The Hermit

A Story of the Wilderness

By CHARLES CLARK MUNN

Author of "Pocket Island," "Uncle Terry" and "Rockhaven."

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CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"Levi," he said, "what do you say; is it go on, or stay?"

"We've got to stay!" came the resolute answer; "thar ain't a campin' spot within five miles either up or down the Moosehorn, and it's too late to cut one out!" And once more he began work.

As for Martin, he was inwardly nervous but outwardly calm. He had not quite recovered from the previous night's experience and the queer footprints, however, and yet it did not occur to him that that had any connection with the cause of the doctor's fright. And yet, it might have.

Then another thought came, and it added to his fears. They had started early and paddled a good 20 miles up an almost currentless stream; on either bank lay an impassable wilderness, much of it swampy. No hunter or trapper stealing along ahead had been sighted that day, and if this wild man the doctor had seen was he who was prowling around their tent the night before, how had he reached this spot?

But Martin had already decided upon his own course, and though startled somewhat by the doctor's fright, he now pulled himself together once more and attempted to calm his frightened comrade.

"It may have been some hairy-faced, old trapper that you saw, doctor," he said finally, "and they are harmless. If it was, he will show up by and by, and hang around till we offer him a drink. I've met them many times here in the wilderness before, and a little good rum secures their friendship for life, so don't worry." And Martin resumed his cutting of boughs.

When supper was over and night had quite shut them in about the camp-fire, conversation was resumed.

"Are there many Indians wild in these woods?" queried the doctor, glancing up to where the zone of firelight outlined the entrance to the old tote-road; "I thought they were all civilized."

"So they are," replied Martin, not waiting for Levi, "and that's why some of them adopt white men's methods of getting what they want."

"But the face I saw belonged to a white man," interjected the doctor, who had not recovered from it, "and it wore a most demoniac look, with grizzly hair all around and a mat of it on top."

"That may be," returned Martin, "and so would any old trapper look when you saw him. They never shave or get a hair cut from one year's end to another, and all look alike—ragged, hairy and dirty. I've met them often, and, as I told you, they are all harmless and love rum. If you saw one—which I doubt—he is like all the rest, and by now is fast asleep up back of here in the bushes."

With that Martin arose, for it was time to turn in, glanced first at the starlit sky and then up at the opening in the forest back of the tent. At that moment Levi chanced to throw a handful of fir boughs on the dying fire, and as the flames flashed in response and the zone of light widened, Martin caught the full view of a hideous human face peeping out from behind a stunted spruce.

One moment only he saw the gray hairy visage; the next it had disappeared.

CHAPTER III.

THE WILD MAN.

The wilderness has many moods—grave, gay, grand and mysterious. The morning melody of the birds in spring, the laughter of brooks deep hidden in impassable thickets, the loud-voiced rapids leaping down rock-walled gorges, the fir-clad mountains that shut one in, the bending spruce and cedar mirrored in placid lakes—each and all have their own mood and leave their own particular impress on one's feelings.

Full well Martin Frisbie knew all wilderness moods, for he had met them many times. Yet, at the moment he saw this vanishing apparition, not to save all his wealth could he have pursued it into the darkness one rod. But he had good command of himself, and, uttering not a word, he turned and heaped more fuel on the fire. Then he sat down beside it.

"Why don't you turn in?" exclaimed the doctor, who had already entered the tent.

"I will, presently; I want a smoke first." And Martin coolly filled and lit his pipe.

Then he heaped the fire with fuel as if ruddy flames were a protection, and lying down between it and the stream, and resting head on hand and elbow, he covertly watched the opening in the woods.

Presently Jean, the doctor's guide, yawned, picked up his blanket, wrapped himself in it and crept under his canoe. And now Martin arose, peeped into the tent, satisfied himself that the doctor was asleep, and returned to the fire.

"Levi," he said in a whisper, "the doctor was right. We are watched by a queer-looking man. I saw him a little while ago, just back of the tent."

The two looked at each other a moment in silence and then at the dark opening in the forest.

"Well," whispered Martin again, "what was it?"

For answer Levi cautiously but quickly stepped to one side of the tent, knelt, stooped, and laid his ear to the ground. For full five minutes he lay prone, then beckoned to Martin to join him. He did so, and as the crackle of the fire died out, Martin caught the sound of a stealthy tread, at wide intervals, and slowly receding into the forest. Finally that ceased, and only the low murmur of the Branch broke the utter stillness.

Then the two arose and returned to the fire, now only a faint glow of embers.

"Well," whispered Martin once more, looking at his guide, "what was it?"

Levi shook his head.

"It sounded like a bear creepin' through the brush; they so that wun."

"It wasn't a bear I saw."

