

ON THE MOUNTAINS.

They had missed him in the valley, they were crouching in a hollow. They were sheep without a shepherd, they were few. Said the youngest to the eldest: "We must find him—we must follow. We must follow, follow, follow till we do."

Said the eldest to the youngest: "Lo! I know the road he's taken. He is waiting where the pile he lighted burns. His word is on my spirit and my faith is still unshaken; We must follow, follow, follow till he turns."

Said the youngest to the eldest: "Listen, listen, O my brother. Lo, the fire in the valley has gone out. But up among the mountains he has lighted him another. We must follow, follow, follow, we must shout."

Said the eldest of them, angered: "Lo, the strapping has been drinking. But the youngest only curled his pleasant lips— He is watching on the mountains where the sun he loved is sinking. We must follow, follow, follow where it dips."

So they sought him down the valley, arm in arm in friendship linking. And they stumbled on the ashes in the dark. But they found him on the mountains where the sun he loved was sinking. With his fingers spread to shield a new born spark.

And he laughed them out a promise, those abandoned in the hollow. "There are other flames and other suns beside. But to know them you must follow—you must follow, follow, follow." So they followed, followed, followed till they died.

—Westminster Gazette.

Detective Dorothy.

By PRISCILLA LEONARD.

"Nine of Dave Harper's chickens were stolen last night, so I hear," said Dan, coming in with the wood one pleasant summer morning. "The raids are getting pretty near home, Dot!"

Dorothy looked up from the cooking stove. "Yes, I'm expecting the thieves," she said. "They're coming to this corner of the township, of course. My white Leghorns aren't any safer than other people's chickens. But," and she straightened her slim seventeen-year-old figure with a lift of her small head, "I've thought out a plan if they do come."

"Burglar alarm?" suggested Dan, with brotherly contempt. "They cut the wires of the one at Allen's before taking the chickens. They've poisoned three dogs, so Bruce would be of no use. What can you do, when every farmer round has been beaten so far?"

"I'm not planning to keep them from taking the chickens," replied Dorothy, mysteriously. "They're bound to do that. My idea is different. You needn't laugh! It is an idea—only I don't know whether it will work or not, until after—"

"After they steal the chickens?" said Dan, laughing. "What good will it do then, Dot? Girls aren't a bit practical."

"Lots of things have to be theory before they're practice," returned Dorothy. "Wait and see."

That afternoon Dan heard a great cackling and commotion among the chickens. Dorothy was treating them to "some of her notions," as her brother expressed it.

"You'll have complexion washes for those pullets of yours next," he said, teasingly, looking in on her as she stood beside a pail of some sticky, paint-like substance, dipping each Leghorn's legs in it, amid of chorus of protesting clucks and squawks.

"What is it? Tar? A specific for loss of appetite, and keeps the feathers from falling out, I suppose? But it looks bad. Dot, to turn those innocent and inexperienced chickens into blacklegs, even if it does keep them from having the pip."

"It won't strike in," said Dorothy, methodically and busily catching and flipping the Leghorns.

They were plump, pretty creatures, the best flock, although a small one, in the neighborhood. Dorothy had taken infinite pains with them, as Dan knew, and kept every remedy and mixture on the market for them. The meanness of the chicken thieves came over him as he saw his sister among her petted flock.

"I declare, those fellows ought to be shot, stealing honest people's chickens!" he cried, earnestly.

"If they steal mine something will happen," said Dorothy. She set down the last Leghorn pullet to shake out its ruffled feathers and walk off on its Minorena head legs.

"It will happen to the hens, not to the thieves, I'm thinking. In another week, Dot, you'll probably not have a chicken left to try toilet preparations on. Cassandra was no chicken herself—I'm not sure that she ever saw a chicken—and I'm not dressed for her part, but I'll be Cassandra on this occasion. I prophesy disaster, and I have faith that my prophesy is the true Cassandra kind!"

It certainly was. Two mornings later the chicken yard lay desolate—not one cherished Leghorn left. There were wagon tracks in the lane. In the soft places left by the rain. But they told nothing, and were soon lost on the beaten highroad. A piece of newspaper was found near the gate. But it was only a scrap of the local paper, the Warrendale Gazette, and had no identifying mark whatever.

