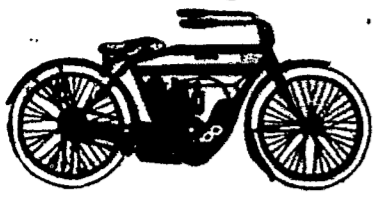


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BY WIRELESS TELEPHONE

The old apple tree was one soft cloud of pink, but the tramp who rushed across the orchard and clutched and clawed his way so frantically up among its beautiful blossoms out of the way of the teeth of the very little, our terror who raced so nimbly after him never stopped to comment on its loveliness. As he climbed, something glittering fell from his rags to the short young grass, but the tramp didn't see it, and when Boba, tired of barking, ran off to the other side of the orchard to dig for woodchucks, the tramp dropped down on the other side of the tree and silently stole away. When he was safe out of sight and hearing of Boba, he searched anxiously among his rags, and when he found that the glittering thing was gone he swore.

Mysie Woodford sat on the wide piazza, crying as if her heart would break. When she went to make the biscuits for dinner she had in her diamond ring that her old Aunt Jane had left to her on the pantry window sill, and when she went to look for it it was not there. As she raised her head to wipe the tears away she saw a nice young man standing at the gate looking at her. He raised his hat and asked leave to rest for a while on the piazza. She brought out a chair for him, stopping on the way to bathe her tear-stained face with willow water and seating herself gazed at him with frank amazement as he put the small instrument he carried in his hand up to his ear and began to talk, as if he were answering someone who was at the other end of a telephone wire.

"Yes," he said briskly. "It's a good bit over a mile. They said it was a mile at the last farmhouse." He turned to the piazza. "How far is it from here to the postoffice?" he asked. "A mile and a quarter," said Mysie. The nice young man resumed his conversation with the little instrument. "She says it's a mile and a quarter," he said. "Yes! She! Yes! I'm resting. 'Aw quit your kidding!' he said angrily and put down the receiver. Then in answer to Mysie's frank look of wonder, "It's a wireless telephone," he explained. "My chum's the inventor. We're trying experiments to see how far it will carry. He is in the postoffice." Mysie looked her utter amazement and disbelief so frankly that he added, "Wouldn't you like to try it yourself?"

"Yes!" said Mysie promptly. "If it really is a telephone, I'd like to tell Kelly, the constable, to be on the look out for a tramp who went by here to ward the village just before dinner. He must have stolen my ring. I left it on the pantry window while I mixed the biscuits for dinner, and when I looked for it it was gone."

"Have you looked everywhere for it?" asked the nice young man sympathetically, adding hesitatingly, "Was it had it—any particular value?" Mysie blushed—she was only 17. "My Aunt Jane left it to me when she died two years ago," she said, with dignity. The nice young man looked abashed but relieved. "Oh," he said. Then he added quickly, "I thought it might be in spite of herself Mysie giggled. "No! It isn't an engagement ring," she said.

The nice young man looked his delight. "To tell the truth the first sight of that tear-stained face and those yellow curls had wiled his young heart quite away from him. Now he decided that he had a fighting chance, anyway. "Are you sure you've looked everywhere?" he asked again. "Everywhere I can think of," she said. "Can't you think of some place to look?" she asked abstractedly. Then she dropped the little instrument as if it had bitten her and looked up at him queerly. "What is it? What's the matter?" he asked anxiously. "Why—why—that—that thing said when I asked if you couldn't think of some place to look—that thing said, just as plain: 'In the shade of the old apple tree.'"

"Oh, that nothing," he said. "That's only some of Jim's funny business. That's the name of an old song, you know."

But Mysie didn't hear him. She had jumped up and was just in the act of running down the steps. "Where are you going?" he cried. "Down to the old apple tree," she said. "I heard Boba barking like mad down there this afternoon. Perhaps that tramp was there. Anyway, I'm going to look," she added decisively, as the nice young man tried to say something to prevent her. So he followed her meekly.

