# The Little Peacema ker

The last man on earth to admit that John Carter lived a narrow mie would have been John Carter himseif. Inat was in itself admirable proof of his narrowness. All the fitty-four years or existence had been passed on a north country farm, two miles from nearest Languay. He sold his produce in the vicere, and that two mile radius enclosed in mile world.

There and men talk of another railway, the mie to take in the village on its way to London. John Carter had resented this proposed intrusion. The village had done very well without a railway for a century and more. A railway means smoke and smudge, and noise, and eattle killed and maimed. He liked the railway still less when a goodmoking young surveyor at work on the coming route saw Sylvia Carter in the Svivia was pretty, very pretty, and smart, too and John Carter was proud of her beneath the shell that hid nis emotions.

Well, the railway didn't come, but the surveyor kept on coming, and one day the good looking young fellow faced

"Mr. Carter," he said, "I want you to give me Sylvia."

John Carter's face grew hard.

"When Sylvy marries," he said, "she' goin' to marry some steady young feller who was reared in this neighborhood -an' it 'ill be a young feller that Slyvy knows an' I know."

"I'm a little sorry," said the voung man, "that I wasn't reared in this neighborhood, but that can't be helped now. I'm menerally considered a pretty good fellow, as it is, and my prospects are excellent. There's a fine position waiting for me in London - assistant engineer in a big company-and I want Nvivia to go with me." John sewied ominously.

"You can't have her." he snarled. The voung man drew a deep breath. "Then it's for Sylvia to choose," and

he turned away. "You get off these premises as quick as you know how," the angry John

roared after bing. Then he stormed into the house. "Sylvy," he cried, "that jackanapes of

a railway man has just been asking me if he could marry you. I sent him away mighty quick." He turned to go and then looked back. "I dunno what foolishness you've got in your head," he said, "but you'd better get it out as quick as you can. You're as good as promised to Ben Roundtree's boy, and you'll marry him or nobody. If you! was to go as far as to take up with this engineering loafer, I'd never want you to do ken these doors again an' I'd never want to hear your name any 

white, and her heart beat hard and

That night she ran eway with I Merriam, and nore in the

At the and number, and t in London. The messas brief one, written in a weak- no waying hand.

"Dear father," it began, "I am the mother of a baby girl. Her name is Svivia. I wanted you to know about my great happiness.-Sylvia."

John stared at this leter a long time. Then he growled something under his breath, and tore the letter to fragments and flung them into the fire-

They don't get no money out of me,' he growled.

Then life moved along as before on the Carter tarm, as it had been moving for sixty years or more. John toiled and saved, and steadily added to his earthly treasure, and his neighbors looked upon him as a solid member of the scattered community.

Ten years had passed when he heard from Sylvia again. The letter was also from London, but it bore the name of another street and

another number.
"Dear father." he slowly read aloud, "I am writing to tell you that our little Sylvia, who has been very, very ill, is

going to get well. For hours we thought we had lost her. And when the doctor said just now that the danger had passed, my mother heart cried out to your father heart, and so 1 am writing to tell you this wonderful, this ble-sed news .- Sylvia." John stared at the letter for a long

time. Then he slowly folded it and put it in the envelope and tucked it behind the old eight day clock on the man-

Then he at looking into the fireplace a long time.

Expect I'm getting old." he said thick grey hair. "Too much thinking a breakfast that he didn't like, and then ain't good for a man," he muttered started out on the quest that had "More work is what I need. Let me brought him to the great city. He had read that letter again." He rose up the last letter Sylvia wrote him -the and etretched out his hand. "No. I won't. There's no use getting excited again. It sounds straight. I remember, I felt a good deal like that when Sylvia had diphtheria. Down on my knees I was up there behind the bed praving that old Dector Bingham would see a change for the better. And when he i come to me and whispered there was a stepped off briskly. chance for her, I felt like getting out in the garden and crying. She was only five then." He paused a moment. "I building drew him to a closer view. wonder how they've fixed?" he slowly said. "That hueband of hers didn't look bustle and roar of the city. like anything of a saver, and I wouldn't like the child to suffer—and me here voice warned him. He blundered ahead, with plenty." He pushed back the old and was swiftly bowled over by a taxichair, "John Carter." he harshly said, cab. "vou're an old fool."

