

THE ISLE OF QUIET.

The Isles of Quiet lie beyond the years,
Hear prophets say it; yet, for all the tears,
I doubt the saying of the seers.

I think that whoso seeks them here shall find
That all with open, patient heart and mind
Shall drink their peace from sun and wind.

I think who will may share their psalm,
I think who will may share their psalm,
The hour when summer days are done
The sky and field are growing one.

I know the foolish fancies fondest
clinging;
But I believe the still air's murmuring,
The sweet far tiling the thrushes sing.

—John Vance Cheney, in the New York Outlook.

THE EMANCIPATION OF TOY DUK.

A Striking Chinese Character Study.

By Marguerite St. Clair.

IN his own country, Huie Kee would not have dared to raise his low-born eyes even so high as Toy Duk's little crippled feet, but in this country, where everything is possible, he promptly fell in love with her on the approved American plan. He haunted the street in which she lived, and watched her latticed balcony with his eyes turned up at the corners in a very Western way, for he was the unhappy resultant of the two opposing forces, Chinese birth and American training.

And Toy, also imbued with the spirit of American independence, had so far declared her emancipation from Oriental custom as to return his glances from behind her shutters. To be sure the slats were scarcely turned, and she peeped through her sleeve, but to her it was a mad flirtation, and she trembled at her audacity. The doughty Chew Bang, her father, not only kept his balcony latticed more securely than those of his neighbors, but the lattice-work was of iron bars, which made the little balcony strikingly like a prison.

And now, after 365 long, monotonous, colorless days, another Dragon-day had rolled around—the only day in all the stupid years worth living, as poor little Toy thought. The sedate little valley town was, on this occasion, overrun with an invading horde of chattering, jabbering coolies, for there was scarcely an able-bodied Chinaman for twenty miles around who was not looking at the great dragon parade.

On this eventful day the Chinese women are driven up and down long streets. Toy Duk sat rigidly upright in a carriage as she endeavored to balance a two-story head-dress of fearful and wonderful construction, while the layers of rice powder on her cheeks fell into cracks as she bubbled and laughed in her enjoyment of this unusual excitement. She was a beautiful little yellow lady, whose slippers were scarcely larger than an oyster shell, and, alas! almost as shapeless, who bobbed about gracefully with the help of an attendant, or squatted on a mat, a marvel of elegance and dignity. And as she sat in her gayly bedizened carriage, her little almond eyes dancing with merriment, many foreign eyes were turned admiringly in her direction.

But from the moment of the first excited shout, announcing the appearance of the procession, till, after much coaxing on the part of the soldiers, the glittering dragon was finally induced to go under the low doorway that led to oblivion till the next parade, Toy was conscious of nothing but the wonder and splendor that filled her eyes on all sides.

At last, however, it was all over, and Toy Duk's holiday was drawing to a close, too, for she was kept almost as securely packed away as the dragon. From her latticed balcony she had often watched the American girls walking about freely at all hours of the day, independent and happy, and had asked herself what, after all, was the great advantage of being a "little-foot" woman, anyway. Old Bang's iron grating, notwithstanding all his precaution, was not high enough or strong enough to keep out the microbes of discontent that fill the air. Sorrowfully she saw the shadows grow longer and watched the minute hand on the clock tower catching up with the hour hand. All her life she had lived in two bare little rooms and one high walled porch, and had been out one day each year, as on this occasion. By and by some one would buy her, then there would be a change of homes, and she hoped, devoutly, the new balcony might not be so high, but there would still be only that one day in all the year worth living. If she should live to be an old woman, say sixty years, that would make just sixty "worth-while" days. Two months of an American girl's year would represent a whole lifetime to her, for just to be out in the sunlight, to feel free to come and go as she chose, to know what was around the corners of the streets below, was all her hungry little soul craved.

