Dakota County Herald

DAKOTA CITY, NEB.

John H. Ream, - Publisher

What is wanted is wreckless railroading, not reckless railroading.

That dark spot on this planet at which the observers on Mars are gazing in wonder is Pittsburg.

America grows richer by $10,000,000 a day. Seven-eighths of the people naturally have to be content with ciphers.

A New York alderman has been caught taking money. The science of the thing is to take the money and not get caught.

British Columbia has a politician named Frost. Isn't he the man to succeed Lieut.-Governor Snowball, of New Brunswick when he resigns?

Perhaps it is a matter of no significance, but it is a fact, that railroad wrecks have been rapidly increasing since the passes were shut off.

Probably Senator Beveridge first became opposed to child labor when he was a small boy and had to follow the plow when he wanted to go fishing.

An Ohio man has been sent to prison for six years because he has thirteen wives. He ought to have known enough to stop when he had a dozen.

"There are 13,000,000 men in this country available for military service." And twice as many who could stay at home and criticize those in the field.

Several members of young Mr. Rockefeller's Bible class seem to take great delight in getting up in meeting and telling him what they think of his father.

Count Boni wants Mme. Gould to return to him and overlook the past. He specifies that she is expected, in case she returns, to be accompanied by her checkbook.

Those boys who accidentally hit the Kaiser with a snowball as he was passing have reason to be thankful that the result of the recent election left him in high good humor.

The crop of "hitherto unpublished portraits of Lincoln" is growing larger every year. How in the world did he ever find time to do any work, when he had his picture taken so often?

"Knowledge is the sunrise of life and the glowing sunset of hope," says the Baltimore American. And even at noonday some people are in no danger of suffering from sunstroke on that account.

Mme. Melba now charges a dollar for writing her autograph. Being a woman she probably has a good deal of satisfaction when writing a check for the payment of a $50 debt in making it out for $49, letting her autograph stand for the balance.

During the year 1906 property in the United States to the value of more than half a billion dollars was destroyed by fire. Of course this enormous total, which is said never to have been equaled in any country, at any time, was due in large part to the San Francisco disaster. Nevertheless, the executive officer of the International Society of Building Inspectors has declared that nine-tenths of the national fire loss is preventable.

A company which manufactures parlor cars and sleeping cars is to erect a plant for the building of cars constructed entirely of metal. The new cars will be stronger than those of the old type, and in railroad accidents will not take fire. The question rises whether those who cannot afford seats in parlor cars, but must ride in common coaches, are not entitled to equally safe vehicles. In the good time coming every car and the entire railroad equipment will be as good as human skill can make it.

A party of operating officials of a railway running out of Cleveland formed themselves into a surprise party the other night and visited a neighboring town to see whether engineers were paying proper attention to the signals. The result was illuminating. According to the published reports the inspectors turned out the lights intended to show that the track was clear, and in spite of the warning thus given twenty-four trains out of twenty-five rushed by, only one stopping to investigate what was wrong. Of four passenger trains only two even slackened speed on seeing the signal which meant danger ahead. The road in question is one of the best and most efficiently operated in the country, and if such a state of things can exist on it what is the condition on other lines less completely equipped and less carefully operated?

We think of the savage tribe as living outdoors, and free from the restraints which come with civilization—the garment, the house and the cook. But there is a barbarian who passes its winters in huts and holes from which every breath of fresh air is shut out, and where the stifling atmosphere is heavy with "old shapes of foul disease." Akin to the life of the hut and the wigwam is the life of the home of whatever grade where cold is dreaded more than bad air. The farm house, the millionaire's palace and the village grocery alike shelter miserable sinners against nature's laws. The crusade against the ravages of consumption has awakened thousands to the fact that the need for pure air is more imperative even than the need for good food, although it speaks with a less insistent voice. But hundreds of thousands of housewives yet need to learn the advantage of the comfortable double window and the air-tight stove, and the healing power of pure, cold air, steeped in God's own sunshine. A woman who was known as the queen of the Gypsies died recently in England. She was of great age and amazing vigor, and a real "character" in her reserve and her hatred of modern conditions. She seldom talked, but it was known that she considered education as rubbish, houses as no better than prisons, and the persons who died in them as the victims of their own effeminacy. In a phrase both telling and memorable, she boasted herself "free from the tyranny of the roof." That is truly a noble freedom and one which every wise woman may covet for herself and her children. Perhaps another hundred years may see the stuffy bedroom everywhere supplanted by the airy porch, and find civilized man again sleeping under the sky.

