

THE OLD MAID.

She gave her life to love. She never knew What other women live 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 ii, 8.

"I will read," said the missionary, "from the fifth chapter of Matthew, beginning at the thirty-eighth verse. Ye have heard that it has been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil."

The windows of the long bamboo barracks were open, and strange scents and dew smells of the tropical morning filled the room. Sitting stiff and hot in Sunday discomfort, the eighty mariners gave a listless attention. Townsend, the young captain, when he heard the text, looked at his white shoes and smiled cynically. It did not seem a promising theme with which to hold the attention of enlisted men who had been for weary months packing the beginning Townsend felt his own attention fixed, and, as he glanced about the room, he saw that the men were listening. Perhaps the preacher held him with the light that shone in his kind eyes, with the gentleness of his voice, worn face, with the quality of his voice. What he said they could hardly understand, certainly not subscribe to. But, as he went on, there flashed upon Townsend the secret of his force; for, undeniably, he was a force. This man believed what he preached; believed in it practically, effectively, sincerely. He believed in the air we breathe and the food we eat.

The young officer fell to pondering the problems of such a life with such a belief to guide it, and his eyes wandered out the open window. Through the foliage of the hillside, he could gaze over the bay and out to sea, where the foam-white reef lay burning in unimagined hues of blue and green. As he thought and as he gazed, an object grew out from the point of the distant headland and led his thought away. Presently the object grew to be a young party with Lieutenant Williams coming back. He wondered if they had fresh meat, and then with a start he was conscious of his wandering mind, and gave his attention again to the preacher.

As the missionary went on with the exposition of his philosophy, his authority grew. He allowed no middle ground, no compromise. There was the straight way and the broad. Which would you choose? The hysteria of the revival meeting began to make its air throb. The missionary's words were taking possession of the room and the young man yielded to the spell not willingly or without a struggle. His conscience had been clear, his honor bright; he believed in his country, in his profession, but perhaps he had been wrong. The doubt came to him with a pang. Was it the pang of the young man who went away sorrowful having many possessions? He could not answer no.

The missionary's earnestness and feeling deepened. He began to approach the climax of his exhortation, reached it, paused, and then, choosing to avoid the obvious, rhetorical effect, came a step nearer and dropped his voice. "Oh, men, men, my dear men," he cried, "it is so clear, so clear! If I could only make you understand!"

A long silence followed. The eighty mariners looked dumbly at him; some shifted their feet, some coughed dryly, as is the manner of the race when emotion catches at their throats. Townsend turned his eyes to the nipa thatch overhead, and was suddenly aware that the sentry on duty at the beach was standing in the doorway waiting to attract his attention. Townsend got up, tiptoed to the door. "What is it?" he asked.

"The boat is coming in, sir," said the man. "Yes," said Townsend, "I saw it as it came round the point. 'I've had the glass on it,' said the sentry. 'Well?' said Townsend. 'They're only two men, sir,' said the sentry. 'Two?' said Townsend. A shade came over his face. 'Two,' said the sentry. 'There were six went out.' Townsend turned back toward the door, motioned to the men in the last row of seats to come, and went down the hill. The news ran through the room in whispers; men stole out and presently the missionary was alone with those who sat restlessly now in the front rows under his very eyes. Rather with a start he became aware that his congregation had fled.

"What has happened?" he asked simply. The corporal mumbled a reply. He brought the service to an end, and with those who had remained followed those who had gone ahead to the white beach. Twenty minutes later they were all by the water's edge waiting. The boat came slowly up the bay under a patch of sail, the morning breeze on her quarter. They could make out a man on a thwart amidships with one hand raised to his head and another who sat bareheaded in the stern sheets of the tiller. Neither made any hail. As she drew in they saw that the helmsman was sitting in a heap with his chin on his breast. The time came to run up into the wind or else to let go sheet, but he did neither, and the bows bumped grating over the pebbles and ran up on the white sand. Still the helmsman

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. Then he rose, putting both hands to his head, and those on the bench saw that he was holding it on. His neck was half-severed. He stepped cautiously over the side into the shallow water, and came ashore.

"Fletcher," said Townsend in a dry voice, "what is the matter with Mr. Williams?" "He keeps talking to them in the morning," said Fletcher. "It's the sun yesterday." "Are the rest in the bottom?" asked the officer. "Yes," said Fletcher. They hauled the boat up then, and began to take out the dead. A man's arm came first, with a blue shirt-sleeve on it; there was tattooing on the wrist in blue and red.

"It's Bill Walsh," said the sergeant. Townsend heard a moan and, turning, he saw the missionary put his hands to his eyes and stagger back. "The other things; then a headless trunk. At the bottom was a body unutilized, and they lifted it out with the Moro ax still buried in the back. As they laid it face downward upon the sand, the man who was carrying the shoulders started up with a frightened oath. "Dan Runkle's alive," said he; "I felt him breathing!"

