THE WINDS OF DESTINY

Fate in Letter Carried Away by Breeze.

By MARTHA M'CULLOCH-WILLIAMS.

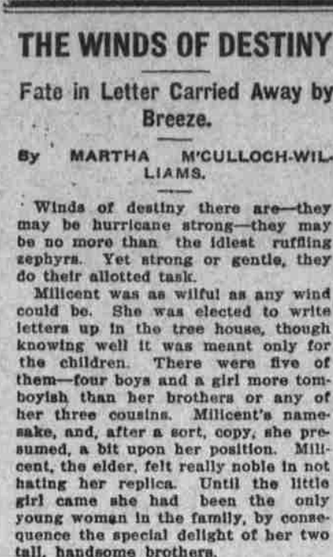
Winds of destiny there are—they may be hurricane strong—they may be no more than the idlest ruffling zephyrs. Yet strong or gentle, they do their allotted task.

Millicent was as wilful as any wind could be. She was elected to write letters up in the tree house, though knowing well it was meant only for the children. There were five of them—four boys and a girl more tomboyish than her brothers or any of her three cousins. Millicent's namesake, and, after a sort, copy, she presumed, a bit upon her position. Millicent, the elder, felt really noble in not hating her replica. Until the little girl came she had been the only young woman in the family, by consequence the special delight of her two tall, handsome brothers.

Family love was very strong with all the Ashtons. Roger and Rex, twins, it appeared, simply could not live apart. The mansion house was Roger's—eldest by half an hour—but there was room and to spare in it for Rex and his household, no less Millicent. Mrs. Roger and Mrs. Rex indeed had vied with their husbands in spoiling her. It spoke volumes all round that though she had come to twenty-two, single, and more than ever a creature of caprice, her womenkind so adored her they inspected possible suitors with the nicest care.

Notwithstanding they played favorites. Witness the letter under Millicent's left hand. It was to Em Sayre, who came near being her conscience keeper. After an inconsequent beginning she had come to the nub of things, thus: "Please, m'm, can't you, won't you, find me a sweetheart with a real name—say Smith, or Jones, or even Murphy? Otherwise—but hear the fatal truth. Susan has pitched upon Warner Bugg, esquire, for my future husband. Anne is as hot for one John Stubbs. I say plague on both names—because the names are all I can find fault with.

"Warner is a paladin, plus a million or so; John a man—the sort dogs and children take to without knowing a reason. Incidentally, also, he has



"There Was Fate in It, Milly."

money, and brains. And I can reach out my hand and take him if I will. But think of going through life Millicent Stubbs! Think, also, alternatively, of being a mother of Buggs!

"You will be saying: 'There are others!' Only too true, honey—one other in particular. No—his name is neither Montmorency, nor Talbot-Peyton—I loathe that sort of appellation even more than Bugg or Stubbs. But really family names of that sort deserve to be extinguished. That would leave room for—well! say the Roysters. There's a name for you—good fellowship in every letter—"

Heer the sheet was full—Millicent reached for a fresh one. As her hand lifted from the paper a tricky gust whipped it away, out and up over the treetops, whirling it beyond view so swiftly she could not guess the direction. But that did not disturb her—it would most likely fall in the millpond or the deeps of the big woods. Anyway, since it had neither date nor signature, nothing could be made of it, in the event of it being read. Smiling, yet half sighing, she began another sheet; yet, after a sentence, shut her desk, and climbed nimbly down the rope ladder. From her perch she had espied visitors—Warner Bugg and John Stubbs, to be exact. She did not want to see either, just then, it was evident she must run away, and go a fishing.

Half an hour later her canoe was drifting on the mill pond's silver face, what time she made believe to be absorbed in her floats, Rex junior, Roger's eldest, a lad of twelve, sat facing her. They were sworn comrades.

"Shucks! I won't never tell. Not nobody—even mother," he was saying stoutly, then a little wistfully, "but Milly—old Jack Stubbs is to give me a real horse when he's my uncle—and you know how I hate ponies—"

"I know," Millicent interrupted, holding up a silencing hand.

