The Girl from Tim's Place

BY CHARLES CLARK MUNN

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SYNOPSIS.

Chip McGuire, a 16-year-old girl living at Tim's place in the "pine woods" is sold by her father to Pete Bolduc, a half-breed. She runs away and reaches the camp of Martin Frisbie, occupied by Martin, his wife, nephew, Raymond Stetson, and guides. She tells her story and is cared for by Mrs. Frisbie. Journey of Frisbie's, party into woods to visit father of Mrs. Frisbie, an old hermit, who has resided in the wilderness for many years. When camp is broken Chip and Ray occupy same canoe. The party reach camp of Mrs. Frisbie's father and are welcomed by him and Cy Walker, an old friend and former townsman of the hermit. This settles down for summer's stay. Chip and Ray are in love, but no one realizes this but Cy Walker. Strange canoe tracks found on lake shore in front of their cabin. Strange smoke is seen across the lake. Martin and Levi start for settlement to get officers to arrest McGuire, who is known as outlaw and escaped murderer. Chip's one woods friend, Tomah, an Indian, visits camp. Ray believes he sees a bear on the ridge. Chip is stolen by Pete Bolduc and escaped with her in a canoe. Chip is rescued by Martin and Levi as they are returning from the settlement. Bolduc escapes. Old Cy proposes to Frisbie that he remain in the woods with himself and Amzi and trap during the winter, and it is concluded to do so. After the party return to Greenvale, taking Chip with them, Chip starts to school in Greenvale and finds life unpleasant at Aunt Comfort's, made so especially by Hannah Old Cy and Ray have never returned to the wilderness. They penetrate further into the wilderness and discover the hiding place of the man who has been sneaking about their cabin. They investigate the cave home of McGuire during his absence. Bolduc and McGuire meet the two fight to the death, finding a watery grave together. Ray returns to Greenvale and finds Chip waiting for him. Ray wants Chip to return to the woods with them, but Chip feeling that the old comradeship with Ray has been broken refuses. When they part, however, it is as lovers. Chip runs away from Aunt Comfort's and finds refuge at home with Judson Walker. She gives her name as Vera Raymond. Aunt Abby, Aunt Mandy Walker's sister, visits Chip, and takes Chip home with her to Christmas Cove.

CHAPTER XXII—Continued.

"I was born close to the wilderness," she said, "and my mother died when I was about eight years old. Then my father took me into the woods, where I worked at a kind of a boarding house for lumbermen. I ran away from that when I was about 16. I had to, the reasons I don't want to tell. I found some people camping in the woods when I'd been gone three days and most starved. They felt pity for me, I guess, and took care of me. I stayed at their camp that summer, and then they fetched me home with them and I was sent to school. Somebody said something to me there somebody who hated me. She had been pestering me all the time, and I ran away. Uncle Jud found me and took care of me until you came, and that's all I want to tell. I could tell a lot more, but I don't ever want those people to find me or take me back where they live, and that's why I don't tell where I came from. There I felt I was so dependent on them—I was twitted of it—that it's another reason why I ran away. I wouldn't have stayed with Uncle Jud more than over night except that I had a chance to work and earn my board."

"I say, wasn't it unkind of you—isn't it now—not to let these people know you are alive?" answered Aunt Abby. "They were certainly good to you."

"I know that they were," returned Chip, somewhat contritely; "but I couldn't stand being dependent on them any longer. If they found where I was, they'd come and fetch me back, and I'd feel so ashamed I couldn't look 'em in the face. I'd rather they'd think I was dead."