Two days later he was in the village with a load of produce. As he drove up the main street he heard the sound of music. He look around. him up. He had been knocked down, The music came from one of the shops not run over, and his head had been along the way. The shop front was painted white, and there were pictures he told them. on it, and a sign in gilt letters over the doorway. The sign bore the word, "Alhambra."

The old man drove up to the general shop.

"What's that show place up street with the music?" asked the proprietor. "Moving pietures," the latter replied.

Panoramy " "No. People move in 'em same as

"Seen 'em vet?"

"No, I ain't seen em myself, but my Feller is doing pretty well, too, I'm told -specially Saturdays." "Child's play, I expect," growled

John Carter as he turned away. He was in no hurry to return home. He strolled along the street in an aimless way.

This was a changed John Carter. He was uneasy and unsettled. He wouldn't admit it. but the letter behind the old clock on the mantelpiece bud shaken him a good deal. He walked by the moving picture

show, and stared at the lithographs as he passed. He had been thinking too much lately, he needed something to get his mind away from that -that by the door. Mamma!" stuff about a father's heart. A cheap trick to eatch his sympathy, perhaps? No. no. He wouldn't believe it. Sylvia meant it—every word of it. Sylvia—it was his mother's name, and for years ie had barred it. even from his thought.

He turned and walked back, and then, half automatically, found himself pushing a penny along the little glass shelf before the girl in the ticket office, and a moment later was in the dark auditorium. He stumbled to a sent and presently grew accustomed to the novel surroundings. One of the films was nearing the end as he reached his seat, and when he looked up at the stage the next series was run-

From the first it held John Carter's attention. He forgot the novelty, the

mechanism-it was all real to him. The story told by the film was simple one. An old farmer, a stern old man, harsh and grizzled, had an only son, a fine young fellow, smart and active. This lad was very dear to his father, although the old man made few demonstrations of affection. It appeared that he had decided the boy should marry Dora, an estimable young woman, a relative, and one of farmer's family. But the boy fell in love with the maid, a pretty girl who helped with the household duties, and braved his father for the pretty girl's love. And the hard old man turned him from his door. William, with his head high and bitterness in his heart, went away with the pretty maid, and they were married and lived very humbly. William

with a wondering interest, finding

ad. The e his heart the stricken homethe pitiful letter his rote him. But Dors, who William, went to the humble home and brought such comfort as she could. And then she thought of a wav to soften the farmer's heart. So she took the baby boy from the mother. and laid him in the cornfield, where the farmer would see him. But the old man's heart was still hardened. and his words were bitter when he found the boy. Then Dora ran back and told the poor little wife what had expensed. And the heart of the mother swelled with outraged love and dignity. and she ran swiftly, with Dora following, to bring back her child. And, lo! when they neared the house they saw he old man playing with the child, and holding him to his hard, old breast and two women, he beckoned to them, and air needs. they came nearer and noted how broken he was, and then he opened him

them and to his son's child. Old John Carter rose an when the little story was ended, and stumbled into the open air. He dimly noticed on a lithographed sheet at the door, as he went out, that one of the films illustrated Tennyson's "Dora," but he knew nothing of Tennyson, and, besides, his eves smarted.

He hurried back to the stables and got his horse and eart and drove home. The next morning he was busy with a sheaf of papers, and later came to the village and visited the bank. In the afternoon he drove to the station and ook the train to London.

The next morning, with his fraved bag gripped firmly in his knotted hand. John Carter emerged from the London terminus and looked around-a little dazed. But presently he straightened up and plunged boldly into the erowd. presently, lie ran his hand through his He found a modest restaurant and ate letter with the address at the top of the sheet, and he asked a big policeman where the house was. The officer looked

at him euriously. "You want the tube" "Straight ahead and the top of the street, if you want the walk," he said. "I'll walk," said the old man, and

He had gone a mile perhaps when he decided to cross the street. A curious He was still a little dazed by the

As he stepped from the curb a shrill

A policeman reached him almost instantly, and the chauffeur stopped his machine and quickly ran back. They lifted the old man to his feet and held bumped by the fall. He wasn't hurt.

"Hospital." the chauffeur whispered to the policeman. The keen old ears bleard him.

