

THE POET AND THE BABY.

How's a man to write a sonnet, can you tell—
How's he going to weave the dim poetic spell—
When a-toddl'ng on the floor
Is the muse he must adore,
And this muse he loves, not wisely, but too well.

A MOUNTAIN GIRL.

IT IS morning. The rising sun
Just tops the crest of that portion
of the Appalachian chain
of mountains between the northern and
southern boundaries of the State of
Kentucky, tingling its peaks and crags
with a grayish vagueness. From every
ravine and gorge huge clouds of smoke-
like mist arise, assuming wondrously
odd and fantastic forms in the uncertain
light. The stillness engendered by
the natural environments and the time
of day is unbroken save now and then
by the far-off bay of a foxhound float-
ing faintly from some mountaineer's
cabin, or the whistle of a dove's wings
as it flies swiftly by to the ledge fields.

The sun climbs higher, and conscious
of its might, drives back to earth the
quenching mists. The rear guard
shadows of the night are mysteriously
disappearing. The smoke of numerous
cabin chimneys can now be distinguished
rising in curling columns of
blue. Along the ruddy clay road, or
rather mountain path, and hugging the
workmen rail fence for safety a red
fox slinks under cover of the alder
bushes, his whiskers and brush bristling
with pendant drops of early morning
dew. A mother quail and her
brood, that have been pluming their
feathers on a topmost rail, with an
afrighted whirr fly to cover.

Presently a soldier in his uniform
comes galloping furiously down the
road; he passes at full speed; the sound
of his steed's hoof beats grow fainter,
and silence for a few minutes again
reigns, only to be broken by a dozen or
more men in uniforms of the other side,
who break cover and also come down
the road like mad; their horses reeking
with sweat and blood. The first man,
farther down where the road forks, has
turned to the right; these others take
the left-hand branch. In a few mo-
ments shots are heard, and presently
a horse, the one ridden by the first
man, comes galloping back to be met
and caught by a slim, dark-eyed moun-
tain girl, who comes suddenly out of
the bushes from somewhere. She
stands there holding the bridle reins in
her right hand; the left is pressed hard
against her heart as if to ward off an
unseen blow. Her eyes stony in their
intensity, look off far up the valley to
a break in the mountains, where God's
good morning displays its brightest
rays. Her gaze finally turns slowly to
the pursuers, who at sound of the shots
have ridden back to the forks, and
catching sight of the girl and the horse
comes excitedly up the road toward
her.

"Bob Jordan's darter," says one of
them.
"Jes' es I thought," inconically replies
he, who appears to be in command.
"The pesky critter 's got warnin' from
sum'er, or he'd bin' gone fawn skin
afore now. What air you adoin' heah
at this time o' day?" he demands of her.
For the first time the girl seems to take
full notice of their presence.
"Did ye heah what I sed?" he de-
mands more commandingly.
"I'd like to know what consarn that
is uv your'n?" she replies, turning to
him defiantly.
"Ain't er body got a good right ter go
whar they please 'bout bein' stopped
in ther road and pestered ter death
'bout hit by er lot uv big, cowardly
men? Ef you air erbliged ter know
tho', I'm er going down to Bob Black-
more's to hep his mother. She air sick
in bed, an' heplless."
"Did ye mean ter ride Bob's hoss
down thar? I low of my eyesight
ain't er fallin' me, that thar air is his
critter. Whar's Bob now?" he con-
tinued coaxingly.
"I don't know nuthin' 'bout him. Ef
you'uns want ter find him, you'd bet-
ter look fer him."
"Whar'd you git his critter, then?"
breaks in one impatiently.
"I stopped him in ther road, right
heah, es I come from down ther path
thar. The critter wuz comin' loppin'
up, when I run out an' headed him off."
After parleying a few moments, the
spokesman again turns to her.
"We'uns think ther more'n likely ye
wuz tellin' ther truth jest now," he
ventures. "Specchully es ye air a mem-
ber uv ther church, and your daddy
wuz, too, an' er elder besides. Sissy,"
he insinuates, "nobody ever heard tell
uv your tellin' no lie afore. Which way
did ye say ther critter wuz kummin'
from?" She looks him steadily in the
face.
"That way," she says, indicating with
a wave of her hand the opposite direc-
tion. "Ther Lord forgive me," she
mentally pleaded, "fer tellin' uv lie fer
him."
"Ther won't do, Sissy. We'uns jes
kum ther air way ourselves, right after
him. We'uns had better look fer him
right er-round heah. I reckon. I hear
tell," he said for the girl's benefit, "wher

whar thar's enny petticoats er-round
Bob Blackmore ain't fur er-way."
"You better look out fer yerself," she
scornfully replies. "He'un is mighty
handy with his weepins, and with his
fists, too. I reckon you know that, too,
don't you, Jim Wooten? I hev heard
tell that you an' him had er fight ter
wunce, an' Bob didn't kum out no little
end uv ther horn, neither."

