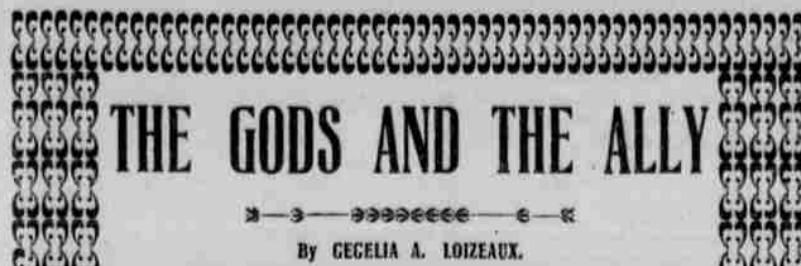


"But, lord," she said, "my shoulders are strong— I have been used to bear the load so long; And see, the hill is passed, and smooth the road."

"There!" In her voice a wondering question lay: "Was I not always here, then, as to-day?"



Both of the Old People chose the Ally because they were afraid to trust in the gods. They had not seen the gods—and they had seen the Ally and had found her good to look upon.

Of course they did not call her the Ally—they called her Mrs. Reynolds. She was a widow, rich, young and good looking, with such a dainty, demure style of good looks that both of the Old People forgot the society adage concerning widows, and went to her for advice on various subjects.

Among other good qualities the Ally was possessed of a keen sense of humor. Therefore when the Old Lady who lived on the comfortable estate adjoining the Ally's own in the quiet but well-to-do suburb, took a fancy to the young widow and made her by degrees her confidante, the Ally was a little touched and more than a little amused.

The Ally stiffened a little, and the Old Lady, seeing this, interpreted it to please herself. "I know it's a good deal to ask of you, but you're the only one of all the people I know who can help me. I know you like Frank, too, so I won't say all I could about him. I might like him myself if I didn't know his father so well."

"Well," decided the Ally, "I believe I will help you. I like Nell and Frank too well to see either or both of them made unhappy for life, if a little effort on my part will save them."

"I don't understand. Can't you make things a little clearer?" "Well, you see," said the Old Lady plaintively, "I bought this place when my husband died. He never would get it for me. He positively refused to live more than a half-hour away from his business. Said he could use all the time he would consume going and coming in making money. I guess he did. When he died I took it and bought this place."

"His son is good looking now," suggested the Ally. "Yes, just like ninety-nine out of a hundred young men you meet every day. They all look alike and he looks just like the rest of them. No distinction about him as there is to my Nell."

"Nell is a good looking girl," supplied the Ally, diplomatically. "Well, you can see the rest. It's going on right under our noses, and I'm perfectly helpless. It's Frank Hinsdale and Nell Coover seven days out of the week."

"It's outrageous, and Nell will not listen to a thing I say. It's a wonder there hasn't been a scandal before this. Young people weren't permitted to act so in my time. And every one knows perfectly well that Allan Hinsdale and I wouldn't speak to each other to save our necks from the gallows."

"Not marry! After such actions as this? What do they mean then? As soon as ever I reach home I shall find out if that young scamp has proposed, and if he hasn't I'll see to it that he does. And I'll see to it that he gets refused, too. If I have to call in all the neighbors to help!" There was a determined gleam in the Old Lady's eyes, which were still bright and blue behind her nose glasses.

"It just occurred to me this afternoon that I might tell you of my trouble and ask you to help me. I know it's a good deal to ask, but if you know how much you can do with Frank! He worships the ground you walk on, and anything you say or do he thinks is all right. I thought you would try to interest him in some other girl if I let you know how I felt about it. If he married Nell Coover her mother and myself would be in a pretty fix."

"I might help you," reflected the Ally again. "But you must let me do it in my own way. For instance, should you care if I were the cause of making Frank fall in love with another woman?"

"Gracious, no! Any one but Nell Coover! I am willing and even anxious to see him married. Use your own taste."

"Well, then, you must help. The first thing I want you to do is to stop opposing Frank in the matter of seeing Nell. Encourage him in it if you can, without being too obvious. There is such a thing as too much sugar, you know." The Old Gentleman saw her point and nodded delightedly.

"And it would help a lot if for the sake of the cause you could just bow to Mrs. Coover when you meet on the street."

The Old Gentleman reached for his hat and cane and stood up very straight. "Madam, I would far rather see my poor boy married to that girl and then spend the rest of my life getting even than speak to that woman now. Good day, madam!"

