

# MAN IN THE LOFT

A Power Greater Than Greed  
Lends Itself to the Weak and  
Downs the Mighty.

By JENNIE HARRIS OLIVER.  
The man in the loft was suddenly wide awake.

He lay where he had dropped after his cautious climb up the logs and through the hole that had beckoned him, a ruddy patch, from his fastness among the huddled boulders.

Here on the loose, scattered boards, forming a rude gallery to the one room of the little mountain cabin, he lay face to the wall, his narrow, close-set eyes glued to a chink, peering out into the fitful moonlight.

Men of the law—tireless, grim and determined—would find his dead cayuse back there on the trail, and would press steadily on. Sometimes, when the wind grumbled in the chimney, or a wild creature called to the night, or the occupants of the room below replenished the fire, cold sweat broke out on his body, while his nails bit his palms and his breath stopped for fear.

But sleep had finally overtaken him while he watched, holding him for a time in horrid dreams, and then suddenly and unaccountably he had sprung awake.

Over his head he could see bands of crimson light heaving and wavering among the cobwebs, and he knew that if he could but roll over softly, stealthily, as a snake moves in the grass, he could see what had intruded itself into his exhausted slumbers.

A moment of breathless, reptile-like wriggling and he was staring, with blazing eyes, through a wide crack in the boards—staring at gold glinting dully in the red glow from the fireplace; flakes of gold, crumbs of it, chunks as big—almost as big as his fist!

At first he saw only the metal pouring from a leathern sack on the rickety table, and he knew the voice that had called him with lustful, softly clinking challenge. It was the only voice he really understood, or that understood him.

After a while he was conscious of the heavy sough of the rising wind, and of other voices.

A man—seemingly a giant—with gaunt frame and hollow eyes, sat limply propped on a rude couch, the gold upon one side, and on the other, topping a stool, were the remnants of a meager supper. Before the man knelt a thin, white-faced little woman, with clouds of tawny hair, that glinted dully like the gold.

The man's long, heavy arms were bare to the shoulder, and over them the woman hovered, bending her frail strength in rhythmical sweeps up and down their dead surface, pausing often at the palms to press and pinch them, and sometimes to beat and slap them smartly.

As her body swayed in almost frantic endeavor, she pleaded as with a child.

"Try to move now, honey. Just try one finger—this one. Are you trying your best, Herman? It doesn't seem to me you are. Look at me. Is it still dead—dead?"

"It seems," said the man hoarsely, "that when you strike your best on the palm there is an answering tingle in the shoulder. I guess it only seems that way. Try the other, Hannah."

The woman held the big dark hand to her cheek a moment, and then laid it gently down that she might begin her patient work upon its mate.

Always she talked hopefully, or with tender pleading and motherly scolding, and the bulging eyes above, when they could tear themselves from the lure upon the table, saw all the rebellion, misery and terrible despair in the dark face of the stricken giant.

So must his face have looked back there in the silent cell, when his hands had strained and bled upon the iron bars. It had been of some use for him to try, and he was glad, for all, to be himself, and not the man below. The kind of imprisonment that held the latter was so hopeless, so maddening.

The fugitive's eyes came back with greedy interest to the gold. A fortune guarded by a meager scrap of a woman and a paralytic man! The occasion had almost grotesque possibilities. A heavy revolver lay by the leathern sack, but the man couldn't use it.

The woman, small as she was, looked as if she would dare anything. If he could but catch her off her guard.

He began to study her, and to center his interest upon her movements. If she made as if to rise, and go away, the watcher's breath came pantingly in hope, and his coarse lips drew back into a sardonic, twisted smile; but her every movement was to ease her cramped body, or smooth a fold of her skirt under her aching knees. Her work went on with fresh bursts of reasoning, of chiding, tender talk.

"It can be nothing but a terrible shock from the explosion, Herman," she would explain convincingly. "You know there is no bruise upon you, while poor, poor Emil was crushed to death by the falling rocks."

