

# The Brute and the Man

By GEORGE CARLING

When James Schofield, farmer and dairyman, drove home from Denton's Corners that night, he was unquestionably drunk. Hilarious and musical when he left his companions at the village tavern, he became after the first mile tearfully sentimental; muttering much to himself about a certain comrade of his boyhood days, long since deceased.

During the third and last mile, his hungry and eager horse had plunged recklessly over the muddy, uneven road, and Mr. Schofield, after extricating himself several times from among the milk cans in the wagon, had become pugnacious and aggressive.

When he reached his door yard he was fighting drunk.

With many curses and kicks he had ushered his unlucky horse into its stall; had cursed his wife for the door held readily open for him; had ordered her to pull off his boots, and had sworn with vigor and originality at the supper which had been held in readiness for five hours.

Finally, exasperated at finding no available fighting material, he had struck the little woman a cruelly savage blow—felling her to the floor—and had answered her one piteous moan with a comprehensive, though somewhat incoherent, lecture on the duties of a wife and her obligations to love, honor and obey.

Then he stumbled into the side bedroom and flung himself down without wasting any precious moments in disrobing. Five minutes later his heavy breathing indicated his perfect oblivion of all matrimonial trials.

The girl (she was scarcely more) raised her head. There were no tears, nor sobs, but there was a tiny stream of blood trickling from a cruel cut in her cheek and a little pool on the floor where she had lain.

She raised herself wearily to her feet, and staggering to a chair buried her face in her apron—and so sat, thinking—motionless and silent.

Presently she arose—took the lamp from the table, and stepping to the looking glass by the window, examined her wounded face.

Three years before no sweeter, daintier face—no more bewitchingly gentle eyes—no merrier dimples around such a smiling mouth had been reflected from any mirror in the township. Even an hour before one would have had to search far for its equal—the pathos of suffering, of untold anguish, had as yet but changed the quality of its prettiness.

At this instant, however, she, herself, was startled at the reflection. She had never seen that face before!—those hard, set, resentful eyes—those tightly compressed lips—that resolute mouth. She had never seen these, although two or three times before she had looked upon a grievously scarred face. But she remembered now, almost with a little wonderment, that she had already decided how she should meet this next assault when it came. She had dismissed, with a bitter laugh—almost a sneer—the thought of appealing to the law—that abortive, rusty engine of justice and correction, which fines a drunken slugger and then sends him back to his wife, to exact bitter reprisal for her complaint.

No! her remedy was to be more effective and lasting; bringing comfort and safety to herself and fair punishment to the Brute.

Lighting a lantern she went to the stable, hearing, as she expected, the eager whinnying of the unfed horse. She threw the welcome oats into the manger, speaking a few caressing words as she rubbed a rough cloth over the grateful animal's wet back. Then climbing to the loft she threw down a liberal supply of hay—leaned her cheek against his for a moment—and went back to the house, picking up at the wood pile a heavy hatchet.

Cautiously entering the room where the Brute lay in his drunken stupor, she put on a dark, serviceable dress—her best—collected a small quantity of extra clothing and some little trinkets, bringing them into the kitchen, where she packed them into a rusty traveling bag.

Outside, a steady, drizzling rain was falling, and she thought of the miles of muddy road before her. Packing her shoes in the bag, she pulled on a pair of rubber boots—knee-high and confidence-inspiring.

Then she smeared the hatchet with blood from the pool on the floor, and clipping off a few ends of her bright brown hair she sprinkled them on the tool. Next she rolled up her blood-stained apron into a tight bundle, and again taking the lantern went out and threw the hatchet into a thicket of brush near by. The apron she stuffed behind a beam in the woodhouse.

Re-entering the kitchen she picked up her bag, turned out the light, and then—paused. Once more, by the light of the lantern, she went into the bedroom, and after some little search emerged again with a well-worn wallet.

She counted the contents onto the table and stood, considering. There were \$74 and some odd cents; the result of a collection of monthly milk bills.

