

ORILLA'S BENT

By Ida Scofield Fargo, McMinnville, Or.

ORILLA had a microscope. It was compound, moderately perfect, had cost her a month's wages—good gold coin paid into her hand by one Peter Bright, school clerk, District No. 17—and many contentions with the family circle, pa excepted. Moreover, of all people, Orilla was among the last one would suspect of possessing such an instrument. She was country born and country bred, and her people were nobody in particular. Furthermore, she stood near the very base of the educational ladder; that is, she did upon entering Grayton Academy a year ago coming next month.

Into this academy as dining hall waitress, maid-of-much-work, study filling the incidental between cracks, perchance there were any, the merest stray flick of good luck domiciled her that autumn day. Like a tumbled leaf from the frosted maples, she lingered a moment at the foot of the great hall watching the team drive on, then went within. Here she remained two terms. And in these two terms a new vista opened; the beginning of the ending began. The ending is yet to be recorded, but the beginning reads much after this fashion:

"It was registration day; for Orilla it was all confusion. Night brought surely of but one thing, a little filled-out card listing her term studies. Regarding it with awe, accepting its dictum as gospel, she read it over and over. It spoke to her as a seer, prophesying vast possibilities, strange things and new."

Then came other days, days of growing order in which Orilla slowly learned to adjust herself to Grayton's code of life and living. From the beginning she worked ploddingly, her grades no better, no worse than the general average. Numerically she became one with her class; individually she stood alone, exultant, diffident, seldom speaking to any one, scarcely ever spoken to.

In this way many weeks passed. October became November, and in turn November drew back for December. The autumn leaves lay trodden under foot or blanketing the floor of the forest. Winter skies hung low, and winter's rains fell steadily and cold. Into these days the second term came, bringing to Orilla a new card, like unto the first, much shorn of its visions, but bearing on its face a strange title—Elementary Biology.

Elementary anything else, so far as Orilla was concerned, it might have been; that is, till work began. Then Orilla woke up. Incidentally, Professor Penell also woke up. Did he not pride himself on that subtle psychological keenness enabling him to speedily penetrate a student's possibilities? Had he failed with Orilla? Wonderingly he regarded her over his glasses. Could it be the same girl who'd come through Caesar, who made egregious blunders in geometry, with impossible figures proving impossible things? "I'm growing old," sighed Professor Penell; "I'm a fool; I've fallen into a rut." Whereupon he became more alive than ever.

But Orilla! To her general biology was life turned into wonderland. Did they teach such things in books? She had not known it. Why, she could see the old pond in the Marsh Meadow, the frogs' happy chorus ground, where she had watched them hatch and grow, every stage—egg, pollywog, frog—where she had studied their habits and learned their favorite haunts. Her eyes glowed as she recited; she told of the things she knew. And the class, listening intently—they will ever listen when one tells of the things one knows—resolved to visit some marsh meadow, and many did; but some forgot, as some always did.

At each new phase in the work a similar experience greeted Orilla. Lichens she knew, and pondseum and ferns, as well as frogs. Ferns! they hung by wagon loads from the cracks in the dripping shells below the springs. Occasionally, clinging to the root of a tiny one, Orilla had found semblance of a ragged heart. Then she vaguely wondered—what is it? how came it here?—now she deftly traced its certain history. Books and school work classified, systematized and supplemented her former work, random and unguided in nature at large; and the microscope—Grayton was the proud possessor of one such instrument—did, possibly, most of all. It revealed to Orilla not only undreamed of plants, microscopic in structure, but undreamed of parts to the plants she knew. It was then that the idea came that possessed her; and Professor Penell helped toward its fulfillment.

The third term at Grayton found Orilla missing. In the little log schoolhouse of District No. 17, ten miles from home, she had been installed supreme authority. Every Friday night, however, saw her back on the old farm listening again to the renewed choruses coming afresh from the dank marsh meadow.

But at home it was not quite the same. Orilla had mounted an unaccustomed pedestal. Was she not now independent and a "scholar!" Ma James began to regard her daughter with awakening pride. "Yes, Orilla's teachin,'" she was wont to say, "I'm in a right lot an' payin' her pa back."

give his words, and I didn't right sense it all, but he gin me to understand that my Orilla here had a bent, then she'd make somethin', that's what he said, make somethin' o' herself if she hed a chanct."

Orilla's cheeks burned. Had Professor Penell really said that? "I didn't sense just what kind of a chanct he meant, and I ain't sensed it yet," pa continued in slow tones; "but I'm willing she should hev it if she knows what it is. This here maching she's talkin' bout has somethin' to do with it, I know frum what Orilla says, though I never seen one or hearn tell o' one afore; but I'm willin' she should hev it, only I know she better larn how to take keen on it. We don't want none o' us hurt by it. When do you know to git it, child?" Pa turned to Orilla. His eyes were kindly in their depths, and Orilla was grateful.

