THE RESULT OF A SPARK

BY BELLE MANIATES.

On a hazy, warm-breezed Indian summer day, a huntsman trod through the thickly grown brush that bordered the country road. Once or twice he stopped and looked about in appreciation of the day and the beauty of the country. Then he lighted a cigar, tossing the match aside before it was extinguished. By the time he had vanished from view, the half-spent match had accomplished a rivulet of fire that ran merrily through the brush which skirted the woods.

Mabel Wallace, coming down the old sawmill road, saw the crackling fire and hastened her pace. She noticed the quickening breeze blowing toward the woods and the stretch of dry, parched grass and brush that intervened. She knew that if the flames were not extinguished at once the whole piece of woods would go. She caught up a stout stick as she ran, and when she reached the farther end of the running fire, she began a vigorous beating.

"Say, teacher, I'll help you," squeaked a piping voice, which she recognized as belonging to the boy in the first reader class, next to the foot.

"Johnny, run down to the first white house beyond the woods and tell them to send help. They have a telephone. Ask them to notify all the neighbors," she directed between beats.

Johnny was reluctant to leave a bonfire of such proportions as this was assuming, but he detected the "teacher" in her tones, and concluded to obey.

"That's the stuff!" she next heard, and looked up to meet the approval of the farmer at whose house she boarded.

He procured a stick and made an effective onslaught upon the flames. Presently they were reinforced by a passer-by, and after a time the fire was extinguished.

"You best go home and rest a spell," counseled her landlord, "you look all het up and tuckered out."

"It was pretty warm work," she acknowledged, arranging her hair, which the breeze and her exertions had tumbled about her face.

"Well, I tell you what, you just saved them woods, all right. The owner ought to make you a nice present."

Mabel laughed.

"Who is the owner?" she asked carelessly.

"His name is Max Thornton. He's a young city swell, I've heard say."

She had inserted the last hairpin, and now started for home with burned face and blistered hands.

Meanwhile Johnny, returning from the white house, heard a shot ring out in the woods.

"I'll git him to come and help teacher," he thought, as he scurried through the cool woods after the man behind the gun.

"Say, the woods is pretty near on fire. It's mos' crep' in on 'em!"

The man laughed good naturedly.

"Do you think I am in any danger?"

"The woods is! Teacher sent me for help. She is beating it out with a stick."

"All right! Come along," and the man made for the road in long strides, the boy keeping pace by a quick trot, explaining with many elaborations the particulars of the fire.

"My! Teacher was jest more than layin' onto it with a stick. I never s'posed she could hit like that!"

"Hasn't she laid it on to you yet?" laughed the hunter.

"Naw. She ain't teached one on us yit. I bet the boys would behave if they'd seen her beat that fire."

The hunter was occupied for a moment with conjuring the image of "Teacher hittin' the fire."

"Say, young man, has your teacher got red hair, and does she wear glasses?"

"Yes. How did yer know?" he asked curiously.

"I just felt it."

When the hunter came up to the men, he said to the farmer:

"I came to help put out a fire, but I see you have done good work," gazing at the blackened ground.

"We only got here to the tail end of it," explained the farmer. "The school teacher got here first, and she fit it like a tiger. Guess some of you hunters set it on fire."

The hunter laughed and walked on, remembering the match, but he felt no compunctions. "A man has the right to set fire to his own if he wants to," he thought. "Suppose it would be only decent in me to go and thank the school ma'am. Wonder how I can make her a substantial token of gratitude without offense?"

"Here, boy!" he turned and called to Johnny, who lingered near the ruins. "Do you want to earn a quarter?"

"You bet yer boots!"

"Then take me to your teacher, if it's not too far."

"It's just down the next road always, and mebby she's stopped in at the school 'us down the lane."

"On a Saturday?" he asked skeptically.

"Yes. She writes her letters there."

They relapsed into silence, Johnny making plans for the investment of his quarter, and the man absorbed in thoughts of a bitter, cynical trend. A few months before he had been the happy, accepted lover of a beautiful girl, who was of an old, aristocratic family in moderate circumstances. Some pessimistic relatives of his had intimated that his wealth and not himself was the object of her adoration. The little shaft, though resented, rankled and lingered and grew until, in a moment of desperation and ill-judgment, he sent her a letter saying that his fortune had been swept away in the late panic, and offering to release her from the engagement.

