

'TWIXT NINE AND TEN

By KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN

Copyright, 1903, by McGraw's Newspaper Syndicate

"Oh, please don't bring that up again! I thought we were just going to be good friends."

The man stared ahead into the soft gloom of the June night. "I can't help it." He spoke with a dull conviction which stung Helen more deeply than any sword thrust of reproach.

Helen need not look to see the tortured passion in his eyes. She set her teeth angrily to keep the tears back. "If I didn't like you so much, Ford, it would be easier to speak. But I'm going to say it out now. You're determined to marry me because you are positive that you could make me happy. But I'd never be contented, for I want to be the one to give."

"Why, Helen?" "Oh, I don't mean material things. But women want to do more than that, Ford. We want to be needed, to be depended upon. You're far cleverer than I, and your wife must be your equal if she dares hope for content. You'll never stoop to her; she must rise to you. I couldn't do that. I'd have to stay in my miserable little valley, watching you soar above and hating you for showing me always the hopeless space between us. If you were in trouble, my hands would be tied. I might long to aid you, but I could never reach your height."

"How can you say such beastly things? You know I'd do anything on earth to make you happy." "That's just it. You'd dominate always; you'd pass beyond my power to follow. Let's go back now and not talk about this again."

She slid her hand through his arm and drew him up the hill. Away across town and campus the varsity clock rang nine long, mellow notes.

Ford looked at her with reproachful eyes. Manlike, he spoke his thought in words whose harshness hid the pain whence they sprang. Helen lifted a white and angry face.

"Let us cross the observatory terrace and go home through the garden," she said icily. "The shorter the walk the better."

Ford followed her in silence. Behind the observatory the terraced gardens lay black in shadow, redolent of honey-suckle and half-blown roses. Ford swung down to the second slope, and Helen followed, steadying herself on his broad shoulder. He stepped on to the third terrace. Helen stooped to grasp his arm again. Before her startled eyes he vanished over the black verge. There rose to her a muffled crash.

"Oh, are you hurt?" She sank on her knees and peered down. Dimly outlined against the shadow she could discern a long, gray cylinder prostrate on the turf. Was it—could it be moving?

"Why don't you answer, you wretched boy? Where are you?" "Down a six foot hoghead. Lot of stuff—lime, I guess—in with me. Fell in, then tipped it over."

"Why don't you get out?" "Withering silence."

"Can't I help you, Ford? Please?" The cylinder palpitated slightly.

"Well, if you won't break your neck getting here."

Helen dropped over the edge and sprang to the end of the cylinder, whence protruded a shadow darker than the surrounding gloom. She laid her hand on Ford's defenseless head. She snatched it off again, with a cry. Something wet and warm streaked through her fingers.

"Ford, you're hurt! Oh, what shall I do?" "Nonsense! Head just scraped a rock as I came down. Grab my shoulders and pull. Once I get my arms out I'm all right."

Praying inwardly that she might not dismember him, Helen clutched his collar and gave a frantic pull.

"G-r-r! Oh! Let up, please," Ford was gasping with pain.

"Why, Ford, was I strangling you?" "Nope. Nails. Seven inches long and driven in downward, every blame one. Got eighteen run into me now. Where you going?"

Helen wasted no time in reply. She clambered up the terraces and ran to the observatory. Barney and Bridget, entering the rear gate after a blissful hour on the river, caught the flicker of her white gown through the shrubbery and fell up against a tree trunk in spluttering dismay.

"Did you see it, darlin'?" "Sure. It's the banshee!" Bridget's eyes shone round as the observatory dome. "An' she's after me intirely! Oh, Barney, if I'd on'y been vaccinated whin the missus told me to!"

Helen sped on to the dome library. Doors and windows stood wide open. She stood on tiptoe and peered in, hoping that the head might be within call. Then she sprang back and found herself staggering toward the terrace again, for the scientific faculty in a body crowded the big room.

She could not rush in upon that august array, shrieking that Ford Havenor, president of the senior class, was caught by both feet in a barrel. Ford might never live to hear the last of it. She might ring and ask to see the head alone, but 9 p. m. was an uncanny hour for a hatless and disheveled college girl to be making faculty calls, and the head was a merciless tease.

At the foot of the slope she met the village fire engine. It roared past her, a demonic chariot, the horses leaping, the men yelling frantic orders. Sick with terror, Helen turned and ran reeling and trembling up the hill. Had the barrel contained dynamite

instead of lime? Was Ford dead? She clutched her clattering teeth and sped on.

The observatory driveway was choked with engine and patrol. The forty wise men of science, a radiant galaxy, were crowding to the vehicle, shouting wild inquiries. Above their futile clamor rose the protesting bellows of the engine driver.

