NONGA

By Ury McManne.)

"Me an' Satan had a race."

AN old man who had roamed over the west 50 years told this story to a group of admiring friends. He had learned to talk when talking was an art, and could thrill the idle, summer days with tales of startling adventure.

"I found Missouri unsatisfying in '65, and went to Colorado to begin afresh. I had always been fond of geology, and my passion for digging among the rocks served me in the gold excitement of the time. I prospected among the great canyons and unearthed their smiling stores till I had more 'shares' than I needed. I made men rich who are now spending their old days in lying and cheating to make more; I grieved them and did not care enough for towns to spend money on them. I grieved that I could not hold a corner of the great, breezy west, a separate world of my own; I could see its beauty outside its gold-hearted hills. Today, giant engines are hauling its stores, and mills and factories are pumping away in the valleys where I planted the camps of the miners.

"I roamed off to the north in search of adventures and found them day after day, among hostile savages, till I was rather glad to strike a miner's camp near the Black hills. I found rich claims the first year, but was drawn the next into assisting the civil engineers in finding a path for the iron horse over the wild hills. The Sioux stirred the other tribes to resent our coming; the hot times that followed kept me till the camp had grown into a town.

"One day there was wild excitement over a murder out on 'Sulphur Gap.' Not that it was unusual; a few weeks before a man had been hanged for horse stealing; he was a gambler as well; so the stern executioner of the law went safely about his business the next day. The miners circled the steep canyons as they discussed the dead man's game (he had plainly cheated them at cards) emphasizing their speech with their picks.

"There was no funeral. He had left no name or message. One rough fellow wondered if he had a wife, as he watched a great wide-winged eagle perched on a rocky ledge, staring solemnly at the intruder below.

"'And beast and bird, have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.'

"That was all of his story; all that men knew. The Indians darted swift glances down the ravine and passed on. I did not speak my pity of him whose punishment seemed so horrible beside his crime. A gruesome interest held me. I wondered if the freed soul could ever find the sunless spot; and wondered, too, if the great, seamed rocks leaned over so that the rain could not toss the broken thing facing eternity at the bottom of the wild canyon. If he had been wronged in his death, one could guard his grave, even there, one who could hold away the wild prowlers of the mountains.

They passed me as they filed into the tunnel, where a man's life was given, every week or so, for the shining treasure within. An Indian turned to question a man who had stopped beside me. He was answered vaguely, in a peculiar squeaking voice, as if he made an effort to soften it. He looked at me, his blue eyes cutting sideways, and passed on. I noticed his slender hands and supple, graceful figure, with yellow hair curling about his neck.

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"Three weeks later—a long time out there—where the time is given to comedy or tragedy impartially, this other murder fired the country. A chief of the Cheyennes had been killed a few years before, in a raid with the Sioux against the whites. It was said he had white blood in his veins, enough to make his daughter a beauty. The mother nursed her revenge against the whites silent and stern in her watch over the pretty Nonga if a white man came near her, leaving her to any wild fancy at other times.

"Nonga had been sent to school, where she learned to long for the pale world in the east. Now, with poverty in the lodge (there was no warrior to bring them luxuries) and her mother so stern and cold, she left it to dream away the time in the hills. But lovers found her in time, and we began to watch with interest the turn in the affairs of the 'princess.'

"Young Bell came to the mines in search of gold and diversion. 'Eerie Bell' they called him. Eerie is Indian for panther. That the fruit was forbidden, only gave it a relish. Then Saranec, a grave Indian youth, who had watched over her since childhood, in silent, protecting adoration, rushed in like a whirlwind. The pretty Nonga was delighted. She flirted seriously with admirers, white or red, and needed no form of civilization, other than her own, to convince her when it was deadly.

"She had only one confidante, a great cat, with tiger stripes in white and yellow, who followed her everywhere and slept on her lap while she dreamed. Nobody ever saw Nonga work. She alluded to it scornfully, with shapely hands raised in protest. She acknowledged candidly, nodding her head at her mother's closed door: 'When Mother Maran, who knows nothing but pride of race, goes to the Indian's happy hunting grounds, I shall marry the king of the silver mines over there, though never one of his diggers.'

"'If this brown Saranec were rich and proud,' she said to her pet in confidence, 'I would like him, with his great, soft eyes and serious manner. Saranec means "Water under a rock;" love would make it burst its bounds.' She tried to separate Saranec from the men of his tribe, resolving to fight the fate awaiting her, unless she could rouse him to a higher ambition than hanging round like a mountain sprite. Her full lips curled as she glanced at a glittering scepter in the form of an ax. Her grandmother had worn it as she led the war dance of the Cheyennes.

She turned back to the cat—'But you know, Lalla, I am a chief's daughter, and can't pause in my work because a poor Indian youth is losing his senses.' As her work consisted in folding her hands, Lalla purred contentedly, without fear of disturbance.