As a pleasant illustration of the value of the expert trade, attention may be called to the suit instituted in New York by a distinguished alienist for payment of $6,500 balance of a $23,500 bill for expert testimony. The defendant, a wealthy widow, demurs on the ground that the services were not worth the price. In view of all circumstances the wonder grows that so few men engage in the profitable business of what may be called experting. Why should a man toil and drudge for a mere livelihood when, with a fine appearance, a modicum of practical experience, and the acquisition of impressive technical terms, he can reap a much richer harvest? If a will involving the distribution of a large estate is to be broken on the ground that the maker was feeble minded, the expert appears ready to throw the weight of his testimony in the direction desired. If a rich man or a rich man's son is in danger of the law through reason of a serious infraction of the statutes, along comes the expert to prove conclusively that the shape of his head, the wildness of his eye, or some eccentricities of conduct demonstrate derangement of his mental faculties. The amount of compensation depends, of course, on the wealth of the parties interested. But, inasmuch as such expert testimony is sought chiefly by those who have the willingness and the wealth to pay, the compensation is usually of the most generous nature. The learned gentleman who receives $17,000 for a deposition, or even for an hour agreeably spent on the witness stand, has excellent reason to be in love with his profession and to recommend it to those who are discontented with their humbler pursuits. Why he should go to law for the paltry sum of $6,500 when he could more profitably improve his time in seeking another client is not so clear.

ABOUT THE SNOWSHOE.

There Are Many Varieties of This Useful Article.

In the intense cold of the far Northwest, "where the snow is deep and frozen to a dry powder, the dogdrivers use a shoe that is two and a half feet long and fairly narrow, writes L. D. Sherman, in the Outing Magazine. The meshes are coarse in the spring, but midwinter and dry, hard snow necessitates an extremely fine mesh. The toe hole is placed about two-thirds the length forward and the toe of the shoe is broad and upturned. In the best made shoes the filling is cleverly put in and presents a concave surface to the snow and does not sink in deeply, but carries up and forward so that the long body and heel always remain down, even at a fast pace.

In Eastern Canada, where the country is less open, the snowshoe is an almost exact opposite in shape. The oval is shorter and broadened until it appears very clumsy; nevertheless, it has been generally accepted for all-around use. In this model the toe hole is placed farther forward for ease in hill climbing.

The "club" shoes in the market today follow this design, except that they have upturned toes, whereas the trappers and lumbermen claim that it is easier to climb hills on the old flatted model, especially when carrying a pack or dragging a toboggan. A specially designed shoe called a "hill climber" has no filling forward of the toe hole or back of the rear crosspiece, besides being very coarsely meshed. To borrow from an expressive friend who owns a pair, "If you always climbed it would be a 'cinch,' but they're the divil and all coming down." Where the forests are very dense the Indian uses a fairly broad shoe about three feet in length, enabling him to slip smoothly about through the trees with small danger of tangling the tails in the thick underbrush, which would be sure to happen incessantly if they were modeled after those used in the open places.

There is another interesting model, formerly used in the Adirondacks and now mostly confined to the Rocky Mountains, called the "bear-paw" shoe. It is a perfect oval in shape, having no heel, no tail. It measures about eighteen by fourteen inches and two to four inches across. This centre mesh is very necessary where the snow is moist, as otherwise the shoe would load up at every step and make traveling impossible. Most of the eastern shoes are closely meshed, as the snow is light and fine in a wooded country, sifts easily through.

Reduced to the Ranks.

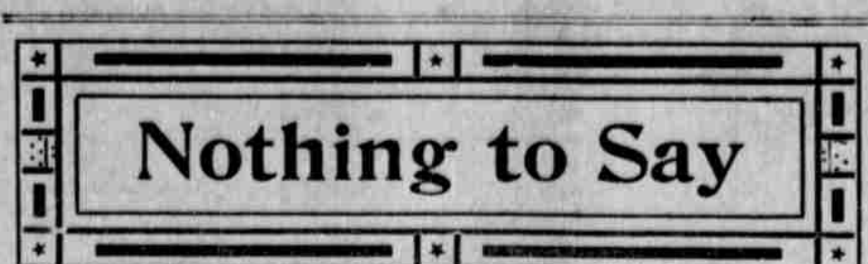
DESE EGGS AINT EZ GOOD EZ DEM I USTER GET AT DE WALDORF

BESIDE THE CAMP FIRE'S DYING LIGHT.

