

THE OPEN ROAD.

There is a good road leading down,
An old brown road from a good old town;
Shaded and shadowed by restful trees,
That softly talk to the fresh young breeze;
And sometime when my heart is sad,
And all the city looks old and gray,
I shall leave the work which drives me mad,
And take that good road leading away,
And follow it on through the ripening day,
Until my soul comes back to me—
My soul which is fettered here and bound
As to iron wheels by the city's sound—
All straight and smooth and free.
—Francis E. Falkenburg, in *Outing Magazine*

A Boat on the Medicine Bow.

By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS.

"During the rush to Salt Lake and the gold fields," said Buck, on one of his reminiscent days, "Bat Lavine and I had a shack on the Medicine Bow, near where the big trail crossed. Every trapper but us, it seemed, had joined the gold hunters. I think we were the only ones left along the trail from Fort Laramie to Salt Lake.

"So the beaver multiplied and trapping was good. On our second season we took so many that our two pack animals couldn't have carried half of them. We sent the horses to Fort Laramie by a return freighter, and built a good, stiff boat. A string of outgoing mules had been drowned at the crossing, the goods they carried were lost, and our salvage was three freighter boxes, out of which, with the help of native timber, we fashioned a stout, roomy skiff of the flat-bottom sort.

"A day or two before we set out down the Medicine Bow River six gold hunters camped at the crossing. They were on foot, with but two pack animals to carry their grub and blankets. They said the Utes had run off their riding stock up Green River way. They wanted to engage passage with us.

"We could have taken three of them, who would have helped mightily in the four portages we would have to make round Medicine Bow Falls, but the fellows were a rough looking lot, and we decided against them. So they passed on toward Laramie.

"We took a day's run down the river, then, seeing black tall deer abundant, we stopped for a couple of days' shooting. When we returned to camp on the second evening, our boat was gone and our beaver with it.

"A brief examination of the tracks of the thieves told us there were six of them, and all white men. Then we knew that gang of back trailers had slipped down the river and lain in wait for us. Doubtless they had expected to waylay us somewhere below, then had got impatient of delay, and had come up river to find our boat an easy pick-up.

"We must overhaul them at the portages," I said to Bat, "and circumvent them somehow." Bat simply grunted assent. We each ate a piece of half raw venison, then we tightened our belts and set out on a run.

"The crooks of the river gave us an advantage, otherwise we would have had no hope of overtaking a boat on its swift current. The first portage was about forty miles, as the crow flies, and over rough ground all the way.

"Never did I put in such a night in running. We reached the first portage before daylight, and a cautious examination showed that we were ahead of the thieves. Then we hid and waited, taking turns at cat naps.

"We expected the fellows to split up here, or at least to make two trips of the carry. But no, they were in a hurry, evidently expecting pursuit, and they simply gathered up that big skiff on their shoulders and plodded along over the rough carry. The boat and its freight must have weighed close to 800 pounds.

"The outlook for us was mighty discouraging. Even if we hadn't been opposed to shooting men down in cold blood we were but two against six well armed men. We could only hope that somewhere in the carries they would tire out and split the cargo. So we took to cover and ran again. We headed the gang off, and went into hiding at each carry, only to see them shoulder the loaded boat and forge ahead. They evidently knew the river, and they were a stout and willing bunch of rascals.

"We were about to halt them from our cover at the foot of the last carry, having determined to demand the return of our property, and to fire upon them if they should refuse to unload our peltries as a compromise. But before I was ready to open my mouth they set the boat down on the river bank.

"We kept quiet to see what might be their next move. We were in some chaparral on the edge of a ravine about 100 yards off.

"After they had rested one of them got up and began to gather wood for a fire; another got out some of our grub and a coffee pot. Before they sat down to eat they carried the boat about thirty yards below and put it in the river.

"Now our ravine ran to the river still farther down, and we saw just a desperate chance of getting away with the boat. We knew the current was very swift for several miles below, and if we could get a mile or two the start we might at least be able to unload the beaver and get to fighting cover with the bales.

"When we had seen the fellows come back and sit down to eat we stole silently and swiftly down the bottom of the draw. When we came to the river we found to our joy that we could crawl, still under cover, clear to the boat.

"Everything was there, furs, two rolls of robes—our bedding—and two

pairs of oars. We got in and shoved off, making no noise. Then we hugged the bank. Bat steering, and just drifted. During this time I quietly arranged the bales of furs and rolls of buffalo robes so as to give us each a cover from bullets.

"When we had got around a bend, and were beyond earshot, we fitted our oars and fell to work. Had we now been running through such rough country as lay behind the carries, I believe we would have got away without ever seeing those fellows again. But the foothills were behind us now, the plains on both sides quite level and as bare of cover as the palm of your hand.

