

The Hermit of Rocky Hole

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Mrs. Stevens panted into the sitting-room where her boarder was sewing in the sunny bay window. It was Saturday and the school-teacher's holiday.

Grace Winton looked up from her mending and smiled at Mrs. Stevens' eager countenance. "You look as if you had news to tell," she suggested, threading her needle.

The other woman tossed aside her knitted shawl and warmed her hands at the drum stove where the apple-wood smoke curled fragrantly from the cracks. "There's more news than common," she wheezed asthmatically. "You've heard tell about the hermit of Rocky Hole?" she asked.

"I've heard the children tell tales about such a person," admitted Grace, with interest. "I thought he was a mythical personage—is there really an hermit in Pendleton?"

Mrs. Stevens nodded her head emphatically. "I should say there was! Rich, too, and lives in that cave high up on the west mountain. Rocky Hole, they call it, because you can't get anywhere near it without being heard; there are so many rocks around there go tumbling down the hillsides at every footstep you take. He's mighty unsoberable, too, they say."

"Hermits have that reputation, I believe," said Grace demurely. "Do tell me, is your news about this hermit?"

"Yes. You see, he's been coming here for years. Every spring when the first robin comes that hermit makes his appearance; nobody ever gets very close to see him for he has a big dog to keep folks off. And I don't know how he gets his foodstuff because he don't trade in the village—maybe lives on roots and berries and such truck. He's an old man with a long white beard and he walks with a stick as if he were lame."

"What becomes of him in the winter?" asked Grace curiously.

"Some say he goes to the city and plays an organ on the street corner. I've heard those folks make lots of



"Do You Want to Go on a Picnic With Me, Lon?"

money. He owns half the mountain, they say. Well, what I was going to tell you about is this: Mr. Lane, the storekeeper, says he believes the old man is sick or dying or something."

"Why?"

"Somebody heard him calling for help yesterday morning, some hunter who was passing along the upper road that's seldom used—it leads almost underneath where the Rocky Hole is. So the man hollered up and asks if anything is the matter. Just then the hermit began to throw stones down on him, round stones, big enough to knock a man senseless. So the hunter says, says he, 'Go to the dickens—I guess there ain't much the matter with you!' Mr. Lane says there wasn't any smoke coming from the mountain this morning and he reckons something's the matter."

"What is going to be done about it? Surely, somebody will go up and see the old man," said Grace pityingly.

"I don't know who wants to get stoned. Maybe he's crazy—like as not he is. Anybody who'd want to live where there wasn't nobody to talk to must be crazy! There I've got a cake to make now to take to the meeting—we're going to pack a barrel for some of them savages; you want to come, Miss Winton?"

The school-teacher was looking off toward the west mountain slopes with misty eyes. She turned her head to Mrs. Stevens. "Not today, thank you," she said gently. "I'm going on a little picnic this afternoon—with one of my scholars."

"It's a nice day for a picnic if you're well wrapped up. There's plenty in the pantry to put in your basket and you can help yourself, you know," said the other hospitably.

An hour after dinner, Grace Winton set forth with a covered basket on her arm. She stopped once or twice and made additions to the generous lunch Mrs. Stevens had provided, a can of soup and a glass of jelly from the grocery and a bottle of blackberry wine from the little drug store. Then she walked briskly over the bridge, turned into the road that led past the mill and hailed the miller's

little lad who was fishing in the tumbling stream.

"Do you want to go on a picnic with me, Lon?" she called.

"Yes, ma'am," he called delightedly and after obtaining permission from his mother he joined his teacher and together they walked through the woods where the fallen leaves crisped under foot and where the odor of birch and sassafras smelled strong and sweet.

"Lon, do you know the way to the hermit's cave?" she asked quietly.

Lon stared at her with paling cheeks. "You're not going there, Miss Grace?" he faltered.