He waited in suspense for her reply, which came promptly. She coldly and briefly agreed that the engagement should be broken, owing to change of circumstances.

Wounded through and through, he went abroad, aimlessly wandering from one place to another, hating all women for what one had wrought.

He was wondering now as he walked along the dusty highway what had become of her. Had she landed another millionaire? What a useless, helpless wife she would make for a poor man! Then he thought of the struggling, sordid existence of this schoolma'am. In his mind's eye he pictured her—lank, gawky and spectacled, beating the flames.

"Even at that," he thought, "she is more to be loved than a woman who feared poverty. Faith, I believe I'll settle down to a country life, if she'll have me."

A turn into a lane brought them to the little schoolhouse, and Johnny looked in through the open door.

"She's in there," he said.

"All right. You needn't come. Much obliged." When he entered the schoolroom, which was darkened, he dimly discerned a form at a desk on the platform. Her head was resting wearily on the big dictionary.

"I beg your pardon! I came to thank you for saving my property."

He had come nearer now. She lifted her head and he saw her.

"Mabel!" he gasped.

"I didn't know," she said coldly, "that it was your property I was savin until afterwards, but of course it made no difference.'

"Mabel! You—a school teacher here—why?"

"Because," she answered bitterly, "in that panic in which you pretended to have lost your fortune, my father lost every cent he had."

"I wish you'd tell me about it," he said remorsefully.

"There's not much to tell. Just as father had broken the news of our loss to me, your letter came. I showed it to him. He said it was not true, so I thought it a ruse—that you had heard of our reverses and did not want to wed a pauper."

He groaned and attempted to speak, but she hastily continued:

"Father went west to look after some claim he thought he had out there, and I came here to teach. That is all."

"No. Not all. Listen!" he cried. He told her of the remarks, his test, his departure, and ignorance of her loss.

"Forgive me, Mabel, and take me back."

"No," she said proudly. "You didn't believe in my love; you had to put it to a paltry test."

He was thinking hard for the right thing to say.

"Then let me woo you again, not as the Mabel Wallace I knew in New York, but as the country school teacher to whom I came just now with a heart full of admiration for her kind heart and stout arm. Mabel, look up! You've been crying!"

"No. It was the smoke from the fire," she said confusedly; "and my hands—see!"

She held out for his inspection two reddened palms.

He seized them and pressed them to his lips, and then—well, then, Johnny came running in.

"Oh, g'wan," he said to Thornton. "You know'd her all the time, and pretended you jest guessed at her havin' red hair and specs."

Thornton laughed happily, as he looked at the soft, squirrel-colored hair and the eyeglasses. "Well, I meant different red and specs, but I do know her."

"Be you her beau?"

"Yes, I am her beau, and you'll have a new teacher. Here, take this for telling me of the fire," and he gave the delighted boy a silver dollar.

On the threshold Johnny paused.

"Say, teacher, I cum to tell yer thar want no one to hum at the white house!"

Careful Mothers Feed their Babies on LACTATED FOOD

The thousands of infants who suffer in the hot summer weather are improperly fed. The lives of the vast majority of the babies cut off in summer, could be saved if fed and nourished on health-giving Lactated Food.

If the mother is rundown or ill, her milk is positively dangerous for her child. In such cases, careful mothers feed their little ones on Lactated Food. This marvelous life preserving nourishment contains all the nutritious elements of healthy breast milk, and keeps the baby well and strong. Lactated Food is truly a saver of babies' lives. It has saved thousands of weak, puny babies. Ask your druggist for Lactated Food.

LACTATED FOOD Is the Ideal Food For Infants.

ENGLISH POSTAL FACILITIES.

Last Saturday afternoon I had the pleasure of listening to a "roast" by an Englishman, who said: "You Americans boast that both individually and collectively you are quicker and brighter than us, but I deny it. Proof: We make sixteen collections and sixteen deliveries of mail matter every twenty-four hours, while you Americans blow about five collections and five deliveries of mail matter in twenty-four hours, and in addition we can send all ordinary telegrams for 12 cents within 400 miles; so much for our collective brightness. Now for our individual alertness I am going to cite my own case, some branch of land business. I came to America a little over two years ago and did not know a soul in this country, but within a week after landing in New York I had established myself in my usual line in Washington, D. C., and now, at the end of two years, I have just sold out and am ready, after a little outing, to start back for London with over $4,000 clean cash, clear of all expenses, where I shall good-naturedly tell our people that you are 'too slow for me.'"