"But, Ma, I'm not going to Crystal Springs."

A moment Ma James stood nonplussed. That Orilla should think differently never occurred to her. Orilla had not been in the habit of thinking differently.

"Ain't goin'! Orilla James! I guess you air! I tol' Miss Peters all about how you're goin'—"

"Well, Ma, I'm not." Somehow Orilla's tone had a decisive ring. Ma James surveyed her critically.

"What be you savin' that money fur then? You been ther close you ain't allowed to git your pocket han'kerchief all summer!"

Orilla hesitated. She knew the sentiments of her family, and their ambitions—she had not told them hers. That her mother visioned her shining at Crystal Springs, as did the village teachers, for some time she had vaguely apprehended. To this idea, however, her own plans ran counter; and she dreaded the approaching conflict.

"Well, daughter," it was her father who spoke in his slow, quiet way. "What be you goin' to do? I reckon it's your money—you airned it, an' I reckon you kin do as you thought like."

Orilla drew a quick breath. "I'm going to buy a—a microscope," she said.

CHARITY AND THE HAPPINESS WHICH IT BRINGS WITH IT.

There can be no holier sentiment attached to a gift on Christmas day than charity for it combines all that is good and tender in human emotion.

There is a doubly joy in charity, for it blesses two.

Charity not only gives happiness in the act itself, but it quickens and develops, for all after life, pure, precious qualities of mind and heart that are an overflowing wellspring of peace.

Charity comes nearer to spanning the immeasurable space between the sin of this life and the holiness of heaven than any other blessing that man knew.

If in the fall of Adam there was any quality that did not degenerate, if there was anything saved from paradise to remind humanity of what had been lost, it was humanity.

There is much for us all in Christmas if we but take it. In giving to friends we must not overlook the richer mine of joy that lies in the penny to the poor.

Christmas is not complete for us if we fail to give comfort to the needy and cheer to the downcast.

It is a sacred duty to ourselves, for in it is the best joy that the day can give or that this life can know.

EMANCIPATION OF CHINESE WOMEN.

Western influenced bids air to emancipate the women of China from the cruel practice of foot binding, which has so long followed and incapacitated them, for there is an already widespread and growing movement against the practice. There is an energetic Anti-Footbinding Society in China, at the head of which is Mrs. A. Little, the wife of a commercial man of note. The society has the aid of the American missionaries and is even securing the co-operation of Chinese officials, for it has just been reported that the District Magistrate at Teng Chow, at the close of a series of meetings conducted by Mrs. Little, addressed a letter to local representatives of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions and to Baptist missionaries, denouncing the cruel practice and asking them to aid in the formation of local society. Mrs. Little's meetings were always crowded and at one of them in Teng Chow there were made addresses by the Perfect and District Magistrate, and at there close there was a unanimous rising vote denouncing the practice. Best of all, the women in increasingly large numbers are promising to discontinue the practice, and it may well be prophesied that before many years have passed the deformed feet of Chinese women will have given place to a natural growth.

A TEXAS WONDER

HALL'S GREAT DISCOVERY.

One small bottle of the Texas Wonder Hall's Great Discovery, cures all kidney and bladder troubles, removes gravel, cures diabetes, seminal emissions, weak and lame backs, rheumatism and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women, regulates bladder trouble in children. If not sold by your druggist, will be sent on mail on receipt of \$1. One small bottle is two months' treatment. Dr. Ernest W. Hall, sole manufacturer, P. O. box 629, St. Louis, Mo. Sends for testimonials. Sold by all drugstores and Dr. S. C. Stone's drug store.

READ THIS.

To Whom It May Concern:

This is to certify that I was down for nine months with kidney and bladder trouble, and tried all known remedies to no avail until a neighbor introduced me to a bottle of Texas Wonder, one half of which cured me sound and well; this I would cheerfully swear to, and for the benefit of those who are afflicted and wishing to be permanently cured, they can obtain a bottle at my house, located on West 11th street, Yours truly,

J. J. SEALY,
Medford, Or.

What did you do while you were away on your vacation?

Sat around while my wife was dress

ing for meals most of the time.

Brooklyn News.

HER DEPARTURE.

She took a train at Sunrise,

It was 5 o'clock p.m.

She'd a bird-case and three satchels,

And of course took all of them.

At Sunrise in the evening—

Do you ask how that could be?

She took a train at Sunrise—

Down at Sunrise, Tennessee.

Chicago Record-Herald.