"I thought you were dead, too, for a long time, and when I dragged and dragged to get you home I thought it would be only to drag you back to a lonely grave in the mountains. But look at you now, Herman. You are much better than a dead man."

"So now, dear"—reaching up for a coaxing kiss upon his wasted dark face—"try, try with all your might."

Imagine some one about to kill me—to rob us of the gold. Just imagine it, can't you? Now, here is this middle finger—the biggest and the best. Move it! Move it! Move it! Oh, honey, you don't seem to try!"

She held up the big hand, and shook it. Then she fell to rubbing and talking harder than ever.

"If you could move just one part of your body—a finger or a toe—just one, the danger would be over, and life would come back to you, and strength and power. You could take little Hannah, and hoist her above your head and set her in the loft."

"But we wouldn't spend our time in foolish play. We would hurry away from these dreadful mountains, with a fortune for poor Emil's wife and babies, and enough left to buy back the old home. See how much you have to try for. See!"

The woman sprang up and, sweeping all the glowing mass into the sack, brought it, and using her strength, held it above him.

"Try to lift your hands to it, Herman. Try, try. Heaven help you to try!"

Only the man's eyes lifted, and they were eager, burning and passionate. Then he groaned, and two tears rolled down his sunken face and fell upon his helpless hands. The woman dropped the sack and, falling with her face upon the bank, sobbed and cried.

The man in the loft saw his opportunity.

With the gold and the gun to nerve him, he might yet elude the long arm of the law. Hiding in the fastnesses, he would dodge north, till the law drew back from its limit and left him to go in peace.

As he exulted he wormed his way along the wall to a break in the boards, pushed himself through and began dropping softly down the logs. There was a dark niche at the side of the fireplace, and he followed the darkness until he felt his feet touch the floor, then he whirled for a spring at the table, where the revolver lay on the outer edge.

But, as he swung around, the crippled giant's eyes, like those of a dreadful, dangerous monster, met his own. Between the two there passed a lightning glare of complete understanding, and the robber cursed under his breath and moved but haltingly toward the table.

He was in deadly fear of those terrible eyes. Moreover, as he crept up, he fancied that the giant's face and hands fell a quivering, and his body shook and crouched as if about to spring upon him. So confusing was the delusion, so terrible the mastery of the eyes, that the desperado felt he must scream if he went another step.

An instant more and his hands had touched the gun, but his fingers did not close upon it, for suddenly it seemed that the roof fell crashing upon him, the fireplace circled in wavering sparkles about his head, and he went down with a big human knee on his chest. Then there were giant hands upon his wrists, and a woman's soft panting over him ere things were entirely out.

The next hunted man knew he was sitting propped against the wall, wound about by yards and yards of torn blanket. The table was overturned and broken. On the floor, near the fireplace, lay the scattered gold and the revolver, forgotten by the two figures clinging together in the middle of the room. It was very still save for a broken murmur, a trembling sob.

"Oh, Herman," cried the woman at last, lifting her white, radiant face, "is it true? Will it last? Let us be sure. There, grip my wrist; shake me; walk—walk to your bed. I—I won't let you fall!"

The man staggered blindly, but triumphantly forward, and sank down, his great body quivering with the returning forces that had sprung up at the fierce demand of his will. The woman sank to her knees beside him and cried in ecstasy.

She buried her head on his breast, and so his arm encircled her and finally drew her tear-wet face up to his.

Near them stiffly sat the baffled fugitive, his greedy eyes upon the scattered gold.

The wind growled in the chimney and the flames crackled noisily, but away and beyond was a sound that made him shrink and cover in his winding bonds.

It was the unmistakable ring in the mountain pass of mounted men, drawing nearer and nearer.