"We'uns will fix all thet' thar ef we
ever git our han's on ther on'ry, good-
fer-nuthin' scoundrel ergin. He'uns
ain't fitten ter live noways."
"Ye'er sight mo' fitten than you
air," she breaks in hotly. "He's allus
bin er hard-workin', sober man, an'
taken keer uv his mammy; sumpin you
never done. 'Sides that, he's er gentle-
man, an' allus minded his own busi-
ness. Do you'uns call this wah?" she
demands with rising vehemence. "Too
cowardly ter go way from home an'
fight yerself, but lay round heah an'
take everything ennybody's got left.
An' soon's somebody—that's Bob
Blackmore—who's fightin' fer his side
heahs his maw's sick, an' slips off ter
kum an' see her, ter houn' him like er
dog an' try ter kill him. Hit's jes cause
he's better'n you air."

The faint winding of a horn down the
road arrests their attention, and hur-
riedly mounting their horses they ride
off, one calling back to her:
"We've got him, Sissy. Thet's Tom
Winburn. I tole him ter kum up ther
road, so's to head him off an' meet
we'uns heah."

The pursuers proceeded down the
right-hand road beyond the forks, from
whence the shots seemed to have come,
where the road makes a sudden dip into
a dry ravine. Down there a man lies
still in death, his cheek pressed heavily
against the delicate ferns that grow
luxuriantly out of the cool shadows. The
trees meeting overhead almost ex-
clude the light, but now and then a
recreant bough, straying from its place
through bidding of the gentle morning
breeze, lets in a feeble ray of sunshine
that touches up the dead man's face
with a pallid coloring. The nodding
ferns caress his pale cheek in vain.
The morning songsters sing their lays
to unhearing ears. The pines and hem-
locks mingling their foliage with the
poplars, and bowing their good morn-
ings to the beeches and young hick-
ories, sigh in vain to arouse or soothe
the sleeper. He will never again take
cognizance of earthly things, nor inhale
the beauty and vitality of his native
mountains—his spirit has gone before
the last tribunal. A round hole in the
center of his forehead shows where
the messenger of death has entered,
bringing its inevitable summons. His
slouch hat lies where it has fallen a few
feet away, his right hand still clutches
a pistol, his finger within the guard and
grasping the trigger. His garb is the
same as they wear who find him.

He had sought unfairly to take hu-
man life, and with his own had paid
the penalty. Coming from farther
down the mountain to meet his com-
rades and seeing the fugitive he had
ridden aside into the ravine, intending
to slay him unawares as he passed.
But he had seen the interceptor, and
was prepared, and as the other fired at
him going by he too had fired in return,
and slew him. It was but a moment's
work to exchange his steed for the
fresher one of the dead man and ride
furiously forward again. The horse
deserted, frightened at the realization
of something wrong and scared at sight
of the dead man, gallops back to be
met and caught by the girl.

But now, heartbroken, overwhelmed
and frightened at sight of the inani-
mate body they shortly bring up the
road toward her she flees stricken and
crushed, thinking it to be the other
one. And thus it is for days and long
weary days, until by chance she learns
the truth.

The war's over. Another bright
morning. A man rides leisurely up the
road; where it forks he catches sight
of a woman's form sitting on a fallen
tree, where she has evidently stopped
to rest.
"Ma'nin', Miss Sissy," he says. At
the sound of her name the girl looks
up quickly, and then as quickly down
again, a flush surmounting her usually
colorless cheeks.
"Ma'nin', Bob," she quietly re-
sponds. "We loved up ter our house
es how maybe you'uns had forgot us.
How's your maw?" quickly changing
the subject.

