

GOLD:

In a place where the glare of the madding sun... Where the red, blistered earth cries aloud in its pain...

A FLOCK OF GESE.

Mrs. Clara Emerson did a very characteristic thing when informed of her unexpected poverty: she borrowed ten thousand dollars of the man who brought her the information...

But stranger than her cool request for the money was the fact that Anthony Hale let her have it. Of course, he was rich enough to let ten thousand dollars go without missing it...

Mrs. Emerson had retired, with her two daughters, to Maple Nook after her husband's death, and here Hale had come to break the sad news that nothing would be left of the estate after the debts were paid...

"Everything," answered Hale respectfully. "It was all in his hands, you know, and he got into some unfortunate speculations toward the last. You kept nothing in your name."

"No," she said. "I turned my property over to him when we were married. I never could take care of money."

Whether this referred to the death of her husband, or merely to the resulting financial embarrassment, Hale did not feel called upon to inquire. He had a general understanding of the situation, which was sufficient for him. Mrs. Emerson had been a business man, considerably older than his wife, and she was a society woman...

on the porch of a rambling old farmhouse, and a country road, little used, lay between them and a grassy slope to the bay of an inland lake.

"What ever your reason," said Hale, "it is a wise choice. Of course, you will have to give up society, and—"

"Oh, my dear sir," interrupted Mrs. Emerson protestingly, "that is quite impossible!"

"Think of the girls!" urged Mrs. Emerson. "It is unfortunate," said Hale; "but you must look the situation fairly in the face. I am sure you will pardon me for speaking plainly, for my knowledge of Mr. Emerson's affairs seems to make that a duty. Unless you have resources of which I have no knowledge, it will be absolutely necessary for you to give up society."

"I don't have society here, if I wanted it; I'm not sure it won't come anyhow." Hale shook his head doubtfully.

"Get your gese headed right, and don't do anything to startle them," she argued, "and there's no trouble. That's what the farmer tells me."

"Well, that has nothing to do with this case," he remarked. "Except as it explains why society won't give up," she said, and then she pointed to where one of her daughters and a young man were strolling along the slope and the fashionable resorts when we came here, and there are two others at the hotel who have suddenly discovered that the fishing is good. They don't know a minute from what, either."

"That's not society," he contended. "A part of it," she insisted. "They're all prominent socially."

"It is discouraging, this task of trying to make her take a practical view of the situation. That certain young men still found her daughters attractive proved nothing; Hale would have to be brutally blunt."

"Mrs. Emerson," he said, "you do not seem to comprehend the fact that you have nothing at all: the estate will hardly pay the debts. The matter is one of immediate importance; I shall be glad to assist you, but—"

"Yes," she interrupted carelessly, "I suppose I shall have to ask you for ten thousand dollars."

"But, my dear madam!" he protested. "Why not?" she asked. "You always accommodated Eben."

What could a man do with such a un-reasoning woman as that? She might understand society, but she certainly had no comprehension of business—could not see why a loan to her, with absolutely no resources, was not the same as a loan to her late husband, whose ability had been a source of income. Her sublime confidence seemed to put Hale in a trance.

"Yes," she went on calmly, "I shall have to have that much. Could you let me have a check now?"

With generous forethought, Hale had brought his check book with him—a fact that he regretted when he had time for consideration. It had occurred to him that a little ready cash might be needed; it had not occurred to him that the sum would be ten thousand dollars, or anything like it.

much of promise in it. The young man he had seen with Daisy, the elder daughter, belonged to a rich and socially prominent family; the two others at the hotel were decidedly "eligible," and he had heard that one of them was devoted to Esther.

"That's different," he returned, with more cheerfulness. "I merely don't want to buy up all the eligible of Maple Nook, and that seems to be the outlook."

"Not at all," she assured him. "Then go ahead."

There was no good objection that he could advance to this plan, but he was not wholly satisfied. His wife was sometimes rather impulsive in gratifying her whims.

"I shall have some gardeners and landscape people out from the city later, but there are some things I want to do now. I've bought the place, you know."

"Bought the place?" he repeated in surprise. "Well, I own the strip from the house to the lake," she said, "and that gives me room for a pretty good summer place."

"What's the farmer going to do?" he asked. "Oh, he's going to move into a group of old buildings at the other end of his farm," she answered. "You see, I just fell in love with this lake frontage."

"It is delightful," he conceded; "a charming spot."

"I am only too glad to help you in any way that I can," Ashton assured her—and he proved this by starting with Daisy in search of the best location for the tennis courts.

The joint responsibility, extending even to the supervision of the men who were finally put to work, gave them a very pleasant feeling of partnership.