### Fog Signals Heard Afar.

All the up-to-date light stations possess fog signals for warning the mariner of the presence of rocks and other dangers in foggy weather. The larger ones are so powerful that their blasts can be heard 25 to 30 miles out at sea. Most of them are worked by compressed air, a gas engine of perhaps 20 or 25 horsepower being brought into requisition for this purpose. The siren is blown periodically every 70, 80 or 90 seconds or so, the actual blast lasting perhaps about two or three seconds. It means that while the siren is running, in the case of the larger apparatus, something like 500 horsepower is being expended in the production of sound.—Scientific American.

### So Happily Married.

"You know, George, this is my birthday," said his wife.  
"Oh, is it, dear?"  
"Yes; and, do you know, I never can remember how old I am."  
"Well, dear, when we were married you know you were just twenty-eight."  
"Oh, yes, so I was, George; that's near enough."  
"Precisely, dear; it doesn't really seem any time at all since we were married."

# FAMOUS LIEGE BELGIAN CITY

STRATEGIC points in the importance of Liege, the Belgian city before which the German advance was checked and where, according to European dispatches, the first great battle of the war was fought, are numerous. Principally it was the most strongly fortified obstacle to the supposed plan of the Germans to cut across the lower half of Belgium into French territory, but in addition to this the city is of itself a prize in many ways.

In its surroundings it is the Pittsburgh of Belgium. For miles to the southwest of the city, along the banks of the river Meuse, there are scores of blast furnaces, puddling furnaces, rolling mills and forges. It is the site of the famous Cockerill works, said to be the largest manufactory of machinery in the world. The Lion, erected as a monument on the field of Waterloo, some 60 miles distant, was made here.

Liege proper, with a population of 168,000, lies at the junction of the Meuse and the Ourthe, in a basin margined by hills. Many handsome buildings and gardens strive to keep themselves handsome against the tremendous odds of coal dust.

Surrounded by Mineral Wealth. All around the city is a wealth of coal and iron ore. The mines extend even under the city and river. These natural riches, in connection with the favorable situation of the city at the junction of two navigable rivers, have given rise to the extensive manufacturing industry in the city itself.

The products are varied, but the principal one, and that which would make Liege a valuable prize of war,

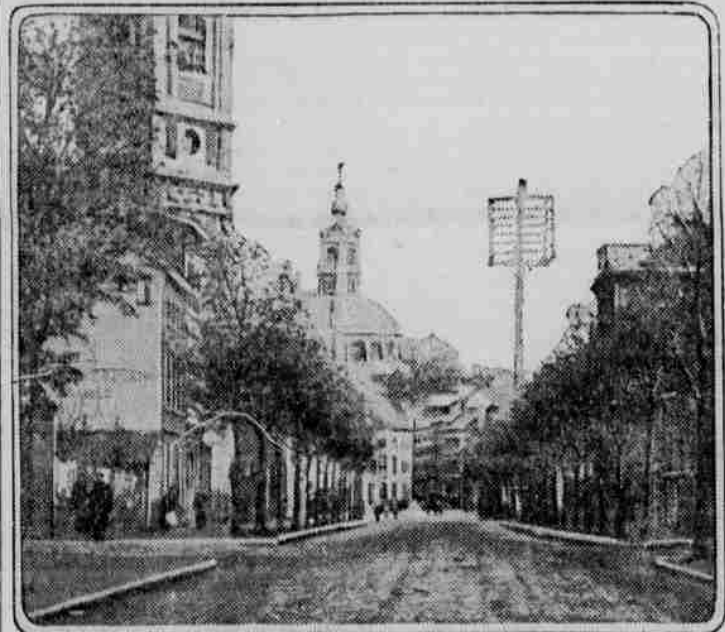
ish neighbors, and speak the French language.

The city first appears in history in the sixth century, at which time a town grew up around the original chapel founded there by St. Monulp, bishop of Tongres. In the tenth century the episcopate of Notger, which had succeeded the early line, was marked by large territorial acquisitions, and the see became recognized as an independent principality of the French empire. There were many popular risings for freedom from the exactions of the episcopal sovereigns, who were also occupied in preserving neutrality in the various wars and preserving their territory from being raided by invading armies.

