The Master of Appleby

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

I had scarce rejoined Tybee at the wagons when the long roll of the drums broke the silence of the hilltop, and a volley fire of musketry from the rock breastwork on the right told us the battle was on. Tybee gave me one last reproachful look and stood out to see what could be seen, and I stood with him.

"Your friends are running," he said, when there was no reply to the opening volley; and truly, I feared he was right. At the bottom of the slope, scattering groups of the riflemen could be seen hastening to right and left. But I would not admit the charge to Tybee.

"I think not," I objected, denying the apparent fact. "They have come too far and too fast to turn back now for a single overshot volley."

At the word the forest-covered steep at our end of the hill sprang alive with dun-clad figures darting upward from tree to tree. Volley after volley thundered down upon them as they climbed, but not once did the dodging charge up the slope pause or falter. Unlike all other irregulars I had ever seen, whose idea of a battle is to let off the piece and run, these mountain men held their fire like veterans, closing in upon the hilltop steadily and in a grim silence broken only by the shouting encouragements of the leaders—this until their circling line was completed.

Then suddenly from all sides of the beleaguered camp arose a yell to shake the stoutest courage, and with that the wood-covered slopes began to spit fire, not in volleys, but here and there in irregular snappings and cracklings as the sure-shot riflemen saw a mark to pull trigger on.

The effect of this fine-bead target practice—for it was naught else—was most terrific. All along the breastwork, front and rear, crouching men sprang up at the rifle cracklings to fling their arms all abroad and to fall writhing and wrestling in the death throe. At our end of the hill, where the rock barrier was thinnest, the slaughter was appalling; and above the din of the firearms we could hear the bellowed commands of the sturdy old Indian fighter, Benjamin Cleaveland, urging his men up to still closer quarters. "A little nearer, my brave boys; a little nearer and we have them! Press on up to the rocks. They'll be as good breastwork from our side as from theirs!"

You will read in the histories that the Tory helpers of Ferguson fought as men with halters round their necks; and so, indeed, a-many of them did. But though they were most pitiless enemies of ours, I bear them witness that they did fight well and bravely, and not as men who fight for fear's sake.

I saw the end was near when the major ordered the final charge, and Captain de Peyster forced his line and led it forward at a double-quick. The mountaineers held more than half the hilltop now, and this forlorn hope was to try to drive them down the farther slopes. On it went, and I could see the men pitch and tumble out of the line until at bayonet-reach of the riflemen there were less than a dozen afoot and fit to make the push.

De Peyster fought his way back to the wagons, gasping and bloody. Some of the Tories crowding around us raised a white flag. The major, sorely wounded now and all but disabled, rode rough-shod into the ruck of cowering militiamen to pull down the flag. Again the white token of surrender was raised, and again the major rode in to beat it down with his sword. At this Captain de Peyster put in his word.

"'Tis no use, Major; there is no more fight left in us! Five minutes more of this and we'll be shot down to a man!"

Before a hand could be lifted to stay him, Ferguson had wheeled his horse and was galloping straight for the patriot line at the farther extremity of the hilltop. A dozen bounds, it may be, the good charger carried him; then the storm of rifle-bullets beat him from the saddle. And so died one of the gallantest officers that ever did an unworthy king's work on the field of battle.

The dead buried and the wounded cared for in some rough and ready fashion, preparations were made in all haste for a speedy withdrawal from the neighborhood of the battle-field. Rumor had it that Tarleton with his invincible legion was within a few hours' march; and the mountain men, sodden weary with the toils of the flying advance and the had-fought conflict, were in no fettle to cope with a fresh foe.

As yet I had not made myself known to the patriot commanders, having my hands and heart full with the care of poor Tybee, who was grievously hurt, and being in a measure indifferent to what should befall me. But now as we were about to march I was dragged before the committee of colonels and put to the question.

"Your uniform is a strange one to us, sir," said Isaac Shelby, looking me up and down with that heavy-lidded right eye of his. "Explain your rank and standing, if you please."

I told my story simply, and, as I thought, effectively; and had only black looks for my pains.

"'Tis a strange tale, surely, sir—too strange to be believable," quoth Shelby. "You are a traitor, Captain Ireton—of the kind we need not cumber ourselves with on a march."

"Who says that word of me?" I demanded, caring not much for that to which his threat pointed, but something for my good name.

