

Silas Carter's Romance

By Carl Jenkins

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There was nothing wrong about Silas Carter. He was a strapping young man who worked in a sawmill and ate three square meals a day. When evening came he sat down to store his mind with knowledge. He couldn't borrow Shakespeare or American history and, in consequence he borrowed romances. They were mostly dime novels. They related mostly to knights and chivalrous and rescue of distressed damsels.

After reading for two or three years Silas got the idea that he was a chivalrous, and that the distressed damsel would sooner or later have to view. He didn't say anything about it. It might be that he wasn't a chivalrous, and it might be that the distressed damsel would be detained on the road.

One night when he was calling on Miss Eunice Bebe, the daughter of a villager, he casually observed: "Eunice, I love you and want you to be my wife."

"I will," she replied.

Eunice had known Silas for a long time, and had come to realize that she loved him, and why shouldn't she have answered that way? Why blush and stick a finger in her mouth and reply that she would see her father about it? She did just as a plain, sensible girl always does under the circumstances—she waited for Silas to say more.

He began and ended right there. If the distressed damsel appeared he would tell Eunice that he had changed his mind; if she didn't then they would get married some day. Eunice continued to be a good, plain girl, and Silas kept his eyes open for what was coming.

It came one July day. A young lady from the city, stopping at a summer hotel in the village, came down to the mill pond to fish. Silas was in the mill yard, wrestling the saw-



He Wrote That He Took His Pen in Hand.

logs about, and after a time he heard a scream. He ran for the water and was in time to pull a very wet and frightened girl out by the hair.

When she could speak she called him a hero and said he had saved her life and won her eternal gratitude. She was the distressed damsel and he the hero—the chivalrous. There could be no two ways about that. He was invited to call at the hotel and receive further thanks, and the dripping damsel took her departure.

Silas Carter called. He was braced up by the heroic deed he had done, and he felt very important when he found himself in the presence of a young lady wearing diamonds and fine clothes, and almost smiling at the fresh grease on his boots. He didn't know exactly what to do with his hat, hands and feet, but he stowed them away somewhere and modestly said that he stood ready to rescue a damsel every day in the week.

He was thanked and thanked, and the damsel said she could never forget him. She even went so far as to give him her address in the city and say that she would be pleased to hear from her hero—occasionally. In getting off the hotel veranda Silas fell over a widow's poodle dog and rolled down the steps, but he was none the less a hero in his own eyes for this. He has read that every occasional hero took a tumble and were none the worse for it. That evening when he went over to see Eunice he said: "Eunice, I asked you a few nights ago to marry me, didn't I?"

"Yes."

"Well, we'll hold on awhile about it, I guess."

"Very well, Silas," replied the dutiful Eunice.

She might have become angry and jumped up and down and threatened a breach of promise suit, but she didn't. She had heard about the rescue, and she had an idea it was that, but she did not lose her temper. She just moved the pitcher along and said:

"Silas, have another glass of hard cider before you go. It's good to keep off the nightmare."

Silas didn't see the damsel again before she left for home. After waiting for two weeks he wrote to her. He wrote that he took his pen in hand to hope that she was well, and that his own health was never better. He wrote that the sawmill business was good, and that he expected to have his wages raised to \$22 a month. He thought of her often, he said. In fact, he had driven a stake at the spot where she had fallen in, and went there to look at it five or six times a day. Then he copied a verse of poetry and ended the letter by saying that he hoped for an answer by return mail.

He didn't receive one, however. Two weeks dragged along, and then one night as he was calling on Eunice he said:

"Eunice, about our getting married."

"Yes, Silas."

"I think we'd better."

"Very well."

She waited for him to ask her to name the day, but he had nothing further to say on the subject. A bright idea had occurred to him. He had written "in haste" on the envelope of his letter, but by so doing he may have made the postmaster mad and the epistle had been torn up. He decided to write again.

He took his pen in hand with firmer grip this time, as his wages had been raised to \$22 per month. He hoped for an answer within three days, but at the end of a fortnight none had come. One mail a day reached the village post office, but he required five times a day, so as to make sure of missing nothing. Another two weeks and no letter.