Her float had gone under with a rush—some fish of degree must have swallowed hook, line and sinker. She braced herself for a long pull, a game fight—suddenly the line slacked—there came swimming to the surface the ugliest big snapping turtle she had ever seen. Rex, all agog, struck at it with his paddle—Millicent cried a warning, but too late. Before she knew it the canoe was upset—she and the lad floundering in water, sun-warmed and slow-moving, but twenty feet deep. She did not fear the water since she swam well.

"The snapping turtle was her terror—it was still on the surface—swimming hither and yon, though it had bitten itself free of the tackle. It was huge and evidently fighting mad—she had heard weird tales from the black people of such creatures, fully angered, dragging one to the depths, holding one there to drown and later feasting like ghouls.

Terror stricken, she made toward the bank. Suddenly she found herself caught by a snag, a submerged trunk, brought down by the spring floods. Rex was going from her, with short quick strokes—she had bidden him to do it, knowing herself the stronger swimmer.

Faint with fear, her call to him was little more than a whisper. But even while she uttered it another canoe shot toward her from the shade on the other shore. The rower was tall and goodly, stripped to his shirt and trousers, and evidently a master of watercraft. Almost before she knew it Millicent had been drawn into his canoe. Without speaking, he snatched up a rifle and sent a bullet into the snapping turtle's head. As the bulk of it vanished he turned to Millicent, saying with a long breath: "I doubt if you were really in danger, but that is the most satisfactory shot I ever fired."

Millicent sat up very suddenly and very straight. In the bottom of the canoe lay a letter sheet—her own letter, wind-borne to this man of all men.

Frank Royster saw her flush crimson, thereby he knew she had seen. For a minute he was silent, rowing hard toward the Ashton shore—the millpond set bounds betwixt Ashton land and that of the Delanys, which would some day be his own. Suddenly he dropped his paddle to reach for Millicent's hands, and holding them close in his own, said tenderly: "There was a fate in it, Milly; I read your letter unwittingly when it dropped out of heaven. Otherwise, I should lack courage—those others can give you so much more—"

"Courage? For what?" Millicent interrupted.

He smiled at her and put an audacious arm about her dripping shoulders, as he said: "Oh, just to tell you that rather than see you a Stubbs or a Bugg. I'm willing to sacrifice myself and make you a Royster."

And Millicent, the wilful, only blushed and murmured, nestling to him: "You were always so kind."

MEDICINE OF THE LONG AGO

Ancient Papyrus Shows that the Art of Healing Has for Centuries Been Well Recognized.

The most ancient medical work now existing is the Ebers papyrus, secured in 1873 by Prof. George Ebers from a native of Luxor, in Upper Egypt. It is generally assumed that it was written about 1550 B. C., but refers in some sections to methods and medicines prescribed as far back as 3700 B. C., 5,612 years ago. Among the 108 sections or chapters of this papyrus, chapter 103 begins:

"Beginning of the book about the uxedu in all the members of a person, such as was found in a writing under the feet of the god Anubis, in the city of Letopolis; it was brought to his majesty, Usaphais, king of Upper and Lower Egypt." Usaphais is said to have been the fifth king of the first dynasty, reigning about 3700 B. C., and it is hard to say how long previous to this finding the sage had lived who first compiled the chapter or used the cures recorded.

Page 72 contains three dental prescriptions "against the throbbing of the bennut blisters in the teeth" and "to strengthen the flesh" (gums), and is supposed to refer to the small abscesses known as gumboils.

The first, a poultice, consisted of equal parts of "sept-grains" dough, honey and oil; the second, a mass to be chewed, equal parts of fennel seed, dough, anest plant, honey, incense and water; and a third, also to be chewed, has no less than eleven parts of "dam plant," anest plant, incense, ama-a plant, man plant, saffron, aloe wood, annek plant, cyperus, onion and water."

Another chapter contains eleven dental recipes, some to be chewed, others to be rubbed on the teeth or applied as a paste, and on another page among remedies for various skin diseases there are three prescriptions for diseases of the teeth, but there are no special references to any branch of dental surgery.—"Nobility of Trades—The Dentist," Charles Winslow Hall, in National Magazine.

Mother Was Puzzled.

A man from his office, downtown, called his wife by telephone the other morning and during the conversation asked what the baby was doing.

"She is crying her eyes out," replied the mother.

"What about?"

"I don't know whether it is because she has eaten too many strawberries or because she wants more," replied the discouraged mother.—Indianapolis News.