Shelby turned and beckoned to a man in the group behind him. "Stand out, John Whittlesey," he directed; and I found myself face to face with that sifleman of Colonel Davie's party who had been so fierce to hang me at the fording of the Catawba.

This man gave his testimony briefly, telling but the bare truth. A week earlier I had passed in Davie's camp for a true-blue patriot, this though I was wearing a ragged British uniform at the moment. As for the witness himself, he had misdoubted me all along, but the colonel had trusted me and had sent me on some secret mission, the inwardness of which he, John Whittlesey, had been unable to come at, though he confessed that he had tried to worm it out of me before parting company with me on the road to Charlotte. I looked from one to another of my judges.

"If this be all, gentlemen, the man does but confirm my story," I said.

"It is not all," said Shelby. "Mr. Pengarvin, stand forth."

There was another stir in the background group and the pettifogger edged his way into the circle, keeping well out of hand-reach of me. How he had made shift to escape from Ferguson's men, to change sides, and to turn up thus serenely in the ranks of the over-mountain men, I know not to this day, nor ever shall know.

"Tell these gentlemen what you have told me," said Shelby, briefly; and the factor, cool and collected now, rehearsed the undeniable facts: how in Charlotte I had figured as a member of Lord Cornwallis' military family; how I had carried my malignancy to the patriot cause to the length of throwing a stanch friend to the commonwealth, to wit, one Owen Pengarvin, into the common jail; how, as Lord Cornwallis' trusted aide-de-camp, I had been sent with an express to Major Ferguson. Also, he suggested that if I should be searched some proof of my duplicity might be found upon me.

At this William Campbell nodded to two of his Virginians, and I was searched forthwith, and that none too gently. In the breast pocket of my hussar jacket they found the duplicate despatch; the one I had taken from Tybee and which had so nearly proved my undoing in the interview with Major Ferguson. Isaac Shelby opened and read the accusing letter and passed it around among his colleagues.

"I shall not ask you why this was undelivered, sir," he said to me, sternly. "'Tis enough that it was found upon your person, and it sufficiently proves the truth of this gentleman's accusation. Have you aught further to say, Capatain Ireton?—aught that may excuse us for not leaving you behind us in a halter?"

Suddenly Richard Jennifer and Ephraim Yeates pushed their way through the ever-thickening ring of onlookers; the latter to range himself beside me with his brown-barreled rifle in the hollow of his arm, and my dear lad to fling himself upon me in a bear's hug of joyous recognition and greeting.

"Score one for me, Jack!" he cried. "We were fair at t'other end of the mountain." Then he whirled upon my judges. "What is this, gentlemen?—a court martial? Captain Ireton is my friend, and as true a patriot as ever drew breath. What is your charge?"

Colonel Sevier, in whose command Richard and the old borderer had fought in the hilltop battle, undertook to explain. I stood self-confessed as the bearer of despatches from Lord Cornwallis to Major Ferguson, he said, and I had claimed that the orders had been so altered as to delay the major's retreat and so to bring on the battle. But they had just found Lord Cornwallis' letter in my pocket, still sealed and undelivered. And the tenor of it was precisely opposite to that of an order calculated to delay the major's march, as Mr. Jennifer could see if he would read it.

While Sevier was talking, the old borderer was fumbling in the breasat of his hunting-shirt, and now he produced a packet of papers tied about with red tape.

"'Pears to me like you Injun-killers from t'other side o' the mounting is in a mighty hot sweat to hang somebody," he said, as coolly as if he were addressing a mob of underlings. "Here's a mess o' billy-doos with Lord Cornwallis' name to 'em that I found 'mongst Major Ferguson's leavings. If you'll look 'em over, maybe you'll find out, immeditly if not sooner, that Cap'n John here is telling ye the plumb truth."

The papers were examined hastily, and presently John Sevier lighted upon the despatch I had carried and delivered. Thereat the colonels put their heads together; and then my case was re-opened, with Sevier as spokesman.

"We have a letter here which appears to be the original order to Ferguson, Captain Ireton. Can you repeat from memory the postscriptum which you say was added to it?"

I gave the gist of my old patriarch's addendum as well as I could; and thereupon suspicion fled away and my late judges would vie with one another in hearty frontier hand-grasps and apologies, whilst the throng that ringed us in forgot caution and weariness and gave me a cheer to wake the echoes. 'Twas while this burst of gratulation was abuzz that Ephraim Yeates raised a cry of his own.

