

### THE MAN AT THE TOLL-GATE.

BY JEANNE FENDELTON EWING.

The white road climbs a stubborn hill. But where it dips to reach the plain—And horses bear with a cool will—The jarring brake and tightened rein—The toll-gate's wooden arm is laid Across the way, and wheels are stayed Till hobbles out that homely king To whom the tribute must be paid.

A king of "hatch," but not of "shred!" For well his years of singleness Have taught the trick of shears and thread And how to clothe his clammy dress. At any time he has to spare His lady garden gets a share.

Yet, at the first faint buzz of wheels, The toll-gate is his only care! He nods and chats in friendly way: The sweating teams, their weight or speed, The threatening cloud that does the hay—These furnish gossip for his day. His guests for joy; but still he sees Some little thing to move or please. If but the sparrow's bray, or hummy drone, The toll some hay-rack left his trees.

And when there falls a wintry night When to his weary, or sorry, maid, He sets his hickory logs alight, And piles, forsooth, another trade, His mattress-needle works grave, While, stretched against the chimney pole, The purring mother licks her young, Soft-blinking in her master's face.

"A lonely life," the careless say, But find their pity ill-bestowed; Do not the legends come his way And huddle on or men his road? He is a king, and looks it, too, For all his kind old heart and true. Who, if he pleased to hold the gate, Might balk the world of passes through. —Youth's Companion.

### The Tree of Death

By Arthur L. Meserve.

WO men stood side by side in the heart of the forest one autumn afternoon as the sun was going down. They were nearly of the same age, and in the very prime of life.

Their garments were of similar make, such as are worn by the early settlers of the country. Each was armed with a long rifle and a knife. Upon their faces was a mingled look of sorrow, and stern determination, which plainly showed that some ill fortune had come to them, and that their minds were made up to avenge it if possible.

And, indeed, ill luck had come to one of them. All that he possessed in this world which was dear to him had fallen beneath the hand of the red destroyer.

His wife and children had that very morning been slain by the savages, and the cabin which had been their happy home given to the flames.

He had been hunting in the forest at the time, and knew nothing of the terrible misfortune which had befallen him until he stood upon the edge of the clearing, and saw the work of devastation which the red hands had done.

The friend who now stood by his side had been with him, and as soon as they had recovered from the spell which the sight cast upon them, they hurried to the spot where the ashes of the cabin smoldered, only to find their worst fears confirmed.

Wife and children were gone, slain by the red fiends, or perhaps cast into the flames of the cabin while yet alive.

Simon Hart looked upon the scene, and his brain turned as though his reason was about to forsake him. One thing alone seemed to prevent it, and that was thought of vengeance. He would live and work for that while life and strength lasted.

Dick White, his friend, stood by and cheered him as well as he could in this, his hour of need. He seemed to divine what was passing in Hart's mind, and he said:

"We cannot help them. They are past our aid now. But there is one thing, Simon, that we can do. We can live and work for vengeance. Let us follow the murderers, and not give over the search until they are wiped from the earth, or we have fired our last shot."

"You are right, Dick," answered the settler, grasping him by the hand. "I will live for vengeance. When that has been had, there will be time enough for me to think what my fate will be. A moment ago I had more in an hour a mind to end my days on this spot, y' own head. Oh, my wife! my children! shall I never see you again?"

For the space of a minute he gave way to his anguish, then he exclaimed, suddenly:

"Come, this trail is plain before us. Let us take it and follow on to the end. I never before thanked for the blood of a prospector. Now I would wipe out the whole accursed race in one blow if I had the power to do it."

They lost no more time about the ruins of the cabin, but started off at once. The trail was easy to follow, and they had gone on until they had reached the point where they saw them standing in the heart of the great silent forest, with the sun going down before them.

For a few minutes they had been standing motionless, without a word passing between them; but now Dick White broke the silence by exclaiming:

We can while the daylight lasts. We cannot follow them when the darkness has hid the trail."

Simon Hart made no reply, but the stern, determined look upon his countenance deepened, telling of the feelings which animated his breast, and how he longed to commence the work of avenging his lost ones.

Swiftly, yet cautiously, they glided along the trail, while the sun went down behind the western treetops and the shadows of the evening began to gather thickly about them.

