

Unto the Hills.

By OLIVE HARPER.

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"It is useless to say any more on the subject, Ezra. My decision is taken."

"Very well," replied Ezra, with a sigh, as he looked down at his wife, who stood before him, with defiance in every line of her pretty face. Her shoulders were thrown back and her right foot advanced, while her hands were clinched as if for a combat.

This ready acceptance of her expressed determination annoyed her. She had expected opposition and was prepared for fighting it from every standpoint. Her arguments had been carefully prepared to defeat anything he might say. And here he had accepted her decision without a word. He asked no concession, made no appeal. It was exasperating.

Ezra Robins was six feet tall and big in proportion. Edna was a little mite of a woman, whom he could carry like a child in his strong arms. He loved her with a mighty love and cherished her with an infinite tenderness. He almost worshipped the girlish prettiness of her face with its pink cheeks, pale blue eyes, ashen blond hair and weak chin. All these traits appealed to his large nature as the tender beauty of a little child. Nothing that he could do for her was too hard or irksome.

Ezra had received next to no education, as his family had moved to California before there were schools and he had been obliged to work from almost his babyhood. His father had died, leaving him the ranch near the summit of the beautiful undulating hills just beyond Piedmont. Here he had brought his young bride.

Every comfort that he could obtain for Edna was purchased, and he was very happy in his protecting love and abounding tenderness. He loved her so entirely that he did not know or feel that her love for him was but a weak and attenuated sentiment of half contemptuous toleration.

For Edna Robins had literary aspirations. She subscribed for the story papers, read Mrs. Braddon, Ouida and The Duchess. She longed to evolve books like those written by her favorite authors and to people them with such unreal characters as lived in those books. She would sit for hours in her darkened room trying to create a plot for a book where all the suffering heroines should live in sumptuous homes, wear diamonds and have dazzling beauty.

While she was dreaming her dreams of unrealities in her room Ezra would wander to a place from which he could look down upon the scene before him—the beautiful San Francisco bay—a panorama surpassed nowhere on earth. He always turned his eyes toward the Golden Gate as the sun was setting to watch the last rays as it sank into the Pacific. After the sunset came the



"I WILL RETURN THIS OUT OF MY PROFITS."

gorgeous glory of the gold fringed purple clouds. The last look was given to the Golden Gate itself, the rugged slopes of the broken hearted mountain that had been torn asunder by some unknown cataclysm of nature to open the gate to the hordes to come. Alcatraz and Goat Island grew dim as the lights of the city across the bay burned out, and when the evening star and perhaps a thin silvery crescent hung down low over the San Francisco hills he would heave a sigh of deep content and return to the ranch with a sweet peace on his face and humble thankfulness for all that he had and had seen filling his heart so that his countenance beamed with the inner light of a great soul.

At such times he was unconsciously a true poet, with grand thoughts struggling for utterance and finding no outlet in words. But the glory and beauty of it all sank deep in his simple heart.

Edna wrote a little nabby pambly story of an impossible hero and heroine. This story she sent to the editor of the local paper.

The editor thought that Edna was a fool, but he had received many services from Ezra when in hard luck, and what editor does not have his hours of dizziness when every hair stands up

straight? So he corrected the grammar and punctuation and gave some attention to the orthography, but with a grim smile refrained from changing the story itself. Then he printed it, calling attention editorially to the new star in the literary firmament.

That settled it all. Edna felt that she was a genius—that there was no field for her in that desolate place. Once or twice Ezra tried blunderingly to show her the beauty of her surroundings, where nature has been more lavish of gracious gifts than in any other land, but in all that wonder she saw nothing worthy the attention of the great writer she was.

All she lacked was the atmosphere of a great city. New York was the center. There she wished to go, and alone. She did not wish to harness her genius to such a plain, ignorant companion as Ezra. No; she must be alone, and when she had achieved success and realized her ambition she would return—for a visit.

Dreams of honors to be showered upon her by the great ones of earth filled her head. In this lonely place she was lost, entombed with her genius. She did not say talent, but genius.

Ezra had heard all her complaints until he knew them by heart. Dimly he felt that she was throwing away the substance for the shadow, but he had no words to voice his thoughts.

With all the obstinacy of a weak and foolish woman Edna clung to her idea, repeating it always in the same words and in the same monotonous tone, with her weak chin uplifted, until now unavailingly, when Ezra had said:

"Very well."

Then she went to her room and began to pack.

Ezra went up to his comforting madonna tree and threw himself down with his gaze fastened upon the Golden Gate and the little fleet of ships that were sailing in. His friends, the stars, came out while the silver moon hung low above the horizon and sank slowly out of sight. He half sobbed:

"Poor little thing! I don't blame her. She is too bright and clever and gifted for me anyway. I never had no chance to learn. If she will be happier—why, I ought to be too. Poor little motherless thing!"