Mrs. Bert F. Ober of Brattleboro deserted her husband and three-year old daughter the other day. She left a note for the former, weighted down with her wedding ring. They had been married four years.

The largest fish ever caught near Brattleboro was taken by Charles Oakes. It was a pike, 37 inches long, weighing 16 pounds, and was caught through the ice in the river.

Senator W. P. Dillingham, who has been confined to his home at Montpelier for several weeks with a severe attack of bronchitis, has so far recovered that he expects to return to Washington this week.

Raymond Morse of Rutland, aged 19, was fined $20 and costs because he drove his horse in a reckless manner through the business streets, endangering the lives of pedestrians.

PRIEST SAVES LIFE

Father Jose Algue Well Known in Philippine Islands.

Director of Weather Bureau at Manila Who Has Made Extraordinary Instrument—Clergyman Is Devoted to Humanity.

London.—Quietly and unostentatiously, without being in any way heralded by the press, a certain priest paid a visit to London recently who deserves to be ranked among the world's greatest benefactors. His name, Father Joe Algue, is scarcely known, perhaps in this country, but every man and woman in the far east knows Father Algue, director of the Philippine weather bureau at Manila, for did he not, after many years' labor, invent an instrument which is called the barocyclonometer, by which it is possible to guard against the most dreaded of far eastern calamities—the typhoon?

This instrument is now in use on upwards of 1,000 ships that sail the waters of the far east, while the American government proposes to fit its ships with a modified form of the instrument in order that captains may be warned of the approach of hurricanes or storms, and thus make it possible for them to slip out of harm's way. And it was in order to have this modified barocyclonometer made under his personal supervision that Father Algue recently came to London.

The instrument is really a combination of the ordinary barometer and a cyclone detecting apparatus, the latter being Father Algue's own invention. The barometer used alone will tell of the approach of the storm, but will give no hint as to the direction in which the center or vortex of the storm is moving. It is this additional information which the cyclonometer supplies, and its use has undoubtedly led to the saving of millions of lives in eastern waters.

Not only, however, has Father Algue invented the barocyclonometer, but in connection with the Philippine weather bureau, he has also organized a system of cyclone danger signals, which it is no exaggeration to say save thousands of lives every year. Father Algue has a corps of 80 native assistants who are scattered through the Philippine archipelago. Some are observers, others telegraph operators, others messengers, while at Manila Father Algue is in direct communication with a score of other weather stations in the islands, and also with points far away from the Philippines—Hong Kong for instance.

The approach of a typhoon is at once telegraphed to Father Algue at Manila, and he then sends the news to all quarters by means of his associates and messengers. At times he has been able to give notice of the approach of a typhoon three days before it appears, and almost always manages to give news of it one day before.

We, in this country, have little idea of the enormous loss of life and damage caused by an eastern typhoon. When it is mentioned, however, that the average number of typhoons in the Philippines is 21 a year, and it is not unusual for the fall of rain in two days to equal the total rainfall of other countries for a year, while the wind has been known to uproot churches, some idea of the value of the work which is being done by this priest, who has practically devoted his life to typhoon fighting, may be gathered.

Apart from the barocyclonometer, Father Algue has invented several other weather instruments of great value to mariners, but he cares little for publicity or fame, and it is interesting to note that one of his treatises on typhoon fighting was translated into German and circulated in Europe, yet his name did not appear on the cover. Instead, the readers were given to understand that the translator was the author of the book. Fame or wealth he cares little about, his main concern being the saving of lives which would otherwise be sacrificed to the storm fiend.

LETS THREE CHILDREN MARRY

Rushville, Mo., Man Gives Permission For Son and Daughters, Under Age, to Wed.

St. Joseph, Mo.—H. H. Seever of Rushville, Mo., observed a dinner as a marriage feast of two daughters and a son, all under legal age, for whose marriage he gave consent. Elmer C. Seever, a son, aged nineteen, married Miss Ruby C. Kelly, agen sixteen years. Miss Florence Seever, aged sixteen, was married to Roy Virgil Brown, aged twenty years, and Miss Alice N. Seever, aged seventeen, wedded Archie M. Russell of Atchinson county, Kansas, the only one of the six who was of legal age.

