

THE DESERTED CLAIM.

Up where the snow shines pure and white
On the peaks that point to the summer sky,
Up in the gulch by the evening light—
I saw, as we traveled slowly by,
A claim deserted and left alone,
A shaft sunk in the mountain side,
A roofless cabin, of logs rough hewn,
Where some one had labored till hope had died.

And later on, when our camp was made,
And the white tents pitched for another night,
While the pine trees weirdly tossed and swayed
In the cheery glow of our camp firelight,
When merry voices rang on the air,
And smiling faces flashed in and out—
I thought of that cabin rude and bare,
Of its owner, who labored in hope and doubt.

He had come, perhaps, from some Eastern home,
For speedy wealth, to this Western clime,
And homesick and weary, and all alone,
He had faithfully toiled for some friendly sign,
Cold means the wind through the canyon deep,
And the coyote cries the night hours drear,
There are unknown footsteps that softly creep,
And the voice of the burro is kindly cheer.

Still he dreamed as others had done before—
As others shall do in the days to come—
Of finding wealth in unbounded store,
And joyfully bearing his treasure home;
But fortune is chary when all is told—
Her smiles are the hardest on earth to gain,
And where one is favored with shining gold
A thousand others may toil in vain.

Thus I sit and muse in the camp-fire glow,
While the welcome evening meal is spread,
And the sound of the river comes soft and low,
And the stars shine brightly overhead;
For my heart is saddened day by day
We pass in sunshine or dripping rain,
That frequent road-mark upon our way,
A deserted, desolate mining claim.

—Denver Republican.

A Provincial Family Feud

Those two rival families repeated on a small scale the discords of the Montagues and Capulets; only, with due regard to the civilization of the times, instead of spilling blood, they spilled money. Instead of dead relatives, there had been many lawsuits, long and entangled; they went to law for spite, for resentment, for anger; they kept at law with that obstinate delight in litigation which is one of the joys of provincial life. As usual, it was a question of trifles—a stream of water that had taken a wrong direction; an unruly goat that had leaped from the field of one into the field of the other; some obscure and stupid potatoes which, spreading themselves underground, had disregarded the boundaries. Upon this showered legal documents; the lawyers toiled to write in that style of theirs, the last relic of barbarous invasions; judgments were multiplied; lawsuits grew complicated. The two advocates rubbed their hands for joy, and from the aspect of things, were sure of transmitting as a valuable inheritance those quarrels to their sons. How the enmity between the Pasquali and the Dericca families had been caused could not be clearly learned; affirmations varied on one and the other side. But it was a deep and declared enmity. Being neighbors in town and in the country, they frequently met, looking askance at each other; the women heard mass in two different churches; if the Dericca girls wore blue gowns, the Pasquali girls at once put on pink ones; in the municipal council the Pasquali were always conservative and the Dericca, naturally, radical; that which one did the other would not have done for a thousand scudi; where one went the other did not appear. And then gossip, evil-speaking, complaints, eagerness for scandal, malignity, in short all that outfit of pleasing things which take place in provincial towns between two rival families. On top of all this Carlo, the eldest son of the Pasquali, and Maria, the second daughter of the Dericca, thought it best to fall in love with each other.

Love in a small town has not much variety; usually it begins in childhood, continues amid games of blindman's bluff, is apt to manifest itself in social dancing parties and round games, and is always ratified by the parish priest and the mayor. These loves are recognized, superintended, established, registered in the household comings and goings; protected by grumbling grandfathers and by priestly uncles; loves without nerves, without tears, without tenderness and fancies; something extremely calm and slow, the crystallization of love. But Carlo Pasquali had had the incomparable fortune to pass a fortnight at Naples, which made him look with scorn upon provincial customs; and Maria Dericca, at night, by feeble lamp, had wept over the hapless heroines of Mastriani and had envied them in their fantastic passions; therefore for these two was required an exceptional love. First it was a furtive glance; a softly murmured word, yet heard with singular perception by her who should hear it; a carnation-pink fallen from a balcony by reason of the wind, of course; a sudden pallor of his, a sudden blush of hers; then, by the armed intervention of a rogue of a fifteen-year-old girl who came with a flatiron to smooth Maria's linen and the course of true love at the same time—a note, and a brief reply; a little letter, a long letter, and finally those voluminous epistles of eight or ten sheets of note-paper which mark the highest point of the folly of love.

