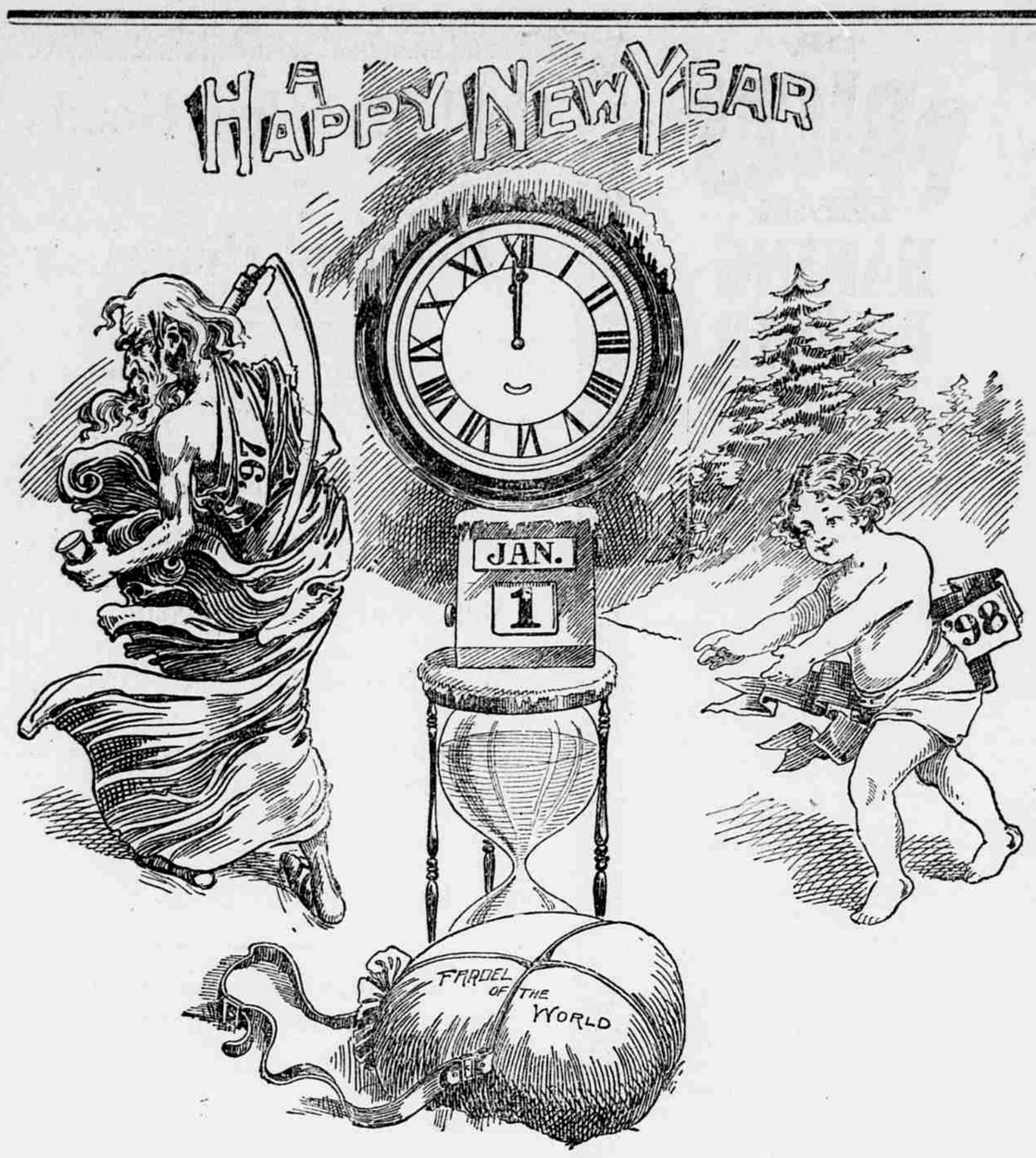

Under a Shadow

THE people of St. Luis park that New Year's eve looking to the east saw under the towering white crests of the Sierra Blanca a high smoke pillar rising with the sky, and it brought joy to their hearts, for it assured them now, as it did after every great storm, that Sim Belden was still alive, still able to grub under the foot of the ever-threatening avalanches for the fortune he had left the world to win.

Sim Belden was a tall, handsome giant of 30, who had come from no one knew where. The few who knew him thought he was unsocial, and those with whom he traded at Garland believed that he had hit upon a rich find under the snow line, and that he would make it hot for the man who tried to be his neighbor.