The Ally planned her campaign with much care, telling neither one of the Old People any more than she needed to keep their spirits up. She took every opportunity to talk with Nell and Frank, and finally she made out a list of young people for a two-weeks' house party. She asked both young people for a list of names, and she saw the little flush that reddened Nell's tanned cheeks when Frank insisted that she ask his friend Phil Bradley. Frank insisted that he didn't know a girl he would want around for two weeks other than the ones who were there already, but promised to be nice to those whom the Ally would invite.

There was a fortnight of merry-making, and when it was all over, all the guests departed but Phil Bradley, who moved his traps over to Frank's and stayed on. From that day on the quartet was as much in evidence as the couple had been. Nell was observed to be very polite to Frank's guest, and the Ally, in the role of comforter to Frank, was eminently successful.

The Old Lady beamed upon Philip and the warmth of her smiles penetrated even to the depths of outer darkness, where Frank was supposedly gnashing his teeth. She did not take the trouble to stiffen so the Old Gentleman, and she even allowed herself the luxury of a supercilious smile, for she had no other idea than that the dearest wish of the Old Gentleman's heart was to marry his son to her daughter.

And as for the Old Gentleman, he was seen to cut an insultingly wide swath around the Old Lady's floating silk draperies, and was heard to hum as he twirled his cane.

"We never speak as we pass by, although a tear beddms her eye. I know she thinks of her past life—tum—didi—tum!"

—New York News.

The Truth About Trapping. Mr. W. H. Wright, the noted grizzly-bear hunter, declares in the World's Work that the trapper of today lacks every characteristic which romance has interwoven with his name. He says:

People who have not seen can form no idea of the suffering trapper's cause, nor of their ruthless destruction of game. Nothing escapes them; even the squirrels are sacrificed to bait traps for marten and fisher; and not only the squirrels but all kinds of birds, whether game or song-birds.

In trapping mink, otter, beaver and a few other fur-bearing animals, the trap is nearly always set near the water, where the animal when caught is soon drowned, so that its sufferings are soon ended. But with bear, marten and fisher it is different. The bear must drag a heavy clog about until it catches in some root or bush. There he must wait until the trapper comes to kill him, and this in some cases is not for days. The bones of the leg are almost invariably broken by the trap, and the leg swells to incredible size.

One trapper in one day shot nineteen large blue grouse, merely to try a new rifle. The birds were nesting; he had no use for them, and not one did he even bring to camp. Three years ago in British Columbia, an old trapper camped near our bear-hunting party. He shot everything he could find, even little ducks and marmots. A goat he killed fell over a cliff; and as it was harder to recover it than to shoot another, he shot another. He was trapping beaver out of season, and boasted of having caught one that was about to become a mother.

"IN PRAISE OF THE FIST."

MAETERLINGK'S DEFENCE OF BOXING AS A MEANS OF ATTACK.

Belgian Writer Hails the "Human Weapon" and Declares That Pugilism is Essentially a Means of Promoting Peace and Gentleness—Man and Insect.

Maurice Maeterlinck in London Daily Mail.

In the holiday season it is well that we should occupy ourselves with the aptitudes of our body, once more restored to nature, and in particular with the exercises that seek his strength, its agility, and the qualities which it possesses as the body of a fine, healthy, formidable animal, ready to face all life's exigencies.

I remember in this connection that lately, when writing of the sword, I allowed myself to be carried away by my subject and that I was guilty of a certain injustice toward the only specific weapon with which nature has endowed us; I mean the fist. This injustice I am anxious to repair.

The sword and the fist form each other's complement, and if it be not ungracious thus to express oneself, are not on good terms together; but the sword is or should be only an exceptional weapon, a sort of ultima et sacra ratio. We should not have recourse to it save with solemn precautions and a ceremonial equivalent to that which we surround those criminal trials which may end in a sentence of death.

The fist, on the contrary, is pre-eminently the everyday, the human weapon, the only weapon organically adapted to the sensibility, the resistance, the offensive and defensive structure of our body.

The fact is that if we examine ourselves well we must rank ourselves, without vanity, among the most unprotected, the most naked, the most fragile, the most brittle and faccid beings in creation. Compare us, for instance, with the insect, so formidably equipped for attack and so fantastically armored! Contemplate among others the ant, upon which you may heap ten or twenty thousand times the weight of its body without apparently inconveniencing it. Consider the cockchafer, the least robust of the beetles, and weigh what it is able to carry before the castings of its abdomen crack or the casings of its forewings yield. As for the resistance of the stag beetle, it is so to speak unlimited.