They rolled him on his side, the doctor injected strychnine, and the group fell back. Runkle opened his eyes, but they only stared sightlessly. Suddenly he cried out in a weak voice: "Oh, don't! Don't! Don't! Then his voice dropped. "It's behind the clock," he whispered ramblingly, "it's behind the clock." His speech stopped, a quiver shook him, and he lay still. The sergeant broke the silence. "He's gone," he said in an undertone. In silence the stretchers were brought, and the tarpaulin spread. Then Townsend gave short, crisp orders, and in straggling procession they began to move along the path up the wooded hillside. At the end, the missionary followed. He had never spoken through it all; his face had blanched, the lines in it had deepened, his brows were contracted, as with physical pain. He seemed to be struggling with a bodily sickness.

As Townsend reached the company's street, the doctor came out of the hospital. "Fletcher wants to tell his story," he said. "Is he going to die?" asked Townsend. "You had better get his statement," said the doctor. "I don't know why he's alive," he went on. "He says that the kris that struck him was nicked, and the nick fitted over the jugular, merely scratching the outer sheath. He went in, and the commandant and the missionary followed. The wounded man was sitting upright on a cot, one hand lifted to his head, wearily supporting it. With the other he saluted. "Fletcher," said the captain, "who did this?" "Men from Pangao, eight of 'em," he answered; "the one-eyed man who used to sell fish I knew, and him with the scar on the cheek and the pock-marked face; the others I couldn't swear to. They came in at sunset— Then he stopped and thought, and then, "What day is this," he asked.

"Sunday," said Townsend. "It was two nights ago, then," he said, "for it was a Friday evening. I know that, for Walsh wouldn't eat meat. We camped on the little island south of Tigangun with the meat. It blew hard just before sunset, and they ran in for shelter. They had no grub, and when Mr. Williams saw they were Pangao men he gave them a deer. They ate full and we give them tobacco, and we sat on the beach together and smoked. As it came dark, Walsh lit a fire for light; he had a pack of cards, and we sat around and played."

"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 a kris. He was behind me, and at the same time I felt I was hit, and I dropped. When I came to, the moon was up, and I saw Mr. Williams carrying the dead man to the boat."

"Do you know what happened to him?" asked Townsend. "He heard the yell, and when he saw them coming he hid in the mangroves. He says they didn't look very long, and then he saw them running along the beach in the moonlight and put to sea. At the flood we got our boat off. We rowed and sailed that night and the next day and the next night, and we come in this morning."

"When did Mr. Williams go out of his head?" asked the doctor. "Toward sundown the next day," said Fletcher; "that was yesterday; he had no hat."

Then the missionary spoke for the first time since the boat had come to the beach. "Why did they attack you," he said. "For the rifles," said Fletcher; "they got six and Mr. Williams' revolver. Besides," he added, "it's their fun."

The doctor looked impatiently at the commandant. "Have you finished, captain?" he said. "We'll go," said Townsend; "the doctor will fix you up, Fletcher," he added to the wounded man. "You've behaved well, and it won't be forgotten."

He led the way out, unconscious that the missionary was at his shoulder, for he was turning the matter in his mind how many men to take, what rations, how to strike, when suddenly the footstep at his side started him, and he turned. "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."

Townsend looked at him perplexedly. "I don't know," he said, "that there is anything for you to do. We all have our work laid out for us, and there is some one to do each thing."

"And as I am a preacher," said the missionary, seizing the other's thought and putting it into words, "I am of no use to any one at a time like this."

"What could you do?" asked Townsend. For a moment his curiosity mastered the business before him. "You preach to me and my soldiers that if a man smite on one cheek, we must turn the other. Would you want me to send out more men to be murdered?"

"Don't say that," said the missionary. "Isn't it a fair question?" asked Townsend. "I have no answer to it," he replied. "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."

"We'll talk about that another time," 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. In an hour they were ready. As the boats were pushing off, Townsend felt a touch on the arm; the missionary was standing by his side.

"You must let me go," he said. "Townsend shook his head. "It is impossible," he said. "Why?" he demanded. "In the first place, there is no room," said Townsend. "I will sit in the bottom of the boat, anywhere," he said. "I will row."

"In the second place," said Townsend, "you'd be out of place; expeditions of this kind—" he hesitated. "I'll be open with you, they are not nice things."

"But I must go," said the missionary; "I must find the answer to the question. I feel that I am being led."

"But the men may not want you," said the captain. "They have seen their dead."

The missionary flushed. "You think," he said, "that if I go I would go as a spy? Give me more credit. Don't you understand? I enlist for this; I trust you. What is done is my doing too. You are my captain; you have my word!"

The personality of the man bore down the officer's judgment and overrode his decision. "Get in!" he said impulsively. They rowed down the bay, passed out to sea, and getting sail, reached for Pangao. The sun blazed overhead, burning the little hot waves, making them glisten blindingly. As it dipped toward China, they came upon the Barrier Islands. They left these on the port quarter, threaded the singing reefs, and passed Talipan. It was dark when they stole into the lagoon. Hidden in the deep shadow of the wooded shore, they floated in like things drifting into a dream. The mirrored bay lay before them, and at its end, stretching to the town, the white mass of the village, built on piles. Here and there lights glimmered, casting threads of brass across the windless water. Although there was no breeze, from time to time the ghosts of dead winds came from the land bearing the perfume of ylang-ylang and the fragrance of the sweet first in the village, and once the crying of a child.