Then two big tears suddenly sprang from his eyes, and a heart wrung sob was in his throat as he pictured to himself what the ranch would be without Edna.

When he went in she had finished packing and was sitting before the glass putting her front hair in curls. It was such soft, pretty hair, Ezra thought. He bent clumsily and took a wisp of it into his broad palm and lifted it softly to his lips. She considered this almost an impertinence and drew her head away, while Ezra said slowly:

"Edna, I want to say this—I'll stay here on the ranch, and—and if you ever want me you have only to send me word."

For answer she tossed her head. He continued:

"Today I drew all the money I had banked—a thousand dollars. Here it is. If you need more I'll send it when the crops are sold."

"I shall not need any more. And I will return this out of the profits on my 'Little Will o' the Wisp.' I only borrow it."

"Maybe there won't be no profits," hazarded Ezra.

"Oh, I wish you could learn to speak English properly," she replied, angered by his doubt. She had no doubts.

"And," she continued, "I may go to Europe. I have read that 'The Breadwinner' made a hundred thousand dollars for the author. And if such a silly book could do so well mine ought to do much better. Why, all the people in that book are just ordinary folks and don't do anything grand or heroic, and—well, I know mine is much better."

Ezra sighed, but said no more. Edna took the money.

Neither slept much that night.

A week later Edna stood in New York. She began her search for a publisher. She wrote letters to the most prominent publishers, hinting of the great work she was ready to read them, for she determined not to let her precious manuscript out of her hands. She dressed well, arranged her rooms—rooms then—and waited for the publishers to come. She hoped they would not fight each other. No one even replied to her letters. But why tell in detail the story of her long waiting, her cruel disappointments, the cold refusals—later and worse, the return of her books without comment or regret? She had learned that she must trust to the publishers, after all.

She learned many a hard lesson during the next few years, but with the superlative obstinacy of her nature she persisted in her belief of her own genius. She wrote hopeful letters to her husband and never told of her defeat.

Her money was all gone. She moved to one little attic room and peddled cosmetics for awhile, then addressed circulars, living, or, rather, existing, most miserably. Her garments were shabby, her shoes distressful and her hat disreputable.

At last even the circulars failed her. She was cold and hungry. Without money she had still been hopeful. The day would come when she would ride in her carriage. Did not true genius always suffer? There were six books awaiting a publisher, all written along the same lines.

But on this day she really did lose her courage. There is nothing like cold and hunger to develop despondency. She thought as the rain dripped down icy cold from a leaden sky of the ranch out in California. How sunny it was! How the trees were bending now with their weight of fruit! How the grapevines were covered

with great purple bunches, just as red sweet! How rich the milk was and how thick and yellow the cream and how sweet the butter! She had not tasted butter for a long time, and as she thought she was almost ready to say, "I will arise and go to my father."

Suddenly she began to cry—not a burst of noisy tears, but a hopeless quiet weeping without even a sob.

In her morning paper she had read of a new western author who had drawn his inspiration from the very Piedmont hills where her home was. There was an extract, and this seemed to speak to her in her husband's own voice and say the same thing of the place that she had heard him say so often. It was a word picture of all that could be seen from that spot under the madonna. She could smell the waxy blossoms and see the rich masses of the golden poppies that fairly crowded each other. She could hear the yellow linnet, see the wild rabbits scuttering in the bushes. She saw the droll little gophers as they put their noses out, saw the broad bay—oh, it was too much! She was seized with a sudden homesickness. She would write to Ezra, and he would send her money. But could she live until the letter could reach her?

Defeat was written all over her. Ten years had left its impress on her face.

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"NOW—THIS MINUTE!" SAID EDNA.

her hair, her form. Maybe he would not care to have her back! Then more tears.

She began a letter to Ezra when there was a strange, heavy step on the rickety stairs which was yet curiously familiar. She stood up, listening. She was very pale. Opening the door in response to the knock, she stood facing her husband.

"Ezra," she faltered weakly.

"Edna, my dear, I couldn't stand life without you any longer."

She fell into his arms to be strained to his heart while she sobbed:

"Oh, Ezra, I am so unhappy! I am a failure. My books are good for nothing. They are not true. I was writing to you to ask you—to go home."

Then they sat and talked of the dear old ranch and many other things. Edna noticed something new, more alert, deeper and stronger in Ezra's manner and dimly fancied he used much better language than before and chose his words with more discrimination.

She showed him the extract in the paper from the book that had made her so homesick.

"What will you say, Edna, when I tell you that I wrote that book? I was so lonesome after you went that I thought I'd study some to pass the time. I had a teacher up on the ranch four years, and then I kept on reading and studying, and suddenly, almost without knowing how I did it, I began the book, and here is your copy."