This story tells its own moral!—Jas. Sheldon Cowdon in Washington Star.

TO KILL VIBRATION.

Making machinery foundations elastic so as to minimize or even altogether prevent vibration of buildings, is a recently much-mentioned subject, special reference having been made to the use of a particular new kind of impregnated foundation felt which is claimed to have given very satisfactory results. It has been spoken of as intended chiefly for insertion beneath rails, girders and machine beds, and as being made in sheets of varying thickness—from 3-8 inch to 1½ inch. The felt is impregnated with mineral fat, so as to be moisture-proof.

In Germany it is said to be in extensive use in connection with steam hammers, pumps, steam engines and much other machinery; under bridge girders, railway ties, rail chairs and car bodies; and between columns and joists in buildings, and on shipboard to separate machinery from steel decks and bulkheads. The sheets are made in different sizes up to 60 inches in length by 30 inches in width.

Felt mats have for many years been used in anti-vibration expedients, so that there is ample reason to expect satisfaction from the employment of the so-called "foundation felt" here noted; but it may not be amiss to observe that in many instances the apparent desirability of its use is indicative simply of something wrong in the machinery installation. Small earthquakes from the operation of a steam hammer, and trembling buildings from fast-running machinery has not been properly put in.

Foundations rightly proportioned and rightly laid would materially restrict the market for special foundation preparations and confine their use to the underlaying of rail chairs, bridge girders and such other more appropriate things as have already been mentioned in the above paragraph. With these their services would seem to have a fitness entirely lacking where moving machinery is concerned.—Cassier's Magazine.

Have You an Ache or a Pain Anywhere?

It matters not how long or how deeply seated your pain is it can be quickly removed by the use of Nerviline—the King of all liniments. Highly concentrated, being fully five times stronger than any other liniment, more penetrating than any other—Nerviline is composed of the most wonderful pain-subduing remedies known in medicine. Nerviline is worth its weight in gold to every family. It's inconceivable that Nerviline should fail to relieve pain, so powerful is it, and yet in sweetened water it may be given to the youngest infant. Powerful, penetrating, pain-subduing, you have only to use it once to keep it as a safeguard against pains, aches, bruises, of every kind and degree.

TASK OF EXPLORING THE HIGH FREE AIR

The Results of 150 Experimental Balloon Journeys Made During 1902.

Mastery in meteorological science will require better knowledge of conditions in the high strata of the atmosphere than we yet possess. Efforts to ascertain the conditions prevailing high in the free air have been made for many years, but activity in this line of research has become conspicuous only within ten years. Mr. W. L. Moore of the Weather Bureau gave it an impulse when he decided, in 1895, by means of kites, to make a survey of the upper air. He introduced observations in different parts of the country extending to about a mile above sea level. A. L. Rotch had already established the observatory at Blue Hill near Boston for the investigation of clouds and the employment of kites in the high air.

The success of these experimental efforts led to the formation in Europe of the international commission for the study of the upper air. The work is carried on chiefly with manned or unmanned balloons. Of course under the management of an aeronaut a balloon may be kept longer in the air than an unmanned balloon. Nevertheless a balloon carrying only self-recording instruments, liberated from Berlin in 1893, after attaining a height of ten miles was carried 700 miles to the borders of Bosnia at a speed of 60 miles an hour.

One of the most effective means of attaining results is found to be the conducting of simultaneous investigations from a considerable number of stations. Prof. Hergesell, of Strassburg has charge of arranging for these events. As many stations as possible make observations on a designated day of each month. The report of the results for 1902 has just appeared in Petermann's Mittellungen.

One hundred and fifty journeys into the upper air were made, a large number of them by unmanned balloons and by kites with self-registering thermometers and other apparatus.