There was no miscarriage of the plan. Pangao was taken without a shot, but no man with the blood guilt on him was there.

A missionary looked at Townsend with a gleam in his eyes. "This is only the beginning," he answered. "Put that man under arrest!" he shouted fiercely, "and keep that damned murderer under jail!"

But the sergeant who was calm, lifted the chief up. He knew that it was time, and in a moment Townsend had himself in hand.

They watched and waited until the chief could speak. The interpreter spoke a few low gutturals, and the chief uttered a reply.

"What does he say?" demanded Townsend. "He will tell," said the interpreter; "the men are here."

Townsend took a long breath that was half-sigh, and wiped the sweat from his forehead. He looked haggard and old. He glanced at the missionary; their eyes met, and the missionary dropped his, turned and looked into the black water again. He was burning with shame, yet still sick with horror, humiliated, ridiculous, conscious of his own inadequacy.

"When will it be?" he asked. "At first the captain did not understand. 'When will it be?' he asked. '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."

A flash of surprise came over the missionary's face. "Is it a good thing for the others to let it go so long?" he asked. "Ought it not to be an example?"

"I think I shall go," he said, "and help with the wood."

"I beg pardon, sir," said the sergeant. "Let him go," said the captain; "I want it."

The sergeant turned, his men fell in around the prisoners, they marched away clattering to the shore, disappeared into the forest, and the missionary followed them. When they were out of sight, Townsend sat down by the water's edge. He suddenly realized that he was tired. The moonlit water lapped the rock at his feet; at times the shore breathed the heavy scent of ylang-ylang; the somber wooded hill hung mirrored in the bay. The glory of the tropical night was all around. Suddenly the silence was split by rifle fire. There was a rattling, indistinguishable volley, then a single shot, then two more. The echoes crashed and rumbled around the headlands, growing fainter and fainter, and then the silence closed down again. He took out his watch and made a note of the time; it was a quarter before one. He turned his eyes seaward and waited. Presently dim shapes began to move among the shadows of the wood, and two figures came out upon the moonlit beach; they were the sergeant and the missionary. They came on in silence across the white sand, out on the rock till the sergeant halted and stood at attention.

"The prisoners attempted to escape—" he began. "Make your report in writing," said the captain.

The sergeant saluted, wheeled, and went back to the forest.

"Well," said Townsend. "It is over," said the missionary. "Then sit down," said the officer, "and try to rest."

"I can't rest," said the missionary, but he sat down. "How can I rest?" he went on, as if he were talking to himself. "I don't only understand! I am like a man groping step by step down unknown stairs in the dark."

"You are as well off as I am," said Townsend. The missionary looked at him with perplexity in his eyes. "But it's different, I said at length."

"How is it different?" said Townsend. "Have you any special right to understand? We all of us must do what is before us, and the commanding officer, who knows the reason— he takes the responsibility."

"But I felt," said the missionary, "that it was my place to teach, and to teach I must understand."

"That may be as it may," said Townsend; "perhaps you are to teach, but perhaps, too, you have gone back to school. Who knows?"

Woman and the Wig. There were some twenty women bar-risters at the recent grand centenary dinner to the Bar in Paris, says the London Lady's Pictorial. They formed but a fraction of the great assembly, but they were certainly not the least interesting part of it. It is related of one lady barrister that owing to her golden locks and youthful appearance, a short-sighted judge ordered the usher to "remove that child from the Bar."

Human Hibernation. In some of the remotest provinces of Russia there are peasants who are addicted to what is practically hibernation. When the harvest has failed and provisions are scarce they lie down on the top of the great stove in the inner room; the kitchen of their hut. The stove is high, reaching almost to the roof, and the space between this big brick structure and the roof is the ordinary sleeping-place of the family. Lying down upon the long, flat stove, the peasants avoid all talking and all exertion, except such as is necessary to keep the stove replenished, and they sustain life by eating at long intervals a little black bread soaked in water. The huts are both dark and silent through the winter.

The Change. "You didn't use to object to your husband playing poker."

"No, but that was before I learned to play bridge. It is a lovely game, but I cannot afford to play it unless he stops playing poker."

"I've never been offered a bribe," bragged the eloquent politician.

"Cheer up, old man!" shouted a piker in the front row. "Your luck may change!" —Buffalo Express.

Her real weight is a dark secret, of which many a woman tries to make light.

When he gets to get up the elevator boy must expect to be galled down.

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 hunt was brief, and the officer presently got two shots at the tiger, but did not succeed in killing it. The jungle was heavy, and it was already getting dusk when the servant touched the officer from behind, saying, "There he is!"

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 chest, which caused him to let go. Instantly the officer got up and hobbled 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. 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-fashioned workhorses 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-horsepower motor, was pulling a string of eight plows, behind which trailed a row of harrows.

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 traction 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

"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.

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

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