"Well, if ye ain't got no fire what in blazes d'ye mean by callin' us out?" "Arrah, professor, darlin', it's me what ringed for the perlice," came Bridget's sobbing wail. "Sure, there's a burglar feruinst the terrace."

Helen fled on the wings of the wind. Speeding past the open door of the observatory kitchen, her frenzied glance lighted on a hatchet. She snatched it from the rack and scrambled on down the terrace. Behind her swelled a tumult of learned voices.

"Ford! Ford, dear! Are you alive?" "Hey!" "May I hit you with a hatchet?" "What in—"

Helen brought down the hatchet with a crash. The thin wood split from end to end. Another blow—the staves fell apart like the segments of an orange. Ford sprang to his feet, the iron hoops still clanking on his shoulders.

"We've got to run for it now!" She caught his hand, and they fled for dear life, springing and stumbling over the flower beds. As they flung themselves over the barbed hedge into the safe, silent avenue beyond Bridget's howl fell on their ears, a faraway coronach:

"Arrah, an' here's me hatchet! Oh, professor, be lookin' at the bloody handkercher! A-b-h-beel!"

"Is it marked, Ford?" "No, thank heaven!"

"The Irish lady peeked over the edge, and I told her to come and fish me out," said Ford between gasps. "She screeched and ran. If it hadn't been for you"—He seized her hands.

"Ford, you march straight uptown and get that cut dressed. Do as I tell you."

"Not for a minute. You've got to recant three things before I go."

"I won't."

"Yes, you will. Listen. First, 'you will never stoop to your wife; she must rise to you.' Second, 'I would have to stay in the valley and watch you soar.' Didn't I soar to beat the band, though? Third, 'you would dominate always.' Yes, when you took the hatchet to me. Now take 'em back."

Helen tore her hands away. "I'll do nothing of the kind."

"Oh, yes, you will."

"Unless," her voice struggled through queer, choked pauses—"unless you want me to take back something else too. I didn't altogether mean—that is, as you took it"—

"Helen!"

The varsity clock rang ten long, mellow strokes.

Before the French Revolution.

Before the revolution the government established warehouses at which the inhabitants were compelled to purchase their stores of salt. These warehouses were numerous in some provinces and few in others, but whether sufficient or insufficient for the needs of the population they were often situated at a considerable distance from the towns and villages, whose inhabitants had to trudge miles along bad roads to buy their salt. But this was not all. It was prescribed by law that the head of every family must lay in his stock of salt not at such times as might suit his own convenience, but on one stated day in the year. Should he fail in this observance he was fined, and he was also fined if he purchased a smaller quantity than the law prescribed. His hardships did not stop even there.

On making his annual purchase he had to state the different purposes for which he intended to use the salt during the ensuing year, and in the event of his being discovered salting his soup instead of his pork according to his statement or his pork instead of his soup on the day he had named he was also liable to a fine. His kitchen was never secure from the intrusion of the inspecting officer, and woe to the housewife who was detected in any petty infraction of this law.

The Fat Man and the Pickpocket.

"Fat men ought to be more careful in a crowd," said a New York detective the other day. "Pickpockets always find them easy marks, and fully two-thirds of the complaints made of having pockets picked come from fleshy men. Your skillful pickpocket is a student of human nature. He doesn't like to fool around nervous persons. They are apt to get suspicious if they feel some one tapping them on the pocket. But your fat man feels so abundantly able to take care of himself that he rushes into a crowd and pays no attention to little things. His flesh makes him apathetic, and an expert thief can 'lift his leather' with just about half the trouble he could do the job for a thin man."

"Fat men are always losing their watches too. They don't like to button up their coats, even in cold weather, and a shining watch fob suspended over plenty of flesh gives a thief a cue he is not slow to take."

A Lincoln Story.

Abraham Lincoln had a rule for evading difficulties. At a cabinet meeting one day, it is related, Mr. Seward jokingly remarked, "Mr. President, I hear that you turned out for a colored woman on a muddy crossing the other day." "I don't remember," answered Lincoln musingly, "but I think it very likely. I have always made it a rule that if people won't turn out for me I will for them. If I didn't, there might be a collision."

Following the plan that it is unhealthful to eat while cross, how many meals a day would you miss? Wives, would your husbands starve to death?—Acheson Globe.

A Royal Fowl.

In England under an old law still in force the swan is a royal fowl, as whales and sturgeons are royal fish. All swans the property whereof is not otherwise definable, when within the British dominions belong to the crown by virtue of this prerogative. When swans are lawfully taken into the possession of a private person, such person may be said to have a property in them, but if they be at liberty they belong to the crown. Formerly it was necessary for persons who wished to keep these "royal fowls" to obtain a swan mark, which was granted by the crown and which could not be legally impressed without grant or prescription.