THROWN IN TREE BY TRAIN

Odd Accident to Wisconsin Autoists—Two Are Severely Injured by Collision.

Superior, Wis.—Chris Simon, a wholesale merchant of this city, and his 11-year-old daughter, were severely injured when their automobile was struck by a Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic railway train near Rockmount, ten miles east of here. The automobile was demolished. Three other children were thrown into a tree top, two of them hanging by their clothing until rescued half an hour later.

Monday, Dec. 23, there was the largest output of mail in the history of the Burlington postoffice, stamps to the amount of $1,042 being sold at the window. St. Albans also reports the heaviest volume of Christmas mail ever received in or put out from the office.

Mr and Mrs J. E. Weeks of Middlebury presented a piano to the state industrial school at Vergennes as a Christmas gift. Mr Weeks is one commissioners of the institution.

BROUGHT TO TIME

One Way to Help Man in His Wooing.

By JEANNE O. LOIZEAUX.

Orpha did not lift her eyes from her embroidery, but she was all ears to Mrs. Healy's chatter. That lady rocked, did complicated Irish crochet—and gossiped, each performance perfect of its kind, and a refutation of the adage that only one thing at a time can be done well!

Orpha's sister had left her to entertain her guest for an hour on the wide, vine-covered veranda, with its rugs, tea table, easy chairs and other paraphernalia of summer idleness, and the girl found her duty best performed by a system of listening. The young matron had discussed fashion, the lake society, the latest novel, and finally launched into a running commentary on love affairs. Safe herself in the haven of a happy marriage, she considered herself a judge of storms en life's sea, and wise unto the matrimonial salvation of all who would accept her advice.

Mrs. Healy swung a pretty tan pump below her narrow skirt, and audibly considered the case of Rose Danison and George Saint.

"They've been engaged forever, and nobody knows why they don't marry and be out of their misery! I say it is her fault that he doesn't insist on her choosin gthe day. She makes him too content as he is. A man has to be brought to time occasionally. He gets too complacent, too sure of a girl, and needs to be waked up. She ought to make him jealous, or go abroad a year, or even break the engagement! Instead, she waits ten years and acquires a patient look and great sweetness of character, and some day, being only an average man, he will prefer mere pink cheeks, bright eyes and impatience! Don't you think so?"

Orpha lifted her dark head, and her calm eyes rested a moment on the plump little matron, glad that her secret was safely hidden in her own heart, and that people could not thus discuss her and Stanley Long. For the first time she was glad that she and Stan were not engaged, though she was as she had been all summer, miserable because he neither declared

She Saw Stanley.

his love nor went away. Mrs. Healy, being a stranger, of course knew nothing about Stanley, and the girl hoped her natural reserve had kept it from her own world.

"Don't you think so?" persisted the older woman.

Orpha rose in her deliberate way, folding her embroidery, and stood, tall and slender in the dying light of afternoon. Unnoticed by them Steve, the young man of the house, had sprawled along to the rose-wreathed railing, and was listening quizzically to the girl's answer.

"I— hardly think I do," said Orpha. "I don't see how a girl with any self-respect could purposely make the man—she—cares for—jealous, or send him away when she doesn't mean it, or pretend to leave just to see if he will follow. It doesn't seem sincere, somehow. If a man does not care enough to say so, that's one thing. But he might have a real reason, and she might trust him. If she doesn't trust him, she couln't love him, anyway, could she? Perhaps, Rose and George don't tell everybody all their secrets? Perhaps she is patient because she—understands? It might be like that, you know." She suddenly saw her nephew, only five years her junior, and blushed deeply. Wise with his twenty years, he regarded the girl with favor.

"Good for you, auntie! You've got sense! A fellow would hate to be brought to time like that, if he had any self-respect and—"

"If he knew what was being done to him, which he never does," finished Mrs. Healy, with her ripple of a laugh. "You are two solemn, sentimental children, and know nothing whatever about love. Just you wait, Steve; and as for you, Orpha—"

Steve's mother came along just then, taking off her gloves and dropping into the first chair, regarding first her son and then her sister with favor.

"As for Orpha," she said, "she is a dear, and I'm glad she's here for her vacation, and since she is, I want her to go out to the lake and see the sunset. She loves it, and she looks a little solemn. You might go along, Steve."

