



RED GLORY ON THE HILLS

Red glory on the hills,
But lengthening shadows here;
And in the secret of my soul
A longing—and a fear!

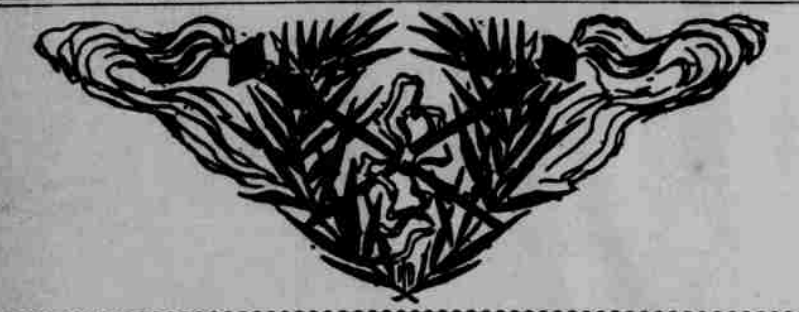
The flaming fire grows pale
Beneath the deepening haze,
And in my soul a mist of pain
Enshrouds the golden days.

The solemn night descends,
The distant flame is gone,
And now—beside a grave—I stand
In darkness—and alone!

Alone, yet not alone!
For, lo, there shines afar,
Upon my head, bowed down by grief,
The splendor of a star!

A star whose light is love—
Love wonderful and great;
And, lifted by its power, behold,
I am not desolate!

-A. W. Bomberger.



The Mermaid.

BY E. JACK APPLETON.
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He sat on a gray, wave-scarred rock and gazed thoughtfully out to sea. It was early morning and a tiny salt breeze was blowing inland, of which Van Holden was pleasantly but indolently conscious. His straight, aristocratic nose was tilted at the proper angle to catch this odor so keenly appreciated by those who live far from the ocean, and his soft hat was tilted the other way, over his keen blue eyes. Van Holden was not in love. He was not even contemplating suicide. He had merely arisen early to enjoy the novelty of such a thing and had wandered half a mile from the summer hotel to this protected little cove. As his digestion was excellent he took from his pocket now a briar pipe, filled it and struck a match. "If it were not so beautiful," he remarked aloud, looking out to the sea as the match burned up, "if it were not a real sacrifice to disturb the absolute harmony of this scene—and if other people did not go in so much and muss the water up—I believe I would take a dip right here and now." The match having gone out, Van Holden struck another and lighted his pipe. Then he clasped his hands about his knees and rocked gently back and forth. "I ought really to be in love," he went on, "so that I might spout poetry this very minute. Poor old ocean! How much you have borne from love-sick individuals who insist on murdering good verse, with you as an audience! It is really too bad. But I cannot improvise, and I never could quote, so you'll be saved this morning. I ought to be in love, but as no modern Venus is apt to rise from the waves—by all the gods, I'm not so sure! What's that?" His eyes opened widely as his solilo-



"Poor old ocean!"
...was interrupted by the appearance of a rapidly moving, graceful figure, swimming easily toward him from around the little promontory at his right, and Van Holden held his breath for a moment as he gazed at it. It was a girl—a girl, or a young woman, swimming toward shore, her rosy face turned to one side, her white arms gleaming through the little whirl of foam that she made with long, graceful overhead strokes.
But before Van Holden had decided that a needless retreat was his cue, she caught sight of him; and then, with a little scream, seemingly more of fright than surprise, she turned quickly and started seaward again. Nothing seemed to retard her progress, and in a moment more the white head, with masses of soft hair, and high upon it, had disappeared beneath the water.
Van Holden sprang to his feet, and took off his coat. Waiting only to

