

## A HOUSEHOLD HEROINE.

The woman behind the preserving pot is certainly deserving of fame; She's not like the man behind the gun, But she's getting there just the same. The hero is trying to maim or kill, And great is his showing of nerve; But praise also goes to the woman who is using her skill to preserve.

No time she is wasting in drill or march Which fit the brave soldier for strife; She gathers 'round her what she'll attack, And then gets to work with her knife. She pares and she cores and she cuts with care.

Till fingers and muscles are sore; Then hither and thither in other tasks She's hurrying over the floor.

She gallantly stands at the firing line, Unmindful of heat and toll; All flushed is her face and her eyes are strained.

By watching the things that there boil, She spices and sweetens and stirs and skims.

Till weary in arms, back and feet; But bravely she stands till her work is done.

With never a thought of retreat, She carefully gathers the stores of sweets That she has so patiently made, And soon the good things for the winter feast.

In jars, cans and crocks are arrayed, She thinks not of plaudits for triumph won. Yet, while she to laurels will claim, The woman behind the preserving pot Is certainly worthy of fame.

—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

## The Trouble on the Torolito.

BY FRANCIS LYNDE.  
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## CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

Here was the battle-field upon which Macpherson had elected to fight for his kingdom. It was well-chosen. Unlike the Six-Mile, whose walls were perpendicular cliffs, the upper canyon was a tortuous gulch with precipitous slopes rising sharply from the water's edge. Below the settlers' dam the wedge-like rift widened and narrowed again, leaving a natural basin between mountain and "hog-back" which would serve admirably as a reservoir for the great irrigation ditch. In this basin the stream had deposited a bar of silt and glistening mica-schist and white quartz pebbles, the age-old washings of its swift rush down the canyon; and this was doubtless the placer-ground upon which Macpherson had filed a claim as discoverer. His outline of the status quo became clearly intelligible. A dam at the final narrowing of the gulch would submerge the bar; and above the basin it would have to be carried to an enormous height in the V-shaped chasm to retain a sufficiently large body of water. I remembered the stereotyped reply of the Mexican vaqueros to the "Gringo" pioneers and the Santa Fe trail-ers: "Carrajo! poco mesa rio!" and wondered how much farther up the river the engineer of the Glenlivet company would have to go to find Macpherson's "ready-made" site for the dam.

It was at this point in the meditative excursion that the fire of curiosity was lighted, and Macpherson's air of mystery added its armful of fagots. There was no good reason why a sick man who was at best but a transient onlooker should trouble himself about the matter, but curiosity knows no age, sex, or previous conditions of servitude to maladies, incurable or otherwise. Wherefore the onlooker must needs slide tremulously from the saddle, tether the clubfooted beast to a stunted tree growing from a cleft in a nearby boulder, and make toilsome way up the canyon.

Wykamp's alternative came into view beyond the second elbow in the wedge-shaped gorge. It was another scooped-out basin, similar to the one below; and a blazed fir-tree with blue-pencil markings proved that the engineer had already made his preliminary reconnaissance. But the insurmountable obstacle to which Macpherson's mysterious hint pointed was altogether unapparent. Aside from the added expense of tunneling a spur of the mountain for an outlet, the upper basin seemed quite as promising as the lower—more promising, in fact, since less masonry would be required. Was there anything in the topography of the canyon to forbid the construction of the dam at this point? To be sure, the steep slopes were inclined planes of crumbling shale; but the native granite could not be far to seek in excavating. And with the everlasting mountains for his dam-anchors, the engineer might surely possess his soul in security.