"'The idea,' she went on, 'of cutting his corn for him, while he goes off to the great red forest for his fall hunt! As to digging his potatoes for his breakfast while he sleeps—what do you think of that?'

"Lalla looked up with slanting eye.

"'Who taught you to look like that, you amber vixen?' Her soft voice raised sharply. 'White Eerie uses his eyes that way to mimic love, with devilry back of them that would grace a Comanche. There is a blonde creature over in the mining town who loves him; she is just your color; when I see you crouching for a mouse, your yellow eyes watching for their prey, and that unearthly motion of your body, I think of that blonde Rene, who watches men. I wonder if the fair women in the great world are like her? Or is she just a creature of the camp? If mother did not hate a white man so, and if his voice did not pipe a soul's deformity, and if I were not chief's daughter, I would go to the rising sun with him, and see what rich beauties are like. Old black Drusie says they have maids to comb their hair and great double roses the color of the pink things on the wall, and beautiful dresses for every day. Come Lalla, I am restless; we will go to the big river and fish; perhaps a gallant, red or white, will come to carry the fish home for this impoverished princess, with no hold on the world but one bleak corner that she hates. The Indian girls talk of love as they squeal around with their prospective partners, who dance like sticks, or shoot with them at a target. Ha! Ha! I wonder what love is like? Come on, you lazy Lally! Your fathers must have been monarchs of the jungle, too. I can make an exertion when I am stifling. A 'poor Indian,' educated above her station, with poverty, charity or matrimony ahead of her.'

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"At the close of the long, idle afternoon there were cavaliers both red and white within call, if she had known. Old Maran slipped out to see what kept her daughter. Satisfied of her safety, she went back a piece and crouched by a great tree, her head bent over her knees, while she brooded, no doubt over her wrongs, and her fears that Nonga would go with the 'White Panther.'

"Saranec saw her and went softly away, hoping to find Nonga alone. At the river he met Eerie Bell. The two looked at each other, then Bell said with a sneer, 'Is there no place in this great wood where I can get away from your sour face for an hour?'

"Saranec was coldly polite. He motioned to the falling crimson leaves.

"'You saw these when they budded. How many moons does a white man want for a hunt?'

"'It depends on the game.' Bell smiled insolently as he made a caressing motion with his hand. Yet he knew he had never been nearer death's door. 'The forest holds game worth hunting today.' He still smiled, yet feeling as if his muscles were settling for a spring.

"The Indian looked at him contemptuously.

"'You are only a youth of the palefaces, who know as little of war as of love. The old mother who hates you is crouched by a tree in yonder wood. Go carry her blanket and see what your smile will gain for you there!'

"He held my hand a minute without shaking, turned away, and that was the last I saw of the best and bravest Indian I ever knew.

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"The next day I met an angry mob searching for a track they had lost in the leaves; I joined them on a motion from their leader, turning quickly to do so. Like a great cloud they swept over the hills in a vengeance that knew no color.

"'It was one of two,' a guide said, his eyes on a man behind me.

"I felt my flesh creep as he answered slowly in a disguised voice I had heard before. I turned when I felt it safe to do so, and saw a new tenderfoot; he was clumsily dressed in miner's clothes and shoes, his face browned the color of a half-breed; yet every time I heard his voice strengthened my determination to go home or to some corner of the earth where he was not.

"We found no clue to the murderer, and lost the trail near Maran's hut, where we found her standing rigidly against the wall, out where she could not see the beautiful bronze figure on its couch of evergreens, or near the wailing chant of the Indian girls as they walked around Nonga's bier.

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"We were told the mother went after her daughter, but finding her fishing quietly, started home, after resting awhile by the tree.

"Nonga was found later, an arrow through her breast; tracks were seen far apart, like those of a wild man running for his life. The great cat, Lalla, crouched by her in a hideous fear that struck the Indians with superstitious terror.

"The young man with the queer voice was ordered to make a footprint beside the one in the soft loam; he planted his foot with a bravado that nearly overshot the mark. Strangely again, as he turned, I caught his eye, a gleam of forked lightning from under sleepy lids. The Indians looked at each other, then looked off to the west, and I knew they suspected Saranec. To look away from them, I turned my gaze southward. Beyond the river the mountain path climbed, a zigzag thread in the distance; for one brief instant, I saw a dark spot blur the gray line; something had crossed the trail.

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"It is hard to argue about the uncanny feeling that creeps over you, only once in a lifetime, maybe; the feeling that creeps through the roots of your hair and up and down your spine. I imagined the drenchings of the last 25 years had crushed fear from my life; and the worst of its dangers, Buffalo Bill had picked me out for the coolest of his scouts; it had been something to remember; and here I was thinking suddenly of home and possessions I had never even counted, because of a glance from an evil eye. What black magnetism flashed from such a nature to mine? Burly, one of the miners, said 'there was one universal fear, the fire of the future; said it came to him as ghosts come, in the middle of the night; the ghost of sin and the ghosts of the things we have failed to do.' Yet I knew this half-devil carried with him a small Gehenna that sizzled in the daytime. I had felt it before he spoke.