see that she was indeed in need of assistance, he tossed his pipe and hat beside his coat, and plunged into the cool waves, and struck out for the spot where she had gone under. Accustomed as he was to fresh water swimming, he found it easy enough to make speed here, and by the time she had come to the surface again, he was beside her. Slipping one arm beneath hers, he turned upon his back and swam back to the beach, in that matter-of-fact way in which he was wont to do everything. Once there, he carried the dripping little figure to a dry spot and laid her down. The girl was unconscious and Van Holden turned to pick up his coat to throw over her, when a sight met his gaze that took away what breath he had had left.
"Heavens alive!" he muttered, "I have rescued a mermaid, not a mortal. Either that, or I am clear crazy!" She lay on her side, her hair, shimmering with water, her eyes closed, the upper part of her trim body clothed in a regulation bathing suit; but at the waist line reality stopped and romance began. A delicately shaped, tapering extremity like that of a great mountain trout, dotted with spangles of gold and red, finished the uncanny picture that Van Holden beheld. For a moment he could only stare; then, recovering himself somewhat, he picked up his coat and spread it gently over her. Recovering his pipe also, he walked dazedly to the rock from which he had first seen her.
So rapidly had the remarkable incident occurred that he found the tobacco still alight, and for the space of a minute he smoked fast and furiously, trying to think what he could say or do. At the end of that time he turned and looked at the pathetic little heap—and saw her stir.
"What an idiot I am," he cried, springing to his feet. "Mermaid or girl, she needs attention, instead of foolish gazing at—where's my flask?" He found it, still uninjured in his hip pocket, and stooping, he gently forced the pretty lips apart and poured a few drops of brandy into her mouth.
"Where am I?" she said, pressing her hands to her ears, and making that time honored remark in excellent English. "Did I go under again?" An embarrassed expression came across her face, as she added, "And you had to go after me? It is too bad—but I am very grateful, sir."
Sir? Van Holden looked again. She was a mere child, not over fifteen or sixteen at the most, and—Gracious Heaven! she was stripping off that remarkable extremity, as if it were made of rubber!
As she shook herself free from it and stood up in a very fetching bathing suit and stockings, he smiled—and took a swallow of the brandy himself.
"If you'll excuse me," he said apologetically, "I—your appearance rather upset me." A rare, but strangely pathetic smile answered him.
"I don't wonder," she said; "you must be colder than I." Shaking herself free of the sand which clung to her dress, she gathered up the remarkable covering and rolled it into a bundle which she tucked under one arm. "I am very grateful to you," she said again, "and I hope you have not worn yourself out."
"No," he interrupted, "but before you go will you kindly tell me why you are out so early in the morning, alone, and with that most peculiar—peculiar costume on?"
The girl's pretty face grew seriously wistful. "My father," she said, and then went on in a lower tone, "You must not breathe a word of this, for he would punish me if you did; but he makes me learn to swim so. My mother died last winter. Then my father, whom I had never seen before, came and took me away, and I am learning to swim with that tail. It is like swimming without your feet—and that wouldn't be very easy, would it?"

"I should imagine not," answered Van Holden gravely. "I think your father should be thrashed himself for making you do this. How old are you, my little siren?"
"Fifteen," she answered. "He wants me to be a mermaid in the show this summer. You wouldn't make me do that—if you were my father, would you?" she added suddenly, as if struck by a happy thought.
"Assuredly not," answered Van Holden, taking one of her cold little hands in his; "what is your father's name?"
"Frank Moran," she answered. "It is Moran's Great Three Ring Circus, you know."
"Yes," said Van Holden, a curious light coming into his eyes, "I do know." The child came closer to him and looked up at him for a moment without speaking. Then:
"You are good," she said slowly. "You are strong, too. I think I like you very much." Ere he could stop her, she stood on tiptoes, pressed her pretty lips to his, and turned and ran fleetly away toward the hotel in the far distance. Van Holden smiled and called after her, "Good-bye, little mermaid!"
She paused a moment to wave her hand to him, and answer, "Good-bye, good man!" Then she was gone again.
"Frank Moran, indeed," said Van Holden, the determined lines about his mouth showing plainly. "He is adding kidnapping to his other fine art. Well, Mr. Moran, I have stopped some of your smaller games; I'll see if I can put an end to this. Poor little mermaid!"
By five o'clock that afternoon Van Holden was back in New York, and a day later there was a brief but intense scene in the room which Mr. Moran occupied at the seaside hotel. At the end of that scene, in which Van Holden, Moran, an old but determined lawyer from New York, and a frightened, shabbily dressed little woman, who proved to be the small mermaid's aunt, took part, Van Holden showed the circus owner the door, with the admonition: "I give you two hours to get away; at the end of that time if you are still here, or if you try to take this child again by pretending to be her father, or any other relative, into the penitentiary you go!"
And that evening the little mermaid, whom her delighted aunt called Marian, was placed in the motherly care of Mrs. Hargrave, the manager of the hotel. A few days later Van Holden's mother came, looked at the child, looked at her son—and took the former to her heart, for all time.
That was five years ago. Today Van