Mrs. Emerson watched the pair contentedly for a little while, and then retired to the house to write a few notes.

To Carl Gage she extended an invitation to come down for a week or so. "This is not wholly disinterested," she told him frankly. "We want you to help us lay out golf-links. We don't know anything about that, and you know all about it, so I am hoping you will be good enough to give us the benefit of your advice. The girls may bother you some with impractical suggestions, but you won't mind that."

She asked Mrs. Worthington to come down with her two daughters. "I really must have some congenial company," she said. "I am sure you will be willing to put up with a few discomforts for my sake. Besides, I want you to see this place now, so that you can compare it with what it will be when I have had time to carry out my building and landscape plans. I never was so enraptured with natural beauties and opportunities before."

And in a closing paragraph she added: "A really glad to have Jack come, if he can tear himself away from business."

Jack was Mrs. Worthington's son. Possibly that closing paragraph explained something. Hale would have thought it did. Of course, Hale knew nothing of the paragraph, but he did hear that Jack Worthington had followed his mother and sisters to Maple Nook.

"You know I don't care anything about society," he interrupted.

"Well, I've heard so much about the Nook that I want to go down there for a week or so anyhow," she declared. "You needn't go."

"That's different," he returned, with more cheerfulness. "I merely don't want to buy up all the eligible of Maple Nook, and that seems to be the outlook."

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"You see, I got all the land about here—I don't know just how—options or something, my real-estate man tells me. Anyhow, I got it, and everybody was so good about wanting to buy when they heard I was going to build. Well, I am. It's a fine place, and it's going to be really exclusive. Of course, I sold through third parties, but I own everything that's left, so I am a good deal interested."

"I don't know just what my profit is—five hundred to a thousand per cent. My real-estate man says; but I never did understand percentage. I used some of the money paid in to complete the purchase of the other land—sort of mysterious to me how I did so much without anything, but my real-estate man managed it, and very likely you'll understand. Anyhow, I've got a good deal of money and a lot of valuable property that didn't cost me anything."

"Perhaps the interest question may be neglected, as it has become something of a family affair. Tom and Esther, my younger daughter, have just been in to see me about a most momentous question. I have learned to think highly of you, so I readily gave my consent to their betrothal. Daisy's engagement to Mr. Gage will be announced a little later."

Hale picked up the check, and almost tipped over the chair. It was his wife's check for ten thousand dollars, payable to a certain Silas Higgins, indorsed by Higgins to Clara Emerson, and indorsed by Mrs. Emerson to Anthony Hale.

"Oh, yes, she herded the geese all right," he said, with a grim, but amused, smile. "She has repaid me with my own money."

"He asked abstractedly at the ceiling for a while, and I'm still on ten thousand dollars, and she's ahead of the game something handsome," he mused. "I'll have to get an expert accountant to find out what's happened. But," he added, "I don't want to be on the outside when I have business with that kind of an impractical woman, and Esther seems to be a mighty nice girl. I don't believe I am going to do anything but smile."

Worse than Race Suicide. In one of the reports of the State Factory commission, of Illinois, it was stated that during one year child labor in that State increased 39 per cent. During this same length of time the increase in men workers was 9 per cent, of women 16 per cent.

It is intended now to pass a rigid law in that State to prevent parents securing falsely to the age of their children. For it is considered the quickest way to suppress such an outrage as child labor is to deprive the parent of the power to let the child work for wages.

But these statistics showing how child labor is increasing prove conditions that are in comparison with those met in the South. There child labor flourishes; all its degradation, a worse crime than ever slavery was, for the little ones do not have even the privilege of growing to manhood and womanhood, for after three or four years of working in the cotton mills they die.

Children are started to work in the mills at six years of age, occasionally at five, the mother generally works also, while the husband and father stays at home, ostensibly to do the work, but generally to spend his time at the grocery or grog shop. These men always have large families and no doubt talk cant regarding the glories of parenthood.

It is sad that after a child has been in the mills one year he can never be taught to read. Working from 13 to 18 hours a day amid the whirring machinery, standing on their feet watching always for broken threads and mending them, these babies become mere wozened pigmies in whom all sensation seems dead.

From 6 o'clock in the morning until 7 at night they march back and forth in front of the spindles that whirl and whirl and whirl with a never ending roar, watching for the broken threads. They do not hear one word of speech, for the noise is too great. They are frightened into eternal vigilance by the pantomime threats of their overseers, or, if too dull with weariness to notice these pantomimes, they are kicked into renewed action.

