

# Old Blazer's Hero

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

## CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

"Hit you?" he answered with a feigned contempt. "Who's going to hit you? What set you on this tack?"

"As if of one you wasn't enough?" cried Hepzibah, struggling with a new burst of tears. "There's Shadrach must take to it. It's all your fault, and I'll tell you the truth, if you killed me the next minute, the poor silly creature's tied to me, and you break my heart, and it breaks him to see it, and he's took four mad ways out of trouble."

"Has he?" said Ned roughly, and flung into the garden, where he paced gloomily up and down.

Hepzibah came to him a few minutes later with an apologetic and tender manner, and told him that tea was ready.

"Never mind the tea, Ned," answered. He had not given her a word of affection for months, and the phrase half frightened her, she could guess so little what it meant.

He walked about the garden for an hour, and at last entering the kitchen stood there irresolutely for a while, and then, as if with a sudden impulse, made for the hall and seized his hat. Hepzibah ran after him.

"Don't be afraid," he said, turning round upon her. "I am going to put an end to this."

"No, no, Ned," she besought him, clinging to him.

"Don't be afraid," he said again. "I shall be back when I've found Shadrach and seen him home. I'm going to have a word with him. Let me go."

He was very grave and solemn, and there was a look on his face which she had never seen before. She released him, and stood in the doorway looking after him as he walked toward the Miners' Rest. He disappeared in the gathering dusk, and Hepzibah went within, wondering and fearing.

There was a side room at the Miners' Rest which gave upon a by-street, and this chamber was frequented by the rougher sort. Ned walked into it, flinging the door aside and gazing about him. Shadrach was there, with the shining hat brushed the wrong way in half a score of places, and tipped over one eye. He was clinging to the counter with one hand, and gently and rhythmically wailing the other, whilst he smilingly spouted some specially prized verses of his which no man listened to.

Ned laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"Shadrach, come with me."

"That you, Ned?" said Shadrach. "Yo' pitched into me once because I'd never this a drink after yo' saved my life. This is Mr. Blane, lads, the gentleman as saved my life in th' Old Blazer, Old Blazer's Hero, this is. He's the best gentleman I've the world over, let the next come from where he wold."

Blane took the glass from Shadrach's hand and poured its contents on the floor.

"Come with me," he said. "You don't seem to know when you've had as much as is good for you. You'll drink again when you see me drink again, and that, my lad, shall be never. And mark me, Shadrach, if you drink before I do, I'll break every bone in your body."

And the two men kept this strangely made agreement. Never again was either of them under the influence of liquor.

## CHAPTER XXI.

There was a horrible, frowzy portion of the town into which people of the respectable classes rarely ventured. Probably the doctor and the rent collector were the only men who with any approach to frequency carried a decent coat into that squalid quarter. The spot was vile enough to scare away anybody untoughened by custom for the endurance of its horrors. Fostering pools of weedy water lay at the very doors of the ramshackle, aged-blackened houses. The buildings themselves had sunk bodily into the slime of their foundations, until the ground without was a foot higher than the floor within, and in sinking they had carried helplessly over to be propped up on either side by slanting beams of timber. The supporting balks were rotten with age and moisture, and might be carved with the thumb nail.

Vile as the place was, it was highly prized by Mr. Horatio Lowther and by Mr. John Howarth, who between them owned the whole abominable plot of land and all the tumble-down bricks and mortar on it. Both were keen hands at a bargain, and both were deeply fond of a good investment. Holly Row had proved a noble investment for each of them. The wretched tenements were let out in rooms, and brought in a far higher rent than wholesome houses of the same class, let in the ordinary fashion, would have done. There was a Board of Commissioners in the town, whose obvious duty it was to see that this rookery was cleared; but it was not held fair or neighborly for the board to go poking its nose too closely into people's private business. Mr. Lowther was not only a private citizen of repute, but a personage renowned in religious circles, and so good a man was safely to be left to his own way of business; Howarth was known to be warm, and was naturally respected about that account. Nobody knew much about the board, except that it was elected at stated intervals and without exciting notice of any kind, and Mr. Lowther, who was active in good works, was a member of it, year in and year out.

