

DAY IS DYING.

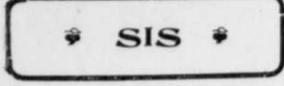
Day is dying! Float, O song, Down the westward river...

Fierced by shafts of Time he bleeds, Melted rubies sending Through the river and the sky...

All the long-drawn earthy banks Up to cloud-land lifting; Slow beneath them drifts the swan...

Wings half open, like a flower Inly deeply flushing, Neck and breast as virgin's pure— Virgin proudly blushing.

Day is dying! Float, O swan, Down the ruby river; Follow, song, in requiem To the mighty Giver.



The heavy touring car came around the turn at a rapid pace. There was a depression in the roadway where the recent rains had flooded the wagon track.

Into one of these a front wheel sank. The driver made a quick turn, the car swerved and went into the ditch. The ground was soft and the machine came to a sudden stop.

Three human forms were flung from the seats and fell sprawling on the sloping turf. For a moment or two there was silence.

Then a boy came down the roadway. He stopped short and stared at the wreckage. Then he plunged down the incline.

A moment later he whistled shrilly—once, twice, thrice. He ran back to the roadway. He whistled again.

Around the bend a girl came running, bareheaded, her curls flying. "What is it, Arlie?" she cried.

The boy pointed down. "Three men hurt, Sis," he gasped. "They look like they're dead."

She leaped down the bank and dropped to her knees beside the first man. "Tom," the man moaned. "Tom."

The girl arose and ran to the second man. "Arlie," she called over her shoulder, "get a pail of water—and the walnut box in the parlor cupboard—and a sheet from the press in the hall."

"Quick!" The boy disappeared around the bend, and the girl darted to the third man.

In a moment the boy was back. "They're all alive, Arlie," said the girl. "This one is hurt the worst. I think. Bring the water. Now raise his head. Don't be afraid."

The girl worked swiftly. The bruised and bleeding forehead was bathed, a strip of plaster from the walnut box was affixed, and a bandage torn from the sheet deftly bound the wound. The water revived the man.

"Is that you, Jim?" he thickly muttered. "Quiet," said the girl. "Put his head down, Arlie. Now this one."

As they approached the second man a weak voice hailed them. "Hullo," it said. "What's going on?"

The third man was sitting up staring at them. "Hush," said the girl warningly. She was on her knees besides the second man, pushing back his thick gray hair and staring into his half-closed eyes.

"What's the matter with Jim?" said the third man stupidly. The girl dashed a little water into the second man's face. His eyelids fluttered. He gave a little gasp.

"Let me up," he muttered. "Where are the boys? Is somebody hurt?" He tried to raise himself, but the girl quietly but firmly put him back.

"Lie still for a little longer," she said. "Give him a drink, Arlie, but don't let him get up."

She crossed to the third man. He was blinking as he stared up at her. "Angel of mercy," he murmured, "flitting about 'neath the greenwood tree. Where's Robin Hood, sweet lady?"

The girl stood before him studying him with her keen black eyes. "Come," she said, "let me see you stand up."

"Anything to oblige," the man replied. The girl gave him her hand and he tried to arise.

"Wow!" he cried, and he dropped back. "Something's wrong with that right ankle."

The girl was down in a moment studying the hurt. "It's a sprain," she said. "You flustered it when you fell. I'll put it in hot water when we get to the house."

The man's head was rapidly clearing. He stared about him. His face paled.

"Are they much hurt?" he gasped. "I think not," the girl hurriedly answered. "The man there has hurt his head. The other man seems to be suffering from the shock."

"Have you sent for help?" "The nearest help is five miles away."

A groan from the man with the bandaged head drew her away. "How are the others?" the man faintly asked.

"Doing very well," the girl answered.

ed. "Can you stand up? I want to see if anything is broken."

She helped him to arise and he took a step or two. Then he caught at the girl's arm. She held him up.

"A little dazed," she said, "but no bones broken. Arlie, bring one of the cushions. There," she cried as she let him down, "you are on the convalescent list. Give the gentleman a drink of the blackberry brandy, Arlie."

As the boy ran for the medicine box the girl bent over the second man. He looked up at her.

"How is Jim?" he asked. "Doing nicely," she said. "And Jack?" "Equally well."

"How soon will help get here?" She ignored the question. "I want to see how much you are hurt," she said. "Can you get up?"

"I am sore all over," he answered. "The left shoulder certainly is the sorest place."

"Move your left hand—your left arm. Now let me see you stand."

He arose and walked a few steps and then leaned for support against the careened car.

