

ELAINE OF THE ORCHARDS

By Martha McCulloch-Williams
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The joy of midsummer possessed Elaine. Commonly she was pale, with shadowed eyes and piteously drooping mouth. Today the shadows, the drooping, had vanished. She smiled until dimples played hide and seek through cheeks faintly pink as the sweetbrier in the hedgerow. She was picking the first ripe peaches in the young orchard that was her mother's pride. It had but just come into bearing and was full three weeks ahead of anything the neighborhood had ever known. Elaine and her mother were plausibly glad that the ripening fell in with the date of the big meeting.

The peach basket would go to church tomorrow along with other baskets overflowing with good things. There were to be three sermons, with dinner and supper in between; much choice gossip also, with, incidentally, love-making. Everybody within ten miles round would be there. That meant to Elaine mainly sight and speech of Allan May. He would be sure to fetch his mother, a lady of gracious speech, but coldly calculating eyes. Elaine dreaded the eyes, yet was glad Allan had a mother to look out for. It saved her the torture of seeing him gallanting other girls ever so much prettier than her own pale self.

Until he came she had never loved anybody. She was sure that he loved her. Had he not kissed her fingers and called them "precious" after she had played for him a whole evening through? He had said too: "I must be free before I marry. My mother, you know, holds everything in trust until I am thirty." It was easy for Elaine to persuade herself that he did not speak out because he was too honorable to ask any woman to wait for him five years.

Gossip had it his mother was bent on matching him with her niece, Madge Clayton, who lived in the next county. But the young pair were close and



ELAINE SWUNG HERSELF TO AN AMBUSH OF THICK GREEN LEAVES.

friendly comrades, seeing through the scheming of their elders and finding in it an excellent joke.

Madge came often to the May house, but somehow Elaine had not seen her since the era of pigtail and ruffled pinafores. As she nestled the cream and pink peaches amid the vine leaves in her basket she seemed to see in them hints of her rival's fairness. Just as she crowded in the last a shiver ran through her; then her heart beat like mad. The orchard ran down to the road. Two people came riding there, and through the hoofbeats she caught Allan's voice.

In a minute they would be upon her. Instinctively Elaine swung herself to an ambush of thick green leaves. As she crouched, shaking all over, the nearing hoofbeats stopped. Clear across the silence she heard Allan say: "You'll have to marry me, Madge, unless you can think of some other way out. Oh, no! I am not committed, except morally. It was the music laid hold on me. Elaine can make piano keys say the most wonderful things. I really forgot she was a woman until—There are things one cannot put in words!"

"Evidently," a rich voice answered. "But since you have spoken so much you must tell the whole truth. Did you draw back the very minute you found out your mistake? If you did, you are not wholly despicable. Otherwise—"

Elaine, gasping, felt the tentative pause. A rustling wind led her through the leaves. A little young goddess, yellow haired, with straight brows and unsmiling mouth, looked full in Allan's face. Her hand lay easily on the reins, but the other, clenching the whip within it bent. Love may be blind; jealousy has eyes that see far and deep. By the tense clutch Elaine understood. Madge loved her cousin, yet had strength to sit in judgment of him.

"You are silent. That is answer enough," Madge said after a long min-

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ute; then, with the least hard breath: "The way out is the right and true one. You have taught a woman to love you; now teach yourself to love her as she deserves."

"It is your fault after all, Madge," Allan said, sighing. "You ought to have made me love—oh, I know you could have done it—but chose instead to laugh me out of sentiment, because, forsooth, you wanted your own way. I don't love you as matters stand, but, on my soul, when I look at you I do not understand how I ever kept from it."

"Go to Elaine!" Madge commanded, wheeling her horse.

Allan kept doggedly beside her. "Tomorrow will be time enough," he said. "Poor Elaine! She is a million times too good for me—so much too good I tremble to think of taking her happiness in my hands."

As they galloped off Elaine crept from her covert and sank beside her basket, a huddled, moaning heap. She lay there until sundown, love fighting hard with woman's pride. And love won out. That night all her prayer was, "Lord, Lord, let him love me or else let me die."

Allan came to her next day as she knelt beside the peach basket, lifting up pink flushed beauties from their nests of cool green leaves. His whisper in her ear made her cheeks outflush the pinkest peach, but she shook her head when he made to raise her and lead her away. "I will come presently," she said. "Mother cannot get through dinner without me." Yet when he left her she got suddenly white, and her hands trembled so she almost let fall a laden dish.

Time ambles withal in spite of heart-aches. Somehow dinner got itself over and left Elaine free. She slipped away toward the spring in the edge of the grove.

Half way Madge overtook her and said with no pretense of greeting, "You must not mind about anything today, only being happy."

For a minute they walked in silence down the sun flecked path. It bordered the road by which teams were taken to water. There was a sharp turn in the road where the path crossed it to reach the well head. As the two came to it a thunder of hoofs bore down on them, cut through with weak, terrified screams. Wild Janie Lee had ventured to drive the wickedest pair upon the grounds. They had taken the bits in their teeth and were running away.

