

## THE GOODLY COUNTRY.

I've never seen a hill but looked at me with grave content,  
Good-naturedly and cheerfully, whichever way I went;  
Though it were bleak and bare and brown, it shouldered to the sky,  
And looked at me in quiet peace when I went slowly by;  
But any building, be it house, or templed place or mart,  
Will face a man with chilling brows that set him far apart.

I've never seen a country road that did not have the time  
To loaf beside the forests where the blossomed vines would climb,  
To coax me softly, lazily, to rest with it awhile  
And see the comfort it could find in creeping mile on mile;  
But city streets—they glare at you and will not let you stay;  
They hustle you unceasingly and drive your dreams away.

I've never seen the sky that shields the country-side at night—  
An ebon velvet drapery looped up with gems of light—  
That did not seem to bend to me all friendlywise and bless  
And pour a balm of comfort on my heart in its distress;  
But when the city has its night, the glare beats in your eye,  
And look whatever way you will, you cannot see the sky.

I've never seen a country road, or brook or hill or tree,  
That did not have a kindly word to speak or sing to me;  
They never crowd us to one side, they never enclose nor frown,  
Nor view us strangely as do the streets and walls of town,  
And so sometimes I think that this may be the hidden plan  
To show us how much better God could make the world than man.  
—Chicago Evening Post.

## UNDER THE COUNTERWEIGHT.

By ALBERT W. TOLMAN.

Among his friends Harvey Monroe, a jolly, good-hearted commission merchant in one of the cities on the great lakes, was known as "The Late Mr. Monroe," a title that indicated his only serious falling. Harvey was a thief of time. To be sure, his occupations generally extended to no more than two or three minutes, and often could be measured on the second dial. Still he was never just on time, and his acquaintances formed the habit of appointing their interviews five minutes earlier than they wished to see him. By that means they succeeded in keeping him fairly punctual.

On November 7, 1903, Harvey met with an experience that effectually cured him of procrastination.

At 10 that evening he had an important business appointment at the railroad station with a customer who was to stop off an hour between trains. To reach the station it was necessary for the merchant to cross the river which split the city in twain and served as its harbor. Leaving home five minutes late, as usual, he arrived at the Horton street bascule bridge just as it was raised to admit a tug, towing two barges. A little earlier and he would have avoided this delay.

The river presented a long black vista, lined on each side with gloomy wharf ends and storehouse. At intervals it was spanned by bridges sparkling with misty white electric stars. Now and then a red and green lighted tug, churning asthmatically along with tow of barge or schooner, whistled at this bridge or at that. Up tilted the swing-ends, while the ponderous counterweights sank into the dismal pits below.

Through went the tug. Down dropped the bridge as the weights rose, and the clogged streets emptied themselves of vehicles and pedestrians until the next shrill whistle split the spans once more.

Like most chronic procrastinators Harvey Monroe was always in a hurry. It seemed to him that the span was kept raised unconsciously long.

Growing impatient he ducked under the street barrier and leaned over close to the abutment to see where the barges were. The bridge tenders, busy with their duties, did not observe him, and no other foot passenger was near. Deceived by the blackness he made a false step. The next instant he was falling beside the granite abutment!

A few feet below he struck on his hands and knees on a cement ledge. The shock was violent, but a thick cushion of slush and drippings from the bridge broke the force of his fall. Down he slid, clawing desperately for hand-hold, but finding none. Suddenly he shot perpendicularly feet first into a narrow chasm, bringing up neck deep in ice cold water. He had dropped into the pit containing the iron counterweight that balanced the bridge.

The suddenness of his catastrophe jumbled Monroe, although he had suffered no injury beyond being shaken up and bruised. But the cold water in which he was immersed soon recalled him to himself and emphasized the need of immediate action. By feeling about he discovered that he was in a triangular space with hard, slimy cement on two sides and a mass of steel on the other. He must get out at once.

Just as he thought of shouting for help the machinery began to clank and grind overhead, and the counterweight slowly lifted, brushing past him in its ascent to the position it occupied when the bridge was down. As it rose, the water, which had almost touched his lips, began to fall, and soon was no higher than his knees.

