

The Wind and the Valley

A wild wind roamed the world,
Rebellious, strong, and free,
It howled its discord long and loud,
O'er mountain, plain, and sea.

Through spaces vast it swept,
Nor paused as on it flew,
And chaos dire o'er marked its track,
But still it onward blew.

A valley sweet it found,
With peaceful sunshine filled,
It swept between the circling slopes,
With joy its heart was thrilled.

The valley spurned it not,
But loving greeting gave,
No longer wild, rebellious, sweeps
That wind o'er land and wave.

The valley sweet art thou,
Who greeting gave to me,
The wild wind; now no longer wild—
Content to rest in thee.

—Ethel L. Preble, in Sunset Magazine.

THE WAYS OF FATE

BY LULU J. POWERS

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"Ten o'clock," said Emogene Gray, glancing at her watch as she impatiently walked up and down the little platform in front of the dingy country station. "What perverse fate sent me here to this out of the way place anyhow? This extension cuts off forty miles, but then it would have been better to have gone around, as the trains are so irregular that one is liable to come at any moment or it might not come until night. In that case I shall miss the connection and be too late for the wedding." She looked at the track which wound down a sandy bottom and up a hill slope and lost herself among the green of the pines, and then at the straggling village houses, turning at length with a sigh of impatience and entered the bare little waiting room. The only other passengers was a deaf old minister and his partly blind wife.

The former sat upon one of the long benches which were tacked to the wall, his hands folded before him, the picture of patience while his old wife dozed in the corner. Everything was still and quiet, and at length the old minister spread his handkerchief over his bald head and was soon snoring lustily.

Emogene went outside and walked up and down. After a time she sat down upon the edge of the platform, and had just given herself up to reflection when a firm step upon the platform aroused her and she looked up.

The tall handsome man who had just stepped up on the platform was in the act of opening a letter, as their eyes met; he crumpled the letter and pushed it into his pocket.

"Emogene!—Can it be possible!" he exclaimed, going up to her and taking her hand in his.

A flood of crimson swept over her face and left it pale. "Why, Robert!" she exclaimed, a glad light leaping into her eyes. For an instance they were both silent. It has been said that people forget—that hearts grow cold—even learn to hate; but when clasped soul meets soul, no matter how deep the gulf between the wild sweet joy of the heart springs to the eye.

"Your husband!" he at length found voice to ask, "where is he?"

"Dead," drawing her hand from his and turning her eyes away.

He took her hand and drew it through his arm as they strolled out under the trees which overshadowed the road. The old minister who had roused from his nap and looked out the door. "Humph!" he muttered, "a meeting of old lovers—but it is the way of youth," and humming the air of an old love song he went and sat beside his wife, and drawing her white head over upon his shoulder kissed her.

"Your coming into my life, Emogene" was an inspiration—a vista of joy, followed by deep misery and anguish. We cannot guide our hearts; they spring from us without our will or consent. I knew from the first that you were the promised wife of another, and yet my heart went out to you, and I fancied at times that you cared for me also. My uncle and aunt had no tenderness in their nature, and cared for little but making money. I had been left an orphan upon their

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on, even though I knew that you were dead to me. A year ago both my aunt and uncle died and as they could not take their money with them they willed it to me. Now, sweetheart, tell me of yourself.

"You know," she said sadly, "that I too was an orphan and owed everything to my husband—that man I married. He was years older than I, but he was a noble man. Two years after we married he had some financial reverses and the worry preyed upon him and in less than a year he left me, and since that time I have acted as governess in numerous families. Now I am on my way to attend the marriage of an old school friend."

"Quite a coincidence," he said, his face glowing white. "I too am on my way to attend a marriage."

"Well, that is singular," she said.



"You must marry me at once."

"What worries me, though, is that if I am not in time I shall offend an old friend. Sarah wanted me to come last week, and if this train makes me lose my connection she will hardly forgive me. I must confess, however, that I am a little curious to know who the bridegroom will be, as she writes me such strange letters, and has never told me the name of the chosen one yet, although she has written a lot about him. But then Sarah Ashton is always somewhat frivolous, though always good-hearted."

"Sarah Ashton!" exclaimed Robert Halladay, trembling so that he caught the post of a fence to steady himself.

"Good God, Emogene! I am the expected bridegroom!" he groaned. "I can never keep my vows now that I know you are free. Until this hour I thought you were dead to me—another man's wife. Now you shall be mine!"

He caught her hand in his.

She pushed him away from her, her face as white as his own. "You honor and duty demand that you keep your word, that you hasten to Sarah Ashton and make her your wife."

"Darling, can you send me from you when I love you so," holding out his arms to her, "when I long for you—dream of you and want you always."

"Good-bye!" though her face was trembling and her very heart bursting, she turned away from him and walked over to the hotel. She could not continue her journey, her soul would not bear it; she must have rest.