"I know it," replied Levi once more, "and that's what beats me."

For a long time the two watched each other, listening to the faint voice of the stream, alert and keen lest any sound escape them. At last Martin spoke.

"Levi," he said, "we have spent many weeks in this wilderness together, and I know I can trust you. What I saw is a mystery, and we may solve it and we may not, but until we do, neither the doctor nor Jean must know we have been watched by this strange creature. As I told you, it's my friend's first visit to the woods, and timid as he is, if once he learned what I saw, no power could keep him here longer than it would take to get out. I shall try to convince him that he saw a rock or stump, and you must help do it." Levi nodded.

"I think I'll turn in now," continued Martin, "and you may as well."

But his faithful guide only put more fuel on the fire and, taking Martin's rifle, sat down beside it.

"I'll keep watch a spell," he said; "it's just as well."

When Martin, awakened by the first notes of the inevitable bird concert, emerged from the tent, the fire was still smouldering, and Levi rolled in his blanket fast asleep beside it. Without awakening him he picked up the rifle and carefully entered the old log road. Step by step he followed it, slowly and like a true woodsman, ever watching for signs of man or beast. The doctor's tracks, both going and coming, were plain, and when the path turned down to the stream, his rod was found; but although Martin

ENTERED THE OLD LOG ROAD.

looked well about, not a solitary one could be found of the dozen or more trout claimed to have been caught. Martin saw the stump back of which the doctor had thrown them, saw his tracks on the soft bank—grass trampled, bushes broken—and that was all. Then he looked across the stream, and there, too, was the boulder from behind which this wild man had glared.

Cautiously, and peering often up and down the stream and into the thick forest, now gray with morning light, he crossed, stepping from rock to rock just out of the water. Back of the boulder the rotting leaves showed fresh disturbance, and from its side bits of damp moss had been scraped. Then he noted the faint forest sign of leaves that had been trodden upon or turned over, leading up the brook and beneath the overhanging firs. Only a few rods he followed them, for the undergrowth was more than dense, and then he returned to the crossing. Here, on a bit of sandy bank, washed up by the spring freshet, he saw that same footprint once more—a huge, horrible track, half brute, half human, with the heel mark of a man's foot round and deep, and the toe mark of a panther's claws! Involuntarily he cocked his rifle, looked about, and listened.

Only the morning light, now bright and clear, the low note of the stream at his feet, the song of birds!

He stooped and measured those claw prints with a twig as Levi had. A full inch in depth they were, with a spread of at least five inches—wider than the largest human foot.

Then he turned back to where the doctor had stood and fished. Here, unobserved at first, and distinct in the doctor's tracks, Martin found the claw prints again.

Once again he listened long, looking all about and half expecting to see that face in the dense undergrowth. Then, as the intangible menace grew upon him, he turned and almost ran down the bushy path to the camp.

Levi only was up, and he was just starting a fire. Without a word Martin beckoned him to follow, and together they returned to the puzzling tracks. Like an Indian trailing his enemy in the pathless forest, so did Levi now follow and examine those footprints. All about where the doctor stood he traced them, then back and up the old wood road to where a fallen tree blocked the way, while Martin watched his every motion. And here that keen woodsman, peering into these interlacing boughs, suddenly reached up to one, and, detaching something, held it up to the light. It was a long, white hair!

With intense interest Martin looked at that somewhat curly token of a human scalp which his guide held aloft, taking it between thumb and finger, quietly wound it into a tiny coil and placed it in his pocket-book.

"Well," he said at last, "what is it?"

"It's a critter that walks on two legs," responded Levi, slowly shaking his head, "but them tracks is cur'us. I never knowed an Injun with white hair, either."

To Martin this was a new possibility.

"He come down this path," continued Levi, as he slowly led the way back, half stooping, the better to watch for tracks, "'n' he went back the same way, steppin' strong, 'n' on his hind legs."

"It's a human being, then," put in Martin, as they reached the stream again and halted.

"Yes," it's a human, mebbe," admitted Levi once more, shaking his head, "only them tracks ain't."

For a moment Martin pondered. And in that instant a dilemma confronted him. To obey his keen hunter's instinct and follow this strange creature into the wilderness, he could not with timid Dr. Sol on his hands; neither did he dare even to let his old-time friend know what a strange creature had watched them. And suppose he were alone, with his trusted and faithful guide, and they should follow and come upon this mysterious animal—this possible beast or possible man—what then?

"Levi," he said suddenly, his mind made up, "we must get out of here as soon as we can pack and start. And mind you, not one word or hint to Jean or the doctor."

Jean was busy cooking breakfast, and Dr. Sol watching and sniffing the pleasant odor of the frying ham, when Martin and Levi reached camp.

