

A REALIZED IDEAL.

It is often very hard to find a man who has good sense. A man possessed of breadth of mind—Most people are so dense.

Out from the Valley

By H. S. CANFIELD. AUTHOR OF "MAID OF THE WEST," ETC.

BECAUSE he was attached to the Smithsonian institution and had formed a part of several of its scientific expeditions, Mr. Francis Hope, aged 30 and a bachelor, was inclined to believe that he knew a good deal about many things.

Next day she told him her story. Her father and brothers were Californians and prospectors camped upon the edge of the desert.

Dr. Gordon, who was the first minister of the church in Jamaica Plain, about the year 1771, was a Scotchman, very stern and arbitrary in his manners and precise and orderly in his own habits.

It sounded startlingly close and it had the singular effect to sober Mr. Hope, as it were. The shock of it made him sane.

Not 50 yards away stood a woman, or a girl child, he could not tell which. The figure stretched its hands toward him and he went to it doubtfully.

Hope mumbled something, intended for "There is not water in this country." He stared at the figure; the figure stared at him from under loose hair.

He put his arm about the figure's waist and supported it. He was a brave man, was Hope, and he told himself in that instant that here was a life miserably dependent upon his own and that he would work harder to save it than he had ever worked.

The thought seemed to give him strength, and he stood erect for the next time in many hours. His implacable enemy told him that there was no drinkable water in Death valley, but he remembered that when he was an idle and purposeless boy he used to read Beadle's dime novels, and in one of these novels was a heroic Indian slayer who had got water in the valley by digging for it with a hawk.

He almost smiled at the recollection and he wished that he might have the snug, well-fed, unthirsty life of that hero. He had 48 hours in the valley itself, instead of in his New York room, with hot and cold water pipes within ten feet of him. Nevertheless he kept his arm about the figure and gently urged it onward.

They came to a cleft, or lengthy depression in the infernal soil. Possibly 30,000,000 years ago it had been a creek. Its bed was still defined and it was of sand. Hope cast about him until he found a sliver of red rock, sharp-pointed, a foot wide and three feet long—just a scale of the stone, in fact—and with it set to digging slowly.

The dawn of November 1, calm and fair and beautiful, was like many lovely mornings of October. Nature had not marked off any sudden transition from the eighth to the ninth month of the year 1901.

The little birds sang cheerily on bush and brier; the squirrels hustled about among the fallen leaves for the toothsome chestnut and the rabbits scampered through rustling dews and sheltering copse in the very fullness of long-eared liberty and legal protection, says the New York Times.

Thus it seemed in the heart of nature, but not thus was it in the heart of man. The writer had just turned over in bed for that hour of sweet sleep which is said to enhance the attractiveness of noble features, when, bang! bang! came a shocking sound directly under his window! What was this? Did he dream? Was it the Fourth of July?

"Hello, out there!" he yelled; "what are you doing, anyway?" For his chickens were squawking and flying around the back dooryard, and their antics suggested at once a poacher after domestic fowl. From the depths of the garden shrubbery issued this reply:

"To-day iss the law out! Der rabbits iss as much mine as yours!" "Get out, get out!" responded the man who had lost his sleep. "I will not have them shot! You are a trespasser!"

"Com hee-er!" answered the disgruntled sportsman, waving his empty gun in a threatening manner. "Com hee-er!"

"No; I'll not come!" shouted the man in his nightgown. "I'll send a constable!"

After a lively interchange of personal abuse, in both choice and broken English, the intruder left and an attempt was made to catch the intruder's nap.

Next day she told him her story. Her father and brothers were Californians and prospectors camped upon the edge of the desert.

At four o'clock that afternoon the lips of Mr. Hope were black and cracked and sand had got into the cracks. His tongue, swollen and blackish also, protruded a half inch between his teeth.

