

AN OLD TREE

Will Not Bear Transplanting

By MARTIN GOLDTHWAITE

The nineteenth century made some wonderful changes in personal responsibility. During the early part of it, whether or not there was more interest in honor among men, it was necessary to have a great deal of the honor of individuals. An exercise of anything less than that was to be considered a disgrace to the family.

A trip to the city for a six cent fare. A trip to the city for a five cent fare. Funched in the presence of the passengers. Funched, brothers, punch, punch with care. Funched in the presence of the passengers.

Then, too, the merchant of the early part of the nineteenth century considered it a disgrace to fail in business. He had inherited from his ancestors the tradition that in monetary transactions he could only maintain a respected position among his fellow men by paying dollar for dollar.

When the war between the states broke out Ned Carleton, a boy of fifteen, enlisted, though he was three years under the required age, and marched south with his regiment.

"Stand fast, boys! We're drivin' em!" "Don't get it yourself, said the surgeon gaily to the patient who lay on his back.

"Oh, I see," said MacIntyre looking at him. "I've been hit in my right arm."

"The operation has been successful. You'll be all right very soon."

"I'll be all right very soon," said the surgeon. "I'll be all right very soon," said the surgeon.

collect funds for you and be paid only \$1 a week? It seems to me that you need a trustworthy person for that service, and a trustworthy person should command more money."

"Oh, we don't take any account of honesty. There are insurance companies who attend to that."

"And if I appropriate the funds I collect?"

"They will secure your arrest and put you in jail."

"Do you think, Mr. Gregory, that to deny a man your confidence is conducive to honesty?"

"To speak frankly, I do not."

"Then why do you refuse to trust me?"

"Because it is the system under which all men work. We cannot do business under different conditions from other concerns."

"May I consider your offer over night?"

LUCY DRAKE'S DUPLICITY

The Story of a Scheming Friend

By CLARISSA HACKIE

I had stayed away from Quince Harbor for two months, and, although a small seaport is a dull place indeed during the midwinter season, I felt a longing to go down there in December and see how the cedar clothed bluffs looked with a snowy overdrift.

I wanted to see the steely blue of the bay under gray December skies; I wanted to hear the harsh cry of the gulls as they wheeled over the water; I wanted to partake of the delightful dulness of Quince Harbor in winter.

Now, Captain Barnabas Fish, my staunch friend and fellow seaman, companion of many delightful excursions on and about Quince Harbor, had written me a most mysteriously worded letter, in which he hinted at his engagement to Miss Maria Weeks, with whom I had boarded when in the seaport, and suggested that a conversation with me would enlighten him concerning several rather problematical social questions.

"Lord bless you, Miss Telham, I was just wishing for you," cried Miss Maria, running down the walk to meet me. "You came in direct answer to prayer."

I wondered whether it was not Captain Barnabas' unspoken prayer that had brought me, but I paid the stage fare and followed Miss Maria, who was staggering under the weight of my bags, into the warm house.

"How is Lucy Drake?" was my first, needless question, but I was interested in Lucy, who used next door to the Weeks' house.

Miss Maria tossed her head as she arose from placing my bags on the floor. "So far as I know, Lucy's all right," she replied rather tartly.

"In the last letter you wrote to me you said that Lucy Drake was to be your bride-maid. I observed as I removed my outdoor garments with Maria's help."

It only he's always been mad at Orville because he got the best of him. Orville's wife died last spring, and he's been after Lucy Drake. She hinted that she'd rather have a white silk dress because she could use it later for her own wedding."

When I was alone I could not resist a hearty laugh at the thriftiness of Lucy Drake. She was Maria's age, but the difference in the two women was marked. Maria in her blunt, plain way seemed to behold her marriage to Captain Fish as the start of a new life, a life of congenial, affectionate companionship, with a plaid happiness that should last them during the remainder of their half-lived lives.

The wedding was set for Thursday evening, and because Maria's house was small and because everybody in Quince Harbor would expect to witness the marriage of two such popular persons, it was decided to hold the ceremony in the church. Captain Fish had ordered palms and white flowers from the Smithville florist to decorate the church.

