

AMENDS TO NATURE.

I have loved colors, and not flowers; Their motion, not the swallow's wings;

How is it now that I can see, With love and wonder and delight, The children of the hedge and tree,

Ho, is it that I see the roads No longer with usurping eyes, A twilight meeting place for toads,

I feel in every ridge that hums, Life, fugitive and infinite, And suddenly the world becomes A part of me and I of it.

Two Strange Companions

Looking back upon it now, it seems that I must have hated Harvey Darrington, the essence of him, the thing in the abstract which he embodied in the concrete and tangible, longer than the span of my own life.

As I took his extended hand, the puny fragility of the thing was smoothed in my clasp. I closed my grip upon it, and the man winced as the bones crunched together under the pressure.

A Chicago firm intended the purchase of some thousands of acres of land for the exclusive raising of sheep, and I was informed that Harvey Darrington was looking over the large Lawson ranch for this express purpose.

The old man, Jim Dawson, commissioned me with the task of showing off the ranch to Darrington, being well acquainted with the whole country, and also because of some previous experience with sheep in Texas.

We were peculiar and strange comrades, the embodiment of two spirits which were at war. My position was galling; to live with this man whom I had met only to hate, to ride with him the long hours of the day, with the knowledge of him ever at my side,

As the days added themselves to pulp together, each one placing us at a greater number of miles from the ranch old house and bringing us closer to the thin fringe of cacti where the swell sun of the grass plain drops away into the first sand areas of the desert, a scheme revolved itself within my mind where a detour purpose might be accomplished in a manner which seemed to me at once satisfying and skillful.

The burr sticks or barbs are forced through the blanket into the flesh beneath by the pressure of the saddle. Darrington was already in the saddle waiting for me when I mounted. This had planned. As my weight settled onto the saddle the horse suddenly threw up his head and leaped straight into the air, coming down with stiff whetters planted in a bunch.

Then, without a moment's warning, he was away. I turned my head to motion Darrington to follow. He was

watching me, smiling interestedly. I had no need to prompt him. He was coming. If my horse would only run three or four miles it would be easy to become perplexed, but I had no fear of that issue, my only hope being that the race would last.

Exhaustion was getting the better of pain and fear, and gradually I felt the pace break. I reined in sharply, and the horse answered obediently, coming to a full stop in a dozen paces. I saw Darrington's dust-cloud bearing down upon us, a quarter mile away as I dismounted. I quickly loosened the girth and removed the saddle. Then I slipped the blanket from the poor beast's tortured back and began to pick out the burrs. Darrington arrived as I was removing the last one, his horse equally blown.

"See, this is what caused all the rumpus. Very careless of me not to clean the blanket before saddling," I cried, holding up the burr for his inspection.

"Yes, very careless," he replied with his devilish smile. "Strange," he added very thoughtfully, "there were none in my blanket. You must have found a patch of them."

I did not answer him and arranged the blanket, preparing to remount. When I had completed the task and turned to him again, he was looking about him over the unbroken stretch of sand. The prairie was gone. About us, billow on billow, stretched an endless sea of sand with the even swell of a peaceful ocean.

"H— of a fine place, this," he said. "I can not exactly distinguish the course we followed, we made so many turns, and it all looks alike. Strikes me we came in from about there. But we can get back all right."

"Oh, sure, we didn't come very far. We can get out easy enough. Right back there is where we started," pointing my hand in the direction he had referred to. I smiled. I could not check it. And I anticipated, when he should turn again, to see his cheek pale a trifle, to find his eyes filled with anxiety. But I was disappointed, he



I GUESS WE'LL STICK IT OUT TOGETHER.

turned to me, smiling pleasantly, as if about to challenge me to a game of cards.

"Well, let's be off on our way," he called cheerily, turning his horse to the right and taking the course we had agreed upon, and I followed willingly. He was leading me into the heart of the desert.

After riding for two hours, Darrington pulled up. He had reached the top of one of the sand hills. As I came up, he was gazing toward the horizon, again shading his eyes. He stood up in the stirrups and looked in every direction. I did not take the trouble to follow his example. When he had finished the circuit he turned to me. He looked at me coolly for a few moments and I perceived that he understood the predicament we were in. But there was no indication of fear in his blue eyes, only a grim resolution and determination to play out the game and win.