The sharp-pitched acclivity was slippery with an overlying of broken shale and dry fir-needles. I climbed a little higher to a shallow niche where a projecting rock promised a foothold, and sat down to try to puzzle it out and to gather breath for the return. The thin-lipped breeze, with the kiss of the snow-caps lingering in its breath, swept softly down from the bald summit of Jim's mountain; and the minimized thunder of the stream became the sub-bass in a great organ symphony in which the whispering firs played the sibilant treble. From the wider world below, the voice of a woman rose clear and strong in a prolonged double syllable—some farmer's wife or daughter calling her cow—and the familiar cry was a reminder that the day was done. If one would not have a soft-hearted giant and his following out scouring the valley for a stray invalid, one must scramble back and mount and ride.

down the slippery mountain-side into the stream. For a single jubilant instant joy was uppermost. One may well have a shuddering horror of winning out of life by the consumptive's road, and welcome as a messenger of God's mercy an end swift and measurably painless. But the instinct of self-preservation does not take into account a possible lack of things worth living for. The plunge into the icy waters of the Torolito was sharply reactionary, and with the gasping baptism the battle for life was on.

Measured by agonizings it lasted long. The water was no more than waist-deep, but the might of a strong man would have availed little against the swift down-rush of the torrent in its boulder-studded bed. Twice and yet once again, I made frenzied shift to struggle to foot or knee in the boiling raceway; and at the final emergence had a vanishing glimpse of the embankment of the Selter dam with some one standing thereon. It was a woman, and her figure was outlined against the wedge of blue sky beyond the canyon gateway. So much I saw in the catching of a breath, but when I would have cried to her the torrent uprose in its might and effaced me.

## CHAPTER VII.

"BACK TO THE EARTH AGAIN." If the immortal soul of man be a conscious entity, as some assert, what becomes of it in those lapses of the realities when the wheels of the mental recording machinery stop, and some buffet or bruise of the body corporeal tears a leaf out of the book of time? For a certain curious onlooker, whose queryings sent him to plunge unwillingly into the icy waters of the Torolito, time's clock stopped with a glimpse of the dam, an outlined figure of a woman, and a mighty gulch of the flood in his ears. When it began to tick again, it was night, and the point of view was the pillow of a bed in a strange room. A lamp was burning on a small table at the bed's head, and the room appeared as a half-story chamber in a substantial log house, with the rough rafters pitching low over the bed.

A murmur of voices came from below, and an intermittent clatter of knives and forks on ironstone china. Presently a chair complained in the room beneath, and a slow step mounted the stair. I closed my eyes wearily to open them when the leisurely steps reached the bedside.

The man who stood over me was tall, lean, leathern-skinned; and with no more beard than an Indian. If he had not worn his hat at the supper-table below, he had put it on to come upstairs. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and his manner was of those to whom coats are unmeaning luxuries.

"Mandy, she thort she hearn ye stirrin'," he said, and his speech associated itself with my recollection of the leisurely step on the stair.



IT WAS A WOMAN.

"Done foun' yourself ag'in, at last, have ye? Feel like ye could eat a little something?"

I wagged my head on the pillow, and asked the stereotyped question of the lately resuscitated: "Where am I?"

"Ye're here," he replied, with a simple directness which left nothing to be desired. "Nan, she fished ye out 'n the creek, an' we cyarr'd ye up to the house, 'mongst us, an' ye've been here ever since."

"Nan?" I queried.

"Oomhoo; she's my daughter. She was 'sooeyin' the cow, an' she saw you floppin' 'round in the run-away 'bove the dam. What-all was ye tryin' to do, anyhow?"

"Trying to get out, if I remember correctly. What is this for?" I put my hand to the bandage on my head.

"Hit's a purty tolerable bad cut; bumped it ag'in a rock, I reckon. Hurts some, don't it?"

"Not much; but I'm as weak as a child. You say your name is Selter?"

"Naw; I didn't say so, but hit air. An' ye're the tenderfoot from Macpherson's. I've hearn the name, but I misremember hit."

"Halcott," I said; and this was my informal introduction to the Selter household.

"Reckon ye couldn't eat anything," he said, hospitably, after an uneasy pause.

"No, I think not."

