

In the Old Mill

By DONALD ALLEN

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On entering the village postoffice that afternoon Miss Kitty Havens beheld a stranger. She knew it was a stranger because he didn't look a bit like Deacon Thompson or Elder Stebbins. She judged his age to be twenty-five. She judged he was five-feet something tall. She was going to judge whether he was good looking or not when he turned his back to her and walked out.

"An ill bred man!" said Miss Kitty to herself.

The next thing was a conversation between two small boys. They spoke of the ice going out of the river, and one of them asserted that the suckers could catch a barrel of them in half an hour. Miss Kitty decided to go fishing the very next afternoon. Down by the old sawmill was the place, and she wouldn't have to take any boy with her to bait her hook.

Miss Kitty Havens was an orphan who had been "brought up" by her Uncle Elijah and Aunt Mary. Nineteen years old, fair looking, and most of the villagers would look after her as she walked along the streets and say something about somebody being "smarter'n a whip." That was the highest of praise. They couldn't have got off anything better after thinking over it for a week.

"Uncle 'Lije, the suckers are running," announced the girl when she reached home.

"Well, let 'em run," was the quiet reply.

"But I'm going fishing tomorrow."

"Well, don't fall in and get drowned."

"But there's a stranger in town. I saw him at the postoffice."

"Yes, I heard he was down at the old mill fishing. He's stopping at the tavern, and he won't tell Mr. Stevens where he comes from or anything about himself. He just said he'd take the best room in the house and didn't care for expense. I hear that Constable Baker thinks he's a suspicious character."

"He must be," said Aunt Mary. "A man who won't answer questions is bound to be a pirate in disguise."

Miss Kitty walked right up to the stranger. He didn't even turn his head. On the contrary, he caught another sucker. She coughed lightly. Another sucker. She got ready her pole and line. A third sucker! She felt like striking the man over the shoulders with the pole, but walked off up stream. He had the deep hole, and there was no use fishing in the rippled.

"If I can't fish, then he shant!" was the determination arrived at, and presently a log came drifting down to spin around in an eddy. Then came a board, a beam and a slab. He knew the girl was throwing them in from the other end of the mill, but he didn't look her way. He simply suspended his fishing and sat looking over the river. Nothing could be done with a man like that, and after an hour Miss Kitty went home. When she had told her story, which she did almost with tears in her eyes, Uncle Elijah drawled:

"Well, that's folks as is nigh-sighted, and that's folks as is deaf. Maybe he didn't see nor hear you."

"Didn't see nor hear a girl!"

"And a girl like her!" added Aunt Mary.

"I'll make him see and hear tomorrow if I have to hit him with a club! If he's in my place again I'll throw all the old mill into the water to bother him!"

The morrow came and the stranger was there. The girl had come half an hour earlier, but so had he. He was pulling out the suckers the same old way. No wooden Indian could have been more heedless of her presence. She walked to the far end of the mill, gathered all the drift wood in sight and heaved it into the water.

The deep hole soon became unfishable. She was rejoicing when there came a flash of lightning and a rumble of thunder. A sudden spring storm was at hand. Almost before she could seek the shelter of the mill it grew dark and the rain began to fall heavily. A thunder storm was the one thing Miss Kitty Havens was afraid of. She sat down on a beam and covered. It seemed as if night had set in for good. The lightning was fierce and the thunder awesome.

"I shall surely be struck dead!" moaned the girl, "and I know I shouldn't have been so mean to that man. He didn't know that he had my place. He ought to have seen a girl when she stood so near him, but perhaps he's almost blind."

A tree on the other side of the river was struck by a thunderbolt, and the old mill shook and trembled.

The girl screamed out, and the next moment she felt a hand on hers. It must be the stranger's.

"Say, it was mean of me!" she said as the thunder died away.

No answer, but he held the hand with firmer pressure.

"You had my fishing place, you know, and I was mad about it. Girls do get mad sometimes, you know. That is, I do. I stood and stood and stood, and you wouldn't notice me. Hadn't I a right to be mad?"

No answer.

"But I'm going to be killed, and I don't want anybody to be glad of it. I threw all that stuff into the river to spite you. I just hated you. If you were a girl would you do like that?"

"H'm! H'm!" was the reply.

"What? Can't you talk?"

"I guess so, if I try."