The three men stared at one another. "Hullo, fellow joy riders," said the third man, weakly.

"Hullo, Jack and Tom," said the first man. "Hullo, both of you," said the second man. His voice was hoarse and faint.

"I guess we should be thankful it isn't any worse," quavered the first man as he felt of his bandage with an uncertain hand.

"Optimist," growled the second man. "He hasn't any sprain," snarled the third man. "Wow!" he shrilly added. "What's to be done?" growled the second man.

The girl had been in close converse with the boy. As she stepped forward he darted away.

She looked at the three men. "Our home," she said, "is close by. I want to get you there as soon as possible. You will be much more comfortable."

fortable. I think both the man with the bruised head and the man with the wrenched shoulder can walk. We will have to help the man with the sprained ankle."

"Has the boy gone for help?" It was the man with the bruised head who asked this question.

"No," the girl replied. "You will have to depend on me." They looked at her. She was young—not more than seventeen—a slight girl with bright eyes and a quick smile.

"All right," said the third man, "but it's something of a responsibility."

"I don't mind that," said the girl gravely. The boy came hurrying back with a crutch and a cane.

"You will take these," said the girl to the third man, "and my brother will help you. I am going to walk between you gentlemen," she added to the other sufferers. "You will find me firm and strong if you need my help. Come."

So the procession took up its slow way to the old brown farmhouse that stood back from the road a short distance. It arrived in fairly good order, the man with the sprained ankle panting a little, and the other men were glad to sink back on the comfortable chairs of the cool sitting room.

"I will get the sprained ankle into hot water at once," said the girl. "And then I will look after the bandage and the strained shoulder."

A half hour later the three victims of the accident were as comfortable as they could be made. They had been steamed and rubbed with liniment, and more thoroughly bandaged, and had enjoyed the reviving effects of a cup of hot tea and a plate of excellent bread and butter.

Now they were out on the broad front porch, where the air was cool and they were shaded from the sun, all three smoking the cigars from the silver box of the man with the lame shoulder.

"Clear case of falling into a Samaritan ditch," said the man with the sprained ankle.

"Yes," the bandaged man agreed. "There isn't any discount on little Miss Samaritan."

"Fine girl," growled the man with the lame shoulder. "Knows just what to do and does it. Never thought I'd reach the time when a kid like that could gain my confidence. I've had two doctors and a pair of trained nurses fussing around me for a good deal less than this. And here I am cheerfully taking the advice of a seventeen-year-old, and a girl at that."

The other man chuckled. "Same here," said the bandaged man. "I'm not even making a virtue

of necessity. I'm in that happy frame of mind when I'm confident all is for the best."

The man with the sprained ankle suddenly frowned. "I'd feel a good deal better," he grumbled, "if we hadn't slipped up on our little scheme."

"Back to the shop again, eh?" said the bandaged man. "But what can be done about it?"

"Let's ask the girl," growled the man with the lame shoulder. He looked around. The girl stood in the doorway. Her face was flushed, her eyes dancing.

"You mustn't get impatient," she said. "I am hurrying dinner as fast as I can."

The man with the sprained ankle raised his hand. "Young lady," he said in his odd way, "we want to divert a few moments of your valuable time. Can we do so?"

"Not more than five minutes," said the girl. "Arlie is apt to let things boil over."

The man who had spoken last took out his watch. "Stopped," he said.

The man with the bandage fumbled in his pocket. "Smashed," he snapped.

"Use the kitchen clock," growled the man with the lame shoulder.

"Kind lady," said the man who had spoken first, "I want you to formally meet your beneficiaries. This," he pointed to the lame shoulder, "is Jim. The other man, the bandit with the bandage, is Tom. I am Jack."

The girl courted and vivaciously replied with a bright smile: "Happy to know you," she said, "I am Sis."

They laughed at this and winced afterward. "Now," said the man who had called himself Jack, "let me tell you something. We were on our way to Monticello when Tom here dumped us out of his car. Our errand was an important one—to us, at least. It concerns a short line railroad that is to be sold at the county seat to-day. We meant to stop this sale—it should be stopped. We were hurrying to Monticello over a road that was unfamiliar to us, but which we were told would bring us there a little sooner. Now we want your advice. Can you find a us a messenger who by any possibility could reach Monticello by 2 o'clock?"

She shook her head. "No," she answered.

"I was afraid you couldn't," said the man. "It's all off, boys," he at last growled.

"But I can go myself," said the girl. They stared at her.

"You!" cried Jack. "But how is it possible?"