He left me at that, shuffling as he had come; and a few minutes after-ward there was a lighter step on the stair and a tap at the half-open door. I said "Come," thinking it was the daughter. It was Miss Sanborn. She had improvised a tray out of a tin kettle-cover, and was bringing me a slice of toast and a cup of tea. Hunger was not in me, but her thoughtful kindness stirred some faint simula-

"You must," she insisted. "You are getting better now, but you won't gain strength until you begin to eat. We mustn't let you starve yourself."

"There isn't much danger of that, is there?" I queried. "I ate a very hearty dinner, as I remember it."

She made the pillows comfortable and sat down at the bedside to hold the improvised tray. "When was that?" she asked.

"To-day; two or three hours before I started out to ride up the valley."

Her smile was a cordial in itself. "Nature is kind to us—sometimes. You have suffered dreadfully, and have been very near to death without realizing it. Your hearty dinner was eaten just three weeks ago to-day."

It was blankly incredible, and I said so.

"It is true. It was brain fever," the doctor says. You have been delirious all the time when you haven't been unconscious."

"The doctor, you say? I didn't know there was one in the valley."

"There isn't. But Mr. Macpherson brought Dr. Raynor up from the fort, and has kept him here ever since." I had eaten half of the toast slice and was reaching for the other half. She gave it to me. "That is right; it will do you good."

"That is just like Mac," I said. "There is no end to his good-heartedness."

"No." She said it frankly, and if there were the faintest flush of self-consciousness to go with it, the light was too poor to betray her.

It is not to be expected that a man who had just lost three weeks in the chaos of delirium should be wholly responsible, and I said: "It must have been a sore trial to him not to be able to come here to see me."

Her straight brows went up in a little arch of surprise, and there was an alarm signal setting itself in the frank eyes.

"Not to be able to come here? He has watched with you every night."

I saw my blunder and was not too far gone to try to retrieve it.

"I didn't know," I said. "I thought the trouble between him and Selter might keep him away."

She smiled again. There was relief in it this time, and the alarm signal in the eyes of serenity took flight.

"Your illness has been a blessing in disguise," she said; "the trouble between them was growing day by day, but Mr. Macpherson's coming here so much has given them a chance to arrive at a better understanding. Their interests are identical, when all is said."

"Yes; but I understood that Selter had gone over to the enemy," said I.

"He did sell his water-right to the land company; but he is sorry for that now. Mr. Macpherson has shown him what the result will be; that he will presently have to buy water of the company, at the company's price. Shall I bring you another cup of tea?"

"No, thank you. But tell me more about—"

She shook her head with great decision. "Not any more to-night. By and by, when you are stronger, Mr. Macpherson will tell you all about it."

"Will Mac be here to-night?"

"I presume so; yes, certainly he will come. Can I do anything more for you?"

Her presence was so restful that I tried to think of some pretext for detaining her. Since none offered, I was reluctantly constrained to bid her good-night, and I did it with a firm resolve to stay awake long enough to question Macpherson when he should come. But when she was gone, the opiate in the low hum of voices from below stairs struck hands with weakness, and I slept—slept so soundly that I knew not when Macpherson came or went; and it was late the following evening when I awoke out of a doze to find the master of the ranch at my bedside.

His greeting was large-hearted, with a little quaver of gratitude in the voicing of it.

"By jove! old man; I thought you were going to make a die of it in spite of us," he said, and his eyes were suspiciously bright. "How are you feeling?—a bit stronger and better?"

"I'm coming on all right. I think I've slept most of the time for 24 hours—or is it another three weeks?"

There was a heartening in his laugh. "No, it's only a day this time. But you mustn't talk. Doctors are bad people to run up against."

"If I can't talk, you'll have to. When I dropped out—or rather in—we were about to take up arms against a sea of troubles. Piece out the story for me and I'll be as quiet as a lamb. Otherwise I shall have a query-fit and run my temperature up. What has happened in my temporary absence?"

Macpherson laughed again. "A whole lot of things have happened. Selter has seen the error of his ways and is mad—slow-mad like an Indian, and after somebody's scalp—Wykamp's for preference, though I believe he wouldn't hesitate to ambush the entire board of directors after the most approved Tennessee mountaineer style if he had the chance."