Was Chevalier Silas in love with the damsel he had rescued? He was. He didn't kick around nights and dream of her, but he loved her gallantly—chivalrously—knightly—the same as the heroes of his romances had loved. Perhaps the reason she hadn't answered was that she was coyly waiting for him to come to the city and tell of his adoration. Her mother might have led her up in the garret or her father thrust her into a dungeon deep because she had told of her love for him. For three days Silas debated as to what the Chevalier St. Aubyn would have done under like circumstances, and then he left for the city.

Having the damsel's address, it was easy to find her father's house. He found it early in the morning, just as the father was emerging with a very strong cigar in his mouth. He gave Silas a looking over, uttered a "humpf" to himself, and then asked: "Well, what is it?"

"Your—your daughter was up at Belleville in July," stammered the young man.

"Well, what of it?"

"She tumbled into the mill pond."

"And got wet. Well, what of that?"

"I—I work in the sawmill there."

"I thought so. Go on."

"I pulled her out of the pond."

"Oh, you did? Did it strain your back any?"

"No, sir."

"If it did, try a porous plaster."

"But I saved her life, sir," continued Silas, "and she said she'd never forget it."

"And I don't think she will. She lost her false hair and complexion. I believe."

"And she asked me to call on her if I was ever in town."

"And being as you are in town, you have come to call. Well, you can go in and interview the cook if you wish. My daughter has been married six weeks and is still away on a bridal tramp. She never mentioned anything about you, but if you really saved her life, why, have a cigar with me."

Silas reached home that night at 11 o'clock. His jaw was set and his lock was determined. The villagers had long since got to bed, but that was naught to him. He walked to the house of Eunice's father and around to her window, and, in response to his calls, a head was poked out and a voice exclaimed:

"My stars, Silas, but what's happened!"

"Nothing yet, but something's going to. You be ready at nine o'clock tomorrow for me to be married! There's one fooling enough about it!"

GET RIGHT TO VOTE.

The diet of Wurttemberg has just granted women the right to vote for members of chamber of agriculture and has also made them eligible on the same terms as men. The chamber of agriculture is a new institution. The providing for its establishment gave votes to women on equal terms with men, but did not make them eligible. The suffrage association at once sent a petition that women be made eligible as members. They pointed out that according to the latest census nearly as many women as men were engaged in agriculture in Wurttemberg, that more than twenty thousand of them owned the land which they worked, that Wurttemberg is essentially a district of small farms on which are carried on industries that belong especially to women, such as poultry raising, vegetable and fruit growing, etc. The committee appointed to consider the bid reported against the women, but when the measure came up in the diet a motion to amend the bill by making women eligible was carried by a vote of 43 against 27.