"Well, did you see the wild man?" queried the doctor.

"No," answered Martin, smiling, "but we saw the big gray rock that scared you, and found your rod where you dropped it. I think a mink carried your trout off—that is, if you caught any."

CHAPTER IV.

THE MYSTERY OF THE WILDERNESS.

Martin's first impulse had been to pursue and solve the identity of this half-human, half-brute creature who had peeped into their campfire circle; the next, and kindlier one, to avoid alarming the timid doctor and pay no heed to it, but go on as planned. But resolving and doing are wide-apart impulses, not always reconciled, and although Martin was not one whose mind turned like a weather-vane, yet while he was cheerfully deceiving Dr. Sol, his thoughts were away in the shadowy forest, pursuing an ogreish creature. Neither did his will banish this mystery in the least, for when breakfast was disposed of, tent struck, canoes loaded, and they paddled away up the Moosehorn, its clutch was still upon him. All that bright morning, while they pushed up the winding and almost currentless stream, now shadowed by spruce and then broadening into long and narrow lakelets, faintly rippled and sparkling in the sunlight, its spectral hand reached out from every shadowy opening. Over and over again had he and Levi discussed this strange visitor, only to fail of reaching any tangible solution or solve any part of the mystery, and when noon came, and they halted where a short rapid compelled a carry, Martin had hard work to keep from making a clean breast to the doctor of all he had seen and imagined. Then, as if to drive him to confession, here at this landing he came upon two more mysterious discoveries.

They had decided to cook dinner here, and as usual, while the guides prepared it, Martin and the doctor tried for trout. Both made a few casts in the same pool below the rapids, and then Martin, leaving his friend, started up the path that led around the rapids to try in another pool. With more thought for tracks than trout he walked slowly, half stooping and scanning every spot where one might show. None were found until the path ended at the stream once more, and here, on a bit of sandy margin, and as if the creature had stepped out of the water, were the same broad and well-marked claw prints. Then, turning back, now that he had found the trail, and, with hunter's cunning, locating a dozen others, though so faintly defined that only the prints of sharp claws were visible in the hard soil, or a bit of moss scratched from a stone showed where the animal had stepped. All pointed down-stream and were made as the others were—by a creature walking upright!

Then, leaving the path and crowding through the undergrowth to an eddying pool in the rapids, Martin made a cast. It scored, and then another and still another speckled beauty was booked and reeled in, and the keen zest of time, place and sport had, for the moment, obliterated all other thought, when, in stepping from one rock to another above, he saw, wedged between them, a curious bit of driftwood, one end of which seemed to grin at him. It was that that caught his eye, and stooping, he pulled it from between the rocks and found it to be the handle of a broken paddle, with the knob carved into semblance of a human skull. So realistic had this unknown artist tried to be, that he had inserted a row of small, catlike teeth in the skull's mouth and dyed the eye and nose sockets red. The sun and rain had almost removed this, but the teeth still held in place. It was a curious bit of flotsam, evidently tossed up and caught between the rocks during some freshet, and then left to bleach in sun and storm. It had seemingly been so exposed for more than one year, for it was almost white. It did not appeal to Martin as having any connection with the mystery he had come upon, but merely as the long-ago handiwork of some eccentric trapper or hunter thus killing time. It was a curio, but when he returned to the canoes at call to dinner, he said nothing, but quietly tucked it into the bow of his canoe.

When dinner was over, the doctor, who wanted to fish most of the time, returned to his pool, Jean began washing the dishes, and then a look and nod from Martin to Levi were enough, and together they walked up the path.

"Our friend of last night came down this way not long ago," asserted Martin, quietly, pointing to the best-defined tracks on the stream's bank, "and now can you tell me when?"

Levi kneeled and studied them well. Then glancing up to the sun, and back to where one track just emerged from the shadow of an outgrowing spruce bough, he moved up to that and again bent low.

"Yesterday; 'n' late in the afternoon at that," he answered.

And it was fully ten miles of almost impassable wilderness—that is, by land—to where they had encamped the night before!

For a few moments Martin looked at his guide, and then at those tracks in silence.

"It's beyond me," he said at last; and the temptation to tell the doctor all, and then return to where they had camped and pursue this strange creature, was strong upon him.

"If it's a sane human being," he continued, "he would have made himself known to us last night; if some half-insane old hermit or trapper, even then I think he would. Even if it was a wild man, the sight of us and our fire would also have drawn some cry or expression of human kinship from him. But to look at us in grim silence from out the darkness, and then steal away like some hunted animal, was—uncanny."

[To Be Continued.]

POINTS ON GAS-POISONING

Information Which Might Be of Service in an Accident or Emergency.