The stations participating were those of Tegel, Strassburg and Munich in Germany; Trappes, Chabais-Mendon and Iteville, France; Bern, Switzerland; Vienna and Budapest, Austria-Hungary; Pavlovsk and St. Petersburg, Russia; Bath and Crinan Harbor, Great Britain; Rome, Italy; Guadalajara, Spain; and Blue Hill, Massachusetts.

On these 150 journeys the greatest height attained was 22,290 metres, or nearly fourteen miles above sea. The temperature at this enormous altitude was minus 64 4-5 degrees Celsius. A temperature of 4 degrees colder was attained at the lower elevation of about twelve miles. The average height attained on all these journeys was 6,760 metres, and the average temperature was minus 64 4-5 degrees. Every month in the year is represented in this statement of the mean temperatures.

The unmanned balloons made the largest number of journeys and far surpassed the manned balloons and kites in the heights attained. It was a balloon with self-registering apparatus that made the great ascent of nearly fourteen miles above sea level. These unmanned balloons, in 74 ascents, reached an average altitude of 10,650 metres; manned balloons in 50 journeys, 3,494 metres, and kites in 26 ascents, 1,974 metres.

At these great heights the atmospheric conditions are of course uninfluenced by forests, mountains and other features of the earth surface. Small balloons, equipped with automatic instruments, appear to be far superior to the other agencies in the higher altitudes. They are cast free, ascend to very great heights before losing their buoyancy, and then, slowly falling to the ground, bring back records of the conditions at extreme altitudes that have never been reached before. European as well as American meteorologists have for some years been employing kites, so that we may fairly say that they are no longer merely toys, but have also become highly valuable pieces of scientific apparatus.—Peterman's Mittellungen.

Costliest Atoms in the World.

There are some people, no doubt, who fancy that £32,000 an ounce is quite enough to give for anything in the world, and yet from all appearances, there is little doubt that this price will come to be looked upon as a very modest one for radium. The action of the Austrian Government in restricting the mining of pitchblende in Bohemia is already having its effect, and the mighty atoms become more valuable every day. As an instance of the manner in which the precious material is regarded, we need only mention the demand that is made for the mere loan of a specimen of radium. It is of 1,800,000 activity, and has a distinct effect on the electroscope at a distance of eight feet, or the few specks of yellowish substance in the center of a case half the size of a lady's watch over £100 has been refused, the owners preferring to lend it out to doctors at £5 a time.—Pall Mall Gazette.

QUALIFICATIONS OF A MASSEUSE

SCORES OF SMART WOMEN HAVE MADE SMALL FORTUNES BY PRACTICE OF MASSAGE.

Lady Henry Somerset's Remarks on a Neglected Branch of Potent Healing.

Massage—that much-abused, much misrepresented profession—is too valuable a physician and too venerable a servant of health to need justification or excuse.

In the Roman Empire, many years before Christ, it was the custom among the wealthy to provide not only luxurious baths for their visitors, but also to send a slave to rub their bodies afterward. In India, too, the practice of massage is centuries old, and history has other witnesses.

For the past fifteen or twenty years the popularity of massage as a profession for women has gone far to annihilate it altogether in England.

There has been an extravagant demand for it among the very rich, and most surely a reaction must follow in favor of some other health craze. As a well-known doctor said the other day: "This is the age of fads, and if I were to tell the Duchess of ——— that I knew of a woman who exercised most wonderful powers of healing by simply sitting in the room with a patient and looking at her, my word would be unquestioned, and the reputed health gazer would soon have more engagements in her book than she could physically compass."

When one hears, too, that one great West End doctor had in one year 300 professed masseuses calling upon him for work, and another doctor has forty names on his immediate list, one fears that its days of grace are numbered.

On the other hand, there is not the slightest doubt that scores of clever women have made little fortunes by it. To be really successful these are some of the qualifications a masseuse must possess: First, of course, she must have had an exhaustive training in the technical, practical work; then personally she must have unbounded health, even temper, cheerful spirits; she must never give way to moods, she must not be too thin, as it is necessary to have "cushioned" hands to be a good rubber and not bone a poor patient; she must be refined, able to talk well, and have a store of chatty little anecdotes at command, a pleasing voice, a thoroughly pleasant exterior and address, a capacity for silence when necessary and tact in dealing with the patient's relatives.

