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Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

THE GREATER LOVE.

August Johnson and Herman Greenwald were stepladders.

A stepladder is a human fly that hangs upon a stepladder or a smokestack or a flagpole where no one else will venture. He courts death for pay.

Usually he is a sailor. Accustomed to trife with his destiny by clinging to a swaying mast in a raging storm, his head, heart and stomach know no such thing as altitude.

Usually also he is rough on the outside. Like the structural steel worker who rides the beam up into the steel skeleton, he has become callous to danger by constantly looking death in the face. He is kin to the primitive man. But—

His heart is true. For the proof of which read the story of August Johnson and Herman Greenwald.

These two jacks who toy with the awful secret were employed to paint the lofty steeple of the North-Broad Street Presbyterian church in Philadelphia.

August Johnson was working above Greenwald. He lost his footing, slipped and fell.

As he fell past Herman Greenwald the latter made a tremendous effort to save his partner. He caught hold of Johnson's overalls. Clinging with one hand to the steeple, he essayed to swing Johnson to a place of safety.

He failed. Both men fell to the pavement 200 feet below, and two crumpled masses of human flesh were gathered up for burial.

When the bodies were picked up the heroic hand of Greenwald still grasped the overalls of his friend Johnson.

gave to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat."

The woman! It has been the way of all the sons of Adam—laying the blame for the family on the frail shoulders of Eve. She did what she thought to be the best thing for the family. She was tired of living in a fool's paradise, where the family never would amount to anything. And when she gave the family a chance, to say the least, it was ungrateful.

And she? Without whining about the lost Eden she started a combined tailor shop and dressmaking establishment and fixed up the family wardrobe.

It was the way of a woman. Before Adam knew where he "was at" her quick wits noted the family needs, and her quick fingers fashioned the best garments she could provide on short notice.

Let the monument rise. I am but a mere man, but I am quite willing to contribute my share, for I confess to an ardent admiration for my primitive mother.

AT CHURCH.

He sat across from me. When the hymn was announced he looked up the number and handed the book to a lady in his pew. He took another hymnal and, finding the place, joined heartily in the singing. He sang as if to him it was an act of worship.

When prayer was made he reverently bowed his head. I could scarcely keep my eyes off him; he was such a manly, fresh colored, clean looking young fellow. After the service I sought him out and shook hands with him. He was a traveling man in town over Sunday.

A short conversation confirmed my good opinion. He consciously acknowledged that the service and the sermon were very helpful.

Now—Why do not more young men like this one attend the church? It is because of the feeling—deplorably prevalent—about church attendance is usually—and only—for women and old men.

Or because of a feeling—almost widely prevalent—that, as a rule, young women have a preference for irreligious, freethinking, rapid-going young men?

It is a mistake. Nothing better becomes a young man than church attendance. And it is also true that right thinking young women generally are to be found in the pews, most of all in a man, manliness and strength, force and character.

With only the piece of an arm he has won a home, wife and babies.

This is the story: At the age of nine years Sunderland was supporting his father's family. One day while he was feeding a cane mill the cruel machine took off one arm at the shoulder and the other at the elbow. His first words on recovering consciousness were—"Who will chop wood for you now, ma?"

Pluck? When the boy got out of the hospital he did not moan nor pose as a hopeless cripple. He learned how to chop wood with his stub.

As he grew up Sunderland saved money by hauling wood and bought a team. Now he owns two teams and does most of the heavy hauling business in Alto.

He loads coal or sand by grasping the shovel in the bend of his elbow, puts it against his side and with a body motion throws the shovel upward.

How does he drive? He puts the lines over his shoulder, wrapping them around his half arm. And his son Fred says, "Pa can hitch up a team faster than I can."

Years ago Sunderland married a widow with five children. He has fathered all of them, educated them and sent them out into the world to prosper. He had a second flock of three, the oldest of whom, Fred, drives one of the teams.

Why shouldn't Charles Sunderland be called Alto's "most representative citizen"? This is his sentiment: "Anybody ought to be thankful for being able to make a decent living, arm or no arm, and raise a family of his own."

And so he goes his way with his work whistling and content. You have two good arms, two good hands and ten good fingers—twelve times as much as he.

When you read the story of gritty, prosperous Charles Sunderland it abounds, are you not just the least bit ashamed of yourself?

Underground Water.

Water is found in some amount in all formations below the earth's surface, from the loosest and most porous sands and gravels to the hardest slate and granite. The surface of the earth is the merest trace chemically combined in the molecules of the rocks to immense reservoirs which supply wells flowing hundreds of thousands of gallons a day. Some waters are so pure that a refined chemical analysis shows only minute traces of organic and mineral matter, others are so heavily charged with minerals or other impurities as to be unsuitable for use.

