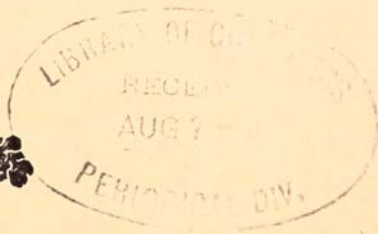


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Ye Quaint Magazine



Vol. 3

JULY.

No. 5

YE QUAIN T MAGAZINE,

19

Boston, Mass.

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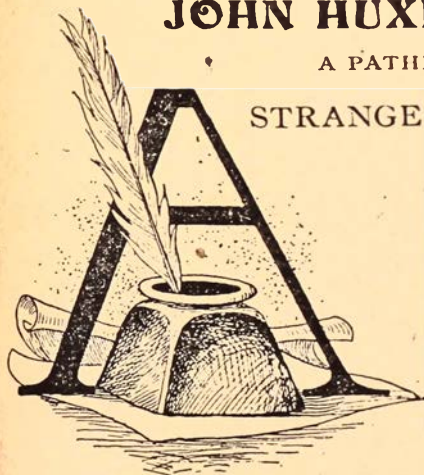
VOL. III.

BOSTON, MASS., JULY, 1903.

No. 5

JOHN HUXFORD'S HIATUS.

A PATHETIC LOVE STORY.



STRANGE and wonderful thing it is to mark how upon this planet of ours the smallest and most insignificant of events set a train of consequences in motion which act and react until their final results are portentous and incalculable. Set a force rolling, however small, and who can say where it shall end, or what it may lead to? Trifles develop into tragedies, and bagatelle of one day ripens into the catastrophe of the next. An oyster throws out a secretion to

surround a grain of sand, and so a pearl comes into being; a pearl-diver fishes it up, a merchant buys it and sells it to a jeweler who disposes of it to a customer. The customer is robbed of it by two scoundrels who quarrel over the booty. One slays the other and perishes himself upon the scaffold. Here is a direct chain of events with a sick mollusk for its first link, and a gallows for its last one. Had that grain of sand not chanced to wash in between the shells of the bivale, two living, breathing beings, with all their potentialities for good and for evil, would not have been blotted out from among their fellows. Who shall undertake to judge what is really small and what is great? Thus, when in the year 1821 Don Salvador bethought him that if it paid the heretics in England to import the bark of

his cork oaks, it would pay him also to found a factory by which the corks might be cut out and sent out ready made, surely at first sight no very vital human interests would appear to be affected. Yet, there were poor folks who would suffer, and would suffer acutely—women who would weep and men who would become sallow and hungry-looking and dangerous in places of which the Don had never heard—and all on account of that one idea which had flashed across him as he strutted, cigarettiferous, beneath the grateful shadow of his limes. So crowded is this old globe of ours, and so interlaced our interests, that one cannot think a new thought without some poor devil being the better or the worst for it.

Don Diego Salvador was a capitalist, and the abstract thought soon took the concrete form of a great square plastered building wherein a couple of hundred of his swarthy countrymen worked, with deft, nimble fingers, at a rate of pay which no English artisan could have accepted. Within a few months the result of this new competition was an abrupt fall of prices in the trade, which was serious for the largest firms and disastrous for the smaller ones. A few old-established houses held on as they were, others reduced their establishments and cut down their expenses, while one or two put up their shutters and confessed themselves beaten. In this last unfortunate category was the ancient and respected firm of Fairbairn Brothers of Brisport.

It was a murky, foggy Saturday afternoon in November when the hands were paid for the last time, and the old building was to be finally abandoned. Mr. Fairbairn, an anxious-faced, sorrow-worn man, stood on a raised dais by the cashier while he handed the little pile of hardly-earned shillings and coppers to each successive workman as the long procession filed past his table. It was usual with the employees to clatter away the instant that they had been paid, like so many children from school; but to-day they waited, forming little groups over the great dreary room and discussing in subdued voices the misfortune which had come upon their employers and the future which awaited themselves. When the last pile of coins had been handed across the table, and the last name checked by the cashier, the whole throng faced silently round to the man who had been their master, and waited expectantly for any words which

he might have to say to them.

Mr. Charles Fairbairn had not expected this, and it embarrassed him. He had waited as a matter of routine duty until the wages were paid, but he was a taciturn, slow-witted man, and he had not foreseen this sudden call upon his oratorical powers. He stroked his thin cheek nervously with his long, white fingers, and looked down with weak watery eyes at the mosaic of upturned serious faces.

"I am sorry that we have to part, my men," he said at last in a crackling voice. "It's a bad day for all of us, and for Brisport too. For three years we have been losing money over the works. We held on in the hope of a change coming, but matters are going from bad to worse. There's nothing for it but to give it up before the balance of our fortune is swallowed up. I hope you may all be able to get work of some sort before very long. Good-by, and God bless you!"

"God bless you, sir! God bless you sir!" cried a chorus of rough voices. "Three cheers for Mr. Charles Fairbairn!" shouted a bright-eyed smart young fellow, springing up upon a bench and waving his peaked cap in the air. The crowd responded to the call, but their huzzas wanted the true ring which only a joyous heart can give. Then they began to flock out into the sunlight, looking back as they went at the long deal tables and the cork-strewn floor—above all at the sad-faced, solitary man whose cheeks were flecked with color at the rough cordiality of their farewell.

