

### LOVE'S BELIEF.

I believe if I were dead,  
And you should kiss my eyelids where I  
lie,  
Cold, dead and dumb to all the world  
contains,  
The folded arms would open at thy breath,  
And from its exile in the Isle of Death,  
Life would come gladly back along my  
veins.

I believe if I were dead,  
And you upon my lifeless heart should  
tread,  
Not knowing what the poor clod chanced  
to be,  
It would sudden pulse beneath the touch  
Of him it ever loved in life so much,  
And thro' again, warm, tender, true to  
thee.

I believe if in my grave,  
Hidden in woody depths by all the waves,  
Your eyes should drop some warm tears  
of regret,  
From every aching spot of your deep grief,  
Some fair, sweet blossom would leap into  
leaf  
To prove that death could not make my  
love forget.

I believe if I should fade  
Into the mystic realms where light is  
made,  
And you should long once more my face  
to see,  
I would come forth upon the hills of night  
And gather stars like fagots, till thy  
sight,  
Led by the beacon blaze, fell fall on me.

I believe my love for thee  
(Strong as my life), so nobly placed to be,  
It could as soon expect to see the sun  
Fall like a dead king from his heights sub-  
lime,  
His glory stricken from the throne of  
time,  
As thee unworth the worship thou hast  
won.

I believe, love, pure and true,  
Is to the soul's sweet, immortal dew  
That gems life's petals in the hour of  
dusk;  
The waiting angels, see and recognize  
The rich crown jewel Love of Paradise,  
When life falls from us like a withered  
bush.

—By Mary Ashley Townsend.



### THE WATERS OF TUMBLING FORKS

TOD JENKS of Tumbling Forks had got religion. The other citizens of the Forks couldn't account for it, but they said there wasn't any question about it, and that Tod had it good and hard, and was probably pious for keeps. Tod was the only religionist in the Forks. There were Methodists over at the Ford, and a colony of Baptists down at Deep Water, which latter thing, the neighbors said, was in keeping with the eternal fitness of things. Tod had got his religion from the Evangelists while he was on a visit to Ham's Station on the Black Stone.

Prior to Tod's conversion he had been about as tough as they make them, and, as his wickedness had struck deep, so had his piety. Tumbling Forks admired Tod's evident sincerity and allowed that he had a perfect right to make a fool of himself if he wanted to. That was Tumbling Forks' way of looking at the matter. Tod was a siddler. He used to scrape out all kinds of things, and in the past the inhabitants of the place shook their feet weekly to the strains from his bow. "Dan Tucker" and "Money Musk" were never heard now, and from Tod's cabin slightly, and daily, too, for that matter, came "Wandering Boy," "Sweet Hour

as Tod struck the tune with his bow and began singing.

"Art thou weary, art thou languid,  
Art thou sore distressed?  
'Come to Me,' saith One, and coming,  
Be at rest."

Tod heard a movement beyond the hedge where the red bird had been whistling. He looked quickly, and through the interlacing twigs he saw a woman. She was hurrying away in a sort of half-guilty fashion. Tod knew who it was. It was Jenny Travers. Jenny had been one of the prettiest girls in the Forks ten years before. A young fellow, tall, good-looking and with a tongue that could talk to women had come from beyond the mountains. Jenny had listened to him when she wouldn't listen to the young fellows at the Forks, with whom she had been brought up. One night Jenny had gone away, and the man from beyond the mountain went at the same time. Two years later the girl came back. Her old father took her in. The Tumbling Forks folk found out that though she carried in her arms a baby boy, she was a deserted wife. Of the man from beyond the mountains none of them ever heard again.

The men didn't mean to be unkind. The women put them up to it. They didn't speak much to Jenny, and when she saw the disinclination she spoke to none. Of course, no woman spoke to her. That wasn't to be expected, but some were much worse than others. Jenny's child was now eight years old, and he went to the crossroads school and played with the other boys, that is, he played with all but one of them. Mary Garth's little boy was under orders not to speak to Billy Travers. He had been taught the value of a sneer by his mother, who, before she



### THE BIRD DOCTOR.

at Prayer." "There is a Fountain" and a lot more like them.

Tod used to sing, too, and his voice wasn't half bad. The Tumbling Forks people said Tod was the best singer in the section. They gathered round nightly now, but in a sort of a shame-faced way, and at a respectful distance, while he was lifting up his voice inside his cabin and pealing out "Hold the Fort" and "Sinners Turn, Why Will Ye Die" with a heartfelt enthusiasm.