Alas! The joy of the young people was brief, and sorrow rapidly arrived to destroy it. They were seen, spied, the news reached their respective papas, and all the thunderbolts of paternal wrath, embittered by eleven lawsuits, fell upon the heads of the poor lovers. The balcony windows were closed, the bolts were fastened on the terrace door, the carnation pinks on the bush were counted, walks were forbidden or at least made without previous notice, the hour of going to mass varied each Sunday—but those two continued to love each other. Rebuffs, exhortations, prohibitions, difficulties, availed only to inflame their love; at night, in the winter, Maria arose, dressed herself, wrapped

herself in a shawl, and in slippers, with bated breath, trembling for fear, descended the stairs to a window of the first floor; the young friends was in the street, leaning against the wall. So they talked for two or three hours, without caring for the cold, the rain or the loss of sleep; they talked without seeing each other, from a distance of five meters of altitude, becoming silent at every sound of a passer, then cautiously resuming their discourse, with the continual fear that Maria's parents might arouse and find her in that aerial colloquy. But what did it all matter to them? They had, within their hearts, sunshine, light, springtime, courage, enthusiasm; if the king had come, they would not have moved. Instead, the brother of Maria, one night when he could not sleep, arose from his bed and found the door ajar, went down the stairs, heard a murmur, and caught his sister in the act; he unceremoniously barred the shutters in the face of Carlo, gave Maria a resounding box on the ear, and brought her to her room. Next morning the small window on the first floor was walled up.

O, all ye faithful lovers, who grieve amid the pains of thwarted love, imagine the despair of those two! Their letters were no longer legible, for tears blotted the words; rows of exclamation points, that looked like Prussian soldiers under arms, followed the daily imprecations against fortune, destiny, fate, and other impersonal beings incapable of resenting them; a thousand fantastic plans were created, discussed and then rejected. Carlo would have liked to elope with Maria, but his father allowed him no money, and it would have been difficult to put together the nine lire and fifty centesimi for two tickets for the journey to Naples; they thought for a moment of suicide, but found that it would not solve the difficulty. Then, in the long run, their love became systematic, the imprecations were always the same, and they could not go to their beds without having "poured forth upon the faithful paper the fullness of their grief." In the town nothing was talked of but their unshakable love and their torments; they were the objects of general interest; if a Neapolitan arrived, the townsfolk took him to see the ruins of the amphitheatre and related the case of Carlo and Maria. Therefore the young people, flattered in their amour propre, assumed the behavior fitting to the circumstances: Maria was always pale, with a melancholy air, never smiling, always talking to her girl friends about her joyless days, content to resemble in all respects one of Mastriani's heroines. Carlo took lonely walks, was always deeply depressed; at balls he never moved out of a corner, content that they murmured around him: "Poor young man; that unfortunate love affair softens his life." In society, at small festivities, in visits, with the unwearied monotony of the province, the discourse always returned upon the subject of the two lovers. Carlo and Maria bore with dignity the burden of their popularity.

Finally, after I don't know how many years—four or five, it seems to me—of this continual struggle, of daily weeping, of long, long love maintained alive by dissensions, the aspect of things changed. There was a worthy person—there still are such—who with many efforts of eloquence persuaded the parents that by the lawsuits they were losing property, and much of it, as witness the two advocates who had grown rich at the expense of their clients; that those two young people were pining and would go into a decline because of that thwarted love; the houses were side by side, and the estates contiguous; Christ forgave and they must forgive, if they wished to find forgiveness. He said so much, and so many other persons, moved by the example, interposed, that the questions came to a compromise which had, as its first chapter, the marriage of Carlo and Maria.

Here surely every one will suppose that the young people were greatly consoled, and will suppose truly—but my obligation as a sincere storyteller constrains me to say that in their first free colloquy reigned a great em-

barrassment. They were accustomed to see each other at a distance, by stealth; to speak from a first floor window down to the street, in the darkness, disguising or smothering their voices; they found themselves quite different, perhaps a little ridiculous; they had no subjects of conversation, they were often silent, hastening their thoughts the hour when they should quit each other. There were no more imprecations and tears to be mingled with the ink; they no longer wrote to each other. Everything was free, smooth, easy for their affection; they were not obliged to think of subtleties by which to evade the vigilance of their elders; they took no more pleasure in murmuring a few words in secret; they made no more daring projects for the future. They would be married prosaically, without obstacles, like so many other silly couples. The townsfolk no longer took thought of them; the wonder and the comments on the marriage once over, Carlo and Maria no longer awoke attention; were no longer talked about; their behavior was noted no more; they ceased to be pointed out as an example of fidelity. Now all eyes were fixed upon the wife of the pretor, who was accused of too great partiality for the vice-attorney—a serious piece of business.