"Huxford," said the cashier, touching on the shoulder the young fellow who had led the cheering, the governor wants to speak to you."

The workman turned back and stood swinging his cap awkwardly in front of his ex-employer, while the crowd pushed on until the doorway was clear, and the heavy fog-wreaths rolled unchecked into the deserted factory.

"Ah, John!" said Mr. Fairbairn, coming suddenly out of his reverie and taking up a letter from the table. "You have been in my service since you were a boy, and you have shown that you merited the trust which I have placed in you. From what I have heard, I think I am right in saying that this sudden want of work will affect your plans more than

it will many of my other hands."

"I was to be married at Shrovetide," the man answered, tracing a pattern upon the table with his horny forefinger. "I'll have to find work first."

"And work, my poor fellow, is by no means easy to find. You see you have been in this groove all your life, and are unfit for anything else. It's true you've been my foreman, but even that won't help you, for the factories all over England are discharging hands, and there's not a vacancy to be had. It's a bad outlook for you and such as you."

"What would you advise, sir?" asked John Huxford.

That's what I was coming to. I have a letter here from Sheridan & Moore of Montreal, asking for a good hand to take charge of a workroom. If you think it will suit you, you can go out by the next boat. The wages are far in excess of anything I have been able to give you."

"Why, sir, this is real kind of you," the young workman said earnestly. "She—my girl—Mary, will be as grateful to you as I am. I know what you say is right, and that if I had to look for work I should be likely to spend the little that I have laid by towards housekeeping, before I found it. But, sir, with your leave, I'd like to speak to her about it before I made up my mind. Could you leave it open for a few hours?"

"The mail goes out to-morrow," Mr. Fairbairn answered. "If you decide to accept, you can write to-night. Here is their letter, which will give you their address."

John Huxford took the precious paper with a grateful heart. An hour ago his future had been all black, but now this rift of light had broken in the west, giving promise of better things. He would have liked to say something expressive of his feelings to his employer, but the English nature is not effusive, and he could not get beyond a few choking, awkward words which were as awkwardly received by his benefactor. With a bow, he turned on his heel and plunged out into the foggy street.

So thick was the vapor that the houses over the way were only a vague loom, but the foreman hurried on with springy steps through side streets and winding lanes, past walls where the fishermen's nets were drying and over cobble-stoned alleys redolent of herring, until he reached a

modest line of white-washed cottages fronting the sea. At the door of one of these the young man tapped, and then, without waiting for a response, pressed down the latch and walked in.

An old silvery-haired woman and a young girl, hardly out of her teens were sitting on either side of the fire, and the latter sprang to her feet as he entered.

"You've got some good news, John," she cried, putting her hands upon his shoulders, and looking into his eyes. "I can tell it from your step. Mr. Fairbairn is going to carry on after all."

"No, dear, not so good as that," John Huxford answered, smoothing back her rich, brown hair; "but I have an offer of a place in Canada, with good money, and if you think as I do, I shall go out to it, and you can follow with the granny whenever I have made all straight for you at the other side. What say you to that, my lass?"

"Why, surely, John, what you think is right must be for the best," said the girl quietly, with trust and confidence in her pale, plain face and loving hazel eyes. "But poor granny, how is she to cross the seas?"

"Oh, never mind about me," the old woman broke in cheerfully. "I'll be no drag on you. If you want granny, granny's not too old to travel; and if you don't want her, why she can look after the cottage, and have a home ready for you whenever you turn back to the old country."

"Of course we shall need you, granny," John Huxford said with a cheery laugh. "Fancy leaving granny behind! That would never do, Mary! But if you both come out, and if we are married all snug and proper at Montreal, we'll look through the whole city until we find a house something like this one, and we'll have creepers on the outside just the same, and when the doors are shut and we sit round the fire on winter's nights, I'm hanged if we'll be able to tell that we're not at home. Besides, Mary, it's the same speech out there, and the same king and the same flag; it's not like a foreign country."

"No, of course not," Mary answered, with conviction. She was an orphan, with no living relation, save her old grandmother, and no thought in life but to make a helpful and worthy wife to the man she loved. If John went to Canada, then Canada became home to her.

"I'm to write tonight, then, and accept?" the young man asked. "I knew you would both be of the same mind as myself, but, of course, I couldn't close with the offer until we had talked it over. I can get started in a week or two, and then in a couple of months I'll have all ready for you on the other side."

"It will be a weary, weary time until we hear from you, dear John," said Mary, clasping his hand, "but it's God's will and we must be patient. Here's pen and ink. You can sit at the table and write the letter which is to take the three of us across the Atlantic." Strange how Don Diego's thoughts were molding human lives in the little Devon village.

The acceptance was duly dispatched, and John Huxford began immediately to prepare for his departure. for the Montreal firm had intimated that the vacancy was a certainty, and that the chosen man might come out without delay to talk over his duties. In a few days his scanty outfit was completed, and he started off in a coasting-vessel for Liverpool, where he was to catch the passenger ship for Quebec.