"Hit did look bad in my not erkum-
min' ter see you all afore now," he re-
joins, ignoring the last question. "But
I had ter kinder straighten up around
home a bit afore I got out much."
"I thaut you wuz killed wunce, Bob,"
she ventures by way of further con-
versation. Instantly he dismounts,
leaving his horse standing in the road,
and goes up and sits down beside her.
"Wh'y did you'uns think that?" he
asks.
"I wuz ergin' down ter your maw's
an' stopped your critter in the road up
thar that time, an' then they brought
he'un that wuz killed, an'—an'—" she
could go no further at recollection of
her misery.
"An' did you keer, Sissy?" he asks,
leaning eagerly forward.
"You warn't dead," she protests.
"Well, then uv ther fac' that you thaut
I wuz dead?"
She answers him nothing. A few dry
leaves flutter in the autumn air and
fall at their feet. A wild grape vine
nods its approval and swings in the
breeze, and the branches of the trees
overhead rustle with the gambols of a
young fox squirrel. A flame-crested
woodpecker flies to a dead pine and be-
gins plugging unmolested away. He
puts his arm around her and draws her
to him.
"Who writ that thar note, then, Sissy,
that wuz shoved under ther door that
night ter warn me? You will tell me
that, won't ye? An' who tuck keer of
my mammy when she wuz sick? Sissy,
honey"—the arm draws tighter—"won't

you marry me?" She hides her face
against his breast.
"You air shore good at axin' ques-
tions, Bob," she says, "an' I love ye."—
Louisville Times.

INHERITED DISEASES.

Care May Prevent Transmission from
Parent to Child.
The question of heredity, or the trans-
mission of certain mental traits or
physical characteristics from parents
to children, is one that has been much
studied, but of which as yet too little
is known. Formerly the inheritance of
disease was believed in implicitly, by
physicians as well as by laymen, and the
list of maladies to which children were
supposed to be almost inevitably con-
demned by the accident of birth was
a very long one.

Among these hereditary diseases
were reckoned consumption and scrofula,
leprosy, gout, rheumatism, goitre,
cancer, insanity, epilepsy and many
other nervous affections. As we learn
more about these maladies, however,
one after another of them is removed
wholly or in part from this category
and placed among the acquired dis-
eases.

Undoubtedly some diseases are really
inherited, but their number is certainly
not large. Many diseases run in fam-
ilies, but are not on that account neces-
sarily hereditary.

Consumption, for example, was only
recently regarded as one of the most
surely inherited diseases, and is still
believed by many to be so. But we
now know that it is a germ disease,
which, while not "catching" in the ordi-
nary sense of the word, is readily
transmitted from the sick to the well
when the invalid is careless in his hab-
its, especially as regards expectoration.
It is also acquired more readily by
those of delicate constitution than by
the robust.

The children of consumptive parents
are seldom robust, and so are predis-
posed to any of the germ diseases, and
living constantly in a house where the
germs of consumption are necessarily
abundant, they are very likely to be-
come victims of that disease.

This is an important fact. It teaches
us that since, as a rule, only the pre-
disposition to the family disease is in-
herited, and not the disease itself, the
chances of the younger generation's
escaping, if proper care is used, are
very great.

The bringing up of a child in a con-
sumptive family should be of a special-
ly hygienic character. The best of
foods, of fresh air and sunlight, not too
much study, long hours of sleep in a
well-ventilated room and, as far as
possible, avoidance of exposure to the
contagion of the family malady—these
are the weapons by which the malign
influence of inherited weakness of con-
stitution may be overcome and many
precious lives saved.—Youth's Com-
panion.

DRY CLIMATE OF THE ARCTIC.

Wounds Sometimes Heal Rapidly in
It—Meats Do Not Become Putrid.
One of the American consuls in Ger-
many has forwarded to the State De-
partment a report made by Dr. Rowitz,
the physician of the German Fisheries
Society, who spent four months in the
Arctic last year, on some climatic con-
ditions of that region. He made some
interesting discoveries concerning the
putrefaction processes and the healing
of wounds. His steamer arrived at
Bear Island in the beginning of July.
Fish caught on the voyage and dried in
the Norwegian fashion showed not a
trace of putridity as long as the air
remained dry and clear. Even the nat-
ural fishy smell disappeared. Walrus
meat caught on the island and left ex-
posed on the rocks kept perfectly fresh
and sweet. It tasted, by the way, much
like beefsteak.

RHYMES FOR THE WEEK.

When to Sneeze, Play, Work or Pray
Outlined in Old-Time Verse.
While it is true that superstition is
dying out, it is also true that in many
minds there lingers a little vestige of
faith in bygone traditions. To find
proof of this one has only to enter some
of the large stores and see upon the
jewelry counter a display of rabbits'
feet handsomely mounted, and appro-
priately labeled as fulfilling all the con-
ditions supposed to be necessary to in-
sure good luck to the wearer of the
charm.