Half an hour passed. Along in the seclusion of the little dingy room she gave vent to her feelings and great bursting sobs shook her frame. After a time she grew calmer and sank upon her knees. "Great God!" she prayed, "give me strength to do my duty, and help me to forget this day."

Just then a rap sounded upon the door.

Emogene arose and bathed her face before she opened the door. As she opened it Robert Halladay stepped into the room and took her in his arms. "Good news, darling," he said, kissing her again and again. "Read this," holding a letter before her astonished eyes.

It was but a few lines in Sarah Ashton's irregular, well known scrawly hand as follows:

Dear Friend:—Doubtless you will be greatly surprised, but I hope not greatly grieved when you learn that I have eloped and am happily married this morning to Mr. Smith. We were engaged and loved each other years ago, but paternal authority separated us, etc., etc. Yours in friendship,

SARAH SMITH.

"Now, sweetheart, as I cannot be a fitted lover, you must marry me at once."

"Why! How—"

He stopped her mouth. Half an hour

later the old minister performed the ceremony in the hotel parlor, and when the delayed train pulled out from the platform it bore two happy, satisfied hearts away upon their bridal tour.

HIS EDITORIAL QUICKLY READY.

New York Paper Tells Good Story on Southern Journalist.

A certain editorial writer on the staff of a Southern newspaper was inclined to dilatoriness during certain periods of conviviality, and caused thereby much concern in the breast of the foreman of the composing room just prior to the moment when the forms must go to press. But the writer was a part owner of the paper and could not well be discharged, since he occupied the position of managing editor. Many times the editorials were late and the paper delayed in going to press, but the delinquent writer always made good after a fashion. Finally he hit upon a scheme when he was called upon at the last moment for "copy" that may, in all justice to expediency, be called the art of genius.

The hour was very late and no leading editorial had gone to the composing room. In frantic haste the foreman sent for the editorial writer, and only after half an hour was he located—in a near-by saloon and much the worse for his dalliance there. He grasped the intelligence that he had forgotten his leading column, and made his way as fast as he could to his office. Snatching a piece of copy paper in one hand, he caught up a copy of the New York Times with the other, and from it clipped a leading editorial, which he pasted on the paper. Then he wrote:

"We cannot agree with the New York Times when it says:"

The editorial of the Times was copied, the paper went to press, and the editor back to the saloon.—New York Times.

Cheat the Elephants.

"Billiardists who have been afraid the scarcity of ivory would kill the game have another guess coming," said an old player, as he chalked his cue the other day. "I've been playing with billiard balls made of artificial ivory, which was so nearly like the kind the elephants furnish that you would not notice the difference. Elephants are getting pretty scarce, you know, and elephant tusks are now almost as rare as genuine Navajo blankets. You know it is only the choicest of tusk ivory that can be used for billiard balls. One year ago regulation two and three-eighth inch ivory balls could be purchased for \$8. Now they cost \$16 apiece. The advance in the price of ivory was simultaneous with and strikingly similar to the constantly growing value of diamonds. Billiardists have maintained that only with ivory balls could the delights of the game be realized. This meant that within a few years only millionaires, kings, or princes could hope to indulge in the game which dates back to the time of the Pharaohs.

"Yes, sir, they are now making ivory balls that won't catch cold, and they are practically indestructible. They are celluloid and bone and hard rubber and are then sandpapered and polished."

Where Oil Was Needed.

He was dying, so the schoolbook says, dying in Algiers; There was lack of antiseptics and dearth of woman's tears; But a Red Cross man approached him and he murmured soft and low That up upon his cistern some oil would have to go. Now, this soldier of the legion knew English words a few, And to him the sound of "cistern" was not exactly new. Still the word conveyed but little to his unreciprocating mind, And he asked in simple language for a plain reply in kind. Then they spoke in accents soothing, how this oil the germs would kill, And the wicked stigmata would become the same as nil. But still they had to tell him and make it to him plain. That he had been mistaken and that no one who was sane Could ever think that "cistern" the same as "system" meant. That never oil—excepting cod—was on the "system" spent, And so he died a peaceful death and never was dismayed. When ward clubs came in his back yard and kerosene was sprayed. —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Copper Exported to China.

More than 22,000 tons of copper have been exported to China from America this year. The unusual quantity has excited attention, and inquiries of the trade have elicited two explanations. One is that a new coinage is necessary in China, because the old has been gradually melted down for the manufacture of cartridges. The other is that the process of smelting the metal is so imperfect that the smelted copper contains small quantities of gold, and this the astute Chinese contrive to extract. Vast quantities of copper disappear constantly in China from one cause or another.

Distinguished College President.