Taken by Marlborough. They were only in part successful. Liege was taken by Marlborough in 1702, and the fortress was garrisoned by the Dutch until 1718.

The French revolutionary armies overran the principality in 1792, and from 1794 to the fall of Napoleon it was annexed to France, and was known as the department of the Ourthe. The congress of Vienna in 1815 decreed that Liege, with the other provinces of southern Netherlands, should form a part of the new kingdom of the Netherlands under the rule of William I, of the House of Orange. The city of Liege took an active part in the Belgian revolt of 1830, and since that date the ancient principality has been incorporated into the kingdom of Belgium.

The principal point of interest to the tourists in Liege has been the great cathedral, or church of St. Paul, founded in the tenth century



STREET SCENE, LIEGE

is that of firearms. More than 20,000 persons in and around the city are employed in the manufacture of guns, ranging from small arms to the largest of modern weapons. There is a royal cannon factory and a small arm factory also in the suburb of St. Leonard.

In the wars of the last century Liege has played only a small part, but the city itself, is defended with modern fortifications. Its strength, it is said, is far greater than has generally been appreciated by military strategists.

In 1888 the Belgium authorities decided to adequately fortify both Liege and Namur, the two important points on the Meuse. At each place a number of detached forts were constructed along a perimeter drawn a distance varying from within four to six miles of the city. At Liege 12 of these forts were constructed, six on the right bank and six on the left side of the river.

All of the forts have been kept fairly well up to date. The heavy guns, in their concrete casements, are raised and lowered automatically. The names of the forts on the right bank of the river are Barchon, Evegnée, Fleron, Chaudfontaine, Embourg and Boncelles. The average distance between the forts is four miles, but Fleron and Chaudfontaine are separated by little over a mile in a direct line, as they defend the main line of the railway from Germany.

The six forts on the left bank, also commencing at the north, around a western curve, are Pontisse, Liers, Lantin, Loncin, Hologne and Fiemalle. It has been estimated by military authorities that 25,000 men would be necessary for an adequate defense of these fortifications today.

Liege was made to figure largely in Sir Walter Scott's novel "Quentin Durward," in which Scott made a notable blunder by speaking of the people of Liege as talking Flemish. The city is, in fact, the center of the Walloon country.

The Walloons are Romanized Gauls, in a much truer sense than their Flem-

and rebuilt in the thirteenth century. The University, founded in 1317, is one of the largest in the country and enjoys a high reputation for education in the art of mining and manufacturing.

There are many beautiful gardens and the rivers are spanned by splendid bridges, but the larger portions of the city have a crowded aspect of narrow, crooked streets.

The railway lines through Liege are the direct routes from Cologne to Paris and from Luxembourg to Brussels, the possession of either of which would be valuable prizes to the German army. Waterloo, the place which everybody knows as the scene of the downfall of Napoleon at the hands of the allies on the 18th of June, 1815, is not on a direct line from Liege, but lies some sixty miles from it in an air line, south of Brussels.

### Pity the Poor Rats.

Surgeon General Blue has ordered a corps of 12 rat catchers to start from San Francisco for New Orleans. These experts will carry on a campaign of rat extermination to stamp out the contagion. In six months, at a cost of \$100,000, the danger of the bubonic plague will be removed.

But at the cost of the lives of millions of rats! Is not that enough to stir the wrath of all the mushy-hearted people? If it is a crime to use guinea pigs to save human life, how much more wanton is it to slay helpless, defenseless rats on the suspicion that they may be carrying the fleas that propagate a plague! Here is work for the anti-vivisectionists! Save the rats! Let mere men and women die!—Puck.

### Australian State Bakery.

The New South Wales government has decided to supplement its enterprises by the creation of a state bakery at Sydney. The government will acquire a bakery and bake bread for its own institutions. It is expected that the government will be able to deliver bread to the public institutions at one penny a pound. It is not intended to supply the general public from the government bakery.