Crowding an eminence, they could see through the twilight the hollow oak, beneath the branches of which they felt sure of finding the savages. The trail led directly thither, and there was little need of keeping upon it, they thought, so certain were they that they should find there those they sought.

The night was come when at length they stood close to it, and saw shining through the trees the light of a camp fire. One portion of their task was over; their work of death was seen to begin.

Silently they crept nearer and nearer until at last they stood so close to the tree that they could count the savages clustering about the fire. They were seven in number.

Simon Hart was so impatient for his vengeance that he would have sprung upon them at once, had not his companion held him back, and at the same time whispered in his ear:

"Keep quiet, if you would not ruin all. Wait until they are asleep, and then our task will be an easy one, and our vengeance sure. To strike now might ruin all. No one of those red fiends must on any account be suffered to escape."

Simon Hart saw that his friend was right. He must possess himself with patience as best he could.

As motionless as statues they stood there, with their eyes fixed upon their enemies. Slowly the minutes went by. It seemed that the time for them to strike would never come.

The light of the camp fire grew paler and paler, and at last only a faint glow remained. The savages huddled about it, and to all appearance each and every one was buried in slumber.

The hour of vengeance had arrived. Noiselessly the two hunters crept toward their victims. In one hand they held their rifles and in the other their knives. A few steps brought them to the side of the nearest savages.

"For my wife, my children!" exclaimed Simon Hart, in a whisper, as he buried his knife to the hilt in the heart of a savage.

The blow of Dick White was no less strong and sure, and two of the savages lay weltering in their gore, their career ended forever.

So silently and surely had the blows been struck that neither had uttered so much as a groan. Their comrades still slept on, unsuspecting of the doom impending.

After the knives of the avengers were raised, and true to their aim they did the work assigned to them.

But three of the savages now remained.

"Another blow for my murdered ones," shouted Simon Hart, in a tone of triumph which rang out like a trumpet through the stillness of the night.

The remaining savages sprang to their feet, but before they could rise and arm in their defense a couple of bullets ended the career of two of them forever. The remaining savage turned to flee, but he had hardly quitted his tracks before Simon Hart was upon him, and one blow completed the work of vengeance.

For years thereafter the Hollow Oak was known to the settlers of that region as the Tree of Death.—New York Weekly.

Voices of Animals. There is a chapter in the natural history of animals that has hardly been touched upon as yet, and that will be especially interesting with reference to families. The voices of animals have a family character not to be mistaken.

All the canine bark and howl—the fox, the wolf, the dog, have the same kind of utterance, though on a somewhat different pitch. All the bears growl from the white bear of the Arctic snows to the small black bear of the Andes. All the cats mew, from our quiet house companion to the lions and tigers and panthers of the forests and jungles.

The last may seem a strange assertion; but to anyone who has listened critically to their sounds and analyzed their voices, the roar of the lion is but a gigantic mew, bearing about the same proportion to that of a cat as its stately and majestic form does to the smaller, softer, more peaceful aspect of the cat. Yet, notwithstanding the difference in their size, who can look at the lion, whether in his more sleepy mood, as he lies curled up in a corner of his cage, or in his fiercer moments of hunger and rage, without being reminded of a cat? And this is not merely the resemblance of one carnivorous animal to another; for no one was ever reminded of a dog or wolf by a lion.—Prof. Agassiz.

Even the Barber Smeared. James Johnstone, the noted baseball umpire, was the guest of honor at a recent banquet of baseball "fans," a banquet that was a protest against Mr. Johnstone's proposed retirement.

"A health to you, Jim Johnstone, the bravest umpire that ever called a strike," the toastmaster said, and Umpire Johnstone in his acknowledgment talked about bravery.

"I am a square," he said, "but I don't pretend to be particularly brave. Squareness by itself will make a man a successful umpire. He has no great need of bravery on the diamond. Who, indeed, needs bravery overmuch? Even the soldier doesn't. Obedience and a sense of pride will carry any soldier through."

### Household Matters

Keeping Olive Oil. Olive oil is injured by being kept in the light. When used at the table it should be put in a dark-colored bottle, and removed to a cool, dark place immediately after the meal is over.