Thus she mused as her carriage slowly moved along. Then she raised her eyes in response to a steady look fixed upon her from the opposite side of the street, and through a mist of rebellious tears saw Kee. In an instant the clouds of discontent were cleared away, and in defiance of the stupid custom that had hedged her so closely about all her life, she frankly returned his look. A moment later she deliberately went him one better, and smiled with a sudden burst of mischief that seemed to well up from the depth of a merry little heart, sparkle in her eyes till it bubbled over and dimpled down her cheeks and lost itself around the corners of her mouth. At this sign of encouragement Mr. Kee walked straight up to the carriage, raised his hat, and extending his hand took hers in the American way he had often seen people do, but the look that went with the act was original, and had neither to be learned nor copied.

This was bold emancipation. Toy felt the eyes of the world must be upon her, but was not dismayed in the least; she quite enjoyed it. She even tried to wriggle her poor little tortured toes to see if they, too, were not becoming emancipated from their stupid imprisonment. The other occu-

pants of the carriage looked at her in horror, but she was now across the Rubicon, and flung defiance at everything on the thither side. She didn't even care what the consequences might be, for her one day was almost over, and she was bound to make the most of it. So she laughed and chatted with Huie Kee in a pretty little Cantonese singsong, as she had seen the American girls do, while the "eagle-bird" screeched loudly over her head.

Then, when his dragonship was lost to view, the crowds began to move toward the scene of the bomb-casting. In an incredibly short time the streets were cleared, and the open between the Joss house and the levee filled with a swarm of excited contestants.

Kee's soul was fired with a determination to catch one of the bombs, for that would insure the success of his every undertaking during the year. And poor Kee had dire need of all the help it could give him, for while he had stood chatting with the emancipated Toy, her father, Chew Bang, as is often the way of fathers, had watched them from an opposite doorway. Such conduct on the part of his carefully brought-up daughter was almost beyond belief, and as he watched her talking boldly to a man on the street, knowing the eyes of the world were upon her, in horrified surprise his little bias-cut eyes grew wicked looking.

Every minute of this scandalous behavior was bringing down Toy's selling price, and Kee, the miserable, low-born pauper, knew it. Perhaps he was doing it to make her an unsaleable chattel, Bang told himself, in order that he might get her at a bargain. Yes, that was undoubtedly the reason. He decided, and Toy, poor, misguided little fool, had not wit enough to see it. But he was prepared to nip such an unheard-of flirtation in the bud in an effective way. And his teeth met with a vicious click as he started off down the alley on a noiseless little trot.

When the bomb-casting began Kee took a reluctant leave of Toy, and was soon lost in the crowd, but Bang followed him closely. The bomb is projected high in the air, while the men struggle to catch it as it comes down. The squabbling and yelling and actual fighting over it show how firmly their faith is placed in this superstition, and the victor is borne away with shouts and cheers, while the less fortunate ones slip away with black eyes, bleeding noses and sometimes serious breakages.

Chew Bang bided his time until Kee entered the lists, then took his place near him. He held his right arm very straight, and guarded it from being jostled by the scurrying crowd.

As the bomb rose in the air and all eyes were riveted upon it, Bang edged up to Kee, and when the great scuff began hissed into his ear, with an ugly yellow smile: "I have a score to settle with you. I'll teach you not to insult my daughter. The bomb had turned, and was coming down. If Kee got out of range he knew he would lose his crown at it. "Get away!" he snapped at Bang. But the adored Toy's father pulled him by the sleeve toward the edge of the mob. "If you touch me again I'll kick you out," muttered Kee, in desperation. But old Bang, with the agility of a cat, had caught the knife from his sleeve, and Kee felt his cold, sharp splinter penetrating between his ribs as he sank to the ground. By the time the bomb had descended and had been caught, however, Chew Bang was standing on the other side of the crowd, an interested spectator.

Meanwhile the beautiful Toy was still smiling to herself and craning her neck to follow a certain tall contestant. When the report of the stalling was passed through the crowd, she instantly got out of her carriage, and bubbled and bobbed along the sidewalk until she reached the spot where poor Kee lay prostrate on the ground. Her countrymen were too much excited to do anything but jabber and jostle one another, and because Toy was a woman, they fell back, conscious of their inadequacy to the occasion, and glad to shift the responsibility to more capable shoulders. Tenderly she raised his head so he might breathe. This restored his consciousness sufficiently for him to speak, but when Toy bent low to catch his last word, she heard, not a loving farewell, but her father's name. "Chew Bang did it," he faltered, "because—"

Toy understood only too well, and waved the bystanders back into a wider circle so there might be no possibility of his words being overheard.