"I told the boys of another mine that needed me, and left Sulphur Gap to its next tragedy. Burley said the 'gap was named in degrees; that, without calling it in full, you were reminded of it. And yet,' he added, looking round as if we were walled in, 'the gorges are so deep God's frown cannot reach the bottom, yet fools will venture there for gold.'

"With this cheerful good-bye I started southward, across these gorges with my gun and dog, Santee. I walked swiftly, peering on either side of the road, like a man fleeing from the law. After two days I hoped that Eerie Bell and the dead Nonga were left behind me. I stopped and made a fire. In the curling smoke I saw her huddled by the tree, the cruel arrow, the cat in a yellow haze, and Eerie Bell fleeing in his first fear. I had seen them outlined against the sky as I climbed the hills; they had hovered in the valleys as I descended.

"I said to myself severely: 'Old man, you had beter take your nerves to a Missouri farm.' Then I sat down by a tree and slept fitfully. I dreamed of home, a cheerful fire with a red cushioned chair before it. Santee had crouched against me. I felt him shudder and start up; there was no sound save a sleepy twitter of birds, roused at the firelight. Then as Santee's shudder deepened to a growl, a soft voice at my head asked 'Is the white man afraid of the echoes? The rocks over there are covered with legends the paleface may read—if he lives after the night!'

"A tall Indian sat down by the fire. It was Saranec.

"'Can you tell me the charm of the place—or the devilry,' I asked of him, 'my dog understands what I cannot.'

"'The dog's sense is better than man's,' he said coolly. 'But I have not eaten for four days.'

"He pointed at a rabbit's leg I had pinned to a tree for my breakfast. I nodded; he took it down and began to eat.

"'You trust me?' he inquired slowly.

"'It seems that I have to,' I replied cautiously.

"'It is a white man's answer! But you are only a digger in the ground!' he added in fine scorn. Then motioning me to lean against the tree, added, 'Sleep! I will guard you till day, or you may not see another day. Tomorrow—I will tell you!'

"As he stooped to cover the blaze, I saw the change the last days had made on his strong face. I had felt drowsier many times, but I never moved till I did sleep. He was there, a grim sentinel, when the day broke. 'No breakfast,' he said, pointing across a wide valley, 'one shot would bring a score of Apaches. They passed so close to me I heard them talk. They swore to kill the white men who pick the way for the big, smoking horse. Then you came. I watched to see that you made no noise! I go with you! I have nothing behind me, nothing before—but one hour's work—when the time comes! I can guide you through the hills—to a mine no white man has ever seen. The Cheyennes think I am a traitor! I owe them nothing!'

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"For two weeks I followed my brooding guide southwest; his step was true and his eye sharp as an eagle's. When the rains set in, we stretched a bear skin Saranec had tanned over our tepee. One night he began abruptly to tell his story, and his voice seemed a part of the winds that whistled around us.

"'My father was a long-knife (with a gesture of pride). When Nonga was sent to school she sent me books. I read to find the charm they held for her; they called me "Sleeping Water." She came home when her father was killed. His mother was a half breed. Maran hated her. So—the three women lived together. But Nonga ran away to the woods, when tired. She sang like the birds, and bubbled along like the laughing water. Her life made her the phoebe-bird, that sang best in darkest places. When the White Panther came, I watched him, with his supple wrists and faithless eye. Nonga flirted—for fun. She learned it at college. It is not for an Indian girl to lower herself so. I trusted her—but I watched him. If she walked with him, I was not far off. She called me her shadow, "a great black shadow"—but I loved her. I knew the tongue of the palefaces teaches a woman to say too much! I saw him gliding through the forest that day; Maran was watching, too. It was trouble to dodge the three of them. I met the Panther face to face I thought Nonga had gone home. She found the shawl by the tree, and wrapped her laughing eyes in it. The Panther thought to get the mother out of his path. He had no conscience, no God. When his deed had sent him flying through the woods I found her. I was a wild man, crazed with grief and remorse! Everywhere I could see a tall mountain above the hills; I had seen the storms on its peaks, great arms that hurled the snows to earth. At its foot a brook gushed over a rocky table with green vines about it. I had seated Nonga here, her slim feet on its mountain-washed step; I paused before it that day; there were red drops like blood on the vines and a gray figure in the curling mist on the ledge. Then I fled. I knew Eerie Bell would say I murdered her to save himself. I was not afraid of death, only I could not search the Spiritland for Nonga, if I suffered disgrace. I scared great fowls from their roosts as I plunged along, and the deer went dashing before me in fear. Day and night were the same till I dropped on the trail. The brown leaves had drifted over me when the Apaches passed. Then you came.' After a pause, he added: 'You see the blue flowers by our tent? Tiny funnels hung to look up. They look always to where Nonga is. Always learn from nature. The Spanish bayonets grow thick on the hills; their tough leaves stand the storms, and they are firmly rooted among the rocks. They teach patience, that brings reward—out in the wild lands.'