The boy bowed with mock ceremony to his mother. "I'm not wanted. Auntie loves her own company. Besides, it makes me feel like a silly little boy to be nephew to a girl so pretty that everybody turns to look at her. If she wants me to follow as a bodyguard I'll go—"

Orpha, already on the way, laughed him to scorn over her shoulder. "No, I don't want you. You're too young and silly! Besides—"

"Besides, she has other fish to fry, mother. She is not the only sunset-lover that dawdles about the cliffs of a summer's evening! Most romantic, I call it!" She fled his impudence, her sister and Mrs. Healy, and took refuge across the garden, down the path through the woods toward the pretty lake. This time she hoped Stanley would not be there. She wished that she herself did not know she loved him before he had in words declared his love for her. Sure at heart of him, she wondered wistfully at his silence, her maidenly dignity up in arms the while.

As she straightened back to the brisk lake breeze, striding off on her lithe, healthy fashion, her mind reverted to Mrs. Healy and her talk, which she hated. The girl's nobility rose high and above subterfuge and strategm. She would never help a man with his wooing, nor hurry him, by word or act, or even by thought. If love were less than free and spontaneous, it was not real love, and she would have none of it.

Then at the turn of a cliff she saw Stanley, and it came to her that, unasked, she was going to meet him. It was a little like showing her heart. He had not seen her yet, and she slipped back behind a great rock and out of sight, ran swiftly down to the sandy strip of beach and away from him, her cheeks on fire, her heart beating hard. If he did care, did want her, he could seek her out and say so, and until he did this, she would not dawdle about alone on the veranda; but neither would she stoop to an attempt to make him jealous—she would not encourage Hal Porter. As she turned toward home she vowed a mental and spiritual vow of loyalty to Stanley, and to him alone. She would trust her love and leave it to his manliness and discretion to show her heart when the fullness of time should have come.

The sun had quite gone down, and the first dusk came, and with it great peace and comfort to the girl after the unrest of the past few weeks. In this mood, Orpha came hurrying up the wood path, aware that she should not be alone, when she heard rapid steps behind her. She quickened her own pace, a little fearful, but in a moment the steps came closer and she heard her name.

"Orpha! Orpha, wait for me?" Another instant and Stanley was close at her side, a little out of breath. She turned, smiling slowly at him in the dim light, looking up at the big, fair man as he took her by the arm with a deep breath of relief.

"Why are you running away from me?" he demanded. "Can't you see that some day I am bound to tell you that I love you? You have eluded me for weeks, Orpha! Does that mean that you don't—care?" He waited, and she shook her head in denial, joy surging in every vein.

"Can you love me?—do you?" He caught both her hands in his and bent over them, kissing them gently. She did not withdraw them. There was no pretense, no dissimulation in love like hers.

"I—love you—dearly," she replied firmly, but in a low tone. He put an arm about her shoulders and drew her to him.

"Oh, my dear," he said, "my dear!"

Simple Bath for an Elephant.

During the recent heat wave in Paris the proprietor of a great menagerie, noticing that his favorite elephant, Jimmy, was weak and listless, thought that a bath might do him good, so a bath was prescribed. First, six men soaped Jimmy all over, not forgetting—and this was the most delicate part of their task—the multitudinous folds of his ears. Then hoses played on this pachyderm from every quarter of the compass. Now came the drying, which was performed by throwing quantities of fine sand over the animal. Jimmy was then rubbed down and anointed with pure cocoa oil till his skin was smooth and shining. He appeared very much better for his bath, and well he might, for this seemingly simple prescription had cost his owner $300.

Moth Larvae Poisonous.

The human skin is pierced by hairs of larvae of the precessionary moth, caterpillars that sometimes swarm over Europe in great numbers, and painful swelling, itching and great irritation result. A Belgian investigator, C. Pittiez, has found that the effects are not merely mechanical, but are due to chemical poisoning. On soaking the hairs in either they lost their irritant properties, but the unpleasant symptoms were caused by the substance dissolved out. This substance, of which 0.28 per cent was extracted, has the chemical and physiological properties of cantharidin, the poisonous principle of cantharides.

Soporific.

She—What was it the choir just sang?