We hear with increasing frequency of cases of poisoning by the inhalation of gas. It is not only the countryman of the funny papers who "blows out the gas," but sophisticated city folk aswell are at times victims of this serious accident, says Youth's Companion. The acute form of gas poisoning occurs when a large amount has been inhaled, usually during sleep in a closed room, and a common result is death. A more common but less frequently recognized form is chronic gas poisoning, which comes from the constant inhalation of small amounts of gas, escaping perhaps from a leaky pipe somewhere in the house, or coming in with the sewer gas forced back through some defect in the plumbing.

The poisonous element in illuminating gas is carbon monoxide, which constitutes more than one-third of the water gas used for lighting and heating purposes in many of our largest cities. This is not only negatively injurious from the fact that it contains no valuable oxygen, and so kills by suffocation, but is further a most energetic blood poison, destructive in extreme degree to the red blood corpuscles, which are preeminently the vital constituents of this fluid. This is why removal from the gas laden atmosphere to a pure air so often fails to save the victim's life, and why even artificial respiration may be useless. It is not only that the blood needs aerating, but also, and especially, that it is no longer capable of being aerated. The hemoglobin—the substance in the red corpuscles, the function of which is to convey oxygen to the tissues and to remove the carbonic gas from the system—has been seized upon by the gas poison, for which it has a much stronger chemical affinity than for oxygen, and nothing will shake it loose.

The treatment usually followed is to administer oxygen in order to supply the still-unaffected red corpuscles with this vital gas in its most concentrated form, to bleed the patient in order to get rid of as many of the poisoned globules as possible, and to give injections of a salt solution in order to restore the normal volume of the blood, hasten the elimination of the unfit corpuscles, and possibly rehabilitate those not yet utterely ruined.

The chronic form of gas poisoning is manifested chiefly by a very pronounced anaemia and the weakness of body and mind consequent upon blood poverty. The treatment of this is primarily suppression of the source of poisoning and then administration of tonics to restore the blood to its normal health.

HINTS ON HAIR DRESSING.

The Decree of Dame Fashion on the Arrangement of My Lady's Locks.

Hairdressing has gone through many evolutions since the fashion of scraping up the hair from the nape of the neck first came in. Many women have found this fashion so comfortable and so easy to accomplish without the aid of a maid that they have adhered to it in spite of all the changes of fashion that have decreed first one thing, then another, from the planting of the knob on the crown to the center of the back of the head, and from there to the nape of the neck, which is surely the most natural, if the most uncomfortable, of fashions. Now the decree of La Mode is that the hair shall be rolled over perpendicularly from the neck to the crown of the head, a comb with a curved-over ornament being placed in this roll. But this mode is far from being artistic and cuts off the proportion of the head to the face in a manner that is quite at variance with all the laws of beauty. Some faces are softened by a fashion of pulling down a meche of hair in a puff over the forehead, and certainly this fashion obviates the doubtful wisdom of cutting one's hair in a "fringe." Nothing spoils the hair more than the "tongs." The French fashion, therefore, of the low, full waved meche of hair in its natural length simply held in place by combs is by far the most rational. The hair should be frizzed slightly on the reverse side before turning up the ends under the comb, and if carefully disposed by clever fingers it need not have the heavy appearance that is the case when inexperienced hands are responsible for the coiffure. The sides, of course, are puffed separately, great care being taken to disrose the combs in a sufficiently slanting direction. Often the combs are placed too upright, which gives a wrong movement to the lines of the hair.

HELP FOR A RED NOSE.

Simple Treatment Which May Be Administered by the One Thus Afflicted.

In massaging the face the nose needs special attention. It must be kept free from blackheads, and the nostrils must not be allowed to become too wide. Use the rotary massage movement daily about the lower part of the nose, after first applying cold cream. This will tend to reduce the thick cartilage, says Woman's Home Companion.

Never use a downward movement in massaging the nose. Always rub up.

To make a red nose white, massage vigorously along the leading nerve of the nose at each side. Use the tip of the finger, start at the bottom, and rub up the nose on either side, and then under the eyebrows. Following the nerve in this way is sure to relieve congested circulation, which is often the secret of that unpleasant redness which comes to the nose.

If the nose is extremely red, in addition to treating the nerve we massage the temples and cheeks, using a brisk, vigorous movement. This we do in order to take the blood away from the nose.

In treating the nose be careful never to touch it with water. Instead, bathe it night and morning with cold cream.

Walnut Salad.