"Stop that there black-legged imp o' the law!" he shouted, pushing his way out of the circle. "He's the one that ought to hang!"

There was a rush for the wagon barricade, a clatter of horse-hoofs on the hillside below, and Yeates' rifle went to his face. But the bullet flew wide, and the black-garbed figure clinging to the horse's mane was soon out of sight among the trees.

"Ez I allow, ye'd better look out for that yaller-skinned little varmint, Cap'n John," quoth the old man. "He's rank pizen, he is, and ye'll have to break his neck sooner 'r later."

Now that I was fully exonerated I was free to go and come as I chose; nay, more, I was urged to cast in my lot with the over-mountain partisans. As to this, I took counsel with Richard Jennifer whilst the colonels were setting their commands in order for the march and loading the prisoners with the captured guns and ammunition.

"What is to the fore, Dick?" I asked; "more fighting?"

The lad shook his head. "Never another blow, I fear, Jack. These fellows crossed the mountain to whip Ferguson. Having done it they will go home."

"'Tis nigh on to a crime," said I. "This victory, smartly followed up, might well be the turning of the tide for us."

But the lad would not admit the qualifying condition. "'Twill be no less as it is," he declared. "Mark you, Jack; 'twill put new life into the cause and nerve every man of ours afresh. And as for the redcoats, if my Lord Cornwallis gets the news of it in a lump, as he should, Gates will have plenty of time to set himself in motion, slow as he is."

"What are your plans, Richard?"

"I have none worth the name."

"Then you are not committed to Colonel Sevier for a term of service?"

"No; nor to Cleaveland, nor McDowell, nor any. We heard there was to be fighting hereaway—Ephraim Yeates and I—and we came as volunteers."

"Good! then I have a thought which may stand for what it is worth. To make the most of this victory over Major Ferguson, Gates should be apprised at once and by a sure tongue; and his Lordship should have the news quickly, too, and in a lump, as you say. Let us take horse and ride post, we two; you to Gates at Hillsborough, and I to Charlotte."

"I had thought of my part of that," he said in a muse. "But you can't well go back to Cornwallis now, Jack; 'tis playing with death. There will be other news-carriers—there are sure to be; and a single breath to whisper what you have done will hang you higher than Haman."

"'Tis but a war hazard."

He looked at me curiously. I saw a shrewd question in his eyes and set instant action as a barrier in the way of its asking.

"Let us find Colonel Sevier and beg us the loan of a pair of horses," said I; and so we were kept from coming upon the dangerous ground of pointed questions and evasive answers.

All that Sunday we pressed forward, hasting as we could through the stark columned aisles of the autumn-stripped forest, and looking hourly to come upon Tarleton's legion marching out to Ferguson's relief.

(To be continued.)

PROPER CARE OF THE PIANO.

Safeguards to Be Adopted for Instrument's Delicate Mechanism.

In many households there is not a piece of furniture that is more sorely neglected than the piano. Any one who has ever studied the construction of a pianoforte knows that its mechanism is most delicate, intricate and sensitive. It is no wonder, then, that it requires a great deal of care, and suffers severely from neglect, says the New York Tribune.

Some people think that they are treating their piano well if they have it tuned once or twice a year. It should be tuned at least four times to prevent loss of pitch, and should be kept at concert pitch all the time. To raise or lower it a half tone means to spoil it irremediably, say the authorities.

It is almost as important to place the piano well as to keep it tuned. It should not be put too near the wall, as this absorbs the tone; it should be put near the inner wall rather than the outer, to prevent dampness or cold from affecting it. Dampness is a stanch enemy of pianos—it rusts the wires, rots the felt, splits the hammers and makes the keys stick. A changing temperature is almost as dangerous, and too great heat, such as is caused by the proximity of a radiator or fireplace, has also its bad effects. Heavy carpets muffle the sound; that is why music rooms should always have hardwood floors and why pianos should be placed on little glass insulators if possible.

A piano should be kept free from bric-a-brac, pictures and lamps, because they all tend to make the tone metallic. So often when a note is tinny or tremulous, it is because it is sympathetic vibration with some object on or near the piano.