Cleaning Brass. Brass that is badly tarnished may be cleaned by dissolving in ammonia a small piece of scouring soap. Apply this to the surface with a soft brush and then polish well with chamfios skin.

Two Cleaning Recipes. All oak furniture looks nice if rubbed with beeswax and turpentine. Put on thinly and polish with a brush. A tablespoonful of sal-soda, over which boiling water is poured, is recommended for taking stains off coffee pots. With this treatment no boiling is necessary.

New Tapestry Designs. The new designs in tapestry are more practical than those of last season. Greater attention has been paid to the harmony of border and body material and to the blending of colors. One of the new forms of border goods is the reversible type, with a different border on each side.

The Table Cover. Coverings for circular tables have a central pattern which is the shape and size of the table top, and a circular border of the same design falls over the edges. The regulation tablecloth, however, plays little part these days in the dressing of the festive board, except on formal occasions. Breakfast and luncheon cloths, centerpieces and doilies are much more convenient for ordinary use. They are also less troublesome to launder.

Soap Making. As the time to make soap will soon be here again I give my recipe which requires very little labor.

5 lbs. grease, 2½ gallons water, 1 can lye.

I usually make four times the amount at one time. Dissolve each can of lye in ½ gallon of water placed in a stone jar. Boil the grease in the remaining 2 gallons of water in a large kettle for about ten minutes, then stir in the lye. The soap will soon form. Cool and cut out in cakes.—Mrs. J. S. Davis, in The Epitomist.

Hints to the Cook. When making corn-meal mush sift a tablespoonful of flour with the meal to prevent the mush sticking.

In molding fancy jellies brush the inside of the mold with white of egg and the jelly will turn out easily.

If boiled or roasted meat that is to be used cold is wrapped in a moist cloth it will be more tender.

When making gravy remove the pan from the fire while the thickening is being stirred in, and when smooth return to the fire to cook. This method prevents lumps forming.

To scale fish easily pour on hot water slowly till the scales curl, then scrape quickly. Wash in several waters, having the last cold and well salted so no slime will be left.

For the boiled elder of grandmother's day, without which no mince pie or fruit cake was complete, and which kept perfectly for a year or more, boil slowly, five quarts of sweet elder in a porcelain kettle, watching that it does not burn until reduced to three pints, turn into glass jars or bottles and seal tightly like canned fruit.

Potatoes will be more quickly if two kettles of boiling water are prepared, one of which is poured over the vegetables, and after a moment the potatoes are lifted into the other kettle, and boiling will not cease. When potatoes are to be baked, if they are thoroughly heated on top of the stove (turning them once) they will bake in half the usual time.—The Epitomist.

RECIPIES

Peach Pie—Pare and cut in halves, place in a deep dish; sprinkle a little cinnamon and sugar, then sift on a little flour; cover with a nice rich crust. To be eaten fresh.

White Sauce—Add to melted butter one ounce of flour and stir till smooth. Pour in slowly three-quarters of a pint of cold water. Stir until it boils. Add six drops of lemon juice, season and strain.

Lemon Pie—One coffee cup of sugar, juice and rind of one lemon, three eggs, one tablespoonful of corn starch dissolved in a little cold water; add boiling water to fill the cup, make meringue of the whites of eggs for the top.

Lentils—Soak the lentils in water overnight. Drain, and cover with water and cook until quite soft, but not broken. Drain very dry, melt a heaping teaspoonful of butter in a frying pan, and when slightly browned, put in an onion cut into tiny bits. Stir for several minutes, then turn in the lentils. Add a tablespoonful of browned flour, and a teaspoonful of vinegar. Cook, stirring to a smooth mass, and serve.

Stuffed Cabbage—Wash a cabbage and lay it in salted water for an hour, pulling the leaves apart, but not breaking them off. Then place it in salted boiling water and cook for ten minutes. Drain, and when cold, stand on end and put between the leaves a forcemeat made by mixing a cup of chopped roast meat—beef, mutton or veal—with half as much fine crumbs, and moistening all with weak stock. Begin this stuffing process at the center of the cabbage, filling all interstices carefully. When the forcemeat is all used, press the leaves into place and wrap the cabbage in a strip of cheese cloth. Put carefully into boiling water and boil for a little over an hour. Lay the cabbage on a platter, carefully remove the cheese cloth, and pour over the cabbage a good brown sauce.