"Yes, I am, my dear. If you don't go with me and show the way I must go alone, for an old man is hurt there and perhaps dying. Before we enjoy our own picnic we must see him. You can turn back now if you want to." She looked at him, confident of his answer.

"You can't go alone, Miss Grace; he might hurt you. I'll go with you; if he throws stones I'll—I'll lam him one!" Lon frowned fiercely at his imaginary foe and thoughtfully cut himself a stout stick with a knobby handle.

"Thank you, dear," said Grace. "I was sure you'd go along to take care of me."

Lon straightened his shoulders and his ears reddened with pride and embarrassment as he led the way through a tangled thicket and by devious other ways until they stood in a narrow path, well defined and covered with a clear white sand.

"That leads to the cave," whispered Lon cautiously. "Me and some fellows found it one day—it comes from over the mountain—I guess that's the way he goes to and fro. We was after bird's eggs last summer—there's millions of birds around here—and the old man came and chased us off."

Grace reserved her reprimands for some future date and told Lon to go ahead and she would follow. At last, they stood before the mouth of the cave which opened onto a plateau covered with small loose stones of various sizes. Their carefully guarded footsteps sent several stones rattling down the hillside with a surprising din. A dog barked hoarsely.

"Who is there?" called a feeble voice from within the cave.

"Friends!" replied Grace cheerily. "Are you in trouble?"

"Yes—fell and sprained my ankle yesterday and I've been suffering tortures since then. I've tried to get help from outside but everyone acts so comfoundedly idiotic every time a stone rattles down the hillside that I'd about given it up. Wait a moment please and I'll come out."

"He's got a nice voice," whispered Lon to his teacher as they waited for the hermit's appearance.

"Very likely he's the nicest old gentleman you ever met," she smiled back at him. "Here he comes now."

With that expression of tenderest pity lighting her face Grace Winton saw a man drag himself painfully from the opening of the cave. Her eyes widened as she realized that this was no old man—young, handsome and athletic looking, the picture of health, save for a certain drawn look in his face that intense suffering might have placed there, he half crept, half hobbled to a sitting position in the mouth of the cave and then he fainted dead away.

When Grace and Lon had recovered from their astonishment and bent themselves to resuscitate the stranger, the boy spoke:

"This isn't the hermit, Miss Grace." "Never mind," she said absently, as she propped his head against her shoulder and forced some of the blackberry wine between his lips. "He's in need of help anyway. Unbandage his ankle, Lon—carefully my dear—there, it is black and blue and dreadfully swelled. Can you fetch water from the stream? Doesn't it run above here?"

Lon dashed away with a pail and when he returned with the icy water he found the young man recovered and rather ashamed of his momentary weakness. Sitting with his injured foot in the cold water he told the two that his uncle, the hermit, was none other than Waywood Stone, well-known ornithologist who had used the cave as a summer point of observation to study his beloved birds. Now that the old man was crippled with rheumatism and confined to his beautiful city home, this nephew, Frank Stone, had come to take his uncle's place and gather the necessary data for the old man's forthcoming book of bird-lore.

"Now we must get a doctor up to you at once," said Grace, preparing to leave after Mr. Stone had wrung the story of their coming from her unwilling lips. "And you will want a man to keep house for you if you insist on remaining up here—Mrs. Stevens' son might come and take care of you."

"I believe I'll get the doctor to take me down to the hotel in Pendleton," said Stone thoughtfully.

"There ain't no birds down there," ventured Lon diffidently. "Leastways not new ones."

"There is one new to me—a winter red bird," returned Stone without looking at Grace, as she hastened away, her heart fluttering with his warm thanks of appreciation.

"I'm glad I'm not an old hermit," he added to himself as he waited patiently for the coming of the doctor.

Months afterward, Mrs. Stevens held up her hands in astonishment. "Land alive, Miss Winton, now that you're going to marry Mr. Stone, there won't be no hermit that can live safely on the mountain—all the girls will be going up there to see if he ain't as rich and good looking as your husband!"