Above all, she must never be nervous—that is an unpardonable sin, and she must always be mistress of the situation with both doctors and patients. This is the ideal masseuse, other things being equal.

Call to mind even in a wide circle how many of one's friends can show such characteristics, and then draw statistics of those likely to possess such capacity in the mixed crowd that elbows its way to work in London.

A very usual picture of the other kind is that of a widow, not well educated, who has perhaps spent her slender funds in fees at a massage training school. She is painfully thin, with hot, nervous hands, has a hesitating, deprecating manner, and loses her head if the doctor asks her an abrupt question.

This lady has laboriously studied the human anatomy and could readily locate the os innomitum and the receptaculumchyli; she also knows by rote all the wrist movements, having gone conscientiously through the whole course of training, but what healthy person, not to speak of a nervous invalid, could endure the presence of such inefficiency?

When a successful practicing masseuse gives testimony that perhaps six out of twenty students at an ordinary training school, in addition to a knowledge of rubbing, possess in a moderate way the personal essentials, and that of the fourteen remaining the thin widow is a recurring type, one naturally inquires what becomes of the second-rate aspirants?

And the answer is something of a surprise. They are employed in nursing homes. There is a class of nursing home where a patient is charged a small fee for massage and the worker gets a pittance per visit.

The work is practically done by second-rate rubbers, who are paid on the sweating system.

Massage is, of course, one of the luxuries of medicine. Soothing and delightful as a method of cure, it is not wholly indispensable. A poor person who suffers from rheumatism goes through the ordinary medical treatment and gets better, or not, by dieting and rest; but the rich person, in addition to the rest and special diet, is massaged back to health for the time being at least.

There is every likelihood that it will remain indefinitely the luxury of the rich, for the fees of a good masseuse are very high. There are several reasons why the fees of an expert masseuse must be high.

The work is uncertain and fluctuating, depending on a thousand extraneous influences. A case of even long duration may generally be counted in weeks, and in London it is practically a dead season from July to Christmas.

Then, it must be borne in mind that the work is at best temporary—no rubber, however healthy and strong, is wise to practice it for longer than a period of ten years.

When one realizes just what the work demands this is easily understood, for a masseuse gives out her own vitality, her animal magnetism, her mental electricity, to her patients; her influence is as much moral and mental as it is physical.

Sometimes a doctor prescribes a mild form of massage for a nervous patient simply for the good mental effect the masseuse has. There is a great element of chance, or opportunity, in the work, as the following will show:

A masseuse had been recommended to a distinguished lady by her medical man, and after a fortnight's treatment of massage and electricity this lady was so delighted at her return to health that she, in turn recommended the masseuse to a friend. The first day she went to the friend a visitor called, and was so pleased with what was told her of the effects of the treatment that she asked the masseuse to come and treat her for indigestion.

The masseuse had scarcely been a week attending her when the lady's mother wanted her services, and she, again, sent her to another daughter. The four cases together lasted for a couple of months, and then, as usual, all stopped about the same time, leaving the masseuse the consolation that she had been kneading and rubbing ladies of the distinguished rank of peeress.

Machinists and ironworkers are greatly interested in the discovery of the art of welding cast iron, which W. S. and L. R. Schaap, of Loveland, Col. claim to have made. They declare that the compound which they have invented will also braze aluminum as successfully as borax will braze steel.

THE VIRTUOUS BRIGAND.

Raisuli, the bandit who kidnapped Mr. Perdicaris and his English stepson, is said to be a very worthy person, a good father, a faithful son, the husband of a minimum of Moslem wives, and a thrifty and enterprising genius, with a turn for commercialism which has raised him above his former humble estate as a downtrodden peasant in the toils of Jewish money-lenders. He and his fellow villagers were falling ever deeper in debt to the Jews; the more they paid, the more they seemed to owe, and they felt the toils closing around them. Then Raisuli had a brilliant idea; why not burn the Jewish village and destroy all evidence of indebtedness at one fell swoop? He tried it, and his consequent emancipation was the beginning of a new life for Raisula, who is said to be a second Namgay Doola, a red-headed, red-bearded savage of great muscular force and few scruples. He has prospered in the work of village-burning, and has an enthusiastic following, for whom he is what Napoleon was for the Old Guard. He is even likely to rival Bu-Hamara, the pretender, who nearly shook the throne of Morocco a year ago. As Bu-Hamara's following has diminished, the adherents of Raisuli have increased and multiplied, and he will certainly gain great prestige as the result of the present situation that, under pressure, the Sultan sent a special embassy to the brigand to ask for terms, carrying rich ransoms for the kidnapped American and his English relative. It was a similar occurrence which gave the Kaiser his opportunity at Kai-chou, and, incidentally, precipitated the Boxer outbreak, which was China's reply to the Mailed Fist. There is a strong tide of public opinion in Germany, tending towards German intervention in Moroccan affairs, and it is a genuine grievance, though an unavowed one, that the worthy bandit did not carry off a son of the Fatherland instead of an American Greek.—Harper's Weekly.

