

**THE PATH TO THE SPRING.**

The stepping-stones led out,  
An ancient line well worn to years of roe  
And winding onward from the old yard  
door.

Each stone with grass about,  
Like a gray isle in silent seas of green,  
Passed the quiet summer-house, the  
chosen scene.

Of rest from romp and rout,  
And old, slow-flowing tales unranked  
yet by doubt.

Then came the swinging gate,  
Opening on meadows dim, horizon wide  
To our young eyes, white on the further  
side.

Did hills more wondrous wait  
Than ever kissed heaven in Arcady, Alack!  
The path turned there, and now no other  
track.

In these gray days and late  
Finds the lost lands of old the sky-line  
of our fate.

A big hackberry spread  
High o'er the path, still to one loyal mind  
And memory keen, lone monarch of its  
kind.

And then, with creeping tread  
To childish hearts, the cavern in the hill,  
Lair of we know not what, gaped on us  
still.

As off with hurrying tread  
And fearful backward look along the  
path we sped,

To tumble round the turn,  
And lo! the spring, then while Aunt Lucy,  
bent  
Above her wash-tubs, scolding welcome  
sent.

Slim Chloe left her churn,  
And smiling wide, to young lips round  
the pool.

The brown gourd tilted dripping, pure,  
and cool—  
Such draft not Hebe's urn  
Could yield, nor Diana's thirst so innocently burn.

But far, and far apart  
We've journeyed since. Some walk the  
streets of gold.

And some, still further from the paths of  
old.

Pied on with patient heart:  
All things they see in one vast circle  
bound.

And life, mayhap, shall some time circle  
round.

Somewhere some new dawn darts  
New day, new life, and they down some  
new spring-path start.

—Wm. H. Woods, in Youth's Companion.

**Coaly and the Lion.**

When I was fifteen years old my father sent me for a wagon load of lumber to Fort Worth, which was seventy-five miles distant from our new claim.

His intention was that I should go with two neighbors who had squatted some miles from our place; but they started earlier than I did, and I could not drive my oxen fast enough to overtake them that day. Lep, my high ox, was a big, red and white fellow with enormous horns which he was too good natured to use. Coaly, the black off ox, was of a different temper.

He was taller than Lep, much quicker, and had shorter, sharper horns. He would kick as well as hook, he particularly hated dogs, and was altogether so vicious when yoked that nothing but his good conduct when yoked saved him from the butcher.

Sunset found me near the foot of a long hill that led me down into a gorge about five miles from what was then the hamlet of Paluxy. The road, seldom traveled in those days, was too vague to be followed by night without upsetting the wagon. So I reluctantly turned aside into a small open space among the cedars, and halted. The month was January, but the weather was mild for the season.

The steep, rocky sides of the wild gorges were overgrown with twisted cedars, and rose to what I thought a great height. In the gloom and loneliness I made my preparations for camping with much trepidation, although I really had no other reason for fear than that wolves, wildcats, and mountain lions had been encountered in this great ravine.

After unyoking the oxen and tying them to trees, I collected dry cedar wood, of which there was abundance, and piled it near the wagon. When a fire had been kindled, I warmed myself and felt more cheerful. The firelight banished the darkness in the immediate vicinity but seemed to increase as soon as I was warm I fed the oxen and then prepared my own supper. Mother had provided me with a good supply of cooked provisions. After broiling some slices of pork on a stick, and warming some bread in the same way, I made a hearty meal.

Then I sat for a while before the fire enjoying its warmth, and soon grew sleepy in spite of my surroundings. Knowing that I would have to get an early start the next morning, in order to overtake my friends, I thought it well to go to bed early. I had determined to sleep on the ground by the fire.

After spreading a layer of unbound sheaf oats on the ground, I put down several quilts for a bed, and then others for coverings. Then I piled more wood on the fire, gave the oxen a good supply of oats and fodder, and crawled into my not uncomfortable bed.

While listening to the wind shrieking drearily across the hilltops, and to the more cheerful sounds of the crackling fire and champing oxen, I fell asleep.

Several hours must have passed before I awoke, and found myself looking up at a sky covered with thin, fleecy clouds, through which the waning moon shone dimly. Raising my head, I looked around. The fire had burned out, for cedar wood does not last long. Only a few coals were visible where the crackling blaze had been.

Being warm and comfortable, I did not trouble myself about the fire knowing that I could rekindle it when morning came. I had relied upon it to keep the wild animals away; but now that the moon had risen, I was not much afraid of wild animals.