"This is where I want to go," he murmured, as he fumblingly brought out Sylvia's address. The driver and policeman looked at it.

"Relatives!" the policeman asked. "Daught'er." the old man answered. "I'll have him there in half an hour." said the chauffeur.

It was a brisk and brief ride, but the old man took no note of it. The grey head and toppled back against the cushions, and the dim eyes closed. In a stupid way he was dimly conscious that he was being helped up many steps and then he lost all consciousness. He awoke with the sunshine stream-

ing into the room, a beautiful room, high and shining. His head ached a little, but he felt refreshed and keen and even hungry. As his head turned on the soft pillow he saw that he was not alone. A child was sitting by the folks think they're mighty interesting bedside, a girl whose smiling blue eyes met his wondering gaze, a girl whose slender fingers twined about his brown old hand.

"Are you awake, grandpa?" the child softly asked. "I'm Sylvia, vou knowyour little nurse. And you are to take a drink from this glass as soon as you wake up-that's what Dr. Gordon said. Let me help vou." Holding the class in one hand she clambered carefully on the bed. Then slipping a round arm under the grey head she put the

glass to John's lips.
"Why, grandpa," she said, "you're crving! Does your poor head hurt you so! I'll call mamma-she's waiting

And Sylvia came-so much like the old Sylvia-and ran to him and put her arms about him and soitly smoothed his grey hair.

"I'm so glad vou've come father." she gently sobbed. "Sylvy," said the old man in a hoarse whisper, "how are you off? Are you

comfortable? Can Richard support you? Tell your old father the truth 'cause he's got enough for you all. Then Sylvia laughed and cried together and hugged him again.

Yes, ves, father, we have every thing we could want-now that we have vou. And here's Richard to say good morning"

Richard, looking a good deal older and a little careworn, suddenly appeared, and nothing could have exceeded the friendliness of his greeting. "We'll soon have you up and aroun

and taking in all the sights, father," he cordially cried "And what do you want to see first " A whimsical look rested on the wrink led face.

"Do you have any of those moving picture shows in your town?" he ask-

Richard laughed merrily "Hundreds of them."

"I'd like to go to one, said the old man. And when Richard laughed again he suddenly smiled and looked at the little Sylvia and softly added, "Some day I'll tell you why."

HEADACHES.

Two Ways to Regard the House wife's Bane.

family: or she accepts them as inevitable and runs her house with needless pain and discomfort to herself.

There may be an occasional woman who must be a martyr to headache; the majority will find the pain curable if the cause be traced. Do not think "Another of my awful headaches!" and grit your teeth for bearing with what philosophy you can. Far more to the point is to think, "Why should I have another?"

Most headaches can be cured by com mon sense living and ordinary care of the functions of the body. In treating a headache find the cause.

If the housewife awakes with a headache each morning she may be short of ventilation in her room. Let no fear of draught or censideration of hangings o furniture lead her to sleep with closed windows. Nor should she think a winerying over him. And when he saw the dow raised an inch or two meets fresh

Or perhaps the morning headache may be caused by rich food late at night. heart and his arms and his home to Going to bed hungry means sleeplessness but going to bed overfed makes an upset digestion and painful head.

An upset digestion is one of the most potest causes of headache. If you overeat, overdiet, underchew and have bad judgment in your choice of food and the way it is cooked, the head suffers.

Anaemia causes headaches. If the blood is thin and the flow sluggish you are sure to be a martyr to your head Plenty of exercise, especially in the open air, and a good blood tonic will soon work a cure. Women of sedentary life, who use their brains overmuch, are especially prone to this type of head-

Overwork, overworry and fretting are prolific causes of headache, especially with the nervous, high-strung woman, who takes too much out of herself, then generally takes the rest out of her family. Cure? System, punctuality, learning to let things slide, more rest and sleep and an acquired philosophy.

Evestrain means not only headache. but pessimism, nervousness, a warped view of life, and various other ills that make housekeeping a burden instead of a pleasure. Do not boast of your "splenlid eves" if you are a constant sufferer from headache, e-pecially if that headache follows sewing, sightseeing, a walk in the bright sunlight, or reading, and can be slept off. Consult an oculist. He will probably find some defect, and your headaches will cease with proper glasses.

