

Polly and the Death Trap

By CHAS. SLONA REID.

Polly Blake was sitting on a puncheon stool, milking a one-horned cow. A man stood a few feet behind her with his back against the fence. He was quite different from Polly's kind, as any stranger might have guessed. He was a town man—Polly was a mountain girl. Polly kept busy with her milking and the man talked volubly, as he usually did. It was sunset and the shadow of night already had fallen upon the valley below, giving a dusky hue to the foliage of the distant trees. It was the hour when Polly usually milked the one-horned cow in the evening; and it was not by accident that the man was there, talking to her. Polly wore no bonnet and the mass of curling brown hair which hung about her neck and shoulders was ravishing in the richness of its effect. Obviously she was glad of the man's presence, for a certain happiness and a certain amount of embarrassment, when he was near, invariably set her heart to thumping in a way that caused the color in her cheeks to come and go like the gleam of a red ripe cherry in a fitful sunlight. "Polly," said the man, as he rattled on from one subject to another, without taking the trouble to round his periods, "that cow worries me. I think, since she cannot have a uniform pair of horns, it would be much better if she had none at all. What do you think about it?" "Yes, I think she'd look better without any, 'less'n she had two. But I reckon she couldn't help losin' the other one."

to tell ye, girl, that arter all's over I'll still be comin' back to ye—an' maybe yer love will come back to me." Ben squeezed her hand once and released it. There was silence a moment, then the girl said: "I think ye're wrong, Ben." "Maybe so, Polly, maybe so. We'll soon find out. Good-bye." Ben strode away and left the girl to return slowly toward the house, wondering what manner of trap the boys had set, though stoutly resisting the fear it might capture Gordon. The evening waned, Gordon's stories grew uninteresting, Blake nodded by the hearth corner and Polly waited for the opportunity to give the prospector one more warning. So when Gordon arose to go to his room, a low shed room at one end of the veranda, Polly stole to the doorway and slipped into the darkness outside. "I want to tell ye agin to be keeful," she whispered, as Gordon paused near her. "Ye've raised suspicions, an'—but I can't tell ye any more. Only be powerful keeful." Gordon laughed softly. "Oh, I'll be careful, little Polly," he said; "never fear about that." He attempted to take her hand, but the girl dodged back into the main room and was gone. The next morning Gordon failed to respond when called to an early breakfast. "Pears to me the prospector's sleepin' mighty sound this mornin'," said Blake, as he returned to the waiting family in the main room. Polly's heart took fright at once. A hundred things might have happened to Gordon during the night—the methods of the moonshiners were inscrutable. "Pap, I reckon ye'd better go in an' wake him," she suggested, "for the meat on the table's a gettin' cold." With candle in hand Blake went back to Gordon's door, opened it and peered inside. "Why, by the livin'!" he exclaimed, "this bed ain't been teched." At this moment, Polly's knees quaked, and her fingers clinched together impulsively. And at this moment, too, she hated all her race, all her kind among the mountains, her brothers and their co-partners, Ben Martin and all the rest. She turned her eyes toward the rafters and allowed a thought of revenge to take shape in her brain. "Well, he's not here," said Blake, returning; "so thar's no use to wait for him. Let's eat." Polly minced her breakfast hurriedly milked the one-horned cow, cleaned the kitchen things, then stole out over the mountain toward the Horse-Shoe Cove on Soco. She knew well the spot where the still stood and she knew the narrow defile through which alone the cove was accessible. The trail wound like a snake round over the mountain, down into the valley, then along up the creek between the cliffs. Where the trail ascended, Polly climbed feverishly; where it descended, she ran. In this manner the three miles to the neck of the cove were covered and she was speeding along the path to where it crossed the Devil's Sink Hole. This was a narrow fissure whose mouth was not over six feet wide, and whose greatest length was not over twenty feet, yet it opened away into the earth to a depth of forty feet. A narrow bridge, just the width of the trail had spanned the opening and when Polly reached the spot this morning she saw that the bridge was no longer there. She ran to the edge of the hole and dropped to her knees. It required some moments for her gaze to pierce the gloom down there, but presently she saw the prospector, with disheveled hair and torn clothing, seated at the bottom of the fissure. Silence reigned throughout the wood and the low sound of Polly's voice when she spoke seemed to echo a mile away. But Gordon had caught the call and he looked up. "Ah, is it you, Polly?" he exclaimed. "Yes; an' ye didn't listen when I warned ye last night, though I didn't think about this place when I told ye."