"Well, perhaps it is best you do not," returned Aunt Abby, sighing; "but years of doubt, and not knowing whether some one we care for be dead or alive, are hard to bear. And now that you have told me some of your history, I will tell you a lifelong case of not knowing some one's fate. Many years ago my sister and myself, who were both here, became acquainted with two young men, sailor boys from Bayport, named Cyrus and Judson Walker. Cyrus became attached to me and we were engaged to marry. It never came to pass, however, for the ship that Judson was captain of, with Cyrus as first mate, foundered at sea. All hands took to the two boats. The one Judson was in was picked up, but the other was never heard of afterward. In due time Judson and my sister Amanda married. He gave up a sailor's life, and they settled down where they now live. I waited many years, vainly hoping for my sweetheart's return, and finally, realizing that he must be dead, married Capt. Bemis. That all happened so long ago that I do not care to count the years; and yet all through them has lingered that pitiful thread of doubt and uncertainty, that vain hope that somehow and someway Cyrus may have escaped death and may return. I know it will never happen. I know he is dead; and yet I cannot put away that faint hope and quite believe it is so, and never shall so long as I live. Now you have left those who must have cared something for you in much the same pitiful state of doubt, and it is not right."

For one moment something almost akin to horror flashed over Chip.

"And was he called—was he never—I mean this brother, ever heard from?" she stammered, recovering herself in time.

"Why, no," answered Aunt Abby, looking at her curiously, "of course not. Why, what ails you? You look as if you'd seen a ghost."

"Oh, nothing," returned Chip, now more composed; "only the story and how strange it was."

It ended the conversation, for Chip, so overwhelmed by the flood of possibilities contained in this story, dared not trust herself longer with Aunt Abby, and soon escaped to her room.

And now circumstances came trooping upon her; the shipwreck, which she had heard Old Cy describe so often; the name she knew was really his; the almost startling resemblance to Uncle Jud in speech, ways, and opinions; and countless other proofs. Surely it must be so. Surely Old Cy, of charming memory, and Uncle Jud no less so, must be brothers, and now it was in her power to—and then she paused, shocked at the position she faced.

She was now known as Vera Raymond, and respected; she had cut loose forever from the old shame of an outlaw's child; of a wretched drudge at Tim's Place; of being sold as a slave; and all that now made her blush.

And then Ray!

Full well she knew now what must have been in his heart that last evening and why he acted as he did. Hannah had told her the bitter truth, as she had since realized. Ray had been assured that she was an outcast and despicable in the sight of Greenvale. He dared not say "I love you; be my wife." Instead, he had been hurried away, to keep them apart; and as all this dire flood of shame that had driven her from Greenvale surged in her heart, the bitter tears came.

In calmer moments, and when the heart-hunger controlled, she had hoped he might some day find her and some day say, "I love you." But now, so soon, to make herself known, to tell who she was, to admit to these new friends that she was Chip McGuire with all that went with it, to have to face about the down that shame, to admit that she had taken Ray's first name for her own—no, no, a thousand times no!

But what of Old Cy and Uncle Jud, and their life-long separation?

Truly her footsteps had led her to a parting of the ways, one sign-board lettered "Duty and Shame," the other a blank.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Old Cy especially found life dull after Ray had gone. The hermit also appeared to miss him and became more morose than ever. He never had been what might be termed social, speaking only when spoken to, and then only in the fewest possible words. Now Old Cy became almost a walking sphinx, and found that time passed slowly. His heartstrings had somehow become entwined with Ray's hopes and plans. He had bent every energy and thought to secure for Ray a valuable stock of furs and gun, and, with his nature, felt a keen satisfaction in helping that youth to a few hundred dollars.

Now Ray had departed, furs, gun and all. He had promised to return with Martin and Angie later on, but of that Old Cy felt somewhat dubious, and so the old man mourned.

There was no real reason for it, for all Nature was now smiling. The lake was blue and rippled by the June breezes; trout leaped out of it night and morning; flowers were blooming, squirrels frisking, birds singing and nest-building; and what Old Cy most enjoyed, the vernal season was at hand.

Another matter also disturbed him—the whereabouts of McGuire and the half-breed, Pete Bolduc.

Levi had brought the information that neither had been seen nor heard of since the previous autumn; but that was not conclusive, and somehow Old Cy felt that a certain mystery had attached itself to them, and once we suspect a mystery, it pursues us like a phantom. He did not fear either of these renegades, however. He had never harmed them. But he felt that any day might bring a call from one or the other, or that some tragic outcome would be disclosed.