A HUMAN RATTLE BOX

COVETED BY DOCTORS FOR DISSECTION, HE SELLS HIS BODY.

Kansas City Man Can Dislocate Every Joint in His Body and Move His Heart From One Side of Body to the Other.

Kansas City, Mo.—Every time Ellis Whitman passes a doctor who knows him he is followed by a covetous and greedy look. For while nature has endowed some of us with a special aptitude for driving laundry wagons or constructing ditches, it gave Whitman a freak of a body which every true M. D. would like to look into. Whitman can dislocate every joint in his frame. He calls himself the "Human Rattle Box"—a title which sprang from his ability to rattle his ribs with his shoulder blades. He appears in theaters and also does plain or fancy dislocations for medical clinics. Whitman also has an acrobatic heart.

"Put your hand here," Whitman directed as he prepared to prove it. The heart was ticking away in the regular place. Then he twisted his interior around. Taking the hand of his interviewer, he placed it about seven inches lower than where the same heart had been and on the right hand side.

"Now she's here!" he said with pardonable pride.

"She" certainly had moved. Whitman rolled up his sleeves to show that he didn't have a second heart about him anywhere. There are some things he can't do. He admitted his inability to put his lungs in his feet or take his arms entirely off.

"When I get a job at a medical school," explained Whitman, "I lie on an operating table and make any dislocation the doctors call for. The students set the dislocations—sometimes two or three of 'em working on me at a time."

Unlike the average run of geniuses, Whitman is an excellent financier.

"Doctors are always trying to buy my body," he said. "They want to dissect it—after I am dead, of course. I've sold it twice for \$500 each time. I outlived them both—my body reverting to myself at their deaths."

"I had to fight for it once, though. The second time I sold it was to Dr. Nicholas Senn of the Rush Medical college, Chicago. He died a couple of years ago and in his will he bequeathed the 'Rattle Box'—that's me—to his son, Dr. Manuel Senn. I sued for possession of my body. The courts upheld me and I am now living in a body that belongs to no one in the world except me."

MOVES 7,000 DEAD BODIES

Michigan Gravestones and Burial Place Ornaments Are Transported to a New Site.

Negaunee, Mich.—The cemetery of this city, with its 7,000 bodies and proportionate number of headstones and other burial place ornaments, is being removed to a new site to permit an iron company to work the rich bed of ore that underlays the old cemetery.

The burial place now being vacated was selected 40 years ago and the permission to remove it was not secured without a storm of protest, but the mine company provided a larger and more attractive site and is paying a local undertaker \$10 for each body he removes. Every body in the cemetery will be removed by this undertaker, unless others prefer to do the work at their own expense.

The headstones and family monuments are being removed to their new places and the resetting are being repaired in a way that promises a better-conditioned cemetery when the work is done.

A BODY IN STORE HE BOUGHT

Grotesque Package Left in Closet One Year by Former Owner is Finally Opened.

London.—A mummified human body, apparently that of a boy about fourteen years of age, has been discovered at Nottingham under astounding circumstances.

About a year ago, Thomas Showcroft purchased a small grocery in Nottingham. The previous owner (a woman) asked her to allow a parcel in a cupboard to remain there for a few days and begged her to take care of it.

The woman did not return, but nothing was done until a few days ago, when Mr. Showcroft decided to satisfy his curiosity. Placing the parcel on the hearthrug he untied the string by the light of a candle, and was startled to find that it contained a mummified body.

From an examination of the body it is surmised the boy died about twenty years ago. The Nottingham police are satisfied that the case does not involve any crime.

Dynamite Explodes in Pocket.

Bassfield, Miss.—Marvin Hudson, a farmer living near here, placed a stick of dynamite in his pocket with a view of taking it to employes in his field. Hudson stumbled and fell. That he was not blown in pieces when the dynamite exploded is considered marvelous. He has a slight chance to recover from his injuries.