Night seems but warp and woof of many sounds
That blend their voices as the darkness falls;
The hum of myriad insect wings resounds
And solitude is filled with mystic calls.
Each throbbing note of mournful whip-poor-will,
Each hurtling cry of loon out on the lake,
Intensify the fancies strange that thrill
And fill me as I lie but half awake.

The waves lap time upon the shore,
The camp fire's crackling embers fall apart
And fade to ashen gray; while more and more
The forest's magic charm steals o'er my heart;
Till, lulled by all the voices of the night,
I dream beside the camp fire's dying light.

—The Outer's Book.



Nothing to Say

When Sadie and I started on our buggy ride I felt that it was incumbent upon me to say something. I had prepared myself to some extent by a careful study and memorizing of the jokes in a patent-medicine almanac, and these I endeavored to call to mind during the first half mile or so that we traveled. But for some reasons I found myself totally unable to recollect a single one of them with any degree of clearness, and when at last I remarked that it was a right nice evenin', that piece of meteorological information was uttered with an effort.

"Ain't it?" said Sadie.

That should have broken the conversational ice, but it didn't. It was a peculiar thing, too. Time had been when I talked with that girl quite easily and naturally. Even on the occasion of our last meeting when I had invited her to go buggy ridin' with me I hadn't felt the timidity that now hampered my tongue and befogged my intellect, though, naturally I had experienced certain tremors. Of course, she was not "fixed up" then, and that made a difference. Another thing, I could say, "Well, I guess I hafter be goin'," and stroll away—whistling, if necessary. But here I was penned right in, as I might say, with her, with no possible avenue of escape and the sense of being actually her "company" and as such bound to be decently entertaining, weighing upon me. After the weather, what?

I chirruped to the mare and flicked her lightly with the whip. She jumped a little and accelerated her pace more than a little, and I let her have her way until she broke. Then I had to check her, of course, and it was not easily done. Sadie gave a little gasp, but I think it was more of excitement than of fear, for she did not attempt to grab at the reins during the minute or two that the mare fought for her head. When I had got her back into her gait—the mare, of course—some misgiving expressed itself, however.

"Don't make her go so fast," said Sadie.

"Shucks!" I said. "That ain't fast. She ain't got steadied down yet. You wait an' I'll show you."

"Please don't," begged Sadie, as I raised the whip.

I held the mare in, feeling a sort of exultation at my control of her. At this moment one of the patent-medicine stories came to me. It was about a Congressman who, in the course of a speech, said: "'As Daniel Webster remarks in his great dictionary—' 'It was Noah who wrote the dictionary,' corrected a colleague."

I remember now that "colleague" rather stumped me. We had the unabridged up at the school house, but it was rather a long way to consult it. I was rather afraid that I might mispronounce it and I thought of various substitutions, but none seemed to me to be perfectly safe. It was a pity, too, for it was not a bad story.

"'What are you talking about?' responded the Congressman, indignantly, 'Noah built the ark!'"

What was that other story—the one about the German who bought a pig from an Irishman, unsight unseen? Then I happened to think that the almanac I had read might be familiar to Sadie and I abandoned the idea of relating it. I wondered why she didn't say something. Girls usually have such a lot to say.

I glanced at her. Gosh! She looked pretty.

I don't believe that was a "fascinator" she was wearing. It come to me now that it was a white straw hat with a floppy brim and trimmed with daisies and blue bachelor buttons, with cool-looking nasturtium leaves where they were sticking out here and there. A little strand of her fair hair was blowing across her face and as she raised her hand to put it where it belonged her eyes met mine and she smiled.

I was game, and I "stared her down," though I was conscious that my face was reddening; but it was a victory that came near to being defeat and I was mighty glad when she did turn her head away. My heart beat fast and my cheeks burned for a good five minutes after and I kept my attention to the middle of the road.

The twilight was fading fast now and that thin crescent moon was growing brighter. The road ran between gray rail fences, whose angles were filled with fragrant wild growths. The dog roses were still in bloom and their scent hung heavy on the air. Now and again we passed some farmhouse with vine-clustered porch and stretch of tame grass lawn, merging into an orchard of gnarled apple trees. Lights gleamed within, and without men moved shadowlike, doing belated chores. Then the last of the white pickets would flash by us and we were again among the corn fields and pastures, alone.

"There's going to be a dance over to Fairfax to-morrow night," said Sadie.

That meant nothing. Her folks would never have let her attend a dance—never in the world. Yet it thrilled me, for I had once been near enough to one of those revels of the ungodly to climb on the fence by the window and look in. Boys and girls were moving easily and gracefully over the candle-waxed floor to the music of a melodeon.