The commission merchant realized that he must lose no time in letting his position be known. He threw all his breath into vigorous shouts for help, but as the roadway of the bridge settled into place above, it sealed the pit with a lid of wood and metal which prevented his cries from being heard. Hurried footsteps passed overhead; the rumbling of wheels echoed through his prison, but his frantic shouting, muffled by the intervening roof, attracted no attention.

Slipping, stumbling on the slimy bottom, Harvey splashed round his cell, vainly fingering the chill walls in hope of discovering some way of escape. But, high as he could reach, the hard cement afforded not a single ledge or crevice, and in that pitchy darkness he could not tell how much

farther the walls rose above him. He had no means of ascertaining, for there was nothing to give him a foothold.

Harvey realized with sudden terror that deadly peril threatened him when the counterweight should next descend. In groping round his dungeon he had lost his sense of position, and could not be sure of the corner into which he had fallen. So far as he knew, it was the only spot that had not been occupied by the tons of metal now suspended above his head. When the bridge was raised again and the weight fell, what chance had he to avoid being crushed to a jelly!

Cold and fright set Harvey's teeth to chattering; his legs shook so that he could hardly stand. Unless he could make his cries audible to the bridge-tenders or some pedestrian the next whistle, signifying that a tug was approaching from up or down river, would mark his doom. At all hours of day and night the harbor was a busy place, and no very long period could elapse before the dreaded signal would be heard.

As the horror of his situation dawned fully upon him a wild wave of unreasoning terror swept over the unhappy merchant. Almost crazed, he hammered the walls with his fists, dashing round and round through the icy water, and making the well reverberate with his cries. Then he became more calm. Of what use to wear himself out thus vainly! He must save all his energies for an attempt to gain the notice of some approaching pedestrian.

He stood in the middle of the pit in dead silence, broken only by vague sounds from outside and the gentle lapping of water against his dungeon walls. Presently he heard a faint tapping of feet on the plank walk approaching the bridge. Now was his opportunity. At the top of his lungs he screamed hoarsely for help.

The feet stopped, as if their owner had heard his voice and was trying to locate it. Hope buoyed the prisoner up. He redoubled his shouts, listening painfully at short intervals. Then to his bitter disappointment the steps passed hurriedly on.

Despair smote Harvey. Of what avail to try again if those cries that had almost burst his throat had accomplished nothing! But death was sure if he remained silent. Perhaps the man above had been deaf, and the next would have better ears. He waited, hoped, trembling.

All this time the dread of an approaching whistle hung over him. Again and again he seemed to hear it, faint and penetrating, and at every suspicion his hair bristled. The bridge lifted often at that hour. Already it had remained down much longer than he had supposed possible. Any second might herald his doom. There was little prospect of attracting the notice of the bridge-tenders, snugly ensconced in their house on that cold night. Would another pedestrian never come?

Waiting there in the centre of the pit Harvey forgot the freezing water in which he stood, forgot his smarting hands and numbly aching joints. All else was overshadowed by the nightmare of those tons of iron suspended over his head, ready at any instant to descend and crush out his life. He knew that men had fallen into these wells before, and that their bodies had been taken out unrecognizable days and weeks afterward. Was that to be his fate?

On a sudden another footfall sounded above, firm, unhesitating, rapid. Evidently its owner was bent on business. A thought of his own appointment, of his friend waiting in the comfortable station, consulting his watch and wondering why he did not come, flashed through Harvey's mind, and he remembered that it was his fatal habit of being behind time that had involved him in this predicament. All this shot through the merchant's brain even as he raised his voice to shout again.

This time the passerby, apparently preoccupied with his own thoughts, was not arrested by the faint cries under him. Without hesitating the footsteps passed on and died away. Monroe had been almost deafened by the echoes of his own clamoring. Strange that no one else could hear it!

Then, almost paralyzing brain and body, came the thing he had so long dreaded. A faint whistle penetrated his dungeon. He knew that in the

open air outside it was the loud screech of an approaching tug. All would be over ere many seconds had passed.