The Appetite of Human Nature

When Uneeda Biscuit were first introduced, a conservative said:

"They are all right as far as they go, but they won't satisfy the worker. The worker, you see, wants something solid, and substantial, and plain—like potatoes, cabbage, or beef. These delicate and crisp biscuit, packed so daintily, in that In-cr-seal Package, will not appeal to him any more than winter strawberries."

That sounded like good reasoning. But fact upsets theory.

Workers everywhere have been great consumers of Uneeda Biscuit. The outdoor worker, seated at noon upon the sidewalk, a house wall for his back rest; mill hands in the mill yard, seated on comfortable bales; teamsters and draymen, on their high box seats—all have eaten Uneeda Biscuit, and their wives have eaten them, and their children have eaten them.

Another conservative took another view:

"Uneeda Biscuit are all right," he said, "to sell to the workers, but you must not expect to sell them to the more prosperous people. They are too cheap. Five cents a package—that kills Uneeda Biscuit so far as the wealthy are concerned. The price should be higher—they are worth it."

That, too, sounded reasonable, but it also turned out to be only theory.

For the greatest grocers of the city and of the country say Uneeda Biscuit have taken the place of the more expensive biscuit. Over 200,000,000 packages have been consumed.

The worker eats Uneeda Biscuit because of their goodness.

The wealthy eat them because of their delicacy.

The whole world eats them because they represent the highest value as a food product—pure, wholesome, good.

The appetite of human nature always relishes a good change of diet—Uneeda Milk Biscuit is a change that never disappoints.

5¢

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

KNOWING FIRE HORSES.

How They Learn to Start With the Jigger and Get the Swing.

The intelligence of fire horses is well known. A most knowing animal of this kind is described by Sewell Ford in "Horses Nine." The author says of him:

Other things besides mischief, however, had Silver learned. Chief of these was to start with the jigger. Sleeping or waking, lying or standing, the summons that stirred the men from snoring ease to tense, rapid action never failed to find Silver alert. As the halter shank slipped through the bit ring that same instant found Silver gathered for the rush through the long, narrow lane leading from his open stall to the poles, above which, like great couchant spiders, waited the harnesses pendant on the hanger rods.

Once under the harness Silver was like a carved statue until the trip strap had been pulled, the collar fastened and the reins snapped in. Then he wanted to poke the poles through the doors, so eager was he to be off. It was no fault of Silver's that his team could not make a two second hitch.

With the first strain at the traces his impatience died out. A sixty foot truck starts with more or less reluctance, but when once the traces caught the car tracks Silver knew what to expect. He and his team mates could feel Lannigan gathering in the reins as though for a full stop. Next came the whistle of the whip. It swept across their flanks so quickly that it was practically one stroke for them all. At the same moment Lannigan leaned far forward and shot out his driving arm. The reins went loose, their heads went forward and, as if moving on a pivot, the three leaped as one horse.

Left to themselves, each horse would have leaped at a different instant. It was that one touch of the lash and the succeeding swing of Lannigan's bulk which gave them the measure, which set the time, which made it possible for less than 4,000 pounds of horseflesh to jump a five ton truck up the street at a four minute clip.

A Lincoln Story.

Abraham Lincoln had a rule for evading difficulties. At a cabinet meeting one day, it is related, Mr. Seward jokingly remarked, "Mr. President, I hear that you turned out for a colored woman on a muddy crossing the other day." "I don't remember," answered Lincoln musingly, "but I think it very likely. I have always made it a rule that if people won't turn out for me I will for them. If I didn't, there might be a collision."

Following the plan that it is unhealthful to eat while cross, how many meals a day would you miss? Wives, would your husbands starve to death?—Acheson Globe.

A Miraculous Vault.

The most interesting place of pilgrimage in Dublin is St. Michan's church, where the organ is still to be seen upon which Handel is said to have composed his "Messiah." In the graveyard is the last resting place of Robert Emmet, and the vault at St. Michan's provides a more gruesome thrill than the morgue. The sexton lifts an iron door and descends a few rude steps, carrying a light, without which the place would be pitch dark. You follow and find yourself in a narrow passage, from which cell-like recesses belonging to different families branch off. Whether it is owing to the extreme dryness of the surroundings or to some mysterious property of the place the process of decay has been arrested, and the features of persons dead for two centuries may be recognized from authentic portraits. Here lie the brothers Sheares, who were executed for their share in the united Irish conspiracy, side by side almost with the Earl of Leitrim, who was murdered about thirty years ago. The earl's ancestors for hundreds of years back rest in the same vault. Perhaps the strangest thing about the vault is the fact that, apart from the weird sensation, there is nothing offensive in the surroundings.—London Tatler.

How Men Fall When Shot.

Nearly every one is familiar with the traditional stage fall, where the victim of a supposed death shot strikes an attitude, clasps his hand to his heart, stiffens every joint and muscle, breathes hysterically and goes down like a log toppled over from the end. Another popular yet erroneous notion is that men shot through the vitals leap into the air and go down in a dramatic attitude. Sometimes men are found on the field in striking positions, but often an examination shows that the position was taken after the fall.