Procure the best grade of Grenoble walnuts, crack and take the meats out of the shell in perfect halves. Combine with an equal quantity of crisp white celery, cut in small pieces, cover with French dressing or mayonnaise, and serve on lettuce leaves. Tart apples, pared, cored and cut in cubes, may be substituted for the celery, or the walnuts may be used with cream cheese, tomatoes, oranges, or grape fruit.—Good Literature.

GIRL WITHOUT A VOICE.

Pet of New York Hospital Breathes Through Wire Screen in Her Throat.

As the head nurse made her round of the private ward of a city hospital she had a pretty little girl in tow—not over four years old, with dark ringlets and brown eyes, plump and healthy looking and very nicely dressed, says the New York Sun.

A convalescent patient beckoned to the child. She came readily, shook hands and let herself be kissed and caressed like other children. The patient asked her playful questions and, noticing that she answered only with smiles, put it down to shyness.

"A little patient?" he asked.

"Yes, she's been with us some time, and I guess she'll be here a good while yet," the nurse replied. Then, turning to the child, she cooed: "Who's a spoiled pet?"

The little thing spread out her hands and made a courtesy with a beaming smile. The pantomime plainly meant: "I am."

"And who spoils you?" the nurse went on.

With a coy wiggle the child stretched out her arm and her tiny forefinger pointed to the nurse.

"Can't she speak?" asked the convalescent, in a whisper.

"Not a word," said the nurse. "Don't you see the plate in her throat?"

Sure enough, a little above the breastbone there was a blackened wrinkled patch amid the white skin, and in the middle of it there was a metal ring framing a fine wire gauze screen a little more than half an inch in diameter. The ribbons at her neck half hid it.

"She breathes through that," said the nurse, "the upper part of the air passage is completely closed."

"And will she never be able to speak?" asked the convalescent.

"I'm afraid not," said the nurse. "It's a bad case."

When the specialist who knows all about it was asked what the child's chances were, he said:

"I think the nurse exaggerates. Women like to take the sentimental view. It was a diphtheria case, and I think the chances are excellent that the trachea—the air passage, you know—will be dilated and will resume its normal functions. That is what occurs in a vast number of cases."

"But if not, might she grow up that way, never able to speak, and breathing through that metal thing—become a woman and grow old?"

The specialist hesitated a little.

"Oh, well," said he, "in a large number of cases we restore everything to the normal condition in the course of a year or so, and then, you know—well, you know they're very liable to pneumonia, breathing that way through an artificial opening."

IN THE PADDLE-WHEEL.

Curious and Terrifying Adventure of a Boy on a Ship in Mobile Bay.

Mr. Stanhope Hall, author of "Twenty Years at Sea," was not much more than a boy when he had the following curious and terrifying adventure, the recollection of which haunted him all his life. The ship on which he was making his first voyage was loading cotton in Mobile bay, and the captain had sent him in a small boat to get some newspapers from a big side-wheel steamer which lay near by.

In trying to bring the boat up to the steamer, he says, I upset myself and went down. I could not swim, and I struggled in hopeless terror. When I came to the surface I found myself in the brackets of the great wheel; they were green with river moss and slippery as ice, but I managed to get astride of one and regain my breath.

As I held on, panting from my plunge, a thrill of horror ran through me. The wheel had slowly begun to revolve. In agony I shouted, but in that great wheelbox my voice was as nouing. Slowly the wheel turned, carrying me upward. When I reached the top I should be ground to pieces; or, if by any chance I escaped that fate, should be drowned when I was again drawn under the wheel into the fearful suction.

Again and again I shouted. Finally, as I was nearing the top, a little trapdoor opened and some one looked into the box. I opened my mouth to call once more, but my throat was paralyzed; for a moment I could not utter a note.

The trap-door was just closing when, with one mighty effort, my voice came back and I screamed. The man opened the trap again, saw me, sprang upon the wheel and snatched me into safety. I was a heavy weight in his arms as he carried me to the deck, for I fainted dead away.

Sad Domestic Blow.

The honeymoon hadn't even begun to shoot the chutes when he came home one evening and found her crying as it her heart would break.

"Why, darling, what in the world is the matter?" he asked.

"Oh, —J-John," she sobbed, "I'm so d-discouraged I d-don't know w-hat to do."

"What is it, little wifie?" he queried as he gathered her into his arms.

"I w-worked all a-afternoon making c-custard pies b-because you are so f-fond of them," she replied, "and t-they all t-turned out s-sponge cakes. Boohoo-oo!"—Chicago Daily News.

Coal in Sweden.

Two or three years ago the Dominion Coal company, of Sydney, N. S., shipped a cargo of coal to Sweden to be used as an experiment on government railways. The experiment proved such a big success that the company now ships some 25,000 or 30,000 tons annually for general consumption in Sweden. This year the company is to make a further experiment in the foreign market by sending some of its product to Mexico to be tested on the government railway there.