"After a while he said, quickly, 'Tell me about the white man. If Eerie Bell lives past—this—(touching his knife lightly) could he ever hold a squaw—his own? Would the kiss of his child hurt him to remember?'

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"One day, when near the head of Grand river, we say a hut across a valley; I proposed to try its hospitality, but the Indian said:

"'No. Saranec will stay. The rain is better than white man's houses. My friend should watch, though.'

"I left him my gun and started for the opposite hill. I found a log shanty with low, second story; was surprised to see a woman's dress vanish through the door as I went in. A vicious old man asked many questions, then gave his consent for me to sleep 'upstairs.' When my host went downstairs, I locked the door, opened the board window, left the lamp burning (a twisted rag, soaked in grease) and turned solemnly to look at—a bed. Rude oaken posts supported a framework, like I had seen on my grandmother's bed for curtains. I was soon lost in the luxury of bed and pillows, but wakened suddenly at midnight—certain of a human presence in the room. I opened my eyes and saw a shadow move on the wall. My robber was on the stout cover of the bed. I yawned vigorously (to stay the execution) got up, trimmed the lampwick, went to the window and held out my hand in the rain. I thought of Saranec, gave a clear whistle—our danger signal—then went back to bed, deciding not to precipitate matters by getting my pistols from my pants. It must be nearly day—perhaps I could get out.

"There was a sudden leap from the bed top to my pants, the pistols were jerked out, then my pocketbook. As the lightning strikes—I was on him; I knew it was life or death, and not robbery. I was much the larger, but he was agile as a cat, as slippery as an eel. While I held his arms in iron grip, he fired one of the pistols, the ball grazing my hair. While I knocked the other from his hand. He wriggled from under me as a snake turns, and then clutched my throat. I gave him a blow I thought would kill him; not a muscle moved in the slim hand that held my neck like a vice; I felt the veins swelling above it—felt my eyes burning, and began to feel what death was like—at the hands of a wild cat. Then there was a swoop like a great bird flouncing in the window; an arm shot out and my poor robber was flung across the room. I lay still, the blood throbbing back to my arms only half conscious of the struggle in the room and a mad pounding at the door—with no one to open.

"Through the drizzling rain the light was creeping in the little window. Then I knew what Saranec knew from the start. It was Eerie Bell, his clutch on Saranec's throat. I picked up a pistol and waited for the whirling fury to calm.

"It flashed over me that Eerie Bell was descended from Caledonian ancestors whose savage nature and fiery eyes no other blood could tame, though his size had been dwarfed through the centuries. Their cruelty was ending with the last of the line. With the strange fancy, Saranec's knife gleamed and fell. His face curved with hate as he whispered 'Nonga' into the glittering, dying eyes. I turned away from the sight, to the window.

"All this time the old man pounded furiously at the door. I heard him go away as Saranec reached my side.

"'Our chances are small if he comes back with an ax,' I said to him.

Saranec climbed nimbly down the logs and waited while I went down, hand-over-hand. We heard the door crash, but the bullets that followed were spent on the sage brush.

"'Miles away, Saranec stopped. 'We will rest, but it is not safe. That is the worst den in the mountains. I thought we were 50 miles from it.'

"'There was a woman there, Saranec.'