Another problem also annoyed him—who this thief of their game could be, and whether his supposed cave lair was a permanent hiding spot.

Two reasons had kept Old Cy from another visit to that sequestered lake during the fall trapping season: first, its evident danger, and then lack of time. But now, with nothing to do except wait for the incoming ones, an impulse to visit again this mysterious spot came to him.

He had, at the former excursion, felt almost certain that this unknown trapper was either McGuire or the half-breed. Some assertions made by Levi seemed to corroborate that theory, and impelled by it, Old Cy started alone, one morning, to visit this lake again. It took him until midday to carry his canoe, camp outfit, rifle, and all across from the stream to stream, and twilight had come ere he reached the lagoon where he and Ray had left the main stream and camped. Up here Old Cy now turned his canoe, and repairing the bark shack they had built, which had been crushed by winter's snow, he camped there again.

Next morning, bright and early, he launched his canoe and once more followed the winding stream through the dark gorge and out into the rippled lake again.

Here he halted and looked about.

No signs of aught human could be seen. The long, narrow lakelet sparkled beneath the morning sun. The bald mountain frowned upon it, the jagged ledges just across faced him like serried ramparts, an eagle slowly circled overhead, and, best indication of primal solitude, an antlered deer stood looking at him from out an opening above the ledges.

"Guess I'm alone here!" exclaimed Old Cy, glancing around; "but if this ain't a picter worth rememberin', I never saw one. Wish I could take it with me into t'other world; an' if I was sure o' findin' a spot like it thar, I'd never worry 'bout goin' when my time comes."

After a long wait, as if he wanted to observe every detail of this wondrous picture of wildwood beauty, he dipped his paddle, crossed the sheet of rippled water, and stepped ashore at the very spot where he and Ray had landed over eight months before.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, glancing around, "if that ain't a canoe, bottom up! Two, by jinger!" he added, as he saw another drawn out and half hid by a low ledge.

To this second one he hastened at once and looked into it.

It had evidently rested there all winter for it was partially filled with water, and half afloat in it were two paddles and a setting pole. A gunny-cloth bag, evidently containing the usual cooking outfit of a woodsman, lay soaking in one end, a frying-pan and an axe were resting in the other, and a coating of mould had browned each crossbar and thwart.

"Been here quite a spell, all winter, I guess," muttered Old Cy, looking it over, and then he advanced to the other canoe. That was, as he asserted, bottom up, and also lay half hid back of a jutting ledge of slate. Two paddles leaned against this ledge, and near by was another setting pole. All three of these familiar objects were brown with damp mould and evidently had rested there many months.

"Curis, curis," muttered Old Cy again. "I callated I'd find nothin' here, an' here's two canoes left to rot, 'n' been here all winter."

Then with a vague sense of need, he returned to his canoe, seized his rifle, looked all around, over the lake, up into the green tangle above the ledges, and finally, followed the narrow passage leading to where he had once watched smoke arise. Here on top of this ledge he again halted and looked about.

Back of it was the same V-shaped cleft across which a cord had held drying pelts, the cord was still there, and below it could see the dark stains amid the confusion of jagged stones.

Turning, he stepped from this ledge to the lower one nearer the lake, walked down its slope, and looked about again. At its foot was a long, narrow shelf like projection, ending at the corner of the ledge. Old Cy followed this to its end and stepped down into a narrow crevasse.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, taking a backward step as he did so.

And well he might, for there at his feet lay a rifle coated with rust beside a brown felt hat.

Had a grinning skull met his eyes he would not have been more astounded. In fact, that was the next object he expected to see, and he glanced up and down the crevasse for it. None there! At him, however, and picking up the rusted weapon, he continued his search.

Two rods or so below where he had climbed the upper ledge, he was halted again, for there, at his hand almost, was a cave-like opening some three feet high and one foot wide, back of an outstanding slab of slate.