"Cut that out, Jack," said the man called Tom. "Sis says she'll do it. That's enough."

The girl laughed. "I have a pony," she said. "He will carry me five miles across country to Burbank, and there the morning train stops on signal. I know the station master. He will help me. And the train reaches Monticello at one-twenty."

The man called Jack drew a long envelope from an inner pocket. "Here is the packet," he said. "You will hurry with it to the law office of Thorpe & Holmes. Hand it to Thorpe. Go with him to the courthouse. Bring back the papers he will give you. Here is money for your fare."

"I'll pin the envelope inside my dress," said the girl. "I can catch the 3:10 train for home. Look for me before dark. But your dinner?"

"Never mind the dinner, Sis," cried Jim. "This ride means many dinners to us. Go, dear girl, and luck be with you!"

A moment or two later, Sis on the pony, clattered up the road.

Presently the boy came out on the porch. "I had to quit in there," he apologized. "Sis said I'd spoil things. She will get the dinner when she gets back. And if you are hungry there's plenty of cold beef and bread and butter and milk and sauce and cheese."

"That's all right, laddie," said Jack. "And now tell us how you two children happen to be living here alone?"

"We ain't afraid," said the boy. "Sis has got a gun an' she can handle it as well as any man. Our mother is at Springfield nursing. Father died out West last spring—he went there because he wasn't very well and we had him brought home and buried beside my baby brother. And—well, it cost so much that we had to give up our house in Monticello and come here and mother goes nursing to help out, you know. It's awful lonesome here sometimes—we're so far away from everybody—but Sis has some books and she reads to me, an' we go hunting, an' there's the garden, an' the chickens, an' the pony. Sis knows how to do a lot of things. She's pretty clever at nursing, too. She helped old Dr. Raines a good deal last summer, an' when the threshing boiler machine blew up at Sam Thompson's and hurt seven men, Sis was the first one there. An' they all say she saved Sam Thompson's life by keeping him from bleeding to death. Sam gave her the pony. Sis would awfully like to move back to Monticello an' go to school at the seminary there—but she says this is the best we can do now."

There was a little silence. "You've got a good sister, laddie," said the man called Jack.

The boy nodded vigorously. "You bet your life she's a good sister," he said.

"We're all betting the same way, my boy," said the man called Jim.

It was almost dark when the cantering hoofs of the returning pony were heard.

The three men on the porch, still solemnly smoking, kept silence. And

presently Sis appeared in the doorway.

"The train was late," she quietly said, "but I got there."

A sigh of relief ran across the porch. "You saw Thorpe?" inquired Jack.

"Yes."

"What did he say?" "He didn't have time to say any thing until everything was fixed. We ran most of the way to the courthouse. But afterward he was very nice. He said I was pretty young to carry around so much valuable property, and he said something to the judge and the judge came down and shook hands with me—all dusty as I was—and he was nice, too. And when Mr. Thorpe took me in his carriage down to the station, and sent you his regards and sympathy—and here is the paper he gave me."

She passed it to the man called Jack. "If you don't mind, Sis," he said, "we all want to shake hands with you, too."

She laughingly passed down the line and each of the three men grasped her hand.

"And here," she said, "is the money I didn't spend. And, oh, I mustn't forget. Mr. Tarbell, near the station, is going to send over his team in the morning and pull your automobile into the road."

"Just one moment, Sis," said Jack. "We have a little business with you that we want settled right here. You are going to take care of us to-night, are you?"

"Of course," laughed the girl. "Well, we want to settle before the obligation gets too big. There are three captains of industry on this porch, Sis, who feel particularly grateful to you. They are grateful to you in both mind and body. I think I may say that they are men who believe in putting gratitude into a practical form. To-morrow these men will take a certain girl and her brother in their car to Monticello. They expect her to cooperate with them in several ways. They expect she will do a lot of shopping at their expense, and that she will find a home there that will suit her and her good mother, and that she will realize that a certain amount to her credit in one of the Monticello banks will take her nicely through that Monticello seminary. And these men want her to understand that they can well afford to do this, and that they do it cheerfully and gladly—being much richer men than they would be if there had been no brave and willing courier to carry the message to Monticello."

He paused, and they all looked at the girl. She was standing in the doorway, her white face gleaming through the dusk.

She tried to speak, but the words would not come.

"I—I'm afraid something is going to boil over," she half sobbed, and ran back into the house.—W. R. Rose, in Grit.

KINKS SEEN IN FLYING FISH.

Overhead Fins Intended to Maintain Aeroplane's Equilibrium.