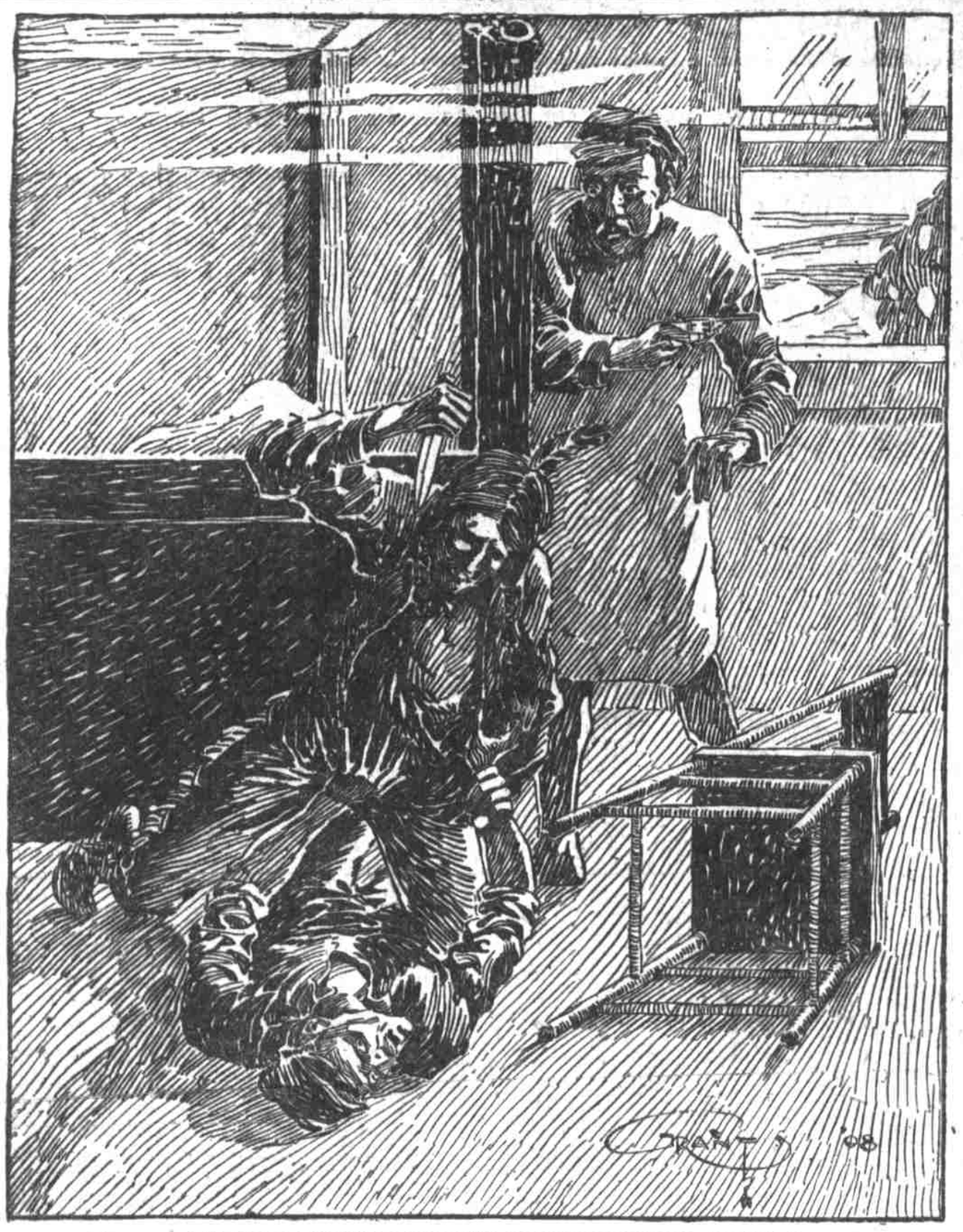
"'A woman's dress on Eerie Bell. He lures travelers so, and killed them for a bottle of rum. He come ahead of us. I never suspected, till I heard your whistle.'

"Two days we traveled swiftly; then Saranec told me of the mine.

"'I will go back now,' he said simply.

"'Surely not home!' I cried. 'They are hunting you with dogs.'

"'There is no disgrace now, between me and Nonga. Will tell I killed her slayer. I carry the proof.' I started back as he held a scalp of yellow hair proudly. 'I did not seek him thus. I had to save you. The Great Father sent me. There are two old women to care for—and Nonga's cat. I can hunt for them and live in the woods. You are welcome to the mine. Two things eat the soul like fire. The gold of the palefaces and the rum of the Indian.'"



HIS FACE CARVED WITH HATE AS HE WHISPERED, "NONGA."

An Everlasting Trait.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

Woman may some time win the right to vote, but she will never cease to hide things under the bedtick.

LOVE WINS OUT

By J. Norman.

HIGH up on the "Salter" she sat, throned on a granite boulder, with the golden red flaming all around her and upon her fair young head. And Eric Leifson, the bold, tall youth, who had dared to risk his every hope of happiness in a stumbling declaration of devotion, started up at her in joyful amazement.

"You love me," he cried, "you love me, a poor, struggling Norwegian farmer, and you the daughter of a millionaire and the most beautiful girl in the world?" "Yes" she answered in her deep, sweet voice. "I love you," and smiling a little at his lover-like praise, she added whimsically, "Won't you believe me, Eric?"

He sprang to his feet and took her boldly in his arms.

"Oh, Marjorie, it seems too good to be true," he whispered. "I could not help speaking, but I never dared even in my wildest dreams to hope for this."

Gently releasing herself she looked at her watch.

"Come, it is time for me to return," she said. "Father is always angry if I keep him waiting for his breakfast."

"Oh, I am afraid I had forgotten your father," he said blankly.

There was very little doubt as to what Marjorie's father—who knew nothing of these early meetings on the "Salter" while he was asleep in bed—would say when Eric formally requested permission to marry his only child. It came home suddenly to the young man how preposterous such a proposal would seem to the father of his love. His beautiful Marjorie, heiress to thousands of acres of rich California pasture and over a million sheep, married to an insignificant Norwegian farmer, who had all his work cut out to make both ends meet. Why, of course, the American would promptly kick him out.

"Good bye," said Eric disconsolately, as they came near the little inn which had the honor of sheltering Marjorie and her wealthy father. "I'll come and see your father directly after breakfast."