I said, "Is that so?" And later I observed that it was cloudin' up some. Later still that it wasn't late. As near as I can remember that was all that I did say on that ride. I was happy, inexpressibly happy, and yet miserable, in my tongue-tied awkwardness. I could look at her now from time to time and in the dim white light the moon gave she seemed more beautiful than ever—an ethereal beauty—and when a wheel dropped into a rut and the buggy swayed and I felt the soft, warm touch of her I seemed to suffocate momentarily with the ecstasy of it. Yet I felt a desire to be away somewhere to get my muddled wits together.

We were back again. I jumped out of the buggy and hitched the mare to the post before I helped her out. For an instant there was the slight pressure of her hands on my shoulders and then we stood facing each other in the kind of obscurity thrown by the maples at the gate.

"Won't you come in, Henry?" she asked.

I shook my head. "Uh-uh—I'll have to be goin'."

There was a dim light in the kitchen window.

She held out her hand and I took it awkwardly.

"Will you come again some time?" I asked, and she nodded and smiled. Her hand still lay in mine. My heart began to beat tumultuously, to rise to my throat and choke me. I hesitated an instant and then bent forward. She drew back.

And I? I released that little warm hand and turned away with a silly laugh and she ran to the house. At the porch she called: "Good-night, Henry!"—Chicago Daily News.

"WILL YOU COME AGAIN SOME TIME?" I ASKED.

A Friend in Need.

Immediately after the earthquake in California relief stations were established in San Francisco and Oakland. Supplies poured in from neighboring ranches, other towns and other States; but almost all that was sent needed to be cooked before it could be eaten, and, of course, in many instances, homeless wanderers were in immediate need of food.

The volunteer cooks did the best they could. They boiled great kettles of soup, caldrons of coffee and oceans of tea; but it was impossible to cook rapidly enough to supply all comers.

Late one afternoon, when the cooked-food supply was running low and a waiting line of hungry persons still waited to be fed, a wagon halted before one of these stations and a bluff old ranchman addressed the lady in charge.

"Say," said he, "I've brought you three hundred dozen of the best eggs in the State, but you won't need to boil 'em. They've been boiling eggs since 8 o'clock this morning."

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

AMERICAN NATION'S WONDERFUL GROWTH.

By Vice President Fairbanks.

C. W. FAIRBANKS.

The population of the United States is increasing at the rate of 1,500,000 every year. In 1890 we had only about 62,000,000. In 1900 we had more than 76,000,000, and now, only six years later, we number between 80,000,000 and 90,000,000, and shall soon have 100,000,000 souls.

Take that yearly increase of 1,500,000. We are getting about 1,000,000 a year by immigration now, and the increase is probably more than that. But even at 1,500,000 it is enormous.

Suppose that you add that many consumers, that many workers, that enormous composite muscle and that mighty composite brain to our nation this year, and then an equal amount next year, and the next, and the next. That is what is going on in the United States today. We are increasing at the rate of a Philadelphia every twelve months, and in some years almost to the extent of a Chicago. We are growing in wealth as rapidly as in numbers, and our possibilities are, it seems to me, almost beyond human conception.

FEDERAL POWER AND INDIVIDUAL ACTION.

By Dr. Albert Shaw.

The old balance between the power of the state and the free range of individual action is not shifting in any very perceptible manner. There is the constant give and take, as experience points the way.

In the stricter regulation of the national highways of commerce, for example, the state adds with one hand far more to individual initiative and freedom in economic life than it takes away with the other hand. In removing children from factories and sending them to school the state does not necessarily exhibit a tendency toward socialistic exercise of power. Rather it shows in effect its determination to build up a democracy capable of maintaining economic freedom and personal initiative.

When governmental authority extends quarantines, regulates and controls water supply under the test of the bacteriologists, or asserts its power in many other new directions, it does not follow that the domain of individual freedom is narrowed. It is simply that old principles require new applications as the conditions alter in every direction.

The practical compromise between social authority and private liberty is changing in details rather than in essential bearings. The greater intensity of associated life in all its forms is accompanied by a wider range of political activities.

In the very nature of the case, what we may call the federative balance will adjust itself according to convenience and experience between the central government and the state or local authorities. Those matters of large and general interest which best can be dealt with by the authority which has widespread jurisdiction appropriately will devolve upon the central government, while the states and municipalities will hold for themselves whatever authority they need for the political tasks that they best can perform.—Leslie's Weekly.