instant had given him a shove that sent him reeling backward toward the Devil's Sink Hole. The prospector was unable to recover his balance, and was poised for a single instant at the edge of the opening, ready to shoot downward again, when a strong hand suddenly reached out, caught him by the clothing and pulled him back to safety once more. "If ye've got a wife, ye skunk, go to her! An' don't ye be nosin' round these hills agin, d'ye hear that?" The speaker was Ben Martin. Gordon looked from Ben to the girl, then turned and hurried along the trail that led out of the cove. And long after he was gone from view, silence reigned between Ben and the girl. But at last Polly took a step toward Ben, and the mountaineer, with a full heart, sprang to meet her. "Ben," declared Polly, "yer little finger's worth a world of 'em like him; an' I've jest found out how much I love ye." Ben caught her in his arms and kissed her. "Then let's have the weddin', Polly; an' I'll finish the cabin down on Luffy."—New Orleans Picayune. Humorously Worded Rebuke. Theodore P. Roberts had a fluent command of language, both in speaking and writing, and was well liked by everybody. He could secure the attention of a negligent publisher if need be. To one such, who was remiss about sending vouchers, he once closed up a long letter with the sentence: "And, finally, my dear sir, permit me to say that it would be easier for a camel to ride into the kingdom of heaven on a velocipede than for anyone to find a late copy of your paper in the city of New York." London's Beggars. It is calculated that four thousand persons make a living in London by begging, and that their average income amounts to about 30s. a week, or more than 300,000 pounds a year. Last year 1,925 persons were arrested for begging in the streets, of whom more than fifteen hundred were sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from one week to three months. Many of these objects of charity were found in possession of sums of money, and even of bank-books showing very handsome deposits.—Tit-Bits. Lost Land in England. Great Britain, between 1867 and 1880, lost 148,996 acres by encroachment of the sea. Even this loss is small compared with others in times past. Thus, according to a survey in the time of Edward I, the duchy of Cornwall had 1,500,000 acres, but a survey in recent years gives it only 829,500 acres. Whole villages in some cases have been slowly undermined and swept away, as in the case of Dunwich, whereof only a ruined church on the edge of a cliff remains. Livingstone's Teacher Alive. One of the boyhood teachers of David Livingstone, the African missionary, is still alive and on active service. He is the Rev. F. B. Caldwell, a member of the Lancashire and Chelsea presbytery in England, 88 years of age. When a young man he was a teacher at a school in the neighborhood of Blantyre, Lanarkshire, and among his pupils was young David Livingstone who used to walk a distance of 11 miles daily to and from school. Estimate of Chemistry. Berzelius, the Swedish chemist, made most of his experiments in the kitchen with his cook as his only assistant. "What is your master?" asked one of his neighbors. "Oh, he is a chemist." "What's that?" "What does he do?" "Well, I will tell you. He has something in a big bottle, then he pours it into a smaller one, and then again into quite a tiny bottle." "Well, and what then happens to it?" "Oh, then I throw it away." Much Kissed Book. For swearing a jury at an inquest at High Wycombe, Mr. Charsley, the coroner for South Buck's (England) recently used a New Testament printed in the year 1798. The book, which has been constantly used by himself, his father and grandfather, is still in good condition, and originally cost the modest sum of 18 cents. At the lowest computation it must have been the recipient of a hundred thousand formal kisses. English Common Law. The Common Law of England is an ancient collection of unwritten maxims and customs of British, Saxon and Danish origin, which, by long use and approval, have become fundamental in English jurisprudence. Many of the principles of the English Common Law hold in this country, and throughout the English-speaking world as well. Novel Zoological Park. Kansas City is creating a novel zoological park. Sixty acres have been set aside in Swope Park, and dens are to be excavated in rocky cliffs for den living animals, with inclosures in front. A creek will be divided into basins, and in each basin will be planted aquatic plants, animals and fish. China's Camphor Trade. Parsee merchants have a monopoly of the manufacture of camphor oil at Foochow, China, controlling seventeen distilleries, and export most of the product to India.