HORSES THAT FEED ON FISH

Wild Banker Ponies Greedily Devour Fish Left Stranded by High Tide.

Along the shores of Albemarle sound, South Carolina, lie miles of low sandy banks, the greater part being covered with little vegetation save coarse grass, wild parsley, and other salt-water weeds. To this region come those who shoot the canvas-back duck that frequents the little streams and salt marshes with which this coast abounds, feeding upon the wild parsley and marsh grains. On some of these banks are a breed of small wild horses, known in the neighborhood as "banker ponies." They are quite untamed and uncared for, have rough shaggy coats, and are generally about twice the size of a Shetland pony, now and again one reaching the size of a small horse.

Each year the herd-owners drive them into pens, where the foals are branded with his owner's mark, and those required are caught and sold to the dealers. It is said that these beasts have to be starved into eating grain and hay or grass, their whole subsistence up to this time having been the rank salt grass of the marshes, and fish. The latter they catch for themselves at low tide, using their hoofs to dig deep holes in the sand below high-water mark; and they greedily devour the fish so left stranded, often fighting over an especially tempting one.

In captivity they are said to display intelligence, though seldom a reliable temper. They are tamed by darkness and semi-starvation, and make excellent draught animals, showing strength far beyond their size. They eat voraciously, consuming as much as full-sized horses.

The foals bred from "banker ponies" in captivity make valuable animals. They are strong, healthy and intelligent, less vicious than their parents, and command good prices.

DRINK PLENTY OF WATER

It Flushes the System, Carrying Out Impurities and Leaving What is Beneficial.

To say that drinking at least three pints of water a day would make a girl beautiful would be grossest exaggeration, but it is perfectly true that such an amount of fluid, taken judiciously every day, will be a wonderful aid in acquiring or increasing good looks, and it is such a cheap way of improving one's appearance that to ignore it is a pity.

Water, properly taken, flushes the system as a pipe is cleaned by putting down it a large quantity of pure cleansing liquid at once. And, as with the pipe, impurities are carried out, leaving only that which is beneficial.

In order that the good effect shall be gained, two facts are important: One is that the liquid shall not be taken with meals, and the other that it shall not be of icy temperatures. In the former case it dilutes the gastric juices, sometimes causing indigestion, and certainly neutralizing some of the nourishing properties of food; in the latter it stays digestion, and may be the cause of severe pain.

Many dietitians now agree that water should not be taken with meals, and that many cases of indigestion may be traced directly to the fact that this theory is unheeded. To derive benefit a glassful should be taken at a time, sipping it slowly and not gulping in large quantities. Ten minutes for each glass is none too long. The temperature may be cool, but not sufficiently so to chill the stomach.

The first drink is not to be taken sooner than half an hour after a meal, and water is not to be put into the stomach later than half an hour before a meal.

Lacked Length of Legs.

A large pompous person, wearing a high-hat, a long coat, yellow spats and a congenial sneer, for several days made himself obnoxious around a Washington hotel a bit ago. He announced he was from New York, nagged the bellboys, jawed the clerks, cussed the service, roared at the food, complained about his room and the elevator and the telephones and the bar, and everything else.

One afternoon he walked over to the porter and said: "Here you, I'm going to quit this town and go back to New York, where I can get some decent service. I want you to buy me two seats in a parlor car on the 4 o'clock New York train. Get me two seats now, and meet me at the station with the tickets. I want one chair to sit in and one to put my feet in."

The seats were delivered at the train just before it pulled out. One of the seats was in car No. 3 and the other was located in car No. 4.—Cleveland Leader.

Can't Wear Brown Shoes.

"Do you know that certain individuals cannot possibly wear brown shoes?" inquired the veteran shoe clerk.