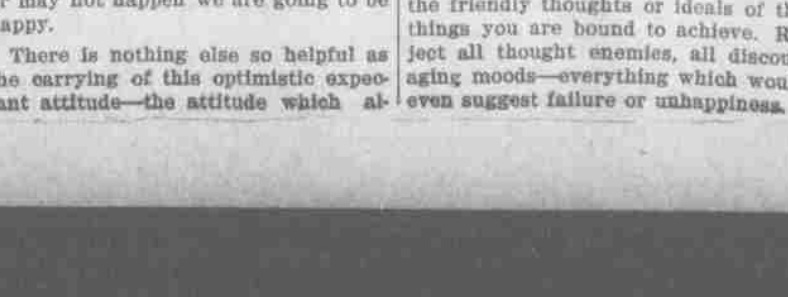
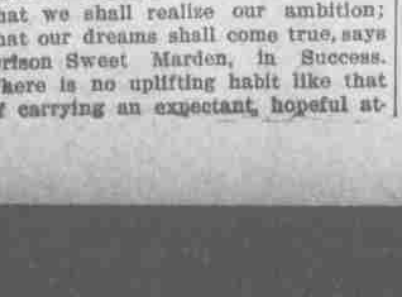
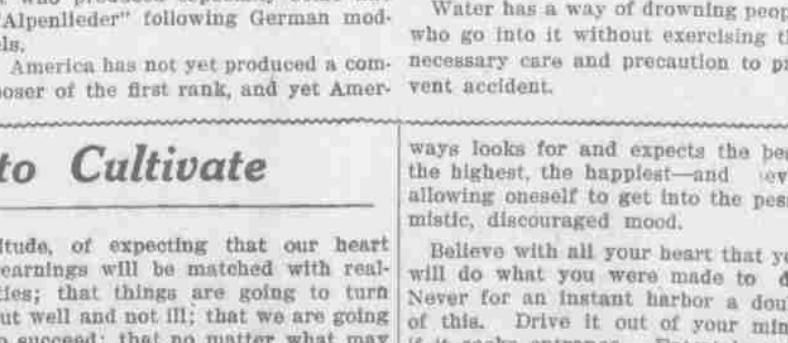
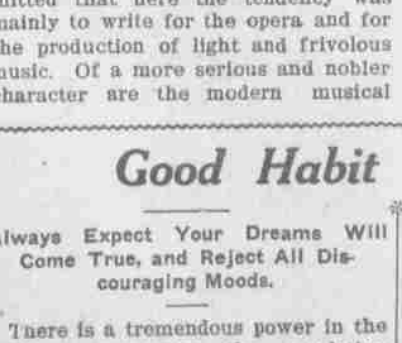
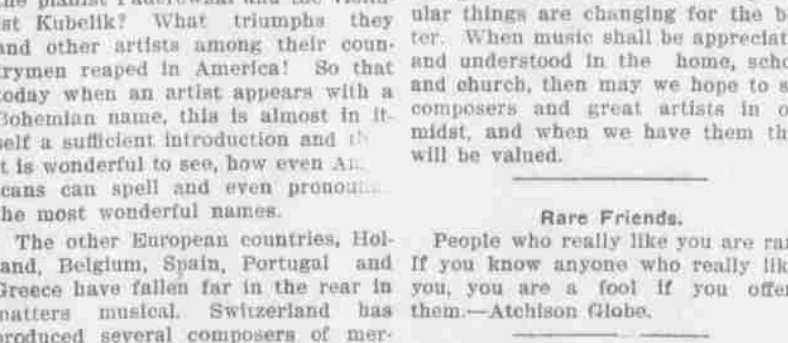
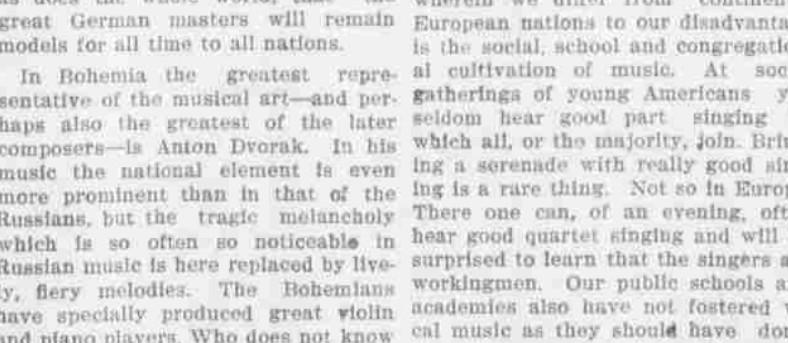
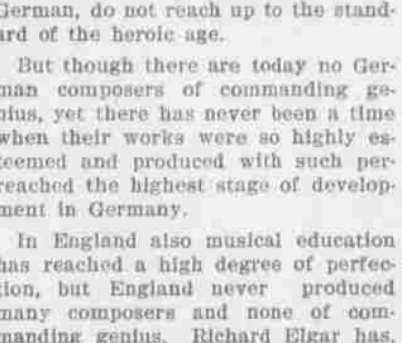
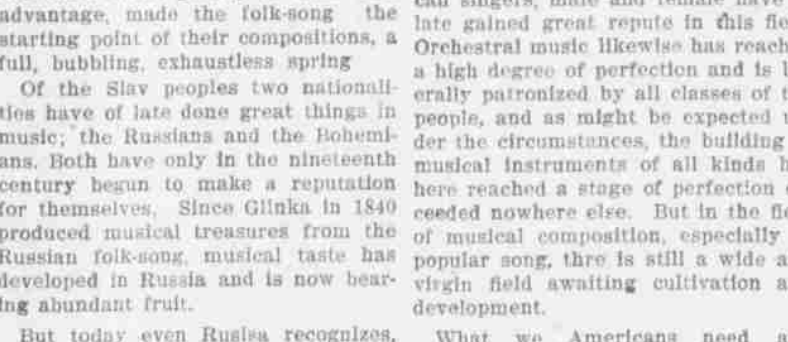