It all she hesitated. For three years, since the Brute had taken to drinking, she had toiled hard and had earned in honest work fully one-half of what had come in—but no money had been given her.

She counted the money into two equal piles—placed one of these back

in the wallet—and taking the other, she stepped out into the night.

Wearied almost to exhaustion, she climbed into the early mail train at Bursbro, and in two hours she was in Buffalo. Then on again, without a break, to Cleveland. In two days she had answered an advertisement and secured employment as servant to a suburban family.

It was late when the Brute awoke and struggled to his feet, cursing his wife for not having called him. He stumbled out into the kitchen and noted, with rising rage, the disorder of the night before—the unclear table—an overturned chair—the unlighted fire. Then his eye fell upon the red stain in the floor.

"Gone to those d—d Watson's again!" he growled viciously, as he remembered her refuge on previous similar occasions. "I'll teach her afore night, cuss her!"

But before night, Mr. Schofield was under arrest, and in Bursbro jail, on a charge of murdering his wife. Her disappearance and his known abuse of her led to quick suspicion, and a search of the premises easily revealed the blood-stained floor and apron, and the damning hatchet. In time, the grand jury sustained the charge and he was held for trial at the next session—to be held two or three months later.

An exhaustive search for the body of his wife revealed nothing. With the sharper instinct of woman, she had evaded detection as effectively as the most experienced criminal could have done.

So the Brute, in the seclusion of his cell, sobered off. As his mind cleared and his hot blood cooled, perhaps his thoughts ran more on his wife's fate than on his own jeopardy. In his dreams and in his waking moments, he felt an ever-increasing dread of hearing of her—fearing the worst.

He grew strangely apathetic about himself, and when, a week before his trial, word was brought to him that he was a free man—that his wife had made known her existence and whereabouts, he walked from the jail without comment—went to his farm and picked up the thread of his life, alone and soon unnoticed.

Over in Cleveland the suburban family were congratulating themselves on the cheerful, never-failing industry—the quiet, thoughtful dependance of their servant. Often they wondered at the tincture of sadness which seemed to overshadow her; and won by their sympathetic kindness, she had told her story.

Then came sickness—severe, but not lasting—and after that a letter from Kitty, her bosom friend. With what delight she tore it open! How hungry she was for news from her old friends and neighbors—perhaps also, she was hungry for news of him.

One paragraph of the letter read: "He (you know who I mean) is back on the farm, doing his own housework. He has sold the cows, so he never comes to the village with milk, and he keeps out of sight when anyone goes along the road, so you see, Molly dear, I can't tell you much of anything about him—and you don't care, I guess!"

Then as she read a big, pearly tear drop rolled down the pretty cheek, and splashed out the "don't care."

Presently came another letter from Kitty, plentifully embellished, as usual, with parentheses and quotation marks, and with a paragraph which brought more tears and a long period of gazing at nothing.

"Bob (the goose still comes to see me) says that he calls in to see Jim (your Jim, I mean) whenever he passes the farm, (you know they used to be great chums before). He says that Jim seems sad and talks very little. But he works like a Trojan! (whatever that is) and he hasn't drunk anything since they took him to Bursbro."

A week later the little wife alighted from the stage which journeyed between Bursbro and Denton's Corners. Much to the driver's surprise, she had insisted upon getting off a quarter of a mile before reaching the Schofield farm.

It was after dark, but she trudged along the well known road, carrying her bundle, while the stage disappeared in the gloom. When she came in sight of the house, there was a light in the kitchen, but around the dooryard all was quiet and deserted.

She crept to the corner window and peeped beneath the shade. She noted the cheery fire in the well-cleaned stove, and the tidiness of the room. By the table sat the man—her Jim—holding a big needle up before the lamp; and the tears welled in her eyes and a great sob choked her, as she saw the big hand clumsily jabbing a thread at the eye.

Climbing softly onto the porch, she lifted the latch and stood before him. The man stood up, amazed and doubting. He stretched out his arms appealingly. His eyes were filled with unspeakable pleading—with trembling, expectant joy.

"Molly!—my little Molly! I knew you'd come again, some day—my Molly!"