In the meantime Lucy Drake darted in and out of the house her thin cheeks pink with excitement her straight fair hair flying wildly about. She was brimming over with a hundred suggestions to enhance the novelty of the occasion.

"You'll only be married once, Maria," she urged.

"I hope so," returned Maria loftily. "Do as you please about your own wedding, Lucy, but leave mine alone, please."

"A double wedding would have been so romantic," murmured Lucy regretfully.

"You and Orville settled it then?" Maria's eyes seemed to be relieved. I wondered if she did not harbor a small jealousy of Lucy Drake.

"Yes-look!" Lucy held out a thin scraggy hand and displayed on the third finger of her left hand a large amethyst ring. "It belonged to his first wife," she murmured sentimentally.

RECKLESS SPORT.

Rock Rolling Feats of Mark Twain in His Boyhood Days.

A BAD SCARE ENDED THE FUN

The Final Prank on Holliday's Hill Was in a Fair Way of Ending in a Tragedy When the Danger Was, by a Bit of Good Luck, Narrowly Averted.

Writing on "Mark Twain" in Harper's Magazine, Albert Bigelow Paine recounts some of the scrapes of the youthful Sam Clemens. Sam was a recognized ringleader among his playmates, and one of the pranks they played nearly had a fatal termination.

"One of their Sunday pastimes was to climb Holliday's hill and roll down big stones to frighten the people who were driving to church. Holliday's hill above the road was steep. A stone, once started, would go plunging and leaping down and bound across the road with the deadly swiftness of a twelve inch shell. The boys would get a stone poised, then wait until they saw a team approaching and, calculating the distance, would give it a start. Dropping down behind the bushes, they would watch the dramatic effect upon the churchgoers as the great missile shot across the road a few yards before them.

"This was Homeric sport, but they carried it too far. Stones that had a habit of getting loose so numerous on Sundays and so rarely on other days invited suspicion, and the paterfamilias' river patrol, a kind of police of those days—were put on the watch. So the boys found other diversions until the paterfamilias did not watch any more. Then they planned a grand coup that should eclipse anything before attempted in the stone rolling line.

A rock about the size of an omnibus was lying up there in a good position to go downhill, once started. They decided it would be a glorious thing to see that great bowlder go smashing down a hundred yards or so in front of some unsuspecting and peaceful minded chattering Quarrymen were getting out rock not far away and left their picks and shovels over Sunday. The boys borrowed these and went to work to undermine the big stone. It was a heavier job than they had counted on, but they worked faithfully Sunday after Sunday. If their parents had wanted them to work like that they would have thought they were being killed.

"Finally one Sunday while they were digging it suddenly got loose and started down. They were not quite ready for it. Nobody was coming but an old colored man in a cart, so it was going to be wasted. It was not quite wasted, however. They had planned for a thrilling result and there was thrill enough while it lasted. In the first place the stone nearly caught Will Bowen when it started. John Briggs had just that moment quit digging and handed Will the pick. Will was about to step into the excavation when Sam Clemens who was already there, leaped out with a yell.

"Look out! boys! she's coming!" She came. The huge stone kept to the ground at first then, gathering a wild momentum it went bounding into the air. About halfway down the hill it struck a tree several inches thick and cut it clean off. This turned its course a little and the negro in the cart, who heard the noise saw it coming rushing in his direction and made a wild effort to whip up his horse. It was also headed toward a cooper shop across the road.

The boys watched it with growing interest. It made longer leaps with every bound and whenever it struck the fragments and dust would fly. They were certain it would demolish the negro and destroy the cooper shop. The shop was empty, it being Sunday. But the rest of the catastrophe would justify those investigations and results. It was making mighty leaps now, and the negro had managed to get directly in its path. They stood holding their breath, their mouths open. Then suddenly they could hardly believe their eyes the bowlder struck a projection a distance above the road and, with a mighty bound, sailed clear over the negro and his mule and landed in the soft dirt beyond, only a fragment striking the shop, damaging but not wrecking it. Half buried in the ground, that bowlder lay there for nearly forty years. Then it was blasted for milling purposes. It was the last rock the boys ever rolled down. They began to suspect that the sport was not altogether safe.