"I have been in the business more than twenty years, and I can name several regular customers, who every season make a frantic but futile effort to wear brown shoes in precisely the same size, made over the same last and in the same quality of leather as the black ones they are discarding, and yet within a month the customers come back saying they had given away or sold for a song the brown shoes. It seems as if some feet are not constituted to endure the touch of the brown leather."

ALFALFA GROWING.

Washington Experiment Station at Pullman Gives Valuable Instructions.

For the guidance of persons desiring to grow alfalfa, the Washington experiment station, says: "In preparing to seed alfalfa, it is usually best to plow in the fall, leaving the furrows rough over winter, in order to secure the benefits of weathering, and to permit the settling of the furrows by the action of the fall and winter rains. This also encourages the early germination of weed seeds, so that the soil may be partially cleaned of foul stuff in the spring preparation of the soil for seeding."

"As soon as the soil is fit to work in the spring, the surface should be given a light working in order to form a mulch to conserve the moisture and to smooth the surface of the furrows to encourage the germination of weed seeds that lie near the surface. The amount of cultivation must be determined by the condition of the soil, but should be sufficient to work up a good mulch of loose earth. Deep cultivation is not desirable. Up to the first day of May the land should be given sufficient cultivation to preserve the mulch, and to prevent weeds from securing too much of a start. About the first of May the final preparation for seeding should be given."

"If the surface has been well worked prior to the first of May little more than a single harrowing may be needed, but the aim should be to secure a well pulverized seed bed of two or three inches depth with the bottom of the furrow left firm. In case of spring plowing, the firming of the furrow may be brought about by the use of a roller, planker or other compacting tool."

"Soils west of the Cascade mountains seem to require inoculation for successful alfalfa production. This is best accomplished by harrowing in at the final preparation for seeding, a light sprinkling of soil taken from some old alfalfa field where the crop has grown successfully. Soils secured from persons in this region who have succeeded with alfalfa would do admirably for this purpose."

"In securing seed, be very careful to purchase seed possessing high vitality and free from the seeds of noxious weeds. It is more important to be sure of these two points than to seed alfalfa of a certain strain. Persons who are not able to determine the purity of samples furnished them should send samples to the botanist of their state experiment station, who will examine free of charge, and report the results."

"If good seed is secured, ten pounds per acre seeded broadcast on very thoroughly prepared soil and well harrowed in will be ample. The Washington experiment station has secured better success by seeding with a grain drill, slipping the spouts of the drill off the grain box and attaching them to the grass seed box, so that the seed will be conducted into the shoes of the drill, as in the case of wheat and oats. Setting the shoes of the drill to run shallow will result in the seed being placed in moist dirt where the greatest number will germinate, and it will not be put in too deep, if the soil has been prepared as previously indicated."

"During the first season the alfalfa should not be pastured before it has made a growth of at least a foot, as the plant needs an opportunity to develop its root system. If weeds are apt to seed run a mower over the piece with the cutter bar tilted to cut high. There is no advantage in clipping back the alfalfa if weeds do not become troublesome. After the alfalfa has thoroughly established itself, it may be mowed or pastured off. Each spring as soon as the ground is fit to work, it is best to give the soil a thorough working with a spring tooth harrow and disc, or some other effective tool."

In an address recently given to the student body of the State Agricultural College at Pullman, President Howard Elliott of the Northern Pacific Railway, said that one of the greatest needs of the present day is an appreciation of the values of country life. In part he said:

"The railroads are interested in the general subject of education, and particularly are they interested in better education, better methods of living, and bettering country living in general as compared with life in the cities."

"In the last 100 years there has been a marked drifting away from the country to the city. In 1800 only 3.1 per cent of the people of the United States lived in cities, and the census just taken will probably show over 35 per cent living in towns and cities."

"A great work is being done by the agricultural colleges of the country in showing how to make country life more desirable, how to make better use of the land. Especially is this a great work when it is an educational way reaches young men and women of the farming communities. We must have more people who like to live in the country. We must have country life made more pleasant. There is no better life for the young man or young woman than a home in the country. They can do better for themselves there. Scientific farming is just as important, and in time will produce just as good results as scientific work in any other pursuit."