"Remember, John," Mary whispered, as he pressed her to his heart upon the Brisport quay, "the cottage is our own, and come what may we have always that to fall back upon. If things should chance to turn out badly over there, we have always a roof to cover us. There you will find me until you send word for us to come "

"And that will be very soon, my lass," he answered cheerfully with a last embrace. "Good-by granny, good-by." The ship was a mile and more from land before he lost sight of the figures of the straight, slim girl and her old companion, who stood watching and waving to him from the end of the gray stone quay. It was with a sinking heart and a vague feeling of impending disaster that he saw them at last as minute specks in the distance, walking townward and disappearing amid the crowd who lined the beach.

From Liverpool the old woman and her grand-daughter received a letter from John announcing that he was just starting in the bark St. Lawrence, and six weeks afterward a second longer epistle informed them of his safe arrival at Quebec, and gave them his first impression of the country. After that a long, unbroken silence set in. Week after week

and month after month passed by, and never a word came from across the seas. A year went and yet another, but no news of the absentee. Sheridan & Moore were written to, and replied that though John Huxford's letter had reached them, he had never presented himself, and they had been forced to fill up the vacancy as best they could. Still, Mary and her grandmother hoped against hope, and looked out for the letter-carrier every morning with such eagerness that the kind-hearted man would often make a detour rather than pass the two pale, anxious faces which peered at him from the window. At last, three years after the young foreman's disappearance, old granny died, and Mary was left alone, a broken, sorrowful woman, living as best she might on a small annuity which had descended to her, and eating her heart out as she brooded over the mystery which hung over the fate of her lover.

Among the shrewd west-country neighbors there had long, however, ceased to be any mystery in the matter. Huxford arrived safely in Canada—so much was proved by his letter. Had he met with his end in any sudden way during the journey between Quebec and Montreal, there must have been some official inquiry, and his luggage would have sufficed to establish his identity. Yet the Canadian police had been communicated with and had returned a positive answer that no inquest had been held, or any body found which could by any possibility be that of the young Englishman. The only alternative appeared to be that he had taken the first opportunity to break all the old ties, and had slipped away to the backwoods or to the States to commence life anew under an altered name. Hence, many a deep growl of righteous anger rose from the brawny smacksmen when Mary, with her pale face and sorrow-sunken head, passed along the quays on her way to her daily marketing; and it is more than likely that if the missing man had turned up in Brisport, he might have met with some rough words or rougher usage, unless he could give some very good reason for his strange conduct. This popular view of the case never, however, occurred to the simple, trusting heart of the lonely girl, and as the years rolled by, her suspense was never for an instant tinged with a doubt as to the good faith of the missing man.

In the mean time, neither the opinion held by the minority that John

Huxford was dead, nor that of the majority, which pronounced him to be faithless, represented the true state of the case.

Landing at Quebec, with his heart full of hope and courage, John selected a dingy room in a back street, where the terms were less exorbitant than elsewhere, and conveyed thither the two boxes which contained his worldly goods. After taking up his quarters there, he had half a mind to change again, for the landlady and the fellow-lodgers were by no means to his taste, but the Montreal coach started within a day or two, and he consoled himself by the thought that the discomfort would only last for that short time. Having written home to Mary to announce his safe arrival, he employed himself in seeing as much of the town as was possible, walking about all day, and only returning to his room at night.

It happened, however, that the house on which the unfortunate youth had pitched was one which was notorious for the character of its inmates. He had been directed to it by a pimp, who found regular employment in hanging about the docks and decoying new-comers to this den. From the few words which John let drop, the landlady gathered that he was a stranger without a single friend in the country to inquire after him should misfortune overtake him.

The house had an evil reputation for the hocusing of sailors, which was done not only for the purpose of plundering them, but also to supply outgoing ships with crews, the men being carried on board insensible, and not coming to until the ship was well down the St. Lawrence. This trade caused the wretches who followed it to be experts in the use of stupefying drugs, and they determined to practice their arts upon their friendless lodger, so as to have an opportunity of ransacking his effects, and of seeing what it might be worth their while to purloin. During the day he invariably locked his door and carried off the key in his pocket, but if they could render him insensible for the night, they could examine his boxes at their leisure, and deny afterwards that he had ever brought with him the articles which he missed. It happened, therefore, upon the eve of Huxford's departure from Quebec, that he found upon returning to his lodgings, that his landlady and her two ill-favored sons, who assisted her in her trade, were waiting up for him over a bowl of punch, which they cordially in-

vited him to share. It was a bitterly cold night, and the fragrant steam overpowered any suspicions which the young Englishman may have entertained, so he drained off a bumper, and then, retiring to his bedroom, threw himself upon his bed without undressing, and fell straight into a dreamless slumber, in which he still lay when the three conspirators crept into his chamber, and having opened his boxes, began to investigate his effects.

It may have been that the speedy action of the drug caused its effects to be evanescent, or, perhaps, that the strong constitution of the victim threw it off with unusual rapidity. Whatever the cause, it is certain that John Huxford suddenly came to himself, and found the foul trio squatted round their booty, which they were dividing into the two categories of what was of value and should be taken, and what was valueless and might therefore be left. With a bound he sprang out of bed, and seizing the fellow nearest him by the collar, he slung him through the open doorway. His brother rushed at him, but the young Devonshireman met him with such a facer that he dropped in a heap upon the ground. Unfortunately the violence of the blow caused him to overbalance himself, and tripping over his prostrate antagonist, he came down heavily upon his face. Before he could rise, the old hag sprang upon his back and clung to him, shrieking to her son to bring the poker. John managed to shake himself clear of them both, but before he could stand on his guard he was felled from behind by a crashing blow from an iron bar, which stretched him senseless upon the floor.