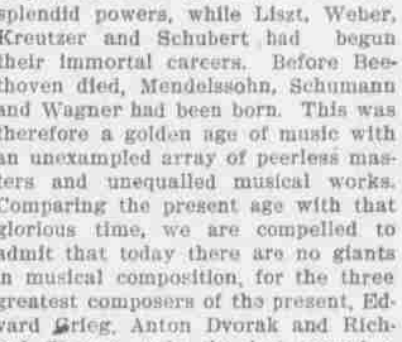
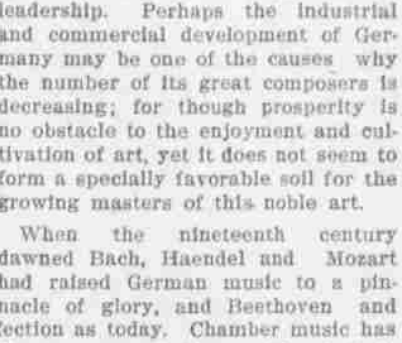
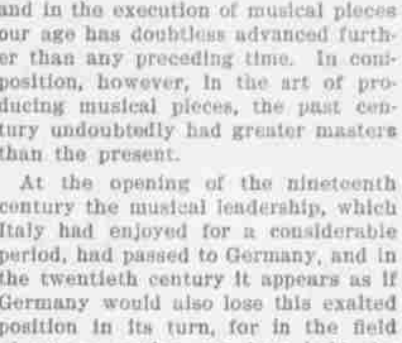
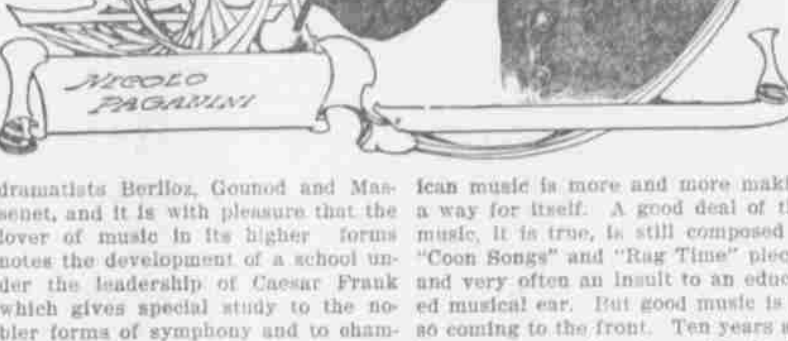
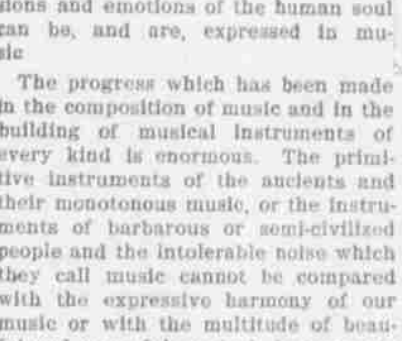
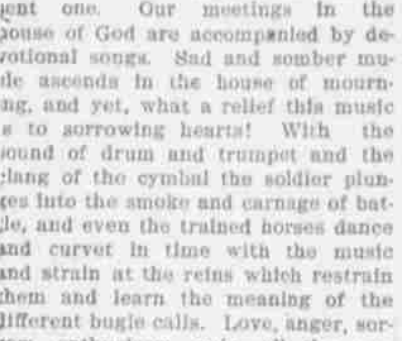
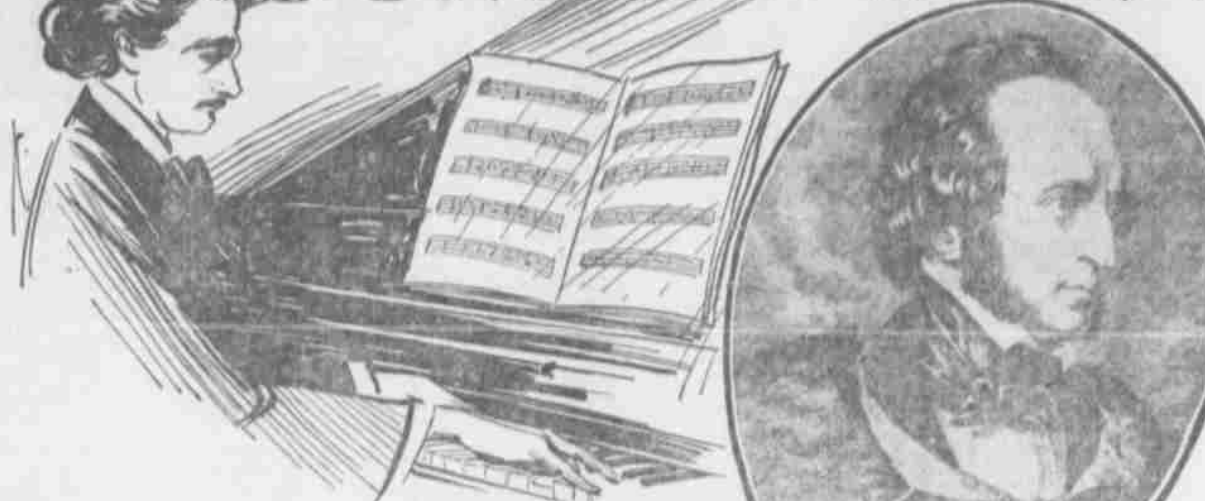
An Appropriate Text.