Just then rapid footsteps above again fell on his ears. Evidently some one was hastening to get across before the bridge should be raised. Monroe, grasping at the faint hope of rescue, set the pit ringing with his cries.

Overhead came a creaking, a clanking. They were starting to raise the draw. The footsteps stopped suddenly. The man had been too late to cross, and must wait until the tug had passed.

The roof of the merchant's prison slid harshly back. The counterweight was descending. Whatever he did must be done within the next few seconds. Could he make the man above appreciate his peril, so that he in turn might cause the bridge-tenders to understand in time to check the counterweight?

Harvey's voice rose in a hoarse shriek of agony, strange in his own ears, hardly that of a human being: "Help! Help! Stop the bridge!"

The pedestrian above, astounded at the cry rising so unexpectedly under his feet, started back, and stood for an instant petrified. Then realizing that a life was at stake, he screamed to the bridge-tenders: "There's a man in the pit! Stop the bridge!"

Monroe, flattening himself against the cement wall, awaiting with trembling knees the doom that he feared could not be averted, saw in the dim light admitted by the sliding back of his dungeon lid the black threatening mass of the great counterweight overhead, and dropping slowly, remorselessly. He heard the shout of the man above. Would the tenders understand in time?

Down came the weight, lower, lower. Three seconds more and it would surely crush him. He groaned in despair. Then it stopped, so close to his head that he could have touched its slimy bottom with his finger tips, and he knew that he was saved.—Youth's Companion.

## USING UP OUR TIMBER SUPPLY.

Three Times as Much Timber Used Each Year as the Forest Grows.

Every person in the United States is using over six times as much wood as he would use if he were in Europe. The country, as a whole, consumes every year between three and four times more wood than all of the forests of the United States grow in the meantime. The average acre of forest lays up a store of only ten cubic feet annually, whereas it ought to be laying up at least thirty cubic feet in order to furnish the products taken out of it. Since 1880 more than 700,000,000,000 feet of timber have been cut for lumber alone, including 80,000,000,000 feet of coniferous timber in excess of the total coniferous stumpage estimate of the census in 1880.

These are some of the remarkable statements made in Circular No. 97 of the Forest Service, which deals with the timber supply of the United States, and reviews the stumpage estimates made by all the important authorities. A study of the circular must lead directly to the conclusion that the rate at which forest products in the United States have been and are being consumed is far too lavish, and that only one result can follow unless steps are promptly taken to prevent waste in use and to increase the growth rate of every acre of forest in the United States. This result is a timber famine. This country is to-day in the same position with regard to forest resources as was Germany 150 years ago. During this period of 150 years such German States as Saxony and Prussia, particularly the latter, have applied a policy of Government control and regulation which has immensely increased the productivity of their forests. The same policy will achieve even better results in the United States, because we have the advantage of all the lessons which Europe has learned and paid for in the course of a century of theory and practice.

Let it might be assumed that the rapid and gaining depletion of American forest resources is sufficiently accounted for by the increase of population, it is pointed out in the circular that the increase in population since 1880 is barely more than half the increase in lumber cut in the same period. Two areas supplying timber have already reached and passed their maximum production—the Northeastern States in 1870 and the Lake States in 1890. To-day the Southern States, which cut yellow pine amounting to one-third the total annual lumber cut of the country, are undoubtedly near their maximum. The Pacific States will soon take the ascendancy. The State of Washington, within a few years, has come to the front, and now ranks first of all individual States in volume of cut.—New York Evening Post.

## With Few Exceptions.

Wilton Lackaye says that while on a downtown "L" train one morning recently he chanced to overhear portions of an interesting conversation between two young women occupying adjoining seats.

"I see by the paper," observed one of the young women, "that Mr. Blank, the octogenarian, is dead. What on earth is an octogenarian, anyhow?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," was the reply, "but there's one thing certain—they're a sickly lot of people. You never hear of one unless he is dying."—Lippincott's.

Alaskan roads are hard to build, thawing follows cutting of the soil

## Cuba's Custom-Fettered Women and Their Homes.

By Mrs. C. R. MILLER.