"Oh, Ezra, I was writing only dreams! I see it now, and you have written truths. Oh, I am ashamed!"

"Well, you needn't be. You are the cleverest, sweetest and best girl in the world. When shall we start?"

"Now—this minute!" said Edna.

One Virtue of Art. The greater number of us are condemned by circumstance of income and the routine of duty to a life restrained by walls, streets and the more or less flexible bounds of the community. The greater world without is defined by such impressions as the books and the newspapers and the chance travelers make upon our imaginations. When the opportunity of vacation or enforced travel takes us into country and cities thus described, we learn how awry and colorless these initial impressions have been.

The life that goes on within our own walk must ever be narrow in this one sense—that the mind can never recreate all of any scene brought to us by others. The painter, as skillfully as the musician, can catch movement, light and poetry and can present them, so far as they may be reproduced, to the senses of the beholder. His expertness at this is often weird, uncanny. At least a half dozen pictures can make one feel as if present in the scene, a thing impossible to the photograph or to any other of the graphic arts. This, we believe, is a valuable quality of art. It can bring a relief from the dulling rule of duty. It can impart a touch of the buoyancy of travel. It can, to employ a hackneyed but fitting phrase, take one out of oneself.—Toledo Blade.

The Limelight of Publicity

The Eightieth Birthday of General William Booth of the Salvation Army—Two Princes Who Now Hardly Know Their Own Names.

Characters Who Figure Prominently in the Eye. Mrs. Anna Boyle and the Mystery of Her Connection With the Whittia Case.

THE celebrations all over the world in honor of the eightieth birthday of General William Booth, founder and commander in chief of the Salvation Army, call attention to the fact that the venerable head of this great militant religious organization has just won a fight with no less a personage than the czar of Russia. General Booth was long forbidden entrance to the Russian empire and was apparently as much dreaded by the czar and his associate autocrats as a revolutionist or assassin. But at last all opposition to him has been withdrawn.

General Booth was born on April 10, 1829, in Nottingham, England, and was at first a minister of the Methodist New Connection denomination, but he left this ministry in 1861 to engage in evangelistic work, and his interest in this department of religious activity led to his devoting himself wholly to labors among the outcasts and downtrodden and in that way to the organization of the Salvation Army, which dates its birth from the year 1878. The army is now established in twenty-five different countries and has some 10,000 officers. Its head, who exercises over it the sway of a benevolent despot, believes he is good for almost another eighty years yet and in his ripe old age declines to take life much easier than of old.

He lives in a plainly furnished home of the country mansion type. Everything about the place bespeaks simplicity, combined with a somewhat rude comfort. The general when working occupies a large back room on the ground floor overlooking a sweep of green lawn. Despite his years his figure is erect and gives the impression of a man six feet in height. He not only works full ten hours a day when at home, but often converts his bedroom into a workshop and at night when unable to sleep devotes

of the descent of the succession to Prince George would ordinarily become heir to the throne, spent some years in St. Petersburg as a student and has the reputation of being intel-



PRINCES GEORGE AND ALEXANDER, FIRST AND SECOND SONS OF KING PETER.

ligent and serious minded, being of a less violent and willful temperament than his brother George.

When his brother George's resignation of kingly rights was under consideration Alexander is reported to have said: "Under no circumstances will I agree to take my brother's place. If he cannot be a good king, neither can I. I will stick to my brother through thick and thin. George must remain crown prince."

The original complication in the case of these brothers was rendered more complicated still when King Peter issued a ukase changing the names of his sons so as to preserve the name of George as head of the house of Karageorgievitch. Prince George is now Prince Alexander and Prince Alexander is Prince George, which is mixing things worse than Little Buttercup did in "Pinafore."

Anna Boyle, who is charged with being an accessory to the kidnaping of little Willie Whittia of Sharon, Pa., is a very nervy woman, and when she was being taken from Cleveland to Pennsylvania she almost eluded the vigilance of the officers and made an attempt to jump from the train. Her personality is one of the mysterious features of the case, and though she is said to be the wife of James H. Boyle, the chief figure in the kidnaping plot, her history is a matter which has excited considerable speculation and discussion. She is not a bad look-



MRS. ANNA BOYLE.

ing woman, and, though little Willie has said that she "swore something awful" while she had him in charge, she gives evidence of having no small degree of education and knowledge of the world.

Almost Complete. Work on the grounds and buildings of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition at Seattle is well advanced, and the management is determined to have everything in readiness by opening day. This has been written about all expositions in late years, but the promise has never been completely fulfilled. The officials of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition, however, have started out with a completed-on-opening-day idea above everything else, and if they do not carry out their plan it will not be because western energy has not been expended in the task. Citizens of Seattle and the entire Pacific coast are enthusiastic in their support of the exposition. No "knocking" is going on by other cities.

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