Sim Belden had been mining alone in the Sierra Blanca, but during the past twelve months he had a companion, a young Ute lad named Pedro, whom he had found dying and abandoned over on the headwaters of the Del Norte.

When Sim Belden, without any process of law, became Pedro's guardian, that youth's knowledge of English was confined to the one word, "damn." His acquaintance with Spanish was a little more extensive. He knew that buenos dias meant "good day;" sabe, "understand;" si, senor, "yes, sir," and dinero, "money." But there is a language of signs which all understand.

Sim had just come up from Garland burdened with a great pack of eatables, and a proportionate amount of drinkables, for the traditions of his youth led him to believe that both were essential to a popular observance of the season.

This evening in the cabin, after supper, Sim Belden was unusually talkative, and, forgetting or ignoring that Pedro's comprehension of English was limited, he rattled on like one thinking aloud and wishing for no comment on what he said.

"It's been no end of a fine day, Pedro—just like the New Year eves we used to have back in the Alleghanies when I was a boy like you. But tonight we'll pay for it, and I'm much afraid tomorrow will be a regular old, howling New Year's day."

Seeing that the white man hesitated Pedro looked wonderingly up and said, "Si, senor."

Sim Belden lit his pipe and throwing himself on a cinnamon bearskin before the fire, looked at Pedro for a few minutes and then went on, "Of course, Pedro, you wasn't ever in love?"

Pedro said, "Si, senor," and scratched his head like one perplexed.

"No, Pedro, you don't savey, and I hope you never will. If you should ever be took that way, commit suicide unless you're dead sure. But, then, no one is ever dead sure of a woman, or of a man either, for the matter of that.

"Now, Pedro, I ain't in the habit of giving myself away. I'm one of the kind that keeps his trouble to himself, but there's something 'bout New Year's that makes one confidential like."

"Si, senor," said Pedro, as he extended his lithe form toward the warming fire.

Sim Belden turned over on his breast, and resting his bearded chin on his upturned palms, looked at the dancing flames and continued:

"There was never a man loved his brother as I loved my brother Jack. Two years younger'n me, and handsome as a picture—no wonder Alice Thorpe shock me for him. But it wasn't fair. That's why I kicked. When our raft went to pieces on the Susquehanna years and years ago, it was Jack that, not caring for himself, dove under the logs and fished me out. But often and often, as I've sat by this fire as I'm doing now, I wished he'd have let me drown. It's no use to save a life and curse it.

"Jack was always wild, and when father died and left all the property to me except $5 for him, I put my arm about him and said: 'Never mind, Jack. I'll divvy fair. So long as I've got a dollar 50 cents of it is yours.' Then he kissed me like when we were boys, and there were tears on my cheek that did not come from my eyes."

The giant's voice became hoarse, and while he was clearing his throat Pedro gave utterance to his first English word, "Damn!"

"Yes, Pedro, that's just how I often feel. You see I can't blame him for falling in love with her, for heaven never made a prettier woman; but it was the deceit on both sides. You understand?"

"Si, senor."

"Curious enough, it was just three years ago this very New Year's eve when I discovered them in the hall of her house talking in loving whispers and with his arm about her. My God! I felt like striking the two dead, but I bit my lip till the blood came; then I galloped back home, where my aunt was the housekeeper, for mother was

"WHITE MAN! WHITE MAN!"

dead. I said nothing to her, but I wrote two notes—one to Jack, leaving him all the property, and the other to Alice Thorpe, telling her I'd discovered she was false and asking her to marry my brother. Then I started for the west, and the life before me was gloomy as the canon depths on a cloudy midnight.

"At first I felt like changing my name; but, as I'd never brought disgrace on it, I let it stand. What matters a name to a man, who's left the world behind forever?

"There's the story, Pedro. That's why I'm here, and you're the first and the last human being that'll ever hear of it from my lips. Savey?"

"Si, senor," said Pedro, without the slightest comprehension of the secret that had been confided to him.

Sim Belden was about to speak again, but he changed from his purpose by a rush, a roar, and a crash that filled the air and shook the earth as if the mountain was tumbling into St. Luis park.

"A snowslide! Thank God there's no one on the trail between here and Garland tonight!" Sim Belden sat up and looked at the Indian boy, whose lean face and black eyes were filled with an expression of intent anxiety.

"What is it, Pedro? What do you hear, man? Speak out!"

For reply Pedro bounded to his feet, and pointing in the direction of the trail he shouted:

"White man! White man!"