"Where am I?"
Holden is no longer a careless, irresponsible bachelor. If you care to look him up, you will find him ensconced in a delightful little flat, deeply and increasingly in love with his wife—graceful and beautiful in every way—and calling her, at times, "mermaid dear."

Battle of Tel-el-Kebr.
On September 9 the British under Sir Garnet Wolseley was attacked by Arabi Pasha's forces at Kassassin and the latter were repulsed and fell back to the intrenchments at Tel-el-Kebr. On the night of September 12 the British broke camp at Kassassin, removed their baggage to the railway and with an army of 14,000 marched silently and in the dark toward Tel-el-Kebr. The army halted before dawn within 1,000 yards of the fortification without having been discovered. There the lines were formed and the battle began. The English carried the intrenchments and completely routed the Egyptians. Thousands of the latter were killed and about 3,000 taken prisoners. Arabi Pasha was taken prisoner two days later at Cairo and his power completely crushed. In the negotiations which followed Great Britain practically gained control of Egypt.

Our Flag and the Sun.
During the summer months it is said that the sun always shines on some portion of the territory of the United States, but at other times during the year there are periods of the day when the United States with its possessions is in darkness. It is stated that Great Britain, France and Holland are the only countries having colonies so located that the sun always shines on some portion of them.

The Planet Neptune.
Neptune is the farthest off or outside planet of the solar system, known to science. It is invisible to the naked eye and in the telescope appears as a star of the eighth magnitude. Discovered in 1846. Revolves about the sun at a near distance of about 2,790,000,000 miles. Its year is equal to 166 of ours. In diameter about 37,000 miles. Its volume is about 100 times that of the earth and its density a little less than that of water.

Doping An Elephant.

One of the most remarkable operations ever performed on an animal has been done in the Hanover Zoological Gardens of Hanover, Germany, on the big female elephant Marly.
The "huge earth-shaking beast" had a foot disease that made it necessary to amputate large parts of both her hind feet to save her life. As it was manifestly impossible to operate by force, the great animal was anaesthetized. It is believed to be the first successful anaesthetization of an elephant on record.
Marly was presented to the Zoological Gardens of Hanover by the brothers Jannecke. She is said to be one of the wisest elephants in the world. And equal to her wisdom is her constancy. She loved a man once and she never has forgotten him.
The man whom Marly loved was the elephant keeper of the garden. He knew her thoroughly and understood all her moods. In return she gave him her unquestioning obedience and affection. There was nothing that he could do to her that Marly would not suffer in silence. Twice he operated on her foot and each time she bore it