He—From the appearance of the congregation, I think it must have been some kind of a lullaby.—Laughter.

FORCED INTO ODD GROWTH

Idea of Revolutionary Veteran That Has Made Hawthorn Trees a Veritable Curiosity.

In 115 Hancock street, Cambridgeport, near where Center street enters, stand two hawthorn trees. They were planted ninety years ago by John Michael Duhig, the late owner of the house at No. 115. Mr. Duhig was the first landscape gardener of Cambridge. He not only planted the hawthorn trees in his yard, but he originated the method of their cultivation. This method was simple. He selected cuttings from horticulturally perfect bushes of hawthorn. These he bound together with iron bands and planted. The bands resisted any tendency to outward growth. Therefore the soft wood growing inward was welded together. In time a single trunk—the point of difference between a tree and a bush—was formed. The tree finally burst the confining bands, the marks of which can still be plainly seen.

These two trees, being of the white-flowering variety, are especially rare. One other hawthorn tree was also grown by Mr. Duhig in this unique manner. It is a pink-flowering one, in the yard of Dr. Willard A. Putnam's house, corner of Hancock street and Massachusetts avenue. With two trees Mr. Duhig left in the care of Mrs. Martin at 115 Hancock street a wistaria vine. This vine, which is 125 years old, was planted by John Duhig, the father of John Michael. John Duhig fought with Gen. Joseph Warren at Bunker Hill and he planted the wistaria to commemorate the event.—Boston Globe.

IN LUCK

The Girl—Yes, Cousin Jane, Grace is going to accept that rich young man because he owns a yacht.

Cousin Jane—Land's sake!

The Girl—No; water's sake. She expects to spend her honeymoon on the yacht.

The Western Union has announced a new cable service by which a 12-word message can be sent to Great Britain, Ireland, Holland or Belgium for 75 cents. Delivery will be made the day following. This supplements the service of 20 words for $1.50. The Commercial cable will not follow suit.

THE SCRAP BOOK

CALIFORNIA QUAIL.

The California quail is common and generally distributed over the states west of the Sierras, except at the higher altitudes, and is especially abundant in the fruit-growing sections. Like the Bob White of the east, this quail never goes far from cover, and it delights to dwell on unimproved land where trees and chaparral alternate with small areas of open ground. In settled regions it is somewhat domestic in habits and soon becomes accustomed to living in orchards, gardens and cultivated grounds. The writer has seen a female sitting upon her eggs in a garden within 30 feet of a house, between which and the nest carriages and foot passengers passed many times each day. In winter a covey frequently feeds with the farmer's chickens, and if not disturbed will continue to do so until pairing time.

Shrinking Glaciers.

It appears that, save over a small area, the glaciers of the world are retreating to the mountains.

The Arapahoe glacier in the Rockies has been melting at a rapid rate for several years. The glacier on Mount Sarmiento in South America, which descended into the sea during the last century, is now separated from the shore by a vigorous growth of timber.

The Jacobshaven glacier in Greenland has retreated four miles since the year 1860, and the East glacier in Spitzbergen is more than a mile away from its old terminal moraine.

In Scandinavia the snow line is farther up the mountains, and the glaciers have withdrawn 3,000 feet from the lowlands in a century. In the Eastern Alps and one or two other small districts the glaciers are growing.—Harper's Weekly.

FEWER LIVES LOST AT SEA.

The toll of the sea is gradually falling. In 1894, 1,784 masters and seamen and 1,197 passengers, making a grand total of 3,071, were lost, as compared with 997 masters and seamen and 24 passengers (a total of 1,021) in 1911—figures which appear in a British mercantile marine return just issued. The proportion of marine lost in 1894 was one in 116; last year it had fallen to one in 248. Nearly 250,000 seamen are returned as serving in British seagoing merchant ships last year, as against less than 220,000 fifteen years ago.

It is noticeable that of last year over 236,000 were engaged on steamships, as against only 15,000 on sailing vessels. In 1894, 58,537 seamen served under sail, against 159,257 [illegible] years.

GIGANTIC WATER TANK.

The water supply system of Calcutta, India, includes the largest water tank in the world. It covers an area of 250 and one-third acres, and the weight when it is full of water is 72,000 tons. There are 32 [illegible] steel posts in the vertical