These were creatures, whose lives are finished before they have reached their teens, are working by the thousands this very day just as they have been working for many long weary days gone by. And they work in this way that those who own the mills may get a larger per cent on their investment than they could were adult labor employed and that their parents may not be obliged to support them.

It is bad enough that the capitalists will encourage such an outrage. But what about the parents who not only consent to their little ones working in these mills, but force them to do it and even lie about their age, often sending them to work at 5 years of age and insisting that they are 6?

These are the parents who have the largest families. They have been known to boast that they had enough children working in the mills so they themselves didn't have to work, but could just "have a good time." Such men do not believe in "race suicide." Oh, no! Quite the opposite.

HAPPY PASTIME

It's lots of fun to skate, you know; And fun to coast down a hill, It's fun to play at snowball, too, And build snow forts until Jack Frost does nip your nose and mitts, And give your toes particular fits. But greater fun it is to sit Around the fire bright, A-listening to some thrilling tale Your granpa tells at night. For no one in this world below Does know such tales as he does know. When he was young such times they had— Not like the present days— All things were good and none were bad— At least, so Grandpa says, and very likely you'll understand. Anyhow, I've And Grandpa surely ought to know. For he has watched this new time grow. He tells of jolly "huskin' bees," And "spillin' schools" also; Of "singin' school" and "quittin' bees," Where everybody'd go. And when he talks it's well worth while To note the joy in Grandpa's smile. And so I say the greatest fun Is round the fire bright, A-listening to dear Grandpa's tales Told on a winter's night. —Maud Walker.

Death of Prominent Williamsporter.

O. S. Brown, owner and manager of the Gazette and Bulletin and postmaster of Williamsport, died in a room in the Koeer hospital on Tuesday morning, after a long illness with diabetes.

Orange Sabin Brown was born at West Allmouth, Allegany county, New York, on August 18, 1842, and was therefore in his sixty-eighth year.

Orange S. Brown never married. He was educated at Geneva Academy, Angelica, N. Y., and at Alfred University. After completing his course at the university he read law in the office of Martin Grover, afterward chief justice of the Court of Appeals of the State of New York.

During the civil war Mr. Brown was appointed to and served in the quartermaster's department as acting assistant quartermaster, and had quite a military experience, being at one time located in New Orleans. He ranked as lieutenant in the 16th New York Infantry.

He located in Williamsport in the year 1868, engaged in the flour milling business until 1868. For a number of years he was manager of the West Branch Planting mill owned by Brown, Early & Co., and J. H. Allen, but the newspaper business was to be his forte, and in the year 1887 he purchased the Gazette and Bulletin from Charles E. Fritcher, now connected with the state department at Harrisburg, and has since been its publisher, succeeding Charles W. Scott, and during his regime there were many improvements introduced in the office, the service made more efficient, and the business increased accordingly. His term as Postmaster expired a year ago, but up to the time of his death there had been no new appointment made.

Triumphant Career for a Woman.

The growth of mental healing and the apostles of Mrs. Eddy are the subjects of the February installment of the history of the Christian Science movement. Miss Milmine says:

"The first five years of Mrs. Eddy's life in Boston had been years of almost uninterrupted progress. Her college had by 1887, grown to be a source of very considerable income. Her classes now numbered from thirty to fifty students each, and a class was instructed and graduated within three weeks' time. The course which was formerly the only one taught at Mrs. Eddy's college was now called the 'primary course,' and she added what she termed a 'normal course' (being a review of the primary), a course in 'metaphysical obstetrics,' and a course in 'theology,' in all of which she was the sole instructor. Tuition fees amounting to eight hundred dollars."

"Since the first began to teach her 'Science' the story of her public life is simply the story of how she kept her hold on it. The very way in which she had come by her discovery made her always afraid of losing it, and she was forever detecting some student in the act of making off with it. Even in Lynn, she slept, as it were, with her hand on the cradle.

"Mrs. Eddy's controversy with Mr. Dresser set her less infatuated students to thinking. Many of them decided to investigate this Quimby claim, and bought the works of the Rev. Warren F. Evans, who had practiced Quimby's method of healing both in New Hampshire and in Massachusetts, and who had published two books upon mental healing before the first edition of 'Science and Health' appeared.

"After reading Dr. Evans, a number of Mrs. Eddy's strongest students quietly dropped out of her Christian Science Association forming the nucleus of what was later to become the 'New Thought' movement."

"Mrs. Eddy, seeing the danger of liberal investigation, quickly proceeded to utilize the sources of mental science literature." How she managed it is a story worth reading.

"Prohibition may be all right in its way," sighed the tall man in the little railroad station, "but ever since it struck this town I haven't made a dollar."