It was quite a while before the nice young man caught sight of the ring glittering and gleaming among the short grass. He hesitated about picking it up just then—they were having such a delightful time. But at last he did. Mysie put out her hand for it with a cry of delight. "Let me put it on for you," said the nice young man. And when, blushing and dimpling, Mysie put out her hand he said very softly, but very decidedly, "I'm going to put the mate to that on your finger just as soon as we've put our wireless phone on the market."

And Mysie didn't say "No." She just blushed pink—a pink as beautiful as the blossoms on the old apple tree. —JOSEPHINE BRUXTON.

THE MILLS OF THE GODS

By Raymond Hudson

On May 25, 1888, an American tourist entered the little inn near the Italian frontier, close to one of the most famous peaks of the Alps. He was dressed as the conventional mountain climber, seemed rather excited and was reckless with his money, which he counted in the night of everybody before his overcoat. He was dressed as the conventional mountain climber, seemed rather excited and was reckless with his money, which he counted in the night of everybody before his overcoat.

"To the 'Icele,'" the American said, curtly. "To the 'Icele,'" Beppo repeated thoughtfully exchanging glances with the others in the room. "The 'Icele' had a very bad reputation. Often courageous tourists had tried to climb the ice-covered steep slope, but they had always given it up and had returned frozen and trembling. "When do you want to start?" Beppo asked slowly and hesitatingly.

"Tonight?" The night is dark and the road dangerous. "Tonight!" shouted the American impatiently. "I don't do not want to earn the money, and I shall pay you well, I shall go alone." Beppo hesitated a moment, while everyone looked at him then he emptied his glass and said: "I will go."

The American buttoned his short coat and tied a heavy woolen muffler around his neck. "Come along," he said, and pointed to the door with his cane, the handle of which was carved in shining ivory to represent a grinning human skull. The next morning Beppo returned alone. The American had fallen into a chasm. Soon people from all over the neighborhood began to talk and avoid the company of Beppo, who after a while, stayed in his chalet.

The American had carried what appeared a fortune to these people, and Beppo's reputation had never been of the best. But Beppo lived as he had always done, without any show of money, and brought up his brother's little daughter, who had come to him when still a baby. The ugly rumors died away, and after a while tongues ceased wagging. Years passed and the little girl grew up to be a handsome maid, who was loved and wooed by many. But still the ghost of the American walked. There he was at the bottom of the precipice, dead and cold, with bleached bones, placed clean by bird and worm, and alongside of him among the head bones was the gold, the shining, everlasting gold which to the poor seemed a fortune.

Time and again some young fellow tried to climb down into the abyss to get the treasure. He was never seen again, and more and more horrors gathered around the "Fetters" white cone, and bottomless precipice. Then a young man came to the neighborhood and began to woo Beppo's niece. He was a stalwart, handsome fellow with unusual like iron and bright blue eyes. His name was Giovanni, and from his first childhood he had been familiar with the mountains. Giovanni was not a heart to him, but Beppo would have nothing of him. He himself had known poverty and hunger, and his niece was not to marry a man without money.

Giovanni stood, downcast, and crushed; but suddenly his eyes brightened. "Gold! Gold is what you ask for, Beppo, to make me your son-in-law, God. I shall find gold. Dead men need no money; let them pay for the living." And he left. Beppo looked after him thoughtfully, but did not call him back, though he well understood it was the American, who was to pay the dowry.

Giovanni came into the inn. His blood was boiling, his cheeks were burning with fever and no one had ever seen him drink so much. When he left his eyes were red, his walk stiff, like that of a sleep-walker who never stumbles, but miraculously escapes every danger. As he went out he turned around in the door and said in a strange tone: "Tomorrow we will celebrate my wedding with the gold of the American. I'll not drink a glass in memory of me." He threw a handful of change on the floor. The coin rolled all over, and nobody picked them up, while an uncanny feeling came upon the guests, who sat silent for some time. Then the door opened, and Beppo entered, pale and deathly. "Where is Giovanni?" "On the 'Icele,'" came the answer, and Beppo disappeared as suddenly as he had come.