When the pedals squeak they should be greased (not oiled), or a little talcum powder may be puffed into the hinges. Broken hammers, if not badly damaged, can be repaired with hot glue and bound with cord and broken ivories can be mended with a little household cement. Yellow ivories can be cleaned with alcohol. They need much light in order to keep their whiteness; that is why one should not always have the cover down.

Evils of Motoring.

A physician who counts among his patients many well-known London women has been pointing out the effect of too much automobiling on the figure, says a New York Sun's correspondent.

"At the risk of making myself unpopular," he says, "I have had to forbid motoring to several of my patients who have consulted me regarding their growing embonpoint. Those who have followed my advice have succeeded in regaining their figures.

"Motoring surpasses in luxury any form of locomotion yet invented. The seats are so tilted that one is forced to lean back among the cushions at such an angle that all the muscles are relaxed.

"Add to this the exhilaration which rapid movement produces and the increase of appetite engendered by plenty of fresh air and you will see that motoring contains most of the elements which make for adiposity."

Cold Comfort.

"We shall be rescued—don't lose your head,"
Said the traveler on the arctic shore;
"Oh, I'm keeping cool," his companion said,
As he shifted his seat on the ice once more.
—Puck.

A Hard Life.

Irritated Citizen—Aren't you ashamed of yourself going about with that street organ and leading such a lazy life?

Street Organist—Lazy life? Why, sir, life with me is a long daily grind.—Baltimore American.

In Luck.

"Binks looks very happy this year."

"He has reason to be. He says that after his wife and children had got their fall wardrobes there was enough left over to enable him to have a new velvet collar on his old overcoat."

Checking Him.

"Speaking of favorite trees," began the short man, intent on springing an old joke.

"Reminds me that you are fond of spreading chestnuts," intercepted the tall man.—St. Louis Star.

An Easy Way.

"Can you tell me how I can get to Pittsburg?" asked the soubrette at the railroad ticket office.

"Sure!" replied the agent. "Marry one of the Pittsburg millionaires!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Other Interests.

"Just a word, my dear."

"Yes?"

"Can't I interest you in votes for women?"

"Not until after I get my winter furs."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

At Cross Purposes.

Scott—Half the people in the world don't know what the other half are doing.

Mott—No; that is because the other half are doing them.—Boston Transcript.

Probably.

Professor—Mr. Fussem, what tense is "I love?"

Mr. Fussem (looking at the girl with the cute eyes)—Intense!—Minne-Ha-Ha.

The indications are that at no distant date, there will be more German students in America than American students in Germany.

Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed.—Pope.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN

1570—Excommunication of Queen Elizabeth by Pope Pius V.

1673—Charles II. leased Virginia to Lord Culpepper and the Earl of Arlington.

1736—Bishop Nitschmann, at Savannah, performed the first ordination by a Protestant bishop in America.

1782—Denmark acknowledged the independence of the United States.

1791—First United States bank chartered by Congress.

1793—British flag hoisted for the first time on island of Corsica.

1813—United States ship "Hornet" captured the British sloop of war "Peacock."

1819—Sabine River agreed upon as the boundary between Spain's possessions and the United States.

1836—Mexicans under Santa Anna began the siege of the Alamo in San Antonio.

1852—British troop-ship Birkenhead wrecked off Simon's Bay, South Africa, with loss of 454 lives.

1854—Czar of Russia proclaimed war against the Turks....New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company organized by Cyrus Field.

1856—The first railroad in California was completed....Lord Canning made governor general of India.

1860—Canadian Legislature met in Quebec, to which city it had again been removed....Mail steamer Hungarian wrecked off Nova Scotia coast and all on board lost.

1862—United States Congress declared greenbacks to be legal tender.

1863—Arizona territory formed out of part of New Mexico.

1864—First Knights of Pythias lodge instituted.

1868—United States made its first naturalization treaty, that with the North German Confederation....House of Representatives resolved to impeach President Johnson.

1869—Congress by joint resolution passed the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution.

1871—George Luther Hatheway became premier of New Brunswick.

1873—Gov. McEnery of Louisiana ordered out militia to protect the State government....Samuel Leonard Tilley became minister of finance of Canada....Charter granted to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

1874—Marshal Serrano declared president of the Republic of Spain.

1880—New Brunswick Parliament buildings, at Fredericton, destroyed by fire.

1891—Lord Salisbury consented to refer the Behring Sea fishery dispute to arbitration.

1892—The Dominion Parliament opened by Lord Stanley of Preston.