THE WORLD'S OLDEST KNOWN LIVING THING

Said To Be a Huge Cypress Tree 6,260 Years Old, at Chepultepec, Mexico.

"The statement recently made that there are yews in England which are the oldest living things on this earth is not correct," said Mr. Thomas C. Ireland.

"These yews are old, very, very, old; there is no doubt about that; some of them were stalwart trees even before Caesar landed on these shores. There is one now standing in the churchyard at Fortingal, in Perthshire, which Decandole, nearly a century ago, proved to the satisfaction of botanists to be over 25 centuries old, and another at Hedsor, in Buclas, which is 3,240 years old. How Decandole arrived at an apparently correct estimate of the enormous age of these living trees is a simple thing, and the principle is no doubt well known today to all. The yew, like most other trees, adds one line, about the tenth of an inch, to its circumference each year. He proved this after an investigation extending over several years, and we know now, a hundred years later, that his deductions were correct. The old yew at Hedsor has a trunk 27 feet in diameter, proving its great age, and it is in a flourishing, healthy condition now, like its brother at Fortingal.

"Their years are few, though, compared with those of the trees I had in mind when I made my first assertion that the statement printed about them in a scientific journal was incorrect. In one chapter of his writings Humboldt refers to a gigantic boabab tree in Central Africa as the oldest organic monument in the world. This tree has a trunk 29 feet in diameter, and Adanson, by a series of careful measurements, demonstrated conclusively that it had lived for not less than 5,150 years.

"Still, it is not the oldest organic monument in the world, as Humboldt declared, for now Mexican scientists have proved that a huge cypress tree, standing in Chepultepec, with a trunk 118 feet and 10 inches in circumference, is older than it—older, too, by more than a thousand years — for it has been shown, as conclusively as these things can be shown, that its age is about 6,260 years. To become impressed with wonder over this, one has only to dwell on that duration for a little while in thought.

"Yet it is not so remarkable when one stops for a moment to remember that, given favorable conditions for its growth and sustentnce, the average tree will never die of old age—its death is merely an accident. Other younger and more vigorous trees may spring up near it, and perhaps rob its roots of their proper nourishment; insects may kill it, floods or winds may sweep it away, or its roots may come in contact with rock and become so gnarled and twisted, because they have not room to expand in their growth, that they literally throttle the avenues of its sustenance; but these are accidents. If such things do not happen a tree may live on for century after century, still robust, still flourishing, sheltering with its widespreading branches the men and women of age after age."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Unsightly Warts

Often make people very uncomfortable. Though as big as a mountain they are quickly and painlessly removed by Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, which cures warts, corns and bunions quickly.

Trains are to run regularly between Kumasi and the Gold Coast, making the journey in a day.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts, whose efforts for the uplifting of mankind are of world-wide fame, has been a peeress in her own right for more than 30 of her 90 years. When that honor was conferred upon her by Queen Victoria she was the only woman in England so distinguished.

USE ONLY THE BEST

GILLETT'S PERFUMED LYE

is the STANDARD article

READY FOR USE IN ANY QUANTITY.

For making soap, softening water, removing old paint, disinfecting sinks, closets, drains and for many other purposes. A can equals 20 pounds SAL SODA.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.

TIRZAH'S CHIMNEY

Five years before when Solomon Green had asked Tirzah Hitchcock to become the second Mrs. Green she had tartly refused the honor. "I ain't much of a beauty," she had told him, "but no warmed-over affection fur me, thank you, Solomon Green."