The two lovers felt themselves forsaken; a great coldness arose between them. Carlo found that the virtues of his fiancée, those virtues which shone in her letters, were dimmed by the atmosphere of home; Maria frequently thought that Carlo was rather commonplace in his tastes, and that to end, with a stupid marriage, so tempestuous a love was unworthy of a reader of Mastriani. A few lively remarks passed between them in regard to "illusions contradicted by the reality," about "mirages," "optical delusions," and similar pin-pricks; a quarrel ensued, then two, then they became a daily occurrence. One evening Maria said with an irritated tone: "Carlo, let us leave it off."

"Let us," he replied without hesitation. And the next day he set off on a journey for the improvement of his mind; Maria went to Naples, to the house of a cousin, to fish for a heroic husband. The families had a new falling out; Maria's father had an opening made for a window which overlooked his neighbor's courtyard; the latter, in order to annoy him, built a dove-cote of which the doves ran about everywhere; immediately there was a summons, a second, a third the lawsuits began again, and this time, the advocates said, smiling, without hope of any compromise.—Matilde Seras; Translated by E. Cavazza for Short Stories Magazine.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A New York theatrical manager says that only one play in fifty wins.

It is estimated that not less than \$20,000,000 is paid out in tips yearly in Paris.

A folding bed for touring automobiles is the latest thriller for those who crave extra hair-raising excitement.

Alfred Howard Lloyd, of Harewoods, Bletchingley, England, sent as a Christmas box a check for \$5000 to each of his thirty-seven nephews and nieces.

A noted London photographer who has taken the portrait of almost every European celebrity for years past said the other day in an interview: "All royal people are invariably considerate."

The oratorio of "The Messiah" was given entire by graphophone to an audience of over a thousand persons in Weymouth, England, the other night. It was considered a complete musical success.

Along the central part of the Congo River there are a number of salt marshes. The African digs shallow holes in these whence issue streams of hot water, which, on being evaporated, leaves a residue of salt.

A bureau has been established at Budapest for supplying schoolboys with ready-written essays and prose and verse compositions and translations in any language at eight cents a page. The Budapest education authorities have applied to the government to suppress it.

The largest lighthouse in existence is situated at Cape Henry, Virginia. It is one hundred and sixty-five feet in height, and its walls are eight feet thick. Virginia also boasts of the largest fort in the world, Fortress Monroe; though, of course, Gibraltar eclipses it in mere strength.

A bridge built entirely of mahogany, said to be the only one of the kind in the world, is in the state of Chiapas, Mexico. The bridge spans the Rio Michol, and its total length, including approaches, exceeds 150 feet, while the width is fifteen feet. It is used by both teams and pedestrians, and, though somewhat rude and primitive in construction, it is substantial. None of the timbers of the flooring were sawed, for in that region there are no sawmills, but were hewed and split.

The Way of Man.

Mrs. Knicker—Is your husband practical?

Mrs. Bocker—No; he remembers a winter just like this when he was a boy, but he won't recall an errand I asked him to do in town this morning.—New York Sun.

Good Cooking a Bar to Divorce

By Dr. Henry N. Wiley,
Chemist for the United States Department
of Agriculture.

DIVORCE will decrease about 90 percent when women learn the art of cooking. When that happens this will be the happiest place this side of Arcady or heaven—though I do not know the geographical location of the latter place, nor am I acquainted with the nutrients used there.

Of course, a man like myself who has never married cannot pretend to speak with authority on such subjects as divorce. But I do think that if more attention were paid to cuisine in the ordinary menage—if more wives were capable of giving that department of the domestic machinery intelligent supervision—the divorce courts could pretty nearly go out of business.

Moreover, if wives all learned to cook, that dreaded bugaboo, the "servant problem," would evaporate. I remember going to a farmers' institute—I used to go to a good many of them—and hearing a very nice paper on how to keep husbands at home. We all listened with deep attention.

When it was all over, an old lady sitting in one of the back seats arose and said: "I have been greatly edified and interested by what Mrs. Blank has said; but I fancy I have had more experience in this matter of keeping husbands at home than she has—more perhaps than most of you here present—and I want to say that there is just one way, one infallible rule, beautiful in its simplicity, unailing in its application, and that is—FEED THE BRUTES!"