In an instant Sim had the door open. The whirling snow clouds limited his

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR, DEAR SIM!"

vision to the path of light before the open door, but above the roaring of the storm he heard the cry:

"Help! For God's sake, help!"

"Stay here and keep the door open!" That is what Sim Belden shouted as he buttoned up his fur coat and leaped down the snow-piled trail.

Pedro had no conception of the ordinary measure of time, but it seemed to him that at least a day had passed since the white man had disappeared. At length his heart was gladdened as he saw him breasting through the snow and bearing another white man in his arms.

Sim Belden staggered into the cabin, and laid his burden on the fur covered floor, and the instant he saw the face of the unconscious man he dropped on his knees, took the head in his arms and cried out as he kissed the face so like his own.

"Jack! Jack! O God, it's Jack! Do you hear me? Look up! Here's Sim! Here's Sim, asking you on his knees to forgive him!"

Sim and Pedro stripped off the wet clothes, rubbed the white form till the glow of life came back, and placed him in a bunk and wrapped him in furs.

By the time a steam punch was ready Jack Belden rubbed his eyes and looked about him. Then from the bunk two white arms were extended, and he sobbed:

"After years of seeking I've found you, Sim!"

There is nothing more sacred than the tears of honest, strong men.

Pedro looked on in wonder, and, though he could not understand what was said, he realized that one had come who was nearer to his guardian's heart than himself, but he felt no pangs of jealousy.

After a time Jack Belden felt strong enough to sit up. He looked at his watch, and seeing that it was after midnight, he reached out his hand to his brother and said:

"A happy New Year, dear Sim!" And still holding his brother's hand, Jack told the story of his three years' search and how only that afternoon he had learned at Garland of Sim's hiding place.

But there was more to tell. When Sim discovered him with Alice Thorpe, just three years before this, he was telling the girl that he had become engaged to her cousin Ethel, and was begging her to plead his case with the father and mother of his betrothed.

"Since the day you left, Sim, I've been a changed man, and a drop of liquor hasn't passed my lips. But it is not of myself, but of Alice I would speak. She was ever true to you, and though she thinks you dead, she is still true to your memory, and tonight by the fire in the old home, where she gave you her love, she is weeping for a dead one who thought her false."

The storm continued the next day, but in all that wild land no cabin held two happier hearts than those of the brothers reunited under the eaves of the avalanche far up the Sierra Blanca.

Shortly after this Sim Belden sold out his claim and accompanied his brother to the east. They took Pedro with them and sent him to the Indian school at Carlisle, where he became a teacher.

Every new year he visits his guardian and his wife, and the children of both brothers love him. His knowledge of English is perfect, and he fully comprehends the story told him by Sim Belden in the mountain shack that New Year's eve.

THE VESTAL AT THE GATE.

When today with vestal grace
She stood before your dwelling place,
Did you take her by the hand,
Bid her welcome to the land,
With the cordial love and greeting
That we owe a friend at meeting?

Fair and sweet to look upon
Was this lily maid at dawn,
With her dark locks flowing down,
And her saffron hood and gown
Set about with starry border,
Symbol of her priestly order.

And we owe to her, I hold,
Whether she be kind or cold,
Whether she being rue or myrrh
When we lift our gates to her,
Well and duly to receive her,
Lest our sad complaining grieve her.

What she brings us, heaven sent,
Take your gift and be content,
Though it be not what you sought,
And your prayers seem set at naught,
He knows best, who ruled the giving,
What we need for holy living.

Do not vex her with dismay
At the pangs of yesterday,
Nor disturb her heart in vain
With the hint of coming pain;
For a fell, impending sorrow
May be God's best gift tomorrow.

—Ola Moore.

ETHEL'S NEW YEAR'S CALLER.

All day long Ethel wished and wished that she was a grown-up lady like Sister Grace, so that she could have a New Year's caller.

But the long, bright day went by and not a single call did she have. After supper she went slowly up into the parlor and looked discontentedly out of the window.

Right under the gaslight she saw a glossy black cat. He took up first one paw and then the other out of the flaky snow and looked this way and that before starting on his journey once more. Then he ran along the sidewalk in front of Ethel's home and jumped quickly up the steps.

"It's my caller!" exclaimed Ethel, breathlessly. "It truly is!"

She opened the door and in walked pussy, over the fur rug, into the parlor and sat down in front of the fire. In a second Ethel was beside him, hugging and petting him.