"What converted him?"

"Several things contributed. First, he had to divide the purchase money for the water-right with the other settlers, and there wasn't enough to go around. Then it was discovered that he had been too ignorant or too negligent to secure interim rights—water to use while the dam-building goes on—and in consequence the whole settlement is likely to go dry through the summer while Wykamp is tearing out and putting in. That

stirred up a hornet's nest, right, and when the buzzing began in good earnest he came to me and wanted advice and help."

"And you gave both, I presume?"

"I gave him a Scotch blessing, and sent him off with a bee in his bonnet to keep the hornets company. I was still pretty warm under the collar. But about that time you were trying your best to drop out, and when he tackled me again I weakened. I told him there wasn't anything to do but to grin and bear it—since he'd thrown up his chance—but he'd got wind of the placid-alternative and he has been crazy to have me jump on. I haven't made a move. I'm holding off—jib-sheet free and head to the wind, ready to come about at the critical moment. There's no hurry. It's working beautifully without me just now, settlers holding indignation meetings in the schoolhouse, whereas and resolving, and everybody mad enough to fight at the drop of the hat. My part has been to pour oil on the troubled waters; not too much oil, you know, but just enough to keep somebody from killing somebody else; and I promise you I've had my hands full. One pot-shot from behind a boulder just now would spoil the whole conspiracy."

"Is anyone likely to fire it?" I asked.

Macpherson wagged his head dubiously.

## [To Be Continued.]

## A GOOD MENU.

Story of an Adventure of Artemus Ward with a "Mrs. Mulligan."

An old friend of Artemus Ward tells this anecdote in the Century:

Down on Canal street one day he encountered a "Mrs. Mulligan" over her washtub, with her dress pinned up about her waist, barefooted and rubbing away upon her washboard, some dirty children playing about.

He accosted her with a "Good morning," and inquired if she would like to do his washing, and what was her price.

She straightened up, put her fists upon her hips and with a withering stare said: "I'm not one of those that does washing out of my own family. You're a fine gosssoon. I don't even know you by eyesight."

Turning to the two boys, she said: "Here, Joseph Ander, take Thomas Ander by the hand and lade him off til skule."

Said Joseph Ander: "I've not had me breakfast."

"Yes, and ye have. Ye had the blue duck's eggs and pancakes sopped in gravy. Now be off wid yees."

And Artemus said he thought it was time for him to go, lest she might take a fancy to wash his shirt without his taking it off.

The menu pleased him so much that he repeated it again and again, laughing heartily at each repetition: "The blue duck's eggs and pancakes sopped in gravy."

## ANNIE LAURIE'S GRAVE.

Sadly Neglected Resting Place of the Scotch Girl for Whom the Song Was Written.

Public notice has been directed in England to the grave of Annie Laurie, and the fact that it has been sadly neglected and has remained all these years without a tombstone is attracting attention. The St. James' Gazette remarks: "Many people are under the delusion that Annie Laurie was merely a figment of the poet's brain, but this was not so. She was the daughter of Sir Robert Laurie, and was born in Maxwellton house, which stands on the 'braes' immortalized in the song. Maxwellton house is still full of memories of this winsome girl, and in the long drawing-room there still hangs her portrait. Her lover and the author of the original song was young Douglas, of England, but whether he, as is common with lovers of poetic temperament, did not press his suit sufficiently, or whether she wished a stabler husband, she gave her hand to a prosaic country laird, her cousin, Mr. Alexander Ferguson. They lived the rest of their lives at Craigmaddock house, five miles from Maxwellton, and when she died Annie was buried in the beautiful glen of the Cairn. Lady Scott Spottwoode, who died early in the present year, was responsible for the modern version of the song."