Madge sprang back to let them pass, tripped on a loose stone and fell forward almost under their feet. Elaine darted, caught the leader's bit and served him sharply aside. He reared, striking out with both hoofs, but she clung fast until stronger hands stayed the maddened beasts, then slid into Allan's arms, with blood gushing over her lips. Between the spurts she whispered to him: "It has all come right, I know. I had to save her—because she gave you to me. You must grieve for me—a little bit. But God knew best. He heard my prayers."

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FREAKS OF WEATHER

FOGS, WINDS AND STORMS OF VARIOUS PECULIARITIES.

The "Williwau" That Spends Itself Upon Tierra del Fuego—The "Fohn" Wind of Switzerland and the Ferocious "Purga" of Siberia.

In mountainous countries, such as Scotland, a fog usually forms at the top of a hill and works downward. The cold mountain top, cooling a warm current of wet air, renders its moisture visible, and this cold fog, being of lower temperature than the air below and therefore heavier, drops gradually to the valley. Colorado, however, can show an exception to this general rule. There in winter the frost on the low ground is so intense that a fog often forms in the valleys and works slowly up the mountain side. This is known by the Indian name of "pogonip."

Peru has hundreds of square miles along its coast of rainless country. In this tract rain is never known to fall from one century's end to another. Yet the region is not entirely barren of vegetation. Some parts of it, indeed, are comparatively fertile. This is due to the extraordinary fogs known as "garuas." They prevail every night from May to October after a summer that is sultry and extend up to a level of 1,200 feet above the sea. Above 1,200 feet rain falls.

The "calina" of Spain is a fog we may be grateful that we do not have. It is a dry, yellow mist which sometimes hides the sun for days at a time over vast tracts of country and makes the sky look as though covered with leaden gauze.

Another peculiar freak of weather we must be thankful to escape is the "williwau." This form of storm is confined to that faroff island Tierra del Fuego. The coast is indented with deep fiords crowned with high mountains. Down from their gorges drops the "williwau." A low, hoarse muttering is heard in the distance. Suddenly, without the least preliminary puff, a fearful blast of wind drops upon the sea. The water is not raised into waves, but driven into fine dust. Fortunately the shock lasts but ten or twelve seconds, and calm follows at once, for no vessel could stand such a wind for even half a minute. During the coming and going of a "williwau" the barometer may be watched to drop a tenth of an inch or more and rise again at once.

Similar in name if not in nature is the "willy willy" with which Kalgoorlie gold diggers are acquainted, to their cost. "Dust devils," some people call them. Half a dozen may be seen dancing harmlessly along over the desert when suddenly one will dive into the city and fill all the shop windows in Hannan street with dust and sand, blinding every passerby. The "willy willy" is a thief of the worst kind. It will steal the washing from a line or the roof from a shed. In some parts of the country wire ropes are anchored over the roofs of huts to save them from the attacks of these odd little whirlwinds.

Most people have heard of the "fohn" wind of Switzerland, that warm, dry gale which comes over the mountains and in spring will melt two feet of snow in a day. Its cause is most peculiar. The "fohn" comes from the south. As it strikes the Alps it is wet, like most gales which have crossed the sea, but the south face of the mountains receives its rain, and as it crosses the summits it is dry, and the moving air is also compressed and therefore dynamically heated. As it falls into the northern valleys in a cataract of air it gains heat at the rate of half a degree for every 100 feet of descent.

It usually blows for two or three days, causing great suffering by its dry heat and oppression. While it lasts the temperature is about thirty degrees above the average. The "chinkoo" of British Columbia and the western side of the United States is very similar to the "fohn."

England has adopted the American word "blizzard" for a gale with snow. But the blizzard, however, must yield to the ferocious "buran" of the central steppes of Asia and the "purga" of northern Siberia. To be caught in gales such as these means death in a very few minutes, however warmly clad, for the very air becomes unbearably cold, so filled is it with spikes of ice drift.