"Dan," said Dorothy, "will you let me have the light buggy and Rex?"

"What for?"

"Never mind."

"Don't you want me to go along?"

"No, thank you." Dorothy disappeared into the house. She drove off five minutes later with a mysterious box, carefully brought out and packed under the seat by her own hands.

"I'm going to take dinner at Cousin Mary's, in town," she said, and Dan was left to conjecture her errand as best he might. Of two things, however, he felt equally sure. One was that she was after the chicken thieves; the other was that she would not find them.

"Dot might as well be going to a sewing circle; but then, it diverts her mind from her loss," said the young

philosopher, and went off to dig the potatoes.

Young Frank Evans, station master, ticket seller, telegraph operator and freight and express agent of Milby Junction, six miles away, thought Dorothy the prettiest girl in the township as she drove up to the platform. He had thought so since they went to school together in pinafores.

Perhaps Dorothy knew it, too. At any rate, she came to him prepared to rely upon his utmost assistance.

"Frank," she began, as he hitched Rex for her. "do you ship many crates of poultry from here, or barrels of dressed poultry?"

"Yes, I ship a good many," said Evans. "Why do you ask?"

"I've just had all my white Leghorns stolen—forty of them. Every one round here is losing chickens. Now those chickens have to be marketed somewhere—and not around here. It's fifty miles to the city, which is the safest place to market them. If I stole chickens, I'd freight them down, dressed and packed in barrels. So I thought if anybody round here was doing the thieving—and the thieves, whoever they are, take the local paper, and certainly do know this part of the county as well as their hand—I might get some hint from your shipments."

"That's a first rate idea," said the young man. "But I don't remember any special shipper of dressed poultry in barrels. The Walter boys pack that way, but I guess we're not suspecting them! Mrs. Dixon sends a barrel now and then. So do the people on the Lawrence farm; that's been an experimental poultry farm for the last year. I hear they report they lost badly through a raid by the thieves two months ago. The Elliotts, over at Orwell, send dressed poultry, too, but never very much. It doesn't seem—"

"No, it doesn't," said Dorothy, looking perplexed. "But these chickens have got to get to market, Frank, somehow. I've started to hunt this county over till I find what's become of them. I guess I'd better drive to the other stations up and down the road. They'd be likely to choose a stupid agent to ship through, so I don't wonder they keep away from here."

Then she flushed at having paid Frank a compliment, and Frank flushed, too, with pleasure, for he knew that his pretty schoolmate never said things unless she meant them. It put him on his mettle.

"But see here, Dorothy, why do you have to drive up and down the road? What's the matter with my telegraphing instead? Come in and sit down, and I'll get you all the information you want in half an hour."

So Dorothy sat and listened to the clicking wires, and took some brief notes on a telegraph pad that Frank pushed over to her across the table.

"Wagner, at Dorrance station, says that the Lawrence farm sends a barrel now and then and a crate occasionally. The Widow Ransom is the heaviest shipper—sends both crates and barrels. Jones, at Pond station, says Hank Janeway ships a barrel sometimes; so does the Lawrence farm. The Browns send a crate now and then—white Leghorns and Plymouth Rocks. Collins, at Pelham Junction, says that Mrs. Robinson ships more than anybody else, but Jim Henry sends a barrel or a crate now and then, and so does the Lawrence people—Plymouth Rocks, mostly. King, at Bellevue station, says everybody sends in crates, except a barrel now and then from the Lawrence people and Sally Walker."

Frank leaned back and whistled softly. Dorothy smiled and pushed the telegraph pad under his eyes. Five underlinings marked the name "Lawrence" repeated in each of the five reports from Milby, Dorrance, Pond, Pelham and Bellevue.

"You clever girl!" said Frank. "You've got hold of the right end. No honest poultry farm ever shipped that much to the city, and through five different stations in small lots. But supposing it's so, how are we going to prove it? The man doesn't live who can identify an ordinary white Leghorn hen or Plymouth Rock pullet."

"But the girl does!" cried Dorothy, triumphantly. "Since day before yesterday I can pick out any one of my forty Leghorns with absolute certainty, Frank. I—I dipped their legs, every one of them, in that black that won't come off, so that I

could know them again if they were stolen."