"You've hit too hard, Joe," said the old woman, looking down at the prostrate figure. "I heard the bone go."

"If I hadn't fetched him down, he'd ha' been too many for us," said the young villain sulkily.

"Still you might ha' done it without killing him, clumsy," said his mother. She had had a large experience of such scenes, and knew the difference between a stunning blow and a fatal one.

"He's still breathing," the other said, examining him; "the back o' his head's like a bag o' dice, though. The skull's all splintered. He can't last. What are we to do?"

"He'll never come to himself again," the other brother remarked. "Sarve him right. Look at my face! Let's see, mother; who's in the house?"

"Only four drunk sailors."

"They wouldn't turn out for noise. It's all quiet in the street. Let's carry him down a bit, Joe, and leave him. He can die there, and no one think the worse of us."

"Take all the papers out of his pocket, then" the mother suggested; "they might help the police to trace him. His watch, too, and his money—three pound odd: better than nothing. Now, carry him softly, and don't slip."

Kicking off their shoes, the two brothers carried the dying man down stairs and along the deserted street for a couple of hundred yards. There they laid him on the snow, where he was found by the night patrol, who carried him on a shutter to the hospital. He was duly examined by the resident surgeon, who bound up the wounded head, but gave it as his opinion that the man could not possibly live for more than twelve hours.

Twelve hours passed, however, and yet another twelve, but John Huxford still struggled hard for his life. When at the end of three days he was found to be still breathing, the interest of the doctors became aroused at his extraordinary vitality, and they bled him as the fashion was in those days, and surrounded his shattered head with icebags. It may have been on account of these measures, or it may have been in spite of them, but at the end of a week's deep trance the nurse in charge was astonished to hear a gabbling noise, and to find the stranger sitting up upon the couch and staring about him with wistful, wondering eyes. The surgeons were summoned to behold the phenomenon, and warmly congratulated each other on the success of their treatment.

"You have been on the brink of the grave, my man," said one of them pressing the bandaged head back on the pillow. "Do not excite yourself. What is your name?"

No answer, save a wild stare.

"Where do you come from?" Again no answer.

"He is mad," one suggested. "Or a foreigner," said another. "No papers were on him when he came in. His linen is marked J. H. They know him in French and German."

They tested him with as many tongues as they could muster among them, but were compelled at last to give the matter over and to leave their silent patient, still staring up wild-eyed at the whitewashed hospital ceiling.

For many weeks John lay in the hospital, and for many weeks efforts were made to gain some clue as to his antecedents, but in vain. He showed, as the time went on, not only by his demeanor, but also by the intelligence with which he began to pick up fragments of sentences, like a clever child learning to talk, that his mind was strong enough in the present, though it was a complete blank as to the past. The man's memory of his whole life before the fatal blow was entirely and absolutely erased. He neither knew his name, his language, his home, his business, nor anything else. The doctors held learned consultations upon him, and discoursed upon the centre of memory and depressed tables, deranged nerve-cells and cerebral congestions; but all their polysyllables began and ended at the fact that the man's memory was gone, and that it was beyond the power of science to restore it. During the weary months of convalescence he picked up reading and writing, but with the return of his strength came no return of his former life. England, Devonshire, Mary, Granny—the words brought no recollection to his mind. All was absolute darkness. At last he was discharged, a friendless, tradeless, penniless man, without a past, and with very little to look to in the future. His very name was altered, for it had been necessary to invent one. John Huxford had passed away, and John Hardy took his place among mankind. Here was a strange outcome of a Spanish gentleman's tobacco-inspired meditations.

John's case had aroused some discussion and curiosity in Quebec, so that he was not suffered to drift into utter helplessness upon emerging from the hospital. A Scotch manufacturer named McKinlay found him a post as porter in his establishment, and for a long time he worked at \$7 a week at the loading and unloading of vans. In the course of years it

was noticed, however, that his memory, however defective as to the past, was extremely reliable and accurate when concerned with anything which had occurred since his accident. From the factory he was promoted into the counting-house, and the year 1835 found him a junior clerk at a salary of £120 a year. Steadily and surely John Hardy fought his way upward from post to post, with his whole heart and mind devoted to the business. In 1840 he was third clerk, in 1845 he was second, and in 1852 he became manager of the whole vast establishment, and second only to Mr. McKinlay himself.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.]



A SNEEZE TREE.

Among its many curious products South Africa includes the "sneezewood" tree, which takes its name from the fact that one cannot cut it with a saw without sneezing, as the fine dust has exactly the effect of snuff. Even in planing the wood it will sometimes cause sneezing. No insect, worm, or barnacle will touch it. It is very bitter to the taste, and when placed in water it will sink. The color is light brown and the grain very close and hard. For dock work, piers, or jetties it is a useful timber.



A grocer asked a customer whether he tried their "Excelsior Breakfast Food," and the man replied in the affirmative and added that it tastes like it. "Tastes like what?" said the dealer. The man said "Like excelsior."