"The people who live in the Pacific Northwest, I believe, are very fortunate. It is a land which is just beginning to develop. It is a land which will require a great deal of hard and intelligent work for its future development. If any young man feels that his opportunity is not as good now as it would have been twenty-five years ago, he is mistaken. Opportunities never were greater west of the Rocky Mountains than today for an intelligent, thorough, patient young man or woman."

First Patient—Do you know who that visitor is who came in here a while ago? She was a very distinguished-looking woman.

Second Patient—I was struck by her, too, and I asked the nurse, but she told me the visitor was a very ordinary sort of person—had never had an operation for appendicitis even.

A college man always talks more about it than is relished by men who have not attended college.

A Restroom.

A room the woman of the house calls the "restroom" is papered in soft gray and has green hangings. The furniture is light oak with green sofa pillows here and there, and the big sofa is upholstered in green. The window shades are dark enough to subdue the light. Thus the room is in the most admirable taste and soothes the nerves. When the woman of the house is tired she runs to the rest room for a few minutes and gets her mental balance.

Popular Chinese Fruit.

A fruit popular in North China, and which is most excellent for the table, either stewed or as jam, is in appearance like a crabapple. The flesh is pinkish in color, and when served at table it has the color of cranberry sauce. The taste is pleasant, with a subacid flavor, and very refreshing. The Chinese call it "hung-kuo" (pronounced hongkwa), which means "red fruit."



You will find the Bitters worthy of your confidence in cases of Poor Appetite, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Colds, Grippe and Malaria. It has given satisfaction for over 57 years. Try a bottle and be convinced.

Prosperous Outlook. "Since being in the city," the Billville man wrote to his home folks, "I have been hit by three automobiles, and if my lawyer tells me true, I'll get enough money in damages to fetch the whole family for a good long stay, an' ef the balance of you kin continue to git run over we'll be able to buy a big farm an' live happy ever afterward."—Atlanta Constitution.

For Any Disease or Injury to the eye, use PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, absolutely harmless, acts quickly. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Goethe's Voluminous Product. Besides the books which are best known to English readers, "Faust," "Wilhelm Meister," etc., Goethe is the author of 44 dramas, melodramas and farces, and any amount of travel and criticism, and even his poetical writings constitute a sort of enormous dumpling, with very few currants indeed in proportion to the dough.—Buchanan

A Sensitive Ear. The poet, Malherbe, the founder of the purity of the French language, was very sensitive on the score of diction. When, during his last moments, his confessor, by way of encouraging him, began to enlarge on the joys of paradise. "Stop," cried Malherbe. "Your ungrammatical style is giving me a distaste for them!"

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Dread of Outdoor Air. Why is there such a dread of outdoor air in the sleeping room? Science has made great advances in hygiene. In many hospitals children suffering from diseases of the respiratory system are taken up to cots on roofs and there attended by nurses in ulsters. Open air and tent life are part of the recognized treatment of tuberculosis nowadays.

It Surely Is. Pure buckwheat flour, "set" the night before with yeast mixed with a pinch of salt and enough water to make batter, and finally supplied with a tablespoon of molasses to insure the inviting shade of brown that affords the visual delight inseparable from all perfect buckwheat cakes—this is a combination and a cake indeed.

If Abe Martin Has No Objection. Link Gillenwater says no man kin be religious when he's breakin' in a pair o' new shoes. More'n half o' the cocoanuts ain't wot they're cracked up to be.



I want any person who suffers with biliousness, constipation, indigestion or any liver or blood ailment, to try my Paw-Paw Liver Pills. I guarantee they will purify the blood and put the liver and stomach into a healthful condition and will positively cure biliousness and constipation, or I will refund your money—MUNYON.