To the independent American woman the life of her Cuban sister is simply incomprehensible. It is dull, uninteresting—in fact, in many instances aggravating. From childhood to old age she rarely does as she likes, but is a slave to antiquated customs. As a child, a servant accompanies her to school and calls for her in the evening, and her playmates are few. When the marriageable age is reached, her courting is done in the presence of others, for the young man who calls on the Cuban senorita really visits the entire family, as at least one of them always remains in the room, which is brilliantly lighted, and its occupants are in full view of anybody passing along the street. Even if the girl talks with her lover through the grilled window some member of the family is always near by. If he takes her to a place of amusement she is always properly chaperoned. After they are engaged the vigilance of the parents is increased, and the young couple are never for a moment left to themselves. A young man may be fond of a girl, yet in no position to marry, but after he has spoken to her father, which he must do early in the courtship, he is expected to visit her home every night and enjoy her society along with the rest of the family. If they should go to a dance, with the family, of course, the girl dances every set with her escort.

To the American woman this style of courtship seems particularly exasperating, for nowhere are there more romantic spots than around Havana. In fact, everything throughout the island suggests the romance of lovers wandering about free to enjoy each other's company, unconscious of the existence of the rest of the world. Yet there such pleasure is denied them. The Cuban girl of the better class is usually pretty. The beauty of her clear, olive skin is heightened by sparkling black eyes and very white teeth, while her head is crowned by a wealth of coal black hair. Her whole make-up suggests happiness, but from an American point of view she never really attains it. I am told that occasionally one is brave enough to break down customs.

Finally this courted in the presence of the family girl marries, and unless the young husband is wealthy, even the joy of a wedding trip is denied her. She at once settles down to a life of inactivity, and, as the result, grows fat, and inside of five years has lost every vestige of her girlhood beauty. She is usually the mother of a large family, and it is said to her credit she makes a devoted mother. She is the picture of domesticity and rarely leaves her home. Domesticity does not always bring happiness, and unhappy marriages are not uncommon. Divorces are unknown, and when separations occur the unfortunate couple simply live apart and neither can remarry. This seems to be the swinging back of the pendulum to the other extreme, as compared with the loose divorce laws of some of the States, both systems resulting in immorality. One has but to visit the big orphan asylum in Havana to learn something of Cuba's moral depravity. At the entrance there is a large turn-table, on which a child may be placed and "turned" into the institution. The good sister receives it and no questions are asked.

The Cuban matron has little to say in the management of her own household, as the family literally board with their cook, who has sole control of the cuisine. When a cook is engaged she is paid so much per month—ten, fifteen or twenty dollars, as the case may be—for her work. She at once inquires how much is allowed for the marketing, which she is to do each morning. On being told, she figures out how much she can save from the amount, and if the graft amounts to say fifteen or twenty cents per day, she is likely to accept the position. She rarely sleeps at the house, and usually has a family of her own who are fed from the larder of her employer. Early breakfast is light—fruits, rolls and coffee—and at noon there is a meal known as late breakfast, which resembles the American luncheon. When this is finished the cook spends a few hours at her home and returns at five o'clock in time to prepare dinner. A half-grown girl is employed to wait on the table, answer the doorbell, etc. In some families male cooks are employed. If the meals do not suit the master of the house he adds more money to the marketing allowance.

Meanwhile, the wife enjoys life in a rocking chair, reads a little, and does needlework occasionally. She powders her face with a coarse powder until she becomes positively ghastly. Even the children are sent out with a coating of this ugly stuff to mar their otherwise pretty faces.

Many of the boys are sent to the United States to be educated, and only the other day the president of the Lehigh University told me that he welcomed both the Cuban and the Porto Rican, as they made excellent students. The girls, however, rarely have the same advantages, and are sent to Spain, where they are educated in convents and retain their old Spanish customs. If by chance one marries an American of the right sort these ideas of seclusion vanish and the real woman comes to the surface. I saw an evidence of this in the interior of the island where I met a charming Cuban girl, the bride of a few months. Her husband was the typical American business man—devoted to her and his business. She

was rapidly learning English and becoming Americanized. One day she came to my room, her arms full of bundles, her eyes dancing with delight, and her pretty face wreathed with smiles. I soon understood that she wanted me to examine her purchases, and so in true American style we discussed her bargains.