How it befell whilst Will Hackett was away and his deserted wife was patiently teaching her infant scholars and nursing her own heart break, that a clerk of John Howarth's who had been wost, in the possession of his regular weekly round of duties, to collect his employer's dues, fell ill, and for a while the task fell upon the builder's shoulders.

It chanced further that one of Howarth's tenants, who of course could never have dwelt in Holly Row at all unless he had been in a state of abject poverty, straggled at the beginning of the hot weather and discovered that even

when delirium came the memory of late days seemed blotted out of it, and their daughter's voice and hand could soothe them when every other sound and touch seemed to wound bruised brain and suffering body. They were blinded mercifully from their own anger, and remembered her only by a kindly instinct.

The fever ran much the same course with Howarth and his wife, and so since it had touched him earlier he came out of the delirium and found himself upon the fatal plain of calm the sooner. The room was dim and cool, and Mary was moving noiselessly about the place. A hollow voice—the mere specter of a voice—addressed her.

"That you, Polly?"

She hastened to the bedside, and smoothed the clothes and pillows with a hand that trembled. It neared his cheek and he nestled upon it, rolling his head over to one side and holding the cool hand prisoner there like a child. She let it stay. It was the first care he had offered her for many and many a day which had not seemed purely mechanical. A tear started at either eye and dropped heavily upon his face. He looked up at her with eyes like a bird's—so large and bright.

"Art a good wench," he said.

He nestled down upon the hand again, and seemed to fall asleep. She watched him long, while in the unnatural attitude in which she stood cramps began to rack and twist her, but she would not move whilst there seemed any danger of disturbing him. At length, little by little, she withdrew and left him in unchanged attitude. Then creeping to her own room she let her heart have vent in natural tears. Love was back again. There was something left to live for, but it seemed for a time as if the pain of it were greater than the joy.

And John Howarth slept with his fathers, and for an hour or two no one discovered that he was gone.

Then little more than a day later his wife followed him without knowing it, and the girl was alone again.

Everything they had owned came to their daughter, and for a while Mary left the place, and then coming back resumed her school, though she no longer had need of it, except for heart's food. She must have somebody to care for, so she cared for her children, and but for their society led a life very solitary and quiet.

She bought Mr. Lowther's share of Holly Row, and pulled the old place down, and took advice about draining the land and building decent cottages there. Winter was coming by this time, and the weather was unseasonable for the sort of operations which were contemplated, but she walked one evening with a contractor who had in early days been in partnership with her father to look at the place, and to hear his proposals. His business carried him farther, and when he had his talk out he bade her good-by and left her.

She stood a while in the midst of the ruins which as yet were but half removed, and then set out to walk through the wintry twilight home. The gas-lit town glistened before her, and the keen frosty air made motion a pleasure. She was in a state of unusual hopefulness and brightness. Duty done and being done, and all the little cares and tender interests of daily life were drawing her back to the interest in life which is natural to youth. She thought of these things, and surrendered herself to the new influences, and reached her own door and rang there. The rosy maid was taken into service again, and opened the door to her. Mary was passing upstairs with a cheerful "Thank you" when the maid touched her tremblingly.

"What is it?" Mary asked her.

"If you please, ma'am," said the maid, "Mr. Hackett's here. He's asleep, ma'am."

(To be continued.)

## AMERICAN LUMBER SUPPLY.

### Prodigal Use Americans Make of Timber—The End in Sight.

It is not strange that trees were once objects of worship, and forests considered holy places. Trees are benefactors in more ways than one—commercially valuable, and they have a still greater value for climate, and are by no means negligible as a satisfaction to the aesthetic nature. One thing is certain, countries that had laid sacrilegious hands on their trees have been cursed with crabbed age and barrenness.

In speaking of our prodigal use of coniferous timber and the possible end of the supply, the Milwaukee Sentinel says: "The latest estimate is an incidental feature of a paper read by T. B. Walker, of Minneapolis, at the recent meeting of the American Forestry Association, from which the Mississippi Valley Lumberman takes figures for interesting comparisons. Mr. Walker finds that the country still has a lumber supply amounting to something over a thousand billions of feet.