"Good-bye," she answered, "I'll do all I can to win him over first. And I'll make the coffee myself, so that it shall be just as he likes it, and see that the eggs are not boiled as hard as they were yesterday. When dad is in good humor there is always hope."

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The scene was certainly not an inspiring one, the lover thought, as he stood upon the threshold of the little inn. The prevailing note was a melancholy gray—gray sky, gray granite and gray hills tinged with steamy mist, and the famous "Gray Wethers" of Siddal Fjord—a group of boulders which seen from a distance, bear a marvelous resemblance to a flock of grazing sheep, looked more astonishingly like real gray wethers than ever.

However, he pulled himself together and boldly asked to see Mr. Edward Peterson.

The millionaire was awaiting him walking up and down in the garden back of the inn. He was a lanky, hard, gray-haired man, with a stern mouth but twinkling, humorous eyes. A decent enough old fellow at heart, but a little conceited by reason of his success.

It had been at his only child's suggestion that he, three years after the death of his wife, had taken a trip home to the old country he had left a poor boy, many years before. He looked up as Eric approached, and frowned.

"Marjorie has told me why you come," he said brusquely by way of greeting.

Very deliberately Eric scanned his man, and without waiting for an invitation sat down.

"Look here, Mr. Petersen," he said, conciliatingly. "I know it must seem rather presumptuous to you, but I can't help it—really I can't. I love Marjorie and she loves me. And we can't help that, now, can we?"

The Californian smiled, but it was the hard smile of an angry man, tickled against his will.

"You may be lacking in money, but you are not lacking in cheek," he said curtly.

"The question," Eric continued ignoring the sneer, "is—what are you going to do about it? Are you going to forbid the match, or are you going to let love have its way?"

"I am going to forbid the match," replied Mr. Petersen, clenching his fists determinately.

"But why?" Eric asked in the most innocent surprised tone in the world. "I love your daughter, and she loves me. Why should you refuse us permission to marry?"

"Confound you," cried the American angrily, "you cannot possibly keep her in the style she has been accustomed to."

"I can make a living. I shan't starve her. Wholesome food—not your rich indigestible messes—and a little work won't hurt her."

Then the storm broke.

"Get out!" thundered the millionaire, "get out before you are hurt. I never heard such impudence in all my life!"

"Why should I get out," Eric asked quietly. "I am your equal, there is nothing outrageous in my wanting to marry your daughter."

"My equal are you! Do you know, young man I could buy you up a hundred times and never feel it? Why you conceited young jackass, I have over a million sheep out there."

"I have a few of them myself up there," replied the young man, waving his hand in the direction of the salters.

The American glanced scornfully that way and his eyes fell on the Gray Wethers, apparently feeding on the side of the hill.

"Pooh, you have not enough to feed my hands for a day," he cried, "500 kroner would buy them."

"I will take 400 for the lot," said Eric quickly, "spot cash."

The American looked at him keenly. "Why do you want to sell them?"

"Perhaps I want to go to California to make my fortune and come back and ask you once more for your daughter's hand," said Eric lightly.

Now Ed Petersen was a man who never let an opportunity slip. It flashed across his mind that if this mad fellow really went to America to make his fortune he would safely be out of the way, and after a while Marjorie would forget him and would probably end by making the fitted marriage on which he had set his heart.

"That is the first sensible thing I have heard you say," he remarked, pulling the local paper out of his pocket and looking at the market price of sheep. He did not intend Eric to get the best of him in a bargain. He was quite prepared to buy him out, but if any one was going to score he was determined it should be he.

"You said 400, I will give you 350."

"Done," Eric cried.

"Come on, let's go and have a look at them," said the American.

But Eric laughed.

"Afraid of your bargain?" he asked.

The American flushed angrily and glanced up the hillside again. The Gray Wether looked healthy enough feeding there patiently in the mist, and he fancied himself both as a bargainer and a man with an instinctive eye for sheep.

Without a word he marched indoors and wrote out a check, which he handed to Eric with the remark: "If you have anything else to sell before you go let me know and I will make you an offer."

Eric folded the check and put it in his pocket. "I knew somehow this interview would end in a deal," he observed carelessly.

"What do you mean?"

"Come and see."

Together they climbed the hill, the older man puzzled and suspicious, the younger frankly triumphant, and at last they came to the famous Gray Wethers which Mr. Peterson had bought for 350 kroner.

He looked at the stones, and first he swore and then he laughed.

"You have got me, young man," he cried, "to think that I—a man with a million sheep of my own should not know the difference between a flock of sheep and a lot of rocks. You are pretty smart, my lad. I reckon you would be a good man about my ranch."

"I am sure I should," replied the incorrigible Eric. "It is not many men who have done you so thoroughly, is it?"

"You are the first, sir," said the American, proudly.

"Heavens, how they will laugh at me when the story comes out."