His Doesn't Count.

Dremer—My wife and I always pass upon and decide our household questions quite as seriously as though we were voting upon national issues.

Henpeck—Well, whenever my wife and I pull off an election like that she always wins by one vote.—Philadelphia Press.

THE WILL AND THE DEED.

Persons Who "Mean Well" Do Not Always Do the Right Thing.

A trolley car ran into and exploded a case of dynamite which had been dropped in the street at Melrose, Mass. The result was the death of nine persons and the injury of a score or more, says Youth's Companion. Physicians came promptly to help, and ambulances were summoned. But all the wounded could not be attended to at once, and volunteers, taking matters into their own hands, loaded several into express wagons and other vehicles, constructed for heavy loads, and drove with all speed to the hospital.

The persons who interfered in this fashion "meant well." If their victims had been able to take the will for the deed, as the familiar phrase puts it, no one would criticize the act itself. But the sufferers needed to be handled gently and driven carefully. The jolting ride they got caused extreme pain and probably endangered lives.

The Melrose incident recalls an anniversary which should not be permitted to drop out of mind. Fifty years ago, on October 21, 1854, Florence Nightingale started with 34 nurses for the Crimea.

There the rough-and-tumble method had prevailed, and had yielded the inevitable results of needless suffering and death. Miss Nightingale and her nurses "knew how," and put their knowledge to helpful, life-saving use. Of course not all the wounded recovered under their ministrations; but even in cases where they could do no good, they did no harm.

The merit of a good intention is generally admitted, but we should remember that something is needed to back it up. Ignorance is the only real calamity. When one does not know how to help effectively, interference merely hinders, as in the case of the Melrose volunteers. Administration by the competent, in the heroic, unselfish spirit of Florence Nightingale, is the ideal to be pursued.

MONEY MADE IN DANCES.

Clever Brains Employed in the Invention of New Steps and Figures.

The average citizen whose dancing days are over, to use the conventional phrase, little realizes how many scores of clever brains are, year in, year out, exercised in the invention of new dances, these latter quite apart from theatrical dancing, says a London paper.

And both fame and money come from any new ballroom dance that happens to hit the public taste, though it must be frankly stated that most of the so-called new dances are, in reality, but novel combinations and variants of the old ones. This, however, is not only inevitable, it is a positive advantage, inasmuch as the ordinary dancer, who has learnt all the usual movements, can the more readily follow the new combinations. In the case of a dancing professor who has been responsible for any new set of movements that have become fashionable, there is always a veritable rush of profitable pupils, all eager to learn the new dance at first hand.

A considerable source of profit to the inventor of a new dance invariably is the sale of music that has been composed with the express view of fitting the new movements, as the sales of such new music often extend over the whole kingdom. Amongst dancing masters themselves prizes are every year competed for and given for new terpsichorean movements, and the winners of these always derive considerable advantages in the way of popularity from their inventions, the monetary reward following almost as a matter of course.

In at least one case known to the writer the invention of a new dance brought—with the sale of the accompanying music, which had been bought outright from the composer—something over £500 in less than 15 months.

NEWSPAPER OFFICE "PI."

Use Once Made of Some by an Editor Was Subsequently Mortifying.

Have you ever heard the story about the original John Walter when beset by a strike of compositors and pressmen? asks London Opinion. On a certain day the "copy" fell short by half a column, and time pressed. With the inspiration of a genius Mr. Walter laid hold of a column of "pi" and prepared it in the most expeditious way, so that it might pass muster for an article in a foreign tongue. He popped it in with a few lines of introduction, stating this comprehensible mass to be a paper in some Hindostanee dialect, translation of which would follow in the course of a few days. No "translation" ever appeared. Ten years after Mr. Walter was on a visit to a noble earl in Cheshire, where he was introduced to a most learned pundit and oriental scholar. "Ah," said the latter, "I have long and ardently wished to solve a problem which has puzzled me for the last ten years." And drawing from his pocket a tattered old copy of "The Times," he pointed out to the embarrassed proprietor of that journal the alleged Hindostanee article, which he confessed had baffled his most strenuous and assiduous efforts to make anything of, although he had tried every known dialect of the language. What Walter said is not recorded in the Encyclopedia Britannica.

Wild Silkworm.

It is a curious but well authenticated fact that the wild silkworm produces a silk which is declared to have a better luster and stronger fiber than that of the captive silkworms. It was assumed that the confinement of and solicitous care received by the cultivated variety had produced a race which had lost some of its original vigor. Recent experiments seem to indicate that the effect so apparent is due entirely to the different food of the wild and domesticated silkworm. The leaves of the wild mulberry result in larger growth at each stage of development and a larger, heavier mature worm and one that produces a filament of superior quality.—Kansas City Independent.