In comparison, therefore, we and the majority of mammals are unarmored, soft beings, still in the gelatinous state and very near to the primitive protoplasm. Our skeleton alone, which is, as it were, the rough sketch of our definite form, offers a certain consistency; but how wretched is this skeleton, which one would think constructed by a child! Look at our spine, the basis of our whole system, whose ill set vertebrae hold together only by a miracle, and our thoracic cage, which presents only a series of diagnosis which we hardly dare touch with the finger tips.

Now, it is against this slack and incoherent machine, which resembles an abortive effort of nature, against this pitiful organism, from which life tends to escape on every side, that we have contrived weapons capable of annihilating us even if we possessed the fabulous armor case, the prodigious strength and the incredible vitality of the most indestructible insects.

We have here, it must be agreed, a very curious and a very disconcerting aberration, an initial folly, peculiar to the human race, that goes on increasing daily. In order to return to the natural logic followed by all other living things, though we be permitted to use extraordinary weapons against our enemies of a different order, we ought among ourselves, among men, to employ only the means of attack and defence provided by our own bodies. Were mankind to conform strictly to the evident will of nature, the fist—which is to man what its horns are to the bull and its claws and teeth to the lion—the fist should suffice for all our needs of protection, justice and revenge. A wiser race would forbid any other mode of combat as an irremissible crime against the essential laws of the species. At the end of a few generations we should thus succeed in spreading and putting into force a sort of panico-strickon respect of human life.

How prompt, how exactly in accordance with nature's wishes, would be the selection brought about by the intensive practice of pugilism, in which all the hopes of military glory would be centred. Now selection is, after all, the only really important thing that claims our pre-occupation; it is the first, the greatest and the most eternal of our duties toward the race.

Meanwhile the study of boxing gives us excellent lessons in humility and throws a somewhat alarming light upon the forfeiture of some of our most valuable instincts. We soon perceive that, in all that concerns the use of our limbs—agility, dexterity, muscular strength, resistance to pain—we have sunk to the lowest rank of the mammals or, rather, of the insects. From this point of view, in a well conceived hierarchy, we should be entitled to a modest place between the frog and the sheep. The kick of the horse, the butt of the bull, the bite of the dog, are mechanically and anatomically perfect. It would be impossible to improve by the most learned lessons their instinctive manner of using their natural weapons. But, we the "humanians," the progenies of the primates, do not know how to strike a blow with our fist. We do not even know which exactly is the weapon of our kind.

Look at two draymen, two peasants, who come to blows; nothing could be more pitiable. After a copious and dilatory broadside of insults and threats, they seize each other by the throat and the hair, make play with their feet, with their knees, at random, bite each other, scratch each other, get entangled in their motionless rage, dare not leave go, and if one of them succeeds in releasing an arm, he strikes out blindly and most often into space a series of hurried, stunted and sputtering little blows; nor would the combat ever end did not the treacherous knife, evoked by the disgrace of the inconspicuous sight, suddenly, almost spontaneously, leap from the pocket of one or the other.

On the contrary, watch two pugilists; no useless words, no groppings, no anger; the calmness of two certainties that know what lies before them. The athletic attitude of the guard, one of the finest of the male body, logically exhibits all the muscles of the organism to the best advantage. From head to foot, no particle of strength can now go astray. Each single one has its pole in one or other of the two massive fists charged to the full with energy. Three blows, no more, the fruits of secular experience, mathematically exchanged, three synthetic, irrefutable, unimprovable blows.

As soon as one of them frankly touches the adversary, the fight is ended, to the complete satisfaction of the conqueror, who triumphs so inconspicuously that he has no wish to abuse his victory, and with no dangerous hurt to the conquered, who is simply reduced to impotence and unconsciousness during the time needed for all ill will to evaporate. Soon after the beaten man will rise to his feet with no lasting damage, because the resistance of his bones and his organs is strictly and naturally proportioned to the power of the human weapon that has struck him and brought him down.

APPENDICITIS.

A New Theory Advanced Respecting Its Cause.

The question as to whether it is advisable to operate so frequently for appendicitis continues to arouse the interest of French physicians. M. Blanchard, a shining light in the French medical world, now comes forward with a startling new theory which entirely upsets all preconceived notions. He asserts—and says his assertion is backed by Professor Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute—that appendicitis is undoubtedly caused by intestinal worms. These are of three kinds, and the most dangerous is that known as the trypanopha, which causes the sharp pains and symptoms which indicate appendicitis.