"And can you see and hear?"

"Both."

"Will—the lightning hit the mill?"

"I don't think so. The worst seems to be over. Yes, I can see clear sky."

"Then, sir," said Miss Kitty, as she pulled her hand away and reached her feet, "if I am not to be struck and killed I want to know why you didn't speak to me?"

"Oh, I saw at once that you were snippy and conceited and needed taking down a peg. I am Mr. Charles Earle, of Boston, and I believe you are Miss Kitty Havens."

"No, sir, I am Miss Snippy Havens, and you please to remember! You can return to your fishing!"

"But, Miss Havens—"

"And I, sir, am going home!"

"But during the storm—"

"But the storm has passed and I am snippy! Fish, sir—fish!"

"And two years later, when they finally became engaged, the snippy girl said to the artist:

"If you hadn't tried to take me down a peg we might have been married a whole year ago. That is, we might if there had been a thunder storm and a preacher together!"

So the stranger was there, was he? And he got the best place and was sticking to it? Well, he would get a jar. She wouldn't speak to him, of course, but there are other ways of jarring a man. A fixed look and a loss of the head has done it times out of mind.

Yes; he was there. He sat on the beam, and he was using a patent pole

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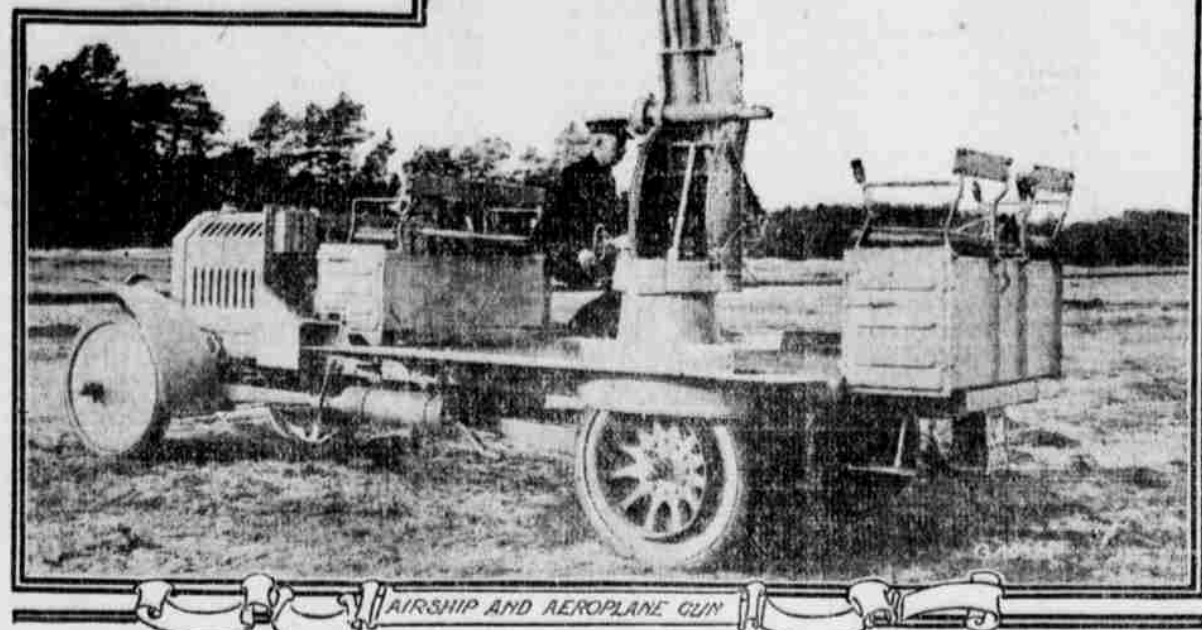
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NEWEST WEAPON FOR WAR IN THE AIR

BERLIN.—The great Krupp gun factory has just turned out an improved pattern of the stretch and aeroplane gun, mounted on a fast, high-power motor car to follow balloons and other airships at a high speed. In trials that have been made, the gun was fired at dummy balloons and nearly every shell hit and exploded the balloon. The shell used contains a substance which leaves a trail in the air, showing the course it has taken.



SNAKES KILL MANY

Reptiles in India Cause More Deaths Than Any Animal.

Tigers Claim 909 Victims, Leopards and Wolves Slay 571; Other Animals 688—Ravages of Plague Are Checked.