1893—John W. Mackay shot by an insane man at San Francisco.

1902—The manufacture of Bessemer steel was begun at Sault Ste. Marie.

1903—National party of the Union Socialists formed in Philadelphia.

1904—Fire in business district of Rochester destroyed $3,000,000 worth of property.

1905—The Rt. Rev. Samuel Pritchard Matheson chosen archbishop and metropolitan of Rupert's Land....Large section of Hot Springs, Ark., destroyed by fire....Measure introduced in the Dominion Parliament creating the provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan.

1907—Indiana Legislature passed a 2-cent passenger fare bill....Gov. Cummins of Iowa signed the 2-cent passenger fare bill....Gov. Hanley of Indiana signed the 2-cent passenger fare bill.

1909—International naval conference in London agreed on a new code of naval warfare....American battleship fleet concluded its trip around the world.

COMET DOES ENDANGER EARTH.

Director of Harvard Observatory Says Tail May Wreck Buildings.

"No one can predict with certainty what will happen on May 18 or 19, when the earth passes through the tail of Halley's comet," said Professor Edward C. Pickering, the director of the astronomical observatory of Harvard, in an interview.

"There is more danger of serious consequences than the ordinary public is likely to believe. If the poisonous gases and the meteors of which the tail is composed pass near the earth, they will undoubtedly fall on the sphere and damage many buildings and possibly injure many people.

"I quite agree with the French astronomer, Flammarion, that such collisions will be matters of great public danger."

Typhoid Mary Released.

"Typhoid Mary," so-called because she was considered a living receptacle and distributer of typhoid fever germs, has been released after three years in New York hospitals.

IN A NUTSHELL

The Heinrich Hotel at Brockport, N. Y., was destroyed by fire.

Pittsburg, Kan., adopted the commission form of government by a majority of twenty-one votes.

The annual convention of the American Mining Congress will be held at Los Angeles from Sept. 26 to Oct. 1.

Tinan & Reynolds' garage in Paterson, N. J., was burned, with ten automobiles; loss, $75,000. An explosion caused the fire.

One woman was killed and the motorman fatally injured when a Denver street car was struck by a Rock Island passenger train

Two business blocks were burned at Greenville, N. C.; loss, $15,000, less than half insured. The court house and county jail were burned.

C. A. Conlin, who escaped from prison at Hot Springs, was captured at Okolona, Ark., but not until he was seriously, perhaps fatally, wounded.

Ex-President Roosevelt, it is reported in Washington, is to go to Texas and write a history of the State soon after his return to the United States.

In accordance with a provision in the will of Mrs. Hannah Williams, a Brooklyn woman who died a few days ago, her son will burn the piano which for forty years has been in the Williams home.

James R. Garfield, ex-President Roosevelt's Secretary of the Interior, declares he is willing to lead the Republican party in Ohio against Gov. Harmon, if there is popular demand for his candidacy.

(Fac-simile of the genuine package slightly reduced.)

Burdens Lifted From Bad Backs

Weary is the back that bears the burden of kidney ills. There's no rest nor peace for the man or woman who has a bad back. The distress begins in early morning. You feel lame and not refreshed. It's hard to get out of bed. It hurts to stoop to tie your shoes. All day the ache keeps up. Any sudden movement sends a sharp twinge through the back. It is torture to stoop or straighten. At night the sufferer retires to toss and twist and groan. Backache is kidney ache—a throbbing, dull aching in the kidneys. To cure backache you must first cure the kidneys. Plasters or liniments won't do. You must get at the cause, inside.

Doan's Kidney Pills Cure Sick Kidneys

Six Months of Misery

Doan's Kidney Pills Brought About a Complete Restoration.

CHARLES EASTER, E. Locust St., Watseka, Ill., says: "In the summer of 1904 I was attacked by pains in the small of my back and as the time passed, the trouble increased until my whole right hip was affected. For six months I could not sit in a chair and I was unable to sleep nights. I lost forty pounds in weight and was so lame and sore that I could not raise my hands to my face. I was languid, had no energy and was bothered by a shortness of breath. During all that time I doctored and used a great amount of medicine but to no avail. Sometimes there was an almost complete retention of the kidney secretions and there was much sediment in them. My wife finally persuaded me to try Doan's Kidney Pills. They gave me such prompt relief that I continued taking them and gradually my condition improved. The trouble with my kidneys was corrected and my aches and pains were removed. I am so grateful for this cure that I cheerfully recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to other persons suffering from kidney complaint."