CURIOSITY MAY BE VIRTUE.

By Ian Maclaren.

There are few things the ordinary man resents more than the curiosity of his neighbor; few things he enjoys more than rapping a curious person over the knuckles. The Anglo-Saxon demands a province of reserve in his life, and deeply resents the intrusion of a stranger. He is not prepared to tell his age to every person or the amounts of his income, or the particulars of business arrangements, or the affairs of his wife's family, and he grows furious when he finds any one coming over his garden wall or peeping through his windows.

Yet curiosity may be a valuable asset in the equipment of a professional man. Without it the parish clergyman never will have an intimate knowledge of the affairs of his people. What he is told he almost certainly will forget, while a touch of curiosity will store up every piece of information, and watch every passing incident, and catch hold of every suggestion in conversation. By and by the history of every one, old and young, will be in the man's possession. Of course, if he be an ignoble man, then his knowledge will be intolerable, if he be a sympathetic man it will be most valuable. In the same way a physician or a lawyer will be greatly helped by a legitimate and regulated curiosity about his fellow creatures. And it must be said that if curiosity of one kind makes a man detestable, curiosity of another kind makes him most popular.

CHURCH IS LIFE OF NATION.

By Senator A. J. Beveridge.

A. J. BEVERIDGE.

When any government on earth grounds its policy in an attack on religion itself, then it is time for all men who believe in the gospel to speak out in protest. The end of such a movement is to dethrone the savior of the world as the sovereign of the spiritual and moral empire of mankind. It affects all churches equally.

I wonder if men who talk so boldly of exterminating our faith understand what would happen if that faith were dethroned. How long do you suppose the republic would last if all the churches were turned into factories and all the preachers and priests—ministers of the same gospel—ceased forever their holy vocation?

How long would society itself endure? Men have rebelled against the intolerance of dogma; men should no less rebel against the intolerance of politics. Men have resisted intolerance of the church, both Protestant and Catholic; men should no less resist the intolerance of the state, whether republican or monarchical.

A SPIRIT OF WINTER.

All through the frosty air,
Snowy the morning;
Leafless trees seem more fair—
Snowflakes adorning.

Softly the echoes fall—
Some clear, some fainter—
Pearly veil over all:
Winter the painter.

'Mid last year's faded leaf,
Glory departed,
Robin pours out his grief—
Sad, brokenhearted.

Hark! How the timid hare
Creeps through the meadows,
Fearing the hunter's snare,
Hidden by shadows!

Each fairy mossy cap
Holding a treasure,
Where Brownies took their nap
'Mid joys beyond measure.

Tired nature taking rest,
Winter replying;
Through last year's withered nest
Cold winds are sighing.

Yet through the snowy air
A still voice is humming,
Though the earth's brown and bare
Sweet spring is coming.

Two Flirts

There was a subdued murmur of conversation when I was shown into the drawing room.

"How do you do, Mrs. Maxwell?" I said, shaking her hand. "Hullo, mater," I exclaimed, as I turned round, "didn't know you were coming."

There was an uncomfortable silence. "Where's Lillian?" I inquired, sinking into a chair. My mother looked severely at Mrs. Maxwell, and there was a badly concealed "I—told—you—so" in the glance.

"My daughter's upstairs," remarked Mrs. Maxwell icily.

"Oh, I say, what's up?" I asked, coming to the point.

"Perhaps your mother will explain," said Mrs. Maxwell.

I turned in my chair. "Well, mater?" I said, encouragingly. My mother didn't seem anxious to begin. "Any objection?" I inquired, holding up my cigar case. Mrs. Maxwell and the mater exchanged glances, and the former nodded to me.

I lit up.

"We don't seem to be getting on very fast," I remarked, blowing out a cloud of smoke.

"We have been discussing you," said my hostess, and then I wished I hadn't pressed them to tell me, though I had half suspected it.

"You couldn't have a better subject," I said, trying to be light.

"We are in earnest, Willie!" said my mother, staring at me.

"I apologize," I said, sitting up in my chair.

Mrs. Maxwell coughed; again glances passed between my mother and her. I began to grow bored. "I'm waiting," I remarked, flicking the ash from my cigar end.

"It is something which concerns Lillian," began Mrs. Maxwell.

"Your daughter," I corrected, remembering my snub.

"Your mother and myself," she went on, completely ignoring me, "consider it time that you should take some definite action in—"

I leaned back in my chair and laughed. "Isn't it a little interfering?" I inquired at last.

"Interfering!" she burst out. "I, her mother! Lillian is a young girl—how dare you?"