To An Astrologer.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

NAY, seer, I do not doubt thy mystic lore,
 Nor question that the tenor of my life,
 Upon the earth. The deathless Me of me,
 The spark from that great all-creative fire,

Past, present and the future, is revealed— Is part of that eternal source called God
 There is my horoscope. I do believe And mightier than the universe.

That yon dead moon compels the haughty seas
 Why, he
 Who knows, and knowing, never once

To ebb and flow, and that my natal star forgets,

Stands like a stern-browed sentinel in space
 The pedigree divine of his own soul
 Can conquer, shape and govern destiny

And challenges events; nor lets one grief, And use vast space as 'twere a board for chess,

Or joy, or failure, or success pass on
 With stars for pawns; can change his horoscope

To mar or bless my earthly lot until
 To suit his will; turn failure to success,
 It proves its Karmic right to come to And from preordained sorrows harvest joy.

All this I grant, but more than this I
 KNOW!

Before the solar systems were conceived,
 Or zodiacal sign which can control
 When nothing was but the unnamable,
 The God in us! If we bring THAT to bear

My spirit lived, an atom of the cause.
 Upon events we mould the n to our wish;
 Through countless ages and in many 'Tis when the infinite 'neath the finite
 gropes

It has existed ere it entered in
 That men are governed by their horoscopes.
 This human frame to serve its little day

—New York Journal.



ASTROLOGY

CONDUCTED BY DR. DEROLLI



Lucky and Unlucky Days for July and August.

These predictions will not fit into every life with accurate details. They are safe deductions from planetary relations and will be found helpful and in the main quite correct. Of course, to get at an individual experience and to take advantage of precise work a chart of each person must be studied.

JULY, 1903.

- 1 Good business day. Mind will be bright. Social side also good.
- 2 Bright mentally. Slightly controversial. Don't contradict.
- 3 Another safe day up to sunset: scrappy during evening.
- 4 Fire works and glory. It's a wide awake day. Enjoy yourself. Don't scold neighbor's children if they awake you at 3 a. m.
- 5 Sunday: You will be glad to rest and you had better for it's a treacherous sort of a day. Look out for accidents.
- 6 Mean day. Take no risks. Do as little as possible that is new.
- 7 Well enough if you do not rustle round and fuss. Be quiet.
- 8 You will think and scheme, faster than you should act. Decide carefully: move slowly: take few risks.
- 9 You will be safer watching the full moon tonight than you will be in jumping into a new transaction.
- 10 This is all right. Great day for anything that builds up the body. Not bad socially or in business.
- 11 Pack your grip and clear out. Saturn and the moon will knock you out on business: and you will have to be very discreet in talking to your best girl
- 12 An elegant day to rest: to recuperate: but mean enough if you try to talk smart or say cutting things.
- 13 Poor business day. An impulsive purchase will disappoint. Don't believe half you read yesterday, and don't speculate.
- 14 Featureless as a wax figure.
- 15 This is safe. Good for personal contact: ask favors: plan: act. In fact press matters: even if she said no, ask her again.
- 16 Keep up the good work. Do your level best. Strong day.
- 17 Good for business up to 5 p. m. But don't be suspicious or silly in the evening.
- 18 Well enough for plans previously made. Not very good for new ones.
- 19 Sunday. Only man is vile. It's a daisy day. Be as good as the day.
- 20 Excellent if not impulsive. For calm acts, perfect.
- 21 Don't. Here is a grand mixture. Guard against accidents. Take no risks on water or by land.
- 22 Something like yesterday. Handling words and acts with prudence you will get along well.
- 23 Good: like some folks—featureless: weak out safe.
- 24 During waking hours a good day but poor towards night. Better to go to bed early. Sun enters sign of the Lion.
- 25 Fine for travel by sea or land. You will hate to work, and probably you won't work much.
- 26 Sunday. All the conditions are favorable. In most sections the day will be made to order and apparently for you.

- 17 Fine for all your plans, up to 9 p. m. The social side ought to be pressed.
- 28 Keep right at it, the conditions are good.
- 29 Another fine opportunity. Do your prettiest.
- 30 Here is another. It's your fault if these few past days do not bring good results.
- 31 It's too bad to have July peter out so poorly but surely this has no very good feature.

The weather predictions for the months of July and Aug., compiled by Dr. Derolli, will be found on page 25.

AUGUST, 1903.

1. Day of mixed influences; rather better to close transaction than to begin. Safe for travel.
2. Sunday. Very strong. Both in social or in any way.
3. Go carefully if you are tempted to take big risks or to make very marked changes.
4. Poor day to begin a new matter in business but well enough socially.
5. Your mind will be bright: perhaps too suggestive. A safe day for conservative acts.
6. Same as yesterday. Keep in the open air.
7. Impulsive, unsafe. Don't lose your temper.
8. Full moon. Bad for dealing with opposite sex. Good vacation day but be amiable not critical.
9. Sunday. A fine day to be good. Tie up your tongue lest you say an unkind thing.
10. Safe but rather featureless.
11. Rash, impulsive, contradictory. Please be good, kind, considerate especially to those nearest to you.
12. Go fishing or do anything but undertake any important plans. Your judgment will be very poor.