The slope of the surface at any point is one factor determining the amount of water absorbed by the ground. The direction and amount of slope also determine the form of the water table, that is, of the upper limit of saturation. Everywhere the surface is flat the water table is generally not parallel with the surface. It is almost invariably farthest from the surface on the summits of hills and mountains and nearest to it in valleys and along the coast, reaching the surface in swamps and along rivers, lakes and bays.

COSTLY CORSICAN VOTES.

The Islanders Give a Warm Welcome to Millionaire Candidates.

The island of Corsica, although a part of the republic of France, is quite different in its customs from the republic and never ceases to furnish reading matter out of the ordinary for the Parisian journals.

The Corsicans have, it appears, a decided penchant for millionaire candidates for the chamber of deputies and are always on the lookout for this admirable material. Yet there is between them and the millionaires a singular misapprehension.

The islanders desire that millionaires be candidates because of the manna that falls upon their country during an electoral campaign, but they do not desire to elect them. As for the millionaires, they are perfectly willing to spread the manna, but they also wish to be elected.

"Recently," says a Paris journal, "one of our most successful money makers went to Corsica to visit his future domain. At his debarkation several dozens of Corsicans received him with 'hourras,' and guns were fired, which down there is the last word of enthusiasm. He went to a tour of the country. At each village Corsicans, magnificent in local color, acclaimed him and wakened the echoes with gunpowder."

"At the third village, however, he had something of a sensation. He had a visit from a farmer, who said to him: 'We are four brothers, all voters, ready to vote for you. Buy for me the meadow that is on the other side of the village and you have our votes.'"

"How much is this meadow?" "A fric, 12,000 francs." "And a fric is eight days the millionaire calculated that to pay for all the votes that had been offered to him would require 6,000,000 or 6,000,000 francs. And even after that expenditure he would not be certain of election."

"He withdrew from the canvass, but he had already expended some hundred thousand francs, of which his enthusiastic welcome had their full share. They really would like to have him come again."—Indianapolis News.

WALLED LAKE.

Where its Water Comes From.

One of the most curious of the spots on the "walled lake," something over a hundred miles west of Dubuque, Ia. This lake is from two to three feet higher than the earth's surface. In some places the wall is ten feet high, fifteen feet wide at the bottom and five feet on top. A remarkable circumstance with reference to this old lake is that it was constructed of stone in its construction, inasmuch as the whole of it varies in weight from three tons to 100 pounds. There is abundance of stones in Wright county, but surrounding the lake to the extent of five or ten miles there are none.

A Coincidence

By RUTH GRAHAM

Edwin Young was a man of very deep feeling. An engineer by profession, while engaged on the work of making a preliminary survey on a proposed railroad he was accustomed to stop overnight for meals at farmhouses. During this time he might have stopped at a dozen houses in each of which he had seen from one to a dozen persons.

One day some time after the survey had been completed he received a note signed "Mary Warfield." It was written in the handwriting of a woman and confessed that she had stayed at the house in which she lived while the railroad was being surveyed and she had fallen in love with him. He probably would not wish to find her and if he did he could not do so, for she did not at the time she wrote him live at the same place. Her love was eating her life away. Nevertheless she would not be so unfeeling as to ask him to love her. The only satisfaction she allowed herself was to inform him of her love.

Young was just the man to be impressed by a circumstance which also in ten men, though they might feel a bit fattered, would cast aside as a matter of no moment whatever. He had no desire to find the writer of the note, for he was a man of culture, while she was doubtless with little or no education. But he thought about this girl who was dying for him and wondered if she used the word literally. From thinking he came to brooding. At times he was tempted to hunt her up, but in his calmer moments he saw plainly that such a course would likely lead to serious consequences.

Young, who had left the home of his parents, went to live in a boarding house in the city. It was near an important school building, and several women teachers boarded there. It is said that in the profession of teaching there are no secrets. Teachers don't get rich. They seldom make—at least as teachers—any mark in the world. Nevertheless their lives are on an intellectual plane. With those in this house where Young boarded he became intimate. One of two of them showed him sufficient favor to warrant his making love to them. The one he fancied most, Miss Virginia Martin, seemed rather shy of him.

Perhaps it was because of this shyness and that Miss Martin was the prettiest of the lot that he liked her the best. There was in her something of that emotional nature which was in him, though emotional does not as correctly express it in her case as in his. She was rather, one of those persons who utter the phrase "still waters run deep."

Young, after dinner in the evening, would be a great deal with the young ladies, and very soon they, discovering which way the wind blew, would one go off to their rooms, leaving him and Miss Martin together. That was the beginning of it. The end of it was an engagement between them.