"John D. Rockefeller, Jr.," said a New York banker, "asked me one Saturday afternoon a good Biblical text to base an address on. 'I'm thinking,' he said, 'about that beautiful verse from the Twenty-third Psalm—'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.' Beautiful and appropriate,' I agreed. 'But, Mr. Rockefeller, there is even a better verse in the same Psalm—'Thou art my head with oil; my cup runneth over.'"

Unprejudiced Editor.

Entirely unprejudiced is the editor of the Allgemeine Piescher-Zeitung, a journal for butchers. He advises butchers who suffer from headaches, nervousness or stomach troubles, to give up meat and adopt a vegetarian diet.

The World's Concert Hall



NE of the sweetest, most elevating and consoling gifts of heaven to man is music. Who has not rejoiced at the singing of fresh children's voices! With music the young man woos the maiden of his choice. With song the bride or young wife expresses her longing for the absent one. Our meetings in the house of God are accompanied by devotional songs. Sad and somber music ascends in the house of mourning, and yet, what a relief this music is to sorrowing hearts! With the sound of drum and trumpet and the clang of the cymbal the soldier plunges into the smoke and carnage of battle, and even the trained horse dance and curvet in time with the music and strain at the reins which restrain them and learn the meaning of the different bugle calls. Love, anger, sorrow, enthusiasm, pain—all the passions and emotions of the human soul can be, and are, expressed in music.

The progress which has been made in the composition of music and in the building of musical instruments of every kind is enormous. The primitive instruments of the ancients and their monotonous music, or the instruments of barbarous or semi-civilized people and the intolerable noise which they call music cannot be compared with the expressive harmony of our music or with the multitude of beautiful and powerful musical instruments and in the execution of musical pieces our age has doubtless advanced further than any preceding time. In composition, however, in the art of producing musical pieces, the past century undoubtedly had greater masters than the present.

At the opening of the nineteenth century the musical leadership, which Italy had enjoyed for a considerable period, had passed to Germany, and in the twentieth century it appears as if Germany would also lose this exalted position in its turn, for in the field of art no nation can long hold the leadership. Perhaps the industrial and commercial development of Germany may be one of the causes why the number of its great composers is decreasing; for though prosperity is no obstacle to the enjoyment and cultivation of art, yet it does not seem to form a specially favorable soil for the growing masters of this noble art.