13. This is all right. Put in your best work. Fine day for instance of personal contact. To ask favors, write letters or to ask her if she won't please to change her mind.
14. All right if calm. Don't get excited, don't get fooled into buying stocks because some one tells you a fairy story.
15. Just like yesterday.
16. Sunday. nothing special. Fairly good socially. Towards evening you can warm up a little and say it, probably the other party will listen.
17. If you travel move carefully. If you trade be very conservative. If you talk, be gentle.
18. Don't: you can finish out the sentence.
19. All right again. Now catch up. Use the day.
20. Same as yesterday.
21. If you could make this a holiday and take a rest you will make more money than by any new important move.
22. New moon. A day where you will spend money or lose it. Don't bet. Don't sweat. Don't drop your purse or your temper.
23. Sunday. This is a fine all around day. The social side ought to be encouraged.
24. You will be bright but dangerous. Be careful what you undertake and with whom you are thrown.
25. All right. Push things in any good direction.
26. Same as yesterday.
27. Watch your eating and drinking.
28. Bright, wideawake day. Good for almost all your plans.
29. Same as yesterday.
30. Sunday. Bright and nice in all of its influences. Be as good as the day.
31. Nothing bad about this, only don't be rash.

Weather predictions on page 25.



Good Heath Department.



EATING FOR HEALTH.

BY AMOS WOODBURY RIDEOUT.

“ “ “

FRUIT.

He ate pork chops and sausages,
And candied sweet potatoes.
His soups were full of onions and
Of garlic and tomatoes.

He ate salt mackerel and cheese,
And pastries and bananas;
And after having finished these,
He smoked a few Havanas.

And yet he oft, in mournful tones,
Was heard to ask this question:
“Why is it that I just can't find
A cure for indigestion?”

—*Judge's Library.*

Many look upon fruit as a luxury and reckon its food value along with the foam on a glass of beer. This is a great mistake. Fruit is food, and a valuable food at that.

If we would eat more fruit we would take less medicine. It should make up a large portion of our breakfast, and should, I think, be eaten first although there is some doubt on that point. The Greeks had a saying equivalent to “from egg to apple” meaning the whole of anything. This would indicate that they ate their fruit last. It should not be eaten between meals any more than any other food. “But I feel faint” says somebody. Faintness is not hunger. Your faintness is more likely caused by too much food than too little. Food means work.

Fruit is a corrective, it gives us distilled water in its purest form. It is a nerve and brain builder.

Fruit is a beautiful word, it speaks of the gospel of the orchard and the harvest field. It carries you into the garden and the greenhouse. It

conjures up the earliest joys of childhood and the pleasantest spots in the desert of disease. The word fruit brings light to the eye and fragrance to the nostril. It whispers of rustling leaves to the listening ear, and reminds the eye of beautiful form and color, and the nostrils of delightful odors.

Strawberries are at their best in this part of the country as I write and the other berries will soon follow.

Pineapples are delicious and are said to be very helpful to digestion. Everybody knows how beneficial is the grape. Grape juice is a make shift, better than nothing perhaps, especially if we could be sure that it is honestly prepared, but the methods used to make it "keep" very often spoil it. I have known instances where invalids and convalescents have been made very ill from the use of liquid "foods," or preparations which were supposed to be especially prepared for just such cases, and all very apparently, on account of this "keeping" factor. Peaches, pears, apples, plums, each have their good points.

Some people thrive best on sweet fruits while for some plenty of acid fruits are desirable. Orange and lemon juice in about equal parts make a more healthful drink than lemons alone. This bit of information thrown in at this time, because the warm season is upon us. Drinks made from fresh fruit juices are more delicious and much more healthful than the ever present and all pervading carbonated beverages. A little of this sort of thing is all right but there is much of it that is very undesirable—decidedly nasty in fact, no one would ever drink it if it were not ice cold. When you make your own drink from fresh fruit you know what you are drinking and know that in proper quantity, it will never hurt you.

The time to drink is when you are thirsty, much information to the contrary notwithstanding. Some people can take ice cold drinks with impunity while others would do better if the temperature was raised a few degrees.

Drinks of the latter kind are only to be had in one's own home however, the commercial idea is, "ice cold." You may roam the town from end to end and find no place where anything else can be obtained. From lager beer to lemonade a *cool* drink is not to be had.

But to come back to where I started, I believe in fruit for another reason, because it can be eaten without cooking. Food that can be eaten in its natural state is the best, will nourish better because less of it is required. All of the vital tissue salts are there and have not been destroyed by heat. This reminds me of another point where it seems to me our vegetarian friends fall down.

They are long on cook books, they want to get up "nut roasts," "vegetable beefsteak, chicken stew etc." If a thing is good why not eat it? Why fuss it up in an effort to imitate something? Some of the combinations put forth in the vegetarian cook books are the most abominable I ever heard of. One of the inconsistencies that first caught my notice in Bellamy and Morris' stories of the future was the fact that people sat down at table, ate much the same food as now, and were served by waiters. Now I don't want any of that when I put in my next appearance on earth. I do not want to feel that I have kept anybody in slavery and drudgery to prepare my meal. I want to be able to walk to the sideboard or to the garden and help myself. I liked better Howell's "Traveler from Altruria" who jumps up from his seat in the dining hall and takes the heavy tray from the waitress.

In closing I will throw you these epigrams from *Human Faculty*—paste 'em in your hat.

The Matter with Us as a People.

We breathe too little.

We eat too much.