Health of the Farmer

It is perfectly apparent to any one who is at all familiar with country life that many of the women who are called upon to preside over the farmhouse are properly equipped for the work that is set before them. Many of the farmer's sons, the outdoor life of the farmer should be the most healthful of lives, and yet it is, we believe, a fact that they are no longer living so healthy as those engaged in sedentary occupations. There are various reasons for this. One is the farmer's own lack of care in looking after the sanitary condition of the surroundings. The air he breathes may be polluted by a pigeon near his back door, the water he drinks may be polluted by drainage from his backyard or by things which fall into his well. This is not the fault of the woman.

The average farmer is also notoriously careless about keeping dry. He is in and out in all weathers and is prone to sit with wet clothes or wet feet. The woman's contribution to ill health, when there is any, comes in the form of ill cooked and unwholesome food.

Illustration Incomplete. Apropos of examination time, Professor Carl G. Peterson of Dubuque, related at a recent dinner some examination stories. "Once, in a Bible lesson," he said, "I repeated the text: 'Arise and take the young child and his mother and flee into Egypt.' 'And then I showed the children a large picture that illustrated the text in bright colors. 'The children studied this picture eagerly. Then they all frowned; all looked rather disappointed. Finally a little girl said: 'Teacher, where is the feat?'"

Discretion. Valof is often taken for discretion. During a certain battle the colonel of an Irish regiment noticed that one of the men was extremely devoted to him. Everywhere the colonel went the soldier followed faithfully. A writer in the Philadelphia Inquirer tells the story. At last the officer remarked: "Well, my man, you have stuck by me well to-day." "Yes, sorr," replied Pat. "Shure, I was my mother said to me, says she, 'Just you stick to the colonel, Patrick, me boy, and you'll be all right. Then colonel never get hurt.'"

A Bid for Fame. For a long time there had been no sound in Nevada save the thud of bottoms falling out of mining booms. "Nobody takes us seriously any more," grumbled the people. "Let's try to be taken as a joke." Then the legislators proceeded to read a lesson to the Mikado, proceeding in such haste that they neglected to study the grammar first.

Ambition and Love. Life holds two things worth while—ambition and love. For where the desire for eminence is intermingled with the movement blessing of a good woman's love, there is small chance for greed to gain the matter.

THE MILLS OF THE GODS

By Raymond Hudson

"You are trying!" Giovanni shouted. "I can see it in your face." "Maybe I am," Beppo said, in a voice unaccountably calm. "How many times has come. Five years I have been staying, sitting on a heap of gold. Thousands of suspicious eyes have been watching me. I have heard one penny more than I should, or I should have been dead. Now I will enjoy the fruits of my deed."

"I will have nothing to do with you, tomorrow I shall carry you over to the authorities." "To the authorities!" Giovanni said, that you dare not do. You will make Giovanni's adopted father a murderer in the eyes of the world. But in such matters one must be careful. "You are not a murderer," Giovanni would not let you hear Giovanni because I must have a week's leave when means would be made for me without awakening suspicion. Nobody in the village knows I have been in the house. I have been back the money. I had I had the gold it would have been years ago, anyway. To put the gold longer take it and be happy with Giovanni."

Giovanni stared at him in horror, but he felt less deterred. He stood on the edge of the precipice, in the cold, white light of the moon. Beppo watched every movement of the lines in his face. But the suspense lasted only a moment. "Leave me, you devil!" he shouted. "Do not touch me!" He lifted his arms as if he were Beppo away. In his one hand he held a case with a handle of ivory, formed like a human skull. Beppo's eyes seemed to glow. He stared at the man.

"Are you there again?" he said. "The man who will show you the way to the treasure is dead. The treasure is gone." Beppo made a sudden movement. Giovanni snatched him and held him by the edge of the precipice. "Leave me, you devil!" he shouted. "Do not touch me!" He lifted his arms as if he were Beppo away. In his one hand he held a case with a handle of ivory, formed like a human skull. Beppo's eyes seemed to glow. He stared at the man.

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MARY A. O'NEILL, Administratrix. Murphy, Keenan & Keenan, Attorneys for Administratrix, No. 225-23 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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