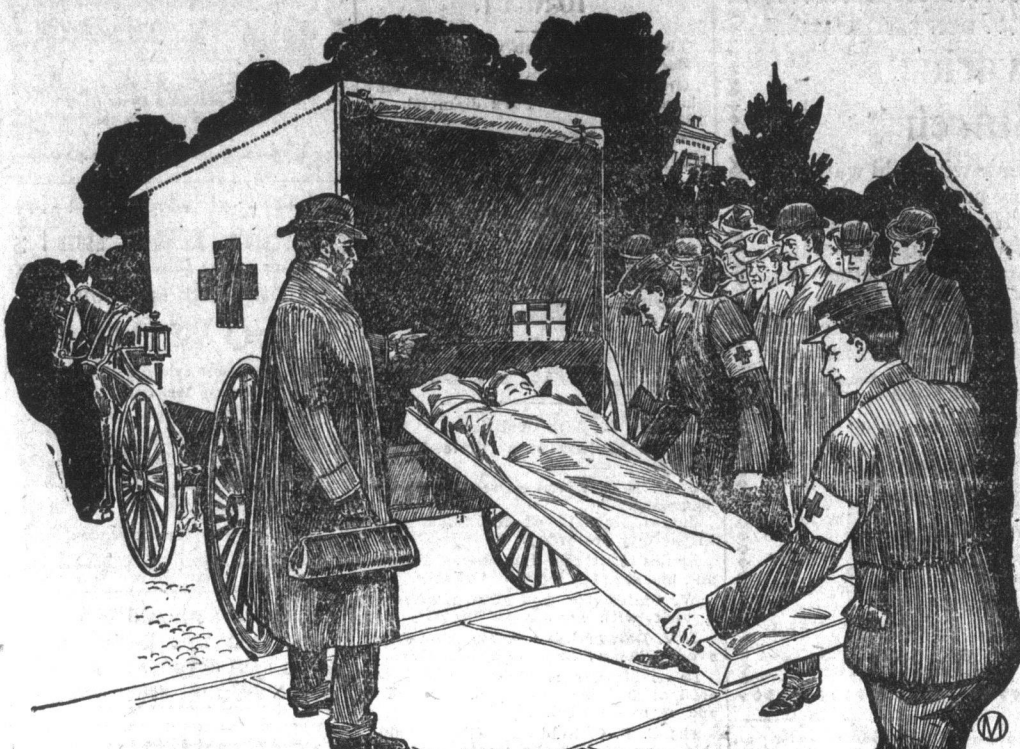
"Khamsin" is the hot wind from the desert which blows out of the Sahara upon Egypt. The word means fifty, from the idea that it lasts for fifty days. The "khamsin" is terribly hot and dry and sometimes brings pestilence with it.

Red snow we have all heard of. It is caused by a microscopic infusorial growth and only occurs in snow that has lain unmelting for a long time. In Spitzbergen recently green snow has been noted tinted by similar organisms.

"Gold dust" snow has often been seen, but only in spring. At one time it was a mystery how the surface of new fallen snow came to be strewn with a shining yellow deposit. Now it is known to be due to the pollen of pine trees.

Chicken Pox and Smallpox.

The eruption of chicken pox has an imperfect resemblance to that of smallpox, but can never be mistaken for it by the experienced eye. In smallpox the eruption of papules first appears on the forehead, the "papules" always become "blisters," and the latter always develop into pustules—that is, sooner or later their contents get changed into pus. Then the center of the pustules undergoes a peculiar sinking that in some measure resembles the depressions in a cushion or padded chair where the "button" are seen. In chicken pox there is no such uniformity of sequence, and the depressions are absent.



A Hospital Case

There was a hurry call for the ambulance of the City Hospital. In the course of a few moments a very sick woman was brought in on a stretcher—she was pale as death and evidently suffering keen agony. There was a hasty examination and consultation, and in less than a quarter of an hour the poor creature was on the operating table to undergo an operation for ovaritis.

The above is an accurate account of an incident which occurred in New York recently; the young woman in question had warnings enough of her dangerous condition in the terrible pains and burning sensation low down in her left side. She had no one to advise her, and she suffered torture until it was too late for anything to save her life.

Women should remember that if they do not care to tell a doctor their troubles, they should be willing to tell them to a woman, who stands ever ready to advise and help them. Again we state that Mrs. Pinkham's advice is freely and confidentially given to every one who asks for it. Address, Lynn, Mass.

The following letters prove beyond question that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has the power to cure, and does cure thousands of cases of inflammation of the ovaries, womb, and all other derangements of the female organism.

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"I will tell you how I suffered. I could hardly walk, was unable to sleep or eat. Menstruation was irregular. At last I had to stay in my bed, and flowed so badly that they sent for a doctor, who said I had inflammation of the ovaries, and must go through an operation, as no medicine could help me, but I could not do that."

"I received a little book of yours, and after reading it I concluded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am now a well woman. I shall praise your medicine as long as I live, and also recommend the same to any one suffering as I was."

MRS. MINNIE OTTOSON, Otho, Iowa. (June 9, 1901.)

Follow the record of this medicine, and remember that these thousands of cures of women whose letters are constantly printed in this paper were not brought about by "something else," but by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, the great Woman's Remedy for Women's Ills. Those women who refuse to accept anything else are rewarded a hundred thousand times, for they get what they want—a cure. Moral—Stick to the medicine that you know is best. Write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice.

—Stick to the medicine that you know is best. Write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice.

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"I felt so weak and sick that I felt sure I could not survive the ordeal, and so I told him that I would not undergo it. The following week I read an advertisement in the paper of your Vegetable Compound in such an emergency, and so I decided to try it. Great was my joy to find that I actually improved after taking two bottles, so I kept taking it for ten weeks, and at the end of that time I was cured. I had gained eighteen pounds and was in excellent health, and am now."

"You surely deserve great success, and you have my very best wishes."—MISS ALICE BAILEY, 50 North Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga., Treasurer St. Francis Benevolent Association.

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