His face was a grayish yellow and the skin was in folds. He stooped like an old man and often stumbled. Setting his eye upon a fixed point, he discovered a strong tendency to walk in a half circle. Sand was under his finger nails, for he had fallen often, and his feet were on fire. He mumbled to himself:

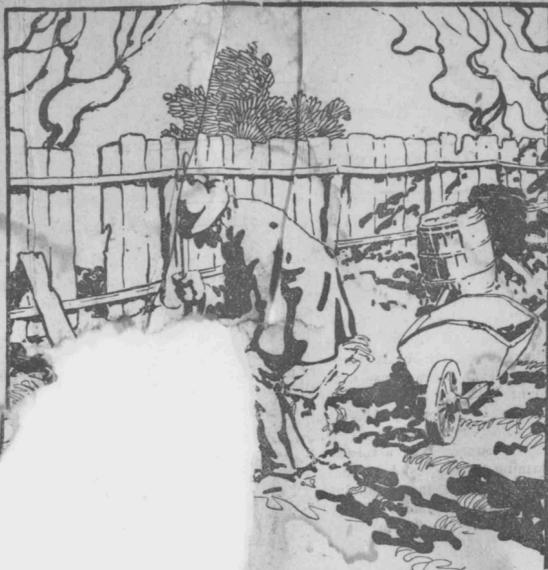
"Darwin was right—man's same as jellyfish—jellyfish got no backbone—I've got no backbone—all hell holds no torment like this—give me to drink to-night one single drop of Lethe's fabled sup—must have been cool, cool, cool and sparkling, that stream of Lethe, else why should the Greeks prate about it to a dying man—a dying man—that ichthyosauri and peliosauri lived in water—in water—the mammoth came down to drink—to drink—curse all mammoths—through breast and bone I drove the stone and slew him upon the brink—upon the brink to drink—it was his blood I drank—gushing blood—and it seemed cool, too—"

The trained scientific mind of Mr. Hope was wabbling. He sat down upon a pile of red pebbles and played with them absently. He had dim disordered memories of his childhood, mixed up with babbling brooks. He thought of "jackstones" and tried to catch several of the pebbles on the back of his sore withered hand. Then in the glaring sun he fell straight backward and hurt his head. It seemed to him that he rose immediately, but really he was supine, for half an hour. He sat up finally, and as he came back to a sitting posture, still muttering incessantly, a wild cry rang across the desert. It was inarticulate, but there was despair in it.

One Sunday while preaching he had begun to develop his theme with the usual "firstly," and got through that and "secondly." Then turning the leaves of his manuscripts he said: "Thirdly," a second time "Thirdly," and again in great embarrassment, "Thirdly."

Just then a little girl in one of the front pews stood up and said: "Please, sir, thirdly flew out of the window some time ago."—Youth's Companion.

PUZZLE PICTURE.



LOST THIS POCK ETBOOK?"

WHEN THE SEASON OPENED.

How the residents were made to suffer by the swarming seekers after game.

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HEALTH VALUE OF SCENTS.

Some Ideas of the Ancients to Which Science of the Present is Paying Attention.

Science at present shows a tendency to turn back to some of the beliefs of the ancients regarding scents centuries ago. Scents were accounted more than luxuries.

Odorous herbs, notably vervain, ward off the evil eye. The Mosaic ritual is full of hyssop, yard and frankincense. Greece set cinnamon gates to its elysium, and surrounded it with a scented river a hundred cubits broad, which souls swam through and thereby purged themselves of earthly grossness, says an eastern exchange.

Pliny records 85 remedies derived from odoriferous plants, 41 whose base was mint, 32 balsams from roses, 21 from lilies, bulb and bloom and 17 medicaments strong in the virtue of violets. Thus it appears that the violet cure for cancer is among the very new things that surface science scorned because they were so very old.

Now, say various experts, one must choose and use perfumes with an eye, or rather a nose, to health. So it is worth while to set down the properties attributed to various perfumes.

Pure violet essence is said to be especially suitable to nervous people. But it must be obtained from the flowers themselves, not the chemical imitations. Chemically derived perfumes are irritant, poisonous even, to persons of especially sensitive constitution.

True flower scents are obtained in three ways: First, by spreading fresh blossoms upon glass thickly smeared with pure grease, letting them stand in the sun, and as they will replacing them until the grease is as fragrant as the flowers; second, by repeatedly infusing fresh petals in oil; and, third, by infusing them in ether, which is then distilled to a dry solid.

As this solid sells for \$250 an ounce, it is easy to understand why the ether process, though far and away the best, is not commonly used. But the scented grease and the essences made by steeping it in pure spirit are never cheap. After all the scent possible has been extracted from the grease it is still fragrant enough to make the very finest perfumed soap.

All the citre scents, bergamot, neroli, orange-flower water—are refreshing, and in a degree stimulating, if properly prepared. To make a lasting perfume some animal base is essential—musk, civet or ambergris.

