

**THE OLD SPRING.**

A path that leads from the kitchen door,  
Through a little garden plot,  
Down past the cherry and apple trees  
That grow in the pasture lot,  
Thence on through a beechen avenue  
Till you hear the waters trill  
Upon the pebbles and over the stones  
By the old spring under the hill!

The old spring under the hill is cool,  
With blotches and rifts of sun;  
Its air is as grateful and fresh and sweet

As the air of a summer dawn,  
The song of a bird in the trees above,  
Below the song of a rill  
Are the only sounds that are heard  
around  
The old spring under the hill.

How oft we have trudged on other days,  
When boys and girls at our play,  
To the shade and stillness of that old  
spring,  
Remote from the garish day!

How oft by its sparkling waters clear,  
We have knelt and quaffed our fill!  
And never a draught was so sweet as that  
From the old spring under the hill.

The years are many, the years are long  
Between us and that fair time;  
We hear no more the tinkling seag,  
Nor the water's silver chime;  
But oft in the mirror of Memory  
We can see the image still  
Of the winding pathway, the shadows  
deep,  
And the old spring under the hill.  
—Denver News.

**An Anti-Microbe Crusade.**

BY KATHERINE LOUISE SMITH.  
(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)  
It was appendicitis season. We were  
simple folks and not fashionable, and  
so did not fall into the hands of the  
surgeon, but Maria said this was due  
to her extreme caution in selecting  
food for our table.

"Appendicitis," said Maria with a  
sort of differential look, "has been here  
all the time only, like the bacilli and  
microbes, we did not know it. Now  
we do, or are liable to have it."

It was the time of fruits, God's own  
gift to nature, but we ate no grapes,  
strawberries or currants for fear of  
their being dead shots for appendicitis.  
It was this time of fruit that I called  
Maria's attention to the fact that people  
who ate all these things seemed to be  
as well as those who did not.

"Maria," I said with a rebellious air,  
"don't you know the doctors are on the  
look out for a verminiform appendix ir-  
respective of what anyone has eaten  
or proposes to eat?"

To which Maria replied that "it was  
well to be on the safe side," meaning,  
of course, the opposite to the appendi-  
citis side, and cut all fruit from our  
table. I am particularly fond of to-  
matos and we had been eating them  
freely when Maria came across an ar-  
ticle in the Lancet or some other med-  
ical journal, saying they produced can-  
cer. Instantly we tabooed tomatoes.

Of course, we had known all along that  
cucumbers and watermelons gave one  
cholera morbus, so these were entered  
on the death list early in our house-  
keeping venture. All this rather lim-  
ited our diet, but my wife was inge-  
nious and concocted a great many  
dishes that we felt sure were all right,  
and we always boiled the drinking  
water. We had pork and beans occa-  
sionally like my New England ances-  
tors, and once in a while Maria al-  
lowed a pie to decorate our table. How-  
ever, one day I ran across an article  
stating half the woes of the world were  
due to indigestion, and New England  
stomachs, caused by New England  
pork and beans, had caused more crime  
in the world than we were aware of.

"Maria," I remarked as we partook  
of our dinner, "we must instantly stop  
pork and beans. Think of the New  
England stomach as a factor in crime,"  
and I called her attention to the fact  
that Lombroso had entirely overlooked  
this in writing his "Female Offender."

"Still," said my wife, who was al-  
ways hopeful, "we have our bread,  
Thaddeus; our good, sweet, wholesome  
bread, and I am sure we boil all the  
water we use."

We rested calmly on the assumption  
that all was well and we were devour-  
ing no microbial morsels when to  
Maria's horror she one day discovered  
that white bread had a tendency to

produce diabetes and that beef and  
speworm went together. The utter  
despair that followed these discoveries  
produced a complete reaction, and we  
decided to eat everything, microbes  
and all. Still we boiled the water and  
banned as deadly any that had not  
gone through the distilled-anti-bacilli  
process. In fact, Maria had ascribed  
my immunity from typhoid fever, dip-  
theria and pneumonia, let alone pre-  
mature baldness and other misfortunes  
to this saving process, and we had  
often smiled as we realized that we  
had got the better of defunct frogs and  
microbes with long names and short  
lives, knowing they could not harm a  
body whose aqueous beverage had  
boiled, distilled, filtered and kept  
hermetically sealed until used.

Maria talked much of this. I heard  
tell her friends in bursts of sudden  
insight, just how many twists she  
gave to the top of the jar to be sure it

was sealed. I heard her dilate on how  
well I had been in consequence, and I  
listened while she told how she stood  
the jar on its head to see if anything  
ran out. Maria got me and the bottle  
and the hermetically sealed and stand-  
ing on the head process so mixed in  
her auditor's mind that I determined to  
have my revenge.

I was passing a newspaper one day  
and purchased a scientific magazine.  
The first thing that met my gaze was  
an article upon the ill repute in which  
boiled water should be held. When I  
saw that Dr. Koppe a learned and re-  
spected member of medical societies  
without number, was the writer and  
that the excerpt was from the Deutsche  
Medicinshe Wochenschrift I knew it  
was all right. The length and unintel-  
ligibility of the name gave me utter  
confidence. I waited until we were at  
the dinner table and the maid had just  
filled our glasses with our boiled-dis-  
tilled-filtered - hermetically-sealed-un-  
til-used water, when I opened my at-  
tack.

"Maria," I said with feigned solici-  
tude, "you are not looking well; what  
is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing," replied my wife smil-  
ingly, "I have had, in fact, a delightful  
afternoon. We went to the park,  
walked around, drank some of that  
pure spring water and came home."

