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The Silvermeade Hunt.

(By Constance D'Arcy MacKay.)

It was a clear, bracing day toward the first of November, and from the hill which was erected by the old Lauderdale mansion could be seen a sweep of country touched by varying colors—the russet and crimson of oak and maple, the green of undulating fields and hills broken here and there by the gray of stone walls, the clear flashes of brooks or stretches of open road.

"Gad! What air!" cried Gratton Richards, tossing back his head and taking a long whiff.

"And what a day for a hunt!" echoed Rex Tellingford, looking past Richards to where Emily Lauderdale was chatting to a group of men in red coats, checking in her horse as the hounds struggled to be off, straining at their leashes. "With every one in such good fettle it ought to be a great old race!" she laughed, tucking a strand of blue black hair beneath her riding hat.

The eyes of Richards and Tellingford met with an understanding gleam. Each was cognizant of the other's thoughts; that whoever brought back the brush that day would win a prize of far greater value. Both men knew that their future happiness depended largely on the morning's run, for Emily was a horsewoman from the tip of her riding boot to the ends of her firm, gauntleted fingers. She set immeasurable store by cross-country rides, daring leaps and hairbreadth escapes. To say a man could not keep his saddle was equal to Emily's mind with saying he could not keep his head.

"Though I think there are virtues equally as great as cross-country riding," smiled gentle Elizabeth Lauderdale, whose love of outdoor excitement was neither so deep rooted nor of such long inheritance as Emily's.

Emily shook her head.

"Dear Aunt Elsie," she answered, "you don't in the least understand, and I'm sure I could never explain. It's bred in my bone, that's all. If I had lived in the olden days I should have had a tournament—rushing of horses, slashing of spears, splintering of armor! That's what I call a wooing! No mere ambling up to demand your heart and hand! And as I find it hard to decide between Gratton Richards and Rex Tellingford, why, fair field and fair play, and let the best man win."

Something of this headstrong resolution stirred in the girl as she turned suddenly in her saddle and glanced at the two men. Assured triumph glowed on the face of Richards. Stern determination was written on Tellingford's. She gave a little nod of satisfaction. They were well matched, these two!

The other members of the Lauderdale house party were not unaware of the drama that was being played before their eyes, and it added to the zest of the morning as the signal was given, the dogs unleashed and the cavalcade swept gayly down the hill.

"Look at that girl!" gasped Mrs. Royce Thompson, a novice who pounded in her saddle. "She actually—" but the rest of the words were lost, for Emily was already in the distance, galloping at breakneck speed, while at her heels followed Richards and Tellingford. The rest of the hunt streamed after them. Luck seemed to favor Richards. His mare's feet scarcely touched the earth. She took fences and furrows like a winged creature. Tellingford was not so fortunate. At the brink of a stream he was forced to pause and fasten his saddle girth. Partly from excitement and partly from annoyance he fumbled with it longer than he had intended, and when he raised his head the others were already far ahead, Emily Lauderdale and Richards still in the lead. The hounds had sent their quarry and were in full cry.

Tellingford considered. There was a cresset that he had tried once before. It lay through ditches and brambles, and was intersected by five-bar fences. Still anything at a pinch and he would back Fleetfoot against every mare in the country. He congratulated himself on this decision some moments later as Fleetfoot went forward at a pace that justified her name. Her course now lay across wide meadows, filled with lush grass and starred here and there by purple asters and skirted by low stone walls, in whose crumbling chinks vines twisted, and across whose loose stones squirrels skipped and chattered.

"Bravo, old girl!" cried Tellingford, his hand on Fleetfoot's glossy neck, gently

urging her forward. At that moment there reached him sharply and piercingly the bitter cry of a child.

Tellingford drew rein. By the wall, circling a ditch that Fleetfoot was about to take, lay a small, chubby figure, one hand full of flowers.

"Pricked himself with brambles," thought Tellingford. Aloud he said:

"Cheer up, sonny, men never cry for a scratch!" He was for urging Fleetfoot on again when the inertness of the little heap by the wall smote home to him. He checked his horse and dismounted. An instant later he stood with the helpless burden in his arms. The child's yellow head rested against his shoulder. One small arm hung limp across his own. With an understanding almost human, Fleetfoot stood by the wall like a bronze statue while Tellingford mounted, and then went slowly back across the meadows toward the road. The child, recovering from his stupor, began to sob. Tellingford soothed him with tender awkwardness, and was guiding Fleetfoot to the first farmhouse by the roadside, when a woman ran down the path leading to the door, untying her checked apron as she went. Her back was toward the approaching trio.

"Bobby!" she cried, "Bobby!"

The boy stirred in Tellingford's arms.