I nodded. "Oh, it's Lillian, is it? And you, mater," I asked serenely, "how do you come into this affair?"

"You are my son, Willie," answered my mother, with the air of one clinching an argument.

"Yes," I agreed. "Well?"

"Well?" she repeated, looking nonplussed.

"Is that the reason?" I inquired.

I didn't get any answer, so I smoked on in silence a little. "We don't seem to be getting on," I remarked, "surely one of you has something to say?" They both began at once at that and I heard nothing, so I got up.

"Will one of you please explain?" I said.

"I will explain," said Mrs. Maxwell, with the air of a judge.

I took up my stand by the mantelpiece.

"Pray, continue," I said suavely.

"You are causing my daughter to be talked about," she began.

"Who by?" I demanded, interrupting.

"A great many people, I fear," she answered.

"Tell me how you know?" I asked.

"Mrs. Boyle for one," she replied.

"Oh!" I ejaculated, throwing my cigar end away. "She'd talk about anyone."

"And a great many other people," she continued.

"It seems a pity," I remarked.

"It is a pity," she returned, with emphasis.

"That they've nothing better to do, I mean," I went on. A simultaneous snort came from both of them.

"You don't appear to understand the gravity of the affair," said Mrs. Maxwell; "you know I'm fond of you—"

"WE HAVE BEEN DISCUSSING YOU."

I bowed.

"But, to speak plainly, I won't have my daughter's affections trifled—"

"Who says I am?" I interrupted angrily.

"It certainly looks like it," she retorted, quite unmoved. "Your name has been coupled with several young ladies in the past, now it is with Lillian—and I won't have it."

I seemed to have lost my advantage, and I felt too old to be lectured.

"How dare people discuss my affairs?" I reflected aloud.

"If it were your affair only," she replied, "I should not interfere, but unfortunately there is my daughter's reputation."

And then I'm afraid I let a word slip.

"There is nothing to be gained by the use of words like that," admonished my mother, sitting up very straight in her chair.

"I'm sorry," I apologized, "but it is annoying, isn't it?"

I got no answer to that, and there was a dead silence, but for the ticking of the clock.

"What's to be done?" I said.

"One thing," said Mrs. Maxwell, "you must come here very seldom—perhaps it would be better that you should discontinue your visits here for awhile."

I suddenly realized how I should miss Lillian.

"Thank you," I answered, "I don't think I'll do that."

She opened her eyes.

"You can hardly venture to—" she began.

"I have another solution," I said, calmly.

"And what may it be?" inquired Mrs. Maxwell, looking at me with disapproval.

I was just going to answer when I heard a step on the staircase, and Lillian came in.

She looked at our faces in dismay. "What's happened?" she inquired. "Bad news?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Maxwell, sternly.

Bit by bit the gossip was repeated; everything we had ever done looming large in the mists of exaggeration. Lillian looked anxiously at me.

"I don't care whether these things are true or—" began Mrs. Maxwell.

"Because you know they are cruel lies," I put in.

She daren't deny it.

"But," she continued, "only that your conduct shouldn't give rise to such talk again."

"What am I to do?" said Lillian, looking genuinely perturbed.

"I suggest—nay, I command that you see no more of Mr. Newton for a few months, then, perhaps, when this has blown over, we can receive him again, and the lesson—"

"Will never be given," I interrupted.

Lillian looked at me and there was sorrow in her eyes. How I wished that we had not been such accomplished flirts, that all these months should have passed and yet I could not say whether she really cared for me or not. But I had made up my mind.

"Mrs. Maxwell," I began, turning to her. "I told you there was another solution. There is."

"Inform me of it, please," she answered, and there was no trace of softness in her voice.

"Only this and a very simple one," I went on, "that I love Lillian with all my heart, and I pray that she may try to think me half worthy enough to be her husband."

The difference in her face was ludicrous.

"It's very simple," I answered, and then I went to Lillian's side. "Will you marry me?" I said, quietly.

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That evening we sat together in the garden.

"Bother gossips!" I ejaculated, for about the hundredth time.

And then I saw she was smiling.

"Tell me," I begged.

At first she wouldn't, and even at last I couldn't see her face.

"They did some good," she said softly. "You are a flirt, you know."

"I may have been once," I admitted, "but you were, too."

"I know," she confessed.

"Why have they done good, then?" I insisted.

"We made up our minds," she whispered.—London Opinion.

Our idea of a real hero is a man who can look his wife straight in the eye and tell her the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.