We drink too little water.

We drink too much tea, coffee and whiskey.

We key up too high.

We relax too little.

We are too ambitious for power and not slow enough for health and happiness.

We get into states of stress and produce great distress.



ODD ADVERTISEMENTS.

Contributions for this Department are solicited. Send the entire page of the paper containing the advertisement if possible.

An Irish bull about a Jersey bull. Taken from the *Jackson, Mis., Evening News* of May 28th, 1903

A Great Jersey Bull For Service. Vicks King of St. Lambert No. 64,925. His dam was bred by the noted breeder Mr. Ralph of Canada. Gave 55 pounds of milk in one day on grass alone and has a record of over 2 pounds of butter per day. We challenge the state for his equal. Can be found at Hunter's pasture near fair ground.

In the *American Mercury*, dated September 27, 1784. may be found the following advertisement:

Wanted.—For a sober family, a man of light weight, who fears the Lord and can drive a pair of horses. He must occasionally wait at table, join in household prayer, look after the horses and read a chapter in the Bible. He must, God willing, rise at seven in the morning, obey his master and mistress in all lawful commands. If he can dress hair, sing psalms and play at cribbage, the more agreeable.

N. B.—He must not be too familiar with the maid servants of the house, lest the flesh rebel against the spirit, and be inclined to walk in the thorny paths of the wicked. Wages, fifteen guineas a year.

A Married man with no kids can find a good, permanent job as man of all work, on a small ranch, with good pay for the times, and a comfortable house free, by addressing Ranch Superintendent, Press Office.

For Sale—A Good Horse. Fit for single or double harness, or cart; very big and strong—blind. I cannot go out during the winter in the open air, as I am unable to do so since I got hurt falling in the gas ditch in Steubenville, six years past. Last winter I sold a horse one-half his size, blind, for \$25. This is a nice horse to drive. I have been using horses since I was 14 years of age, and have had none that suited me better. If I was offered a \$75 or \$80 horse to take him, I would not, as I cannot go out in the cold weather. \$20 will buy this one.

A man by the name of Myers wants to buy him to put in a cart; I did not get his given name; please call this week, Mr. Myers.

JOSEPH MCALPIN.

An advertiser in the Bath (N. Y.) *Advocate* makes the following extraordinary proposition:

FARMERS, EAT YOUR OWN SAUSAGE!

All persons who desire to have sausage made from their own meat can have the chopping done at the market of John Hoyt, on Steuben street. He has every facility for doing this work to the complete satisfaction of all who come.

JOHN HOYT.

Steuben Street, Bath, N. Y.

It would hardly seem possible that there are enough cannibalistic farmers who desire to have "sausage made from their own meat" to render this advertisement profitable.

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THE HAPPY MEDIUM.

I think it was Josh Billings who said that a happy medium was a clairvoyant who had just received a dollar fee. But the happy medium that I make mention of is the happy faculty of striking the wise middle course in all things. The truth of anything always lies at the middle ground, never at either extreme. Just why it is that people are either intensely conservative or extremely radical is one of the things that I have always wondered about. The radical usually has a hobby and rides it hard while the conservative looks on and wonders why he will persist in making such a fuss when things as they are need no change. Why the conservative can do nothing but mark time, and why the radical cannot see the good in other plans than his, but must insist that his remedy is the only sovereign specific, is more than I know. The conservative has been described as one who saw to it that no good thing was left behind but those of us who have lived on a farm know that it takes only one small boy to "rake after the cart," the strong men are all in the lead. As Elbert Hubbard puts it, "to clog the wheels continually is to stand still, and to stand still is to retreat." The wisest person is the one who knows, to quote again from Hubbard, "that truth is a point of view, that all is relative, that nothing is final nor absolute, nor can it be in a world where nothing is permanent but change."

The person who is deadly sure about a thing is generally wrong—a sort of dogmatic dunce. If not taken too literally there is a world of truth in the old couplet:

"Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

BRIEF BOOK REVIEWS

BY QUAIN TICUS

I believe that book reviews should, as a general thing, be short and to the point. What is wanted is a brief hint as to what the book is, and then you will be able to judge if you are interested in it.

• *Eleanor Kirk's Idea*, (Brooklyn, N. Y.) One of the best of the metaphysical magazines. It appears beginning with the June number in a new and very attractive dress. Some of the brightest writers along these lines contribute to this periodical but the brightest of them is the editress. She is the author of several very interesting and helpful books among which is the well known "The Influence of the Zodiac upon Human Life" which is now in its twentieth edition. If you are looking for new ideas try this one. Yearly subscription \$1.00, single numbers 10 cts.

The American Co-operator, (Lewiston, Me.) This weekly journal of co-operation and economics has lately appeared in magazine form, enlarged and improved. The excellence of the periodical press along these lines and the tremendous increase in the circulation of them is a hopeful sign. The children of Uncle Sam, seem to be at last learning that there are other ways of getting what they want besides chasing a dollar down the road. If you believe in looking forward and not back, and lending a hand, send for a sample of this unique publication. Yearly subscription 50 cts., single numbers 2 cts.