A sort of admiration sprang up within me for him, which was tempered with a desire to wear him out, break him, make him whine, sob, and beg, to have the satisfaction of seeing fear of death in his eyes, and hear the cry on his lips for mercy. I recognized it was to be a battle and also the likelihood of my own ruin. In fact, the impending probability of such an end, for I was as much unacquainted with the waste as he. I began to grow very thirsty, with the strange burning desert thirst that craves water in large quantities. Examining my canteen, I found it about three-quarters full.

Every hour or two Darrington halted to survey and change the course. I remained behind, allowing him to pilot our voyage upon this shifting, sandy ocean. He did not favor me with another look, but simply set the direction of our progress without any seeming care as to whether I followed; and he understood why I would follow.

He would have perished rather than ask me to take the lead and bring him back to the land of life. I believe that he had an idea that I could find out the way and anticipated that I might try to desert him, and leave him to his destiny. Nightfall came, and we almost fell off our horses, and the animals themselves sank down upon the sand without moving from their tracks. I dozed off immediately, but awoke presently. I stirred and went over to my horse with the intention of taking the saddle from the poor beast's back, so that it might rest more easily. As I reached the animal, I observed Darrington raise his head and watch me. I began loosening the girth. He was on his feet immediately, but lay down when he saw what I was about. I do not believe he slept at

all, but know that he kept an eye on me, for later in the night he came and waked me with the suggestion that we be progressing, as we could make better time in the cool of the night.

On the morning of the fourth day we found that Darrington's horse had perished in the night. He stood close by, looking at it steadily for a few minutes, and then turned to me. From his expression I was certain that he expected that I would now ride away and leave him to his fate, for he was smiling up at me as though to wish me an enjoyable journey to the city and that I might find all the folks well. This was the way Darrington met the prospect of walking out of a hell that he could not evade on horseback. I climbed into the saddle and drove the spurs into the horse's flanks. A weakness came over me; a terrible one which I must flee from. This man was too great for the hate that was within me. He seemed to be getting the better of me and all through my admiration.

After riding for the period of an hour or more I pulled my horse up and returned. There was no satisfaction in allowing this man to stay behind. I began to have my doubts, indeed, had been for the last hour. I had been thinking and my whole view was changed. It seemed a pity to let a man like Darrington die, he who could smile in the face of death which was confronting him with certainty. If he had shown the white feather, and had cursed, but he was game to the end, and his smile I could not forget; it haunted me.

I was extremely anxious now to save the man I had set out to destroy. I retraced my steps in as great haste and speed as I could compel my horse to assume. I was in as great a hurry to locate him as I had been to leave him. I even had fears, sickening fears that I might not be able to find him. It was a chance in a hundred, nay, in a thousand, that I should, but I succeeded and in a couple of hours more I discerned a tiny figure of black moving upon the white. When I caught up with him he was toiling doggedly along, feet shuffling and head down. Yet when I overtook him he smiled his welcome.

"It was impossible to do it, Darrington," I said. "You win. I guess we'll stick it out together." He was actually unwilling to share the horse with me. "That isn't fair and right to you," he said. "Ill-luck was mine and I'm willing to fight my way out alone. You stand a chance of finding your way out; together your chance is severed in two."

He proceeded to take his course again, but I covered him with my revolver and called him to stop. He smiled at me over the weapon, pleasantly. "Oh, that has no terrors for me now," he said. "That, you know, would be rather a favor compared to this," and he waved his hand in the direction where earth and sky meet.

"Look here, Darrington, you fail to get my idea," I said. "Either we get out or not together, as the case may be. If you refuse to ride, I'm going to walk." The expression of his face instantly changed. Coming up close, he looked at me for what seemed a very long time. Then, without a word, he climbed up behind me, and we started once more our pathless ramble upon the chartless and sandy sea.

The horse lasted a day and one-half longer. When we began our wandering on foot we were unable to speak above a whisper, and without water. The remainder of our journey is hazy. Somehow we kept with one another. It is all a blur to me, a nightmare of fire, waking in spasms to discover Darrington falling at my side. Then there is a faint recollection of finding him on the ground and my inability to arouse him, of dragging him, then of crawling, swooning and crawling again, with a bloody mist before my eyes, then, blank.