Calcutta.—Over 21,000 lives—that's the toll of the jungle and forest in India for a single year.

These figures of sudden death are set out coldly in tabular form, in the Blue Book just issued which deals with the statistics of the Indian empire, under the heading, "Number of Persons and Cattle Killed in British India by Wild Animals and Snakes."

The fact goes into details. Thus we learn that in the year under review, 1908, no fewer than 909 people fell victims to tigers, 302 to leopards, while wolves claimed 269 as their prey. "Other animals" killed 686.

But the ravages of the man eater were as nothing compared to those of the latter put an end to 19,738 lives.

To cattle, leopards were by far the most destructive. Their kill was 42,427 head of a total of 98,307. Tigers claimed as their quarry 28,258, and wolves about 10,000.

Snakes, it would seem, are far less fatal to cattle than to humankind, for during the year they only killed 10,000, a small proportion of the total.

But the war was not one-sided. Seventeen thousand, nine hundred and twenty-six of the denizens of the jungle fell before the rifle and gun, and 70,498 snakes—roughly, four for every person killed—were destroyed. Bounties for their destruction amounted to \$50,000.

The total population is nearly 300,000,000—294,301,956, according to the 1901 census—and they inhabit 55,841,415 houses. Two-thirds of the inhabitants are Hindus, 62,000,000 Mohomedans, and 3,000,000 Christians.

The average Indian does not indulge in overmuch letter-writing. Altogether the post office dealt with 875,255,832 letters, post cards and parcels—an average of about three per head of the population; but this seems less curious when it is remembered that all but 15,500,000 of India's 300,000,000 people are described as illiterate. These latter figures explain, too, how letter writing may be a lucrative profession.

Very interesting, in the light of recent sedition trails, are some of the crime statistics. Thus 12,411 offenses against the state and public tranquillity were reported, and 4,797 convictions; while dacoities, political and others, numbered 2,984, with 659 convictions.

As might perhaps be expected in a land so densely populated as India, physical and mental infirmity is by no means rare, and altogether the total population afflicted is 584,498.

Lepers, male and female, numbered 107,310, blind over 350,000 and deaf-mutes about 150,000. The insane population was about 65,000.

One of the greatest campaigns engaged in India is that against plague, but, despite vaccination and all the resources of modern knowledge, the mortality remains terribly heavy.

Thus in 1909 plague claimed 174,874 victims, a high figure, but one that pales into insignificance before the total of 1,315,892 in 1907. The death toll for the last 11 years was 6,364,212. Some remarkable figures occur under the heading "Principal Specified Occupations."

Thus we find that 1,023,332 persons were engaged in "barbering" and shampooing the others, while clothes were washed by 600,000 men and about 500,000 women.

Nor are the Indian masses left unmolested. Actors, singers, dancers, handmasters, players, etc., numbered 268,000—about one for every thousand. Four of these are men for every woman.

Priests and others engaged in religion numbered 1,150,525, and sweetmeat makers and sellers 284,421.

But perhaps the most amazing entry under this head of "Occupations" is "Mendicants (nonreligious)," the begging profession had 2,433,115 exponents, and the total supported by begging (nonreligious) was over 4,000,000.

MARKING OFF NEW COUNTRY
Survey Expedition, Drawing Boundary Line Between Canada and Alaska, at Dawson.

Dawson, Y. T.—The international boundary survey expedition, including 70 men and 65 horses, which has been pulling her hand away and reached her feet, "if I am not to be struck and killed I want to know why you didn't speak to me?"

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TO REGISTER APPLE TREES

Farmer Has Plan of Growing Orchard of Pedigreed Stock—Produce Prize Winners.

Spokane, Wash.—Growing thoroughbred apple trees, to be registered the same as live stock with pedigrees, is an innovation in eastern Washington. H. M. Lichty, an orchardist in the Yakima-Sunnyside district, west of Spokane, has perfected a plan to place the science of growing commercial fruit of the highest quality and color and uniform size upon a practical basis.

Explaining his plan, Mr. Lichty said that in every thoroughly cultivated apple orchard there are trees which stand out for yielding most of the prize winners at national and state shows. Scions are taken from these and transferred to other trees by budding and grafting, thus raising the quality. The trees are recorded upon an orchard plat, then registered and a pedigree is issued to the grower.