One day Tod was sitting in his doorway scraping his fiddle, while the Tennessee sun threw maple leaf shadows all about him. Tod was trying something new that morning. He had heard it in a little Episcopal mission that he had wandered into one day when the Christian church was closed. He had caught the tune only haltingly, but he more than knew the words for he felt them. Somehow he thought they were better than any of the other things that he had learned. The red bird stopped whistling in the hedge

married Hed Garth and before Jenny had gone away with the man from beyond the mountain, had been Jenny's girlhood chum. Tumbling Forks people sometimes said under the breath that Mary had set some store by Jenny's lover, and that was the reason why she was so bitter now.

The next day Tod Jenks played his fiddle in the sunshine again. Tod went through the Episcopal hymn. He knew he had a listener. No movement until his voice and violin had rounded out the verse:

If I ask Him to receive me,  
Will He say me nay?  
Not till earth and not till heaven  
Pass away.

Then a woman came half-shrinking through the gate and advanced to the doorway.

"Is that true, Tod?" she said, timidly.

"Sure it's true, Johnny," said Tod gently, "though it took me seventy years to find it out."

"I've heard you singing lots, Tod, and

I like it. It seems as though I'd like to have a friend who'd receive me as the hymn has it. Sometimes I get most crazy. There ain't many friends livin' around Tumbling Forks. It's a good many years Tod, and I've lived with old dad. He's good and understands. I didn't have anything here; it was empty-like, and the woman put her hand on her heart, 'but now since I've been hearing that hymn there's something in here. I don't know just what it is, but I don't feel as hard toward people as I did."

Tod's eyes glistened a little. He took a book and read softly for some little time.

"Must I do that to have Him receive me?" said Jenny. "Must I forgive all my enemies? Must I forgive Mame Garth?"

"Yes, even Mame Garth," answered Tod. "It's written as plain as day, 'Bless them as persecutes you.'"

The woman rose with a flaming color in her cheeks. "I can't do that," she said, and her eyes flashed and her hands were clenched. She went through the gateway with her head thrown back and her hands still clenched. She walked towards the bridge that spanned Tumbling Forks. Beneath the structure the water was deep and smooth. Fifty yards below it became a roaring torrent. Half way between the bridge and the rapid a little peninsula jutted into the stream. A little boy was lying prone on the bridge and leaning over the water. He had a fish line in his hand. He was a tiny little fellow, and with a sudden feeling of repugnance Jenny Travers recognized the child as Harry Garth, Mary Garth's boy, and the one who had been taught by his mother that Billy Travers was a child to be shunned.

Jenny was twenty yards from the bridge when the child in sudden excitement leaped out over the river, lost his balance and fell in. Down the stream the water was churning and boiling. There was a swift current under the bridge, though in the depth of the water it did not show in its full force. Jenny cried aloud. She hesitated one instant and then with an indescribable something in her face, rushed forward and sprang into the water. She had been good swimmer in her girlhood. She caught the boy and bore him up and then once again called aloud. She was answered by a shriek from the bridge. Mary Garth was standing there shrieking and impotently wringing her hands.

Jenny Travers burdened as she was strove to reach the little peninsula that ran into the Forks. She was weakening. She reached a point above it, but the current swept her out and beyond, the boy clinging to her and impeding the freedom of movement. A man rushed across the field, and out on to the peninsula and threw himself into the water. In a second he found the boy in his arms. He struggled to reach the woman also, but the current had caught her with its full force, and she was at the edge of the roaring torrent in whose water was death. The man struggled ashore with the boy. He turned and looked. For one instant he saw Jenny Travers' face above the water. Sluggish of perception though this Tumbling Forks man was, he saw that in Jenny's face there was set a look of peace. As the torrent claimed her there came from the doorway of Tod Jenks' home the roughly sweet voice of the Tumbling Forks convert, "Come to Me," said One, "and coming, be at rest." Edward B. Clark, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

### Will Receive His Reward.

The country press is more powerful than the metropolitan papers because there is more of it, says B. F. Lusk of the Jackson (Mo.) Herald. It reaches more homes and influences the old farmer, the bone and sinew of this great republic; therefore, its march is upward and onward. We have noticed that whenever a country paper has no influence, is not believed by its readers, is not honored by its contemporaries, that it has an editor of a very nature of things, cannot wield any greater influence in the community than that influence which is warranted by the example, the integrity, the morals and the reputation of its editor. Let the country editor leave off all hickering and nagging, and jealousy of his competitor, and he will become a benefactor and a philanthropist, and in time will receive his just reward from the people.