SPECS AS A CURE FOR ANY CRIME

Dr. William M. Richards of New York: Reforms You By Making You See Straight

THE NEWEST FAD IN REFORMS

He Has Put Glasses on Hundreds of Offenders with Good Results—Examines Eyes of Women in Night Court and Finds an Odd Case.

New York City.—Cain did not wear glasses. If he had he might not have killed Abel. A number of other catastrophes might have been averted by the timely application of a pair of spectacles. If you want to reform a criminal clap a pair of glasses on him, for the chances are that defective physical vision has impaired his moral views. Such is the theory of Dr. William M. Richards, and he hopes inside of a year to be able to back his theory with statistics. In compiling his statistics and in the search for subjects Dr. Richards has visited the District Attorney's office, several police courts, the Elmira Reformatory, the Magdalen Home and various other institutions. At the Elmira Reformatory he found that most of the boys were suffering from abnormal vision, that in the majority of cases poor eyesight had led to truancy, truancy to bad companionship and that to crime. At the Magdalen Home he fitted glasses to twenty inmates, and every one of these, he said, found work on getting out and kept it. One girl in particular had never been able to keep a job more than a few days. She was considered stupid and lazy. Since leaving the home two months ago wearing a pair of glasses she has been steadily employed by a firm of wholesalers and is still working there. At the time he examined her she was unable to make out the largest type on the test card at a distance of four feet. Dr. Richards is now trying his scheme on some 200 second offenders, burglars, holdup men and grafters of various degrees, and he hopes that if they do not lose their glasses they will be desirable citizens by the time they emerge from seclusion. Most of the glasses are provided by the Shaarath Israel, which is much interested in the work. Dr. Richards visited Magistrate Barlow in the night court and examined the eyes of some of the women prisoners. The result showed, he said, that many of the women brought in had something the matter with their eyesight, and it was entirely possible that if their vision were restored to the normal they themselves would be able to lead a normal life. As the prisoners were arraigned he scanned each closely. When Gooqoo Nellie, a woman from the East Side, with rather prominent eyes, came up the doctor could not restrain his enthusiasm. "Look at her! Look at her!" he exclaimed delightedly. "She's as blind as a bat! She can't see a thing!" Dr. Richards led the bewildered and somewhat fearful Nellie into the examination room. "Do you like to read?" he asked her abruptly. Gooqoo was nonplussed. Never before in all her long police experience had anything like this happened to her. Not knowing what fatal consequences might follow a reckless answer she muttered something inaudibly while her foot traced nervous circles on the floor. "What kind of books do you read?" persisted the doctor; "history, biography, fiction—what?" Nellie was in a quandary. Should she give the preference to biography or history? Fiction was out of the question. There was a disparaging curl to the doctor's lips as he said "fiction" that warned her to steer clear of it. But if she said historical or bio—bio—whatever it was, why, he might ask her what books she had read. She resolved to take a safe middle course and avoid the snare. "I don't care much about readin'," she admitted finally, "an' I don't get time to read much outside of the newspapers," and then in a brilliant attempt to escape from the cross-examination she added: "Jennie out there reads more'n I do. She's a great reader, Jennie is. Why, you don't hardly ever see Jennie but what she's got a book under her arm." The doctor refused the bait so craftily offered, however, and proceeded to a few simple tests which convinced him that Gooqoo's eyes were a prime factor in her waywardness. "Now come around and see me," he said as he finished, "and you'll soon be able to read as well as Jennie and be able to get steady employment and keep off the street as well." "Sure," said Nellie, slowly and without eagerness. Several more were examined and promised to come and be saved from their eyes. As for Gooqoo Nellie, the policeman failed to make out a case against her and she was discharged. Dog Runs Itself to Death. Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—On Nascopock Mountain the body of Henry Sawidge's valuable foxhound, which had chased a fox for three days and then died of exhaustion, after killing the fox, has been found. Its baying was heard for three days, and then ceased. One paw rested upon the body of the fox.