Frank Evans lay back in his chair and laughed delightedly.

"Dorothy, you always were at the head of the class," he said, heartily. "But what are you going to do now?"

"I'm going to the Lawrence farm," said Dorothy, unfastening the hitching strap.

"You mustn't do that. They might do you an injury. Wait till I can get a constable and a search warrant. You mustn't go alone, Dorothy. I won't have it."

"I don't mind a search warrant," said Dorothy, with composure. "That is what I brought this for."

She pulled out the mysterious box and disclosed various brightly labeled bottles and packages. "I am Miss Jane Smith, Frank, agent for these poultry remedies, which I am driving about the county introducing among intelligent poultry farmers. I shall get into the Lawrence chicken yards, and come away again without any trouble, thank you. But I should like the constable to be at the end of the lane, ready to come in a little later."

"I'll get Dick Williams to tend the station," said Frank, "and drive over with you past the constable's; and he'll hitch up and follow us to the Lawrence place, and you can drop me in the lane when we get there. Then I'll be right in call. I'll not have you go alone, I tell you."

"Oh, I shall be glad enough to have you within reach," said Dorothy, frankly. "I do feel a little queer at the idea of a—thieves. But I know they won't suspect me or give me any trouble."

Nevertheless, it was a somewhat timid young agent who hitched her horse at the Lawrence gate, having left a young man down in the lane behind the hedges waiting for Constable Parry's slow old mare to come along.

"I have some very good poultry remedies here," she began, taking a couple of bottles from her box as a rough looking youth came from round the house. "If your chickens suffer from roup, I have a special antiseptic mixture here which is an unfailing remedy. I am introducing also a cholera preventative and curative, to be mixed in soft food, and—"

"Jim might like that roup medicine. He fancies them sort of things," said the lad. "Come this way, Miss," and Dorothy and her bottles were escorted around a corner to the chicken yards—suspiciously small for the amount of poultry shipped.

Here are some Plymouth Rocks, fat and placid, and a group of buff Wyandottes; and plenty of Leghorns in the further yard, where a man was catching them, one after another, and killing them as if for market.

"Hi, Jim," called out the youth.

"I'll go over, and not bring him out from his work," said Dorothy, hurrying forward. While she produced her bottles and urged her wares, she saw all she needed in the plump pullet that "Jim" held, with its legs showing black against the white feathers. She hurried through her sentences, but the man seemed interested. He had a smooth manner, but "shifty" eyes.

"I've got some Brahmas with the roup," he said. "Guess I'll try a bottle or two of that. Got any more with you?"

"There's another bottle in the wagon," said Dorothy, in a professional tone. "I'll get it." She flew back to the gate, and looking down the lane, beckoned in haste to the two men who stood there, waiting impatiently. Then returning with the bottle, she had just handed it over to Jim, when Frank and the constable came upon them.

It was rather an exciting scene after that, for not only did Dorothy pick out her stolen Leghorns, dead and alive, but Constable Parry found one or two of his fine Brahmas that he said he could swear to.

The roughly dressed youth tried to run. Jim showed fight for a moment, but found Frank's muscular hand on his collar, and thought better of it. In the end the two suspects were marched to the constable's wagon, and driven off to the justice's, while Dorothy followed with one of the marked and murdered Leghorns as the corpus delicti.

"He's only killed ten of mine, Frank," she said. "But if you and the constable hadn't been there, the other thirty would have been candidates for the barrel in a few minutes more."

"Don't give us any of the glory," said Frank, as he helped her into the buggy. "We don't deserve it. It's the cleverest bit of detective work I ever knew, and it's all yours. Your chicken trade mark is a stroke of genius, Dorothy. It did the business."

And at the trial, when the whole county were shown to have been contributors to the Lawrence chicken yards, and the clever methods of the thieves were exposed, it was still Dorothy's testimony, first and foremost, that convicted them.

"Dot, I take that all back about your not being practical," said Dan. "Three cheers for Miss Jane Smith and the great roup mixture!" Youth's Companion.

Poor Henry.

"Very probably I'm a stupid chump," said the reader, "but I must confess I don't like Henry James' novels."