### What Causes the Itch to Write?

We are inclined on the whole to believe that the stimulus to literary production exists within and not without the man. It is not external circumstances, poverty or riches, sickness or health, greatness or humbleness that determine the production or output of genius. It is the characteristics of the man that determine not what he shall learn or what he shall think, but what he shall do. A stimulus from without, such as poverty, may start production of course, but that is merely the physical awakening of a disposition that in any circumstances would have been awakened in some way at some time. True literature is the voice of the soul calling from the windows of the house of clay in response to those things of life that touch the nature of the soul that speaks.—London Spectator.

### The Motion Prevailed.

An old town official of the city of Macon, Ga., says in Shert Stories that during the night of the earthquake disturbances of 1886 the City Council was in session. When the quake shook the City Hall from basement to attic the Councilmen ran out, thinking the house would topple over. Whereupon the wag who kept the minutes of the meeting concluded his record with the following sentence:

"On motion of the City Hall, the Council adjourned."

### Sound Moves 1142 Feet per Second.

Sound moves 1142 feet per second, light 192,000 miles a second, and electricity 288,000 miles a second.



### SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

### The Reality of Rabies.

By D. E. Salmon,  
Chief of Bureau of the National Animal Industry.

THE first point in regard to which the earnest inquirer seeks information is the reality of rabies. Is there a particular and well-defined disease which can be clearly determined and separated from all other diseases, and which conforms to the description that has become classical in our text books and has been accepted for generations? In other words, do we know there is such a disease as rabies? and, if so, how do we know it?

From the time of Aristotle (322 B. C.) till the present day we have clear accounts of this disease existing through every age, and provoking fear and horror in many countries. It was caused by the bite of an animal, and such animal was generally alleged to be rabid. The symptoms, from the earliest times, have been given as nervousness, excitability, restlessness, fear, irritability, great sensitiveness of the skin, paroxysms of fury, spasmodic contractions of certain muscles, paralysis and death.

The medical profession as a whole has always recognized the existence of such a disease as rabies in men, and also that this disease is caused by the bite of a rabid animal.

The veterinary profession has from its foundation recognized the existence and contagiousness of the disease. Its schools, from the earliest to the latest, have constantly taught this doctrine, and its text books are all but unanimous on the subject. The same may be said of the text books on human diseases.

Would it not be extraordinary, amazing, incredible, if, at this late day, it were proved that the thousands and hundreds of thousands of observations recorded from the birth of the history to the present day, by the trained physician and veterinarian as well as by the layman, were misconceptions, that the authors were deceived, and that the disease was a myth?

Before the investigations of the Bureau of Animal Industry, it was not supposed that rabies existed to any extent in this country. It was believed that the occurrence of the dread disease in Washington was so rare that a case would not be found in a lifetime. In effect, investigations show that rabies has existed for years almost continuously at the National capital.

### The Value of Cheerfulness.

By Margaret E. Sangster.

IF a man should be cheerful at home, it goes without saying that a woman should be. Whatever her cares or anxieties, the wife and mother must make it a part of her religion to live above them. What is most prized in household economy is not a temperamental which is gay by fits and starts, up-to-day and down-to-morrow, full of hilarity on occasions, and heavy as lead at other times, but an even serenity of soul which makes people at ease and happy under the roof. A home in which one treads always on thin ice cannot be tolerable. A cheerful disposition will influence its possessor to make the best of existing circumstances, forget the discomforts of yesterday, and anticipate the delightful things to-morrow. To live largely in the present, doing one's best and trusting to God, is to maintain an almost unbroken cheerfulness of demeanor and experience.

A distinction may always be made between high spirits, the sanguine optimism which makes people gay to effervescence, and the equanimity which is a good outfit for the common road. In choosing a life-partner, either a man or a woman does wisely who seeks one whose habitual cheerfulness will fit him or her for good comradeship.