HOW TO TELL WHEN THE KIDNEYS ARE DISORDERED

Painful Symptoms—Backache, side-ache, pains when stooping or lifting, sudden sharp twinges, rheumatic pains, neuralgia, painful, scanty or too frequent urination, dizzy spells, dropsy.

Urinary Symptoms — Discolored or cloudy urine. Urine that contains sediment. Urine that stains the linen. Painful passages. Blood or shreds in the urine. Let a bottleful of the morning urine stand for 24 hours. If it shows a cloudy or fleecy settling, or a layer of fine grains, like brick-dust, the kidneys are disordered.

Twice-Told Testimony

A Wonderful Cure Fully Verified By the Test of Time.

MRS. J. M. BARNHART, 952 N. Jackson St., Frankfort, Ind., says: "Several years ago I was running into Bright's disease. My body bloated a great deal and I had such terrible pains in the small of my back that I could scarcely stand. I rested poorly and the kidney secretions contained a sediment, also being distressing in passage. I tried various preparations but steadily grew worse and when Doan's Kidney Pills were brought to my attention, I procured a supply. The contents of the first box did me so much good that I continued taking the remedy until I was cured. I gave a public statement on July 19, 1906, recommending Doan's Kidney Pills and now I can add that I have had no need of a kidney remedy in over a year."

A Trial Free Test Doan's Kidney Pills Yourself!

Cut out this coupon, mail it to Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. A free trial package of Doan's Kidney Pills will be mailed you promptly. C. N. U.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

If the Pain is There It's Your Kidneys

Sold by all dealers. Price 50 cents. FOSTER-MILBURN CO. Buffalo, N. Y. Proprietors.

THE OTHER SIDE.

With a look of horror and indignation on her usually placid features, Miss Cynthia Barker sat back from the window of the elevated train. The train was speeding above a congested tenement district, and looking down from the window she had seen a policeman clubbing a prisoner.

There had been a crowd round him, but the flashing speed of the train had given her no chance to take in the details of the picture. But she did get a clear view of the policeman's face. Of one thing she was certain; she would know the brute if she ever saw him. And another thing she had determined; she would write an indignant protest against having such men on the police force and take it to an editor with whom she was personally acquainted.

That night she wrote her protest, and about noon of the next day she started down town to take it herself to her friend on the newspaper.

Her way led through a public park, and as she looked ahead of her she saw a policeman sitting on one of the benches. He was surrounded by children, to whom he was telling a story, and the picture increased Miss Cynthia's indignation toward the policeman of the day before. This, she told herself, was what policemen should be like—big, strong and tender-hearted.

She drew nearer, and the policeman looked up at her over the head of a curly-haired youngster perching on his knee and playing with his brass buttons. It was the same policeman.

Miss Cynthia gasped. Then her step slackened. She hesitated, turned and approached the officer. Her hand was on the letter in her pocket and it gave her courage.

"Officer," she said, "may I ask you a question?"

"Certainly," said the policeman.

"Are you the same man who arrested yesterday somebody down in the North End and clubbed him unmercifully?"

The policeman nodded.

"I don't know about the 'unmercifully,' ma'am. But I did take a chap down there yesterday, and I did use the club a bit on him."

"I saw you," said Miss Cynthia, "from the elevated. It was terrible! How can a man who seems to love little children treat a fellow being in that awful fashion?"

The policeman thought it over.

"Did you get a good look at the rest of the crowd, ma'am?"

"No."

"Well, if you had, maybe you would have noticed that they were just ripe to rescue him. You see, ma'am, I don't really like to club a fellow being, as you call him, any more than you do. What I like better is to sit here in the park and tell yarns to these youngsters. But the fact is, ma'am if I hadn't used my club yesterday I wouldn't probably be sitting here today. Hospital or cemetery. If you'd been down there on the street instead of up in the elevated—"

Miss Cynthia nodded, and looked again from the man to the children impatiently waiting for him to resume the interrupted story.

"I think I see," she said, presently.—Youth's Companion.

He Wanted Something Doing.