Rev. David H. Buel, the new president of Georgetown University, is a son of Col. David H. Buel, U. S. A. He was graduated from Yale in 1833 and has been successively instructor in classics at Holy Cross college, classics and higher mathematics at St. Francis Xavier college, professor of physics at St. John's college and of physics and mechanics at Georgetown university.

Suspicious.

The following item appeared in the Bacon Ridge Banner: "One night last June the editor heard someone prowling about in his chicken coop. Not having any shot handy he loaded the gun with quinine pills and blazed away. The intruder was peppered, but managed to crawl away. As there is only one man in the village who has not had the ague this season we have our suspicions."

STUBBIE AND FATTY AND BILLY AND ME

By Byron Williams



Stubbie and Fatty and Billy and ME. We bin a fishin' fer catfish, b' gee! We bin a fishin' where fishermen go. Up in "The Run" where the pickereles grow!

We bin a fishin' with 'hoppers an' things— "Spit on yer hook and yer lucky, b' Stubbie!"

Stub caught a bite that was almost a whale! Fat caught a coal-scuttle right by the ball!

Stubbie and Fatty and Billy and ME. We found a nest in a slicky elm tree! Down by the bridge they's a "whook-whacker's" goal!

"Whook-whacker!" gobbles the "fraydy-cats" whole! Dassent touch toads er they'll give ya their wars!

We know where gooseberries grow by the quarts! Stub caught a honey-bee right by its wings! I hooked a mud-turtle, too, once, b' jings!

Stubbie and Fatty and Billy and ME. We hung our clothes on a thornapple tree! Anchored our poles in a crotch fer the "cat!"

"Last t' git in is a nigger!" sez Fat. Skittin' we skipped fer th' ol' swimmin' hole!

"First one t' duck gets a bite on his pole!" "C-come on out!" chatters slim Stubbie Spear!

"It's jest as wa-warm as kin be way out here!"

"Looke!" sez Stub, "Fatty's got a whale bite!"

"Hurry now, fellers, an' tie it up tight! You take a arm an' let Bill take the tail!"

"I'll pour the water on out of this pail!" "Pickin' up bottom is fun fer us guys! Pa sez he guesses that's what ails my eyes!"

Ma sez that goose-grease if used in a stack Party-nigh cures where th' sun burns yer back!

Stubbie and Fatty and Billy and ME. Shivers an' shakes by the thornapple tree! Climb in our clothes an' then kick out our ears!

Noses is blue, but there's nobody keers! Goose pimples melt when th' sunshine comes out—

"Time t' go in agin!" bawls Fatty Stout! Day's awful short fer us kinds and our Couldn't "go in" but TEN TIMES yesterday!

WOMEN LIKE THE FEATHERS.

Domestication of the Ostrich in South Africa for its Plumage.

The domestication of the ostrich in South Africa for the sake of its plumage took place less than thirty years ago. To-day the capital invested runs into millions.

Ostriches are curious birds. The male bird sits on the eggs during the night (5 p. m. to 9 a. m.), the hen takes up sentry duty during the day and the curious thing is that the pair are punctual to a minute. Eggs left unprotected for a single night will be useless next morning. The incubation lasts from forty-two to forty-five days. When eight days old the chicks are removed from the parent birds and put in a small inclosure with an old woman or boy in charge to tame them; unless this is done they will, when grown up, retain a great deal of their wild nature.

When the feathers are required a cap is placed over the head of the bird, which is then put into a box. The feathers are not cut unless properly matured; that is to say, when the blood vein running in the quill has sufficiently dried up so as to prevent bleeding. The long wing feathers are cut about one inch from the flesh. The short ones are drawn.

Refuge for Travelers.

The first anniversary of the erection of the statue known as the Christ of the Andes, which occurred recently, was celebrated by the consecration of a large tract of land in the neighborhood of the statue to be used for the location of a house of refuge for travelers, in the mountains, many of whom perish annually in the storms.

Chile and Argentina, the two nations concerned in the treaty of peace marked by the erection of the statue, are co-operating in the movement, and the idea originated with Senora Angela de Costa of Buenos Ayres, who was also a leader in the movement which led to the erection of the Christ of the Andes. Only the site of this house has as yet been secured, but the senora hopes that the house will come in a few years.—London Telegraph.

About the President.

Authors like to get honest opinions of their works, but such opinions are so difficult to come by that they sometimes fish for them. President Roosevelt was once traveling in Idaho and passed a bookstore in the window of which was a copy of his "Winning in the West." Going into the bookstore he inquired:

"Who is this author Roosevelt?"

"Oh," said the bookseller, "he's a ranch-driver."

"And what do you think of his book?" asked the President.

"Well," said the dealer, slowly and deliberately, "I've always thought I'd like to meet the author and tell him that if he had stuck to running a ranch and gave up writing books, he'd have made a powerful more of a success at his trade."—Exchange.