But before the engagement Young told the girl about the letter he had received signed "Mary Warfield" and confessed that it had made a marked impression on him. Then he asked her if she thought he was by any higher law than is usual in such cases bound to this poor girl, who had so innocently confessed her love for him. Miss Martin couldn't see that he was. He told her that he had made no effort to find Mary Warfield, and Miss Martin said that he had acted wisely. The only doubt he told her, that he had in proposing to his fiancée was a fear that at some future time he might receive a letter from Mary Warfield, which would act upon his emotional nature, thus creating a barrier between him and the girl he loved, later to be his wife. Miss Martin said it was to be hoped no such event would occur.

All went well between the lovers, though now and again Young would appear moody. Miss Martin on such occasions smilingly accused him of thinking of Mary Warfield. He would neither affirm nor deny the charge, but the girl present, the smile she gave him and perhaps a kiss banished the one who was dying for him.

When the summer vacation came on Miss Martin prepared to spend it at home, for she did not live in the city where she taught. Young was to take a couple of weeks in August for his own rest and was to spend it at her home, making the acquaintance of her family.

Miss Martin would have it that the matter between them was to be dropped from the time they were engaged. She had made up her mind to spend six weeks without a word from her. Then he joined her. He found her family country people of a refined type. They were living in a town new to them, where they had just bought a place. Young was satisfied, and if the lady was equally so with his own people, when she was to meet in the autumn, the engagement was to be considered assured. (Then Young returned to the city.)

LIFE IN ANCIENT ROME.

Its Problems Were Pretty Much the Same as Those of Today.

In reviewing the book "The Common People of Ancient Rome" a critic says: "It should be something of a corrective to modern conceits to note how little we have advanced since patriotism first became dominant in Rome and since the Roman government prided itself on opening public baths and washhouses for the people. Diocletian denounced the rich and their luxuries, attributed to them the high prices of necessities, in language almost identical with radical newspaper of today. Plautus tells us of the trusts that were founded to control prices, and the 'trust problem' was as much a reality in ancient Rome as it is today."

"Capital and labor were highly organized, and labor was indefatigable in its efforts to secure special privileges for its guilds. There were benefit societies, burial societies and insurance societies. The man in the street talked then just as he talks now. He discussed the claims of rival political candidates, he studied the political platform, he read the advertisements in public places, and he protested against their defacement of the scenery. It is indeed hard to find a single feature of modern life, a single reform, a single problem, without its counterpart in ancient Rome."

"We have even borrowed the Roman slang and have a play of Plautus says: 'Do you catch on? (fenes). I'll touch the old man for a loan (stangam senem, etc.), or 'I put it over him' (el o subivi). The illiterate Roman used the double negative, just as it is used today: 'You ought not to do good today to nobody' (seminum nihil boni facere oportet)."

GIANT SWORDFISH.

Monsters Fifteen Feet Long Armed With Three Feet Weapons.

A queer fish is the swordfish. It is found in the tropical and subtropical zones of both the eastern and western hemispheres. Some of the tropical species are of enormous size and measure from twelve to fifteen feet in length, with swords at least three feet long.

The swordfish has the shape of a cone somewhat flattened, the end sharply pointed. It is smooth on the top and sides, but the under part is rough. It is really an elongation of the bones of the upper jaw and is possessed of very great strength, for with these weapons they have been known to pierce the copper sheathing of vessels and heavy plates and timbers, but although they can drive the sword far into these substances, they cannot draw them out, so break them off and swim away without them.

A large fish extends nearly the length of the back of the creature, which is folded back when the fish is swimming in order that its progress may not be impeded if speed is desired, but when quietly swimming it is often erected and acts as a sail to carry it through the water. The swordfish is very aggressive in its disposition and will often assail fish much larger than itself. Even the whale is not exempt from its attacks. The food of the swordfish consists of smaller fish, which it kills by stabbing them with its sword. There is quite a large business done in swordfishing, as the fish is used for food. The larger species are caught by harpooning, the smaller in nets.

Jenny Lind in the Park House. When Jenny Lind made her tour of America in the early fifties under the management of P. T. Barnum, Madison was the only Indiana city in which she would sing. The city still boasts of how the diva stopped there on her way down the Ohio river from Cincinnati to Louisville. The city had no auditorium large enough, so one of the largest pork warehouses was emptied and scoured and filled with flowers to remove any lingering odor. Men and women traveled from all parts of the state to hear Jenny Lind sing in the park house, some of them spending from three to six days on the journey.—Argonaut.

The statesman seeks to run the earth with wondrous economy of care. He talks a thousand dollars' worth to save a nickel here and there.—Washington Star.

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