"Who did it?" several asked, seeing Kee could still speak; "ask him before it is too late!" Toy turned toward the crowd surging closer about her, and read their purpose in their faces. Then she glanced at the man on the ground, whose eyes still looked into hers with the meaning that had first stirred the revolt in her heart against the colorless life enforced upon her by Oriental custom and her father's severity. But mingled with that other look was an appeal to her for vengeance, for to die with his blood unavenged is, to a Confucian, worse than for a Christian to die unshriven. And again she heard the name of her father repeated in a whisper as his murderer. The nearest bystanders began to call

to Kee himself for the name of his assassin. Toy raised her head to answer them, but suddenly she found that, under this test, she was not merely Toy, the emancipated, but the product of countless ancestor-worshipping generations, to whom duty to a parent is a fundamental tenet.

"The American doctor is coming," she presently heard one of her countrymen say, and instantly the thought flashed through her mind: Could he, by care and skill, take out the knife and stanch the blood so Kee might live? If this were possible, then was her emancipation sure, for Bang would be in their power, and all opposition ended. Yes, ended, because her father's old age would go down in disgrace, possibly imprisonment. Here, however, the dominating forces of centuries again surged in upon her, and her newly acquired spirit of independence was not strong enough to stem the onslaught.

Again Toy bent low over the victim of her father's wrath and her own rashness. Even the fast-falling stupor could not dim the agony of appeal in his eyes. This time she did not see it. In another instant the surgeon would be here and have her secret.

Throwing herself upon Kee, as if in a paroxysm of grief, she drew out the incriminating knife so that blood gushed from the wound, making further speech impossible, and deftly concealed it in the flowing sleeves of her blouse.

As Kee fell back lifeless, Toy struggled for her little crippled feet. "He's already dead," said the physician when he reached Kee's side. "Who stabbed him?" "No one," Toy faltered, and meekly allowed herself to be led away to the balcony behind the iron grating. —San Francisco Argonaut.

Whale-shooting in the Arctic.
In Harper's James B. Connolly, who has just returned from a trip to the far north for Harper's Magazine, tells of the modern method of shooting whales with a harpoon gun. Mr. Connolly made a trip on the whaler Skytten.

"Only eighty feet over all, with less than two feet of freeboard at her waist the Skytten seemed a puny craft for the rather large business of whale-killing," says Mr. Connolly. "It was her equipment, of course, that made her strength. Forward, on a platform set directly in her bow, she mounted a heavy built muzzle loading harpoon gun, and on her forward deck she carried a lot of appurtenant machinery—winches, hoists and one thing or other, which were to warp in the whales by and by.

"The skipper hesitates, and we try to remember the tales they tell of his skill.

"Wee-hay!" he roars, this man who has killed his thousands—"Wee-hay!" he bellows, under the strain of it, and he has been hunting whales for thirty-five years. Wee-hay! and boom! they come together—the flame and the cloud of smoke. The harpoon we are not quick enough to see, but the line that follows it we do see. From our bow to the back of that great creature it leaps—a long leap—a hundred feet—and where the line stops we know the harpoon is buried. Back of the shoulder and just above the water line we know it has gone—lance and shank beneath the shiny dark blue skin—five feet of iron into the middle of the whale."

Unhappy Co-Eds.
When one of Chicago's two educational institutions, the University of Chicago and the Northwestern University, cannot supply news for the papers of that city, something is surely the matter. The latest item comes from the latter university, and concerns the co-eds, who have not yet been "segregated," as have their sisters at the Harper Institution. It seems that the young ladies who live in Willard Hall, one of the dormitories, are frivolously inclined. "Fudge-parties" and similar dissipation engross their attention at the expense of their work. Recently some of the young women got together and formulated rules of conduct which barred out all parties of this kind and cut down "calling" evenings and hours. Hitherto the inmates of the hall have been allowed to receive callers on two nights in the week, from 7.30 to 10. Under the new rules callers may come but one night in the week and stay only from 7.30 to 9. The result of these stringent rules has been a terrific rumpus on the part of a minority of young women who are socially inclined, and a strike is threatened.