Poor Little Country Birds.

Alice Barber Stephens, the artist, told this story recently:

A little East Side boy was on his first country excursion. He lay on the grass in a peach orchard making a chain of daisies and buttercups. Across the blue sky a line of birds darted, and his hostess, a young woman, said:

"Look up. Look up, Tommy. See the pretty birds flying through the air."

Tommy looked up quickly, and then he said in a compassionate tone:

"Poor little fella. They ain't got no cages, have they?"—New York Tribune.

ABOUT THE FRAGRANT WEED.

Some Fallacies Have Strong Hold Upon Users of Tobacco.

White ash upon a cigar has been popularly supposed to indicate the excellence of the weed, but, as a matter of fact, its only indication is of the presence of potash in the leaf.

Tobacco rich in chloride of sodium burns with imperfect combustion and with a dark ash. As the value of a cigar is dependent upon the freedom with which it burns, a white ash may be a rough test of excellence, but a cigar with a dark ash, properly rolled, may burn more evenly than one rich in potash but imperfectly made, and at best the "white ash" is but a rudimentary test.

A cigar which burns freely is a better cigar, no matter what the grade of the leaf, than one which is rolled so tightly as to prevent free combustion, but the question of fragrance is quite another matter.

Another cigar fallacy is that a cigar in a black wrapper is necessarily a strong cigar. The wrapper weighs but one-tenth of the whole, and a cigar with a wrapper almost black may be a mild and delicious smoke, while one with a pale wrapper filled with imperfectly cured tobacco is often rank and unpleasant.

Could Get No Rest.

Freeborn, Minn., Sept. 13th (Special).—Mr. R. E. Goward, a well-known man here is rejoicing in the relief from suffering he has obtained through using Dodd's Kidney Pills. His experience is well worth repeating, as it should point the road to health to many another in a similar condition.

"I had an aggravating case of Kidney Trouble," says Mr. Goward, "that gave me no rest day or night but using a few boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills put new life in me and I feel like a new man."

"I am happy to state I have received great and wonderful benefit from Dodd's Kidney Pills. I would heartily recommend all sufferers from Kidney Trouble to give Dodd's Kidney Pills a fair trial as I have every reason to believe it would never be regretted." Dodd's Kidney Pills make you feel like a new man or woman because they cure the kidneys. Cured kidneys mean pure blood and pure blood means bounding health and energy in every part of the body.

CALLED THE VAINEST PEOPLE.

Distinction Accorded a Tribe Living in West Africa.

A French explorer claims to have discovered the vainest people in the world. They happen to be also the ugliest. They are the Fahoins, a savage West African tribe. As the Fahoins' clothing is of so light a character as not to incommode him, he bestows a good share of his thought upon the adornment of his body, which he tattoos in elaborate designs done in red or blue. Both men and women take immense pains in dressing their hair. Their ingenuity, which is shown in the construction of scores of different head-dresses of bone and metal for the men of the tribe, chiefly the warriors, is illustrated in a far greater degree by the coiffures of the women. The extreme of simplicity in the Fahoins women's methods of making themselves beautiful is to shave the head until it is smooth and round as a ball, and then to color it with a dye.

Judge and Court House.

Shortly after the court house at Alford, Me., was remodeled, Judge Derby of Saco was chatting in the old Central House with a young fellow who had recently been admitted to practice, when the latter suggested that they go up to the court house and look it over.

"All right," said the judge; "let's view the ground where we shall shortly lie."

HONEST PHYSICIAN.

Works with Himself First.

It is a mistake to assume that physicians are always skeptical as to the curative properties of anything else than drugs.

Indeed, the best doctors are those who seek to heal with as little use of drugs as possible and by the use of correct food and drink. A physician writes from Calif. to tell how he made a well man of himself with Nature's remedy:

"Before I came from Europe, where I was born," he says, "it was my custom to take coffee with milk (cane latte) with my morning meal, a small cup (cane noir) after my dinner and two or three additional small cups at my club during the evening.

"In time nervous symptoms developed, with pains in the cardiac region, and accompanied by great depression of spirits, despondency—in brief, 'the blues.' I at first tried medicine, but got no relief and at last realized that all my troubles were caused by coffee. I thereupon quit its use forthwith, substituting English Breakfast Tea.

"The tea seemed to help me at first, but in time the old distressing symptoms returned, and I quit it also, and tried to use milk for my table beverage. This I was compelled however to abandon speedily, for, while it relieved the nervousness somewhat, it brought on constipation. Then by a happy inspiration I was led to try the Postum Food Coffee. This was some months ago and I still use it. I am no longer nervous, nor do I suffer from the pangs about the heart, while my 'blues' have left me and life is bright to me once more. I know that leaving off coffee and using Postum healed me, and I make it a rule to advise my patients to use it. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.