Herewith she departed to find a job in a dairy lunch.—New York Sun.

LITTLE STORIES

Hats Off in Court.

"Many years ago," relates a Representative from Tennessee, "it was determined that there should be more dignity given the 'bench' in our state. Acting on this first effort was in the direction of requiring justices to remove their hats while court was in session.

"The law read 'hats,' and as a great many men wore coonskin caps in those days Judge Wolf took advantage of this and continued to wear his coonskin cap while sitting on the bench.

"A howl of protest was made, and finally an order was promulgated which read that the judge must furnish himself a new hat and burn the coonskin cap; that if the said Judge Wolf did not burn the coonskin cap, as provided by the order, that the special commissioners do the job for him.

"The judge refused to carry out instructions; the special commissioners went to his cabin and carried out orders making a torchlight of the cap. Their report read:

"Your commissioners held Judge Wolf and burned his old coonskin cap quicker than hell could scorch a feather."

—lan Buchanan, Roseburg, Ore.

Science vs. Sense.

"Everything in the line of disease is now charged to vermin or microbes," says a representative from Massachusetts.

"This fast brings to my mind a story told on the late Dr. Fowler of Boston, who was delivering a lecture on his hobby, science. He closed his remarks by asking, 'When doctors differ, who shall decide?' "

"A wag named Bill Strothers, who stammered badly, yelled out, 'Leave it to me men of sense.'

She Was "Just Middling."

An old-fashioned minister was attending the last rites of a member of his church down in Tennessee, says a representative from that state, and after praising the virtues of the deceased, he turned to the bereaved husband and said:

"My good brother, you have been called upon to write a eulogy of the best and loveliest of wives."

"Oh, no, parson," said the husband, interrupting the minister, "not the best but about middling."

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

When a man is first with a woman he is always next.

A woman can always comfort herself over not having any money by going shopping.

To save her life a woman can't understand why an earning boar doesn't keep her knees from chapping.

After a woman tells a secret somebody confided to her she waits to see who will be the first to betray her sacred confidence.

A man is always worse for people thinking he is better than he is, and a woman is much better for others thinking she is worse than she is.—New York Press.

BUSTED ROMANCE.

Stranger (to driver)—Anything remarkable about this mountain?

Driver—There's nothing peculiar about the hill itself, but there's a queer story connected with it.

Stranger—What is that?

Driver—A young lady and gentleman went for a walk on that hill. They ascended higher and higher, and never looked back again.

Stranger—Dear, dear me! How unfortunate. What, then, became of the unhappy pair?

Driver—Why, sir, they went down on the other side.—Melbourne Leader.

Lucifer, the First Angler.

Representative Griggs of Georgia is fond of his rod and gun, but is not given to spinning big yarns about his bags and catches. He is responsible for the assertion that the devil was the first angler and quotes as evidence:

When Eve and Adam lived in peace, Without either brawls or jangling, The serpent, from his brimstone den, Though he would go an angling.

He baited his hook with fiendish look; Says he, "This will entangle her;" And so, my friends, you all may see The devil was the first angler.

TOO MUCH OF A BLOW.

She—Did you blow the lamp out, Henry?

He—What do you take me for, a cyclone? It was all I could do to blow out the light.

LIBERTY RETAINED.

Howell—Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

Powell—Yes; many a fellow would be in jail if he didn't watch out.—Jan Francisco Examiner.

TASTE.

"Say, pa."

"Well, what?"

"Why does that man in the band run the trombone down his throat?"

"I suppose it is because he has a taste for music."—Town Topics.

THEIR USUALLY DO.

"So he's really dead. Well, he made a hard fight. If ever a man had an iron will he had."

"Yes, but I'll bet the lawyer will break it."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

IN REAL BOHEMIA.

Mrs. Newlywed Artist—Goodbye, dearest, for a little while; but before I go, tell me, do you love me better than your life?

Mr. Newlywed Artist—Certainly, my dear. Don't I eat your biscuits?

Judge.

CHANGED.

"How Mr. Gazzletool's expression has hardened!"

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "He used to have a mobile countenance, but not it is an automobile countenance."—Washington Star.

GENERAL.

"Henpeck, what do you think of a man who marries for money?"

"Think he earns every cent he gets."—Detroit Free Press.

WOMEN SET GOOD EXAMPLE.

Women in a Massachusetts town actually have compelled the street railroad company to increase the number of cars at the busy hours by refusing to pay fares when they could get no seats. There are some things women can do better than men.—Buffalo Express.

WHY SHE THREW UP HER JOE.

Hebo had just thrown up her place as cup bearer to the gods.

"Would you believe it?" cried the celestial waitress, "those stingy old men didn't