THE "EROICA" SYMPHONY.

Beethoven's Passion When Napoleon Became Emperor.

Even when political capital was not to be made of it, the favor of kings and courtiers was, prior to the middle of the nineteenth century, sought by the artists in various fields of activity, who were generally dependent for their position upon those high in political life, and even the most uncompromising among them found it expedient to play polite politics in the interest of their art by dedicating the choicest of their works to noble patrons.

The most notable example of a masterpiece with a political origin is Beethoven's "eroica" symphony. General Bernadotte during his residence in Vienna in 1798 as ambassador from the French nation suggested to Beethoven the composition of a symphony in honor of Napoleon. At that time Napoleon was looked upon as the champion of freedom, the savior of his country, the embodiment of republican ideals, with which Beethoven was in thorough sympathy, and so willingly accepted the proposal. Before the symphony was published Napoleon became emperor, and when the news reached Vienna Beethoven was violently angered. "After all, then, he is nothing but an ordinary mortal. He will trample all the rights of his under foot to indulge his ambition and become a greater tyrant than any one!"

With these words he tore the title page in half and threw it on the ground. He then again referred to the connection between his work and Napoleon's death. Then he said, "I have already composed the proper music for that catastrophe," meaning, of course, the funeral march. But the whole symphony, with its essentially revolutionary character, is a musical portrait of Napoleon as Beethoven idealized him.

IRON TONIC FOR TREES.

Plant Nails Among the Roots and a Vigorous Growth Results.

A dozen large nails planted among the roots of a tree assure the tree of health, because the vegetable sap causes the oxidation of the iron and the sap carries ferruginous salts through all the living cells and circulation vessels.

Not many years ago one of the slaves of a certain French cemetery was a tree, half green, half rust colored, luxuriantly leaved upon both sides and in flourishing condition. When the tree died and preparations were made for an examination of its roots it was almost impossible to exhume it. When all the ground around it was loosened and the roots were exposed it was found that the tree when a sapling had clasped its young roots around the base of an iron balustrade encircling a tomb. The roots of the tree had run in and out between the iron bars of the fence. Exactly half of the tree had come in contact with the iron, and that half put forth a growth luxuriantly leaved in rusty brown. The half that had not touched the iron developed a growth of normal coloring. The tree as a whole was a fine specimen of healthy vegetable growth, but the side impregnated by iron far exceeded the green side in its output of vigorous leafage.

Sulphate of iron is of little value when sprinkled on the leaves of a sick tree, but powdered iron has a marvelous effect when introduced into the tissues by means of holes bored in the trunk. The holes must be filled with the powder and then corked with wooden plugs and well putted over and around the plugs, so that none of the tonic can escape. To do its work the iron must be carried through the tree in the circulation of the sap. Harpers.

Old Laws of Scotland.

On the statute book of Scotland is still an act passed in 1825 ordering that "na man play futball," because it is "esteemed to be unprofitable sport for the common gude of the realm and defense thereof." There is also a statute against alien immigration, passed in 1426, and authorizing "all his majesty's subjects" to "take, apprehend, imprison and execute to death the said Egyptians, gypsies, either men or women."

His Experience. "They say Cashit, who has become the social magnate of the town, was once an elevator boy."

A Picture Hint. Use two pieces of glass and two pictures when photographing. Place the pictures on the easel between the two pictures. When the pictures are taken turn the glass to the wall and enjoy the other.

Watch the beginnings. Great floods have come through little leaks.

Our Language. "Now you know you're all wrong about that."

Her Resentment. "All right, it's mean of you to tell people that when Jack kissed me I didn't resent it. Maud—I didn't, dear. On the contrary, I said that when he kissed you on the cheek you held it up against him for quite awhile.—Boston Transcript.

Now you know you're all wrong about that."