

THE OLD MAID.

She gave her life to love. She never knew... What that woman lives their all to gain.

THE PATHS OF JUDGMENT.

A Story of the Missionary's Creed and the Soldier's Necessity.

"He keepeth the paths of judgment."—Proverbs 11, 8.

"I will read," said the missionary, "from the fifth chapter of Matthew, beginning at the thirty-eighth verse.

"Where was Mr. Williams' asked the captain. "He went to the lagoon to bathe," said Fletcher.

"He heard the yell, and when he sees them coming he lies in the mangroves.

"Toward sundown the next day," said Fletcher, "that was yesterday; he had no hat."

"You must give me something to do," said the missionary hoarsely; "I can't think any more. I don't want to think. Let me carry things or sweep. Let me do something."

"Well, perhaps there isn't any," said the officer. "Yes, there is an answer," said the missionary; "there must be, but as yet I haven't found it."

made no move. The man on the midships thwart gazed stupidly at them. He was haggard-looking and pale, and there were dark stains on his shirt.

"Fletcher," said Townsend in a dry voice, "what is the matter with Mr. Williams?" "He keeps talking to them in the bottom," said Fletcher. "It's the sun yesterday."

"You must let me go," he said. "Townsend shook his head. 'It is impossible.' 'Why?' he demanded. 'In the first place, there is no room,' said Townsend.

"Fletcher wants to tell his story," he said. "Is he going to die?" asked Townsend. "You had better get his statement," said the doctor.

"Now," said Townsend, "I want the murderers." "The chief began to speak. 'He said,' translated the interpreter, 'that God is great. No men have gone out from Pangao for seven days and none have returned.'

"Where was Mr. Williams' asked the captain. "He went to the lagoon to bathe," said Fletcher. "Well, they sat around, watching over our shoulders. Suddenly I heard Runkle yell out, and I saw the one-eyed man cut at him with his spear."

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said Townsend. "I must go now; I want to get away in an hour." He called for volunteers, and every man responded. He had only boats for fifty, so he began to choose, and the grumbling grew so loud that he stopped choosing and let them draw lots for the places.

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but one way," he said, "the water. Ask him if he will tell." "The chief says he knows nothing, so he can tell nothing," said the interpreter.

"He has five minutes," said Townsend. He glanced eastward toward the horizon. "The moon rises out of the sea." "After the interpreter had finished, no moon was half above the horizon rim. It seemed almost as if one could see her move as she grew into the deep night blue.

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"When will it be?" he asked. At first the captain did not understand. "When will what be?" said he. The missionary put the question again, and added: "I should like to pray with them first."

"Oh," said Townsend, "I have no authority to dispose of these cases. Three months' imprisonment is the limit that I can give."

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An Indian Tiger-Hunt.

A British officer in India had gone out upon an elephant in search of a tiger, which had just killed a man and two bullocks within half a mile of his camp.

The tiger was lying within ten yards of the officer, unable to rise, his loins being broken. Seeing that he was not dead, however, the officer was in the act of taking up his rifle when something struck him on the back and jammed him to the front of the howdah. He had just time to seize the branch of a tree and pull himself out of the howdah when the frightened elephant ran away and left the officer suspended immediately over the tiger, which lay growling and licking his sides.

The officer was in a predicament. In vain he tried to get into the tree, and at last, his fingers becoming cramped, he lost his hold and fell on the tiger. It was like falling into the jaws of death.

The instant that the officer touched the ground the tiger, with a terrific roar, seized his left foot in his mouth, and with one bite crushed the heel and ankle-bone. Then he gave the officer three other bites, two on the calf of the leg and one on the knee, every bite breaking the bone to pieces.

The officer's agonies were frightful. In vain he called for help. But, after a struggle, he got his right leg free and gave the tiger a tremendous kick on the groin, which made him get up and hobble to the foot of the tree, where he fell exhausted, with the tiger still a few paces off.

The sepoy who had been with him in the howdah had looked safely in the tree, and witnessed the whole scene. Now he came down within a few feet of the ground and begged his master to get into the tree. At first the officer thought he could not, but after some struggles he managed, by giving the sepoy his hands, to get himself pulled up into the lower branches.

In a short while another officer, whose elephant, too, had become unmanageable, came back, and finally killed the tiger, after which the officer was carried back to camp.

The motor plow marks the beginning of a movement that is bound to revolutionize farming methods. Within twenty years, it is safe to predict, motors will be doing the most of the farm work, and the dozen or so old workhorses about the farm will have given it to their rival.

There may be certain sections of country that will afford better opportunities for the introduction of this labor-saving machinery than others, which is especially true of the Middle West, where the first farm motor plow has been given a fair trial on the Graham farms, north of Washington, Ind.

No sooner was it put into action than the big machine, which is in reality a gasoline traction engine, having four cylinders and a 50-horse-power motor, was pulling a string of eight plows, behind which trailed a row of harrows.

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To keep the engine cool a radiator and fan are used, while in the ignition system a magneto is used. The power plant looks, as a matter of fact, and likewise performs the same as the power plant of almost any standard touring car.

The pulling power of the motor tractor car is 7,000 pounds, the pull being on the drawbar. On an average, the plow goes into the ground to the depth of nine inches, and the machine can break 30 acres a day, doing the work of 30 horses and 15 men each of whom it does a plowing.

Should it ever be necessary to work at night, the engineer can light the carbide lamps and thus turn night into day.

Except in turning at the ends, the necessity of steering is done away with by an automatic guide, which greatly relieves the engineer as this device guides the engine straight as an arrow, thus obliging each plow to turn a perfect furrow.

Not only can the machine plow to the very edge of the sloughs, but it can pass right through shallow places and resume the furrow unbroken on the other side.

This is owing to the engine's relatively light weight, its drive wheels, eight feet high and 18 inches wide, and its perfect hold on the ground secured by its conical spurs.

"The White Man's Burden" medically speaking, is dyspepsia. The hurried eating of meals, the consumption of greasy foods, and improperly prepared dishes, tend to ruin the stomach. Ill-health and unhappiness surely follow. So long as men and women eat carelessly and hurriedly, so long will nature need the assistance of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This great medicine acting directly upon the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition, increases the flow of the digestive juices, cleanses the system of clogging obstructions, stimulates the action of blood-making glands, and so builds up the body with sound flesh and strong muscle. "Golden Medical Discovery" contains no whiskey, alcohol or intoxicant in any form.

"Do you like my new hat?" asked Mrs. Brooke. "Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Lynn. "I had one just like it when they were in style."

One hundred Americans left El Paso to join the Mexican insurgents; the price paid for their services is estimated at \$10,000.

Troubles must come to all men, but those who are always looking for them will have the largest share.

A Great Gift. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1,008 pages, is sent free on receipt of stamps to defray cost of mailing only. This great work contains the condensed wisdom of centuries added to the latest scientific discoveries concerning the origin and development of the human race. It tells the plain truth in plain English. Its medical information may be the means of saving hundreds of dollars.

Send twenty-one cents in one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or thirty-one cents for cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

The farmer need not worry. Reciprocity will not hurt him.

So-called hair restorers usually raise a lot of doubts, anyway.

When he gets to toppling the elevator boy must expect to be galled down again.