"We were as much as a mile from our starting point when we saw the whole parcel of thieves racing along the bank and gaining on us at every jump. We had the alternative of stopping to fight or of running a gantlet, with a chance of wearing out our pursuers. We chose the gantlet.

"When a sweep of the river gave them a short cut we got behind our bales, Bat steering the boat in mid-current. The stream was not more than forty yards wide, and at little more than half that distance the gang opened fire on us. At this short range they emptied their rifles and revolvers.

"The current was very swift here, or they could have reserved a part of their fire and run along the bank, loading and shooting until they had made a sieve of our craft. But at eight miles an hour they could not keep the pace and work their guns.

"We got by them without a scratch, but had no more than bent to the oars when we discovered that our boat was leaking. A brief examination showed that the enemy had aimed their shots all at the middle of the boat, and on or just below the water line. Firing down upon her from a high bank, several of their bullets had splintered her pine siding under the water.

"While Bat plied the oars I got to work with my jack-knife and some pieces of woolen blanket. Such calking wasn't wholly successful, but for a time it stopped the worst of the leaking. When I looked around for a dish, there wasn't even so much as a tin cup left to ball with, so I fell to at the oars.

"We drew away from the runners now. They were tiring, and if we'd had even a nearly straight run we'd have escaped further bombardment. But the course of the river was as the snake runs, only a deal more crooked at times, and in ten more minutes we were behind our bales, with the bullets again smashing through the side of the boat. If most of them hadn't hit above the water line we'd have swamped then and there.

"We got by, and Bat again pulled at the oars, while I lay on my side, plugging the rents.

"We had a straight run once more, but the current was getting lazier, and the foremost of our pursuers kept alongside, loading their guns as they ran. Several shots were fired at

Bat within the next two or three minutes at dangerous range. But the fellows were steaming along at full speed and their shots went wild.

"Once more I got to my oars, and we pulled away. For nearly a mile the river ran, with a good current, almost straight. Then, when we were feeling hopeful, we swept round a sharp bend and doubled back, losing more than we had gained.

"At short range, and from a high bank, the skiff was riddled amidships, and from that moment escape in the boat was hopeless. The craft was half swamped already. Behind two bundles of robes I worked, balling with my cap, while Bat risked his life at the oars.

"Several shots had been saved for him, but he veered his body back and forth as he pulled at his oars, and escaped with a slight wound in one hand. When the hounds got too near he would drop the oars and pick up his rifle. That would hold them at bay, but we were making no headway and the boat was filling.

"The current had slowed down to five or six miles an hour, and the time had come when I saw that I could not keep the boat from swamping another five minutes.

"It's no use, I said to Bat. 'We've either got to surrender the boat or land and fight. Which shall we do, and do quick?'

"'Not surrender, me!' growled Bat. 'Ah weel fight off Ah geet shot in tousand pieces, me.'

"'We swept round a curve which gave us a momentary advantage over our pursuers. My eye caught a gap in the bank fifty yards below.

"'Good!' I said. 'We'll land at the mouth of that dry run down yonder and fight to the end.'

"I seized my oars and pulled with might and main, and some seconds later we ran the skiff aground, a few hundred yards ahead of the gang.

"'Luckily for us no guns were loaded among our pursuers at the minute, and we were able to carry our bales of beaver and our provisions into shelter.

"'Ensclosed in that cover we defied the outlaws, daring them to come over and take our goods. We believed that we were close to our last hour. But when it came to a charge on us the gang hesitated, then debated—and we were saved.

"The rascals contented themselves with taking to cover and firing on the skiff until they had smashed its sides to kindling wood. Then they went off up the river, probably to await at the trail crossing the first east-going freighters.

"It was two weeks later that we secured the services of some friendly Shoshones with pack animals and so got off for Laramie."—From *Youth's Companion*.

Not the Yellow Kind.

William Allen White is wedded to Emporia, Kan., and the newspaper editorial desk which he there adorns. But about twice a year, Mr. White, out of a hard sense of duty wrenches up stakes and comes East.

"Why, Mr. White," exclaimed one woman whom he met at luncheon, "aren't you a little stouter than when I saw you last?"

"Probably," said White, "quite probably. I usually am."

That afternoon he sat in a box at a matinee and looked out over the audience with no small degree of interest. "It's much darker than the last time I was here," he murmured.

"Darker?" repeated his hostess.

"Yes. How fashions in hair change. Now, only a few years ago this would have been like looking over a box of lemons."

After living for more than two months with a broken neck, Percy Henry Aksham, age thirty-two, died in Scarborough (England) Hospital.