The late Dr. Edward Everett Hale was a great student of child life. Dr. Hale once dilated on the incorrigibly bad tastes in books that children have. He instanced the case of his own son, now a famous architect, whose taste he had a hard time forming. Jack Harkaway and Deadwood Dick seemed to him the very topmost pinnacle of literary excellence. He yawned over the splendid historical works his father read to him.

One day, however, Dr. Hale had a gleam of hope. The little boy brought him a volume of English history, and said, "Will you read me some more out of this, please?"

"Why, certainly, my boy," the father answered, cordially. "What part would you like to have?"

"Read me," said the little boy, "about Mary Queen of Scots getting her head cut off!"

PRAISE DUE TO WOMEN.

To Their Efforts Must Be Credited the Pure-Milk Crusade.

The pure-milk agitation that is now being carried on by official and semi-official commissions all over the country began with the diet kitchens founded by New York women to furnish suitable nourishment for expectant and nursing mothers, bottle-fed babies and sick persons requiring a special diet. At first, says Van Norden's, they paid little attention to the source of milk supply. To-day the diet kitchens not only give out the certified milk that their crusade has secured, but they keep matrons in charge of their stations to show mothers how to modify milk to each baby's needs and to give systematic instruction in child care.

And here we have another movement started by women—instruction for women in the care of children and the business of home-making. The visiting nurse associations—founded, supported and made up of women—began it. Then other organizations, such as the Little Mothers' Association and the League of Home Economics, took it up. Recently the woman physicians of the country formed a public health-education league to give a popular instruction—particularly to women—in general hygiene. The 498 day nurseries in America, in addition to giving immensely better care to the children of mothers who have to go out to work than the mothers themselves could do, are carrying on an extensive and intensive campaign of education.

"Raising the Hand."

The raising of the hand which replaces the kissing of the Book in the oath which witnesses in England will henceforth take was in origin a pointing toward heaven. The oath taker extended his hand toward the Being whom he invoked—a pagan, for instance, touching the foot or knee of his god's statue. "I have lifted up mine hand unto the Lord," says Abraham. Our Germanic ancestors raised their spears toward high heaven. A quaint case is that of the Shrewsbury parliament of 1398, when the lords took a solemn oath by the cross of Canterbury, while the commons—no doubt to mark the distinction between the two orders—swore simply by lifting their hands.—London Chronicle.

Elaborate Revenge.

"Paw, wasn't that a horrible dinner?"

"It was, Tommy."

"But you handed the waiter a dime when we went away. What did you do that for?"

"I wanted to convey the idea to him, Tommy, as delicately as possible, that if he'd brought us a good feed it would have been a half dollar."

Spread of the Movement.

Mrs. Kawler—The last time I saw you, I think, you were attending a cooking school to learn how to make vegetable dishes taste like meat.

Mrs. Crossway—Yes, but the feeling against the trust is so strong now that we are learning to make vegetable dishes taste utterly unlike meat.

His Best White Waistcoat.

He put green ink in his fountain pen.
And now he's the maddest man in town;
He screwed the pen together, and then—
Put it in his pocket upside down.
—Chicago Tribune.

After April 1 only the metric system will be employed in connection with the collection of Denmark's duties and taxes.

RULES FOR A LONG LIFE.

How Trappist Monks of Orne Keep Busy and Well on Simple Fare.

A German doctor recently visited the great monastery of Trappist monks at Orne, in Brittany, made friends with the doctor monk, who has spent twenty years there, studied the monks' ways, books, memoranda and church register and finally their burying place in the cloisters. There he found that of the last four monks buried one had attained the age of 85 and had lived fifty-one years in the monastery. Another had died at 82, a third at 81 and the youngest was 75 when he died. All four had become monks about half a century ago.

One monk still living is 93 and there are at least twelve others more than 80 years old.

The monastery doctor's record book, which shows exactly what ailments the monks suffered from during the last twenty years, proves that there has not been a single case of apoplexy, dropsy, appendicitis, cancer, cholera or other disease that may be traced back to inattention to recognized laws of proper living.

An international committee of doctors which visited the monastery some years ago obtained exact information on the monks' way of living and all the members expressed their great surprise at the perfect state of health in which they found the brothers and at the average age which the monks attained. The majority of doctors was disposed to attribute these undeniable facts to the vegetarian diet, the regular habits and the hard work.

After busying themselves with books, music, painting, scientific research, they have to go into the fields and do agricultural labor, they have to work in the garden, in the brewery and in the flour mill.