Pussy seemed to like it and curled himself up contentedly in Ethel's lap. He purred very loud for a few minutes and then went to sleep.

"It's my New Year's caller!" explained Ethel. "He came his own self, mamma, and I'm going to keep him forever!"

Pussy has never made any objection to that plan and so Ethel still has her caller, and she says her New Year's

"IT'S MY CALLER!" EXCLAIMED ETHEL.

call was the very best one, for it has lasted nearly a whole year.

MARJORY DEANE.

In the Holidays.

'Tis chilly when returns come in,
And you have done your part,
To find that the majority
Gave you the marble heart.

'Tis chilly when you woo a girl
To have a rival win,
And get invited finally
To see her marry him.

But, ah, the coldest thing of all
In this chill month, no doubt,
Is to be told at 5 a. m.
"The fires are all out!"

THE TIDAL FRICTION.

ACTING AS A PERPETUAL BRAKE ON THE ROTATION.

Change in Scientific Views—No Contradiction of the Laws of Growth and Decay Which Represent the Immutable Order of Nature.

PERHAPS the most interesting accomplishments of mathematical astronomy—from a mundane standpoint, at any rate—are those that refer to the earth's own satellite, says Dr. H. S. Williams in Harper's Magazine. That seemingly staid body was long ago discovered to have a propensity to gain a little on the earth, appearing at eclipses an infinitesimal moment ahead of time. Astronomers were sorely puzzled by this act of insubordination; but at last Laplace and Lagrange explained it as due to an oscillatory change in the earth's orbit, thus fully exonerating the moon, and seeming to demonstrate the absolute stability and permanence of our planetary system, which the moon's misbehavior had appeared to threaten. This highly satisfactory conclusion was an orthodox belief of celestial mechanics until 1853, when Prof. Adams of Neptunian fame, with whom complex analyses were a pastime, reviewed Laplace's calculations and discovered an error which, when corrected, left about half the moon's acceleration unaccounted for. This was a momentous discrepancy which at first no one could explain. But presently Prof. Hemholtz, the great German psychist, suggested that a key might be found in tidal friction, which, acting as a perpetual brake on the earth's rotation, and affecting not merely the waters but the entire substance of our planet, must in the long sweep of time have changed its rate of rotation. Thus the seeming acceleration of the moon might be accounted for as actual retardation of the earth's rotation—a lengthening of the day, instead of a shortening of the month. Again the earth was shown to be at fault, but this time the moon could not be exonerated, while the estimated stability of our system, instead of being re-established, was quite upset. For the tidal retardation is not quite an oscillatory change which will presently correct itself, like the orbital wabble, but a perpetual change, acting always in one direction. Unless fully counteracted by some opposing reaction therefore (as it seems not to be), the effect must be cumulative, the ultimate consequences disastrous. The exact character of these consequences was first estimated by Prof. G. H. Darwin in 1879. He showed that tidal friction in retarding the earth must also push the moon out from the parent planet on a spiral orbit. Plainly then the moon must formerly have been nearer the earth than at present. At some very remote period it must have actually touched the earth; must, in other words, have been thrown off from the then plastic mass of the earth, as a polyp buds out from its parent polyp. At that time the earth was spinning about in a day of from two to four hours. Now the day has been lengthened to twenty-four hours and the moon has been thrust out a distance of a quarter million miles; but the end is not yet. The same progress of events must continue till, at some remote period in the future, the day has come to equal the month, lunar tidal action has ceased, and one face of the earth looks out always at the moon, with that same fixed stare which even now the moon has been brought to assume toward her parent orb. Should we choose to take even greater liberties with the future it may be made to appear (though some astronomers dissent from this prediction) that, as solar tidal action still continues, the day must finally exceed the month and lengthen out little by little toward coincidence with the year, and that the moon meantime must pause in its outward flight and come swinging back on a swinging spiral, until finally, after the lapse of untold aeons, it plows and ricochets along the surface of the earth and plunges to catastrophic destruction. But even though imagination pause far short of this direful culmination, it still is clear that modern calculations, based on inexorable tidal friction, suffice to revolutionize the views formerly current as to the stability of the planetary system. The eighteenth century mathematician looked upon this system as a vast celestial machine which had been in existence about 6,000 years, and which was destined to run on forever. The analyst of today computes both the past and the future of this system in millions instead of thousands of years, yet feels well assured that the solar system offers no contradiction to those laws of growth and decay which seem everywhere to represent the immutable order of nature.

Securing a Substitute.