Solomon had reasoned all in vain.

"Why, Tirzah," he pleaded, "it ain't no ways natural for wimmen to live alone. Every mornin' your chimbly is the furst thing I look at, an' if I wasn't to see the smoke a-comin' out of it, I'd be scared to death thinkin' you was robbed, or killed or sunthin'.

"What's the use in us keepin' up two houses when one would do jest as well?"

Since that time the two had hardly exchanged a dozen words. Solomon had not married, neither had Tirzah and now on the night before her fortieth birthday she sat looking around her orderly little home with the most desolate feeling at her heart she had known for years.

Tomorrow would be her birthday. Mechanically she had gone through a few preparations for that rather dubious festival. The smallest hen from her flock was curled up ready for roasting inside the same pan in which her mem had been roasted for the last fifteen years. A green apple pie sat on the pantry shelf beside a sour cream spice cake, while a plate of mealy taris was waiting patiently the filling of grape jelly to be theirs on the morrow.

Never before at that season of the year had Tirzah's hens been laying so well.

Her cow had never been known to give so large a yield of milk. There were three new kittens in the basket behind the kitchen stove and her canary bird was the loudest singer in all the village. But for all this Tirzah was not satisfied.

She had heard that day that the widowed cousin who usually kept house for Solomon Green had unexpectedly married.

Of course this was nothing to Tirzah, but still—here she sniffed two or three times, and then, without a particle of explanation to the astonished cat, who had come forth demanding her allowance of milk, sat down in her cane-seated rocker and burst out crying.

For five minutes she cried, and then she dropped her apron and looked guiltly about.

A thought had just intruded itself upon her which she considered in the light of a secret crime. Over and over again, despite herself, she rehearsed Solomon's proposal; each word as it had been spoken, until, suddenly, like the handwriting upon the wall, there stood forth these words: "Every mornin' your chimbly is the first thing I look at——"

Had he meant it? Did he still turn his eyes with the coming of morning light down the little hill which lay between them? Did her lonely chimney still claim his thoughtful care?

Five minutes later the dark plot was formed and Miss Tirzah was hurrying about her preparations for the night with cheeks that burned with fires she had thought long since gone out forever.

The following morning more astonished creatures there could not be than were the kittens, cat, cow, hens and canary of Miss Tirzah Hitchcock. Something, certainly, had gone wrong.

Six o'clock came, and the stable door was not opened by the brisk mistress. Half-past six, and still no fire in the kitchen stove. Seven o'clock, and no breakfast yet for the mistress and her indignant dependents.

Loud and angry rose the protest of Brindle from her snug stall, while the old cat and canary did their best to stir things up inside.

Meanwhile, hidden by the parlor curtains, crouched Miss Tirzah, wrapped in a huge red and green shawl, her heart fluttering between shame and dread, while her eyes watched with fevered anxiety the house just up the hill.

Oh! how pitifully foolish now, looked her deep-laid scheme when faced in the broad light of day.

Of course he had forgotten, years ago, to watch her chimney. What was it to him now, whether she had a fire or not? She would go this very minute and build it. She——

Why, what was that? Someone was coming out of Solomon's front door. Some one—why, it was Solomon himself, creeping forth as if he had just been engaged in stealing his own spoons and was now making off with them to place them in hiding.

Where was he going?

The heart of Tirzah stood still for one long and nerve-destroying second, then it went on again with such a hammering and commotion beneath the red and green shawl that a less plucky woman would have fled for the camphor bottle on the instant.

Solomon was coming down the hill straight toward her tiny home. Coming, it is true, not as the conquerors come with bold and martial tread, but after a timid, slinky fashion of a man who has had his last timid advances in that direction scorned.

When it was certain past all shadow of a doubt that he was coming into the house, Tirzah, the crafty creature, betook herself to the canoseated rocker, where, wrapped to the chin in the big shawl, she waited with palpitating heart for the timid knock which at length sounded on her door.

"Come in," she then called feebly, at which the door was opened cautiously, inch by inch, until the entire figure of the middle-aged lover was disclosed to view.

At the sight of Tirzah bundled up and in the armchair, all of his hesitation vanished.