The most wonderful part of their existence is the small amount of nourishment required to keep them alive and in good health, says the New York World. They breakfast at 5 on a pot of barley coffee and milk and a piece of brown bread. They take nothing between 5 and noon, when dinner is partaken of by all together, a soup of greens and vegetables with perhaps a little rice or oats in it. Then vegetables, spinach, cabbage, carrots, beans, peas, with sauerkraut to relish the daily potatoes and on extra days some coarse pastry.

The diet does not comprise eggs in any form. Fresh or dried fruit, walnuts and a piece of bread are given for dessert. The supper is very much like the dinner, but there is less of it and in the summer a small piece of cheese is allowed. Beer was considered necessary for the nutrition of the body when the order was founded. At present many brothers do without it.

The doctor says that men who enter the order when they are quite grown up get accustomed to the diet in a very short time and thrive upon it, enjoying better health than they had before.

No doubt the variety of occupation, the moderation in eating and drinking and last, but not least, the absence of all worry and concern for the morrow keep the brothers in good health, and add to the length of their days.

Napoleon I. was advised to dissolve the order of Trappists, but he did not immediately sanction the proposal, saying he would see for himself. He visited Orne and finding the convent in ship-shape order and the old monks busily at work, he said: "I have found men who eat little and work much. Let them go on with it as an example to others."

High Class Suicide.

In China suicide has been a fine art for several centuries. If a mandarin is guilty of misconduct he is requested to put himself out of the land of the living. There is a distinction, too, in the manner in which the oriental may die. If he is of exalted rank and entitled to wear the peacock feather he is privileged to choke himself to death with gold leaf. This is regarded as a distinguished manner of ending life. If the mandarin is only of the rank that is entitled to wear the red button he must be content with strangling himself with a silken cord. Such are the distinctions of caste.

PUNISHING THE PARENTS.

Another Way Advanced for Making Children Behave Themselves.

Senator Davis has presented a plan at Albany for making children behave themselves by punishing their parents. That is to say, fathers and mothers will be held answerable at law if their boys and girls under 16 get into mischief through the neglect of their elders to keep them out of harm's way. At the bottom of this reform is the obvious principle of parental responsibility.

To a limited extent existing laws, just as they guard the child against physical mistreatment at the hands of its parents, provide against its exposure by them to immoral influences, the New York World says. Modern society demands that a child's character shall no more be vitiated by contact with evil surroundings than its body shall be starved or crippled by lack of food or by cruelty. The law stretches its protecting arm between the brutal father or the disregarded mother and their own offspring. How far it shall go in the name of humanity, and whether sometimes it does not go too far in separating families under the profession of charity, is a cause of constant debate.

If the threat of legal penalties were certain to increase the vigilance of parents in regard to the moral welfare of their children, it would be easier to reform the human race by statute. It is a simple matter to say that a father shall not take his little girl into a saloon without rendering himself liable in the courts. It is not an easy matter to say in general terms how far parents, in a city like New York, for instance, shall exercise diligence in governing the movements of their children for the sake of their morals.

In the end, character and morals with the young are matters chiefly for home training and personal discipline, and not for legislation. The sense of the parents' responsibility must spring from duty, affection and self-respect, and not from dread of legal penalties, to be wholesome and effective.

Harem Cheaper than Wife.

A few months ago King Edward announced that the distinctive feature of an American woman was her back. He could tell at a glance from the rear whether a woman hailed from this country by the way in which she was gowned.

This is all right so far as it goes, but it is a very slight instance. There are a good many other distinctions which go to make up the American women, notably her general outlook on life, which is that man was made for her amusement and her support. Our men do not dispute the fact. They are never permitted to talk back, so they simply grub a little harder to pay the ever-increasing pile of bills which come in.

It is estimated that a man in Persia or Turkey can maintain a first-class harem on half the sum that a single American wife costs a man of equal standing with the oriental. We give this for what it is worth, not that it bears upon the matter in hand. Americans are immune from polygamy, even if there were no other factor than the cost.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Not Guilty.

"Doctor, why don't you sometimes denounce wickedness in high places?"

"Bless your soul, Brother Hardesty, I do! Have you forgotten that in my sermon two Sundays ago I spoke sharply against the practice of flirting in the elevated railway trains?"—Chicago Tribune.

Self-denial is easier, in the long run, than self-indulgence.