"It is sure to be cabled across. Can't you see the headlines, Mr. Petersen?" Eric laughed.

The millionaire laughed, too, and slapped him on the shoulder.

"Look here, young man," he said kindly, "do you really and truly love my girl?"

"I do, sir."

"Then you had better go back and tell her that her hard-hearted father has given in. You can have her, you rascal, and you may bring her up here to see her poor swindled father looking regretfully at his latest purchase."

He held out his hand and Eric shook it heartily.

"We will make it a bargain, sir," he said jokingly. "In consideration of you giving me your daughter I'll keep my mouth shut about this little deal of ours and give you back your check."

He handed it over as he spoke, and the millionaire looked at it long and earnestly.

"I shall keep this in my desk," he said, "and whenever I am feeling rather too pleased with myself I shall just take it out and look at it."

"From Aix to Ghent."

They were bright girls, and although they had begun work in factories, dry goods stores, millinery shops and what not before they had finished with grammar school, they had so thoroughly imbibed the settlement's ideal of plain living and high thinking—while attending the settlement dancing class—that the next inevitable step was to band themselves into a club, and, equally inevitable, into a "literary" club. It developed that in the galaxy of the Shakespeare, Kipling, Dante, etc., clubs George Eliot had so far been neglected by the respective committees on determining names, so the George Eliot Literary society it became.

The Barnard college girl who undertook to be the guide, counselor and friend to this lively group tucked "Silas Marner" under her arm and prepared to take charge.

All went well for two or three weeks, and then the Barnard college girl's family decided to travel abroad, and she must needs transfer her literary responsibilities to other shoulders. She talked the matter over with her professor in literature, and that good man, becoming fired with a desire to get in closer touch with a phase of life that was claiming the work of larger numbers of his pupils each year, volunteered to expound George Eliot to her admiring namesakes.

When the Barnard girl returned from her travels in the early summer the professor had departed for his holiday trip, and she betook herself to the settlement to learn how her club fared. She found enthusiasm at fever heat.

"Oh, but he was just grand! We didn't care much for George Eliot, you know, so we took up Browning," announced the club's president, with open pride.

The Barnard girl was somewhat taken aback, but inquired encouragingly:

"Mr. or Mrs. Browning?"

"I dunno, but it was great! My! It was just lovely!" enthused the president.

"Well," asked the unenlightened leader, "what poems did you study?"

The president pondered deeply, and after much mental effort said:

"Oh, dear! I can't just exactly remember, but it was about a feller—you know—the one that brought the news about the fight."

Toys of Glass.

So far have we gone in the hygiene of the nursery that we will now present children with toys of glass instead of painted wood. The glass is so thick that it is barely possible that a child could break it. They are invented to keep a child from sucking the paint off wooden toys, but they are not expensive.

PEACE FOR THE NERVES; OR THE WAR ON NOISE--Continued From the First Page *of* This Section

help make New York a magical city of silence. The ordinance would forbid:

"Any railroad, street railroad, elevated train or corporation from running cars with flat wheels, loose trucks, chains or bars; from neglecting to fix any loose fixtures which would cause unnecessary noise, and from operating rails, tracks, switches, frogs or crossings in a broken or sagged condition; a violation of this ordinance to be punishable by a fine not in excess of $500 for every separate offense.

"Persons operating through the streets of the city any automobile, wagon or other vehicle giving forth unusually loud and unnecessary noises; the using of vehicles with loose pieces of mechanism, loose boards and unoiled axles and wheels.

"The transportation of rails, pillars and columns of iron along streets without pillows of cloth beneath them, with a penalty for each offense of disturbance at $25."

Junk dealers, hucksters and other dismal disturbers of the peace would be summarily dealt with according to this proposed amendment:

"No persons shall beat or play upon any musical instrument unless licensed so to do, nor shall any person utter any cry, make any noise or operate or cause to be operated any musical instrument, graphophone, bell, gong, horn, calliope, tick-tack device or other machine or instrument for the production of sound or make any noise whatever for the purpose of attracting the attention of pedestrians or residents in any street or public place of the city, to any show, performance or other form of amusement or for the purpose of calling attention to wares or merchandise, or signifying a wish to purchase junk or other waste material, or to give notice of the approach of any cart, wagon or other vehicle, in order to sell merchandise therefrom or to advertise any article of merchandise, show or performance, nor shall any person blow any horn or ring any bell on any wagon or automobile, motorcycle or other vehicle except at the intersection of streets or to warn wagons or pedestrians."

A violation of this ordinance would be punishable by a fine not exceeding $25 and a term of imprisonment not exceeding 30 days.

Much discussion there has been in New York, of course, concerning the proposed ordinances. Alderman Marx declared he also intended asking for the appointment of an "anti-noise squad of inspectors," to patrol the city and report noise violations to the corporation council.

Supporting his ordinances were Health Commissioner Darlington, the Anti-Noise society and thousands of people who wrote to the society from all parts of the city.