A shepherd watching his flock near the fringe of desert espied two tiny objects upon its pale face which appeared to him very slowly moving. Being of an inquisitive nature, he investigated, and it is to him we are indebted for our lives.

That was twenty-one years ago, and Darrington and I have been going it with each other ever since. In those twenty years he has not let slip by one summer spending a month or two on my farm at the lake. I have taught all his kids to ride and rope and tether. He still has that smile, which seemed to change astonishingly since our rambling on sandy seas. I am not ashamed to admit that I was in error. The antithetical nature of our beings which inspired hate was one caused through ignorance and misunderstanding which is all as old as the hills. We have talked it over and laid its memory away, for we have come to the conclusion that it was wisely given us, thus to make entry into each other's lives, and that this hatred was as a terrible, raging, and fierce fire, where in the waste and refuse is burned away, while the gold comes forth pure, true, stronger, and richer for the burning.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Brute. "I think I'll sue for divorce on the grounds of extreme cruelty." "What has your husband done?" "Why, he wants me to wear my horse show gown to the automobile exhibit."—Kansas City Journal.

Once in a very great while we meet a girl who knows how to handle a man as well as a young widow does. A girl likes an honest young man— if he isn't too honest to steal a kiss

NOISES IN VENICE.

The Way They Crash Upon the Normal Quiet of the City.

With all the water traffic and with not a horse or a cab or a wagon to wake the echoes, the utter silence of Venice is the thing that first impresses the traveler. Yet because there is no undertone of city noises in which occasional noises may merge the Grand canal at Venice seems to the sleeper at night the noisiest place in the world, for every little noise crashes into one's sleep, and the most wakeful hours of our six weeks in Italy were spent on the Grand canal in Venice. The bells of the churches probably do not ring louder nor more frequently than they ring in other cities, yet because Venice is so still these bells clang through the night like the alarm of a continuous and ever increasing fire. The howl of a lovemong human calf carrying home three drinks and a throbbing heart, a noise that may be heard by the attentive listener any place on earth after 11 o'clock, in Venice becomes insistent and demoniacal. The common quarrel in the street enters the bedroom at night with nerve racking distinctness, and the morning song of the market gardener bringing his wares to town in his silent boat smites the sleeper's ears like a call to arms. If Macbeth really did murder sleep, the crime was done in Venice.

There are, of course, considerable acres in Venice—Islands—where the streets are paved and where commerce goes on in the ordinary way, except that there are no horses or carriages in the narrow ways.—William Allen White in Emporia Gazette.

THE POLICEMAN'S FRIGHT.

"Yes, sir," said the big policeman. "I dare say I've been in what you might call some pretty tight places. Every policeman is sooner or later. But the worst scare I ever got had the least danger in it." The policeman was on duty, but duty at the moment was not very pressing. A procession was coming, sooner or later that morning along the thoroughfare, but it was not yet in sight, and the policeman had fallen into conversation with a citizen who was waiting to see it.

"How did it happen?" asked the citizen. "Twas this way," said the policeman. "I was a young lad at the time, new to the force, and swelled up with my own importance as a husky boy who had just done himself credit in the physical examination. Nothing had any terrors in it for me, and I was just looking for adventure for the mere love of it. Mebbe you've had the feeling, sir?"

"I was on night duty," continued the officer, "walking a beat in the business part of the city, and trying the doors as I came to 'em, to make sure everything was fastened. Presently I came to a door down a side alley, and when I tried it, it opened under my hand, and I stepped inside in the dark."

"Unlocked," said the citizen. "Sure. Said I to myself, 'Here's something for you to look into, and mebbe an arrest of burglars at their work and a picture of the brave officer in the morning papers.'"

"So I crept along in the dark, feeling of the wall, and finally the wall ended, and I was out in a large room, with no wall to feel of. It was so still I could hear myself breathing. So I went down in my pocket for my match-box and struck a light.

"Twas just midnight for I could hear the clocks booming outside; and when that match was well-lighted I got the worst scare I'll get this side of judgment-day. All around me were men and women; standing quiet and staring at me.

"Twas the quietness of 'em and the horrid, fixed way they looked that got on my nerves, and when the match went out, I gave one yell and made for the entry, feeling as if every one of them was after me."