"I do not claim that all trees so grown will produce premium winning fruit," he added, "as that cannot be said of pedigreed live stock; but the experience of the foremost growers in the northwest and other parts of the United States and Canada will show that a greater percentage of high grade trees is raised by following a common sense system than by orcharding in the old haphazard way. My own experiments prove these are superior strains of the several varieties of standard apple trees."

Prof. W. S. Thornber, head of the horticultural department at the state of Washington college, Pullman, and growers in the apple belts in eastern Washington and elsewhere, approve the Lichty plan, the former saying that the products of healthy trees may be improved by budding and grafting from superior stock. He added there is just as much difference in apple trees of the same variety as there is in horses of the same breed. The plan of registering trees and keeping a record of yielding performances is also endorsed.

Letter Seven Years in Transit.
London.—A letter posted from Steamtown on July 31, 1903, has just been delivered at Briollay, France.

Upon his arrival here he was at once loaded into the ambulance and a record trip made to the hospital. Here he was rolled into the operating-room and placed on the table.

The sight of the white-gowned surgeons and nurses and the array of surgical instruments caused the confused Springer to scream, but the absence of any evidence of bleeding from the mangled limb led the doctors quickly to the discovery that, while Springer had indeed lost a foot, he was in greater need of a carpenter than a surgeon. For the foot that he had lost was his wooden one. Springer said he would have told them that if they hadn't refused to hear his protests.

The doctors—trimmed off the splintered leg and nailed a block of wood on the remnant to temporarily fill the need for his foot. Springer then got out for home.

An oyster is not fit to be eaten until four years old.

Phoenixville, Pa.—When William Springer, a resident of Royersford, was found lying alongside the Reading railway near that town he told the men who found him that his foot had been cut off by a passing freight train. A stretcher was hurriedly brought, Springer was quickly placed on board an express train, which had been flagged for the purpose, and was taken to Phoenixville. A telegraph message to the station summoned the ambulance and the hospital authorities, informed by telephone of the nature of Springer's injury, routed the house surgeons from bed and made the operating-room ready for an amputation.

Springer, from under the stretcher cover, protested against being taken to the hospital and said he wanted to go home. His protestations were ignored peremptorily, but kindly, with the admonitions of those about him

HUMOR IN DOCTOR'S HASTE

"Peg-Legger" Dragged to Hospital for Operation—Needed Carpenter, Not Surgeon.

that he be perfectly still and not to worry.

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will complete the rout of the destructive microbes in the patient's lungs and make the cure permanent."

Bolt Makes Tree Torch.
York, Pa.—Lightning converted a giant tree on the farm of L. E. Oehler, at East Prospect, into a torch, which burned for 24 hours and at night threw a glare which could be seen for miles. The tree was hollow, and evidently filled with leaves, and an opening at the bottom provided a draft for a fierce blaze when a bolt hit the landmark.

Still Lively at 102.
New York.—Aunt Jane Beam, the oldest woman in Paterson, N. J., and probably in all New Jersey, held an anniversary of her one hundred and second birthday.

Aunt Jane is in possession of all her faculties. She can take you back to the days when there were no railroads and express companies and when the population of the United States was only 7,800,000.

The handwritten letter is a rarity in the business world of the present.

Hints For Hostess

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS for Those Planning Seasonable Entertainments

A Boating Dinner.
This dinner was given by a coterie of four couples who had passed a great part of the summer together yachting on the great lakes. The occasion was in the nature of a little farewell to the one they called "commadore." The table was lovely and had for the center a lake made first by the tinsmith, who concocted a circle about three feet in circumference, which was surrounded with a border of ferns, vines and pond lilies. In the water two sail boats and a toy launch floated as natural as life, manned by cute doll sailors. To add to the festive appearance there was a huge Japanese umbrella over the table, from which small lanterns hung from every rib; they were lighted by electric lamps. At each place there was a tiny canoe with a very small Jap lantern at the bow. The name of the guest was lettered on the side. Wee paddles painted white were stacked bayonet fashion at each place and held a small pile of bon-bons. The name flag of the boats were around the room with the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes. The guests were asked to come in flannels and it was just the jolliest kind of a time. The menu was as nautical as the market could afford, beginning with oysters, fish, lobster salad, etc.