"I hope to fly through the air faster than any American has yet flown, including the Wright brothers," is the statement made by W. Starling Burgess, the millionaire yacht designer of the Massachusetts, correspondent, has been making flights with his partner, A. M. Herring, the former partner of Glen H. Curtiss, in a new biplane of their own design at Plum Island.

Associated with Mr. Burgess and Mr. Herring are Norman Prince, a well known young Boston millionaire, and Prof. J. V. Martin, manager of the Harvard Aeronautical Society.

The Herring-Curtiss biplane, which has been named the Flying Fish, is about the same size and somewhat like the Herring-Curtiss machine, and much smaller than the Wright brothers' machine. One of the features of the machine is entirely different from any other machine, and is designed especially to avoid litigation with the Wrights. To prevent it from tipping over it has eight overhead fins or sails, four near the center and two on each end. They are shaped like a leg-cantion sail and are believed by Mr. Burgess to be a great improvement over all other devices to prevent tipping. Another feature is the use of skids or runners instead of wheels for making a rise into the air from the ground. There are three of these, shaped like snow skis, and they have steel runners like a child's ordinary sled. The machine, complete, weighs 408 pounds. It is built of laminated spruce. It is 26 feet, 8 inches wide and 29 feet long. The control is by the right hand and right foot and steering is done by a horizontal wheel with the left hand. It has a four-cylinder twenty-five horse power engine, capable of developing thirty horse power.

As a result of the flights that have been made with the two Herring-Burgess machines so far tried out, a few modifications will be made, principally looking to the better protection of the ends of the wings and to altering the controlling mechanism so that the engine levers can be operated without taking the hands from the steering and balancing controls. A more direct system for lateral stability has also been suggested and will probably be adopted. Meanwhile other machines of the same general type are nearing completion in the Burgess shops.

Of Duty.

Winfred, six years old, was tying paper boots upon the kitten's paws when his aunt remonstrated with him for teasing the kitten, saying, "I thought you belonged to the Band of Mercy."

"Yes, auntie, I do," said Winfred, "but," he added apologetically, "my badge is on my other coat."—De- lineator.

WOMAN AS A FACTOR FOR GOOD

Philadelphia Preacher Believes Fair Sex Angels of the Earth.

With the increasing prominence of the cause of woman suffrage, the question of woman's work and woman's influence is being much discussed. It is argued by the advocates of equal rights that suffrage would "broaden woman's sphere" and "make her a fitter companion of man," and it is contended with equal positiveness by the opponents of suffrage that it would make her less inclined to attend strictly to womanly duties.

Of the many interesting sermons preached from Philadelphia pulpits the other day, one by the Rev. Clinton B. Adams, Congregationalist, deserves more than passing attention, the Philadelphia Times says. His theme was "A Young Woman's Religion," and among other things he described woman as the angels of earth, the inspiration of men in whatever they undertake and responsible for whatever they achieve.

Men have accomplished great things without help from or thought of women. Other men have failed through their very devotion to or their control by inferior women. Those, however, are the exceptional cases. Generally, woman is the inspiration, the cause, and she is a tremendous individual factor for good—for all that is good and beautiful.

In one sentence the clergyman has spoken a great truth. He declares that "men are disposed to be what women they love admire in them." This is profoundly true and in her wondrous, indescribable influence over man, she becomes a powerful agent for good or evil.



Neuralgia.

Neuralgia is a paroxysmal pain in a nerve. In most victims of this wretched trouble the same nerve suffers in each attack, although there are patients with whom the agony travels from one nerve to another. The first thing to ascertain in a case of persistent neuralgia is whether the trouble is due to some underlying organic condition, or whether it is simply just a case of a sick nerve calling for help.

The neuralgia which has an organic basis is called "symptomatic" neuralgia, and may be present as one of many other symptoms in tumors, or in certain inflammatory affections or tuberculous lesions which are in such position as to compress the course of the nerve at any point.

Neuralgia pure and simple is called "idiopathic," and may be compared to the screams of an angry baby, who declares its needs in the only fashion it can command.

The only person competent to judge whether a particular case of neuralgia is "symptomatic" or "idiopathic" is of course the physician, and if the pain is traceable to some organic trouble, any treatment directed to removal of the pain alone would be simple loss of time.

In a case of simple neuralgia the first thing to do is to find out the underlying cause, for it may be accepted as an axiom that perfectly well people do not have painful nerves. Young children and old people are rarely sufferers from neuralgia. It is a trouble that attacks those who are living the active adult life, and especially people in middle age, when the various fatigues of that life are most prone to overtake us. It is often one of the sequels of a long illness, such as typhoid fever, and often follows gripe.