TOBACCO SENDS WOMAN MAD

Mrs. Alice Mullens Used the Weed from Childhood, Chewing Two Pounds a Week.

Alton, Ill.—Driven insane by the excessive use of tobacco, Mrs. Alice Mullens of this city has taken to Edwardsville after being pronounced insane by the Madison County Court. Mrs. Mullens, who is 25 years old, used tobacco from childhood, chewing it in great quantities. At times, it is said, her supply has reached two pounds a week. She began using the weed when a girl of 15, and at 30 she was a physical wreck. Since that time she has lived in Alton township and given the county authorities all sorts of trouble. Mrs. Mullens is an attractive woman and her case is one of the strangest the officials have yet had to deal with. Persons who visited her in her home say that she often went to bed with tobacco in her cheek. She also smoked occasionally, a pipe preferred, although cigars did not come amiss when proffered to her. Scrap tobacco is her favorite, and six big packages were an average week's supply for her. A police matron who investigated her case reported she had not a bite of food in her house, but had a big market basket full of tobacco scraps on hand. Mrs. Mullens is somewhat of a mystery to the police, who have been unable to ascertain if she has any relatives or where her home was before she came to Alton. She rented a house in East End place, a respectable neighborhood, and lived there alone.

A SPARKPROOF SMOKESTACK

Simple Device Which May Save Millions in Timber.

A sparkproof smokestack has been invented which promises relief to the forest fire fighters if it should be adopted by railroads traversing forest regions. After being tested for some time on a Kentucky railroad, says the Technical World, it was demonstrated that not a spark escaped from the stack. So well does the Forestry Department at Washington think of this ingenious invention that it has asked the New York State Public Service Commission to compel all railroads in the State to equip their locomotives with the new stack. The principle which led to the invention of the sparkproof stack is that all solids emerging from a locomotive smokestack, influenced by the pressure of the exhaust, hug close to the edge of the pipe and only the smoke comes up through the center. In this new stack a simple trap catches the sparks and sends them falling down shutters arranged on either side of the stack to the roadway below. How to Shoot with a Revolver. To begin sighting along the barrel of a six-shooter, as in target gallery practice, is a handicap to the man who wants to learn the art at its best. The hand and eye, of course, work together with all weapons and in all combats; but there is a difference between the eye-general and the eye-particular. The best form of boxing or fencing—that is what the use of the six-shooter means. You point your fist or your foil instinct. You cannot help pointing your finger directly and straight at any object, no matter how hard you try. Yet surely you do not sight down your finger. In the best work with the six-shooter, you point with the barrel just as you point with your finger, or really, you point with your wrist and forearm, and the six-shooter is the finger of your wrist, the lengthening of your arm. That is the theory and creed of the six-shooter—Outing. Speak Kindly. A man was once saved by a very poor boy from drowning. After his restoration he said to him: "What can I do for you, my boy?" "Speak a kind word to me some time," replied the boy, the tears gushing from his eyes. "I ain't got a mother like some of them." A kind word! Think of it. This man had it in his power to give the boy money, clothes, playthings, but the little fellow craved nothing so much as a kind word now and then. If the man had ever so little heart, the boy must certainly have had the wish granted. A kind word! You have many such spoken to you daily, and you do not think much of their value; but that poor boy in the village, at whom everybody laughs, would think that he had found a treasure if some one spoke a kind word to him. A Lightless Lighthouse. On a sunken reef 350 feet distant from Stornoway lighthouse is a remarkable beacon which warns mariners with the help of a light which is only apparent. The beacon is a cone of cast-iron plates, surmounted with a lantern containing a glass prism. The prism derives its light from refracting rays emitted from the lighthouse, and the optical delusion is marvelous. Mariners naturally suppose that there is a lighted lamp on the beacon itself and many of them will not believe otherwise. But the object of the beacon is attained when the navigator sees the reflected light, which indicates the perilous rock below. This beacon has been in use more than half a century, and since it was fixed in position others have been placed in other neighborhoods to make clear points of danger.—Technical World. Why Foam is White. "How white the foam is," said the pretty girl, in a voice muffled by the sabbie stole drawn across her red mouth. "Yet the sea is green. Why, then, isn't the foam green?" But the young sophomore laughed in derision of such ignorance. "Gee, you are ignorant!" he said. "Beem's brown, but its foam is white. Shake up black ink and you get white foam. Shake up red ink and the result is the same. "A body that reflects all the light it receives without absorbing any is always white. All bodies powdered into tiny diamond form, so that they throw back the light from many facets, absorb none of it and are white by consequence. Powdered black marble, for instance, is white. And foam is water powdered into these small diamonds, and hence its whiteness."—Philadelphia Bulletin. How He Found Them Out. A shopkeeper, the head of a large firm, one evening, after business hours, caused his saleswomen to be assembled before him. "There are among you," he said to them, "several individuals whom I know to be guilty of theft from our establishment. I have the names of every one of the culprits; but I neither wish to mention them here nor to hand them over to the police. Meanwhile my firm cannot continue to employ thieves, and I ask those among you whom it may concern not to enter my premises any more after tonight. If you dare, after this, to put in an appearance, I shall hand you up on once over to a detective, who will be in the house." Upon this the girls were allowed to go home. Next morning eighteen of them did not come.