"Figuring on a 2.2 per cent. annual increase in the cut, he concludes that the 1,008,000,000,000 in the country at large will last twenty-five years, but he makes no allowance for the growth of timber in that length of time, and at the end of the quarter century statisticians doubtless will still be figuring on the rapidly approaching end.

"But the end is coming, nevertheless, and in a time exceedingly short in comparison with the probable life of the nation. Each succeeding estimate takes into account smaller timber than was measured in the last, and every tree large enough to make a scantling is now included. That is the explanation of the level maintained in the supply as shown by estimates many years apart. Mr. Walker's estimate for the northwestern states includes, in fact, is necessarily almost exclusively made up of trees which estimators of thirty years ago considered worthless. His date for the end may have to be set back a few years, but not a great many.—Week's Work.

Where He Was.

"Is the proprietor in?" asked a stranger as he stepped inside the telegraph parlor.

"No, sir," replied one of the bartenders.

"He just went around the corner to get shaved."

## WHY THE ARMOR IS COSTLY.

### Process of Making It Is Tedious and Requires Much Patience.

The general public has always been mystified at the extremely high price paid for armor plate. The most important item is the great length of time required for the successful manufacture of a plate, for, on the average, every plate is being constantly worked upon, either in furnace, forge, machine shop or annealing and tempering department, for a continuous period of five months.

Other causes of high cost are the large number of separate operations the frequency with which the great masses must be transported and the distances over which they must be carried in their journey from one department to another. To illustrate the vast scale on which armor plate and gun steel works is laid out and the distances to be covered from shop to shop, we may mention that the whole establishment of the Bethlehem Steel works extends in one direction continuously for a length of a mile and a quarter, and that the forty or fifty handlings and transshipments which occur in making a single Krupp plate take place in and between such buildings as the openearth structure, which is 111 feet wide by 150 feet in length; the machine shop, 116½ feet in width by 137½ feet in length; the armor forge, 80 feet in length, and a face hardening department and an armor plate machine shop, both of which are but little less in size.

Further elements of expense are the large percentage of losses which is liable to occur, the high first cost of the extensive plants must be laid down and the fact that new and improved methods of manufacture may at any time render the plant more or less obsolete. The greater cost of the Krupp armor is largely compensated for by its much greater resisting qualities, which make it possible to give equal defensive qualities for 20 to 25 per cent less weight of armor.—Scientific American.

## SCREW DRIVER A WONDER.

### It Will Be Used to Dig a Tunnel Under the North River.

The largest and most powerful screw drivers ever devised have just been delivered in the vicinity of New York. The Pennsylvania railroad is planning for its double tube under the North river has decided that it needed them, and the engineering department, working with the construction department, has provided them.

The carpenter in using the ordinary screwdrivers exerts a power of about thirty pounds. The new screw-driver will have a power of 200,000 pounds, equal to that exerted by 6,666 carpenters. They will drive the great piles which must be sunk under the tunnel—they will, in fact, be the piles themselves. Inasmuch as about 1,400,000,000 pounds of metal will be used in the tubes, a faint idea of what the piles will have over them can be formed.

The screw driver piles are cylinders two and one-quarter feet in diameter, made of cast iron one and one-quarter inches thick. They will be located every fifteen feet centrally, so that both tubes will be reinforced. They will be made in length short enough to be handled in the tunnel, the successive lengths being belted on as the piles sink. The screw driver, or screw point, so-called, is at the end of the pile and is so constructed that it will have one turn of twenty-one inches and a diameter of four and three-fourths feet.

Examples of the power of the screw were given the other day, when it was said that its force would be equalled only by a weight of 200,000 pounds placed on the pile, or it could be equalled by the power of a lever one-half mile long, at the end of which would be a man weighing 150 pounds.

## OLIVE AN ANCIENT FRUIT.

### Before the Martini Was Dreamed of the Olive Was Centuries Old.

The olive is an old campaigner. The tree Olea Europa, is not only one of the oldest trees known to naturalists, but its longevity and productivity are astounding. Several of these trees over twenty feet in circumference, according to the scientific calculation of a foot for a century, must have been bearing fruit before the Savor walked and talked on the Mount of Olives.