And that old lady was right. If a man comes home to three good meals a day, good food and plenty of it, well cooked and well served, with a reasonable deference to his individual tastes—do you think he's going to quarrel with his luck? Why, he'd be a fool!

The First Step the Hardest

By Graham Hood.

THE size of a task often depends upon the point from which we view it. Sitting in an easy chair, racking our brains to evolve some plan by which we can accomplish the labor with the least possible effort, it sometimes assumes gigantic proportions, and we tremble at the thought of the difficulties that confront us. As we approach, however, the change in the perspective produces a conspicuous change in the appearance of the object aimed at, and when we actually do begin to climb—day by day ascending higher and higher—we smile to think that we ever should have hesitated at so easy an ascent.

It is the same with other tasks in life as it is with mountain climbing. The main point is to begin. Once under way the task becomes a comparatively easy one; the difficulties that seemed so gigantic gradually dissolve as we approach, and by quietly and easily climbing we suddenly discover that we have reached the top. The task has been accomplished, and as we look back upon it we marvel to see with what slight effort the work has been done.

The hardest part of any enterprise is in taking the first step. The best way to take this first step is to take it at once. Few of us are so deeply inspired that we cannot resist the temptation to work. Most of us need to be goaded up to the desire. By the exercise of a little will power, however, we can easily overcome such a fault, and by making up our minds to persevere in doing something every day, whether we want to do or not, we shall soon find that it was not so difficult a matter to overcome that spirit of indecision that is responsible for so much of the loitering in this world.—New York Globe.

Nature's Problems Solved by Heat

By Prof. Robert K. Duncan.

SIR Andrew Noble has reached the highest point of temperature in terrestrial thermometry. He has accomplished this by exploding cordite in closed vessels with a resulting pressure of 50 tons to the square inch, and a temperature of no less than 5200 degrees C. Sir William Crookes saw that one incidental result of this experiment should have been the formation of diamond—that is, if his calculations were correct. On working over the residue of the explosion chamber he has recently extracted from them small crystals that seem to be veritable diamonds.

We see, then, that if men cannot control the conditions that make for large diamonds they, at least, understand them. It is, in all likelihood, a matter of a comparatively short time when the diamond will have been conquered as absolutely as the ruby.

With this final temperature of 5200 degrees C. we have reached the limit of man's present attainment. On looking back, we see that every step in temperature he has so far taken has led him just so far along the path to universal conquest—the absolute conquest which he is destined ultimately to make.

But in this phase of temperature alone he has still far to go. We have had evidence from many sources that even in the sun, which is by no means the hottest of the heavenly bodies, and which yet possesses temperatures that transcend anything we know on earth, the very elements of matter lie there disintegrated into simpler forms. Such temperatures are the distant Alpine heights, ever and ever so far higher than the slight ascent to which we have so tediously arrived.—Harper's Magazine.

Evil Effects of Football, Basketball and Hockey

By President Eliot, of Harvard.

TO discontinue football, basket ball and hockey at Harvard would do no harm.

Basket ball is very objectionable. It is too rough and there are too many chances for cheating. The rules have been stretched so that they spoil the game. It would be a good thing to have basket ball especially discontinued. Rowing and tennis are the only sports in which honorable play altogether is practiced. That is what I said, or intended to say, at last Thursday's crew dinner. You can be crowded out of society if you tried.

To baseball there are many objections; still I would not advocate its discontinuance, because it is so popular. Some forms of track sport are also objectionable. In it there is too much cheating on record.

Hockey is altogether too rough. It requires team work, and I must say that I have no use for a game that requires that. It is not open enough and, as in basket ball, its rules have been distorted.

I have explained my objections to football. I know it is popular but, as I have said, the university would not suffer a particle if there were no more football. Lacrosse has not been played at Harvard long enough for me to express my opinion on its merits.

I cannot say too much in favor of rowing. Not only is there an absence of cheating, but it is the most healthful and interesting as well as one of the two most honorable sports. Tennis can be played with profit by any one. All it requires is individual skill and brains. There is no underhanded team work to it.

Bad Symptoms.

The woman who has periodical headaches, backache, sees imaginary dark spots or specks floating or dancing before her eyes, has gnawing distress or heavy full feeling in stomach, faint spells, dragging-down feeling in lower abdominal or pelvic region, easily startled or excited, irregular or painful periods, with or without pelvic catarrh, is suffering from weakness and derangements that should have early attention. Not all of above symptoms are likely to be present in any case at one time.