building a great pen of live oak in Marly's inclosure. When the pen was finished Marly was coaxed by means of ten pounds of candy, which lured her the more readily because she had been subjected to starvation for several hours previously. The pen was so narrow that, once the elephant was in it, she could not turn around, and it was planned to chain her on all sides and then perform the necessary paring of her feet. A huge anchor chain used by a great steamer had been borrowed, and this was and mighty as it was, Marly burst it with her first effort the moment one of the surgeons touched her feet, and she would have stamped him into nothingness had his colleagues not pulled him out just in time.
It was then decided to drug her with morphine, which was done with 40 grains.
Fortunately the beast did not recover her senses at any time during the progress of the work. Inch after inch the horny masses disappeared under the blows of the little ax until the feet had something like their normal size. Then a keen spookshave was used

human beings have been devoured by the fish that is known as the man eater. Although many of these have been greatly exaggerated, they are to a certain extent true. It is also true that sharks have been known to follow a ship for days, picking up and eating that which had been thrown overboard as waste. Notwithstanding all of this, the cowardliness of sharks is well known among men who have been much to sea in southern waters. The fiercest shark will get out of the way of a swimmer if the latter sets up a noisy splashing.
A shark fears anything that splashes in the water. Among the South Sea Islands the natives never go bathing alone, but always in parties of half a dozen or so, in order that they may make a great hubbub in the water and thus frighten away the sharks. Once in a while a too venturesome swimmer among these natives foolishly detaches himself from his party and forgets to keep up his splashing. Then there is a swish and the man eater comes up from under him like a flash and he is gone.—Pensacola Reporter.



STRETCHED FOR THE OPERATION.

without even wincing. At times, during the progress of the operations, the pain would make her mighty body tremble from her wide ears to her little tail, but she did not move her suffering foot an inch. And when the keeper spoke to her sympathetically and coaxingly, as he cut deep into her tender soles, she would stroke him gently with her trunk even while she was groaning with agony.
Men say that whenever she saw her beloved keeper approach Marly's eyes—those piglike elephant eyes—would become almost humanly beautiful. The visitors to the Zoological Garden who did not see this know that the man never could arrive in sight without eliciting mighty trumpeting and stampings and other elephantine signs of deep joy.

Under these circumstances the fact that Marly was a great sufferer from sore feet did not bother any one much, for the keeper could enter her house day or night and cut and saw and file and sandpaper her toes till they were in proper shape, says New York Press.
But, after almost fifteen years of uninterrupted companionship, the old man died. For several weeks after that Marly permitted others to minister to her and was docile enough, but without cessation she kept watching and calling for her friend. Every approaching pedestrian who looked at all like him was greeted with trumpet blasts until he came near enough for the elephant to discover that he was not the one for whom she was waiting.

At last she seemed to realize that her beloved keeper would not return. And from that moment Marly was a changed beast. She attacked none of those who served her. But her behavior spoke clearly of her frame of mind. Had she been able to speak she could not have expressed more clearly her dislike for all in the gardens.
Still, with the great sense which she had displayed during the twenty-five years of her sojourn in the Zoo, she objected actively to nothing except one thing. She permitted the new keepers to scrub her big sides and to play the hose on her. She submitted to being chained and rubbed with oil. She moved from place to place with ready obedience. But she would allow no man to touch her feet. And her feet had been and were the source of constant trouble to her.

Regularly at first the keepers tried to work at them, but regularly Marly resented it in a manner that showed them unmistakably that she would go to the length of dealing death to the man who insisted on working around her. So gradually the keepers, who were not paid to act as victims of elephantine idiosyncrasies, abandoned all attempt to attend to her feet.
This state of affairs lasted for several years, until the horny growths on the hind feet of the huge beast had become so great that operative interference was peremptory. The experts who were called in were helpless for a long while. Every effort to look at the elephant's feet was frustrated by savage attacks. At last Dr. Ernest Schaeff, director of the Hanover Zoological Gardens, hit on the idea of

to pare them down thoroughly. When this tool got down to the tender flesh fastened around Marly's middle and bolted to the sides of the pen. Heavy Marly began to kick spasmodically, and all hands got out in a hurry. But it was a false alarm, and the work was taken up again immediately.
After the feet had been entirely relieved of the horn, the cutting away of the diseased portions of the feet began. This, the most important and necessary, also was the most dangerous and exciting part of the operation. No one could tell how much longer the narcosis of the elephant would last, as this was the first one ever anaesthetized. At any moment the vast brute might awaken, and to awaken while the instruments were cutting away at the nerves of her foot meant that she