Going from one public school to another Mrs. Rice carried her crusade among the children, addressing 55,000 and enrolling 20,000 in her society. This child's brigade was formed with the intention of having children instructed concerning the evils of noise. Each child wears a button or badge, and has pledged itself not to play within restricted places and to aid in the suppression of unnecessary noises, especially on the Fourth of July.

Not long ago 50,000 colored signs were distributed throughout New York by the society. These signs are printed on cardboard, in colors of green, blue, purple and pink—green cards for junk dealers, blue for hucksters of vegetables and pink and purple for sellers of fruit.

The plan is to have the cards hung outside houses to signal for the services of the junkdealer or huckster. At apartment houses they can be marked to indicate apartments, and dealers, seeing the signs, instead of screaming in order to call people's attention to their presence, can simply go to the house and open negotiations. The plan has the indorsement of Dr. Darlington, the commissioner of health.

But such a movement, which must have such far reaching results, could not be expected to confine itself to New York.

Chicago undertook to stop unnecessary noises. Organ men were forbidden to play within 500 feet of a school, church, library or hospital. Alderman Bowler proposed that the blowing of whistles, ringing of bells and making of noises to attract trade be prohibited. The owner of a 5-cent "palace of amusement" was arested; the noise making machine was ordered muzzled.

In Cleveland, Health Officer Friederich proposed an ordinance which would forbid piano playing before 10 o'clock in the morning. Kansas City followed with an ordinance to prohibit noise. In St. Paul the use of automobile horns in the streets between the hours of 8 p. m. and 6 a. m. was forbidden.

In New Bedford, Mass, some of the largest mills suspended the blowing of whistles. In Altoona, Pa., Mayor Hoyer issued an order prohibiting the use of phonographs for advertising purposes. The chief of police of Harrisburg, Pa., limited the ringing of the bells of venders and ice cream peddlers to certain hours, forbade the playing of strange bands within the city and stopped entirely the playing of phonographs advertising moving picture shows.

In Washington, D. C., special squads of bicycle policement were assigned to go after the makers of noise and bring them to justice; garbage collectors were ordered to place materials in their receptacles to deaden the sounds, while the rattling of milk cans and bells in the early morning was interdicted.

The campaign against noise was taken up in many other cities, among them Detroit, Mich.; Reading, Pa.; Bar Harbor, Maine; Norfolk, Va.; Oklahoma City, Waco, Texas; Montclair and Newark, N. J.

But the movement has not been limited to this country. In Germany, Dr. Theodore Lessing headed a similar crusade. The Society for the Improvement of London made the suppression of noise a feature of its work, and a campaign has just been waged against the drivers of motor buses. Sir Theodore Martin and Thomas Bowden Green are doing active work in abating the noise nuisance. In the small hamlets of Switzerland the inhabitants are seeking to still noises; in Rotterdam they were organizing a society.

That noise is responsible for thousands of nervous breakdowns is emphatically attested by many physicians. Nothing is so harmful to a person in an exhausted nervous condition as noise.

A story is told of a man who left New York because of the tumult of the city. While on his way to London in a steamship he nearly lost his mind because of the clatter. In London he improved, but when he got to Paris the dreadful noises of that city brought on a relapse; he became ill in Berlin, but at Weimar believed he had come to a paradise.

All was still. The trees scarcely stirred. The birds sang in a subdued tone. One day a rooster crowed. He shot it. Life flowed peacefully on fo 10 days, when an uncontrollable desire took hold of him.

With grip and luggage he started for New York. Loneliness haunted him. Arriving in Manhattan, he got apartments in a hotel in the noisiest district along Broadway and sat at the window exulting in the tumult.

Possibly mankind, like the New Yorker, should grow weary of too long silence. But so long as we lose our temper and nervous force because of the unnecessary and continuous inferno of sound, the efforts of the opponents of clatter and din will be watched with deep interest.

Mirandy Knew.

Mrs. Gaybird burst into the village postoffice all out of breath.

"Anything for me?" she asked in anxious tone.

The postmaster shook his head. "Narthin'," he replied.

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Gaybird. "I was expecting a letter from my husband as to when he was coming home."

"Wall, I'll ask Mirandy," said the old man. And he called to his wife in the kitchen. "Say, Mrs. Gaybird's called to know if there's any mail—sez she's lookin' fer a letter or somethin' from her husband as ter when he's comin' back. Is there anythin' fer her?"

"Yes, there is," called back the postmistress. "He sez he'll be to home this comin' Friday."

Cleaning Gold Graid.

This is a season of gold braid and brass buttons. They are expensive to buy, and many women may want to use gold braid they have if it were only a trifle cleaner.

They may not know that it may be thoroughly refreshened by powdered bluing mixed with dry bread crumbs. This should be sifted over the braid and then rubbed with flannel. After brushing off the crumbs, it should be polished with red velvet. This process also serves for cleaning gold lace.