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**ED de GEX, Kerwood P.O.**

**The Troublesome Tenant**  
By AGNES G. BROGAN

(Copyright, 1919, by Western Newspaper Union.)  
July 14th.

Mr. Amos Giles,  
Dear Sir: I have been greatly inconvenienced since moving into the house rented from you a week ago—by a leakage in the roof directly over the cook stove. Also, the stove cannot be made to cook. Will you kindly send your agent, immediately upon receipt of this, to attend to the matter, and ablige, the new tenant?  
BELINDA BRIGGS.

Lyndenville, July 15th.  
Belinda Briggs.

Dear Madam: I understand that my agent stated, when renting the house, that it was offered at present low figure, because of its impaired condition, the understanding being that occupant could afford needed repairs because of the decided reduction in price. This is still condition of agreement. Truly yours,  
AMOS GILES.

Lyndenville, July 16th.  
Mr. Amos Giles:

No one could possibly agree to have rain pouring on their vicinals at any low figure. The deceiving man who rented your house, suggested merely, that desired alterations might be accomplished with the reduction of rent. What are you going to do about it?  
B. BRIGGS.

July 17th.  
Belinda Briggs.

Dear Madam: Will send man to fix roof. Any further difficulty will have to be remedied at your own expense.  
A. GILES.

July 20th.  
Dear Mr. Giles:

It is now the bedroom roof which leaks. Damp sleeping rooms are bad for rheumatism. Will you send your workman over again as soon as possible?  
BELINDA BRIGGS.

July 20th.  
My Dear Mrs. Briggs:

It will be impossible for me to attend to any more repairing. Why can't you send your husband up to fix the leak?  
A. GILES.

July 21st.  
If I had a husband, he never would have rented this house. Only a lone woman could be so imposed upon. I am going to move out.  
BELINDA BRIGGS.

July 22nd.  
Miss Briggs:

Some other place will probably be more conducive to the improvement of your rheumatic condition. My agent failed to inform me that he had rented the place to an elderly woman living alone. Will you forward key at once, as I wish to take possession of the house myself.  
A. GILES.

July 22nd.  
Mr. Giles:

Enclosed find key. Would like to add, that I might have made my complaint less peremptory, had I known that you were an elderly invalid. You were pointed out to me only this morning at the post office.  
May I suggest the south bedroom as the most healthful in your house?  
Sincerely,  
BELINDA BRIGGS.

P. S.—Have taken for the summer, the small cottage across the way.  
B. B.

July 29,  
Lyndenville.  
My Dear Miss Briggs:

Pardon what may appear impertinent curiosity. Was it not the white cottage opposite, which you had rented for the summer? And was I not given to understand that you live alone? Yet this afternoon, a young and beautiful girl suddenly faced me from the window seat of my own living room, beneath which she explained, she had left her music while occupying this house; possessing the music, she passed out of my house and directly over to yours. I may also add that I have inadvertently noticed the young woman from time to time in your garden. Was it by your authority, Miss Briggs, that she came for the music? Respectfully,  
AMOS GILES.

July 29th.  
Dear Mr. Giles:

Am returning answer by messenger. I, Belinda Briggs, went for the music; I must be your "young and beautiful girl." I never told you that I was old

rheumatic, but merely mentioned the fact that damp is injurious to rheumatism. I'm working out here on a book of children's stories and my bulldog is my sole companion. But this is very perplexing. It was a youngish man who faced me at the window seat today, you, I did not see at all. Perhaps my spinsterish name made you think me old, that's why I like to call myself just—  
LINDA.

July 29th.  
Miss Linda Briggs—by same messenger:

The youngish (make it young) man who faced you today at the window was your late landlord—though I'm not a "dead one." In fact—I never felt so in love with life before. Old Amos is my grandfather, and I guess he handed over this old rookery to me, in compensation for his ancient name. I hoped to sell the house and cut short my enforced stay in the village. But now—I want to have my car sent out—and linger in this beautiful spot. I confess I never realized its full glory until today. May I come over to apologize for my rudeness? Please say yes. Yours,  
A. GILES.

Mr. Giles—again by same messenger:  
You may come. The bulldog approves.  
"LINDA"

**DAMASCUS STEEL LONG BEST**  
Old City for Many Centuries Led the World in Producing and Distributing Finer Grades.

Before the use of gunpowder, weapons of steel, such as sword and spear, were the soldier's chief reliance; and in making and distributing the finer grades of steel Damascus led the world. The knight who owned a "Damascus blade" had the very best thing of its kind, still unsurpassed, though the sword has gone out of fashion. According to a writer in the Journal of the Royal Society of Arts, this high-grade steel came originally from India and was the result of a process devised and developed by Hindu artificers.

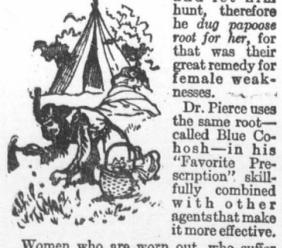
"One of the many articles which contributed to the world importance of Indian trade was the famous Indian steel," he writes. "It appeared in western Europe during the middle ages, under the names of damascene, or Damascus steel. By another trade route through Persia and the Caucasus it found its way into Russia.