"But who were they?" asked the interested citizen. "Wax figures," said the policeman, tersely. "The little door that I found open was the back entrance to one of those waxwork museums, and the janitor had forgot to lock it after him."—Youth's Companion.

Wanted—A young gentleman on the point of marrying a lovely girl is most desirous of meeting with a man of experience who will take the responsibility of dissuading him from this dangerous step.—Harper's Weekly.

In France. "Lend me your revolver." "What for?" "Too shoot myself with." "Rather not." "Why? I'll give it you back."—Bon Vivant.

When the Bluefish Gather. The capture of bluefish from New Jersey to Monomoy during a season is 1,000,000, averaging six pounds. Bluefishing on the New England coast lasts 120 days.

Hans Brestman Says: "Of a strangerer wants you to endorse a check, tell him you are willing to vault till der pank vos open."—Cleveland News.

The optician would soon be looking for another job if beer glasses improved the eyesight.

JASPER AND NEWTON SOME AMERICAN NOMENCLATURE

The names of the makers of the nation, Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Madison, Monroe, are easily recognized, but sometimes a minor hero wins renown, is exalted in the minds of the people, his name is used, and later men forget why.

Nine States of this country have in their list of geographic nouns, applied either to towns, counties or county seats, the names of Jasper and Newton. And the list does not include the Newton which meant New Town, nor the other two, named, one for Sir Isaac Newton and the other for an American Isaac Newton.

The United States Geological Survey, bulletin No. 258, gives the origin of certain place names in this country. It says, briefly enough, that the Jasper of Arkansas, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Mississippi and Texas, and Newton of Arkansas, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Mississippi and Texas are named for two sergeants of the Revolutionary War—Sergeant William Jasper of Fort Moultrie, S. C., fame, and Sergeant William Newton.

In June, 1776, when the British ships were attacking Fort Moultrie, the crescent flag of South Carolina fell outside the walls of the fort on the beach. Sergeant Jasper leaped outside the defending walls, walked the length of the fort, picked up the flag, fastened it on a sponge staff and, in sight of the fleet, fixed it on the bastion. As he came back his companions gave him three cheers, and he had passed into the ranks of immortal heroes. Sergeant Jasper having distinguished himself, Colonel Moultrie gave him a sort of free-lance assignment, telling him to go where he willed, to watch and see where he could best serve his country. He was privileged to select from his regiment such men as he wished to accompany him on these personally conducted expeditions, and having selected Sergeant William Newton, the two prepared to do that which has placed their names on the map of the Western continent.

A Mrs. Jones was in great and natural distress because her husband, with other American war prisoners, was to be taken into Savannah to be hanged. Jasper, thinking that the guard accompanying these American prisoners would in all probability stop for water at a certain spring, hid with Newton in the bushes near by. When the guard of eight British soldiers came two were left with the prisoners while the others went down to the spring for water. Jasper and Newton leaped from behind the bushes and shot the sentinels. The others surrendered. Mr. Jones was restored to his family. The spring was henceforth called Jasper's Spring.

At the siege of Savannah, in October, 1779, Jasper met his death, as did perhaps a better remembered man, Pulaski. The French and South Carolinians, working together, were trying to fix their colors on the parapet. Three American lieutenants had essayed in vain to raise the colors given by Mrs. Elliot and fallen mortally wounded. Jasper seized the standard of the South Carolina regiment, fastened it where it meant victory, and fell into a ditch shot. A monument at Charleston and at least two poems, "The Death of Jasper" and the "Swamp Steed," show that a later generation is no unmindful of the bravery of the past. It is well that even between the covers of a text-book of geography there should be enshrined heroic deeds, and that the names of town and county should perpetuate the best moments and acts of those who have passed on.



The federal forest service has developed a process for making paper from scrub pine, which covers extensive areas on the southern Atlantic seaboard and is little used except for fuel.

A London scientific journal that analyzed samples of snow taken from the roof of its building found that week-day snows contained about five times the impurities of those gathered on Sundays.

It has been satisfactorily demonstrated that the blue rays from mercury vapor lamps kill bacteria and sterilize water in which the lamps are placed without appreciably increasing its temperature.

Because of an increase in the number of cases of malaria, the city of Leipzig has declared war on the mosquito and will fine any resident who fails to carry out certain regulations intended to exterminate the insect.