Doukhobors in Canada.

A Canadian government agent who has just returned to England says the Doukhobors in Canada are making progress. "They no longer work their women instead of their cattle in the fields."

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

BUILDING COUNTRY ROADS.

Report of the Work Being Done in New Jersey—Six Inches of Macadam Enough.

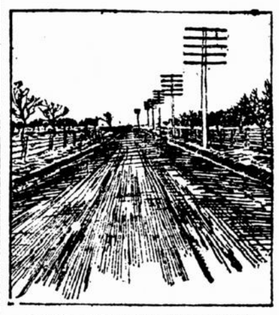
New Jersey has been one of the leaders in the present good roads movement. It was the first to pass a state aid law, a measure that is in force in every state where a systematic work is done to produce uniform good roads. The money given by the state is not of first importance in this plan; it is the state supervision that counts for most. While the local officers have general charge of the work done in their county, the state engineer gives supervision and advice that prevents much of the wastefulness due

ROAD BEFORE IMPROVEMENT.

to bad engineering and, in some cases, corruption.

New Jersey gives annually $250,000 as aid. The state pays one-third of the cost, the counties two-thirds, and ten per cent. of the counties' share may be assessed on the townships. The state has apportioned in the last ten years $1,500,000. The counties have spent more than double this amount, as they pay for bridges, surveying and incidentals. There have been builded by state aid 959 miles of road in New Jersey, and at the beginning of the year there had been applications for the improvement of 480 miles. When the law was first proposed there was strong opposition to it, especially from the county. Now the applications from the counties are always ahead of the state appropriations.

The road builders in New Jersey are held to be among the most advanced in



ROAD AFTER IMPROVEMENT.

America. Experience has taught them that macadam roads in the country were being made needlessly costly. Macadam was laid on too thick and the roads were made too wide. When they began to get out of the mud in New Jersey they made the macadam 12 inches deep, and the stone beds were generally 16 feet wide. Now most of the roads have only six inches of macadam and are 10 or 12 feet wide. Six inches of macadam instead of 12 means that material formerly covering five miles of road now covers ten. A reduction in width from 16 to 12 feet means a further 25 per cent. saving.

Simply stated, the road builders have concluded that a thin road will last as long as a thick one, if given proper and timely maintenance.

Here is a statement of the cost of one of these six-inch macadam roads taken in body from the report of the commissioner of public roads of New Jersey for 1903:

November 9, 1903.

Mr. Henry I. Budd, State Commissioner of Public Roads, Trenton, N. J.

Dear Sir: Below find an exact detailed statement of the Centerville road, township of Hopewell, county of Mercer, state of New Jersey:

Total length, 10,400 feet, or 1.97 miles.	
Width of stone bed, 12 feet.	
Length of stone bed, 10,400 feet.	
Depth of stone bed, class B, or six inches.	
Macadam, 13,946 square yards at 54 cents; total	$7,530 30
Masonry in retaining walls at Stony brook, 176 cubic yards, at $6.25; total	1,100 00
Resetting 258 feet of rock-faced coping at 30 cents; total	77 40
Lowering stone culvert	36 00
Blue stone coping furnished and set, 4x20 inches, 264 lineal feet, at $1.10; total	290 40
Laying 144 feet of 12-inch pipe; total	144 00
Earth excavation, including rock, 6,290 cubic yards, 38 135-629 cents; total	2,409 70
Drain, 13,412 lineal feet, at 22 cents; total	2,950 60
Supervisor's salary	363 00
Engineering expenses	323 46
Total	$15,224 96

Lump sum, contract price $9,940 00
Maximum grade before ..... 5 per cent.
Maximum grade after ..... 2.75 per cent.

We hereby certify the above statement to be correct and that the pavement was constructed strictly according to the specifications, and that the depth of the finished pavement was class B, or six inches. Respectfully yours,

FRANK J. EPPELE, Engineer.
W. L. BURROUGHS, Supervisor.

The pictures of the road before and after improvement were made from photographs in the New Jersey report.

A New Friend.

City Forester Gale, of Springfield, Mass., has discovered a new bug, which appears to have an exceptional fondness for the eggs and larvae of the elm tree beetle, and he has reason to believe that the new discovery may be of considerable importance. The bug appears to be the enemy of the elm tree bettle, and it has already accomplished good results thus far in killing and destroying the eggs and larvae in large numbers. It is a small black bug, and Mr. Gale has never before seen anything like it, nor has anyone to whom he has shown it.—Exchange.

A POUND OF BUTTER.

Some Advice, Which If Heeded, Will Produce a Gilt-Edge Article.