The olive has been a symbol in more than one mythology. The dove bringing the branch to the ark gave it to the imagination of the Orient as an emblem of peace or confidence restored. Among the Greeks it was the sign of peace and the placid power of wisdom.

Though a native of Syria, and possibly of southern Greece, the olive flourishes anywhere in a mild climate. Western Asia, southern Europe, northern Africa, southern England, South America and Mexico—in all these places the olive grows readily, taking in an average seven years before bearing fruit. Two hundred years ago it was introduced into California by Catholic priests from Mexico, and there it is hardy and fruitful, but, unfortunately, the crop matures there just when all labor is need in the cotton fields.

The fruit is too bitter to eat unless pickled. Ranging in size from an acorn to a large plum, it is gathered green and placed in a strong solution of potash or lye of wood ashes. When the olives change color this denotes that the potash has struck through the stone and they are placed in water, renewed several times a day for five days.—Kansas City Star.

## Not Until Asked.

She—A girl seldom marries her first love.

He—That's so. The custom of the day requires that she shall wait for her first lover.—Philadelphia Ledger.

# FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

### Sister Molly's Beau.

Us children got t' be as nice  
As ever was, an' when we go  
T' answer 'at doorbell, we got  
T' make a little bow—jes so!  
An' of it's 'at big mustached man  
'At come from heaven t'other day,  
T' call on Molly, we must put  
Our nicest manners on an' say:  
'Jess walk right in."

An' en we got t' go upstairs  
As suttin' as we ever knew,  
An' say t' Molly: "Sister, dear,  
A gentleman's t' call on you."  
'Cause of he'd hear us say: "Oh, Moll,  
'At guy 'ith whiskers jes come in!"  
Why 'ere would be an awful row  
An' we'd get spanked by Moll, like sin,  
'Cause he's her beau!"

Since Molly's got a beau, they can't  
Nobody give her any sass,  
Nor tell th' man 'at Moll jest stands  
All day by 'at big lookin' glass;  
We got t' make out like she looks  
Like 'at all times, 'cause she 'nd slip  
Our heads right off, if we 'ud tell  
Him how she looks in her old wrap  
When he ain't there!"

I wish 'at they'd stop spoonin' so,  
A-sittin' on th' sofa—say!  
I saw him put his arm around  
Moll's waist, I did, las' Saturday!  
I wish 'at they'd get married, an'  
We wouldn't have t' primp up so—  
They ain't no fun in livin' now—  
Sense Sister Molly's got a beau,  
'At whiskered man.  
—Henry Edward Warner in Baltimore News.

### What Women Are Doing.

Woman pays dearly for her modern independence. Census reports show that since she took the burden of active life with man she has been compelled to enter many occupations which heretofore have been filled exclusively by men. She has done her work well. Many a home has been kept together and made happier through the independence and pluck of some little woman. The census reports show that there are 85 female bootblacks in the United States and five pilots; 916 women make a living as commercial travelers, and 79 work as hostlers, while 100 keep livery stables; 6,963 girls and women are employed as errand and office "boys," while 1,271 are officials of banks and companies; 196 are blacksmiths, and eight women make steel boilers.

One thousand eight hundred and five women earn a livelihood as fishermen and oystermen; 624 women are coal miners; 59 mine for gold and silver, and 63 are quarrymen. There are actually two women motormen employed on the street railroads.

There are three women auctioneers in the United States, according to the new census; 281 women work at gathering turpentine and 51 make a living by keeping bees. There are 91 female sextons, and no fewer than 5,382 women barbers and hair dressers.

Four hundred and forty women are bartenders, 21 are stevedores and 31 run elevators; 1,942 are architects and draughtsmen, and 545 are carpenters, while 167 work as masons in brick and stone. Within recent years newspaper work has attracted many women, and it is not surprising to find that there are 2,193 of them in that profession. On the other hand, it is little short of astonishing to learn that 1,329 professional hunters and trappers wear petticoats.