She stepped close to him, and placing the bundle in his outstretched arms, pulled aside the wrappings.

"Careful, Jim! Be very careful! My dear old Jim!"

And the wondering Jim looked down, into a tiny little face—saw two little blue eyes looking curiously into his—felt a wee hand clutch his great finger—and saw his Molly's dimples in the faintest, sweetest, prettiest little counterpart—while his Molly wound her arms tenderly around them both, and her happy tears mingled with rogulish smiles at his clumsy awkwardness—at his transfigured face—as he slowly grasped the fullness of his great benediction.



## BAMBOOZLING GRANDMA.

"There never was a grandma half so good!"  
He whispered, while beside her chair he stood,  
And laid his rosy cheek,  
With manner very meek,  
Against her dear old face in loving mood.

"There never was a nicer grandma born;  
I know some little boys must be forlorn,  
Because they've none like you;  
I wonder what I'd do  
Without a grandma's kisses night and morn."

"There never was a dearer grandma—  
there!"  
He kissed her and he smoothed her snow-white hair!  
Then fixed her ruffled cap  
And nestled in her lap.  
While grandma, smiling, rocked her old armchair.

"When I'm a man what lots to you I'll bring;  
A horse and carriage and a watch and ring.  
All grandmas are so nice!  
(Just here he kissed her twice)  
And grandmas give a boy most anything."

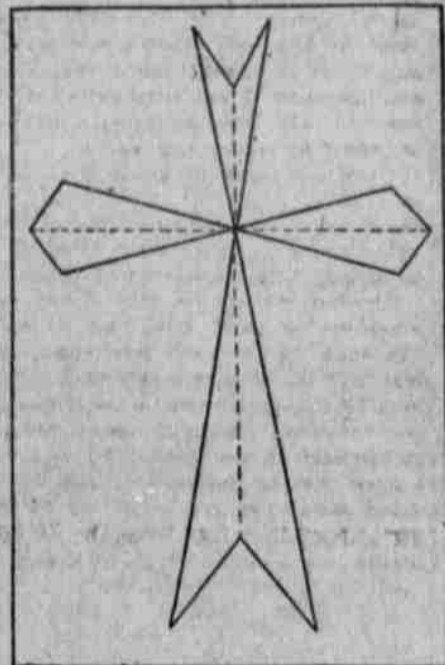
Before his dear old grandma could reply,  
This boy looked up, and with a rogulish eye  
Then whispered in her ear  
That nobody might hear,  
"Say, grandma, have you any more mince pie?"

—New Moon.

## OPTICAL ILLUSION IS QUEER

Nineteen Out of Twenty Persons Would Say Depth Was Greater Than the Width of Cross.

Look at this peculiar cross, and ask your friends which of the two dotted lines is the longer—the one showing the breadth of the cross or that de-



An Optical Illusion.

monstrating the depth. Nineteen out of every twenty would reply that the cross is deeper than it is wide. As a matter of fact, both dotted lines are of equal length.

## TO MAKE REALISTIC THUNDER

Trick May Be Performed by Vibrating Piece of String Drawn Around Person's Head.

Place a piece of string round the head of a friend, as shown in the illustration, taking care that his hands



How to Make Realistic Thunder.

cover the ears, as shown in the drawing. Then cause the string to vibrate by drawing the finger and thumb along it, previously moistening them or touching them with resin. The effect will be that a sound exactly like a rolling peal of thunder will reach the ears of the person operated upon. Try it.

## Looking After the Eggs.

Lady Betty, who is 4 years old, and never misses a trick, was taken the other evening to a restaurant for her supper, and with all the importance and sprightly dignity of her years, calmly ordered poached eggs on toast. While the little family group was awaiting its service, the "kiddle" amused herself by looking out of the window, pressing against a screen to get a closer view of something below. She was warned by her mother that the screen might give way and let her fall to the sidewalk, perhaps injuring her terribly. She drew away, thought a minute, and then said naively, "Would I fall if the screen went out?" "You certainly would," was her mother's reply. "And would I get awful hurt?" "Very likely." "Then what would the man do with the eggs?"