THE MAN WHO KNOWS IT ALL

By HERBERT KAUFMAN.

His conceit is his defeat—his constancy to himself is a model of devotion for all lovers. He neither wishes nor misses the regard of others—he's a combination Darby and Joan.

He seeks his model in a mirror—measures himself by his own image and never falls short of his ideal. He is intolerant of the rest of the world—and to it.

He heeds what pleases him most and not what helps him—he makes no friends because he destroys the basis of friendship—that frankness which warns a man of his errors before they have time to grow into habits. He is insulted at the truth—he has not learned and will not be taught that sincerity is seldom flattering and that flattery is never sincere.

His universe is a swelled head rotating upon the pronoun "I" for an axis. His brain is stunted because he will not let it expand—he denies it nutrition—he is no longer in an absorptive mood—he considers himself beyond the point of learning and is therefore unfit to teach.

His ability lessens as his complacency grows—his sense of humor soon deserts him or he would realize that he is long-eared instead of long-headed. He is a bore and a bore, constantly indicting his lop-sided theories and advice upon his listeners. Those who voluntarily remain within his circle are objective—they have either found a use for him or hope that he will find a use for them.

He builds life badly because he builds alone—in his hour of opportunity he neglects to earn well-wishers and in his hour of distress his smirking, fawning intimates (upon whom he has burdened his offensive mannerisms) are first to add their kicks to that of misfortune.

He carries his egotism into his business. In earlier years he created a success, he insists that all who follow after him must of necessity either be followers or fools. He does not know that he is wrong until he is wrecked—his conceit makes him color-blind to all signals of danger. He sniffs at his competitors and permits them to expand without opposition until they can snuff at him.

He must fail because he does not keep his mental mechanism up-to-date—he must fail as inevitably as a batter who persists in creating new styles which please himself without regard to the wishes of his customers. He is like the recruit who declared himself the only man in the entire regiment keeping proper step.

You can't help him, because he can't hear you—there is no deafness so complete as that of egotism—no blindness so absolute as that of those who will not open their eyes.

He is a danger and a menace to any enterprise—a stubborn mule hitted with his head toward the dashboard.

One wagon wheel turning in reverse action forces the other three to strain doubly hard—one such man in a business can uselessly double the work of all his associates. He is always sure that he is in the right, but he never takes into account how much his rights have a right to weigh for the "right of way."

The sooner he is eliminated the better for all concerned—he is a solitary player and doesn't belong in a game with partners. He is neither curable nor endurable. He's a cheap riddance at any price—even at his own idea of his value.—From *New York Press*.



For the Younger Children...



THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL.

The first day of school is the best day of all—
You feel so important and happy and tall!
You have some new dresses, and in your new books,
New studies with lovely queer jumbles and crooks.

And teacher looks fresh and a little bit fat,
And wears the most flummery, summery hat;
You wonder how some day 'twill feel to be old,
And never be scolded, and never be "told."

The blackboard is painted all shiny and black—
And somehow, it really is good to be back.
There's Amy and Harriet, Mary and Gwen,
And Maribel Mathers, who has the gold pen.

And Maribel's doing her hair a new way,
And has a new bracelet that's locked on to stay.
You wish that mamma weren't so strict about things—
That you could wear brooches and bracelets and rings.

We don't have to study the first day, at all,
And teacher, quite often, goes out in the hall;
We whisper, but teacher comes back with a smile—
We'll have to behave better after a while.

Oh, summer vacation is splendid, of course,
With the lake, and the farm, and the boat, and the horse;
But truly I love the first day, in the fall,
When school seems real fun—'tis the best day of all!
—Edna Kingsley Wallace, in *St. Nicholas*.

"THROWING THE ARROW."

By Edward Williston Frenz.

In certain parts of Yorkshire, England, the miners amuse themselves by practicing a pastime of great antiquity, known as "throwing the arrow." The implements are so simple and the results so astonishing that the sport deserves a wider recognition than it has ever had.

The "arrow" is only a rod of wood, without head or feathers. In Yorkshire it is invariably made of holly, but any wood which is both light and rigid will serve more or less satisfactorily. It should, however, be



Figure A.

thoroughly seasoned. The peculiar advantage consists in the fact that it has a large central pith, which insures lightness, and a hard outer shell, which makes for rigidity.

The arrow should be thirty-one inches long, five-sixteenths of an inch in diameter at the head, a quarter of an inch in the centre, and three-sixteenths at the tail; and the greater care taken to make it perfectly smooth and straight, the farther it will fly.

The head has a rounded point. The only other thing required is a piece of hard, strong string, about one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter and twenty-eight inches long. In this a double knot is tied, one-half inch from the end. Having made a pencil mark round the arrow at a distance of sixteen inches from its head, the thrower hitches the string over the knot and about the arrow at the pencil mark, as shown in Figure A.