"The iron and steel industry was highly developed in ancient India. A witness to this exists not only in the famous wrought-iron pillar of Delhi, but in many other specimens, some of them at least being undoubtedly high carbon crucible steels.

"To this last category belonged the wootz, or small cakes of carbon steel, from which the damascene blades were manufactured. Some of such cakes were investigated by Reaumur, but he found nobody in Paris who could forge them. Some others were presented to the Royal society by Doctor Scott of Bombay, and brought to this country by Doctor Pearson. Faraday took a keen interest in them, and his investigation of alloy steel, conducted in conjunction with Stodart, was the result.

**Nature and the Indian**

The Indian never liked work but he wanted his squaw to get well as soon as possible so that she could do the work and let him hunt, therefore he dug papoose root for her, for that was their great remedy for female weaknesses.



Dr. Pierce uses the same root—called Blue Cohosh—in his "Favorite Prescription" skillfully combined with other agents that make it more effective.

Women who are worn out, who suffer from pain at regular or irregular intervals, who are nervous or dizzy at times, should take that reliable, temperance, herbal tonic which a doctor in active practice prescribed many years ago. Now sold by druggists, in tablets and liquid, as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Send 10c. to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial package.

WOODSTOCK, ONT.—"I cannot say enough in praise of Dr. Pierce's Medicines. I had nervous prostration and was completely 'down and out.' I was so bad the doctors considered mine a hopeless case. I was much discouraged and was ready to give up when I began taking the 'Favorite Prescription' and the Golden Medical Discovery. These medicines put me on my feet again and gave me the only real relief. Being a nurse I have recommended Dr. Pierce's Medicines to many, especially the 'Favorite Prescription.' I know of many a young mother to whom I have recommended 'Favorite Prescription' that has been wonderfully helped.  
"I am glad to lend my name in connection with Dr. Pierce's Medicines, knowing how good they are."—Mrs. A. L. MILLER, 815 John Street.

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**INDIAN POETRY.**

Important Collection Entitled "The Path on the Rainbow."

Mary Austin, the novelist, has been carefully studying the songs and chants of the North American Indians for several years, and she recently published an anthology of this primitive poetry, to which she gave the title "The Path on the Rainbow" which will interest everybody who has paid any attention to Indian lore. "The Path on the Rainbow" does not lend itself readily to review. One might go about the task in the thoroughly businesslike and justly academic manner adopted by Mary Austin in her introduction to the book. One might profess to discover, and indeed, might discover the golden thread of development running through this extraordinarily primitive verse, and one might or might not arrive at the conclusion which Miss Austin arrives at that the "poetic art in America at the time it began to be overlaid by European culture had reached a mark close to that of the Greeks at the beginning of the Homeric era." On the other hand, one might end by questioning whether there were any standards by which this strange song-dance-verse could be judged. As it appears before us in the cold black and white of a translation, at best a sorry third of itself, whatever that self may be, it must be honestly confessed that much of it is frankly meaningless; and that much more of it is a simple repetition of simple statements of fact, without any effort to do more than to call up the picture, which each reader has of these facts in his own chambers of imagery.

Some of it, however, and this renders the search for it so extraordinarily worth while, has all the attributes of true poetry.

My children, my children,  
It is I who wear the morning star  
on my head;  
I show it to my children,  
Says the Father.

It is vers libre, of course, but vers libre at its very high order, and all may understand and appreciate it. Or again, take the first few lines of the poem entitled "The Wold Woman's Lullaby":

What shall I sing to thee, Babe on my back?  
Song of the Eagle that mates with the storm!  
Hi-i-ri-ki! Ri-ek!  
The wild gale is weeping, driven before him  
To his nest on the black lone mast of the night;  
Swinging, swinging, far out, high out, over the sea!  
Hi-i-ri-ki! Ri-ek!

It is instinct with the true poetic spirit, abundantly free, tremendously concentrated on the expression of one idea and universal in its appeal. There is much more like it. And yet a careful study of the book must convince one that the ordinary man, trained in the literature of the West, is not fully equipped to appreciate Indian poetry. What the poems really expressed to the Indian, when to the words was added music, must call up in every cadence a thousand recollections, and to the music the rhythmic motion of the dance, it is quite impossible for the reader to gather from the beautiful translations which the book presents him. "Verse is to the Red singer but a shorthand note to his emotions, a sentence or two, a phrase out of the heart of the situation. It is the inside song alone which is important. Says the medicine man, explaining these matters, 'You see, Injun man singin' an' cryin' while he sing. It ain't what he singin' make him cry; it's what the song make him think, that's what he cryin' about.'" So remarks Miss Austin in the course of her introduction. As an explanation of Indian poetry it could not well be improved upon.

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MADAME ROSINA FOISIZ.  
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