The two abandoned canoes had surprised him, the rusty rifle astonished him, but this, a self-evident cave entrance, almost took his breath away.

For one instant he glanced at it, stepped back a step, dropped the rusty rifle and cocked his own, as if expecting a ghost or panther to emerge. None came, however, and once more Old Cy advanced and peered into this opening. A faint light filtered into the interior—a weak slant of sunlight, yet enough to show a roomy cavern.

The mystery was solved. This surely was the hiding spot of the strange trapper!

"Can't see why I missed it afore," Old Cy muttered, kneeling that he might better look within, and sniffing at the peculiar odor. "Wonder if the cuss is dead in thar, or what smells so?"

Then he arose and grasped the slab of slate. One slight pull and it fell aside.

"A natral door, by hokey!" exclaimed Old Cy, and once more he knelt and looked in.

The bravest man will hesitate a moment before entering such a cavern, prefaced, so to speak, by two abandoned canoes, a rusty rifle, human head coverings, each and all bespeaking something tragic, and Old Cy was no exception. That he had come upon some grewsome mystery was apparent. Canoes were not left to rot in the wilderness or rifles dropped without cause.

And then, that hat!

Surely here, or hereabouts, had been enacted a drama of murderous nature, and inside this cavern might repose its blood-stained sequel.

But the filtering beams of light encouraged Old Cy, and he entered. No ghastly corpse confronted him, but instead a human, if cramped, abode. A fireplace deftly fashioned of slate occupied one side of this cave; in front a low table of the same flat stone, resting upon small ones; and, upon the table were rusty tin dishes, a few mouldy hardtack, a knife, fork, and scraps of meat, exhaling the odor of decay. A smell of smoke from the charred wood in the fireplace mingled with it all. In one corner was a bed of brown fir twigs, also mouldy, a blanket, and tanned deerskins.

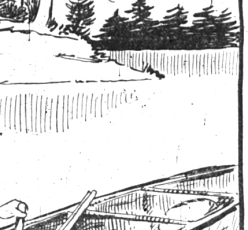
The cave was of oval, irregular shape, barely high enough for Old Cy to stand upright. Across its roof, on either side of the rude chimney, a narrow crack admitted light, and as he looked about, he saw in the dim light another doorlike opening into still another cave. Into this he peered, but could see nothing.

"A queer livin' spot," he muttered at last, "a reg'lar human panther den. An' 'twas out o' this I seen the smoke come. An here's his gun," he added, as, more accustomed to the dim light, he saw one in a corner. "Two guns, two canoes, an' nobody to hum," he continued. "I'm safe, anyhow. But I've got to 'peek into that other cave, sartin sure," and he withdrew to the open air.

A visit to a couple of birches soon provided means of light, and he again entered the cave. One moment more, and then a flaring torch of bark was thrust into the inner cave, a mere crevasse not four feet wide, and stooping, as he now had to, Old Cy entered and knelt while he looked about.

He saw nothing here of interest except the means of lighting a fire; a jutting slate, across two of which lay a slab of the same—no vestige of aught human, and Old Cy was about to retreat when his flare burning close to his finger tips unnoticed, caused him to drop it on the instant, and drawing another from his pocket, lit it, while the flame lasted in the first one.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Followed the Winding Stream.

Carry Big Sticks in London.

Johnnies Carrying Canes of 46 Inches and Size Is Growing.

The London "Johnny" has a new fad. This time it concerns his walking-stick which has now reached the extraordinary length of 46 inches, and is still growing.

Of course it is impossible to make much use of such a stick as an aid to walking. The London dude carries his, horizontalwise, much to the annoyance of other pedestrians before and behind, and especially at crowded crossings.

It is hardly reasonable to suppose that the New York "Willie Boy" is going to follow in the footsteps of London's "Johnny" in this matter of walking-sticks. Neither New York nor any other busy American city would stand for them.