A visit to the dentist may rout your headaches, for bad teeth cause poisons to be absorbed into the system. A visit to your milliner or your hairdresser may be equally necessary. A too-heavy hat pressing on a censitive scalp often means headache, so will a too tight scalp that can be loosened by massage. with benefit to hair and head .- New York Times

Our grand business is, undoubtedly, not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies elearly at hand .-Carlyle.

The Salvation Army recently stated that its property holdings in the United States exceed \$5,000,000 in value.

"George is going to get married." As Mrs. Landstand uttered these tragic words she looked at her husband in agony. Mr. Landstand was a short stout man, with a face whose features from long attrition over office ledgers had been focussed to a point represented by the end of his rather red nose. He was a pleasant, good-natured man, whose sole ambition was to rest niter his meals and read the morning and evening papers, which he persued with an undeviating passion.

an undersating passion.

Mrs. Landstand was also short and atout, and being possessed of that magic prop known as "money of her own," she had—in addition to other abilities acquired a kind of dominance over her husband, which was expressed in certain volubilities. With it all, she had that unanswerable thing which, when it is spoken of, sounds like an accusation against the person referred tonamely, a kind heart. George, defiant ly smoking his cigarette in the next ruom, was her idol. "Impossible." muttered Mr. Land

stand "I knew how it would be," went or Mrs. Landstand. "I knew that some creature would get him away from us. He is so handsome." she whispered just loud enough for George to hear her, "and, besides, he has a winning manner; they cannot resist him." Mr. Landstand thumbed his black

pipe reflectively. He would like to have said that, after all, it might be a good thing fer George, but from long ex perience with his matrimonial Vesuvius he refrained.

"Who is the young lady?" he asked at last.

At this moment George sauntered in. George had had a varied career. He had been two years in college for one thing. And for another, he had had since leaving college, half a dozen posi tions, from each of which he had grace fully and courageously retired, because of a difference of opinion between him and the management as to how the business ought to be run.

"She's all right!" exclaimed George in answer to his father's question. "Has she got any money!" asked Mr. Landstand, looking at his better half out of the corner of the eye.

"You don't suppose I would ask her a thing like that, do you?" said George. Well I guess not. There's something else in the world besides money," he continuesd.

Mrs. Landstand was softly sobbing. As for Mr. Landstand, he had reached his verbal limit. He filled his pipe George, you must break it off!" ex-

claimed Mrs. Lambdand parametric."
I don't think of such a thing as your marging at your up. Why, it is simply out of the quantities. There is no

r, brace up. You must be mountained and some young woman got out of a small auto and ascended the steps of the Landstand home. A cheery voice was heard in the hallway. I come in?" said somebody, and in a moment, before, indeed. Mrs. Landstand had had time fully to dry her eyes. George's girl stood before them. "I am so glad to see you both," she said, kissing Mrs. Landstand and shaking hands with her future father inlaw. "Oh, indeed, I have so much to How I met George, what I tell you. have said to him and about our getting married. I suppose you think this is awfully sudden, but, then. I have to do things that way; you see I have always

earned my living, and I am accustomed to think for myself." She was underiably pretty; there was a freshness about her, a control, that was astonishing to both parents, who had imagined something quite different.

She suddenly turned to George. "You were smoking," she exclaimed. "Only one," said George, sheepishly "Why did you ever permit him to smoke" asked the girl, turning to George's mother. "Don't you know it's the worst thing for a fellow of his nervous temperament? How do you expect him to get on in the world? Don't you know that nowadays a man has have all his faculties about him?" "How dare you-" exclaimed Mrs.

Landstand. The girl went on fearlessly.

"You mean well," she said, "but you dled. George needs someone to tell him what is the matter with him. Do you realize that George has had five jobs in the last two years and hasn't made with a rope noose firmly fixed to one good in any one of them? Who's to end, and passing through a circular hole can't get mad at me." she went on victim was then quickly strangled by with a smile, "because you know I am means of the cord while was passed in love with George, and I'm going to over his head. No resistance was ever see him through, and I am only telling made: the fear of Chuku seems to have the truth. He's got to begin all over again, and I'm going to help him. You idea, The head of the corpse was then won't know George in a few years from now when I get through with him."