"O! you are not necessarily a chump," replied the critic. "The people who don't like his novels are divided into two classes—those who don't understand him and those who do."—Philadelphia Press.

Our Millionaires Are Our Greatest Failures.

William Allen White, in the American Magazine.

The greatest failures in our modern life are our millionaires. As a rule they have accumulated money without giving society a just and equitable return for that money; they have acquired what seems to them a vast amount of power, without intelligence to use it, and they are going through life looking for joy and happiness, but finding only pleasure that burns out their souls and does not satisfy their hearts. To get their money they have developed their cunning and stunted their candor; they have deceived and bullied and sometimes killed the man in their own hearts, and have let a demon lustful for gain reign in their souls. Often the man who has killed lingers in an empty heart—a pious ghost, full of wise saws and good intentions, and the crackling laughter of the fool, but the good man is only a ghost; he has no real part in the rich man's life. Supposing the pious ghost that haunts the richest man in the world desired to set aside half of his millions to promote the cause of the Christian religion. His money would accomplish but little. The worst blow the organized Christian religion might have would be that money. For the man's life is so well known, his character is so thoroughly despised, that all the preaching of the paid preachers would be futile against the influence of that one life. "How can I hear what you say," says Emerson, "when what you are keeps thundering in my ears?" The example of one poor man laying down his life in a fire or in a flood for humanity is much more to the cause of righteousness than all the millions for which the rich man has strangled his manhood or bartered away his soul.

Money does not pass current in the real world of service. It is false coin there. Churchmen need not worry about tainted money. If it is tainted, God will not accept it. For what God needs in this world is not money—but service—service that comes from the God-implanted instinct to help one's fellows. The failures of this life may heap the golden evidences of their failures mountain-high, and donate them to the cause of righteousness, and they will avail less than the testimony and the honest service of one poor man who has succeeded by living manfully. Men cannot cheer and fill and oppress their fellows, and then by their way into the happiness that comes from real usefulness to mankind; the peace that passeth understanding is not to be purchased with stolen money, even though the robber shall present it as a sacrifice, and even though he shall lay it upon the altar in seven figures. The millionaire of to-day may not buy indulgences any more than the rich man of Martin Luther's time. Christ said to the Magdalen, "Go sin no more, and to the rich young man, "Sell that thou hast, give to the poor," and then "come and follow Me." Christ had no more thought of spreading His cause by the money of one sinner than by the money of another. And the chiefest proof of Christ's divinity is not in the miracles, nor in the signs and wonders, but in the fact that He knew that the gearing of the world is not turned toward the millennium by money or by the power that comes through worldly success, but by service of man to man, without money, and without the power that money can buy. Money has its place in our social organization. It can feed the bodies of men; but a dollar nor a million dollars never fed a soul. For souls grow, only as life has grown on this planet, by service to one's fellow creatures.

But answer will be made that this is a practical world, and not a world of dreams and theories. Men will say, take away the love of money, even though it be the root of all evil, and you take away the fire that generates the steam in the engines of our civilization. And to those sitting in the seats of the scornful we may answer that this is indeed a practical world, but that the scrap heap of antiquity is littered with the ruins of practical worlds. Also if the love of money produces the steam of our civilization, then sooner or later the fires must go out, and if we would hold the steam we must change the fuel. And we must ask those who question us, and we must ask ourselves, if indeed, and in truth, the love of money does hold the fire that runs the engines of our civilization. Let us take a look at the thing we call civilization, and see how it is going.

We know America fairly well; it is probably as highly civilized as any other part of the globe. In New York City there are said to be five thousand millionaires. Probably there are ten thousand or even let us say twenty thousand men who are nearly millionaires, and fifty thousand more who are living in the blessed hope of becoming millionaires reasonably soon. Their hopes of course are based largely on being able to tear down the real millionaires and to share in the fallen fortunes. Let us say that there are one hundred thousand people who certainly are inspired by the love of money. These hundred thousand people have killed the social instincts in their own hearts. They serve their fellows only for the money there is in it. They live parasitic existences, but what of the three million other men and women in New York? Is the civilization of New York dependent upon the hundred thousand para-

sites, or is it dependent upon the three million people? Three million people are working day by day for money with which to buy the necessities and comforts and luxuries of life. The three million people devote eight hours every day to money getting; but what of the other sixteen waking hours that are left what a vast amount of work is done for the love of it; and as we descend to those lower levels of society—to the poor—that a vast amount of social work is done without the thought of pay. The nursing of the sick, the care of motherless children, the feeding of those below the line of subsistence, the helping and shielding and soothing that is done by the poor to the poor every day, if paid for in dollars would make the hundred thousand millionaires poor at sunset.