When the nineteenth century dawned Bach, Haendel and Mozart had raised German music to a pinnacle of glory, and Beethoven and Haydn were at the zenith of their splendid powers, while Liszt, Weber, Kreutzer and Schubert had begun their immortal careers. Before Beethoven died, Mendelssohn, Schumann and Wagner had been born. This was therefore a golden age of music with an unequalled array of peerless masters and unequalled musical works. Comparing the present age with that glorious time, we are compelled to admit that today there are no giants in musical composition, for the three greatest composers of the present, Edward Grieg, Anton Dvorak and Richard Strauss, only the last named a German, do not reach up to the standard of the heroic age.

But though there are today no German composers of commanding genius, yet there has never been a time when their works were so highly esteemed and produced with such pre-eminence as today. The present is perhaps the highest stage of development in Germany.

In England also musical education has reached a high degree of perfection, but England never produced many composers and none of commanding genius. Richard Elgar has, however, succeeded in meeting with so much approval that he is being reckoned among the great composers. The majority of British and Irish composers, however, are content to follow in the footsteps of German masters; the later ones, though following their own ideals, love to walk abroad in the mantle of Wagner or Brahms.

France has for three centuries occupied a prominent place on the musical stage and her great masters, Boieldieu, Auber, Herold, Adam and Chopin offer much that is interesting and valuable. Yet it must be admitted that here the tendency was mainly to write for the opera and for the production of light and frivolous music. Of a more serious and nobler character are the modern musical

composers of the first rank, and yet American music is more and more making a way for itself. A good deal of this music, it is true, is still composed of "Coo Songs" and "Rag Time" pieces, and very often an insult to an educated musical ear. But good music is also coming to the front. Ten years ago it was not considered possible in Europe that a musical composer could be born in America. American inventive genius, American machinery, American farming methods, American commerce and trade—these were undeniable facts of respectable proportions, but American music! The day of really great and distinctively American musical composition is still in the future. American composers have attempted symphony and oratorio, but their works rest on dusty shelves. As a matter of fact only one American firm has undertaken to publish these works.

The rendering of musical compositions, however, in America also, is on a very high plane. In instrumental music musicians of the Teutonic and Slavic races predominate, though there is no lack of American performers also. Instrumental music has reached such a high degree of perfection that the beginner, striving to reach the pinnacle of fame, finds almost insuperable difficulties. Thus far American performers seem to be most successful in vocal music. The time when Italian singers monopolized the field is past. German and American singers, male and female have of late gained great reputations in the field. Orchestral music likewise has reached a high degree of perfection and is liberally patronized by all classes of the people, and as might be expected under the circumstances, the building of musical instruments of all kinds has here reached a stage of perfection exceeded nowhere else. But in the field of musical composition, especially in popular song, there is still a wide and virgin field awaiting cultivation and development.

What we Americans need and wherein we differ from continental European nations to our disadvantage is the social, school and congregational cultivation of music. At social gatherings of young Americans you seldom hear good part singing in which all, or the majority, join. Bringing a serenade with really good singing is a rare thing. Not so in Europe. There one can, at an evening, often hear one quartet singing and will be surprised to learn that the singers are workmen. Our public schools and academies also have not fostered vocal music as they should have done, though it seems that in this particular things are changing for the better. When music shall be appreciated and understood in the home, school and church, then may we hope to see composers and great artists in our midst, and when we have them they will be valued.

Rare Friends.

People who really like you are rare. If you know anyone who really likes you, you are a fool if you offend them.—Atchison Globe.

Water has a way of drowning people who go into it without exercising the necessary care and precaution to prevent accident.

ways looks for and expects the best, the highest, the happiest—and never allowing oneself to get into the pessimistic, discouraged mood.

Believe with all your heart that you will do what you were made to do. Never for an instant harbor a doubt of this. Drive it out of your mind, if it seeks entrance. Entertain only the friendly thoughts or ideals of the things you are bound to achieve. Reject all thought enemies, all discouraging moods—everything which would even suggest failure or unhappiness.