In an old book, written in the year
1639, are found some rhymes upon the
days of the week which have outlived
many a piece of writing more worthy
of preservation. On reading some of
them one somehow receives the impres-
sion that every day of the week was
either a Sunday or a holiday, and that
the simple folk had nothing to do but
to play and rest when not engaged in
prayer, an impression not borne out
by the "stubborn facts" of the hard-
working lives of the masses in "olden
times." That Sunday was scrupulously
observed is evident from the warnings
of the direful consequences of cutting
the nails or even sneezing on the Sab-
bath.

You know that Munday is Sundaye's
brother;
Tuesday is such another;
Wednesday you must go to church and
pray;
Thursday is half-holiday;
On Friday it is too late to begin to spin;
On Saturday is half-holiday again.

Cut your nails on Monday, cut them fer
news;
Cut them on Tuesday, a pair of new
shoes;
Cut them on Wednesday, cut them fer
health;
Cut them on Thursday, cut them fer
wealth;
Cut them on Friday, you'll cut them fer
woe;
Cut them on Saturday, a journey you'll
go;
Cut them on Sunday, you'll cut them fer
evil.

For all the next week you'll be ruled by
the devil.
Born on Monday,
Fair of face;
Born on Tuesday,
Full of God's grace;
Born on Wednesday,
Merry and glad;
Born on Thursday,
Sour and sad;
Born on a Friday,
Godly given;
Born on Saturday,
Work for a living;
Born on a Sunday,
Never shall want;
So there's the week,
And the end o' it.

Sneeze on a Monday, you sneeze for dan-
ger;
Sneeze on a Tuesday, you'll kiss a
stranger;
Sneeze on a Wednesday, you sneeze for
a letter;
Sneeze on a Thursday, for something
better;
Sneeze on a Friday, you'll sneeze for
sorrow;
Sneeze on a Saturday, your sweetheart
to-morrow;
Sneeze on a Sunday, your safety seek,
The devil will have you for the whole
of the week.
—New York Tribune.

"Forgettin'"
The night when last I saw my lad
His eyes were bright and wet.
He took my two hands in his own.
" 'Tis well," says he, "we're met
Ashore machree! the like o' me
I bid ye now forget."

Ah, sure the same's a triffin' thing,
'Tis more I'd do for him!
I mind the night I promised well,
Away on Ballandim—
An' every little while or so
I thy forgettin' Jim.

It shouldn't take that long to do,
An' him not very tall;
'Tis quare the way I'll hear his voice,
A boy that's out o' call—
An' whiles I see him stand as plain
As er'er a six-foot wall.

Och, never fear, my Jewel!
I'd forget ye now this minute,
If I only had a notion
O' the way I should begin it;
But first and last it isn't known
The heap o' trouble in it.

Myself began the night ye went
An' hasn't done it yet;
I'm nearly fit to give it up,
For wher's the use to fret?—
An' the morning's fairly spoilt on me
Wid mindin' to forget.
—London Spectator.

A HUMAN LADDER.



How members of the Chicago fire de-
partment reach a high window when the
ladder is too short.

FROM ACTRESS TO NEWS GIRL.

A Sorrowful Change in the Life of
Palma Schroder.
From the footlights, where a few sea-
sons ago she was a favorite, Palma
Schroder has descended to the ranks
of the New York news girls. Once a
queeny beauty, she is now a cripple,
supported by crutches. Miss Schro-
der is a California girl, who first ap-
peared on the stage in "The Streets of
New York." Later she took part in
other plays and was on the high road
to success when, one morning, while
riding her wheel to get some medicine



for her mother, who was then living
with her in New York, she was knock-
ed down by a trolley car, dragged the
length of a block and left maimed and
helpless. Her mother, also an invalid,
proposed suicide, but the younger
woman refused. Instead she got a bun-
dle of papers, went on crutches to the
door of the Casino, where she had once
been a favorite, and took her station as
a news girl. There she may now be
found, night after night, selling her
papers and eking out a scanty living for
herself and her mother.



THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

Chronic Rheumatism.
This name should, according to all
medical usage, represent a continua-
tion of an acute rheumatism in a less
violent and painful form, and such
cases are actually found under the
name chronic rheumatism. Yet this
name, as ordinarily employed, design-
ates several affections, all of which
are characterized by pains in the joints
or in the muscles, which have a ten-
dency to persist indefinitely. There is
a form of chronic rheumatism which
affects the patient like the acute dis-
ease, except that the symptoms are less
marked; there may be no fever, the
pain and soreness are less intense, the
tenderness on pressure is comparatively
slight, and the swelling of the joints
may be scarcely noticeable. As in the
acute variety, various joints are affect-
ed successively. The disease may final-
ly become concentrated and remain
fixed in a single joint. In this disease
there is but little disturbance of the
general health, insufficient, indeed, to
disturb the patient's avocation. Yet
there are instances in which move-
ments of the affected part cause con-
siderable pain, and patients may be
even confined to the bed. After long
continuance of the disease the affected