"Why, Tirzah, are you took sick?" came in the loud, cheery voice which had not sounded in the room for five years past. "An' it's cold enough in here to freeze the hair off a dog's back. Let me fix you a fire."

In a few moments a cheerful fire was roaring up the chimney. To be sure, there were more chips on the floor than Miss Tirzah would have scattered in a twelve-month and the cat was spitting out her indignation in a remote corner, over an injury done her slick tail by the heavy boot of Miss Tirzah's new fireman.

Tirzah, however, noticed neither the chips nor the anger of her cat. Not redder than her cheeks was the blazing fire, for Solomon had taken courage and was sitting beside her, inquiring kindly when she "was took" and if he shouldn't go and "fetch the doctor?"

"You see, Tirzah," he said, with a guilty laugh. "I alles look at your chimbly the fust thing in the mornin'—I've kinder go into the habit. I know you don't like it, but—er—why, Tirzah, woman, whatever ails ye?"

"Solomon," cried Tirzah, and she almost screamed it in her excitement, "I—I do like it. I—oh, Solomon—I didn't build a fire a purpose."

And Solomon——

He rose then and there and kissed her.—Clara Parker, in Housekeeper.

Some Big Icebergs.

Think of sections bigger than Rhode Island being torn from a glacier and swept off into the ocean, to be ferried 3,000 miles on the bosom of the Labrador current until the heated waters of the gulf stream cause them to vanish from human ken! Then can one form some idea of the immensity of the ice area discharged from the Greenland seas each day. Thousands of miles of valley are constantly emptying their contents into the bays and fords of the north waters, whence the tides hurry the detachments southward to cumber the wide Atlantic.

The disposition of icebergs to turn turtle is one of the most dangerous propensities. It arises from several causes. When they start out from Greenland their bottoms are heavy with the detrious gathered in their glacial period, and this drops off at intervals as they move south, causing their center of gravity to change and the berg to assume new positions. The scientific theory of the formation of the vast submarine plateaus which extend from Labrador to Fundy and are commonly known as the grand banks of Newfoundland is that they are the products of the deposits of bergs during countless ages.—Leslie's Monthly.

"AN EXCELLENT FOOD, admirably adapted to the Wants of Infants."

SIR CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D., Professor of Chemistry, R.C.S.I., Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.

Neave's Food

For Infants, Invalids, And The Aged.

GOLD MEDAL, WOMAN'S EXHIBITION, London, 1900.

DR. BARNARDO says:—

"We have already used Neave's Food in two of our Homes (Babies' Castle and the Village Home), and I have no hesitation in saying it has proved very satisfactory."—July 27th, 1901.

USED IN THE Russian Imperial Nursery.

Manufacturers:—JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO., Fordingbridge, England.

Wholesale Agents:—THE LYMAN BROS. & Co., Ltd., Toronto and Montreal.

When You Know an Article is Good, Always Buy It.

COWAN'S PERFECTION COCOA (MAPLE LEAF LABEL.)

COWAN'S Royal Navy Chocolate Cake Icings, Etc.

ARE ABSOLUTELY PURE GOODS.

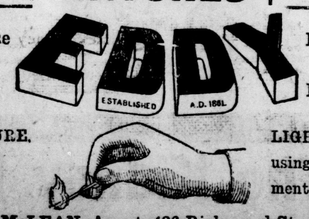
THE COWAN CO., Limited, TORONTO.

Our parlor brands: "KING EDWARD," "HEADLIGHT," "EAGLE," "VICTORIA," "LITTLE COMET."

ALWAYS SEE THAT THE MATCHES

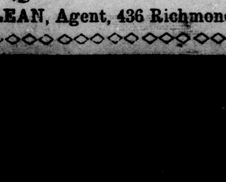
Our Sulphur Brands "TELEGRAPH" "TELEPHONE"

You Purchase Bear the Name



For Sale by Dealers Everywhere.

A QUICK SURE, every time by of the above-



LIGHT is insured using any one mentioned brands.

DONALD McLEAN, Agent, 436 Richmond St., LONDON.

Hair Falling? Don't tell your friends of it. They would think it so strange. You see, they know Ayer's Hair Vigor checks falling of the hair, restores color to gray hair, and makes the hair grow. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.