By the light of the moon I could see

Coaly and Lep lying a few yards away, both chewing their cud contentedly. A wolf was howling in the distance, and a little screech owl was uttering its peculiar cry somewhere up the side of the gorge. I was on the point of falling asleep again when a slight noise near me caused me to raise my head. As I did so a low growl froze my blood.

A yard or two from my feet, on the other side of where the fire had been, stood an animal larger than a dog. He was looking straight at me, evidently preparing to attack.

I had never seen a mountain lion till then, but the instant my eyes rested upon the animal I knew what it was. A chill of horror ran over me as I sat there, half paralyzed by fear.

One saying that I had heard from child was that a mountain lion will not attack as long as you look it steadily in the eye. Now, being utterly at the lion's mercy, I had presence of mind enough, in spite of my terror, to make the attempt. It was all I could do.

I do not think there was anything in my wavering gaze very terrifying to that lion. At least he did not show any symptoms of fear.

As I sat watching him with a terrified, fascinated gaze he crouched as if for a spring and uttered another growl deep and fierce. I seemed to see his hair stand on end. I was too much dazed to move, even if I could have done so, I was at the animal's mercy.

But instead of springing, he straightened up, and began to circle slowly around me, keeping at about the same distance. Perhaps he was trying to get behind me.

As he moved he kept his eyes fixed upon me, and I returned his gaze as steadily as I could. Several times he stopped and seemed to be getting ready for a spring, but as often moved again in a circle, uttering frequent growls, while I turned in bed, and never once took my eyes from him. I expected every moment to see him coming through the air toward me, and doubtless he would have sprung had not something occurred which neither he nor I had counted upon.

Pretty soon after making the discovery that the beast was near I had heard the oxen spring to their feet, both puffing as if alarmed. Later, as the lion was circling round me and growling, I could hear them tramping restlessly and tugging at their ropes till the cedars to which they were tied shook audibly.

The lion himself was too much occupied with me to pay any attention to the oxen. He seemed to have made up his mind that I would make a palatable supper, and as he had probably not eaten for several days, he felt little interest in anything else just then.

As for me, although I heard the oxen's movements, I did not dare to turn my eyes away from the lion long enough to see what they were doing.

But while the beast was hesitating I heard a low, coarse bellow, followed by a shaking of a tree, as if one of the oxen was throwing his weight against the rope that held him. Then came a tramping of hoofs over the rocky ground, and I turned my head just in time to see Coaly's huge figure, black as midnight, as he rushed by me and made straight for the lion.

The beast was giving his whole attention to me, and seemed to be taken by surprise. He uttered a fierce growl of rage, and then attempted to put himself in a defensive attitude; but before he could do so Coaly was upon him. The next moment the lion, big as he was, shot up into the air, tossed by the powerful horns of the black ox.

Here I recovered my presence of mind somewhat, sprang up, ran to the nearest tree, and hastily scrambled up as far as I dared to go. Even then I was only eight or ten feet above the ground, and I knew the lion could climb; but I felt comparatively safe, for the beast was too busy with other matters just then to give further attention to me.

When he struck the ground, after being tossed upward, he was in a great rage. Instead of waiting to be gored a second time he made a furious dash at his enemy, intending, I think, to light on the ox's back. But Coaly had no thought of permitting anything of the kind.

Wheeling round with astonishing quickness, he received the lion on his horns and threw him several feet backward. Three or four times this was repeated. Finally, the lion, finding himself unable to get at the ox, ceased his attacks. He did not retreat, however, but stood with open mouth and gleaming eyes, uttering loud growls of defiance.

Coaly was not in the least intimidated by this show of resistance. Lowering his head, he plunged recklessly at the lion. Then followed a fierce and exciting struggle, which lasted for several minutes.

Again and again the ox charged furiously, but the lion always sprang nimbly out of the way, and in turn tried to jump upon the back of his antagonist. Notwithstanding his huge size, Coaly was very swift in his movements. Whenever the lion presented himself, he found the sharp horns ready to receive him.

Finally I saw the lion make a desperate leap at Coaly's throat. The ox turned very quickly, so that his body shut out my view. For a little while I was very much afraid lest my champion, although he had been having the fight all his own way so far, should be defeated and perhaps killed. But soon he was turned, and I saw, much to my relief that there was no occasion whatever for alarm on his account.

The lion was on his back on the ground, while Coaly was almost standing on his head over the prostrate body

doing his best to drive his horns through it.