It will be seen that so long as the pull on the string continues to be toward the head of the arrow, the knot will hold, but as soon as the pull comes from the opposite direction the string slips off.

With the head of the arrow held toward the body, the loose end of the string is wound four or five times about the end of the forefinger of the right hand, and the arrow itself is held lightly, close to its head, between the thumb and the second and third fingers.



Figure B.

In throwing, the arrow is held at arm's length in front of the body, drawn back, and then cast forward and upward by a powerful jerk of the arm.

The movement of the arm is largely below the top of the shoulder, but the arrow should be inclined upward at an angle of about forty-five degrees, as it leaves the hand (Figure B). The string, of course, slips off as the arrow starts.

The distance to which an arrow may be thrown by this simple method is astonishing.

Among the Yorkshire miners an ordinary thrower will cast an arrow from 240 to 250 yards; and 372 yards is the record which one man attained.

The propelling power is applied largely by the first finger, and the greatest difficulty with beginners is that they are apt to grip the arrow

RHEUMATISM



I want every chronic rheumatic to throw away all medicines, all liniments, all plasters, and give MONTYON'S RHEUMATISM REMEDY a trial. No matter what your doctor may say, no matter what your friends may say, no matter how prejudiced you may be against all advertised remedies, go at once to your drug-gist and get a bottle of the RHEUMATISM REMEDY. If it fails to give satisfaction, I will refund your money.—Many remember this remedy contains no salicylic acid, no opium cocaine, morphine or other harmful drugs. It is put up under the guarantee of the Pure Food and Drug Act.

For sale by all druggists. Price, 25c.

Wise Precaution.

Maine's new game laws authorize the governor to suspend all hunting privileges during droughts and times of special danger from forest fires. This precautionary power is wise. The chief fire warden of New York reports that one-third of the forest fires in that state last year were definitely due to hunters' carelessness. Many others, recorded as from unknown causes, may have had similar origin. Individual sport may well be checked or suspended in order to assure public safety.—Boston Herald.

Catarh Cannot Be Cured

With LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonic known, combined with the best blood purifier, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, prices, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

SIGNALS TO MARS

French Astronomers Discussing the Proposition.

The French astronomers are discussing Pickering's proposition to talk with Mars. M. Ballaud doubts even the seriousness of the proposal, but Flammarion, of course, takes the other view. He thinks Mars is older than the earth and a million years ago the people there tried to talk with people here, but got tired of the attempt and have since made no effort.

If there were any people on Mars a million years ago, intelligent enough to carry on a conversation, it may be safe to conclude there are none now, for a planet like Mars or the earth is not likely to maintain its physical conditions, so as to preserve the same class of life so long a time. John Burroughs, in his great article on "The Long Road," in the April Atlantic, says the oyster and the clam come unchanged from primeval eras, but there is very little animal life of so ancient a lineage.

Conditions on earth got ripe for man of recent date, comparatively. It wasn't a question of a million years. Only a matter of a hundred thousand or less. This fact demonstrates that man will not be occupying this planet a million years hence. The conditions will so change that he could not live here; that is, with his present bodily outfit. He may develop a new set of lungs and take on a new nervous system, and breathe the ether and live upon a more spiritual plane, but the man of today will be a geological specimen a million years hence.

Cock Fighting in Cuba.

The Cuban house of representatives has passed a bill limiting cock fighting to Sundays and national holidays. As there are really a few days in Cuba which are neither Sundays nor national holidays, it will be seen that this bill does mean some limitations on cock fighting, and any limitation on cock fighting in Cuba betokens something little short of a revolution.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

OLD SOAKERS

Get Saturated With Caffeine.

When a person has used coffee for a number of years and gradually declined in health, it is time the coffee should be left off in order to see whether or not that has been the cause of the trouble.

A lady in Huntsville, Ala., says she used coffee for about 40 years, and for the past 20 years was troubled with stomach trouble.

"I have been treated by many physicians, but all in vain. Everything failed to perfect a cure. I was prostrated for some time, and came near dying. When I recovered sufficiently to partake of food and drink I tried coffee again and it soured on my stomach.

"I finally concluded coffee was the cause of my troubles and stopped using it. I tried tea and then milk in its place, but neither agreed with me, then I commenced using Postum. I had it properly made and it was very pleasing to the taste.

"I have now used it four months, and my health is so greatly improved that I can eat almost anything I want and can sleep well, whereas before I suffered for years with insomnia.

"I have found the cause of my troubles and a way to get rid of them. You can depend upon it I appreciate Postum."

"There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.