### Woman's Realm

Praises American Women.

Many men seem to have little to do in these days but to discuss women. An ex-President, not to speak of lesser personages, has gone to the trouble of defining their sphere and pointing out their virtues and vices, and now it is the Japanese Minister to the United States who is turning his attention to this enigma of the ages, so called.

His excellency Kogoro Takahira discusses his subject in the "Woman's Home Companion," and takes a line somewhat different from that of some previous critics. He has nothing but praise, and high praise at that, for the American woman.

He goes so far as to attribute the friendship of the United States for Japan to her influence, and of this friendship he says:

"One could only magnify and multiply fifty million or eighty million times the beauty and charm of friendship between man and man this would give just a glimpse of the splendor of a friendship between two great nations."

The typical American woman does not concern herself, it is true, with the details of the machinery, the knotty complications of international politics. Indeed, from the very nature of things there are few women of any nation who have an intimate knowledge of the inner workings of such affairs.

But in their larger outlooks almost all international questions of magnitude seem to claim the American woman's stamp of approval, and woe to those measures upon which she frowns. The story of her interest in these measures, her attitude toward them and her comprehension of them is the highest tribute that could be paid to the intelligence of American womanhood.

In the troubles and trying hours of Japan during the last two years I have had many opportunities to observe with admiration and gratitude the sympathetic intelligence of the women of America in reading the aspirations of our country and interpreting their significance. Athwart our path were mountainous obstacles which to western eyes seemed quite impossible for us to scale.

Perhaps it was the pluck of a comparatively small nation that refused point-blank to consider these obstacles insurmountable that appealed to the American woman. What we were trying to do spoke to the heroic in her nature, and her sympathy was as sensitive as an A-collared eye when at last we successfully weathered the storm.

In these two eventful years I have been made to see two traits which are conspicuous among the many remarkable attributes of the intelligent American woman. The first is the tenacity with which she holds to her convictions. This stands out in no uncertain outline. If she does not understand every detail, she certainly takes good care that what she has in her grasp does not escape her.

That is not all. She sees it that the same conviction is somehow conveyed to the minds of her friends. Once she is thoroughly possessed with a conviction and once in the arena, I know of no missionary who can claim the distinction of being her superior in zeal and ability. It would perhaps be difficult for even a gifted historian to trace accurately all the national and international events in the salons and boudoirs whence they came; but it would be very much more difficult to prove that these epochal events have had nothing to do with the gentler hours of a nation's life, with silken arenas, with smiles and whispers behind fans. And in America this fact seems to be so emphasized by the exceptionally high intelligence of the American woman that I do not see how any one with grace deny it.

His excellency comments with particular satisfaction, and some amazement, in the usefulness of American friendship for Japan. He says:

"There are many phases in the Far Eastern question which the United States can very properly look upon through the eyes of self-interest. The press and a few people called the attention of the American public to these points. The public remained entirely indifferent to them."

"May it not be true that this peculiar feature of our friendship, so foreign to the self-interest basis of diplomacy, has had its root in the work of the American woman, who is not always the best hand to count how much superior in the value of self-interest to Japan over so airy a subject as an international friendship?"

The Art of Conversation. To one woman who is thoroughly satisfied with her ability to maintain a reasonable share of interesting conversation there are scores who distrust their own powers to the point of awkwardness. One has to note the behavior of guests at a reception given in honor of some more or less famous personage to realize that. The few accept the presentation easily and gracefully, make little speeches that exactly fit and are away leaving an agreeable impression. The many look uncomfortable, appear awkward and say the wrong things if they had speech at all.

There is no short cut to grace of any description. Familiarity with an art brings ease, of course, and nothing broadens one like travel and much rubbing of elbows with humanity. A woman's opportunities have never equalled those of the other sex, because she has always spent so much time within the four walls of home. Conditions are improving all the time, however, and with newspapers, magazines and clubs there is less excuse for feminine awkwardness in the art of conversing. Serious discourse has but little part in our hurried life and that helps to ease the burdens.