Imagine one of these walking canes carried horizontally, attempting to board a subway or Brooklyn bridge train or to turn a busy Broadway corner during rush hours. Everybody who has attempted to board a train carrying even a small package can imagine the fate of the walking-stick.—N. Y. World.

A careless husband will cause a woman almost as many heartaches as a careless dressmaker.

Gleanings of Gotham

Life in the Great Metropolis Mirrored for Our Readers

Huge Growth of Crime in Gotham

NEW YORK.—Many interesting details regarding the work done by the New York police department during the last year are contained in the annual report of Police Commissioner Bingham. The commissioner says that there has been marked improvement in the efficiency of the department during the year. According to the statistics tabulated by the commissioner, this was an exceedingly careless and lawless town during the 12 months of 1907.

The arrests for felonies were twice the number of those in 1906. The arrests made by the detective bureau were several thousand greater than those of the preceding year, and almost three times those of 1905. The fines imposed by the courts were correspondingly greater. The pictures added to the rogues' gallery were twice those of 1906, and treble the number of 1905. Twice as many persons were reported missing in 1907 as in the preceding year, and a relatively large number of unknown dead were found.

As the result of an investigation into the advisability of using police dogs, the commissioner announces that trained muzzled dogs are being experimented with in the suburbs. The commissioner says that no further disciplinary legislation for the police department is needed at present.

The commissioner makes the following recommendations: "Pawnbrokers, of whom there are 150 in Manhattan alone, should be required to furnish the police daily with a written report showing articles pawned with them the day before.

"At present all the machinery of primaries and elections is placed in the hands of the police. How is it possible then for our citizens to expect members of the force to be free from political influence? While it is probably useless to mention the subject, it is none the less true and is heard none the less be realized by the citizens of this city that if the police are to be removed from political influence the whole election law will have to be radically changed."

The commissioner in his report makes the grim statement that he "has the honor" to announce that in 1907 there were all told 204,096 arrests, 192,680 had been made by the uniformed force and the remainder by the detective bureau.

At the opening of the year the number of policemen of all classes in the department was 8,873, while at the close of the year there were 9,410 on the force with four vacancies and 51 men on probation.

New Law May Stop Women Smokers

WOMEN who are fond of an after-dinner cigarette have secured freedom to indulge in it at certain Broadway restaurants only to lose it again, according to the fathers of an ordinance which will soon be introduced at a meeting of the board of aldermen. On New Year's eve one of the big Broadway restaurants took down the bars to women smokers, and two or three of the others immediately followed suit.

But the indulgence in a habit which has long been recognized in Europe does not meet the approval of certain of the city fathers and as a result an attempt will be made to put an end to it before it has hardly begun. The ordinance will provide for a fine or imprisonment for the proprietor of any hotel, restaurant or other place of public gathering who allows a woman to smoke, even a little gold-tipped cigarette, in his establishment.

The privilege of smoking was a New Year's gift to the women of New York by Proprietor Martin of Martin's cafe. It worked well the rule was to be made permanent. "Smoking by ladies is never objectionable," he said. "The smartest women in New York smoke, so why should Puritanical proprietors rule against this mode of procedure any more than against the drinking of cocktails or highballs? Why not be honest? One thing I want to emphasize, I mean by this announcement that ladies may smoke. Some women who smoke are quite as offensive to the eye as when they drink. A lady smoking a cigarette is not so objectionable as another kind of woman drinking a cup of tea."

The lifting of the ban on women in public places is bound to be one of the subjects of hot discussion in pulpits and other places in the early part of 1908. It is only a few weeks since the hotel and restaurant keepers of the town, in reference to the case of a well-known visitor, showed themselves to be of agreed opinion that a precedent was necessary before the prohibitory rule could be suspended. Patrons of well-known restaurants, it has been told, have danced on the tables in the cold gray dawn of the first day of the new year. Perhaps this philosophical boniface will contend that a "lady" performing a skirt dance on such a stage is not so objectionable as "another kind of woman" drinking a glass of champagne.