In the official report on the Farmers' Institutes of Canada last year, the dairymaids and farmers' wives were told—what they doubtless knew before—that a pound of butter contained 16 ounces; but when it came to the characterization of each of these 16 ounces, we believe that most of them learned something new. This is the way the ounces were described:

1. One Ounce of Wisdom.—Let us show wisdom in selecting and demanding only the best.

2. One Ounce of Precaution.—We will take the precaution to properly prepare our utensils, and leave them in good condition when we are through with them.

3. One Ounce of Concentration.—Have your mind on your work and you will make no mistakes.

4. One Ounce of Cleanliness.—This is the dairyman's motto, and needs to be exercised in the whole process of buttermaking.

5. One Ounce of Determination.—This will help us to overcome all difficulties.

6. One Ounce of Prevention.—The science of buttermaking is made up almost entirely of preventive measures.

7. One Ounce of Forethought.—Which is needed at every stage.

8. One Ounce of Provision.—What are the requirements of the market for which this butter is being made? We will consider this, and develop flavor, add salt and color to suit our customers.

9. One Ounce of Discrimination.—This is needed to distinguish flavors. It is also needed in choosing parchment paper, salt, etc.

10. One Ounce of Accuracy.—By making use of the scales we shall know how much butter there will be in a churning, and thus gauge the coloring and salt, so that we may have uniformity.

11. One Ounce of Judgment.—We need to have good judgment in choosing the temperature at which to churn, and for making conditions favorable for churning at a low temperature.

12. One Ounce of Common Sense.—If we use this, we will stop churning when the butter is in granular form.

13. One Ounce of Patience.—We must have patience in using the thermometer, in draining the wash water off the butter, and in giving the salt time to dissolve.

14. One Ounce of Experience.—This will help us in knowing when the butter is worked enough, and not overworked and greasy.

15. One Ounce of Neatness.—This applies to person and product, and especially to the printing and wrapping of the butter.

16. This is the Ounce of Honor.—We will do our best, use what is best, and give such weight that the butter will be full 16 ounces when it reaches the consumer.

FACTS FOR DAIRYMEN.

Use some good spray to protect the herd from flies. It will save many times its cost.

That frowsy, sore-eyed calf has no disease, it has lice. Give it a greasing with lard and sulphur.

Wonder if your finger-nails haven't something to do with that kicking cow? See if they are not too long and sharp.

This is a mighty good time to look after stock water. A cow can't make good milk out of the slush of the mud-puddle any more than a mill can make good flour out of rotten wheat.

The wise dairyman will test the cow with a keen appetite and find out what she is doing with the large amount of feed eaten. If she is returning a profit on the cost, give her a chance.

The use of preservatives in cream shipped to a creamery should be discouraged, as the preservative interferes with the development of the flavor.

The dairyman can rejoice in the fact that his farm is increasing in fertility every year, even if he is only making a living at the business. The only possible exception to this is the man that produces milk to sell whole.

An Electric Cow-Milker.

The applications of electricity are now many and various, and the possibilities of a still wider and more varied use are almost beyond conception; but probably few have thought of the electric agent as a substitute for the old-fashioned method of milking cows. But our consular agent at Gens, Germany, in a report to the state department, describes an electric apparatus for milking cows actually in use in that part of Germany. In this contrivance rubber hoods are attached to the udder of the cow. These hoods are connected with a vessel for receiving the milk by means of a rubber tube, from which the air is exhausted by means of the electrical device. It is claimed that the suction thus secured resembles very closely the sucking of a calf, and that for this reason the cow "lets down" her milk more freely than when milked by hand. It is also claimed that absolute cleanliness of the milk may be secured when this method of milking is employed.—Leslie's Weekly.

Actual Cost of Ensilage.

J. W. Lane, in the Grand Traverse (Mich.) Herald, furnishes an itemized account of what it costs to put up his ensilage. He put in ten acres of corn, but only one-half, or five acres, were required to fill his silo. Items are: Plowing ten acres, $15; harrowing, $7; drilling seed, $3; cost of seed, $5; cultivating, $10; use of land, $50; total cost up to harvesting, $90; cost of one-half, $45; filling silo, $20; total cost of 40 tons of ensilage, $65; cost per ton, $1.62½. Estimating that 40 pounds per day is a good ration for a dairy cow, it would cost, from the above figures, a little over three cents. As Mr. Lane says, no one who keeps dairy cows can afford to do without a silo.

A Don't for the Shovel.

Don't throw the shovel down on the floor nor set it up against a post where it may get knocked down and broken, but hang it up on a good big nail where it may be found every time when wanted.—Farm and Home.

DEFECTIVE PAGE