A Wild Aster Luncheon.
The lovely wild aster furnished the key note to one of the prettiest luncheons I ever attended. This dainty flower is very common, and really it is very beautiful. With it always comes the golden rod, as they grow usually in close proximity. For a table centerpiece there was a low green pottery bowl containing a flower holder, so that the blossoms branched out in a charming manner. The dollies were white, with finger bowl and tumbler dollies having embroidered designs in lavender. First we had ice cream grape juice in tall glasses resting on dollies of grape leaves. Then there was the usual luncheon menu with a delicious grape juice sherbet for dessert, decorated with candied violet leaves, the plates set in a wreath of asters. The rooms were lavishly decorated with golden rod, and the combination of lavender asters and the brilliant yellow was very effective.

A Pillow Shower.
This was not given for a bride, but for two girls who were going away to school. To furnish their joint sitting room was the idea of the home-

girls who gave it. The result was a fine collection of useful and ornamental pillows or cushions, from those for the couch to dainty confections of dotted swiss and ribbon for the dressing table. There were also cushions fitted with pins of all sizes and with needles. There were denim cushions large enough to sit on when placed on the floor, and what girl does not adore sitting on the floor in front of the fire and dream long, happy dreams of the days that are yet to come? A bride-elect who heard of the affair said she thought such a downpour would be very acceptable, so the readers who have been asking for something new in the way of showers may adapt this to their needs.

A Novel Amusement for Children.
At a recent party for youngsters from "nine to eleven" they had a soap bubble contest. First the hostess gave each child a sheet of colored paper and a needle and thread. A grown-up took each pipe and quickly drew a face on the back of the bowl and the children were told to make dolls of them. A couple of prizes were offered and it was surprising what attractive creations were turned out. The boys did just about as well as the girls. The pipe babies were taken home as souvenirs. There were favors for the soap bubble contest, too.

MADAME MERRI.

The low lying effect in hats still prevails. Everything tends to smaller coiffures. Shawl collars are still a feature of coats. Egyptian embroideries are in high favor. New handbags are perfectly square. The banded-in effects are even seen in coats. The badger egret is in high favor and is beautiful. Beaver hats with enormous rosettes of tulle are worn. Some of the richest opera cloaks have kimono sleeves. Metallic, beaded and Persian effects are popular in lacedom. Large wings are in demand for tailored and semi-dress hats. The chenille dot is going to have another inning in veillings.

and the exterior of the cases can be either painted or stained.

The pigeon-holes in the center consist of nine cigar boxes. One end of each has been removed, and they are fitted together in the manner shown. Small labels can be affixed at the center of the upper edge of each box to indicate its contents.

There is a narrow cloth arranged across the front part of the table, and here a blotting pad, pens, ink, etc., may find a place. On the top of the pigeonholes a fern in a pot, with perhaps photographs or vases of flowers on either side, would add greatly to the appearance of this rough but convenient piece of furniture.

Lace Watch Fob.
They are very dainty. They are also new and a charming adjunct to the light frock.

The girl who is dolt with her fingers should be able to make one easily at home.

For this remnants of Irish or Cluny insertion may be utilized.

The strips of insertion are folded over the gold or brass catch, which may be bought for fobs and the end is pointed and finished with a white silk tassel.

The girl with a military friend from whom she may beg souvenirs might substitute for the white tassel one of good strands such as is worn on a sword.

This lace fob is lined with white or colored ribbon.

Lace Shoes.
Quite as bad as too tight shoes, against which we are always warned, are too loose ones; they cause corns and bunions and often produce flattening of the arches. The woman with the peculiarly shaped foot, who cannot get shoes exactly to fit her except when made to order, should get them a little too long rather than a little too wide; it is the lesser of two evils.

A Veiled Gown.
Rather effective and equally unusual is the gown of two-toned silk veiled with chiffon or other shimmering material. The combination is intensified if the under dress is itself trimmed with hand-work or done in the Persian colors or metallic threads.

For Low Cut Frocks.
Jewelry simple enough for a young girl to wear with her Dutch or square-necked frocks is in the shape of the Valere chain of platinum or sterling silver. They have pendant embellished with a repousse design, a chased pattern or an incrustation of

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OLD NEW YORK DOWN TOWN.

Some Streets and Alleys Are So Narrow That Two Teams Cannot Pass Each Other.