She went over to Mrs. Landstand. who by this time was utterly paralyzed with anger; but the directness, the perfeet skill of the attack, the unerring truth of it all, had rendered her power less. The girl put her arms around her. "Now, don't you mind me," whispered. "You'll get used to me; I've

said enough to upset you -just think it over. I'm going. Au revoir. She slipped away, followed by George But this time George's father motion

ed him back. "Say!" he murmured, looking toward the half-closed door. "When are you going to marry George?"

"When he has made good. Come along, George!" They disappeared through the door. The auto started up. They were gone. Mr. Landstand staggered back into the room. On the threshold he was confronted by Vesuvius.

"Did you ever!" almost shrieked his infuriated side partner. "She shan't marry George, Never! Never will I permit it."

"Yes she will." replied Mr. Landstand ealmly, his small eyes blinking. "What do you mean? How dare you?" Mr. Landstand advanced. It was the until the stain disappears.

first time in his life he had asserted himself, but a new force born of the

force of example was in him.
"My dear," he said quietly," you bet she will marry George; she's a wonder. Why, in spite of the fact that we have been spoiling him all our lives, she has found out there is something to him. Why. I didn't believe it myself."

Mrs. Landstand sank in a heap in thair. She was utterly vanquis Her husband looked at her reflectively for a moment. Then, taking out his pipe and slipping out of the room, he hispered softly:

"Think of it! Me his father all these ears, and I didn't know it was in

THE LONG JUJU.

Human Sacrifice Revived in Southern Nigeria.

An appalling story of tribal savagery omes from Southern Nigeria, where the dreaded Long Juiu of Arochoku, which was thought to have been stamped out by the British expedition of ten years ago, has been revived with all its hide ous accessories of murder and slavery, Probably on account of the fact that the Long Juju, with its human sacrificies, was thought to have been per manently wiped out after the British expedition, the cult was never declared ilegal and gradually and secretly a powerful Aro chief named Kanu Okoru collected the scattered remants. He organized a staff of 1,500 messengers. who were perpetually traveling up and down over hundreds of miles of terri-

On arriving in a town the secret mes senger would inquire if any of the people were accused of witcheraft or other crime, or if any desired to invoke the aid of the chief oracle Chuku. Those consulting the oracle were first taken before the head chief, and, after pay ment of \$5. were passedd on to the offi eiating priests, where further nourishing enmity against another bribed the Juju messenger, who thereupon ordered the man to go before the oracle, and the wretched victim went unresistingly to death or lifelong slavery. In spite of the vigilance of the government, until a few weeks ago the Aros made most of their wealth through the slave trade. Northward as far as Udi and southward to the sea the country is honeycombed by slave routes, Along these were con tinually passing the victims of the reived Long Juju, too terrorized to com-plain to the white men or do anything in self-defence. The most lucrative side of thi shideous traffic was the supply of sacrificial victims to those wealthy enough to pay for such means of ensuring rich crops or answers to

praver. Closely are districted secrets of the Long Juju were marked rumors at length reached the government, and the district commissioner, at great personal risk, made immission. Though baffled for a time, he was determined to stamp out the movement, and the cuit was

In order to avenge their kin, relathe commissioner's food, but luckily antidotes were at hand, and the attempt only resulted in a severe illness. The chief, Kanu Okoru, had found impossible to convict him of murder, so while subordinates suffered the extreme penality, the arch conspirator, who amassed a fortune of at least half a million, could only be condemned to three years' imprisonment.

One of the most startling results of the investigations was the discovery of a slave town with 2,000 to 3,000 souls at the back of Kanu Okoru's compound This was screened from the road by only a few vards of bush, but so dense is the vegetation that its existence had never been suspected. No smoke was visible above the high trees, and the thick undergrowth hid everything from sight, while the terror of the oracle precluded all thought of crying for help. The following is typical of the cases brought to light. After heavily bribing the officiating priest for a favorable verdict, one man accused another of a crime, and summoned the latter before Chuku, After both had offered a sacrifice of sheep and goats to the oracle. accuser and accused were taken to a spot in the riverbed, before the entrance to a sacred cave in the side of the gorge. They were ordered to stand with their backs to the cave mouth while oracle was announced by a priest concealed within. The accused was declared guilty and was ordered to sit on the trunk of a tree which jutted out over the water, while his accuser and all the don't understand. George has been cod- members of the cult present were told to retire to a place above the cave and screened from the river. The executioner next appeared with a "strangling stick." blame? You are, because you haven't in the other. This stick was placed brought him up right. Now you simply against the front of the throat and the been too overwhelming for any such struck thrice, with great force, on a sacrificial stone placed near the tree trunk-after which the body was thrown into the river.