Much of the lack of cheer which undermines home comfort may be laid to the score of insufficient health. A dyspeptic sees the world as through a haze of indigestion. Inability to assimilate food makes poor blood, poor blood means low vitality, and low vitality brings, in its wake, an absence of joy and a presence of pain, which result in fretfulness and moribundness. A resort to the dentist or doctor, a change of diet, an increased amount of exercise, more sleep, less worry, will often restore, to a jaded mind and a wearied body, the lost sense of happy cheer, and make a whole family glad where they have been sorrowful.—Success.

### How to Write Stories.

By E. A. Aiden, Editor of Harper's Magazine.

IN any great story the creative work is not only done first, but it is done "without observation." It is a part of that emotional and mental culture of which we have spoken, and which in the soul of an artist becomes a storage that, like the lightning-burdened cloud, must have precipitate release. This image is too violent, perhaps, to indicate the expression of the artist's mood, which, whatever its tension, has a more stable temperament and more gradual release than have the elemental forces of nature; but the operation is, like that of these forces, spontaneous and inevitable.

There is no mental storage save of power; the writer's culture is a growth of his power, the exercise of which is as natural as the flowing of the fountain which becomes the stream. It is a part of his life, with the creative quality of life, tireless in action as are respiration and pulsation; there is no burden, since in this, as in the physical world, weight is but another name for an attraction.

The burden of the artist's work is in the inertia of his material, which through industry and discipline is translated into force—an unweild force in the material itself, and, through reaction, a structural strength in the artist himself, manifest in his firm workmanship, until finally difficulty becomes facility.

### Shirking as a Science.

By Christine Terhune Herrick.

HALF the mental and more than half the bodily ills women undergo would be lightened if they could learn to shirk scientifically.

This is a faculty that must be cultivated. Few women north of Mason and Dixon's line are born with it. When the Pilgrim Fathers bequeathed to their descendants brown bread, baked beans and alleged liberty of thought, they threw in what is still known as the "Puritan conscience." This last gift would be bad enough if it merely made its owners unhappy when they were comfortable. But it does more than that. It teaches them that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, whereas the things well done that are not worth doing at all would fill a book.

From the onset of this conscience must the woman free herself who would make a science of shirking. Once liberated, she has a reasonable chance for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

For her difficulty in reaching this stage a woman's genius for detail is in part responsible. Also, her lack of a sense of proportion has much to answer for. She does not get things in perspective. That which is nearest is always largest, and it is at random that she takes up each duty.

In this midst of a planet something must be crowded out. The unscientific woman does everything well until her strength gives out and she must leave half her work untouched or wreck herself in the attempt to finish it. The woman with a scientific bent carefully chooses where she will shirk and then does it.

The faculty of choice is now inculcated in the kindergartens. Most women already grown have to acquire it for themselves. If they are housekeepers, they and their families suffer long and are not always kind, before the happy period is reached where the way bow and the time when to chirk has been learned.

The shirking that is correctly done does not make others conspicuously uncomfortable. The woman who has so much else to do that she must shirk sweeping a dirty room tidies it so that it produces a specious effect of cleanliness. When she must shirk dusting the drawing room, she wipes off the polished surfaces and draws down the shades. If she must shirk in order to get out of the way a piece of sewing that the time is all too short to complete, she sets the long stitches where they will not show and makes the outside of the cup and platter so shining that it never occurs to any one to look at the side that is hidden.

As a matter of course, the woman who makes a science of shirking is a diplomatist. When she shirks bread-making because there is something else of more importance on hand, she buys a bread-crust so pleasing that the family feel they are having a treat. If she has shirked going to church for several Sundays, she compliments the clergyman on his sermon or his prayer the next time she attends services. (Clergymen are peculiarly sensitive to praise of their public prayers.) If she shirks her duty calls, she invites the sinned-against friend to a meal at the house, or writes her a dattering note about her last club paper. The woman who shirks is usually popular. If her cleverness is equal to her science, she gains the reputation of being a good housekeeper, and no one suspects that her powers of charm and her gift of remaining young are due to her ability to shirk wisely and well.—Collier's Weekly.

### Scientific & Industrial

It is claimed that an experimental balloon recently attained an altitude of twelve miles, recording a temperature of eighty degrees F. below zero, at Berlin.

The most economical processes are used in the lake region for the recovery of copper, so that it is found that one yielding one and one-half per cent. will pay costs.