Whether he succeeded I could not tell in the dim light; but in a few seconds the lion was again thrown into the air. When he struck the ground all the fight was gone out of him. He scrambled away, followed by the furious Coaly. Both disappeared among the cedars.

I listened intently to learn what they were doing. Now and then a growl, more of pain than of defiance, came back from the direction they had taken. Each growl was fainter, coming farther up the creek, and from this I knew that the lion was not racing at a good speed.

While I was listening eagerly for some evidence that the fight had been renewed, I became aware that every thing round me was growing lighter. Glancing down, I saw with dismay that my bed was on fire. One of the coals that had been scattered by the combatants had fallen upon the straw, which had at last burst into a blaze.

If the lion had still been near I should have remained up in the tree and allowed the fire to burn, although my hat, boots, coat and vest, the only part of my clothing that I had removed on going to bed, would have been consumed. But feeling that there was now no danger, I hastily let myself down and extinguished the blaze. The only harm done was the burning off of the corners of two or three quilts.

I soon kindled another fire of wood and felt safer when I saw it blazing up brightly, although I was still very much afraid. A little reflection convinced me that it would prove a better safeguard than any tree I could climb.

The experience through which I had just passed had left me in an excited, nervous state. At every sound, however slight, I started, and turned quickly, not knowing at what moment the lion might come back. I was also anxious lest Coaly should take it into his head to go home, and leave me with only half a team.

As nearly as I could tell by the moon it was now about midnight. I turned up the ends of the quilts and blankets, and crawled under them. Then I lay and listened for any suspicious sound. Every now and then I raised my head and looked about, but saw nothing to revive my fears. Before I knew that I was getting sleepy, I was sound asleep.

I was awakened by something pushing against the side of my bed. Starting up in alarm, I was greatly relieved to see that it was only Coaly. He was putting his nose under the blankets to get the oats. The broken rope was dangling from his horns. The fire had burned out, but it was now day, a bright, still, frosty morning and the first rays of the sun were already shining against the mountainside above me.

After rekindling the fire, I started to lead Coaly back to tie him again, again, when I made the discovery that one of his horns was covered with dried blood. Evidently he had seriously wounded the lion.

Possibly, I thought, he had killed him somewhere near by, and I wanted to make a search in hope of finding the carcass and securing the skin as a trophy. But being unarmed, and knowing that there was danger of coming upon a live lion instead of a dead one, I decided that the risk was too great.

However, while I was eating my breakfast, I thought of an expedient that enabled me to make the search in safety. Taking hold of Coaly's rope I led him after me, and thus protected spent nearly an hour looking among the cedars along the creek.

If I had found the lion wounded, I intended to let Coaly finish him. But the search was not successful, and I returned to the camp, put the oxen to the wagon, and proceeded on my way.

—From the American Cultivator.

**Don't Call Again.**

The finest as well as the latest and most luxurious barber shop on Broad way has flashing in front of it this electric sign: "No tips." Within the shop is posted this notice: "If you have tipped the barber, please do not call again." That may sound inhospitable, but it is sound business policy as well as good ethics. Men who have money of their own or money belonging to their employers to throw away are not concerned over the tipping evil; but the majority of Americans prefer to pay one price for an article or service, and to pay that openly and above board. The question of compensation for barbers, waiters and others who serve the public is between them and their employers. Customers are not concerned in it. Most persons would rather pay the cashier a double rate than pay half at the desk and half clandestinely in the form of a tip.—Roanester Democrat and Chronicle.

**Woman's Married Name.**

A correspondent points out, apropos of Miss Baeson's protest as to the submerging of woman's name in marriage, that in Scotland long ago a married woman was known by her maiden name. This is still true in many of the country districts, and also among the fisher people; and a woman is still cited in a court of law by her maiden name in addition to her married name, thus, "Mary Graham (or Knox)." But then in Scotland a woman has far greater rights than in England, especially in the matter of divorce, which she can claim on equal terms with the man.—London Chronicle.

The town of Orson, Sweden, is without taxes. The necessary revenues are derived from a forest reservation.

**Why City Life is Killing**  
By Dr. Thomas Darlington.

**T**HE death rate from heart and Bright's disease in the cities of Boston, New York and Chicago has nearly doubled in the twenty-five year period, while the general death rate has decreased.