Microscopic examination in every case of appendicitis that has come under the observation of Professor Blanchard and Professor Metchnikoff has revealed the presence of these parasites in the appendix. "Appendicitis," says Professor Blanchard, "more especially occurs during the hot weather, and, although not contagious or infectious, it frequently assumes the character of an epidemic in certain districts."

Now, according to the professor, market gardens in the neighborhood of great cities, such as Paris and London, are frequently manured and fertilized by the deodorized and chemically treated product of the city sewers. In these market gardens the vegetables are forced, and examination shows that they contain numerous intestinal parasites, and especially the eggs of the dreaded trypanopha.

The professor says that a surgical operation for appendicitis is absolutely unnecessary, and that it should never be performed unless some hard substance such as a cherry stone has been accidentally swallowed by the patient. He urges legislation to forbid the use of deodorized and chemically treated sewage as manure, and that thymol should be extensively used against intestinal worms.

"Appendicitis," adds Professor Blanchard, "when not the consequence of the accidental swallowing of some hard substance, is undoubtedly caused by the parasite to be found in cabbage, turnips, carrots, and cauliflower. The danger lies in eating vegetables that have been forced by manures or watered by contaminated well and spring water."

—Paris correspondence London Mail.

Speaking Through the Nose.

The offensiveness of the present defect could not be exaggerated, perhaps, but it is best to guard against exaggeration in dealing with it. Not long ago we talked with an observant Englishman, who was hardly the most willing of witnesses, but just as well as a gentle spirit, and we asked him if he had been much struck by our far-famed nasality since coming among us. No, he said, not half so much as he had expected; but what he had noticed was that we spoke drawlingly, draggingly, in tones that weakly and tardily did their office. It seemed to us, when we thought the matter over, that there was a great deal of truth in what he said, and we now commend his remark, together with our own less lenient accusations, to the attention of the American Woman's Speech Reformers. What they want to get at is the average of force, and not to err as to its precise nature. There is no doubt that certain of our women twang, and whine, and whine, and whine, but possibly close inquiry might develop the fact that, after all, it may be a lazy and careless mismanagement of the voice in the sort suggested which is most to be corrected.—William Dean Howells, in Harper's Bazar.

The Secret of the Maple.

No thoughtful person who has ever visited a maple-grove in the early spring, while snow-banks are yet lingering in sheltered hollows, and has seen the sap flowing from the holes in the shapely trunks, can have failed to wonder what forces govern the flow of the sap. When the warm sun touches the treetops the flow increases. A rise of a few degrees in temperature often causes a great increase of flow, if the rise passes the zero point, on the Centigrade scale, that is, the freezing-point of water. But a considerable change of temperature in which the fluctuations do not cross the zero line causes no marked change in the flow of the sap. Dr. K. M. Wiegand, discussing these and other related facts in the American Naturalist, reaches the conclusion that neither expansion of gas in the wood, nor expansion of the wood itself, is the underlying cause of the pressure which produces the flow, but that this pressure arises from the effects of temperature in altering the osmotic permeability of the pith-ray cells.

Manners.

The antiquary took down a small, fat volume, vellum-bound, with a brass clasp. "This is a 'Book of Manners,'" he said. "It was printed in 1473. Here are a few extracts."

"Do not gnaw a bone like a dog nor suck the marrow out of a bone. In peeling a pear begin at the stalk, but with an apple begin at the top. Do not wipe the hands on the clothes, nor suck them, but use the cloth. Do not eat an apple all alone, but cut it in two and give a neighbor a piece. Wipe your nose and mouth when you have drunk, and do not cough into the cup."—Minneapolis Journal

Buying or Selling?

It is told of the son of a horse dealer, a sharp lad, when once expected called upon by his father to mount a horse and exhibit its paces, the little fellow whispered the question, in order to regulate how he should ride: "Are you buying or selling?"—Tit-Bits.

Watch That Speaks the Time.

A Swiss watchmaker has invented a watch which speaks the time from a tiny phonograph. A very small hard rubber plate has the vibrations of the human voice imprinted upon it, and is actuated by clockwork, so that at a given time the articulation is made, indicating the hour. The utterance is sufficiently strong to be heard twenty feet away. It is possible by means of a device of which the inventor has not yet made any public statement, that a man's watch may tell him the time in the tones of wife or children.

Pierre Loti, the French author, has just been promoted from captain of frigate to captain of battleship. He has never quitted his service in the navy.