Objects to a Ringless Statue.
The people of Leamington determined to have a statue of Queen Victoria, so one was ordered and has been erected, but it appears the people are as little pleased with their statue as inclined to pay for it. They have been "studying it in detail, and they are not satisfied, because her late Majesty is represented without any rings on her fingers." I doubt if the statue of a sovereign was ever before criticized on similar grounds. Probably that warrior-heroine, Queen Boadicea, worrings not only on her fingers, but on her toes. But it has never occurred to any Londoner to complain that these rings are not on her statue at Westminster Bridge.—London Truth.

King Edward's Salary.
King Edward enjoys a salary of over \$5000 a day, and this is by no means so large as many other rulers receive. He gives away a great deal more money privately than any one imagines, and is often more than generous. He pays for all his boxes at the theatre, and for all his own telegrams, letters and parcels. His military wardrobe is valued at \$75,000, and the saloon carriage in which he travels on the Continent cost him \$35,000. King Edward has given in public charities \$1,550,000. As Prince of Wales his telegrams and stamps cost him \$5000 a year.

Darwin and Modern Criticism

By Prof. Benjamin Kidd.



THE growth of that sense of responsibility towards life, which Darwin thought he saw interfering with the operation of the law of natural selection by filling the asylums with the maimed and less capable, we have not indeed the suspension of natural selection in society, but of the first basis of a social process, the intensity and efficiency of which have, under the influence of natural selection when viewed from a wider standpoint, begun to tell to an increasing degree in competition with all other types of society whatever. The projection of the sense of human responsibility outside the limits of all the creeds and interests which in previous stages, had embodied it in the state within which human activities had previously been confined. The dissolution of the social system which slavery rested; the growth of the conception of the native equality of men, and of their right to equal voting power in the state, irrespective of status or possessions; the undermining of the absolute position of the occupying classes, and of the ideas by which civil and religious opinion was previously supported by the power of the state; the tolerance of parties; the right of free inquiry in every direction; the long movement towards political enfranchisement; with finally the growth of that conviction which constitutes a standing challenge to all existing absolute tendencies in the economic conditions of the modern world, namely, that the distribution of wealth in a well-ordered state should aim at realizing political justice—are all features of an integrating process in Western history. They are all the marks of a type of society of higher organic potentiality than has existed in the world before—a type of which the characteristic feature is that the sense of human responsibility has been at last projected outside the state and beyond the present.—Harper's.

The Noblest Business of All.

Verdict of a Farmer From Choice.

By Enoch C. Dow, Belfast, Me.



ONLY a short time since I received a call from a man who has a responsible position with one of the largest contracting and building firms in this country. During the conversation I made the remark that he had a good trade, and was doing well at it, to which he replied that if he was to start over again he would go to farming.

Now, here was a man in the prime of life, earning more than \$1000 a year, who believes farming holds out better inducements to the young man that is offered by the mechanical trades. This is not the visionary idea of the city worker who has no practical knowledge of farm life, and who imagines farming is all pleasure and profit. No, it was the mature judgment of a well educated and experienced mechanic, who has the management of a department and the supervision of forty men working under him. As a boy he grew up on a farm; as a young man he worked at farming for several years; as a man in the prime and vigor of life, with mature judgment, and earning a salary that the average farmer boy would look upon as fabulous, he says there are more and better opportunities on the farm than in the trades.

Here is something for the farmers' boys to think about and well consider. True, the farm knowledge needed by the successful farmer to-day is greater than in the past, yet it is of such a nature that it may be largely gained while conducting the usual farm operations. It requires no more time to learn to be a good farmer than to learn a good trade.

The good farmer can get more out of life than the good mechanic; the poor farmer has a better show for a living than the poor mechanic. Then, there are the enjoyments of country living to offset the inconveniences of the usual city life. Yes, the city has its advantages; so also has the country. On the whole, the advantages are with the country.