"I think I have found your boy, madam," called Tellingford, gently, and in three seconds more was speeding for the village physician. The sounds of the hunt had long since died in the distance.

It was afternoon when Tellingford reached the Lauderdale. From the dining-room came sounds of talking and laughter. In the hall he met Emily Lauderdale. There was a look on her face that he never seen before. "I'm awfully sorry," he began, abruptly twisting the crop of his riding whip in his hand, "but you see—" He paused and could go no further. He was a man who always found it easy to tell of the good deeds of others, but balked miserably when it came to a recital of his own. He muttered something inarticulate about loose stones, a muddy ditch and a bad fall.

Emily Lauderdale surveyed him with scorn.

"For a muddy fall your coat is the most conspicuously spotless garment that I have ever seen," she returned dryly.

"Oh, I say!" began Tellingford, but Emily swept past him, her head held high. That he had not cared to win was evident, but that he should add to that humiliation with excuses was more than she could bear. She was glad she told herself, that it was Gratton Richards who came off triumphant; yet in spite of this gladness, there was a stinging mist in her throat as she sat before her dressing table that night, while Katie, the maid, brushed her hair.

Everything had gone wrong that day in big things as well as in little. Even the grown she had planned to wear that evening had been left unfinished, and she was forced to reprimand Katie somewhat sharply.

Katie burst into tears. She had meant to finish it, she confessed, but that morning the child of her sister, who lived on the road to the village, slipped on the muddy stones of a ditch and broke his arm and Katie instead of sewing on the gown had gone to see how he fared.

"You can ask Mr. Tellingford, if it's not so, ma'am," she concluded tearfully. "Twas he that found Bobby and carried him home and went for the doctor afterward."

Of the truth of this assertion Miss Lauderdale questioned nothing.

"Do you know where Mr. Tellingford is now?" she demanded.

"Indeed I do, ma'am. He's bidden your aunt good-by, and is half way to the station."

"Then tell James to saddle Dolly Dump-ling instantly and bring her to the side door."

Kate gasped and obeyed, while Emily Lauderdale, throwing a scarf about her shoulders, ran down the stairs to the driveway, her silken dinner gown swishing at every step.

Tellingford, meantime, rode towards the station, his lips set in a thin hard line. He found himself mentally repeating his morning's advice to Bobby: "Men never cry at a scratch!" when behind him came the flying gallop of hoofs. Tellingford was blank with amazement at the vision of Emily Lauderdale, hatless and coatless, and in evening dress, tearing down the road. Straight alongside the cart she came and held out her hand.

"If you can forgive and forget," she panted, "and if you still care—"

"Care!" cried Tellingford, jerking off his overcoat and wrapping it about her after she had impetuously slipped from her horse and clambered into the cart. "All I can say is, 'Heaven bless Bobby!'"

And the flaxen haired young person, in a suit of white satin, was page at a wedding in the spring.

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The Prolongation of Life.

Youth's Companion: Why we grow old is a problem which many scientists have tried to solve. The fact that we do grow old is incontestable, and the changes in the tissues that come with increasing age are known to physiologists, but what causes these changes, and whether they are the cause or the result of old age, science has been unable to show.

We know that the process of aging is a hardening process. The soft and yielding structures, the arteries, and the cartilages,

stiffen with age; the juicy tissues dry up, and fibrous materials, or those containing lime, strangle or take the place of the structures which are concerned in the vital processes.

Some believe that it is simply a wearing out process, and that the body is used up by work just as an engine is, or a watch. But this is no explanation, for a living machine which has within itself the power of regeneration, as the animal body has, is not comparable to a machine of lifeless material, which friction wears away and which cannot be automatically renewed.

The cause of old age in the tissues is a gradual loss of the power of regeneration. As the cells wear out with use they can no longer be replaced by other cells of the same sort which are able to do the same work, but their place is filled by fibrous material which is incapable of doing the work necessary to nutrition and vital action.

This explains the process of growing old, but gives no hint as to the cause. One of the most recent theories proposed to account for this fatal change in the body is that of Professor Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute in Paris. He says that there is a constant warfare going on between the cells of the body—the "noble" cells, such as those of the brain, the walls of the arteries, and the various organs, on the one hand, and those of lower order, the "phagocytes" or eating cells, on the other. The noble cells are always on the defensive, and so long as they are well nourished they are able to resist the attacks of their enemies. But within the large intestine are numbers of bacteria constantly creating poisons which weaken the resisting power of these noble cells. The remedy is to lessen the production of these poisons by attacking the bacilli which make them.

This Professor Metchnikoff proposes to do by introducing harmless bacteria into the intestines to take the place of the injurious ones. He says that among these harmless bacilli—those which are present in sour milk; and he advocates, therefore, the daily drinking of buttermilk.