How to Train Children and Parents, by Elizabeth Towne. Now that's the idea, "How to Train Children *and* Parents." The parents are the ones that generally need the training. This is the first book that I know of that has touched the key of the situation. Mr. Patterson in his book "Dominion and Power" made some brief mention along the right line but nothing extensive. The thing that the child wants to do and "mustn't" is, about ninety-nine times out of a hundred, not inherently wrong but rather something that the "stern parent" *thinks* is wrong or does not wish to have the child do. Any mother who can read this book understandingly and will make an honest effort to carry its precepts into practice will be blessed beyond belief.

"A child is a looking glass in which the parents, particularly the mother,

are reflected. Children need love and *confidence* to develop their good qualities.

Unless a mother is full of don'ts a child will never think of going against her wishes.

Children have the innate wisdom to rebel against 'you must' and 'you musn't'. Leave them free and they will love to do things." The subject matter of this book is a gold mine. Its mechanical make up might be improved. At the price it ought to afford a title page. Twenty-five cents. Published by the author, Holyoke, Mass.

A Spider Web Story.

An incident, which to the minds of the superstitious, contains a fore-warning of some dire event, has occurred at the home of Peter Mohan, residing seven miles northwest of Cheasning. A black spider has woven a web two feet across and in a heavy mesh the word "Murder" appears so plainly that it can be seen across the room. Underneath that is a number of letters that are incomplete and cannot be made out.

The spider is busy apparently completing its work. The web is a source of curiosity to all the neighborhood, hundreds of people having viewed it.—*Journal*.

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When you write to an advertiser, kindly mention the fact that you saw their ad in Ye Quaint Magazine.

Weather Predictions.**JULY, 1903.**

The first five days of the month are subject to very unsettled conditions all over the country, perhaps in eastern sections extending well into independence day. A few days of better weather will be followed by several severe storms especially in the west running particularly from 8th to 11th. Marked heat follows these days, with thunderstorms. Cooler days in most sections should be shown from 17th to 20th. Eastward we shall have high dry winds. The closing week should show great heat, with decided fall towards 28th. In the valleys heavy thunder and quick down pours of rain.

AUGUST, 1903.

Very warm weather should prevail from July 30 to Aug. 6. During this period the sun will oppose Saturn, and the moon conjuncts Mars. In some sections there will be quick but only a temporary fall of temperature, possibly severe thunder and lightning. From 6th to 9th probably storms. Towards the middle of the month we may expect some heavy rain: in southern sections more intense; with coast storms working north. Watch carefully for coast storms of considerable violence from 22 to 26th. Much colder weather will follow these disturbances. The closing days of August are liable to be full of quick changes with lively storms in many sections.

These weather predictions are made by Dr. Derolli, and are to be found in Ye Quaint Magazine every month.

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EDITOR

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Some Friendly Advice to Correspondents.

Write your name and address plainly. It may seem plain to you but you, as you usually write it know what it is, we do not. Send your name and address in every letter. Don't stick stamps to the letter even by the corner. Anybody would think that most correspondents were under the impression that George carried his hatchet with him and would chop his way out if not fastened down.

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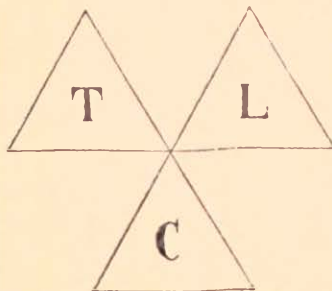
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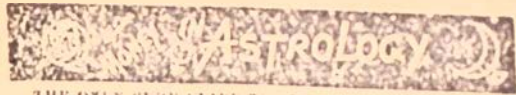
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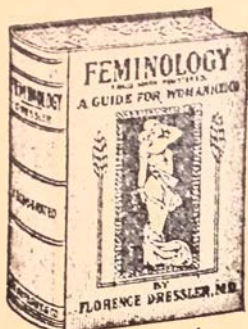
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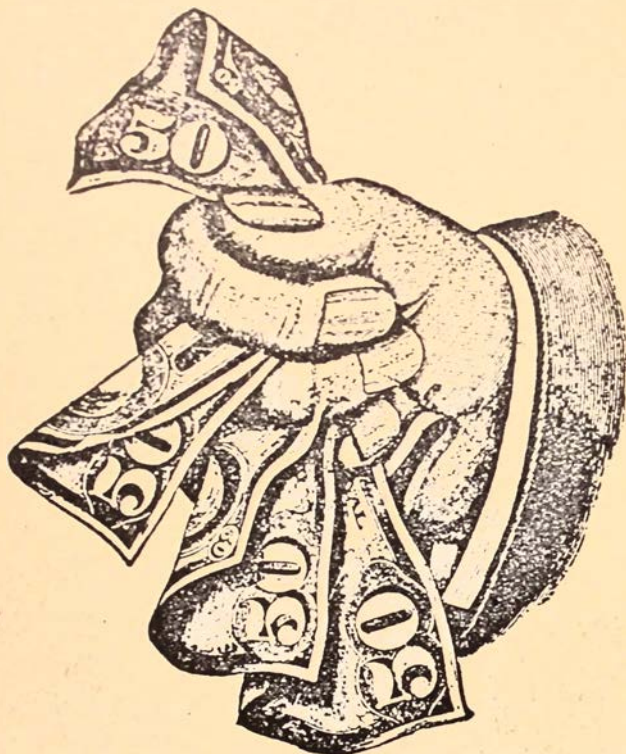
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