Joints may present irregular enlarge-
ments and stiffenings, while the mus-
cles of these limbs become small from
lack of use.
In many cases of acute rheumatism
the severity of the pain varies extreme-
ly with the weather; so that such in-
dividuals are usually able to foretell, by
a few hours, the occurrence of cold and
moist weather. There is a variety of
rheumatism, so called, in which the
pain is felt chiefly along the leg bones,
the "shins," and occurs especially at
night.

Treatment.—One of the most import-
ant features of treatment of chronic
rheumatism is care in wearing flannel
next to the skin throughout the year.
The administration of drugs is by no
means certain to produce beneficial
results. Some cases are materially ben-
efited by the regular employment of the
hot air, or hot vapor bath, the Turkish
bath, etc. The fact is, that the treat-
ment of each case of chronic rheuma-
tism is largely an experiment which
can be successfully accomplished after
considerable time has been spent in
trials of drugs and remedial measures.
Among the medicines which are most
frequently useful are the iodide of
potassium, guaiac, and cod liver oil.
The following formula may be given:

Iodide of potassium.....Five drachms
Tincture of guaiac.....Two ounces
Water.....Two ounces
Mix, and take a teaspoonful four
times a day.
Other cases will be benefited by using
colchicum with the alkalis. An exam-
ple of such mixture is the following:
Wine of colchicum root.....One drachm
Bicarbonate of potassium.....Three drachms
Rochelle salts.....Three drachms
Peppermint water.....Four ounces
Take a tablespoonful three times a
day.

TALKS ON ADVERTISING.

The "lucky" advertiser always hap-
pens to possess a lot of common sense.
—Profitable Advertising.
For local business the local newspa-
pers are by far the best advertising
mediums.—The Ad Writer.
Advertising is valuable exactly in
proportion to the extent to which the
thing advertised is found to bear out
the claim made for it.—Montreal (Can.)
Witness.
The force and profit of advertising
consists in constantly keeping before
the people your location what you have
to sell, the prices at which you will sell,
and in religiously keeping every prom-
ise.—St. Louis Star.
Newspaper advertising is the very
best "hustler" any firm can employ,
going into thousands of homes and
reaching people who are approachable
in no other way. It is an indispens-
able part of every modern business.—
Saginaw (Mich.) News.

The question is often asked, Why is
newspaper advertising the most profit-
able? And it is to be said that most of
the answers have failed in giving the
actual reason. The first reason is, that
the newspaper advertisements find the
public mind when it is in an explan-
atory and receptive condition. When
a person in his own time is reading a
newspaper, he will naturally take in
with the news of the outside world
those facts which are of use in man-
agement of his home and the purchase
of his supplies. The second is, when a
seller puts his advertisement in a news-
paper he at once enters into open
competition with all others in the same
line of business; his facts and prices
are stated with the knowledge that they
will be noted by these competitors as
well as by the public, while the adver-
tiser by circular or sign seems to be
endeavoring to do a quiet, non-com-
petitive business.—Paterson (N. J.)
News.

Man and Beast.
Nothing can be so terrible to an animal
as a human being. There are times
when the brute seems to recognize in-
stinctively that man belongs to a higher
order of creation, and is stricken with
a feeling akin to awe in his presence.
In a small African village, some years
ago, there was a scare about some leop-
ards which were said to have killed a
number of goats. Accordingly two
white men, accompanied by several na-
tives, set off to hunt them. Presently
they found a place in the long grass
where it was evident that one of the
brutes had recently lain, for the ground
was still warm.
The natives formed a ring round it,
and the hunters got their guns ready.
After a little while the leopard emerged
from the long grass and was fired at
and wounded, but not fatally. With a
great bound, he sprang on one of the
white men, and brought him to the
ground. Holding his victim, he turned
and growled savagely at the others.
The natives gave a yell wild for fear,
and then, like a shot, the leopard
sprang away. He had not been fright-
ened by the guns, but the yell terrified
him.
The wounded hunter was ill for a
long time, and finally had to go back
to England, as one of his eyes was badly
injured.

The Real "Flowery Kingdom."
Flowers bloom in the Sandwich Is-
lands all the year round; therefore it is
believed that that country is more de-
serving than Japan of the title, "Flow-
ery Kingdom."

Ireland has the most equable climate
of any country in Europe.