## Little Boy Says Grace.

A little Hartford boy of rather a thoughtful and inquiring turn of mind asked his dignified father one day, after the silent grace at dinner, "Papa, why don't you say it aloud?" "You may say it aloud if you wish, my son," replied the father, and bowing his head the little fellow solemnly originated this unique grace: "God have mercy on these victuals."

## FOUR O'CLOCK TEA.

When the old sun dial by the garden wall Tells us the hour is 4 o'clock  
Then children and dollsies both one and all  
To the garden tea-table gladly flock!

For Grandma has finished her daily nap  
And there will she serve us with cake  
and milk,  
Darling she looks in her lace-trimmed cap  
And second-best gown of the finest silk.



Dollies and all have a bite and sup.  
Hungry are we from our hearty play;  
Daintily fine is each plate and cup  
For Grandma was always brought up  
that way!

When we've had as much as we all can  
eat,  
We lay ourselves down on the soft, cool  
grass,  
And then the dear ladies for tales entreat  
Until the long shadows begin to pass.

## COUNTESS AS STREET SWEEP

Young German Noblewoman Inspired Her Countrymen by Freedom by Display of Fortitude.

Julie M. Lippmann tells a story of the Thirty Years' war in St. Nicholas, under the title of "The Street Sweeper." The author says:

Now Mainz is one of the strongest fortresses in Germany; but, nevertheless, during the Thirty Years' war it was occupied by the French, who laid the country waste and ruled over the land with all the harshness of invaders. There seemed no hope of escaping from their tyranny, for the men who had fought and lost were discouraged, and had no further heart for resistance. So matters went from bad to worse until, one day, the beautiful young countess of Stein summoned all the sweetest and best maidens of the city into her presence, and urged them to make a solemn vow that they would neither wed nor listen to a word of wooing until their country was entirely free.

As you may believe, the news of this league made a great stir; for men who have lost their courage in war, and men who have lost their hearts in love, are very different beings. The Frenchmen saw very soon that the young Germans were showing signs of rebellion, and so they determined to wreak their vengeance on the countess. They took her prisoner, dragged her through the city, and at last thrust a broom into her hand, and bade her sweep the principal street of the town—a terrible humiliation, they thought, for a high-bred lady as she was.

But do you think she faltered? No, indeed. She raised her eyes, and, praying aloud so all could hear: "God of my fatherland, bless my sweeping; and as I sweep the highway, grant that the enemy may be swept from our land!"—grasped the broom firmly (like the true young noblewoman she was) and swept so clean that not a Frenchman of them all (and Frenchmen pride themselves on being able to see very fine points) could discover a speck of dust. They stood about, and twirled their mustaches, and tried to look supercilious, and to raise the people's mirth against her. But they did not succeed; and the townsfolk, instead of jeering, took off their caps, and echoed her prayer—"God bless the sweeping!"

And God did bless it; for the sight of their noble young countess at her task put the men on their mettle, and they turned on the Frenchmen and fought with such a will that it was not long before there was not one left in the land, and they had indeed swept the country quite clear of every foe.

## CORRECTED.



Willie—Do people go to some sanatoriums to get in trim?  
Father—No, to get trimmed.

## Couldn't Eat Much.

"No, dear," said mamma to little Carrie, who had just received a box of sweetmeats, "you must ask one of your little friends in to share your candy."  
"Well," replied the little lady, after a few moments' thought, "I-I guess I'll invite Fannie, 'cause candy makes her toothache an' she can't eat much."

# IN THE PUBLIC EYE

## ARMY COMMANDER RETIRES



General Kiefer

A veteran of two wars and many Indian skirmishes, a man of the strong, vital traits that have made heroes in life and literature, war-scarred, weather-beaten, Brig. Gen. Charles L. Hodges has ended his service in the United States Army. Gen. Hodges, who succeeded Gen. Frederick Dent Grant as commander of the department of the lakes, enlisted as a private in 1861, and reluctantly took-sakes—the old soldier leaves his post only because he must.