"DOPED."

would go mad with the pain. So swiftness of work was essential and the surgeons soon had tools going like lightning. Despite the great sensibility of an elephant's foot, it was found that there was so much gristle that knives could not cut it as fast as desired. So recourse was had at once to common carpenter's chisels and mallets, and they were piled busily. As quickly as a portion of the diseased flesh had been loosened sufficiently by the chisels, a common hand-saw was used to sever it.

Still the elephant, beyond twitching his legs spasmodically once or twice, had not given any indications of pain during the two hours consumed by the cutting and chiseling and sawing. But when the irrigation of the wound began Marly flung her legs around in so lively a manner that the inclosure was vacated in a hurry. The same demonstration occurred during the cauterization, which had to be done most thoroughly. But if the animal felt pain during this time it gave no indication of it other than by those motions. It did not bellow and its regular deep breathing continued without interruption.

Fortunately, the wounds in her poor feet and the amputated portions were not where they interfered with standing, and they healed rapidly. Marly is feeling fine now, and has recovered her old good temper entirely.
Cowardism of Sharks.
Many tales have been told of how

STRICT DISCIPLINE.

West Point Military School is No Place for Tardy Youth.

There are about 18,000 opportunities for a cadet at West Point Military Academy to be "late at roll call" during the four years. For each tardiness one demerit mark is given. Two hundred demerit marks received in any one year cause dismissal. Every dereliction of duty is noted—"one button of uniform coat unbuttoned at drill," for example—and punishment follows hard upon it. This is the method of Mother Nature—stumble and the fall will hurt. Punishment is immediate, inexorable, just. The result is the formation of fixed habits exactly fitted to the conditions, natural in the one case, imposed in the other. Besides the written code of the academy, the cadets have an unwritten code of their own. No man may lie and remain a comrade, for example. "Conduct unbecoming a cadet and a gentleman" is an offense against the written code and is also punished by the cadets themselves who refuse to associate with a man under such a ban. Up to a point their unwritten code is wholesome. Of very late years it has been carried entirely too far owing to the recent growth of "class spirit." The written law does not, and should not, recognize class presidents and the like, and by a return to the old method of recognizing only the officers of the cadet battalion the remedy for recent irregularities is at hand. The hazing of new cadets must be stopped once and for all and discipline must be in the hands of the officers only. The country at large has decided this point definitely and the cadets have accepted the decision loyally, as they are accustomed to accept all orders of their lawful superiors. Let them look outside of the little government reservation at West Point and see the fields in which they will soon be called upon to work. Upon their steady adherence to the motto of the academy, "Honor, Duty, Country," the future of the United States in two hemispheres will largely depend. In the future, as in the past, their country can rely upon their faithful efforts.

Another Idea from Kansas.
Kansas has developed a new industry at Concordia, Mrs. Lottie Clark has for four months been undergoing a process of tattooing which makes her the most tattooed woman in the world. She has 185 designs on her body, including a picture of the battleship Maine and a picture of the head of Christ. She hopes to make a fortune as a living curiosity.

Red Light for Measles.
Children with measles are wrapped in red cloth by French peasant women. Noticing this Chatinier pasted red paper on the windows where patients having measles lived, and the result, in all cases, without medicine, have been favorable. He finds that other colors, especially strong shades of violet, excite the skin, while subdued red light rests it.

Mud Stains on Silk.
Mud stains on silk can generally be removed by rubbing with a piece of rough cloth or flannel. Sometimes, however, a stain is left where the mud has been. Rub this with a bit of clean linen dipped in benzine or alcohol.