OUR PRECISE ARTIST.

"Typewriter ribbon."

Soot stains should first be rubbed with dry salt or cornmeal before washing. They may also be removed by rubbing the spot with ether, putting a tumbler over it to prevent evaporation

## SCIENTIFIC \* SELLING

From "The Aver Idea of Advertising" published by N. W. Aver & Son, ad-

vertising agents, Philadelphia.) The commercial world is alive to the possibilities of scientific manufacturing. Great strides are being made in the application of a set of principles so sincere and simple that their value is not open to doubt. Scientific management opening the way for greater efficiency and greater economy in production.

The production of an article, however, s but one of the processes through which it must go, and the giant task is to-day and always has been to find the hest method of distributing what is produced.

Distribution frequently costs mor han production. Dolfars will go further in their purchasing power and standards of living will be generally enhanced in just the proportion that distribution is simplified and economized.

Students of economic conditions are convinced that the American system of elling has been extremely wasteful and manufacturers in many lines are now earnestly considering not only what they may do to organize their production on the most scientific basis, but also how they may lessen the cost of selling and thereby make a greater profit, or give the consumer the advantage of a better article for the same money or the same article for less money. Intelligent advertising is a powerful

id in the solution of this vexations probelm.

It requires effort to sell goods and desuren must be paid for rucking this effort. A merchant buys goods to sell hem. He is interested in profit and retailing has long since reached the point where quick sales with small profits are nore highly regarded than slow sales with large profits.

The merchant realizes that well adver-tised goods are partially sold and that is trade, although the profit per sale may be slightly less, is certain to be more brisk on goods of this character.

The salesman who can offer to his trade a line of merchandise which is videly known and for which there exists favorable prejudice can sell his wares with less effort than if he were handling an unknown article. The manufacturer who is paving sales

nen for making a sales effort obviously has to pay less price for less effort. And this condition does not work against the salesman. He can cover more territory, get a better hearing and in the long run make more money. The scientific ideal

straight line as the shortest distance between two points. If a railroad is to be constructed from one city to another the engineering ideal is an air line; but, of course, grades must be leveled

e of the road means a departure from the ideal In merchandising, we have a parallel rese—the man who makes something and the man who wants something. The selling ideal is a straight route from one Thy of these men to the other. But there are jobbers, retailers, competitors, and market conditions to be considered and in practical selling all these elements

must be given due attention. Advertising, however, provides a short route by which the man who makes something may tell about it to the man who wants such an article, and if enough persons are told and taught, they will make their desires felt through the retailer and the jobber. The manufacturer then gets his reward because he has his mark on his goods, and he alone

can supply them. His salesmen find it less difficult to sell the goods and through this process, wisely conceived and courgaeously conducted, many a business is bringing about a much more wholesome condition in its selling.

Business men are learning that it is better and cheaper and economically more sound to get the bulk of trade in a given line by identifying their merchandise and creating for it a wide de-

mand. It is not illegal or illegitimate to raise a business beyond the pale of competition by such methods and approach to a monopoly can frequently be built

along these lines. If the man at the head of such a business sees with a clear vision and does not unwisely take too great advantage of the position thus secured, the people at large will be the direct beneficiaries of his activities, big business will be spared from pernicious molestation and all of the advantages of great production and scientific distribution may be

It appears reasonable to us that the largest, oldest and most highly organized advertising house in the world is probably in a superior positon to furnish counsel and assistance to business men who are confronted with such problems. It is a noteworthy fact that we have been conspicuously successful in developing, frequently from small beginnings, some very large advertising ac counts with manufacturers of staple commodities and corporations offering for sale services of a public or semi-pub-

## A MULE MINE-OWNER.

No one would think to-day, to look at | the bustling, industrious community that the original Coeur d'Alene mine was discovered by the kike of a mule, which incident also led to one of the strangest mining lawsuits in American jurisprudence.