Before the Spanish-American war the women of the higher and middle classes were never employed outside their own homes, but since that time a few, forced to it by poverty, have broken the customs and accepted positions. Many, however, even though they may be pitifully poor, refuse, and marry in poverty and rear a family under the same conditions. The native woman makes a splendid dressmaker and does some wonderful work in copying from fashion books without the aid of patterns. If by chance you should give her an old dress to copy, be sure it is not darned or patched, for if such be the case your new gown will be sent patched or darned in the same identical spot, even though new goods must be cut away. She is a born imitator and copies to the letter.

The cigarette factories employ a large number of women, and a visit there will destroy the romantic idea of Carmen. These girls are for the most part slovenly, rouged beyond all reason, and many of them smoke as they work. None of them presents the trig appearance of the American working girl. It must be taken into consideration that their hours are longer and pay less. In the busy season, I am told, they sleep sometimes on chairs at the factory in order to be at work early. There is no child-labor law in Cuba, and many little girls who should be at school are employed in these factories pasting stamps, packing cigarettes, etc. The foreman explained that the children worked from necessity, as they were orphans, their fathers having been killed in the late war.

Havana is a theatre-going town, and here one finds the Spanish and Cuban actress. She differs little, as a rule, from the American player and loves publicity. At the Abisbu Theatre one evening I saw two little one-act Spanish plays. They were somewhat like the delightful comedies which made Rosina Vokes famous. Three of these are given each evening at this theatre by a stock company, who have been playing there each night for three consecutive years. Tickets are sold by the act rather than for the entire evening, and one may come to any or all the plays. An orchestra chair may be obtained for the sum of fifty cents for each play. Standing on the lower floor is sold for thirty cents per act. For the first play our tickets were blue, and for the second, when we sat on the opposite side of the theatre, they were pink. These slips were taken up at the close instead of the beginning of the performance. The crowd usually comes in for the second play, which begins about 9 o'clock, and in which Senorita Esperanza Pastor, the star, usually appears. This lady is vivacious and graceful. She dresses a part well and is a comedian of ability.

The Cuban home is built for coolness, and the patio, which is filled with beautiful plants and often adorned with a fountain, is the central feature, and all the rooms open on it. If the house is two stories (the majority are one) the living-room is on the lower floor while the sleeping rooms are above. If the family should own an automobile or carriage it is kept in the front hall. The horse is often stabled in the rear and adjoining the kitchen. There are no chimneys on dwellings in Cuba, and no provision is made for heating the houses. Hot water is a luxury, as the only fire is in the small charcoal stoves on which the cooking is done. All garbage is removed at night, and one is spared the nauseating garbage cart so common in our cities. Few private houses have bath rooms. A house on the Prada will bring from \$100 to \$200 per month, while a most ordinary dwelling in a good neighborhood will rent for \$50. The ceilings are very high—at least fifteen feet. Carpets are not used, as the floors are of fancy tiling, which is kept scrupulously clean by mopping each day. The furniture is made of mahogany, with cane seats, or is of the wicker variety and rocking chairs predominate. Upholstered furniture is never used. The windows have grilled iron bars, many of which are fashioned in fancy designs. Glass panes are rarely found, but inside shutters are used to shut out the sunlight during the day.

The typical bed in Cuba is of iron, and decorated at the head and foot with medallions of painted scenery inlaid with mother-of-pearl. A mattress is not often used, and sleeping on woven wire springs with only a thin quilt between the sleeper and the springs is not the most pleasant sensation. However, after a few nights one realizes the comfort of cool beds in the tropics. At Santiago they never use feathers in pillows, but fill them with a species of grass which bears a small seed. The mice are fond of these, and one night I was awakened by something moving under my head. I soon discovered that it was a mouse enjoying the seed. As the majority of rooms in Cuban hotels have two beds, I simply transferred my quarters to the other side of the room and did not disturb the little animal at his midnight lunch.—Laetia's Weekly.