It is said of elderly leaders of society in one of the larger cities that her power comes from her ability to talk to everybody upon the topic that pleases. She knows enough of music, art, literature and science to be interesting to those who make a life study of those arts, even though she might not be able to keep afloat in deeper conversational water. I have no doubt of the truth of the statement, for her wealth is insignificant by comparison with thousands of women she rules and she lacks beauty, style and grace. She is not even amiable.

I know that it is impossible for many women to talk to any extent, but some of them manage to be charming by evincing an interest that possesses drawing power and puts really good talkers at their best. Nothing is more irritating than half-hearted interest and the woman who allows her attention to wander while others are addressing her is likely to be black-listed. A good memory is a variable prop, for happy turns of conversation can be found all through the reading matter of the present day, and the retailer of good stories is sure of popularity.

One of the rules of conversation is never to appear to know things of which you are ignorant, but I would amend that by advising an owl-like expression of wisdom when subjects of which you know little or nothing come up. It generally gives one a deal of information without detracting from one's reputation. So many chatters are scattered through the world that a really well-informed person rarely gets an opportunity to appear to the best advantage.

In speaking of a woman who passed away a year or so ago, at the age of eighty-seven a group of men and women paid her a splendid tribute. She had never spoken an unkind word to the best knowledge of those who knew her best. Her sickness was long and painful, but her gentleness never failed. How she managed to escape the taint of the gossip habit nobody knows, for she lived in a neighborhood where it flourished in a lively fashion. But there is her record to prove her innocence.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

One Correspondent's Method. A woman noted among her friends as a prompt and interesting correspondent tells how, to a great degree, she is able to attend to her large correspondence so satisfactorily. She reserves a place in her desk for clippings from newspapers and magazines which might be of interest to distant friends. She has a memorandum book in which she jots down notes concerning topics of interest to her correspondents. On the receipt and reading of a letter she notes down on the envelope the answers to questions or the thoughts suggested by the first reading, so that her reply, be it written in two days or two weeks, may be as "continuous" as possible, not, as is often the case in correspondence, a sort of isolated letter bearing no relation to what has gone before except the acknowledgment of the previous letter. She writes as she would talk to her correspondent, telling of the local happenings of interest to him, of the friendly gossip, of plays, of concerts, of new phases in his business or profession—general in character, of course. In fact, she "specializes" in each case, striving to make her letter as individual as possible, avoiding the "circular letter" style.

Latest in Headgear. Everyone recognizes the paramount importance of hats. Has not one of our cleverest writers remarked that one may in time grow to care about a suit, but that a chapeau makes an instant impression?

Well, the latest in hats is warranted to make an instant impression, for it boasts the novelty of a high—"dome" is the correct name, though thimble is more descriptive—crown, covered plainly in a plain-cushion with velvet, the base being decorated in some way, with a wreath of shaded dahlias, repeating the tones of the velvet, perhaps, or by the much-discussed but recalcitrant veil, or both together; while its trim is not unlike an enlarged and extended edition of that on a man's felt, and often enough is of a slightly different color. Our old friend the "top" has been into unwonted smartness, and the French sailor generally modernized, are also favored.—Washington Times.

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### THE TOOTH OF BUDDHA.

A Relic Sacred to All Who Follow the Religion He Founded.

CERTAIN tooth is to the Buddhists what the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem is to the Christians, and what the birthplace of Arabian prophets is to the Mahometans. This tooth is believed by the pilgrims to his shrine to have come from the sacred mouth of Gautama Buddha, the founder of their faith. The shaven, bare-footed priests who watch over the relic, say that it was taken from the ashes of his funeral pyre five centuries before Christ was born. As a matter of fact, this profoundly venerated object looks suspiciously like the tooth of a wild boar or a monkey.

The "holy tooth" is enshrined in Kandy, a mountain town on the island of Ceylon, and thither it draws pilgrims from about one-third the entire population of the world. Wherever Buddhism has spread, the fame of this bit of bone has gone, so that it is regarded as sacred by more than four hundred and fifty million human beings. In the streets of Kandy one may meet votaries from a hundred different countries and provinces, from nearby Siam and faraway Siberia, from Nepal, Tibet, China, Korea and Japan. Indeed, many an aged native of Nippon is to be seen there, having gone to pray that his son will not be slain by the Russians. A few pilgrims

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