The writer of this is a farmer from choice, and not from necessity. With some experience in other walks of life, and a good education, a good look was taken, and the decision was made that farming was a better and bigger business than any of the trades or so-called learned professions. I have not seen cause to change that opinion, but it grows stronger as the seasons come and go. Always there is something to learn on the farm. The mechanic may become a machine; the preacher grows small and narrow in his theology; the lawyer gets sharp, but limited; the doctor sickens of his pills and patients and sighs for a broader life. The farmer only, of all men, has a business that always broadens and develops if followed intelligently.—New York Tribune.

Curing Crippled Children.

By Dr. Adolf Lorenz, of the University of Vienna.



PROBABLY the only new thing which I have to teach surgeons is that many malformations and dislocations can be cured by the use of the human hands and by manipulation of the malformed or dislocated part without any cutting. It is no reflection upon the excellent surgeons of America that I have something new to show them, because the results of my earliest bloodless operations performed with the hands were in the nature of discoveries, and as new to me as to others. America teaches the rest of the world many things and, therefore, can sometimes learn with a good grace.

I have been performing these operations for about fifteen years, and have in that time treated about 1000 cases by the new method. These cases have included club feet, double or single displacement of the hip, wry neck and other malformations.

Previous to 1886 I used the knife in treating the hip dislocations and, in consequence, almost invariably got a resulting stiff hip in the patient. By the present method I get forty per cent. of cures that seem to be absolutely perfect, so that a child that has two dislocated hips and is almost unable to drag itself about can in a little while run and jump as well as any other. In another thirty per cent. the cure is not perfect, for a slight limp is left, and in the remaining thirty per cent. there is at least no injury to the patient.

I have learned by my experience that it is better to set an age limit for these operations, and I do not now generally undertake to treat children over six years of age where both hips are out of joint, or over nine years of age where one is displaced. I used to treat older children, but gave it up as the results were not good, owing to the strength of the muscles that bound the limb into the wrong position.

At first I used a sort of screw to pull limbs into their places, but it was too rough and I gave that up and now use the hands alone, though in difficult cases the limbs are prepared for the operation by means of weights that pull them, some of them being as heavy as eighty pounds.

Though the treatment of the child's malformed or misjointed limb may appear to the layman to be very severe, and though a great deal of force is certainly applied in tearing the muscles that bind the bones in the false position, yet when the child awakes from the ether it feels no pain. Recovery from the immediate effects of the operation is very rapid and the child should be moving about in two or three days, using the limb that has been treated. I want the child to use the limb as soon as possible, for in most cases the head of the femur and the socket in which it works do not work harmoniously, because during all the patient's life they have grown apart. Use will remove this difficulty.

After the operation to reduce congenital dislocation of the hip the patient is kept in the plaster cast about nine months, though encouraged at the same time to move about, using the limb that has been treated and especially bearing weight on it. Some little patients with these casts upon them are very lively. I remember a boy from Berlin, who was in a cast that held his legs out in spread eagle style, the knees and toes pointing in opposite directions. He used to gallop sideways about the streets. By the time the cast is taken off the muscles have knit the limb into its new position and if it has been well used all joint difficulties have vanished and the cure is as complete as though the child had had two good limbs from the beginning.

Sometimes there is no socket, or one of its walls is too low to properly retain the head of the femur when it is put in place. This can often be remedied by boring with the femur itself at the time of the operation. The plaster cast then holds the bone in place till the muscles bind it there.

America has some of the cleverest surgeons of the world and the whole body of them here are notably quick at learning. I am greatly pleased with the hospitals, the apparatus is so good, the specialization so thorough, and there has been such liberal provision for particular wants. This country is far ahead of Germany in such matters. The American dentist has demonstrated that he is the best in the world in his calling, and the American surgeon will go to the front also—it is inevitable.

[Dr. Lorenz is, physically, of striking appearance, being more than six feet high and wearing a long beard—black, streaked with gray. His figure is erect and all his movements give evidence of extraordinary strength and activity. He uses good English, though with German accent, and is notably direct, simple, energetic and emphatic in his speech. The foregoing article is from an interview with him by a representative of The Independent.—Editor.]