### HABIT TRACED TO AZTECS

Americans Not the Original Gum Chewers, as the World Seems to Have Believed.

The Aztecs of Mexico are said to have been the first gum chewers known in this, or, for that matter, any other, continent. The followers of Cortez reported that the Indians chewed a gum to quench thirst and relieve exhaustion. They obtained it from the sapote tree by tapping, and today the manner of gathering the sap is in close analogy to the process of gathering maple sugar in New England. The tree is indigenous to the northern countries of South America, Central America and especially in Mexico, the last named furnishing about six-sevenths of the entire supply consumed annually in the United States.

The sapote tree is usually found in groups, frequently grows to a height of 40 to 50 feet, is generally very straight, and has a long, clear length which makes it most desirable for timber. The wood is of a reddish mahogany color, is quite hard, heavy, compact in texture and fine grained. Door sills and frames of this remarkable wood have been unearthed in the prehistoric ruins of Uxmal and found to be in an excellent state of preservation. The wood is in demand today by cabinet makers, who employ it in the manufacture of high grade furniture and household fittings. The fruit, the sapodilla pear, was once very popular in Latin-American markets, but the constant demand for the gum and the consequent tapping so reduced the size and quality of the fruit that it has become almost a negligible product. Throughout the rainy season, while the sap is up, the tapping is done by the "chicleros," whose only implements are a machete and a piece of rope.

The rope is fastened about the waist and slipped around a tree, leaving the chiclero's hands free to make the V-shaped incisions spirally all around the tree. The sap runs along the incisions and is collected in cups at the base. It looks like milk at first, but soon turns to a yellowish color and thickens to the consistency of treacle. It is collected and boiled in a rather primitive manner in large kettles, and when it has reached the proper consistency it is kneaded and the surplus moisture expressed. It is then molded into large loaves and is ready for shipment.—Argonaut.

### Tampered With Town Clock.

Marcellus McGowan, the keeper, has solved the town clock mystery at Kingston, N. C. McGowan alleges malice, but whatever the motive, it is certain that when he clambered into the tower of the court house to learn what was causing his big, bright pet with the gilded hands to strike the hours on the half hours and sometimes strike several hours at once, he found part of the mechanism apparently purposely clogged. Certain roosters in the hearing of the bell's melodious tones had the habit of giving their rattle with its chimes in the early hours, but it is said the perplexed chanciers became as erratic as the clock. At the time McGowan was away at a militia camp, where he didn't have to bother about the time of day at all.

Marcellus McGowan made the following public statement, rather brief, but to the point:

"To whom it may concern: Some one climbed over the partition and put some timber under one of the weights, and stopped it. M. L. McGowan, court house clock."

By the finale of the proclamation it would seem that McGowan and the clock are one in person, as they really are in spirit. Now he would like to know what possessed the malfactor to put the timber under the weight to stop the clock.

### Turkish Women Study Medicine.

Medicine has been practiced by Turkish women for some time, because it is only recently that men doctors have been allowed within the harem. Curiously enough, it is one of the oldest superstitions of the Mohammedan world that has given the greatest impetus to medical studies for women. It is thought among the Moslems that the last wish of an old woman is sacred and must be carried out at all costs. Not long ago the wife of a former grand vizier, Halhidin pasha, died. On her death bed she expressed as her last wish that her twelve-year-old daughter might take special courses in medicine, similar to those given to men. There was nothing for the government to do but to hastily open certain of these courses to women in order that they might not be cursed by ignoring the dying wish of a respected old woman.—Katharine Buell, in Harper's Weekly.