## An Old Mail-Box.

Among the treasures held by the Antiquarian society in Portsmouth, N. H., there is an old box the history of which is given on a label which it bears. The box is of tin, painted green, and shows signs of much usage, which is not surprising when one considers that it carried the United States mail between Portsmouth and Boston during the revolution. It is about nine inches long, four and a half inches wide and a little more than that in height. It was carried on horseback by Capt. John Noble, otherwise known as Deacon Noble, who was post-rider until 1783. This box contained all the mail, and made every week one round trip, occupying three days in the journey—from Portsmouth to Boston the first of the week, and three days at the end of the week from Boston to Portsmouth. The distance between the two places is a little more than 50 miles. The mail-box is somewhat battered and the paint is faded and scraped, but there is no doubt that in case need arose the stout little box could even now serve as it did in the time of the country's peril.—Youth's Companion.

## Jollyng.

The only way to jolly some folks is to say that they cannot be jollied.—Washington (la.) Democrat.



## CARMEN SYLVA'S TALES.

"A Real Queen's Fairy Tales" is the Latest Book from the Pen of Roumania's Queen.

Elizabeth, queen of Roumania, whose pen name of Carmen Sylva is known all over the world, has written a new volume of fairy tales. The book is issued in half a dozen different countries. The American translation by Miss Edith Hopkirk is charming in its simplicity and grace. George T. B. Davis has written an enthusiastic introduction, in which he tells the chief points in Carmen Sylva's life. She is a charming hostess and a brilliant conversationalist, being able to entertain her guests with equal grace in half a dozen different languages.

The queen's literary work includes novels, poems, dramas, proverbs, a philosophical treatise, and an opera libretto, but she finds her greatest delight in writing fairy tales. The world-wide popularity of these tales is easily understood after reading her last volume. The stories are about children and for children, and their ideas and imagery as well as their language are just of the right kind to hold a child spellbound. The fairies are of the good and noble variety, and their rewards are bestowed upon the little boys and girls who do the most unselfish acts. The tales breathe an elevating influence, yet their morals are not of the dull or obvious kind. The moral is part of the warp and woof of the story.

The supernatural is a subsidiary element in Carmen Sylva's fairy tales. It is used chiefly to give scope to her own tastes and longings, as when she creates a fairy that changes base metal into gold to aid in a deed of kindness, or when she causes a fairy to help a musician in writing a masterpiece. Her love of the woods, of birds and flowers, of music and children and of gentleness and unselfishness is embodied in these tales with real literary art.

In the concluding chapter Carmen Sylva explains to her child readers

## CUT GLASS IN FAVOR.

Trio of the Latest and Most Popular Shapes and Cutting Designs Described and Illustrated.

Although cut glass has been in favor for years, yet its popularity from season to season seems to increase rather than diminish. At first only a certain number of articles were used by fashionable folk of cut glass, but every year the field grows larger and a greater variety of pieces are prominent.

Compte dishes of cut glass are among the table pieces more recently adopted by the smart set, and a trio of the latest shapes and cutting designs are pictured in the accompanying illustration. The upper left-hand one shows the Ellsner pattern, an unusual design that is much liked. Next to it in the center, the lower, squatty compte is of the Sultana pattern, one of the most favored

designs of all just now. The smallest of the trio is called the Waverly cutting, and while the least expensive its cutting is in inverse proportion to its cost. The three shapes are each entirely different, yet all desirable and in mode. The one or lily-shaped cut-glass flower vase has become so familiar and so much used that one gives a warm welcome to anything different, especially when it is as attractive as is the new vase pictured in the lower left-hand corner of this group. This is an exceedingly pretty pattern, and in shape, cutting and brilliancy is entirely unexceptionable. With the colonial fad so prominent the cut glass candlestick next the empress pattern will find favor in many places in the home, but particularly on millady's dressing table. When topped by a dainty white flower-goblet shade its effect is charming. Goblets are being more and more used for formal affairs, and many predict their return to vogue for everyday use. The goblet of Corinthian design of our sketch shows a cutting that is showy and brilliant yet not costly in the extreme either.—Chicago Daily News.



LATE CUT GLASS PATTERNS.

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