A GAME BIRD OF CIVILIZATION.

The Bird Has Gone West and Become Common There.

Reports of the scarcity of quail in Northern Ohio are so general that there is no room for doubt that adverse weather conditions last winter cut down the stock of the most popular American game bird far below the normal average. "Bob White" seems in danger of extermination in some localities where there are usually quail in plenty.

But it is only an apparent danger. With ordinary seasons and a little better protection than is commonly given by farmers and game wardens the quail will rapidly make good their losses and be as plentiful as ever. The bird is hardy, brave and adapted to civilization. Unlike the grouse or partridge, often called the pheasant, quail prefer open fields and flourish much better where the land is quite generally tilled than they do in wild and forest-covered regions.

It is not doubtful that the numbers of quail in the United States very much exceed the highest average in good seasons when white men first landed on American soil. The bird has gone West with the plow and become common where it was unknown in the days when the Indians held the land. Its range is far greater than it was two or three centuries ago, and it is more common where it was found at that time.

So quail will never die out if given a decent chance by the laws and by public sentiment. The lack of a fair opportunity to flourish in the United States would be a disgrace to the country. Not only is "Bob White" a fine game bird, but his cheery call is a pleasure to lovers of nature, and he has a brave American spirit which ought to make him the National favorite, which he is.—Cleveland Leader.

WISE WORDS

Humility is the prelude to honor.

Boasting is only begging for praise.

He chooses night who refuses light.

The true light gets lost in the crooked life.

Do as you would be done by.—Perrin.

Seeds of love may need storms of sorrow.

Gems are but pebbles without the grinding.

A silent idiot is wiser than a babbling simpleton.

Stolen thunder will not bring showers of blessing.

There can be no communion where there is no union.

Everything comes to the man who waits—and keeps on walking.

Our gains depend not on what we can get but what we can give.

Do not that to a neighbor which you would take ill from him.—Grecian.

What you would not wish done to yourself do not unto others.—Chinese.

He sought for others the good he desired for himself. Let his pass on.—Egyptian.

One should seek for others the happiness one desires for one's self.—Buddhist.

The plant of piety will not live by being stuck in the soil of prayer about once a week.

When you can honorably do so, the best way to conquer your enemy is to concure with him.

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you ye even so do them.—Christian.

Let none of you treat his brother in a way he himself would dislike to be treated.—Mahometanism.

The true rule in business is to guard and do by the things of others as they do by their own.—Hindu.

It will be time enough to indict others when we have finished the inventory of our own faults.

The law imprinted on the hearts of all men is to love the members of society as themselves.—Roman.

It takes less of a fool's brain energy to doubt all things than it does for a wise man to accept one fact.—Rami's Horn.

Whatever you do not wish your neighbor to do to you do not unto him. This is the whole law; the rest is a mere exposition of it.—Jewish.

The Value of a Single Hen.

It requires much time and patience to breed a line up to anything approaching perfection, but once attained the reward is well worth the effort.

Single hens have sold in this country for as much as \$500, while in England \$1000 has been paid for a single specimen. The breeder does not depend for his returns altogether upon fancy prices for his individual birds, however. He profits by the increased productiveness of his flocks. For instance, in the matter of egg-laying it may be cited that the average American hen lays about 100 eggs per year. The practical poultryman goes in for better results and gets them. Numerous instances show whole flocks with an average of 200 to the hen per year—an increase of 100 per cent.—Leslie's Monthly.

The Value of the American Hen.

The growth of the poultry industry in this country is one of the wonders of the time. As a producer of wealth the American hen is a marvel. To illustrate the increased earning powers of this industrious antecator of the barnyard it may be stated that in Missouri, during the last fiscal year, the sum derived from the sale of poultry and eggs ran \$17,000 ahead of all other products of the State combined. The totals show that the old hen, neglected and left by the farmers to forage for herself while he devoted his attention to the field crops, outstripped them all, including corn, wheat, oats, flax, timothy seed, clover seed, millet seed, tobacco, broom corn, hay and straw.—Leslie's Monthly.