Mattie—I'm so sorry, dear, to learn that death has robbed you of your favorite poodle. How can you ever console yourself for his loss? Helen (sobbing)—I d-don't know; b-but I s-suppose I'll h-have to g-get m-married.

His Sorrow.

Guyer—"Where is Downtrod?" Cheewit—"I left him alone with his sorrow." Guyer—"Why, I though his wife was dead."—New York Evening Journal.

The late Andrew M. Spangler, of the Philadelphia board of education, was an authority on fishing, and among his published works on this subject are "A Paradise for Gunners and Anglers" and "Nearby Fresh and Salt Water Fishing," which latter states "when to go, where to go and how to go," to find some good fishing within a radius of one hundred miles of Philadelphia. He was the founder and publisher of the Farm Journal, and several other agricultural papers, and for a time was editor of the Philadelphia Evening Herald, the Star, the Globe, the Evening Journal and the Age. When the civil war began he helped to organize the Philadelphia home guards and was active in raising funds to care for the wounded during the war.

Old Gentleman (dictating indignant letter): "Sir: My stenographer being a lady, cannot take down what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, cannot think it; but you, being neither, can easily guess my thoughts."—Brooklyn Life.

William Shaw, jr., of Pittsburg has built and equipped a bath house at that place where the poor may enjoy the luxury of a bath upon the payment of 5 cents. It was opened on Thanksgiving day.

Mr. Candle—Hello, Lamp, seems to me you're getting quite stout." Mr. Lamp—"H'm, may be, but I dare say I'm lighter than you.—Harper's Bazar.

Mrs. Martha Littlefield Phillips contributes to the January Century a chapter of "Recolections of Washington and His Friends," as preserved in the family of General Nathaniel Greene. Mrs. Phillips was the adopted child, and for many years the constant companion, of her grandmother Cornelia, next to the youngest daughter of General Greene. From the lips of her grandmother, who died during the civil war, the author heard many narratives of the revolutionary times. Cornelia Greene visited the Washingtons at Mount Vernon, when she was a little girl, and later she spent two winters with the president and his wife at Philadelphia.

Buncoing Inventors.

The days of buncoing inventors are about at an end. Under the new law which goes into effect January 1st, no solicitor or lawyer will be allowed to call his place of business a "Patent Office," as such a claim or advertisement is calculated to mislead and deceive inexperienced inventors into the belief that such an office were in some way connected with the United States Patent Office. With the new year, the so-called "Iowa Patent Office," "Nebraska Patent Office," "Northwestern Patent Office," and, in fact, all private patent offices will disappear and each solicitor, attorney or firm of attorneys will be dependent upon his or their qualifications and standing in order to get business. This is as it should be. Parties desiring free information as to the law and practice of patents may obtain the same in addressing Sues & Co., registered patent lawyers, Bee Building, Omaha, Neb.

The feature that will attract all lovers of modern dramatic fiction to the January Atlantic is the first installment of Gilbert Parker's new story, "The Battle of the Strong," which promises to be one of his best and strongest works. It transports the reader to the historic shores of the isle of Jersey in the year 1781, on the eve of the French attack upon the island. The movement of the story begins with an energy and quickness that engages immediate attention and arouses strong interest in what is to follow.

Iowa Patent Office Report.

In view of the fact that the rules of practice 7 and 8 are violated in the United States Patent Office in sending misleading communications direct to applicants for patents who have not paid the filing fees, a public explanation seems necessary. In said communications occurs the following: "Your attorney has been advised of the non-payment of this fee, but has made no response. Until the fee is paid the application is incomplete and no action whatever can be taken."

In personal conversation with Acting Commissioner Greeley last September I made complaint of such official action and he replied he was not aware that they were doing so. Evidently some subordinate is doing this and the chief in command allows it to go on even after my complaint.

Valuable information about securing, valuing and selling patents sent free.

THOMAS G. ORWIG,
Solicitor of Patents.
Des Moines, Ia., December 22, '97.

A woman begins to show her age as soon as she gets the idea that she doesn't sleep near so well in a strange bed.

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The first year a woman is married she thinks most of her husband, the second of her baby and the third of her teeth.

We admire a man who is **positive** in his convictions. Dr. Taft, No. 4 Elm St., Rochester, N. Y., is so **sure** that **DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE** will cure every case of Asthma that he will send a trial bottle **absolutely free** to those afflicted.

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Gives new life and vigor to the roots of the hair. It's like water to a drooping plant.
No gray hair.
No baldness.