A prospector named "Dutch Jake" re ceived a grub stake from a man named Nelson who lived in Wallace. He went up into the mountains one day with one of Nelson's mules. While he was eating supper the mule pawed up a chunk of turf containing gold. "Dutch Jake" began prospecting and discovered the famous Coeur d'Alene mining region. Nelson brought suit in court, asserting that his mule had discovered the first vein, and demanded half the proeeeds of the mine. The claim was al-

the State. "Dutch Jake." whose real name is May help to cool you off!) Jacob Steinmetz, and Nelson both became very wealthy.

lowed by the district court of Idahe

and affirmed by the supreme court of

## FRENCH BUGLER HERO

## Taken Prisoner He Blew Charge Which Led to an Arab Rout.

It has been ascertained that the oldest member of the French Legion of Honor is a bugler named Rolland, who fives at Lacalm, a village in the mountains of Avevron, at an altitude of more than 2.000 feet.

He received his decoration in August 1846, for heroic conduct in Africa dur-ing the skirmish of Sidi Brahim. The French soldiers had exhausted their ammunition, and with his last shot he fired his ramred, which he had placed in the barrel of his musket, at the advancing Arabs. He stood his ground, and was run down by the Arab horsemen, who took him, wounded, and a prisoner, to their leader, the Emir Abd-el-Kader.

The Emir was squatting on a rich carpet under an olive tree. On seeing the prisoner with his bugle he pointed to the small cluster of French troops that were opposing the Arabs, and he asked him if he knew the tune that the Christians blew in order a cessation of the combat. The bugler said that it was the "Retraite."

"Then take your bugle," said the Emir, "and blow the retreat." Rolland pretended to obey, but, instead of the retreat, he blew the charge with all his might, and the Arab camp was carried. Considering the age of Rolland, who is now ninety-four, it has been proposed to promote him from the rank of Knight to that of Officer of the Legion.

### THE HEART OF EVE.

O little heart whereon I rest my head fast?

Is it rememberance of the bolted gate,

The dreadful angel and the flaming sword,
Or thought of this c'd world without the walls.
That makes thee tremble when the dark draws down?
Or memory of that unlawful fruit,

the fig-lear apron, and the voice of God That called at evening? Nay, be not ashamed.
O little heart; the fault was mine, new thine; For 1, the elder, should have guided thee, Yea I, the stronger, should have held thee safe From this strange yearning in thy heart

For when God walked through Eden in the dusk
He took a clod of simple earth His foot truck up in passing, and He smiled and Therewith and made me. Adam. Red Earth Man, And thewed my limbs with sinews strong

as steel.
And fused the tempest wrath into my leart, burned the lightning flame into my And gave me life to build or to destroy: And therefore am I called And brother to the furrow of the glabe

But thee he fashioned out of soft things O little heart. When He had thought a space He took thee living from my Debag and bone With rose leaf, dew and star dust, and He gave thee singing tones of brook and So all thy words are music; and He

Love,
That makes thee yearn for beauty. we twain

Be perfect comrades, to go hand in hand Through all the years; my hands to build and thine keep and cherish. Therefore dost The gift of Life; and in thy beating

spirit with the mystic

neart I hear the throb of millions yet unborn. The thirsting generations. Yea, I hear With thy flesh the tramp of marching hosts With sudden trumpets and the thrill of swords; The pomp of princes and the emperors. The vatic madness and the martyr's fire,
And throbbing life of cities yet to be-All these shall spring from this white flesh of thine.

And they shall call the Mother. It is

O little heart, that makes thee heat so



Said she, "I hate tobacce" "Me out," he said, "that lets. do not smoke tobacco.

#### Just Turkish cigarettes. Just For Contrast

The sleighbells jingle jingle, The air with frost a-tingle. And from our cozy ingle We look our on the snow There's ice upon the river. The passing people shiver, The mercury doth quiver At zero or below

We hear the sidewalks creaking, The chill winds moaning, shricking, And gratefully we're seeking. The comfort of the fire. To keep the furnace maw full Makes coal bills simply awful. It ought to be unlawful To raise the prices higher The water pipes are freezing. With fearful colds we're sneezing. We find the fast displeasing That we must sniff and cough. (This poem of frost and freezin' Is wholly out of season.

And simply for that reason