The spirit of social service is in the masses of all our people. One finds it throughout the land, among workmen who join unions, among farmers who put in their sick neighbor's crops, and country-bred people who come to one another's help in a thousand neighborly ways in time of trouble. The work that is done for money to buy comforts for the worker himself is but a small per cent. of the work done in this world; it is the work done by fathers for their families, by mothers for their children, by neighbors for one another—all instinctively following the divine inspiration of social help—that has made our civilization grow and spread all over America. The great inventors are not rich; the great moral and spiritual leaders of men are not rich, and the greatest of our political leaders die poor. This is indeed a practical world; that much we must grant to those who sit in high places and scoff; but it is made a practical world by those who, without money, do practical work for the practical benefit of their fellows, and who, perhaps, without professing religion, are living the spirit of Christianity in their simple relations with their real neighbors more surely than those who have killed their souls for money, and let the ghosts of themselves haunt their lives, canting, in-effective spectacles hectoring the corpse!

THE SILENT OPINION.

What Men Think of Women and Women of Men.

Most men have some silent opinions about women and most women about men. There are certain types of face, certain kinds of manner, certain methods of expression even, for which many men and women are utterly condemned in the minds of some of their brothers and sisters. A disposition to dislike certain types of face is at times so strong as to suggest a previous existence.

We do not openly say that all women with such and such eyebrows are hard hearted or that a man must be a charlatan if the color of his eyes and hair contradict each other, but we act continually upon notions hardly less unreasonable. Educated men with small vocabularies, for instance, are divided as a rule by clever women into fools by birth and self-made fools, according to whether their want of equipment be ascribed to nature or to affectation.

To the first they are indifferent; to the latter they have almost always a more or less active dislike. Such men are often able, a fact their own sex invariably recognize. The man whose words are few and ill chosen may be a man of prompt and reasoned action, who having been brought up among the silent wise or the garrulous silly deprecates the waste of pains occasioned by the game of talk. All mental athletics bore him just as physical athletics bore others.

In the same way the fact that a man pretends to know no more words than a savage may be a matter of awkward though genuine humility—a fear of pretending to a culture he does not possess—or an act of superficial conformity to a passing fashion among a small set. It may have no more to do with his real mind than an ugly figure or an ill cut coat. Circumstances will sometimes convince even a clever woman of these facts so far as a given man is concerned, but she will never alter her silent opinion as to the generally.

Clever women are very hard on the men they imagine to be fools. Able men, on the other hand, are not at all hard on women they know to be stupid. Where youth and beauty are concerned the fact is easily understood, but youth and beauty by no means explain the whole of this phenomenon. Many men are inclined to think that the kind of mental power in women which we colloquially call brains exists in inverse ratio to their common sense and serves only to carry them with fatiguing rapidity through verbal fallacies to a false conclusion.—London Spectator.

Out of Danger.

Doctor Whipple, long Bishop of Minnesota, was about to hold religious services near an Indian village in one of the Western States, and before going to the place of meeting asked the chief, who was his host, whether it was safe for him to leave his effects unguarded in the lodge.

"Plenty safe," grunted the red man. "No white man in a hundred miles from here."—Woman's Home Companion.

Too Much Sympathy.

"Does your rheumatism bother you much?" "I should say it did. Every idiot I meet asks questions about it."—Cleveland Leader.

A Woman's Back

Has many aches and pains caused by weakness and failing, or other displacement of the pelvic organs. Other symptoms of female weakness are frequent headache, dizziness, imaginary sickness or dark spots floating before the eyes, gnawing sensation in stomach, dragging or bearing down in lower abdominal or pelvic region, disagreeable drains from pelvic organs, faint spells with general weakness.