APPLE TREES 80 YEARS OLD.

They Were Planted by Indians at a Historic Spot in Michigan.

Planted by the Indians eighty years ago, when the spot was an Indian reservation and burying ground, two apple trees still stand side by side on the bank of the Shawassee River near Vernon. The trees are now of mammoth size, measuring six and eight feet in circumference, and notwithstanding their age they are still in healthy condition and bear fruit each year.

Near where they stand was located the first settlement made by white men in Shawassee County about one hundred years ago. In those early days the spot was one of the chief trading points in the locality.

It was located on one of the first trails heretofore, and, being also on the river bank, was accessible by water. In those days water was used for travel more than it is now. So large was the business done by Indians and fur traders that in 1840 a bank was established here. It was one of the wildest variety so common in those days, and issued a great amount of wildcat currency.

Tradition has it that while the bank was doing a flourishing business some of the large holders of its currency became uneasy about the security for the redemption of the paper and planned a raid to loot the bank.

The bank officials, hearing of the plan, took the bank's specie and buried it near the river. There still live in that vicinity some oldtimers who believe that the money is buried there yet, and many excavations have been made in the hope of uncovering it.

The trend of progress has been away from this spot, and any one visiting there to-day will find a peaceful farming community.—Detroit Free Press.

Seven Rules For Longevity.

The following rules for living to a ripe, old age are given by Mrs. Henderson in her recently published volume, 'The Aristocracy of Health' (Harpers):

1. Study the laws of nature for health and the remedies of nature for cure.
2. Avoid all poisons.
3. Take abundant exercise in pure air, but always short of fatigue. So exercise that every portion of the body is equally benefited. As it takes a strong engine for a long journey, cultivate lung-power by slow, deep-breathing exercises.
4. Eat only the amount of food that nature needs, and study what to eat from a scientific point of view.
5. Cultivate normal sleep. Live and sleep only in rooms that are well sunned, well ventilated, and not over-heated.
6. Cultivate the habit of work in connection with some worthy ambition, for healthy exercise of body and mind is as strengthening as repose, and should balance it. Work while you work and rest while you rest, avoiding all worry. Make yourself useful to the world, and feel that you have a mission in it.
7. Avoid all environments, the worst of which is the friend who encourages you to poison yourself.

Science and Manufacture.

In the Zeiss glass works at Jena fourteen doctors of science are employed, and these include mathematicians as well as physicists. The great German aniline color works employ more "scientific" than "technical" chemists. At one of them, for instance, fifty-five scientific and thirty-one technical chemists are engaged; at a second 145 scientific chemists and 175 technologists; at a third 148 scientific chemists for seventy-five technicians. The research laboratories of these works are lavishly equipped; one of them possesses a library of 14,000 volumes; a second spends 150,000 francs a year on glassware. These things are no doubt expensive, but these great factories still manage to pay a dividend of from twenty to thirty per cent. Every newly discovered substance which is usable is patented, and in this way Germany has managed to establish a monopoly. The house of Beyer possesses a thousand patents at home and 1200 in foreign countries.—London Graphic.

Barber's New Experience.

A good story of Charles Hawtry is told in Vanity Fair. When making a trip through Europe he found himself in a small village minus his luggage and his razors. There was no barber's shop, but, having heard of a man in the village who occasionally had shaved people, the famous actor sent for him, and was astonished at being requested to lie flat on his back before operations were commenced. Thinking it a custom of the country, he lay down, and was shaved with ease and dexterity, but afterward asked the man the reason why he requested his customers to adopt so peculiar a position. "Because, sir," was the naive reply, "I never before shaved a live man!"

Our New Navy.

In commission and under construction we now have twenty-six battleships and thirteen armored cruisers, eleven coast defense ironclads, a large fleet of unarmored steel vessels, upward of forty gunboats and nearly sixty torpedo boats and submarines. Of ships of all classes we had 327 at the end of 1905; and the complement had risen to more than 33,000 officers and men, exclusive of a marine corps of more than 6000, a force considerably larger than the regular army before the Spanish war.—New York Sun.

Copperhead Comes to Town.

As Miss Anna Montgomery was descending the stone stairway of the Carnegie Library last evening she almost stepped on a copperhead snake coiled on one of the steps. She screamed and ran out into the street. The snake was killed. It measured over three feet. How it got on the steps of a public building in the most frequented part of the town is a mystery.—Beaver Falls Correspondence Pittsburg Dispatch.