There is scarcely a trade, a profession or a business enterprise that does not include some dauntless woman. In the United States there are 7,399 women physicians and surgeons, and 14 more veterinarians. There are 1,069 lawyers among the women, and no fewer than 3,465 women clergymen. There are 409 women who are professional electricians and 84 are civil engineers and surveyors. There are 113 women who make a living at wood chopping. There are 787 women dentists and 324 women undertakers. It is surprising to learn that there are now in the United States 45 female locomotive engineers and firemen and seven female conductors on steam railroads. There are also 31 brakemen and 10 baggage women.—New York Tribune.

### Toilet Hint.

Oatmeal for the face and hands wet with water soon sores, but prepared in the following way it will keep good any length of time: Take three cupsful of oatmeal and five of water—or less quantity in the same proportion; stir well, and let it stand over night in a cool place; in the morning stir again; after awhile stir thoroughly, and strain; let it stand until it settles, then carefully pour off the water, and add enough lard run to make the sediment as thick as cream, or thinner if preferred. Apply to the face with a soft cloth; let it remain until nearly dry, then rub briskly with a soft flannel. Shake the mixture well before using.

### Women's Whims.

A furniture dealer tells a little story that shows how some people are constituted. A lady ordered an elegant easy chair of a peculiar kind. It was made and sent to her house. She examined it carefully and critically, finally remarking that it suited her exactly, with one exception—it was too soft. She sent the chair back to be made a trifle harder. It was returned to the shop and put aside. Nothing was done to it. After a lapse of about a week the chair was sent out again. The

lady again examined it and now found it too hard. She was sorry, but when she paid so much to get an article for her own comfort she wanted it just right, so she sent it back to the shop for another change. The chair was again put aside for a week or ten days and sent out for the third time without the least alteration. This time it was just right. She took the chair, paid for it and was sorry it had not suited her at first. The poor woman never knew that the chair had not been changed a particle.



Miss Clara Barton is formulating plans for a new and large fund of probably \$1,000,000 for the extension of the Red Cross work.

The Countess of Warwick has a Shakespeare garden at Warwick castle, which is intended to contain every plant and shrub mentioned by the great dramatist in his plays.

Mrs. Louise F. Barker, of South Weymouth, is possibly the dean of women doctors in Massachusetts. She is 91 years old, graduated in medicine in 1861, and practiced regularly up to seven years ago.

Recently a Kiowa Indian squaw sold her dress in El Reno, O. T., for \$1,000 and the purchaser is congratulating himself on his bargain. The costume is lavishly decorated with elk teeth, which are becoming almost as rare as pearls. The squaw thought \$1,000 was quite too much money to be sunk in one dress and was glad to turn her finery into ready money.

It is related that many years ago a gypsy fortune teller foretold the fate of the King of Denmark's daughters. One, she said, would become a queen-empress, another the empress of a large empire, and the third should have a queenly title without a throne. The princesses are now Queen Alexandra, the dowager empress of Russia and the Duchess of Cumberland, whose husband, if he had succeeded to his father's crown, would now be King of Hanover.

### Evening Dress.



Gown of lemon-colored silk with lace stitch; drapery of white lace, the berthe of lace being supplemented with yellow chiffon balls; centre of yellow panne.

### Health and Beauty Hints.

It is said that the Romans used skeins of silk after the bath instead of towels to keep the skin alive.

It is asserted upon good authority that a tablespoonful of olive oil taken internally will prevent seasickness.

To thicken the eyebrows and lashes apply vaseline or lanoline in which a small quantity of quinine has been mixed.

Apples are wholesome and easily digested, eaten on an empty stomach before breakfast they make a good laxative.

A few drops of tincture of myrrh in a glass of water applied daily to the gums will keep them hard and in good condition.

Alcohol added to the ice water in which cold compressors are dipped will make these much more efficacious. Where cold cloths are applied to the head or throat they should be as light as possible. Muslin or cheesecloth makes the best compressors.

### To Prevent Colds.

Put a few drops of eucalyptus oil on a handkerchief and smell occasionally. This is excellent for both preventing and curing colds. When applied externally, the oil is food for neuralgia, tic or toothache.

### Breathe Properly.

Nervousness and a snail skin come frequently from the lack of deep breathing. Deep breathing stimulates the circulation and helps the body throw off its impurities.