If the base is too strong, it makes the flower-scent curiously irritant. People who feel themselves faint in a crowded room, are often the victims of several scents simultaneously attacking their nerves. A single odor, no matter how strong, after awhile deadens the olfactory nerves, whereas a combination keeps them active.

Hay fever, which is believed by some, arises from the irritant properties of fine odorous pollen yielded by grass and wheat fields, is in a way a type of perfume action. Scant particles in general are not strong enough or acrid enough to set up violent ills. None the less, they have their effect. Witness the refreshment of lavender water when one is faint from heat or crowding. Lavender is peculiarly suited to high-strung temperaments. It is soothing as well as refreshing, without being unduly stimulating.

Jasmine should always be used pure. Alone it tones and braces the whole system, but in almost all its compounds is singularly depressing. Neroli is the exception. Jasmine and neroli together in faint essence make the scent of scents for all who have hysterical tendencies.

JAPANESE PAINTERS AT WORK. Something About the Brushes They Use and the Skill of the Trained Artists.

The Japanese artist has made a most careful study of how to convey truths in the most pleasurable way; how to make his lines most beautiful, as though a speaker would use but words of most exquisite sound. To do this he has cultivated his "touch" until it is but mockery to compare it with that of his European brother.

He has learned to handle his brush with a directness and precision which is a thing of wonder, and he has studied with a patience beyond compare the possibilities of each particular kind of brush. He knows, for instance, that one kind of brush may be used to express a bamboo stem and that another brush will be less efficacious.

He knows how to fill each particular part of that brush with a certain amount of color or of water, so that a single movement of the hand over the paper will paint the stem, its light and shade, its peculiar characteristics, complete. And to the perfecting of that single movement of his hand over the paper he and his ancestors have given years of study, says the New York Independent.

Listen to a description by a Japanese. He is not an artist himself, but is explaining how artists use a certain brush:

The brush with color is passed over a piece of paper with a heavy stroke that spreads the bristles of the brush, at the same time bending them at the tip. The brush is then turned so that the bristles curve toward the artist, and a light stroke will produce the hair-like lines. This is one of the ways of painting the hair or fur of animals.

Why Willie Stayed After School, Teacher—Why were you not at school yesterday? Willie Green—It was my birthday. "I don't stay at home on my birthday."

"Well, I guess you've got used to 'em."—Philadelphia Record.

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NOTICE.

To Policy Holders in Old Line Companies: Beware of the confidence game played by the pious Insurance Agent, who wants to do you the favor of switching you from your company to his. All companies write numerous plans of insurance and every plan costs a different price. You get value received for any plan you buy, from any Old Line Company. When the confidence man shows you a plan differing from the one you have, which is part of the game, and should you prefer this particular plan write to the Agent or Company who insured you and get it, and thereby save what you paid. Don't be an easy mark. There are millions of dollars lost each year by policyholders being duped by confidence men.

H. C. WILSON.

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AS TO THE MAN WHO STANDS FOR HIMSELF

By LEWIS NIXON, New Leader of Tammany Hall.

IN EVERY relation of life, private and public, I believe thoroughly in the doctrine of personal responsibility.

It is a good doctrine and yields splendid results all around.

Let a man be willing to stand for his actions, either as a private citizen or a public official, and be able to say: "I ordered that," or "I am responsible for this," and the tone of citizenship will be elevated.

Nothing inspires public confidence more fully in a man than the knowledge that he accepts responsibility—THAT HE STANDS FOR HIMSELF AND NO ONE ELSE—for his principles, his conscience and his conception of what is the right plan of action for the matter in hand.

THE MAN WHO STANDS FOR HIMSELF WILL ALWAYS BE RESPECTED. Tools are not popular citizens—for a tool is first of all a coward, and in addition he is apt to be a hypocrite. Cowards and hypocrites do not command confidence.

I have carried the principle of personal responsibility into all the actions of my life, and that policy I shall continue, in my position as leader of Tammany Hall. I believe, too, in business methods in politics and in great attention to the details of organization.

If I have any knowledge of men I believe they want the man in charge of anything to be honest, outspoken, straightforward, manly and prompt. They will know then just where to find him and as he, on his part, will, under the principle of personal responsibility, be willing to stand for his actions, there should be no room for misunderstandings.