A study of the causative factors of this alarming increase naturally suggests the part played by the many so-called features of city life, and one of the most important factors in the relation of mental strain to the production of functional followed by organic lesions of the heart and subsequently the kidneys. The high wrought, overnervous activity of the modern city business man and the equally strenuous social whirl of the city woman, the mad rush of competition, the bustle, confusion, noise and unrest, so striking in comparison with the "dolce far niente" of the business and social life of a century ago, crowds and hurry, elevated stairs and "rapid fire" elevators, mental strain and physical bankruptcy, all seem so essential. They have come to be considered a striking characteristic of our national life, yet they are so deadly to our individual life that they furnish us with food for deep and earnest thought.

As a people, we are mad with the lust of success and money getting and individually suicidal in our craze for material advancement. The spirit which prompts 11 p. m. editions of the daily papers to be on sale at 11 a. m., is clearly indicative of sufficient cause for the appalling increase in deaths from heart disease.

The vice of hard drinking is less prevalent than it was in the days gone by. We cannot lay the blame for our chronic Bright's and hypertrophied heart cases, wholly upon its overburdened shoulders. Drunkenness is less common, but stimulation is on the increase.

The quiet and calm of sylvan life is within the grasp of few of us, but rational right living, hygienic precepts and the law of physical and mental repose are doctrines which must be forcibly brought home in order to cope with this menace.

**A Tribute to Broiled Bacon**  
By Dr. Henry van Dyke.

**D**O you remember what Charles Lamb said about roast pig? How he falls into an ecstasy of laudation, spelling the very name with small capitals and breaking away from the cheap encomiums of the native tongue to hail it in sonorous Latin as "princeps obsoniorum!"

There is some truth in his compliments, no doubt; but they are wasteful, excessive, imprudent. For if all this praise is to be lavished on plain, fresh, immature roast pig, what adjectives shall we find to do justice to that riper, richer, more subtle and sustaining viand, "broiled bacon?"

On roast pig a man cannot work; often he cannot sleep if he have partaken of it immoderately. But bacon "brings to its sweetness no satiety." It strengthens the arm while it satisfies the palate. Crisp, juicy, savory; delicately salt as the breeze that blows from the sea; faintly pungent as the blue smoke of incense, wafted from a clean wood-fire; aromatic, appetizing, nourishing, a stimulant to the hunger which it appeases; 'tis the matured bloom and consummation of the mild little pig, spared by foresight, for a nobler fate than juvenile roasting and brought by art and man's device to a perfection surpassing nature.

And when we say of one escaping great disaster, that he has "saved his bacon," we say that the physical basis and the quintessential comfort of his life are still untouched and secure.

What could have been better than our supper, cooked in the open air and eaten by firelight? True, we had no plates—they had been forgotten—but we never mourned for them. We made a shift to get along with the tops of tin cans and the cover of a kettle; and from these rude platters (quite as serviceable as the porcelain of Limoges or Sevres), we consumed our toast, and our broiled potatoes with butter; our trout—and, best of all, our bacon.

**What The People Demand of the Corporations**  
By Senator John C. Spooner, of Wisconsin.

**T**HE people, without doubt, demand a greater measure of publicity in the details of corporate management and a larger exercise of supervisory power to prevent illegal and dishonest administration and corporate injustices to the public. There is a determined and widespread demand for reform wherever reform is needed. All good citizens are united without regard to party affiliations in the demand for the extirpation of graft. No one is opposed to this but the grafters. The people demand that the obligations of trusteeship, public and corporate, shall be religiously observed, and if violated shall be adequately punished. They demand that railway rebates and other unjust discriminations shall absolutely and permanently cease. It is intolerable that corporations created by the state, primarily for the public benefit and service, clothed with the power of eminent domain, shall carry the same kind of freight between the same terminals for one person or corporation at a secret and lesser rate than it exacts at the same time from a competitor for such discrimination, and its inevitable effect is to build up one to the ruin of another, and especially to establish and nourish industrial or other business monopolies. But the sanity and reasonableness of the American people must not be underestimated. They want justice, not vengeance. They realize the large dependence of our prosperity upon the great transportation corporations, and the latter must realize that they are dependent upon the people for their existence, as well as their prosperity.

**Tax American Heiresses in Europe**  
"Good-for-Nothing Noblemen Marry Yankee Girls Solely for Their Money."  
By Paul Morton.

**O**N this matter of the immense exportation of money from America to Europe by means of heiresses, etc., I have often believed that some kind of tax should be put upon it.

Particularly have I for a long time thought that a tax of some kind should be placed on the income which American women carry to Europe after their marriages to foreign noblemen. Those good-for-nothing fellows marry American girls solely for their money, and some taxation scheme should be worked out to save at least a portion of this outgo.