Persons with the so-called rheumatic diathesis seem more disposed to it, and any great emotional shock or undue fatigue may bring on an attack in a neuralgic individual.

Besides the paroxysmal pain of neuralgia, there is generally a dull ache all the time of the attack, with tender spots along the line of the nerve, that will be found very sensitive to slight pressure with the finger tip.

Neuralgia may attack any nerve in the body, but it perhaps causes its greatest torture when it takes the form known as tic-douloureux. This is neuralgia in the face, along the line of the sensitive nerve which supplies all this part of the head. Another exquisitely painful form of neuralgia is that known as sciatica, in the sciatic nerve, which runs down the back of the leg.—Youth's Companion.

Ultimatum.

Mrs. Desmythe—Yes, my dear, I intend my daughters to be engaged when they are 19.

Mrs. Lajones—But suppose they are not?

Mrs. Desmythe—Then they remain '9 until they are.—Tit-Bits.

Either Way.

Silence—I can't decide which one of those two girls I want to marry.

Cynicus—Well, marry either one of them and you'll discover that you get the wrong one.—Philadelphia Record.

The Foolish Maiden.

Crawford—So your daughter loves poetry? Crabshaw—Worse than that. She's fallen in love with one of those fellows who write it.—Judge.

The Philistine: If you can neither fly nor climb, don't be discouraged; perhaps you can kick.

THE WEEK'S HISTORY



1602—Capt. Bartholomew sighted the coast of Casco Bay.

1607—A settlement was made at Jamestown, Va., by an expedition sent out by the London Company.

1640—The general court of Massachusetts issued an order for the raising of flax and the manufacture of linen.

1647—Peter Stuyvesant arrived at Amsterdam.

1689—The Assembly of the Province was convened and the city assumed.

1770—Cornerstone of Brown City laid.

1774—The subject of a general congress was acted upon at a meeting of the inhabitants of the Province, R. I.

1763—The possession of Canada confirmed to Great Britain by treaty of Paris.

1766—News of the repeal of the Act reached Boston.

1781—British set fire to Cambridge and retreated to Nelson on the Santee.

1789—Tammany society was organized in New York.

1803—Patent granted for the contrivance for reaping mown.

1804—Lewis and Clark left on their exploration trip Northwest.

1814—The Norwegians declared independence.

1817—The Pennsylvania Society for the Promotion of Public Education formed in Philadelphia.

1832—Lafayette College first opened.

1836—A treaty was made by which Texas, acknowledging independence.

1841—Thirty-two persons landed from the Chateau Quebec.

1842—First issue of the London News.

1860—Republican convention nominated Lincoln and go to New York.

1861—Confederate troops captured Harper's Ferry.

1867—First meeting of the Press Association held at London.

1871—The New Brunswick passed a Free School Bill.

1873—Opening of the Metropolitan.

1874—Mill river dam in Massachusetts burst, destroying four villages causing loss of over 200 lives.

1875—Hon. D. A. Macdonald, lieutenant governor of Ontario.

1893—Queen Victoria inaugurated Imperial Institute of the United Kingdom.

1894—Torpedo boat Ericsson, a war vessel built on inland launched at Dubuque, Iowa.

1897—Centennial of the Columbia River celebrated at Astoria, Ore.

1898—International fisheries opened at Bergen, Norway.

1901—Dominion Parliament passed bill setting aside May 14 as "Coronation Day."

1902—Cession of King Alfonso of Spain.

1903—Celebration of the fifty-first anniversary of the departure of the first passenger train from New York.

1904—International convention of Y. M. C. A. opened in London.

1906—Steamship Empress of Russia arrived at Quebec on her last voyage from Liverpool.

1907—Suit of Kansas against the United States Supreme Court over irrigation purposes dismissed.

1909—The French Chamber of Deputies voted to sustain the cabinet.

IN THE SPORTING WORLD.

Frank Colby is working on the head of prospects at his Boston training camp.

M. W. Savage refused an offer of \$7,500 last season for Ross, his daughter of Dan Patch. She entered in all the rich events of the season.

Gold King, the American-trained horse, won a famous race at United States known as the "Wonder," has been sold in London for \$105.

At a recent meeting of the Society in St. Paul it was decided to have a work-week as a feature of the Labor Day celebration in the fall.

Attired in a quaint Dutch costume wearing cumbersome wooden shoes, Gottfried Rodriguez, an American newspaper man, is on a trip to the world afoot on a trip made with a number of friends.