Citizens Are Traveling Killing Pace

NEW YORKERS are traveling the pace that kills. The health department finds that they are living too fast, worry too much and don't exercise enough. All this, they say, is causing an epidemic of heart disease. The statistics for 11 months of 1907, published the other day, show 1,246 more deaths from heart disease than last year. With what figures they have at hand for this month in the bureau of vital statistics it is known that the number of deaths from heart disease for the entire year of 1907 was almost 1,500 more than in 1906.

"This record is most surprising," said Dr. Darling, the health commissioner, "but I don't see what is to be done about it. The only way to bring about any change in conditions is to let the public realize the extent of this enormous increase, and people may possibly mend their ways. Of course the grippe epidemic is alarming this year, and undoubtedly has had much to do with the increase. I am afraid the citizens of New York city are traveling a little too swift and would do well to put on the brakes and slow down. Lack of exercise, over-eating, intemperance, and, generally speaking, high living, are responsible for the remarkable increase. Folks don't walk enough nowadays. We have become so accustomed to the pellmell rush of the age that our bodies are being neglected. Rapid transit facilities have probably caused us to jump into subways or on elevated trains and surface cars in our hurry to reach a point, and we have entirely forgotten the habit of walking. We worry too much in the present days. That is responsible for heart weakening."

Subway Cars Not Lodging Houses

THE subway is no longer to be a nickel lodging-house for persons, who, by paying a single fare, have been able to sleep all night in the cars while the trains ran up and down the line. Early in the history of the subway it was discovered by the underworld that, instead of shivering on park benches, a far more attractive and comfortable manner of passing the winter nights was to pay a nickel to get into the subway and then ride in lighted and heated cars as long as desired, an arrangement made possible by the changing from local to express trains.

One could literally ride forever for five cents, with plenty of newspapers dropped by other passengers to read and the enticing chance of picking up a valuable bundle forgotten by some other traveler. As a result an army of "subway sleepers" sprang up, many of whom waited for certain guards with whom they were familiar, to insure a peaceful rest, giving them in return a cigar or a dime.

At the height of this practice it was estimated that subway trains were accommodating more sleepers than even the biggest hotel in the city. But, as usual, a good thing was worked to death, and hereafter no one can ride farther than the end of the line without the payment of another fare. Would-be sleepers will hereafter be rudely thrust forth into the night.

THE LEAP YEAR REFUSAL.

'Tis very kind, indeed, of you
To offer to become my wife;
To say you love me as you do
And wish to share my simple life
But do not grieve at what I say,
Dear Maud. I really love another.
I'm sorry you're so way,
I will consent to be your brother.

I'm sorry, Maud, I really am,
That you have, learned to love me so;
For me you should not care a—darn,
I never meant to be your beau.
Your husband, Maud, I cannot be,
My heart belongs unto another;
I'm sorry you've proposed to me,
But I can only be your brother.

If you should ever want a friend,
I trust that you will send for me;
On me you always may depend,
I'll come to you, where'er I be.
Surely there is some better man
Who'll gladly take you for his wife;
So find him—I am sure you can—
I'll be your brother all through life.

Oh, tell us, girls, how does it sound,
To hear the talk you've handed out,
Now Leap Year's twisted things around?
How does it sound when sweethearts flout
Your fond proposals, as you've done,
And all your hopes are put to sleep?
Dost thou think this brother talk is fun?
How do you like to keep the deep?
—Detroit Free Press.

TIME LOCK ON ELECTRIC STOVE.

Clockwork Turns on the Heat During Early Morning Hours.

Electric heating to be regulated by time lock is engrossing the spare time of Prof. Harmon W. Morse of the chemical laboratory in Johns Hopkins university, says the New York Press. He has invented an electric stove with a clockwork mechanism by which the heat may be turned on at any hour without personal attention. The device also operates to turn the heat off at any time required. It is the professor's aim to do away with the necessity for early rising, so far as furnace tending is concerned. He believes that by installing one of his electric stoves in place of a furnace the head of the household may, he added, as late as his business permits, secure in the knowledge the house is being kept at the proper temperature without effort on his part.