"My dear girl," I cried holding up my

hands in affected horror. "It is won-  
derful you are alive. Do you know so  
little that you drink spring water? It  
is too pure. It does not contain salts  
and hence the microbes cannot live."

"Pshaw," exclaimed Maria with a  
sort of don't-trifle-with-me air. "Thad-  
deus you are crazy. You know we boil  
all our table water just to get rid of  
these microbes, and after it is boiled  
we put—"

"Maria," I cried, as I gave my glass  
a push away from my plate, "spare me  
the details. I know it all and we have  
been all wrong. Here I am coming  
down with catarrh of the stomach all  
on account of that distilled water."

"I don't see what you mean," averred  
Maria a little crossly. "I try so hard  
to keep you well. I boil the water and  
filter it and then it is put—"

"My dear wife," I announced sol-  
emnly, "this is no time for trifling.  
Ring the bell and order water fresh  
from the faucet put on the table. We  
are drinking in distilled water a proto-  
plasmic poison. I don't exactly know  
what that means, but the words are so  
indigestible I am sure it is right. Iso-  
lated, living organic elements, cells  
and all unicellular organisms, I went  
on rapidly bracing my feet against the  
table to give momentum, "are rapidly  
destroyed in distilled water. They are  
therefore dead in the water, and in this  
way we lose the salts and soluble cell  
constituents we need in our constitu-  
tion."

I managed to get this last off glibly,  
and with a nonchalant air, for I was  
quite proud of the long words and  
hoped Maria would think it original.  
I paused to get breath, and while I  
did so saw Maria pour the contents of  
her glass back into the pitcher.

"Thaddeus," said Maria at length,  
bracing up against the loss of one of  
her pet theories, "do I understand we  
will be too fresh if we drink distilled  
water? That while we render harm-  
less the sort of frog broth we are in-  
viting all sorts of polysyllabic perils?"

"I do," I said, "and I am going to  
write to the German savant and  
thank him."

"Well," sighed Maria, "it is distract-  
ing to keep up with the different theo-  
ries. We won't boil our water any  
more, but certainly you will keep on  
drinking a great deal every day. You  
know the doctors say there is no doubt  
but that none of us drink enough wa-  
ter. We ought to drink three or four  
quarts a day it is so cleansing and ben-  
eficial generally."

"Oh, certainly," I replied with a  
chuckle, "I am willing to keep on mak-  
ing an impromptu tank of myself, but  
mark my words, Maria, in a few  
months reaction will set in here also,  
and we shall read of water on the  
brain or aqueous humor of the heart  
caused by too much water drinking."

And this last looked so probable  
Maria did not answer.

ENGLAND'S PEASANTRY.  
Their Present Condition Contrasted with  
That of a Century Ago.

The agricultural laborers of today  
are certainly better clad, more luxu-  
riously fed, have far more leisure, are  
better educated, and are rapidly be-  
coming better housed than their fore-  
fathers a century ago. And if these are  
the main constituents of happiness,  
then they are happier, comments a cor-  
respondent in Nineteenth Century. On  
the other hand, their grandfathers and  
great-grandfathers were much more  
gay and light-hearted than the mod-  
ern; they enjoyed their lives much  
more than their descendants do; they  
had incomparably more laughter, more  
amusement, more real delight in the  
labor of their hands; there was more  
love among them and less hate. The  
agricultural laborer had a bad drunk-  
en time between 20 or 30 years ago,  
and he has been growing out of that.  
A village sot is now a very rare bird,  
as rare as he was 100 years ago. Then  
the laborer could not afford a drunken  
debauch—he had not the wherewithal.  
His master, the farmer, did drink, and  
sometimes deeply in the days when he  
was prospering. And for a few years  
after the rise of the laborer's wages,  
some 25 years ago, the laborer was the  
publican's friend. But hard drinking  
has been steadily declining, and the  
habitual drunkard is looked upon as a  
coarse brute to be avoided. As to other  
vices, things are pretty much as they  
were; I am afraid rather worse than  
better. Perhaps the saddest charac-  
teristic of the men of the present, as  
compared with the men of the past,  
is that the men of the past were cer-  
tainly more self-dependent—I do not  
mean independent, in the sense in  
which that word is used now—more re-  
sourceful, more kindly, courteous, and  
contented with their lot than their de-  
scendants are.

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Big Game in the Sudan.  
The Sudanese government, having  
received numerous applications from  
notable sportsmen to hunt and shoot  
big game in the Sudan, has decided to  
afford sportsmen the desired facili-  
ties under certain restrictions, says a  
Calro correspondent of a London news-  
paper. License to kill big game will  
be granted at the following rates:  
Twenty-five pounds will entitle a  
sportsman to kill four buffaloes, two  
elephants, one giraffe, six hippopota-  
mi, two rhinoceroses, antelopes, gaz-  
elles and warthogs; in addition to  
which, for some animals killed a fee  
is charged—for a buffalo £6, an ele-  
phant £8, a giraffe £6, a hippopota-  
mus £1 and a rhinoceros £5. A £5  
license entitles a sportsman to shoot  
antelopes, gazelles and warthogs. In  
addition to the fees mentioned the  
duty on ivory has to be paid. These  
regulations have been instituted by  
the military authorities for the pur-  
pose of preserving big game, which is  
plentiful in the Sudan, from wanton  
destruction. Some of the rare species  
of antelope will also be protected in  
an edict shortly to be issued by the  
Sudanese government.

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