Always Expect Your Dreams Will Come True, and Reject All Discouraging Moods.

There is a tremendous power in the habit of expectancy, the conviction that we shall realize our ambition; that our dreams shall come true, says Orison Sweet Marden, in Success. There is no uplifting habit like that of carrying an expectant, hopeful attitude, of expecting that our heart yearnings will be matched with realities; that things are going to turn out well and not ill; that we are going to succeed; that no matter what may or may not happen we are going to be happy.

There is nothing else so helpful as the carrying of this optimistic expectant attitude—the attitude which al-

WOMAN SELLS TIME

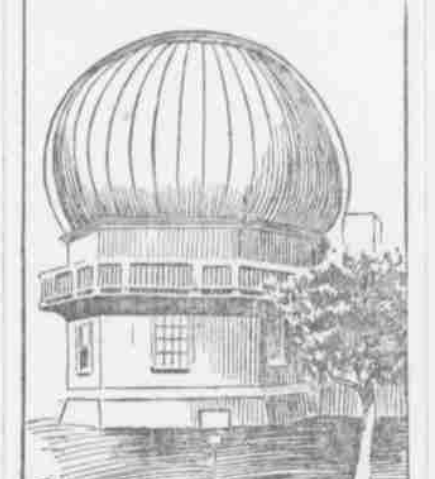
Strange and Profitable Occupation of an English Girl.

Gets \$2,500 a Year From Clients Who Regulate Their Clocks by Time She Obtains at Earth's Latitudinal Center.

London.—When Halley's comet set all Europe gazing skyward, no society beauty was more eagerly courted by enterprising photographers than was the comely but patient astronomer of Greenwich, whose photographic telescopes were kept searching the heavens, to note the arrival of the periodic visitor on the sensitive plate of the camera. Nor was the vigilance unrewarded. More than one distinct impression of the brilliant object is now on view at the Royal observatory, Greenwich.

This success has revived interest in this historic institution by the Thames, but few outside scientific circles know much of the history and details of the almost conventional group of buildings on that fair hill where hoary sages boast to name the stars and count the heavenly host.

Yet probably no hill in the world has had so strangely varied a history, or played so important a part in the affairs of men. The granite line across the foothill on its summit is the meridian from which the longitude on every British map and chart is calculated. All England sets its time by the mean-solar clock; and in addition to the daily and nightly observations of the heavens, elaborate records are kept of diurnal changes in the temperature and humidity, the direction and force of the wind, the amount of



The Tower of Greenwich.

sunshine and rainfall, the earth's magnetism, and a host of meteorological matters forming a science of daily increasing importance and interest. There is a large galvano-magnetic clock, fixed on the outside wall of the observatory, and divided into 24 hours. There are still many who believe this clock is kept going by the sun. They do not know that the fixed stars are the real timekeepers, from which Britons check their daily progress. The Sideral clock, kept within one of the buildings of the observatory, is corrected by observation of the stars



Woman Selling the Time.

every clear night, and every morning before ten o'clock the mean solar clock is checked from it. The latter is housed below the timeball on the tower which dominates the hill and is in magnetic connection with the clock in the boundary wall, which has furnished the correct time to countless visitors to the hill since it was placed there in 1852.

To this galvano-magnetic clock in the wall comes every Monday a woman who makes \$2,500 a year out of the queerest occupation in England. She sells the time to London watchmakers.

Her name is Miss Belleville of Maidenhead. Eighty years ago the then astronomer royal suggested to her father that if he took the corrected time on a certified chronometer every week he could no doubt find numerous clients. So he bought a famous watch made for the duke of Essex, one of the sons of George III., and soon worked up a business with it. When he died his widow sold the time till she reached the age of eighty-one, and then she handed the business over to her daughter.

When Miss Belleville visits Greenwich at the beginning of every week her chronometer is corrected and she is given an official certificate. From that her 50 customers correct their watches and clocks.

One On the Speaker.

They were beckling him at a political meeting. At last he could stand it no longer.

"Who brayed there?" he cried out sarcastically.