As a rule a man who is hit above the hips sinks down. The slightest wound the more commotion, for the body instinctively resists, just as it does when one slips or is pushed or collides with some object. But a wound in a vital spot weakens the resistance and men sink at once or reel and tumble with very little self control.

The Word "Umbrella."

The English word umbrella is very like the Latin, coming through the Italian "ombrella," or "little shade." The French, German, Spanish and others give it a distinctive name, such as "parapluie," "regenschirm" and "parasol." "Umbrella" and "parasol" are etymologically precisely the same thing, but custom has given them the distinctions that we understand today.

She Advised.

He—I'm in love with a charming girl, and I'd like to ask your advice. She—I'm willing to help you all I can. He—Well, would you advise me to propose to you?

MAXIMS OF SUCCESS.

The truest wisdom is a resolute determination.—Napoleon I.

Things don't turn up in this world until somebody turns them up.—James A. Garfield.

The one serviceable, safe, certain, remunerative, attainable quality in every study and pursuit is the quality of attention.—Charles Dickens.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame.—Longfellow.

Never don't do nothin' which isn't your fort, for if you do you'll find yourself splashin' around in the kanawl, figuratively speakin'.—Artemus Ward.

I never did anything worth doing by accident. Anything I have begun is always on my mind, and I am not easy while away from it until it is finished.—Thomas A. Edison.

Never desert your line of talent. Be what nature intended you for, and you will succeed; be anything else, and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing.—Sydney Smith.

The Habit of Decision.

The great thing in all education is to make our nervous system our ally instead of our enemy. It is to fund and capitalize our acquisitions and live at ease upon the interest of the fund. For this we must make automatic and habitual as early as possible as many useful actions as we can and guard against the growing into ways that are likely to be disadvantageous to us as we should guard against the plague. The more of the details of our daily life we can hand over to the effortless custody of automatism the more of our higher powers of mind will be set free for their own proper work. There is no more miserable human being than one in whom nothing is habitual but indecision and for whom the drinking of every cup, the time of rising and going to bed every day and the beginning of every bit of work are subjects of express volitional deliberation. Full half the time of such a man goes to the deciding or regretting of matters which ought to be so ingrained in him as practically not to exist for his consciousness at all. If there be such daily duties yet not ingrained in any one of my readers, let him begin this very hour to set the matter right.—From "Psychology," by Professor William James.

The Wrong Illustration.

"Now, boys, what is the best and most appropriate time to thank the Lord?"

No answer. "What does your father do when you sit down to meals?"

"Cusses the cook."—Town and Country.

Charity.

Charity itself commands us, where we know no ill, to think well of all. But friendship, that always goes a pitch higher, gives a man a peculiar right and claim to the good opinion of his friend.

The Polar Bear.

The animal par excellence which the hunter, the amateur arctic traveler and the young explorer hopes and dreams of killing is the polar bear. The reason for this is the magnificent trophy which the great white skin makes. This feeling was no less strong centuries ago than it is now, for we read that one of the early Icelandic sea rovers to Greenland quarreled with and killed his bosom companion because he had slain a large bear instead of leaving that honor to his chief. With the modern repeating rifle the bear stands no chance against the hunter, no matter under what conditions they may meet, and if he is hunted in the native way, with the assistance of dogs, there is hardly more excitement than in killing musk oxen, except for the wild, helter skelter dash over the ice to strike the animal after the dogs overtake the hot scent.—Leslie's Monthly.

London's Highest Level.

The highest part of the city of London is the middle of Pannier alley, running between Newgate street and Paternoster row. Ben Jonson tells us that in his day this was a stand for tripe sellers and earlier still for bakers. The exact spot is indicated on the east wall by a stone monument consisting of a boy sitting upon a pannier, or baker's basket, holding in his hand a bunch of grapes. On the pedestal is the following inscription:

When ye have sought the city round, Yet still this is the highest ground. Aug. 27, 1688.

Were we to include Greater London then Hempstead heath would be the spot, for it is 424 feet above sea level, or 84 feet above the cross of St. Paul.—London Standard.

Taking Care of the Heart.

A physician writes: "Life would be prolonged by a little more attention to the heart, by paying a little respect to the most faithful servant we ever have. Much good might be done also if parents would teach their children the danger of overtaxing the heart. They should teach them to stop and rest a few moments during their play when they begin to feel the violent throbbing of their hearts against the chest wall."

An Undesirable Place.

Wearly Wraggles—Hey! You won't git nothin' decent in dere. Dem people is vegetarians.

Hungry Hank—Is dat right? Wearly Wraggles—Yeh, an' dey got a dog w't ain't.—Philadelphia Press.