The effort made to illuminate some of the streets of London by means of the Nernst lamp have proved unsuccessful and an experiment is being made with an entirely new form of light.

Experiments made in the physical laboratory of Cornell University showed the production of 116 grains of liquid air by one horse power in one hour. Only two per cent. of the energy expended is stored in the liquid air.

Professor Alexander Graham Bell, of telephone fame, is reported, according to the Western Electrician, to be interested in the construction of an airplane, the building of which he is at present supervising. It is said the machine will utilize many principles of the kite.

Charles J. T. Burey, of Syracuse, N. Y., has patented a process for charring wood, which is stated to save all by-products, thus greatly reducing the cost of charcoal to iron manufacturers. Mr. Burey has succeeded in charring 225 cords of wood a day by his process at Elmer, Pa.

The substitution of the automobile five engine for the horse machine, appears to be working successfully in Germany. Consul-General Guenther writes from Frankfurt that a second "auto" is to be purchased. Alcohol is used for fuel; it burns quickly, and gives out great heat, with no smoke. The engine is said to make good speed with little noise.

The ordinary household fly is partly responsible for the spread of cholera in the Philippines, according to a report made by Major L. M. Maus, Commissioner of Public Health for the Philippine Islands, to the War Department. The report says that from March 29 to May 15, 1905, cases of Asiatic cholera were reported in Manila, 800 of which resulted fatally.

Probably the biggest radish ever raised in Missouri, or possibly anywhere else, was grown on the farm of W. M. Matlock, in Liberty Township, Washington County. It weighed five pounds, measured eleven and a half inches in circumference and twenty-one inches in length, though several inches of the lower end had been broken off. The variety is unknown, but the seed came from the Agricultural Department.

### Snapshot Under Ocean.

Submarine photography is not likely to become a popular pastime, but it is leading us into unknown regions, and Louis Boutan, who began by investigating the animal life of the waters, has become an enthusiastic sea-bottom camerist. He has lately published some of his remarkable photographs of submarine scenery, says the Pittsburg Gazette.

He uses a hand camera, which is enclosed in a tight copper box, and mounted on a cast-iron tripod. Suitable mechanism is provided to expose and change the plates.

The pressure of the water, inconveniently great even at twenty or thirty feet, was an early difficulty, but this was counteracted by means of a rubber ball, holding about a gallon, from which air was forced through a tube into the box as the pressure increased.

Light fades rapidly in sinking below the surface, daylight exposures being impracticable at a depth of twenty-five feet. Magnesium powder is burned in oxygen in a suitable glass globe, and by this powerful illumination instantaneous exposures are made with interesting results.

### What Causes the Itch to Write?

We are inclined on the whole to believe that the stimulus to literary production exists within and not without the man. It is not external circumstances, poverty or riches, sickness or health, greatness or humbleness that determine the production or output of genius. It is the characteristics of the man that determine not what he shall learn or what he shall think, but what he shall do. A stimulus from without, such as poverty, may start production of course, but that is merely the physical awakening of a disposition that in any circumstances would have been awakened in some way at some time. True literature is the voice of the soul calling from the windows of the house of clay in response to those things of life that touch the nature of the soul that speaks.—London Spectator.

### The Motion Prevailed.

An old town official of the city of Macon, Ga., says in Shert Stories that during the night of the earthquake disturbances of 1886 the City Council was in session. When the quake shook the City Hall from basement to attic the Councilmen ran out, thinking the house would topple over. Whereupon the wag who kept the minutes of the meeting concluded his record with the following sentence:

"On motion of the City Hall, the Council adjourned."

### Sound Moves 1142 Feet per Second.

Sound moves 1142 feet per second, light 192,000 miles a second, and electricity 288,000 miles a second.

### Will Receive His Reward.

The country press is more powerful than the metropolitan papers because there is more of it, says B. F. Lusk of the Jackson (Mo.) Herald. It reaches more homes and influences the old farmer, the bone and sinew of this great republic; therefore, its march is upward and onward. We have noticed that whenever a country paper has no influence, is not believed by its readers, is not honored by its contemporaries, that it has an editor of a very nature of things, cannot wield any greater influence in the community than that influence which is warranted by the example, the integrity, the morals and the reputation of its editor. Let the country editor leave off all hickering and nagging, and jealousy of his competitor, and he will become a benefactor and a philanthropist, and in time will receive his just reward from the people.