## SAWYER'S EXCELSIOR BRAND

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Make you comfortable in uncomfortable weather. Our Excelsior Crack-Proof Brand Police Coat is a great favorite, one of our specialties for general use. Dealers everywhere carry the "Sawyer" Coats and Slickers—if not with you, write for catalog and prices.



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## Time to Repent.

The prophet up in York county who declares that the world will come to an end in 1914 is evidently not entirely without compassion. He is willing to give the inhabitants a reasonably long time to mend their ways and get their affairs in order.—Philadelphia Bulletin. 37

## Ways to Raise Funds.

In Guatemala whenever money is badly needed one or two millionaires are sentenced to death, and their estates confiscated. This is less humane than the Wall street method, though no more effective.

## NO RELIEF FOR 15 YEARS.

All Sorts of Remedies Failed to Cure Eczema—Sufferer Tried Cuticura and is Entirely Cured.

"I have had eczema for over fifteen years, and have tried all sorts of remedies to relieve me, but without avail. I stated my case to one of my friends and he recommended the Cuticura Remedies. I bought them with the thought that they would be unsuccessful, as with the others. But after using them for a few weeks I noticed to my surprise that the irritation and peeling of the skin gradually decreased, and finally, after using five cakes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment it disappeared entirely. I feel now like a new man, and I would gladly recommend these remedies to all who are afflicted with skin diseases. David Blum, Box A, Bedford Station, N. Y., Nov. 6, 1905."

## Women Chosen Lawmakers.

Nineteen women holding seats in Congress. What do you think of it? Not in any little congress of women's clubs or anything of that sort, but in the lawmaking body of a nation. Not one in 10,000 persons in this quarter of the globe knows this is a fact, although there is really no reason why they should not know it. These women have won congressional honors and assumed the duties of lawmakers in Finland. At the election held in that country only a couple of weeks ago the Socialists developed surprising strength and, consistent with their pretensions, they nominated a number of women for Congressional seats. This forced the other parties to do the same thing. When the ballots were counted it was found that 19 women had been elected, nine of them Socialists. They have taken their seats and promise to make good lawmakers. To fully appreciate the importance of this, it must be borne in mind that never before have women or a woman been elected to the national law-making body of any country.—Woman's National Daily.

## How Marbles Are Made.

Most of the stone marbles used by boys are made in Germany. The refuse only of the marble and agate quarries is employed, and this is treated in such a way that there is practically no waste. Men and boys are employed to break the refuse stone into small cubes, and with their hammers they acquire a marvelous dexterity. The little cubes are then thrown into a mill consisting of a grooved bedstone and a revolving runner. Water is fed to the mill and the runner is rapidly revolved, while the friction does the rest. In half an hour the mill is stopped and a bushel or so of perfectly rounded marbles are taken out. The whole process costs the merest trifle.—Philadelphia Record.

## COFFEE COMPLEXION

Many Ladies Have Poor Complexions From Coffee.

"Coffee caused dark colored blotches on my face and body. I had been drinking it for a long while and these blotches gradually appeared, until finally they became permanent and were about as dark as coffee itself.

"I formerly had as fine a complexion as one could ask for.

"When I became convinced that coffee was the cause of my trouble, I changed and took to using Postum Food Coffee, and as I made it well, according to directions, I liked it very much, and have since that time used it in place of coffee.

"I am thankful to say I am not nervous any more, as I was when I was drinking coffee, and my complexion is now as fair and good as it was years ago. It is very plain that coffee caused the trouble."

Most bad complexions are caused by some disturbance of the stomach and coffee is the greatest disturber of digestion known. Almost any woman can have a fair complexion if she will leave off coffee and use Postum Food Coffee and nutritious, healthy food in proper quantity. Postum furnishes certain elements from the natural grains from the field that Nature uses to rebuild the nervous system and when that is in good condition, one can depend upon a good complexion as well as a good healthy body. "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in *Yoga*.