WORLD'S YOUNGEST COLLEGE PRESIDENT



REV. MARION LE ROY BURTON. Brooklyn, N. Y.—Dr. Marion Le Roy Burton is President-elect of Smith College, and when he takes office in September, 1909, will be the youngest college president in America. During the past year he has occupied the pastorate at the Church of the Pilgrims, in Brooklyn. He holds a Ph. D. from Yale, where he was for some time professor of theology. He has written a book called "The Problem of Evil."

INDIAN'S FEAT ON TRAIL

Bloodhounds Baffled, He Follows and Captures Bandits.

Muskegee, Okla.—Willie Bryant, a full blooded Cherokee boy, nineteen years old, taking a trail that bloodhounds refused to follow, led the way for fifty miles through rough timbered country and with a posse surrounded and captured the two remaining robbers who made a futile attempt to hold up a train at Braggs, resulting in a fight in which one officer was killed and one of the robbers badly wounded. The feat of Bryant is considered remarkable. He has inherited all of the instincts of his forefathers in the craft of the trail. Sheriff Ramsay took bloodhounds in an auto to the scene of the hold-up, before the trail was six hours old, but the dogs refused to follow it. Then Deputy Sheriff Clark put young Bryant at the head of the posse. The Indian was given his head. The course is in the foothills of the Ozark Mountains and very difficult for travel. This distance was covered unerringly and swiftly by the Cherokee. Though the task of keeping the trail was difficult, the members of the posse found the greatest trouble in keeping in sight of Bryant, when Proctor was reached the posse men were utterly exhausted.

SHAVES IN LION'S CAGE

Local Barber Shows His Great Nerve at a Tent Show.

Chillicothe, Mo.—Rather than take a dare Charles Goodner, twenty-four years of age, a nifty barber of Chillicothe, accepted a challenge issued by Capt. Cardova, a lion trainer with the Parker shows, giving a carnival here; and entering the steel arena, gave the captain a shave with a big lion perched on either side. The tent where the feat was performed was jammed with those who were curious to see whether the captain's deft would be taken up. Goodner entered the cage, calmly lathered and shaved the captain and then shouted "next."

Pig Barks Like a Dog

Saco, Me.—Fred M. Thim, of this city, a well-known electrician and railroad man, has at his home in lower Beach street a pig that barks like a dog. Mr. Thim has had many visitors to see the animal and hear it bark.