Prof. Morse's stove looks like a pair of porcelain tubes. He has not taken anybody save his model maker into his confidence in respect to the insides of those tubes. To outward seeming they are simplicity itself. Nor is there anything complicated about the clock, so far as exterior appearance goes. It is the professor's idea that on a warm evening, for instance, the householder, having read in his morning paper that there will be a fall in temperature after midnight, shall set the time clock at 12 o'clock. When midnight arrives the clockwork turns on the heat and by the time the rattle of sleet against the pane half wakes the householder that worthy will be in position to look at the icy weather and turn over for his second sleep.

A Match for a Tip.

The waiter smothered an embarrassed grin when the red-faced absent-minded man handed him his tip. After the absent-minded man had gone the waiter looked after him and then at his tip, still with a half grin on his face.

"The tip the man had handed to him was a match—just a common everyday sulphur match of commerce.

"He meant well enough," said the waiter. "He was just thinkin' about something else. The chances are that somebody is always keeps bothering him for matches and he's got so in the habit of giving matches to people that he hands out a match without thinkin' any more about it than he would about drawing his breath. He felt that he ought to hand me something, and he just made it a match without thinking.

"Why," continued the waiter, "you'd be surprised at the absent-minded people that give us tips. The other fellow, a solemn looking man, gave me a dollar bill—just the amount his dinner came to. He wanted to give me a little piece for myself, and just as he started out he reached back and gave me a handful of cloves that he'd pulled out of the little pocket where he kept his small change. And he wasn't doing it to be kidding, either. He never knew he did it.

"But," says the waiter in a serious tone, "somehow the absent-mindedness hardly ever makes 'em loosen up any more'n they would when they're right at themselves."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When the Nose Bleeds.

When the nose is bleeding never hold it over a basin, or hold the head down in any way. This only causes further rush of blood to the broken tissues in the nose. The head should be held up and back, the flow being caught in handkerchiefs or cloths. One of the most effective and simple means of checking a nose bleed is to press on the upper lip. Near the under surface of the lip runs the artery that supplies the interior nasal passages where the ruptures occur. If this is pressed, the flow of blood is mechanically checked, thus allowing the blood around the broken tissues to congeal and seal up the opening. If merely pressing the finger does not succeed, place a wad of paper under the lip and fold the lip over it, holding it down tight, says Woman's Life. Again, if this does not succeed, and a drug store is near, get some adrenalin, saturate a piece of cotton with it, and apply to the interior of the nose from where the blood flows.

See Things as They Are.

For the cultivated man there is no virtue in either optimism or pessimism. Foolish people think it is a duty to be optimistic, and for some people it may be a duty; but one of the great uses of education is to teach us to be neither one nor the other. In the management of our personal affairs, we try to be neither one nor the other. A pessimistic merchant and uproarious optimist would certainly have poor credit. And why? Because in business the trustworthy man, as everyone knows, is the man who sees things as they are, and to see things as they are, without a glamour or illusion, is that condition of worldly success. It is absolutely essential in war, in finance, in law, in every field of human activity in which the future has to be thought of and provided for.—E. L. Godkin.

The Farmer's Version.

"Hiram," exclaimed Mrs. Hardapple, in great agitation, "the bank that you put the $200 in the last time you went to town has gone up higher than a kite."

"What?" roared Mr. Hardapple, dancing around with rage. "Them thar thievin' high financiers should be strung up to a telegraph pole, every mother's son of them."

"And Hiram?"

"Well?"

"Do you know that $1,000 you put in the old stocking? Well, the rats ate it up."

"Did? Well, the ways of Providence are mysterious. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away."

Poetry at a Discount.

What chance has a poet in these days? A very poor chance in this country. He may sell 1,000 copies, and, if so, he is a very fortunate man. But 1,000 copies will bring him only $50, and that is poor pay for the thought, the imagination and the labor condensed into a volume of poetry. Nor are things much better in America.—London Reader.