss, could you tell me where Captain Baden-Powell is to be found? Taree days he has sent out among the road to see if it is clear, enough of lasses who like walking, so that he can take his tramp in peace. I haven't seen so much as a stayface on the road and I want to report to him.'

It is related that thenceforth B.P. took his afternoon tramp undisturbed.

ONLY ONE CURE.

Yes, lady, said Weary Walker. got an incurable ailment.

How do you know it's incurable? Are you taking anything for it? asked the kind lady.

Why, lady, de on'y way I kin hope ter cure it is ter keep from takin' t'ings. I'm troubled wit' kleptomanyer.

COMPENSATORY.

Regular Annual Visitor, at summer resort. Your lake here seems to be dwindling.

Proprietor. Yes, a little. But there are two more breweries in the neighborhood than there were last year.