"I'm just a plain soldier man," he said, modestly, when asked to tell of exploits of his career. "I have fought in battles, many of them, but all soldiers do that."

The veteran stroked his gray mustache, smiled good humoredly, and his visitors thought of him in his younger years as the picturesque type of soldier described by Kipling as a "first-class fighting man."

"After the war I was sent to the south, and for several years, during the reconstruction period, I served in various southern states. Then I was sent west, to that great, primitive country beyond the Mississippi which at that time seemed like another nation, and I gained great pleasure from my experience during the thirty years I lived in that western land and watched the development of the country.

"I had many exciting encounters with Indians and fought in many battles between the federal troops and rampaging redskins.

"When the Spanish-American war broke out in 1898 I was sent to Cuba and was placed in command of a battalion of the Twenty-fifth Infantry. We fought through the Santiago campaign, and it was lively fighting, too.

"I have fought much and long; now I shall retire to private life and live in the glory of the past. But I shall always feel the deepest interest in the army, and my heart will be with it."

## IS ONLY LIVING EX-SPEAKER



General Kiefer

One of the notable events at the passing of the Sixty-first congress was the retirement from active political life of one of the country's best known statesmen, Gen. Joseph Warren Kiefer of Ohio, whose political career has extended throughout many years. General Kiefer holds the unique position today of being the only living ex-speaker of the house of representatives. He held this important place in the Forty-seventh congress, and since the death of John G. Carlisle this honor has been his alone.

General Kiefer took part in the very first skirmishes of the Civil war, and when General Lee laid down his arms at Appomattox the commander of the One Hundred and Tenth Ohio volunteer infantry was there to witness that memorable event.

Eight years in congress, during the later '70's and '80's, served to inure him to the hardships of victory and the blessings of defeat in civil as well as in military strife. The Spanish war again called him into military action, and he was next heard of leading the victorious Americans into the captured Cuban capital.

After 20 years' absence General Kiefer returned to the scenes of his civil triumphs and defeats, and now, at the age of seventy-five, this one surviving major general of the Civil war resigns his chair in the house of representatives to his Democratic successor.

## DU PONT TO BUILD HIGHWAY



Gen. T. Coleman Du Pont

Gen. T. Coleman Du Pont is going to build at his own expense the first link in the great highway from New York to Washington. A boulevard is an unusual form for a wealthy man's public gifts to take. Delaware is the state which is to be made the beneficiary of such a gift. Gen. Du Pont, has offered to give to that state a highway, running from end to end of the commonwealth, a distance of 103 miles. It is to be 150 feet wide and will cost from \$1,000,000 to \$2,000,000.

In his offer of the Highway Con. Du Pont stipulated that he would retain the sides of the road and requested public utilities franchises upon them. This feature of his offer came in for much criticism and led Mr. Du Pont to modify it considerably. He now offers to build the road, retain the sections on the side, but turn them over free of charge to any concern which will obligate itself to build an electric railway line or other public utility upon it. He says his object is to make the road a monument to the Du Pont family and also to improve the state by assuring a method of getting trolley lines and other improvements down the peninsula.

## CZAR'S COUSIN IS POPULAR



Grand Duke Constantine Constantinovitch

The most popular member of the Romanoff family of Russia is the Grand Duke Constantine Constantinovitch, cousin of the czar, who beside holding the important post of Inspector of military schools of the empire, is a playwright, an actor and a poet. Better perhaps than all of these, he is a man of good morals and exalted ideals.

The grand duke has translated Shakespeare into Russian, has written several plays and acted them and has published some valuable critical studies of new Russian poets. It is, as a poet that he is best known. One of his works has gone through ten editions and his songs are sung in every peasant cabin. Two of his songs are rendered at every Russian concert and many have been set to music.

Apart from his merits as a poet, the grand duke is an attractive personality. He is about the only living Romanoff of whom the average Russian speaks with respect. An Inspector of military schools, he is obliged to travel constantly; and thus he is better known than the czar's other relatives.