If any considerable number of the above symptoms are present there is no remedy that will give quicker relief or a more permanent cure than Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It has a record of over forty years of cures. It is the most potent invigorating tonic and strengthening medicine known to medical science. It is made of the glyceric extracts of native medicinal roots found in our forests and contains not a drop of alcohol or harmful, or habit-forming drugs. Its ingredients are all printed on the bottle-wrappers and attested under oath as correct.

Every ingredient entering into "Favorite Prescription" has the written endorsement of the most eminent medical writers of all the several schools of practice—more valuable than any amount of non-professional testimonials—though the latter are not lacking, having been contributed voluntarily by grateful patients in numbers to exceed the endorsements given to any other medicine extant for the cure of women's ills.

You cannot afford to accept any medicine of unknown composition as a substitute for this well proven remedy or know its composition, even though the dealer may make a little more profit thereby. Your interest in regaining health is paramount to any selfish interest of his and it is an insult to your intelligence for him to try to palm off upon you a substitute. You know what you want and it is his business to supply the article called for.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original "Little Liver Pills" first put up by old Dr. Pierce over forty years ago, much imitated but never equalled. Little sugar-coated granules—easy to take as candy.

Hindoos Get Jobs.

Owing to the restriction of Chinese immigrants in Canada during the last few years large numbers of Hindoos have been coming into the port of Vancouver and seeking work as laborers in mills and mines.

WORST CASE OF ECZEMA.

Spread Rapidly Over Body—Limbs and Arms Had to Be Bandaged—Marked by Cutaneous.

"My son, who is now twenty-two years of age, when he was four months old began to have eczema on his face, spreading quite rapidly until he was nearly covered. We had all the doctors around us, and some from larger places, but no one helped him a particle. The eczema was something terrible, and the doctors said it was the worst case they ever saw. At times his whole body and face were covered, all but his feet. I had to bandage his limbs and arms; his scalp was just dreadful. A friend leased me to try Cuticura. I began to use all three of the Cuticura Remedies. He was better in two months, and in six months he was well. Mrs. R. L. Risley, Piermont, N. H., Oct. 24, 1905."

Every month about 3,700 articles are left in the Berlin street cars by their owners, about 600 of them being women's purses.

The Ideal Family Laxative

is one that can be used by the entire family, young and old, with a strong, without any danger of harmful effects. It should have properties which insure the same dose always having the same effect, otherwise the quantity will have to be increased and finally lose its effect altogether. These properties can be found in that old family remedy, Brandreth's Pills, because its ingredients are of the purest herbal extracts, and every pill is kept for three years before being sold, which allows them to mellow. We believe there is a laxative on the market that is so carefully made.

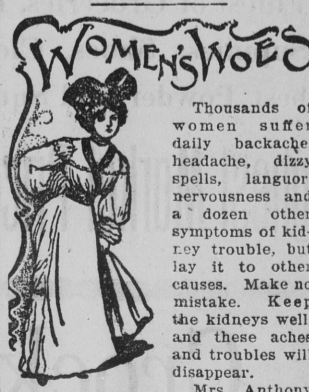
Brandreth's Pills are the same fine laxative tonic pill your grandpa used. They have been in use for over a century and are sold in every drug store and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

In London on September 4 there were 19,998 registered motor cars.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Volcanic Dust Reaches Paris.

Paris was overspread with a dry, yellowish fog the morning of April 11 of this year. A scientist, believing that the fog had been caused by the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, placed upon the roof of his dwelling a series of plates covered with glycerin to catch the dust in the fog. It was found that part of the deposit on the plates was a very fine sand, completely identical with the ash sent up by Vesuvius in 1822. In addition to this sand the fog contained some perfectly spherical globules of oxidized iron.



Thousands of women suffer daily backache, headache, dizzy spells, languor, nervousness and a dozen other symptoms of kidney trouble, but lay it to other causes. Make no mistake. Keep the kidneys well, and these aches and troubles will disappear.

Mrs. Anthony Cadrette, 77 Mechanic St., Leominster, Mass., says: "My sight failed, I had sharp pain in my back and bearing-down pains through the hips. I was nervous, fretful and miserable. The urine was greatly disordered and I began to have the swellings of dropsy. I was running down fast when I started using Doan's Kidney Pills. A wonderful change came and after using them faithfully for a short time I was well."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.