"It was only an echo," retorted somebody amid much laughter.—Tit-Bits.

Her Argument.

"You allowed that young man to hug you last night. Yet you are not in love with him."

"But, ma, how could I ever learn to love a young man unless I take a few hugs?"

CHURCH WAS BUILT IN 1679

Queer Old Quaker Meeting House in Buckinghamshire, England, of Interest to Americans.

London.—In the country of Buckinghamshire, England, is one spot of peculiar interest to Americans, by reason of its association with William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania. This is the little meeting house of the Society of Friends at Jordans. Situated in a wooded hollow at the foot of a hill, it is the very expression of seclusion and of peace. The building is a simple red brick structure, with an interior of the plainest—plain wooden wainscoting and benches, and



Jordans Meeting House.

whitewashed walls without adornment of any kind. On a small circular table, used formerly by William Penn, is the visitors' book, in which the names of Americans figure largely. The meeting house was built about 1679. At the present time two regular meetings are held in it every year, one on the fourth Sunday in May, the other on the first Thursday in June.

In the neighboring village of Chalfont St. Giles, situated some two miles to the northeast of Jordans, is the cottage where Milton lived and where he wrote "Paradise Lost," while two miles further on, still in the same direction, commanding the villa residences of Chorley Wood, is the fine old half-timbered house of King's Farm, where William Penn was married, in 1672, to Gulielma, daughter of Sir William Springett.

CHECKS FRISCO RAT PLAGUE

Federal Health Authorities Describe Extensive Campaign Against Disease-Spreading Rodents.

Washington.—While no case of human plague has appeared in San Francisco in two years and four months and no case of rat plague has been found there in a year and six months, the deadly war for the extermination of rats in the Pacific coast metropolis continues without relaxation.

With this statement Acting Assistant Surgeon G. M. Converse of the United States Public Health and Marine hospital service introduces a report containing interesting details of the anti-plague work. This war on rats is mostly in the nature of a prophylactic measure against reinfection.

Thirty laborers are employed exclusively as rat trappers. There are in constant use about 8,000 traps of the cage and snap varieties. During May 8,551 rats were trapped. In this time the bait used was 321 pounds of bacon, 194 pounds of cheese and 620 pounds of bread. Bread was the best bait in cage traps; a record is kept of the location each rat is trapped.

Destruction of rats by poison is now limited to the sewers. During May 27,452 pieces of poisoned bread were distributed on boards placed in the sewers.

City inspectors, acting under the United States authorities, have been making a reinspection of all premises in the city and Surgeon Converse says the result at the present time seems to show that the people have learned a lesson of cleanliness.

THIEVES INVENT A NEW WAY

Clever Philadelphia Shoplifters Perfect an Ingenious Device for Carrying on Their Work.

Philadelphia.—Some time ago in several large stores in this city it was found that goods were being stolen in a wholesale way that set the floor watchers working with redoubled energy, but despite their extra vigilance the thieves were not detected for quite awhile. Finally their system was discovered and through the arrest recently of two men and a young woman from \$3,000 to \$4,000 worth of stolen goods were recovered in their room. The detectives entered the room just as the three were unloading goods of various kinds from the big paper boxes in which the purloined articles had been successfully secreted while the thieves were at work in the stores.

The boxes were especially designed for making thefts easy, the arrangement being something new even in the varied arts of shoplifters. A hole about twelve inches long and five inches wide was cut in each box, and the box was so carried under the arm with this hole next to the side of the body that it was almost impossible to discover it. The accused would each buy some trifling articles and pay for it. The bill was then taken and attached to the box in such a way that it could be seen readily by the salespeople and store detectives. Each of the thieves would operate at different counters, as a rule, but sometimes one of the men and the woman would operate together.

Net Long to Wait.

Mildred—Since our engagement George has been perfectly devoted to me. Do you think he will continue to love me when I am old?

Clarice—Really, dear, I can't say—but you'll soon know.

Giving Him More Employment.

Goodman Georng—The world owes me a livin', and I'm goin' to collect it.

Ruffon Wrats—Collect mine, too, ole man, while you're about it, an' I'll keep part of it as commision.