Neglected or badly treated and such cases often run into maladies which demand the surgeon's knife if they do not result fatally.

No medicine extant has such a long and numerous record of cures in such cases as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. No medicine has such a strong professional endorsement, each of the several ingredients—many more than any number of ordinary non-professional preparations. The very best ingredients known to medical science for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments enter into its composition. No alcohol, harmful, or habit-forming drug is to be found in the list of its ingredients printed on each bottle-wrapper and attested under oath. In any condition of the female system, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription can do only good—never harm. Its whole effect is to strengthen, invigorate and regulate the whole female system and especially the pelvic organs. When these are deranged in function or affected by disease, the stomach and other organs of digestion become sympathetically deranged, the nerves are weakened and a long list of bad, unpleasant symptoms follow. Too much must be expected of this "Favorite Prescription." It will not perform miracles; will not cure tumors—no medicine will. It will often prevent them, if taken in time, and thus the operating table and the surgeon's knife may be avoided.

Women suffering from diseases of long standing, are invited to consult Doctor Pierce by letter, free. All correspondence is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser (1000 pages) is sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps for paper-covered, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound copy. Address as above.

How Italians Reckon Time.

In Italy time is reckoned on the 24-hour system. Thus, 3 o'clock in the afternoon is there designated as 15 o'clock. Midnight is 24 o'clock. The good sense of this plan should commend itself by all enlightened nations.—Travel Magazine.

FITS, St. Vitus' Dance, Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. H. R. Kline, Ltd., 3631 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Mayor Johnson of Cleveland believes that the virtual victory of the 3-cent fare in his city will eventually lead to free street cars.

Only One "Bromo Quinine"

That is Laxative Bromo Quinine. Similarly named remedies sometimes deceive. The first and original Cold Tablets is a White Package, with black and red lettering, and bears the signature of E. W. Grove, 25c.

Decrease in the Population of Italy.

Recent statistics having shown that Italy's population for the last five years has been decreasing owing to emigration, the government has decided to adopt restrictive measures. It has been found that in several of the provinces which furnish the greatest number of emigrants the deaths already outnumber the births. In other provinces the population is found to be stationary. The lack of laborers is felt everywhere throughout the country. The government has hitherto encouraged emigration.

ENDURES ECZEMA 5 YEARS.

Sores Behind Ears Spread to Cheeks—Best Doctors Fail—But Cuticura Remedies Effect Cure.

"Words are inadequate to express my gratitude for Cuticura Remedies. I had been troubled with eczema for five years on my ear and it began to extend on my cheek. I had been doctoring with the best physicians, but found no relief whatever. When informing them that I could not bear the itching, it was told by one of our best doctors, 'not to scratch.' As the medicines and salves did me no good I thought I would get the 'Magic Three' (Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Pills, costing me one-half of one visit to my physician. After using as directed, with plenty of hot water, I can truthfully state that I found instant relief. When I had used three boxes of Cuticura Ointment and two cakes of Cuticura Soap I found my skin as soft and fine as a baby's. My circle of friends is very large, and I am persuading them to use Cuticura Soap and give up the kinds they were using. I find no trouble, as my case has proven to them that if Cuticura Ointment is good, Cuticura Soap must be likewise. Miss Netta Ayers, 131 Franklin Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 1 and 15, '06."

Five Acres a Competency.

Farming lands are advancing in value by leaps and bounds. Improved methods of cultivation and more accessible markets make five acres in many instances a more valuable possession than 160 acres a generation ago. The department of agriculture declares five acres ample for the support of a family. How foolish, then, to continue giving away the small remnant of the nation's cultivable lands in 160-acre tracts, especially since under the commutative clause of the homestead act the gift usually goes to some great land grabber instead of going, as intended, to a home-builder.—Maxwell's Talisman.

DOES YOUR BACK ACHE?

Cure the Kidneys and the Pain Will Never Return.

Only one sure way to cure an aching back. Cure the cause, the kidneys. Thousands tell of cures made by Doan's Kidney Pills. John C. Coleman, a prominent merchant of Swainsboro, Ga., says: "For several years my kidneys were affected, and my back ached day and night. I was languid, nervous and lame in the morning. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me right away, and the great relief that followed has been permanent."

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