Because the blowing out of fuses has caused panics among passengers, new cars being built at St. Louis are carrying the fuses on the outside, the smoke and discharge material passing through slatted openings to the outer air.

Hitherto the use of the falls of the river Rhone for the production of electric power has been almost confined to the Swiss part of the stream, but a project is on foot for the utilization of the falls at Genissiat, in French territory, for the production of electric power to be sent to Paris. The falls have a descent of over 200 feet, and it is estimated that they will produce 150,000 kilowatts per hour, an amount of energy the production of which would demand the consumption of more than 200 tons of coal.

Sir William Ramsay and R. W. Graw have liquefied and, they believe, solidified the emanation from radium, which is popularly famous for changing spontaneously into helium. The boiling point of the emanation at atmospheric pressure is 48.5 degrees below zero centigrade. The liquid is slightly phosphorescent, but if it is cooled with liquid air it begins to glow with a white light, which passes first to yellow and then to orange. In the microscope the light resembles a little electric arc. On removing the liquid air the colors succeed each other in the reverse order, and a blue color appears, followed by a change as if the crystals of a solid were dissolving. The experimenters believe that the brilliantly luminous substance seen is the emanation in the solid state.

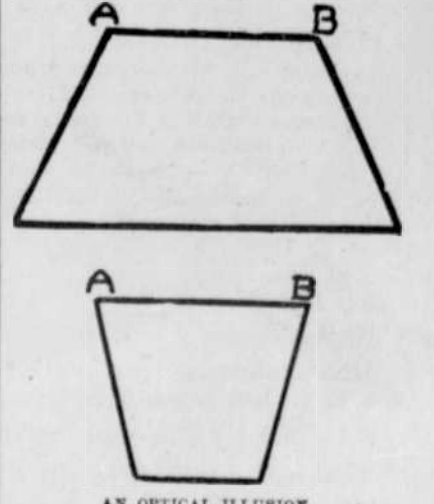
Since 1906 diamonds have been found in Pike County, Ark., in rock similar to that of the diamond fields of South Africa. It is a peridotite of igneous origin which has been pushed up through carboniferous and cretaceous formations. In some places the rock is very hard and dense, but in others it has weathered to a soft yellowish and greenish material 20 to 25 feet deep. About 600 diamonds have been found in this rock, the largest weighing 6 1/2 carats. The usual colors are white, brown and yellow; but one blue diamond and several black ones have been found. One bore for ex-

ploration has been driven to a depth of 205 feet. As to the prospects of more stones being found by deeper mining, geologists only say that the spasmodic exploitation thus far seems to indicate a good promise.

Short Shift for Murderers.

We spend years of time, infinity of attention, thousands of the people's money, turning the trial of a wealthy murderer into a complicated game. England last year settled a somewhat similar case in just one day. This year she took a small part of a single day on the trial and sentencing of Madar Sai Dhinagri; she did it three weeks after the murder; a few weeks more saw the Hindu pass from earth, and nobody pretends the result would or should have been different if England had tied herself up with as many fool technicalities as afflict criminal law in the United States. It is a sad thing for the State to kill any human being; it is sadder to kill one whose act seems virtuous to himself; but as long as such necessity exists in an imperfect universe, it should be met with certainty, gravity and promptness. The courts should deal seriously with the evidence, not preside at a spectacular combat between legal gladiators and mercenary "experts," with the upper courts looking on, ready to upset an unmistakably just conviction if some clerk omits the word "the" in an indictment or if some judge goes astray on one of the numberless immaterial "instructions" called for by lawyers for the sole purpose of upsetting a verdict by technical sleight-of-hand. Mr. Taft has led the public to expect some reform of the barbaric procedure which United States courts and lawyers have constructed, and we look forward to the day when our judges and juries shall, like the English, deal only with the fundamental law and with the evidence.—Collier's Weekly.

YOU CAN'T RELY ON YOUR EYES.



Here is a method by which an optical illusion of length is plainly shown: Judged by appearance the line A B in the larger figure is considerably longer than the line A B below it, but tested by measurement they are exactly equal.

Broad Minded. "So your husband is in the pageant, Mrs. Jones. I didn't know he belonged to the Church of England." "No, mum, he don't. But there, he's very broad minded, and he don't mind being an ancient bishop in the cause of charity."—Punch.