### Restocking Forest Streams.

The restocking of national forest streams in all states where such forests are situated, including those now being acquired in the White mountains and the southern Appalachians, will be given attention as rapidly as supplies of fish fry become available for planting purposes. The forest service is admirably organized to carry on work of this kind, and does so with practically no interference with regular activities since the fish must be handled with the utmost haste and frequently during the late evening or early morning hours. The production of the existing federal and state fish hatcheries is hardly adequate to meet all demands, however, and therefore the work has to be done in installments.

## Fundamental Principles of Health

By ALBERT S. GRAY, M. D.

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### WALKING.

Walking is the least artificial and therefore the most democratic and healthful of all sports. Nature has provided each of us with all the tools required, and all that we need do is to make the personal effort necessary to acquire sufficient skill to use them wisely to secure the great and lasting benefits to be derived therefrom.

Man has been walking after a fashion for about five hundred thousand years, but strange to say few ever acquire the art of walking intelligently, therefore easily and with pleasure and benefit. To be advised to walk is to the great majority of mankind equivalent to being condemned to an unpleasant and most disagreeable task. We much prefer to roll along on rubber tires and dream about what we are going to do some day.

But walking takes front rank as an exercise at all times available to the fagged man of business who can easily find in it the best possible corrective to the drawbacks of a sedentary occupation, and a sport from which he may gain new and keener powers of mind and body. His lungs draw in an abundance of fresh air and his muscles, stretching and expanding under active and normal use, burn out and eliminate the stale accumulation of a torpid period interspersed with too many heavy dinners.

Walking is fatal to headaches and is a sovereign cure for the "nerves" of jaded womankind; no exercise so improves the appearance of woman as normal walking, because it gives a graceful carriage, teaches her to hold herself in balance and helps build up a strong constitution which, after all is said and done, is the sole foundation of all beauty and charm. All that is necessary to become a fairly expert walker is to have a moderately sound constitution and to know how.

Walking rests and stimulates the mind and develops one's power of observation, analysis and reflection—provided it is gone at in the right spirit. The habit of walking cannot be acquired by one impressed solely with the idea that it is beneficial; to such it will not be, for the reason that perfunctory exercise of any description is certain to be disappointing as soon as the novelty wears off, and ultimately it is sure to become deadly tiresome and a bore.

Those who walk only from a sense of duty do not know how to walk because they do not catch the rhythm that keys the entire muscular system into a unit with a swing that pushes the body tirelessly and buoyantly over the earth for long stretches of time at from four to six or more miles per hour.

Paradoxical as it may sound it is really necessary to walk with one's mind as well as with one's legs in order to catch the spirit and the rhythm of the movements, and to do this one must first of all be in fairly good health, and then more than all else one must be comfortably clothed; for if one is not comfortable it is impossible to be in harmony with one's self, and if there is discord inside it is impossible to extract either pleasure or profit from the outside. In this respect walking is like reading a book; you cannot get anything out of a book unless you put some of your own thought into it; you have got to be in accord to get results.

It is in overlooking these supposedly insignificant points that some physicians make grave mistakes. In the most perfunctory manner they will indiscriminately advise walking as a means of developing strength in invalids without examination to determine whether there is sufficient power being developed to warrant the expenditure of the energy necessary to propel the body, and without giving sufficient thought to the subject or adequate advice concerning the kind of clothing the patient shall wear in order to insure the greatest benefit with the least effort and to make certain of a net gain rather than a loss of energy from the exertion. Walking is not to be engaged in as a sport by invalids or by semi-invalids; neither is it advisable for the well to enter into it too strenuously without proper thought and preparation. There is a mechanical side to the subject well worth the careful consideration of any thoughtful person desirous of a long, happy and successful career.

The human machine, like any other power plant, is adjusted to develop a definite amount of power, and the net power delivered in the form of work is very largely influenced by the amount of energy consumed in internal friction and by maladjustments in general. Therefore before expecting to receive either benefit or pleasure from walking it is necessary for mankind to sit down and very frankly study itself from a mechanical point of view and figure out how each necessary move may be made so as to give a maximum result with a minimum effort.