His theory is simple, but he himself is not so simple as to regard buttermilk as the elixir of life. He maintains only that the use of sour milk helps to prolong life by preventing the formation of poisons which shorten it.

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Injustice to Consumptives.

Youth's Companion: In the past few years the public knowledge of the nature of tuberculosis, and of the means by which it spread, has been greatly increased.

It is universally recognized now that this is an infectious disease, capable of being communicated from the sick to the well, and that an uninstructed or a careless consumptive is a menace to the community in which he lives. It is known that his expectoration contains the germs of the disease and that if it is recklessly deposited on the floors of public buildings or in the street it dries, and the bacilli which it contains are carried by the dust to the throats and lungs of others.

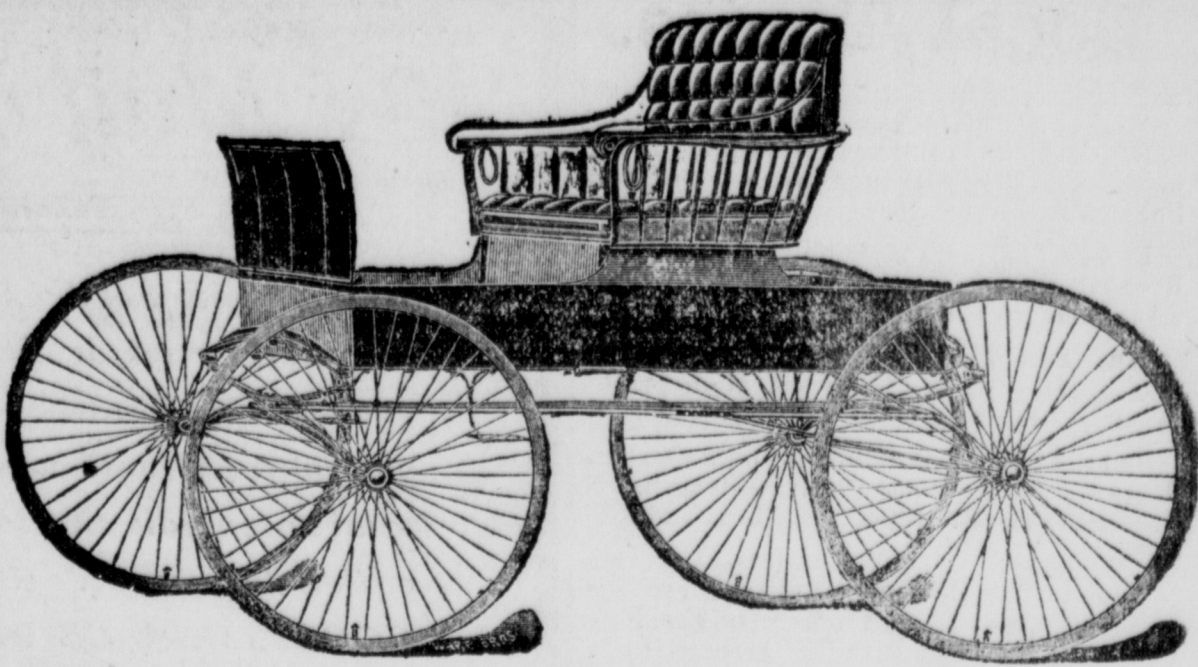
So much has been said of this danger, in the effort to suppress the dirty habit of expectoration, that the pendulum has begun to swing too far the other way, and the belief is gaining ground that the consumptive, no matter what his habits or mode of life, is a person to be shunned.

This is cruel, and adds an unnecessary weight to the load of suffering the consumptive has to bear. It has led to the barring of health resorts against the subjects of tuberculosis, to the discharge from their positions of wage-earners who are afflicted in the slightest degree, and even to attempts to isolate the tuberculosis as if they were lepers and pariahs.

It is time in the name of humanity that something was said on the other side, and that the public should be told that a consumptive who is cleanly in his habits, and is careful to destroy the expectorated matter by using paper napkins or specially devised cups which can be burned, is in no sense dangerous to his fellows.

A properly conducted sanatorium, filled with tuberculous patients, is indeed, one of the safest places for a person with a supposed tendency to the disease to reside.

A consumptive should not sleep in the same bed with a well person, especially a child, should refrain from kissing others, should not use towels or eating utensils in common, should not talk while directly facing his companion in close proximity, should hold a handkerchief before his mouth when coughing, and should observe the well known rules



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regarding expectoration. That is all. If he is careful to observe these simple precautions for the sake of his fellows, the public has no reason to shun him.

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