It does not seem equitable that these girls' fortunes have been all made by good Americans, from good American industry and by good American brains.

Does it not seem utterly unfair that this garnering, this harvest, should be taken out of the country and be dumped into the pockets of some idle scion of nobility who never did a stroke of work?

The country loses not only the girl, who might have brought herself and her riches to some good American, but it also loses many millions made out of it.

**Aiding Storage of Coal.**

At the solicitation of some western railroads the Interstate Commerce Commission sanctioned a reduction of 25 cents on coal shipped in certain parts of the west during the months of July and August. This action is for the purpose of encouraging the shipment and storage of coal during the period when the greatest number of cars are available for the purpose, rather than later, when the demand for cars is greater than the supply.

**Many Species of Mosquito.**

The mosquito family is a large one, as might be suspected. The department experts have captured, identified and classified no less than 125 different species. In addition to the simon pure mosquito there are any number of counterfeiters. Scores of them are so closely allied to the real thing in looks, buzz and other characteristics as to be mistaken by the amateur as a member of the original family.

**THE "YELL-OH" MAN And One of His Ways.**

To call a man a liar seems rude, so we will let the reader select his own term.

Some time ago the Manager of "Collier's Weekly" got very cross with us because we would not continue to advertise in his paper.

We have occasionally been attacked by editors who have tried to force us to advertise in their papers at their own offices, and on their own conditions, falling in which we were to be attacked through their editorial columns. The reader can fit a name to that tribe.

We had understood that the editor of "Collier's" was a wild cat of the Sinclair "jungle bungle" type, a person with curled gray matter, but it seems strange that the owners would descend to using their editorial columns, yellow as they are, for such rank out and out falsehoods as appear in their issue of July 27th, where the editor goes out of his way to attack us, and the reason will appear tolerably clear to any reader who understands the venom behind it.

We quote in part as follows: "One widely circulated paragraph labors to induce the impression that Grape-Nuts will obviate the necessity of an operation in appendicitis. This is lying, and, potentially, deadly lying. Similarly, Postum continually makes reference to the endorsement of a 'distinguished physician' or 'a prominent health official,' persons as mythical, doubtless, as they are mysterious."

We do not hesitate to reproduce these mendacious falsehoods in order that it may be made clear to the public what the facts are, and to nail the liar up so that people may have a look at him. If this poor clown knew what produced appendicitis, he might have some knowledge of why the use of Grape-Nuts would prevent it. Let it be understood that appendicitis results from long continued disturbance in the intestines, caused primarily by undigested food, and chiefly by undigested starchy food, such as white bread, potatoes, rice, partly cooked cereals, and such. These lie in the warmth and moisture of the bowels in an undigested state, and decay, generating gases, and irritating the mucous surfaces until, under such conditions, the lower part of the colon and the appendix become involved. Disease sets up, and frequently, of a form known as appendicitis.

Now then, Grape-Nuts food was made by Mr. C. W. Post, after he had an attack of appendicitis, and required some food in which the starch was predigested. No such food existed; from his knowledge of dietetics he perfected the food; made it primarily for his own use, and afterwards introduced it to the public. In this food the starch is transformed by moisture and long-time cooking into a form of sugar, which is easily digested and does not decay in the intestines. It is a practical certainty that when a man has approaching symptoms of appendicitis, the attack can be avoided by discontinuing all food except Grape-Nuts, and by properly washing out the intestines. Most physicians are now acquainted with the facts, and will verify the statement.

Of course, this is all news, and should be an education to the person who writes the editorials for "Collier's," and who should take at least some training before he undertakes to write for the public.

Now as to the references to "a distinguished physician" or "a prominent health official" being "mythical persons." We are here to wager "Collier's Weekly," or any other skeptic or liar, any amount of money they care to name, and which they will cover, that we will produce proof to any Board of Investigators that we have never yet published an advertisement announcing the opinion of a prominent physician or health official on Postum or Grape-Nuts, when we did not have the actual letter in our possession. It can be easily understood that many prominent physicians dislike to have their names made public in reference to any article whatsoever; they have their own reasons, and we respect those reasons, but we never make mention of endorsements unless we have the actual endorsement, and that statement we will back with any amount of money called for.

When a journal wilfully prostitutes its columns, to try and harm a reputable manufacturer in an effort to force him to advertise, it is time the public knew the facts. The owner or editor of Collier's Weekly cannot force money from us by such methods.

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd.