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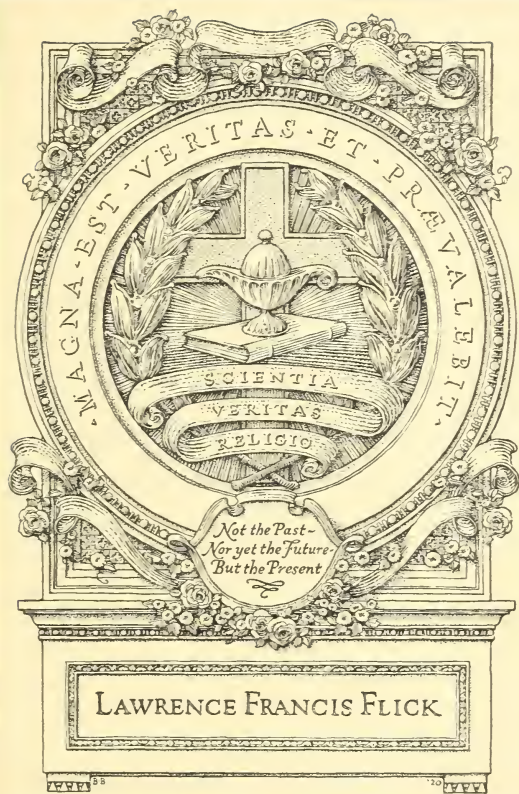


Laurence E. Thirk M. D.  
with kind regards of  
The Editor,

Gabriels, N. Y.

Oct. 2, 1907.





MAGNA EST VERITAS ET PRAEVALEBIT

SCIENTIA  
VERITAS  
RELIGIO

*Not the Past -  
Nor yet the Future -  
But the Present*

LAWRENCE FRANCIS FLICK

55

30



WHISPERINGS FROM  
FOREST LEAVES.

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Come With Me Into the Wilderness and Rest.

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VOLS. I AND II.

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WITH  
THE STORY TOLD IN THE  
WOODS AT GABRIELS  
BY A. C.

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PUBLISHED BY THE  
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Dedication

To our friend and benefactor,  
M. E. Kerin,  
whose friendship, true and tried,  
we will always prize,  
we dedicate this book.  
Sisters of Mercy.

JUL 21 1939

152005



The Administration Building

# FOREST LEAVES.

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1905-1906

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## The Story Told in the Woods at Gabriels

By A. C.



THE AFTERNOON was just warm enough to enjoy the shade of the wide porch, listening to Mr. Radford's bear stories whilst watching the ever-changing lights of the mountains beyond, and breathing the delicious air from the circling forest glowing with autumnal colors.

Towards evening, we, Mary Simmons, Clare Brown, Dr. Sinnot, Mr. Radford and I, walked towards Lucretia Lake, now and then stopping to pick a few purple fringed orchids or a handful of the nodding stalks of the fragrant pyrola. We walked slowly, drinking in the calm beauty of the landscape. Finding ourselves near the little forest of German trees, we sat down to rest. There is a kind of fascination about the place, and as we listened to the soft rustling of the leaves, the gloomy stories of those wild forests of Germany, so unlike our own free mountains, seem borne to us. We all spoke of this: Dr. Sinnot said, "Tell us one of the stories the old man at the edge of the Black Forest told you last year." "They're very different from Mr. Radford's bear stories," said I, "I'll try to remember one. They are all about goblins and evil spirits,—the lakes, the brooks, the rivers endowed with life. Oh, yes, I remember a very sweet touching story about Undine, that he told to me. The old man sang:

'Undine, thou image fair and bright,  
Since first thy strange mysterious glance,  
Shone on me from some old romance,  
How hast thou sung my heart to rest;  
How hast thou clung to me and smiled,  
And wouldest whispering in my ear,  
Give vent to all thy miseries drear,  
A little, half-spoiled, timorous child.'

"I think I see her as he described her, a fair and beautiful girl, lithe as a willow, graceful as a fawn, with eyes that reflected the deep blue of her own skies. But to the old man's story—Many hundreds of years ago, an old fisherman and his wife lived in a cottage in a little clearance at the edge of the very forest where these trees came from. On the evening when my story begins, he was sitting at the door of his cot, mending



Lucretia Lake

his nets. The green sward on which his cottage stood, ran far into the lake, and it seemed as if it were from love for the blue clear waters, that the tongue of land had stretched itself out into them, while with an equally fond embrace, the lake had circled the meadow, rich with waving grass and flowers and the refreshing shade of trees. At the back of this little promontory, there lay a wild forest, which from its gloom and pathless solitude, was avoided by all,

“While sitting over his nets this evening, a sudden fear came on him. He heard a horse and rider approach. All that he had dreamed of the mysteries of the forest, now flashed upon him. His mind was filled with dread of the gigantic snow-white man that was the terror of



the surrounding country. Your bears, Mr. Radford, were nothing to the terror this man inspired.

“As the sounds came nearer, he could see a knight on a splendid white horse, just coming from the deep woods. A scarlet mantle was thrown

over his purple gold embroidered doublet; a red and violet plume waved over his helmet, and a richly ornamented sword flashed from his shoulder belt. Presently the stranger drew up and enquired whether he and his horse could have shelter and care for the night. 'For your horse, good Sir', replied the fisherman, 'I can give you no better stable than this shady meadow. Yourself, I will gladly welcome to my small cottage and give you supper and lodging as good as we have.'

"The knight was well satisfied with this, and together they entered the cottage. The fisherman's wife sat before the bright fire. She rose to welcome her guest and offered him a seat. They drew their chairs around the hearth and began to talk in a friendly manner. The knight made some inquiries about the forest, but the old man seemed disinclined to talk on this subject, although he was glad to tell of their manner of life, their home, and their friends. The stranger told them that he had a castle near the source of the Danube, and that his name was Sir Hulbrand of Ruigsten.

"During the conversation, the knight heard the splash of water several times, against the window. At last the old man could bear it no longer. He went to the door and called, 'Undine, you must leave off these naughty tricks.' It still continued, and at last the door flew open, and a beautiful girl glided laughing into the room. To the knight, she seemed a vision from another world, for none of the noble ladies whom he had met, was her equal in look or manner. She wore the dress of the German peasant girl, a gown or tunic of dark blue flannel, fastened at the throat and waist; a simple dress that suited well the grace and symmetry of her youthful form. Her hair which had become unfastened in her pranks with the water, fell around her in rippling waves of gold. Her eyes of deepest blue sparkled with mirth. To look at her was to fill you with delight of fair skies, sunshiny days, dancing water, and the song of birds. And yet as you looked at her face, there was something wanting. What was it? The knight, however, did not see it, for he sat entranced and thanked his stars, and said to himself how gladly he would again risk the danger of the forest to gain this entrancing vision. He was recalled to himself by the girl's mother telling her to go to work. But the latter did not feel inclined to do so until she had heard from the newcomer, of his adventures in the woods. Then the wrath of the old man burst out violently. He severely reproved Undine's disobedience and



unbecoming behavior, especially before a stranger. Undine quickly retorted, 'If you want to chide me and won't let me do as I wish, then stay alone in your smoky old hut,' and swift as an arrow, she flew from the room and fled into the darkness.

"The knight and the fisherman sprang from their seats, and were about to follow the angry girl, but the old man, considering for a moment, said it was useless to try to find her. This was not the first time she had run away. 'God keep her from harm,' he said reverently.

"The knight so urged the old man that he at last consented to make an effort to find the lost one, but it was indeed, as he said, useless. She



seemed to have vanished like one of the wonderful beings whom Sir Hulbrand had met in the forest.

"When the two men returned, the old woman had retired. They piled on plenty of dry wood, the old man brought out refreshments, and they soon found themselves conversing like old friends. At the slightest movement outside, they would open the door and peer out into the darkness, but the wanderer did not return.

"They became very confidential. The old man told the knight Undine was only his foster child. Fifteen years ago, he said, God blessed us with a beautiful child, the joy and light of our lives. When she was about six months old, I was obliged to go to the city with my goods. On

my return home, Oh, the sorrow that awaited me. My wife came to me; the baby was not with her. I said, My God, where is the child? With Him whom you have just called, dear husband,' she replied. I went sorrowfully with her to our cottage, expecting to see the little corpse, and then she told me how it happened. She had been sitting on the edge of the lake, our dear child in her arms, the little one bent forward as if to see something very beautiful in the water. In a moment she sprung out of her mother's arms and had sunk into the lake. I searched, but all in vain. No trace of her have I ever found. The old man continued: The same evening, as we, broken hearted parents, sat here at the fire, a knock



came to the door. As I opened it, a beautiful little girl, about four years old, very richly dressed, stood on the threshold. My wife and I had but one thought, to keep the dear child for our own in place of our lost darling. She was able to give only a confused account of herself and parents. She said she was born far, far away. This day she had been in a boat with her mother, on the lake; the boat capsized and she found herself on the shore. Seeing light in our cottage, she came towards it. Her father's name she did not remember. Her own name, Undine, she lisped so sweetly, and she had such pretty ways, she soon won our hearts

“As soon as the first rays of light appeared, the old man and the knight went again in search of the fugitive. But such a transformation. The swollen stream had taken its course directly in front of the haunted forest, so as to change the little peninsula into an island. Amid the howling of the waves and the cracking of the trees, they could see a tall man in white, the face the fisherman knew too well, grinning and nodding at him.



“Just then a gentle voice said, ‘Venture not, the old man, the stream is full of tricks,’ and again, ‘Look around thee, oh beautiful youth,’ the voice now close beside him. Looking towards it, the knight saw, on a little island formed by the night flood, Undine smiling and happy, nestling in the flowery grass. With a few steps he crossed the flood and stood beside her ready to carry her back to her father, when she said, ‘You shall tell me your story here, beautiful friend, the cross old people can not hear us, and our roof of leaves is just as good shelter as their poor cottage

“The old fisherman in the meanwhile had come to the edge of the stream and shouted across for his child to return. The knight, with some

difficulty, persuaded her to this, for at first she was determined to hear the story of the woods.

"The fisherman and his wife came to meet her, caressed her in the heartiest manner, and gave her no word of approach. When at last the sun had shone out, stillness had followed the storm and the birds were singing merrily on the wet branches, but the stream continued to swell



until it had cut off the little promontory from the mainland, so it was impossible for Sir Hulbrand to return home. Did he wish to do so? I think not. Life became very pleasant to him in this little haven of rest. Part of the day he rambled about with an old crossbow he had found and repaired. With this he secured an abundance of water fowl for the cottage kitchen. The old man supplied them with fish, so they had a plentiful table.



"The fisherman and his wife took pleasure in the intimacy of the young pair and regarded them as already betrothed. Hulbrand hoped that he would be Undine's accepted one. He had come here in the early spring and now it was midsummer. All were happy and the days flowed on tranquilly. One evening about this time a low knocking at the door was heard, and as they knew their little dwelling was almost inaccessible, and the enchanted forest so near, they looked at each other doubtingly. Undine meanwhile approached the door and cried out angrily and boldly, 'spirits of the earth, if you wish to carry on your mischief, Kuhleborn shall teach you something better.' The terror of the rest was increased by these mysterious words. They looked fearfully at the girl. Hulbrand was just stepping forward when a voice said without, 'I am not a spirit of the earth, but a spirit indeed still within its earthly body. You within the cottage, if you fear God, will help me. Open to me.' At these words Undine had already opened the door, and holding a lamp out in the stormy night, by which they perceived an aged priest, who stepped back at the unexpected sight of the beautiful maiden, saying 'All good spirits praise the Lord.' 'I am no spectre,' said Undine smiling, 'do I then look so ugly? Besides, you see the holy words do not frighten me. I too, know of God and how to praise Him, everyone, to be sure, in his own way, for so he has created us. Come in venerable Father, you come among good people.'

"The holy man entered, bowed, sat dawn, and conversed with a grave yet tender demeanor. They refreshed him with food and drink, and when he had recovered from his fatigue, he told them that the day before he left his cloister, he was overtaken by the floods and would have lost his life, but that two men in a boat rescued him and then cast him ashore on this little island. 'Yes, island,' said the fisherman, 'a short time ago it was a point of land.' 'Well, we must be resigned,' said the monk, 'God orders all things right.'

"Sir Hulbrand seemed full of deep thought. At last he broke the silence and said, 'Venerable Father, you see before you here, a pair pledged to each other, and if this maiden and these good people have no objection, you shall unite us this very evening.' Undine had become suddenly grave and looked down thoughtfully while the priest enquired respecting the circumstances of the case, and asked if the people gave their consent. After much discussion the matter was settled. The old dame went to

find two consecrated tapers. The priest lighted the tapers, placed them on a table, and summoned the bridal pair to stand before him. He then gave them to each other with a few short and solemn words.

"Later in the evening, the priest said, 'Why did you tell me you are the only people on the island, when I saw during the ceremony, a tall man in white, looking through the window. Will you not invite him in?' 'God forbid,' said the two old people in an earnest voice.



"Both before and during the ceremony, Undine had remained quiet and gentle, but now all the wayward humors which rioted within her, seemed to burst forth. Her mother was grieved and even the knight looked grave. At length the priest said in a serious tone, 'My fair young maiden, no one can look at you without delight, but remember so to attune your soul that it may harmonize with that of your wedded husband.' 'Soul!', said Undine laughing, 'That sounds pretty enough, but when one hasn't a soul, what then?' She went up to him and said, 'Listen to me and be not angry.' It was evident she was endeavoring to explain something. The effort was too much, she burst into tears.

"Hulbrand dismissed the awful thought that he was married to a



fairy or some malicious being of the spirit world. Undine now recovering her self-possession, and looking earnestly at the priest said, 'There must be something beautiful, but at the same time awful about a soul. Tell me, holy sir, were it not better that we never had such a gift?' The priest went up to her and said a few solemn earnest words, gave her his blessing and said to the knight, 'Sir bridegroom, I will leave you with her whom I have united to you in marriage. I commend to you prudence, love and fidelity.'

"I don't wonder," said Mary Simmons, "that she began to be serious and think of her immortal soul."

"You will find, Mary, that it was not altogether because Undine was becoming serious. It seems to me there was something different in this case," said Clare.

"She was beautiful anyway. Don't you think so Doctor?" said Mr. Radford.

"Yes, indeed," said Dr. Sinnot, "and I want to hear the end of the story."

"Next morning when the young wife made her appearance, all rose to meet her, and all stood still with surprise, for she seemed so strange to them and yet the same. With a few humble and gracious words, she begged the priest to forgive any foolish words she said last evening, asking his blessing, and entreated him to pray for the welfare of her soul. She then rose, kissed her foster parents, and thanked them from the depth of her heart for all their goodness. She assisted her mother in preparing breakfast. She continued throughout the day quiet, kind and attentive. They expected every moment to see some whimsical vagary. But no; and for the old people especially, she was gentle, tender and thoughtful.

"Towards evening Sir Hulbrand found Undine looking sad, and gently drew her out-of-doors. The eyes of the young wife were moist. A fearful secret seemed hovering on her lips. She led her husband onward and onward in silence. When he spoke, she only answered him with looks in which it is true, there lay no direct reply to his inquiries, but a whole heaven of love. Thus they reach the edge of the swollen stream. The knight was astonished to see it rippling along in gentle waves without a trace of its former wildness and swell. 'By the morning

it will be quite dry, and you can travel away wherever you will, without anything to hinder you.' 'Not without you, my little Undine,' replied the knight, laughing. 'Remember, even if I wished to desert you, the church and the emperor would interpose and bring the fugitive back again.' 'All depends on you. All depends on you,' whispered his wife, half weeping, half smiling. 'I think, however, you will keep me with you. I love you so heartily. Now carry me across to that little island that lies before us. The matter shall be decided there.

"Hulbrand, full as he was, of strange fear and emotion, knew not what to reply. He took her in his arms and carried her across, remembering now for the first time, that this was the same little island from which



he had borne her back to the old fisherman after their long search during the night. On the further side, he put her down on the soft grass and was on the point of placing himself near her when she said, 'No! There opposite to me! I will read my sentence in your eyes before your lips speak. Now listen attentively to what I will relate to you.' And she began,—'You must know, my loved one, that there are beings in the elements which almost appeal like mortals, and which rarely allow themselves to become visible to your race. Wonderful salamanders glitter and sport in the flames; lean and malicious gnomes dwell deep within the earth; spirits, belonging to the air, wander through the forests; and a vast family of water spirits live in the lakes and streams and brooks. In resounding domes of crystal, through which the sky looks in with its

sun and stars, these latter spirits find their beautiful abode; lofty trees of coral with blue and crimson fruits, gleam in their gardens; they wander over the pure sand of the sea, and among lovely variegated shells, and amid all exquisite treasures of the old world, which the present is no longer worthy to enjoy. All these, the floods have covered with their secret veils of silver, and the noble monuments sparkle below, stately and solemn and bedewed by the loving waters which allure them from many a beautiful moss flower and entwining clusters of seagrass. Those, however, who dwell there, are very fair and lovely to behold, and for the most part are more beautiful than human beings. Many a fisherman has been so fortunate as to surprise some tender mermaid as she rose above the waters and sang. He would tell afar of her beauty; and such wonderful beings have been given the name of Undines. You, however, are now actually beholding an Undine.' ”

“ The knight tried to persuade himself that his wife was under the spell of one of her strange humors, and that she was taking pleasure in teasing him with one of her extravagant inventions. But repeatedly as he said this to himself, he could not believe it for a moment. A strange shudder passed through him. Unable to utter a word, he stared at the beautiful narrator with an immovable gaze. Undine shook her head sorrowfully, drew a deep sigh, and then proceeded as follows :

“ Our condition would be far superior to that of other human beings, for human beings we call ourselves, being similar to them in form and culture; but there is one evil peculiar to us. We, and our like in the other elements, vanish into dust and pass away, body and spirit, so that not a vestige of us remains behind. And when you mortals hereafter awake to a purer life, we remain with the sands and the sparks, the winds and the waves. We also have no souls; the elements move us and are often obedient to us while we live, though they scatter us to dust when we die; and we are merry without having aught to grieve us—merry as the nightingales and little gold fishes and other pretty children of nature. But all things aspire to be higher than they are. Thus, my father, who is a powerful water prince in the Mediterranean sea, desired that his only daughter should become possessed of a soul, even though she must then endure many of the sufferings of those thus endowed. Such as we are, however, can only obtain a soul by the closest union of affection with one of your human race. I am now possessed of a soul, and my soul

thanks you, my inexpressibly beloved one, and it will ever thank you if you do not make my whole life miserable. For what is to become of me if you avoid and reject me? Still I will not retain you by deceit. And if you mean to reject me, do so now, and return alone to the shore. I will dive into this brook, which is my uncle; and here in the forest, far removed from other friends, he passes his strange and solitary life. He is, however, powerful, and is esteemed and loved by many great streams. And as he brought me hither to the fisherman, a light hearted, laughing child, he will take me back to my parents, a loving, suffering, and soul endowed woman.' She was about to say still more, but Hulbrand embraced her with the most heartfelt emotion and love, and bore her back again to the shore. It was not till he reached it that he swore amid tears, never to forsake his sweet wife. In endearing confidence, Undine walked back to the cottage, leaning on his arm, feeling now for the first time, with all her heart, how little she ought to regret the forsaken crystal palaces of her mysterious father.

"Next morning as Sir Hulbrand was turning over in his mind, the wonderful story Undine had told him, she entered the room, sat down beside him and said—'I have been out rather early to see if my uncle keeps his word. He has already led all the waters back into his own chanel, so we can travel without delay.' It seemed to Hulbrand as though he were in a waking dream, so little could he reconcile himself to the strange relationship of his wife. He walked with her to the door of the cottage and saw the green peninsula, calm and beautiful as it was the evening he came. He had been so happy here, he was loath to leave. 'Dear Undine,' said he, 'why should we travel so soon, we have spent such happy days here? Let us tarry a little longer.' 'As you will,' replied she, 'but it will be hard for the old people to part from me even now, but when they perceive the true soul within me, and how I can now love and honor them, they will be broken down with grief.' Hulbrand saw at once that she was right and decided to start that very day. He went to the aged people, told them of his plans for the future, thanked them from his heart for all their goodness to his dear wife and to himself. The priest offered to accompany the young people, and after a sad farewell, and amid blessings and prayers for their future happiness, the three travellers departed.

"This journey through the fragrant forest lived forever in their memories. They spoke little, their hearts were too full. The silence and

sounds of the deep woods found an echo in their hearts, that ever and ever turned to God in sweetest songs of praise.

"The time passed quickly. They soon found themselves on the borders of the forest, where they were joined by a fourth traveller. He wore a white garment that floated around him in vast folds. He came up close to Undine and whispered something in her ear. She screamed and called upon her husband. As quick as lightning he was by her side and aimed a sharp blow at the man's head, but the sword seemed to cut through a waterfall. Hulbrand distinctly heard the words:



Rash knight,  
Brave knight;  
Rage feel I not,  
Chide will I not.  
But ever guard thy little wife as well.  
Rash knight! Brave knight!  
Protect her well!

"Can you not imagine the surprise it was when Sir Hulbrand returned with his wife? But that the priest came with them, people would have said that the knight had found an enchanted princess. You do not



wonder I am sure, for who would imagine that he should find this beautiful lady during a journey through the woods? Soon, however, her sweet gentleness won all hearts, and a round of gaiety was begun to welcome the knight and his fair bride. Undine soon tired of the hollowness of this society and in many of the speeches she detected a false note. Any unkindness grieved her. She would say to her husband, 'Have they really souls?' Still, owing to her husband's high position, she was obliged to take part in many public functions.

"One evening when they were taking a quiet walk in the park of the beautiful city of Vienna, as they sat down to enjoy the soft splashing of the fountain, a gentleman stepped up, bowed to Undine and said something in a low voice, and then walked away so briskly that he seemed to have vanished in air. For a few moments she was unable to speak, and then she said to her husband in a timid voice, 'It was my uncle Kuhlborn. He is the master of this fountain.'

"They had been so long free from such visits that Hulbrand was beginning to think these spirits would not again trouble his wife. He was very much annoyed and seemed to think she could keep these people away. He was hasty and impatient. For days she saw little of him. He even reproached her in an unreasonable way. Her plaintive grief was touching. How she wished it were in her power to keep them away. It grieved her tender heart to displease her husband."

Clare said, "Oh, yes, that's the way; men are all the same."

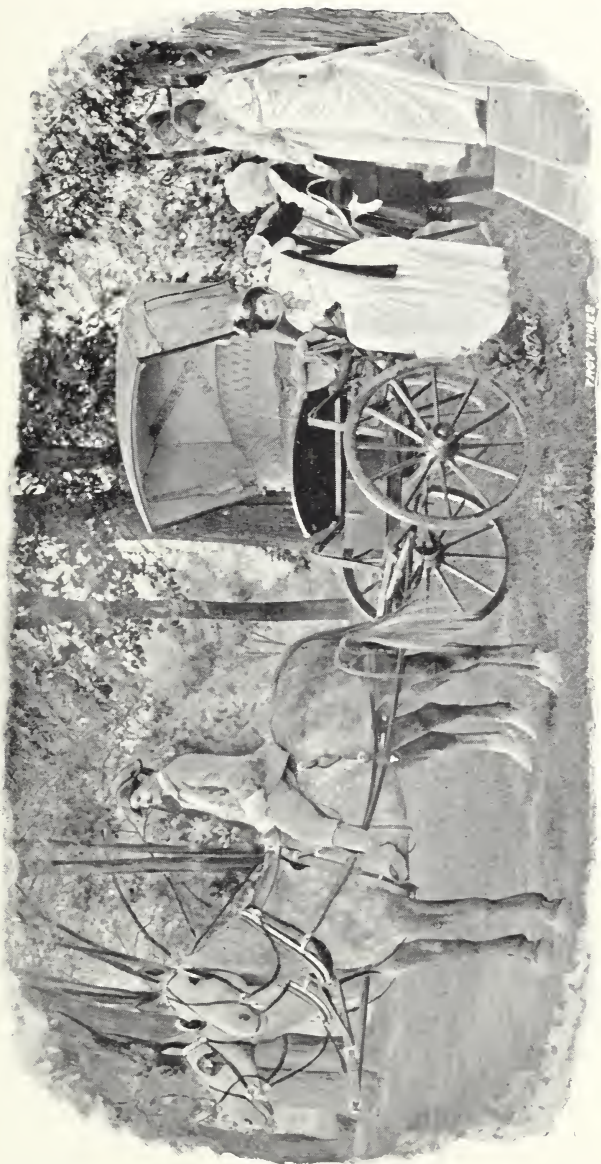
"Well," said Mr. Radford, "I think it must have been rather unpleasant to have such relations as that coming around."

"Undine thought so too, and here was her way out of the difficulty. She proposed to go and live in their country castle of Ringstein. This fell in with Sir Hulbrand's wishes. He sent an efficient corp of workmen to repair and improve the living rooms, invited a few good friends, and prepared to spend a pleasant winter in the country.

"Sir Hulbrand thought the old home never looked so beautiful. Undine was charmed; every day she found some new thing to delight her. The parks; the gardens; the fine old castle.

"One beautiful day in October, Undine and three of the ladies went to explore. Passing through the lawns and shrubberies of the splendid demesne, they came to a little grove from which a rivulet rushed. They seated themselves beneath a tree that overhung the winding brook. The





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three ladies after a while rambled on the edge of the woods, but Undine, enjoying the quiet, rested under the tree. Her friends had left her but a few moments when the water of the little stream became agitated as if something were struggling to free itself, and Undine distinctly heard her name called: and soon her uncle Kuhlborn appeared and said he was there as her protector. He would never allow her husband to act towards her in the heartless manner he did before they left the city, and furthermore, that at the very first unkind word Sir Hulbrand said to her, he, Kuhlborn, would take possession of the beautiful fountain near the castle. Poor Undine begged him to leave her, assuring him that she was perfectly happy. She tried to quiet him, but not before the ladies, now on their way to join her, heard and saw the mysterious stranger. Two of them fell in a swoon. It was late in the afternoon before they were able to return to the castle. Sir Hulbrand was very angry and was harsh and severe to his child wife. She tried to be cheerful and gay and make everything pleasant for her friends, but they often saw that it was an effort.

"Towards Christmas, most of the visitors had return home. Sir Hulbrand, after his long absence, had much business to transact with his vassals and overseers. Besides, he occasionally went to a hunting party at the castle of a neighboring nobleman, and Undine was often left alone.

"When he came to this part of the story, the dear old man was so moved that he did not want to tell any further."

"It would have been too bad not to have heard the end of it," said Clare Brown.

"But you did hear the end of it, did you not?" said Dr. Simnot.

"Oh, yes, I did, and it won't take long to tell it. The old man paused and at first seemed reluctant to go on. Then he said, I could tell you how, step by step, Hulbrand's heart began to turn from Undine. How he looked upon her as a mysterious being; how Undine wept; how her tears stung the knight's heart with remorse, without awaking his former love. All this might be fully detailed, but the task would be too painful.

"Kuhlborn's visits became more and more frequent. Dear Undine never failed to defend her husband, and he saw the heavenly goodness of his wife, and occasionally for a time they were happy.

"The winter had now passed. Spring had come with its joyful sights and sounds. Already the grass had begun to shoot forth. The brooks and rivers seemed to shout for joy. Sir Hulbrand again invited a number of guests. One day they were taking a pleasant walk and talking of the beautiful Danube. Sir Hulbrand spoke of the magnificence of the noble river, and how it widened as it flowed through countries fertilized by its waters. 'It must be glorious to go down the river as far as Vienna,' said one of the ladies. Sir Hulbrand said, 'Yes, I would enjoy it if the Lady Undine thinks well of it.' This touched Undine deeply and with the liveliest desire to give pleasure to her friends, she said, 'I think the little voyage will be delightful.' All were made happy by Undine's compliance with their wishes, and the journey was decided upon. As soon as Sir Hulbrand had an opportunity of seeing Undine alone, he said, anxiously, 'Won't Kuhlborn become again possessed of entire power when we are on the water?' 'Oh, I am sure I can manage him,' said she; 'but, my dearest husband, you are so kind and gentle today. May I venture to ask a favor of you? See now, it is just the same with you as it is with summer in the height of its glory. Summer puts on the flaring and shining crown of mighty storms and assumes the air of a king over the earth. You too, sometimes let your fury arise and your eyes flash, and your voice is angry; and this becomes you well, though I, in my folly, may sometimes weep at it. But never, I pray you, behave thus towards me when I am on the water or even when we are near it. You see, my relatives would then acquire a right over me. They would unrelentingly tear me from you in their rage, because they would imagine that one of their race was injured, and I should be compelled all my life, to dwell below in the crystal palaces, and should never dare to ascend to you again, or they would send me up to you; and that, oh God! would be infinitely worse. No, no, my beloved husband, do not let it come to that if your poor Undine is dear to you!

"He promised solemnly to do as she desired. As they walked back to the castle, she said, 'You already know, my beloved, something of my evil uncle Kuhlborn. He has several times frightened some of our visitors into illness. This is because he is devoid of a soul; a mere elemental mirror of the outward world without the power of reflecting the world within. He sees, sometimes, that I am weeping; hence he imagines various discrepancies in our home life, and what is the good of

reproving him? What is the use of making him angry? His poor nature has no idea that the joys and sorrows of love have so sweet a resemblance, and are so closely linked that no power can separate them.' She looked up at Hulbrand smiling and weeping, and he again experienced within his heart, all the charm of his old love, and solemnly swore to keep his word, and they returned to their guests, full of happiness and affection.

"But wonder not, if events often turn out differently to what we have intended. The malicious power working for our destruction, gladly lulls its chosen victims to sleep with sweet songs and golden delusions, while on the other hand, the rescuing messenger from heaven often knocks sharply and alarmingly at our door.

"The arrangements for the little trip were soon made, and early in May, they left home. During the first few days of their voyage down the Danube, they were extremely happy. Everything grew more and more beautiful, and they sailed further and further down the proudly flowing stream. But in a region otherwise so pleasant, and in the enjoyment of which they had promised themselves the purest delight, the ungovernable Kuhlborn began undisguisedly to exhibit his power of interference. This was at first manifested in mere teasing tricks, for Undine often rebuked the agitated waves or the contrary winds, and then the violence of the enemy would immediately be humbled. But again the attacks would be renewed, and again Undine's reproofs would become necessary. The boatmen, too, were continually whispering to each other in dismay. Hulbrand often said to himself, 'This comes from like not being linked with like; from a man uniting himself with a mermaid.' Excusing himself as we all love to do, he would say he had no right to be subject to this misfortune; that it was no fault of his; and he began to be ill-humored and angry with Undine. He would look at her angrily, the meaning of which the poor wife understood well.

"Wearied with this exhibition of displeasure, and exhausted by the effort to frustrate Kuhlborn, she sank one evening into a deep slumber. Scarcely, however, had she closed her eyes, than everyone in the vessel imagined he saw, no matter in what direction he turned, a horrible human head. It rose out of the water not like that of a person swimming, but perfectly perpendicular as if invisibly supported upright on the watery surface, and floating along on the same course as the bark. Each wanted



to point to the other, the cause of his alarm, but each found the same expression of horror depicted on the face of his neighbor.

"The universal cry raised, awoke Undine. As she opened her eyes the head disappeared. But Hulbrand was indignant at such scenes. He would have burst forth in uncontrolled imprecations had not Undine said to him with a humble manner and softly imploring tone, 'For God's sake, my husband, we are on the water, do not be angry with me now.' The knight was silent and sat down absorbed in reverie and murmured moodily, 'So I must be a prisoner in my own castle, and only able to breathe as long as the fountain is closed. I would your kindred'—Undine lovingly pressed her fair hand on his lips.



"Meanwhile, one of the ladies, pondering in her mind the strange occurrences, unclasped, scarcely conscience of the act, a gold necklace. Half dreamingly she drew it along the surface of the water, enjoying the light glimmer it cast upon the evening-tinted stream. Suddenly a huge hand was stretched out of the Danube; it seized the necklace and vanished with it beneath the waters. The lady screamed aloud, and a scornful laugh resounded from the depths of the stream. The knight could now restrain his anger no longer. Starting up, he inveighed against the river. He cursed all who ventured to interfere with his family or his

life, and challenged them, be they spirits or sirens, to show themselves before his avenging sword.

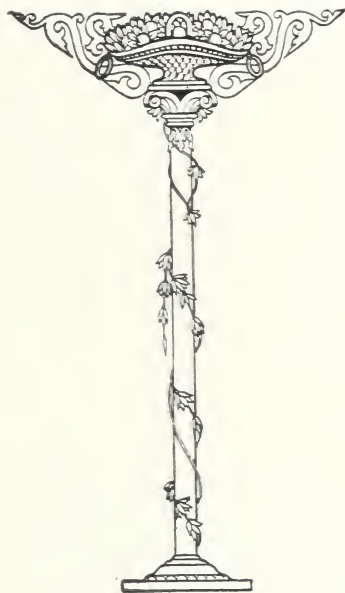
“The lady wept meanwhile, for her lost ornament which was so precious to her, and her tears added fuel to the flame of the knight’s anger, while Undine held her hand over the side of the vessel, dipping it into the water, softly murmuring to herself and only now and then interrupting her strange mysterious whisper, as she entreated her husband: ‘My dearly loved one, do not scold me here; reprove others if you will, but not me here. You know why.’ Presently in her wet hand which she had been holding under the waves, she brought up a beautiful coral necklace of so much brilliancy that the eyes of all were dazzled by it. ‘Take this,’ said she, holding it out kindly to the lady, ‘I have ordered this to be brought for you as a compensation, and don’t be grieved any more, my poor child.’ But the knight sprang between them: he tore the beautiful ornament from Undine’s hand, hurled it into the river, exclaiming in passionate rage,—‘Have you then still a connection with them? In the name of all the witches, remain among them with your presents, and leave us mortals in peace, you sorceress.’ Poor Undine gazed at him with fixed but tearful eyes. Her hand still stretched out as when she had so lovingly offered her beautiful present.

“She then began to weep more and more violently, like a dear innocent child bitterly afflicted. At last, wearied out, she said, ‘Alas, sweet friend, alas; they shall do you no harm: only remain true so that I may be able to keep them from you. I must alas, go away. I must go hence at this early stage of life. Oh, Woe, Woe! What have you done? Oh, Woe, Woe!’

“She vanished over the side of the vessel; whether she plunged into the stream or flowed away with it, they knew not. Her disappearance was like both and neither. Soon, however, she was completely lost sight of in the Danube. Only a few little waves kept whispering as if sobbing round the boat, and they almost seemed to be saying, ‘Oh woe, woe! Oh remain true. Oh woe!’ Hulbrand lay on the deck of the vessel bathed in hot tears, and a deep swoon soon cast its veil of forgetfulness over the unhappy man.”

When the story was finished, we sat a few moments, then rose and almost involuntarily looked away from the woods and towards the moun-

tains. Night had come; the sweet hush of night in the forest. The full moon was high in the sky; the distant peaks were clear, yet mellowed and mingling. We walked home slowly. No one spoke; the beauty and tranquil silence so harmonized with our thoughts. When we reached the door, we said, "Good night" almost in a whisper, and went at once to our rooms.







# Forest Leaves





# FOREST LEAVES.

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

—  
Come with me into the wilderness and rest.  
—

DECEMBER, 1903.

—  
PUBLISHED BY THE  
SANITARIUM GABRIELS.  
—

## Forest Leaves.

The Lord God sends messages  
By all created things—  
A breath of air, an opening flower  
A bird with outspread wings ;  
The gladsome sun and sunshine,  
The twinkling stars at night—  
All teach us mighty lessons  
If we but read aright.  
But the message soft and peaceful,  
The boon for weary care,  
That falls on saint and sinner  
Like benediction prayer ;  
That ever soothes the wounded heart  
And comforts him who grieves—  
The message breathing hope and peace,  
Is borne by forest Leaves.



# FOREST LEAVES.

VOL. I.

DECEMBER, 1903.

NO. I.

## A Breath From The Leaves.

FOREST LEAVES will be a quarterly magazine. It will be published by the Sanitarium Gabriels at Gabriels, N. Y. It will be written by friends of the Adirondacks, to be read by friends of the Adirondacks.

FOREST LEAVES will be stirred by the breezes of the northern woods, and will whisper of the healthful delights of living where the air is wafted from a pure sky to a clean earth.



FOREST LEAVES are for the healing of the people. Among these leaves may the reader find rest and recreation for the mind, for they are messengers from a woodland where tired bodies are strengthened and where the new glow of health brightens wan faces.

*Gabriels, December, 1903.*

## The Bishop's Approbation.

Bishop's House,  
Ogdensburg, N. Y., July, 1903.

DEAR SISTER MARY:

I would very much like to contribute some lines to your coming publication at Sanitarium Gabriels, but the rushing work that is before me until I leave for my visit *ad limina* does not give me time to think of any interesting subject.

Yet, to show my appreciation of your pious undertaking, I will let you say to your readers that the Bishop of the Diocese is proud of the great work which the Sisters of Mercy have made possible in our beautiful mountain region. And, naturally enough, he is the prouder that his name was given to an institution which was destined to bring so much consolation and relief to the many sufferers that were to be its inmates. He knows that their prayers will often mention him to the Giver of all grace, as he, too, frequently prays for the little colony of Gabriels.

May God prosper the work, increase it, and grant it His heavenly blessing.

Paternally yours in Jesus Christ,  
HENRY GABRIELS,  
*Bishop of Ogdensburg.*



## Stray Leaves From The Story of Franklin County.

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### INTRODUCTION.

With the first number of FOREST LEAVES I determined to begin a history of Franklin County, and my friends placed in my hands their most precious histories and notes upon the subject, with permission to use them.

Just as I was about to outline my first paper I visited an old library, from which the most valued books had been culled. Looking over the



piles of histories in serial form, I came upon a manuscript that seems to have escaped the notice of the booklover, as well as of the lover of literature. Its style of illumination and finish would be approved even



by Ruskin. The title appealed to me:—"Stray Leaves from the Story of New York Counties." The style covers nearly the whole field of literature. Each completed leaf bears the signature "Clio."

There are leaves of fiction, of poetry, lyric as well as epic. The story of the noble men and women who braved the "Dismal Wilderness," founded Malone and made Franklin County possible, is here told in a style that the readers of *FOREST LEAVES* will not fail to appreciate. The poems sing the beauty and grace of nature embodied in each mountain, lake and forest. We almost hear the cadence of these songs, sung by the cultured voices of men who had been the guest of court and castle, of hall and bower, and whose only needed grace was that which nature alone could give.

They left the Old World, and were the first lovers of the virgin

wilderness of the New. Nature, always bountiful, lavished upon them her charms.

"Clio" tells us that we cannot imagine the rapture of those first lovers, even when benighted in the deepest forest, as they gazed upon a bit of blue ether dipped down in the form of a charming lake, or upon a mountain rising to bid them welcome and to stand as a guard of honor.

What wonder that the waters of the near-by rivulets stopped to listen to the improvised songs and hymns sung before their camp fires by those forest knights as they pledged their Lady Nature in the sparkling water of the mountain spring.

No epic can be more real than the recital of the brave deeds of those heroes who encountered the savage in the form of man and of beast. The Five Nations, the panther, the bear, the wolf, had to be met and overcome.

The essays and orations written and spoken and the dramas enacted by such men as Alexander Macomb, William Constable, James Duane, Hezekiah Pierrepont, Robert and Gouverneur Morris and their friends, Alexander Hamilton, Edmund Malone, Robert Livingstone, Philip Schuyler and Robert Troupe, are given here by "Clio's" pen, dipped in the fountain of Truth and Fancy.

The "Stray Leaves on Franklin County" cover the closing years of the eighteenth and the whole of the nineteenth century, and recount the noble deeds of our ancestors in settling this Northern wild.

Natives of Ireland, England, Scotland, France; heroes of church and state, unite to give us the inheritance that is ours to enjoy and ours to transmit.

Vos ET EGO.



## A Christmas Message.

*"Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis."*

Since the echoes of the angelic message and promise must "roll on forever and forever," we know they have reached Gabriels and filled the mountain ranges and found in our forest trees, "what are not more diverse in their shades of green than in their tones of speech," so many harps to accompany the angels' voices.

And now, the beautiful trees assume the part of joyful listeners. Clothed in snowy robes, they wait upon the new born king.

Let us reverently listen to these voices of nature and of Faith translating this heavenly message and promise: "Glory to God in the highest."

Who can measure the glory God receives from the noble souls of



Snow Scenes.

Troy 7, 1925

the suffering ones who have touched His hand and whom He has led aside and away to Gabriels that they may "think more in their hearts," may hear His voice more clearly and may learn to follow His will more closely.

"And on earth peace to men of good will!"

FOREST LEAVES, the voice of the trees, is glad to proclaim at its first greeting the Divine promise of peace to all—from the giver of thousands to the one whose least heart offering helped to build this resting place for those whom God calls "to come apart and rest awhile."

At this blessed Christmas-tide all join the angels in the prayer that peace may rest upon those who have aided Gabriels in this new enterprise, not only by their gifts but by their sweet and loving words of encouragement, peace and good will to all—"the peace of God that surpasseth all understanding."



## The Holy Mother's Lullaby.

*"And she brought forth her first born Son and wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger."*

(Translated from the Latin and dedicated to the Blessed Virgin.)

Sleep, my darling, sleep! thy mother  
Singeth for her only One;  
Sleep, my baby, sleep! thy father  
Calleth to his little Son.

Sleep, dear heart, thy mother singing  
Lulls to rest her dearest joy,  
Golden harps in heaven are ringing  
Sweet, to soothe her lovely boy.

See! I'll spread thy straw with roses,  
Cover thee with violets o'er,  
Lillies fair shall deck thy manger,  
Purple iris strew the floor.

Wouldst thou music, dear? the shepherds  
Will I straightway call for thee;  
None can sing thee sweeter measures,  
None a gentler lullaby.

—WILLIAM HARRISON TOOLE.



Christmas Shrine at Gabriels.



## An Experience On The Upper St. Regis.

BY PAUL SMITH.



One time when I lived at Hunters' Home on Loon Lake, four lawyers from Lawrence, Mass., came to see me. They had been going to Maine regularly for several years and thought they would try the Adirondacks. They told me that they wanted to go where they could kill deer and get trout, and I sent them to Plumadore Pond, a distance of eight miles through the woods from my place. There was good hunting and fishing around Plumadore and the boys got all the deer and trout they wanted. When they wound up the trip they came back to Hunters' Home and told me that they had a good time, but said they did not like the country as well as they did Maine, because they did not find lakes like those in Maine. I told the boys there were many lakes above, all they wanted to see of them, and one man, named Saunders, asked me if I would take him to them if he would remain over a few days. They had planned to go home the next day.

I had a bark canoe and took Saunders through Mud Pond, which they call Kushaquah now; across Lily Pad Pond into Rainbow Lake, down the outlet of Rainbow to Osgood Lake, and then carried the boat to Lower St. Regis Lake, which was then called Follensby Pond. We continued up through Spitfire into the Upper St. Regis and crossed the carry into Lake Clear. After this trip, during which we killed a deer on Osgood, Saunders said:

"I've seen lakes enough."

"We've only just begun," says I. "We can go on to the Saranacs, to the Raquette River, to Forked Lakes — —".

"No, we'll go back," said Saunders, and we went back.

That night we camped where Vanderbilt's camp is now on the Upper St. Regis Lake. After supper Saunders proposed that we go out



and see if we could get a deer night-hunting. I got the boat ready, put a light in the end and we went down into Penfold's Bay. I worked the boat along toward the shore to see if there were any deer feeding on the lily pads. We were still some distance from the shore when Saunders saw something swimming in the water. I asked him what it was. Neither one of us could see, because the light did not strike just in that place and it was pretty dark. Saunders said it looked like a fawn, and added, "It's just what I want to catch."

I whirled the boat around and struck out in the wake of the deer. Saunders reached out and grabbed it and lifted it into the boat. Then the fight began. There was the awfulest tussle in the front end of the boat you ever saw. The animal was scratching and clawing Saunders and biting him, and they threatened to upset the boat.

"Throw him overboard!" said I. "You'll drown us both."



"No, I won't," Saunders replied. "He's biting me; he's eating me up. Pull for the shore."

Saunders choked the thing and it kept on biting him. I sent the boat as hard as I could into the shore, and the minute it struck I jumped into the water and waded to the front end of the boat.

"Take my knife and stick him," shouted Saunders.

I got the knife out of his belt and reached down to cut the animal.

"I can't get the knife into him," said I, and I tried it again.

Then I felt of the blade and found that the leather scabbard was still on it. I pulled the scabbard off and threw it away and then killed the animal.

When we got into the light we found that Saunders had picked up a black cat instead of a fawn. He was a long, wiry fellow and had bit Saunders terribly on the hands and arms and about torn the clothes all off him. Saunders wore those scars until he died.



## The Night Smoke in Camp.

BY HARRY V. RADFORD.

Supper is over ;  
 The day is done ;  
 The camp fire's lit,  
 And the stories all spun.  
 And I lean me back  
 'Gainst a great, gray oak,  
 And I light my pipe  
 And begin to smoke.

The stars are peeping  
 Through leaves above,  
 Telling of happiness,  
 Peace and love.  
 And my thoughts run back  
 To the noise and strife,  
 The sorrow and sin  
 Of the city life.

And I breathe a prayer  
Of fervent thanks  
That I'm camping to-night  
On the river's banks.  
Oh, the greenwood wild  
Is the home for me,  
For I love the mountain,  
Lake and tree.



And I finish my pipe.  
Ere I drop asleep,  
I pray the Lord  
My soul to keep,  
And the fire burns down  
To a single spark;  
And the camp is wrapped  
In silence and dark.

## Stevenson in the Adirondacks.

WITH QUOTATIONS FROM HIS LETTERS.



Stevenson's Adirondack Fireplace.

Robert Louis Stevenson came to America with the intention of spending the winter in Colorado, but friends in New York advised the Adirondacks instead. He reached Saranac Lake October 3, 1887, and remained there until the middle of April, 1888. He died at his house, "Valima," in Samoa, from a stroke of apoplexy, on the evening of December 3, 1894, in the forty-fifth year of his age.

The description on the bronze plate on Stevenson's tomb on the mountain back of Valima (his "Requiem"), is:

Under the wide and starry sky,  
 Dig the grave and let me lie.  
 Gladly I lived and gladly die,  
 And I laid me down with a will.  
 This be the verse you grave for me:  
*Here he lies where he longed to be;*  
*Home is the sailor, home from the sea,*  
*And the hunter is home from the hill.*

Stevenson said of his nationality: "We all belong to many countries. I am a Scotchman; touch me and you will find the thistle. I am a Briton, and live and move and have my being in the greatness of our national achievements. But am I to forget the long hospitality of that beautiful and kind country, France? Or has not America done me favors to compound my gratitude? Nay, they are all my relations; I love them all dearly."

In an essay written at Saranac Lake Stevenson quotes the famous remark of Charles II.: "I am afraid, gentlemen, I am an unconscionable time a-dying." The second Stuart had little in common with our beloved "R. L. S.," yet the death-bed saying characterizes the spirit, humor and

condition of Stevenson in 1887. Stricken with tuberculosis at the age of twenty-two, he had been a-dying for fifteen years.

The story of Stevenson's heart-breaking struggle with disease is well known. Each escape from the land of Counterpanes meant a journey to another health-resort. Italy, France, the Scottish highlands, Switzerland, Monterey and the mountains of California saw him in turn. Then the Adirondacks.

Here the climate was often execrable, the winter of 1887-8 being



Stevenson's Cottage in the Adirondacks.

exceptionally bad. The invalid found himself in a kind of wilderness of hills and fir woods and boulders and snow and wooden houses. \* \* \* The country is a kind of insane mixture of Scotland and a touch of Switzerland and a dash of America, and a thought of the British channel in the sky. "We have a decent house on a hill-top, with a look down a Scottish river in front, and on one hand a Perthshire hill; on the other, the beginnings and starts of the village play hide and seek among the hills." The climate was "grey and harsh, but hungry and somnolent, essentially bracing and briskening." "When it is cold it is delightful; but



we have chopped in and out from frost to thaw, from snow to rain, from quiet air to the most disastrous north-westerly curdlers of the blood."

Yet in a few weeks he pronounced it all "a success"; in three months he was "wonderfully better." The tide of disease turned. Returning health drove him into a "fury" of work; the latter part of his sojourn in the Adirondacks being, perhaps, the most active period of his literary life.

Stevenson's letters from Saranac Lake are jubilant. To nearly every correspondent is given some detail of his work. In one letter he relates the genesis of "The Master of Ballantrae." He was walking on the verandah of the Baker Cottage at Saranac Lake. The night was very dark; the air extraordinarily clear and cold, and sweet with the purity of the forest. There came to his mind an incident of an Indian fakir, related



by his uncle, "and the next moment I had seen the circumstances transplanted from India and the tropics to the Adirondack wilderness and the stringent cold of the Canadian border." "On such a fine, frosty night the brain works with much vivacity," and plans for a story were instantly evolved—"a story of many years and countries; of the sea and land, savagery and civilization." The romance was "whipped into form," as was Stevenson's talent, by relating the evolving chapters to his companions, and in the occasional absences of Mrs. Stevenson and the author's mother, Mrs. Baker, the woodsman—landlord, was drafted as a listener. Baker was drawn upon, too, for details of woodcraft and forest ways when the closing scenes of the tragedy were reached.

Next to "The Master" in importance among Stevenson's Adirondack works are twelve articles for Scribner's Magazine. In these the poet, artist and magician of letters "rises to preach." No Scot had greater love for the literary pulpit. "I would rise from the dead to preach," he confesses. The Scribner essays end with the beautiful "Christmas Sermon," containing this oft-quoted passage—his text, creed and message:

"To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make on the whole a family better for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends but these without capitulation—above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy."

Of Stevenson's life in the Adirondacks there is little, perhaps, nothing, new to say. He skated whenever the ice on the pond was clear of snow, and walked the verandah course daily. There were long talks and long thoughts before the big fireplace. His bedroom, a mere box which the bed nearly filled, was his work-shop, the counterpane his table. St. Gauden's fine bas-relief, the best of Stevenson's portraits, gives the scene. Many things were on the bed—"things to eat and to smoke, things to write with and to read." One visitor to Stevenson's bedroom was reminded of his quaint, childhood poem:

"The world is so full of a number of things,  
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

This was his attitude always, and few princes of earth have ever felt Stevenson's joy of life, even while death stood over him. The "perpetual boy" was ever eager for things, new things to see and know, and before the Adirondack winter wore out he was planning those wondrous voyages among the summer isles of the South Sea.

Few visitors came to Bakers'. The wilderness folk seemed unaware that a prince had come to them, but the little house on the hill now sees thousands of pilgrims, and the smoke-stained fireplace is a literary shrine.

—C. W. C.



Life is made up not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things in which smiles and kindnesses and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart.—*Examiner*.



## The Adirondacks.

BY BINGHAM THOBURN WILSON.

When God first made the Moon, the Stars, the Sun,  
 And then the Earth, and called it all "Well done!"  
 He did not speak those words until His hand  
 Had moved and formed and made this wondrous land,  
 Embossing it with rill and brooklet fair—  
 Then gave this playground to His children's care.



Such be that care, oh man! Remember here  
 Lies the enchanted realm of all that's dear;  
 Nor let the vandal desecrate its sod,  
 But keep this heritage—a gift from God—  
 The Nation's boast, the State's most noble pride,  
 Where health, and peace, and happiness abide.

—*Woods and Waters.*

## The Old Days In The Woods.

Albany, N. Y., September, 1903.

MY DEAR SISTER MARY—The title of the quarterly which you propose publishing in the interest of Sanitarium Gabriels, "Forest Leaves," is not only very appropriate but is indeed poetic. To the old habits of the "dear old woods," as the late Dr. Romeyn used to call them, the words bring back fond recollections of the good old times in the woods in years gone by, and especially to the lovers of the Adirondacks, in the midst of which your noble institution is located.



I by no means wish it to be understood that I am growing old (perish the thought), and yet my memory runs back to the spring of 1866, when I went to "Bartlett's" on the "carry" between Upper Saranac and Round Lake, to grow up with the woods and incidentally to make myself more or less useless in and around the hotel. I was young then, and innocent—*younger* perhaps (but I hope not more innocent) than you would now think to look at me. I succeeded in my purpose of

growing up with the woods, for I entered them a frail, hollow-chested boy, whom the physicians thought a hopeless case, and came out at the end of six months with twenty pounds more of bone and muscle, and full of vigor, and—my acquaintances (vulgar fellows) said—the devil. Of course, the latter statement was not true. I also succeeded in making myself more useless than my employer had anticipated, or than I had even hoped. I followed this for five summers, and at the end of that time I was "grewed up," weighing one hundred and seventy-five pounds and as healthy as a buck. After the first year or two my motive in going each summer into that "Great Garden of the Gods" was not want of health, but because I loved the woods and needed the little money I could earn as hotel clerk, telegraph operator, book-keeper and general utility man.

"The woods" were different in those days. Hotels were not fashionable resorts, but places where the lovers of the rod and gun could procure board and lodging, and engage guides and camping outfits. Golf sticks, "biled" shirts and "cows' breakfasts" (straw hats) were things un-

known in those parts in the happy days of thirty years ago. Paul Smith's, Martin's on Lower Saranac and Baker's, below what is now Saranac Lake Village, then called in local parlance "The River", were the leading hotels in all the country 'round. Deer and trout formed the bill of fare all the season through. Game and fish were plentiful, and there were no embarrassing game laws; or, if there were we did not know, or, if we knew we did not care. Very few comparatively came to the woods in those days, and most who came for fun instead of health.



**Bartlett Carry.**

The woods were wild then, and compared with now were almost trackless. Wolves and catamounts were frequently heard, and occasionally seen and killed, but these have gradually given place to that far more dangerous animal, the amateur hunter, whose principal victims are guides and hunting companions. At the head of Upper Saranac, where the popular Saranac Inn is now located, Hough kept a small hunting lodge. At the lower end Corey kept a small place on Indian Carry. Just above the Wawbeek old Cort Moody lived, and hunted, and fished. Dear old Cort! How well I remember him, six feet six in his stockings; deep set eyes; long black hair, hanging out through a hole in the top of his old

slouch hat; bushy eyebrows; more than a suspicion of tobacco at each corner of his mouth, and deaf as a post. He was a great hunter, and loved to tell his hunting stories. He was picturesque in appearance, and picturesque and prolific in his innocent profanity. I remember well an occasion when a good priest, whom Cort was "guiding," remonstrated with Cort because of his profanity, telling him not only of the vileness of the habit but of its wickedness. Cort sat looking the priest steadily in the eye, not hearing a word that was said, and, when the latter had finished, exclaimed "I killed a —— —— bigger one than that in Square Pond." Cort supposed that the priest had been telling him a deer story.

The guides had more to do, it seems to me, in those days than now. They were a fine, quaint lot of fellows, splendid specimens of physique, intelligent and witty, thorough woodsmen, good cooks and tireless workers. I imagine they have changed least of all, but the charm of their calling is gone. Every one then coming into the woods needed a guide. Few stopped longer at the hotels than was necessary to "fit out" for camp. Men came in woolen shirts, belted trousers, strong shoes and slouch hats, and the women in natty "bloomers," and all, or nearly all, purely for recreation.

Upper Saranac, Upper St. Regis and Spitfire were then wild and unspoiled. The summer cottage was unknown. A tent, or bark "lean-to," was good enough, and filled every want. The charm, too, of the woods is gone for "old-timers." It is now impossible almost to pitch your tent "away from the busy world."

The hunting and fishing are not so good. Stray bullets from guns that shoot at every moving thing make the former sport more dangerous for man than deer, and the sharky pickerel has all but spoiled the latter. But I am not grumbling; or, at least, I do not mean to grumble. The changes which sportsmen so much deplore I am constrained to believe are all for the best. Thousands are now enjoying the benefits of the pure air of this great pleasure-ground, where only hundreds enjoyed its charm in the days which I remember. Grand, benevolent and beneficent institutions, like your own, are springing up and inviting the sick and weary to health and rest. Good people are paving the way to this health-giving country for those whose circumstances would otherwise force to die for want of a breath of pure air.

May the noble work of your good and liberal institution continue and increase.

Very truly yours,

F. D. K.



## An Idyl of The Farm.

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

O there's joy in every sphere of life from cottage unto throne,  
But the sweetest smiles of nature beam upon the farm alone;  
And in memory I go back to the days of long ago,  
When the teamster shouted "Haw, Buck!" "Gee!" "G'lang!" and  
"Whoa!"

I see out in the logging-field the heroes o' our land,  
With their strong and sturdy faces, each with handpike in his hand;  
With shoulders strong as Hercules, they feared no giant foe,  
As the teamster shouted "Haw, Buck!" "Gee!" "G'lang!" and  
"Whoa!"

The logging-bees are over and the woodlands all are cleared,  
The face that then was young and fair is silver'd o'er with beard;  
The handspike now holds not the place it did long years ago,  
When the teamster shouted "Haw, Buck!" "Gee!" "G'lang!" and  
"Whoa!"

On meadow land and orchard field there rests a glory round,  
Sweet as the memory of the dead that haunts some holy ground;  
And yet there's wanting to my heart some joy of long ago,  
When the teamster shouted "Haw, Buck!" "Gee!" "G'lang!" and  
"Whoa!"

Demosthenes had silvery tongue, and Cicero knew Greek,  
The Gracchi brothers loved old Rome and always helped the weak;  
But there's not a Grecian hero, nor Roman high or low,  
Whose heart spake braver patriot words than "Gee!" "G'lang!" and  
"Whoa!"

They wore no coat of armor, the boys in twilight days—  
They sang no classic music, but the old "Come All Ye" lays;  
For armed with axe and handspike, each giant tree their foe,  
They rallied to the battle cry of "Gee!" "G'lang!" and "Whoa!"

And so they smote the forest down, and rolled the logs in heaps,  
And brought our country to the front in mighty strides and leaps;  
And left upon the altar of each home wherein you go,  
Some fragrance of the flowers that bloom through "Gee!" "G'lang!"  
and "Whoa!"



## The Young Doctor and The Old Doctor.

*An Irish Story.*

BY CAHIR HEALY.

Once upon a time there dwelt somewhere in Ireland—I have forgotten the name of the place—a very old doctor. He was famed near and far for his cleverness and for his cures, and people came from all parts to consult with him and get his advice. It was an everyday saying that what the old doctor did not know was not worth knowing. He cured many a man that medicine could not cure anyhow. Indeed, it was a sad day for Ireland when he closed his eyes in death, for you might travel far and not meet his equal.

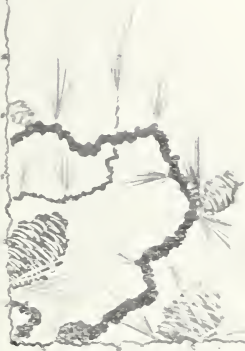
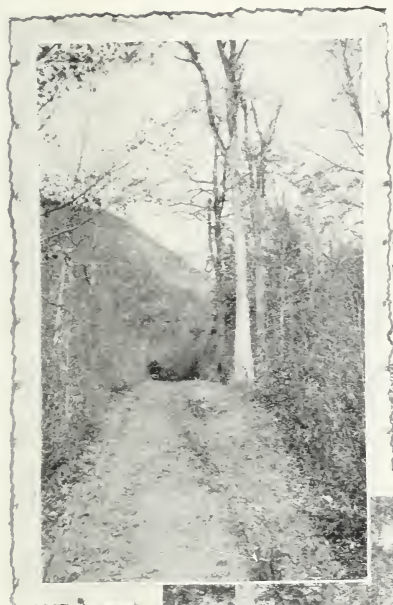
Well, as I got the story, the doctor was very old, and there has been no remedy yet discovered that can keep off old age and infirmity. He found it a wearisome task to go a-visiting his patients day in and day out. Some of them lived miles away, at the back of God-speed, where the roads were so bad that one might get lost on a dark night. So the old doctor, like the clever old fellow that he was, said to himself that he would engage a young doctor to help him.

So he gave it out that he was in need of a clever young doctor. He had no end of applicants for the post, for the old doctor was celebrated in his profession. It would be the making of a young doctor's fortune to have it to say that he was trained under such a one. He found it a difficult matter to make a choice. But at long and at last he chose a smart looking young doctor who had just taken out his degree.

He put some difficult questions to the young man, every one of which he answered. So he said to himself that the young doctor had a lot of book learning, anyhow. This pleased him greatly, and then he confided to the young man the great secret of his success in life. He had never told it to man or mortal before. The secret was that "fancy kills and fancy cures, and keep your eyes always open when visiting a patient." The young doctor thanked him, and said that he would never forget the advice. So the old man said that he would put him to the test on the morrow.

And this is the way he set about it.

He took the young doctor with him next day to see one of his patients who was seriously ill. The man was lying in bed groaning and



*A drive near Gabriels.*



lamenting as if he were breathing his last. His friends had given up all hopes of his recovery, and the parish attorney had already made his will.

The two doctors examined the man, and the young man gave it as his opinion that he was suffering from some malady that I cannot put a name on. The old doctor laughed heartily at that and said that his advice of the evening before had been wasted upon him, after all.

Then the old doctor, turning to the sick man, remarked carelessly that he was in a bad way.

The man groaned again and admitted that it was so.

"You eat oysters," said the old doctor.

"I do, lots," answered the other with surprise.

"The oysters are taking your life," went on the old doctor, "and unless you give up eating them you cannot hope to live much longer."

"Oh, then, sorra bit of me will ever eat one of them again," said the sick man.

"Then," added the doctor, "you will be as sound as bell metal in a month," and saying this he seized his hat and strode through the door, followed by the young man.

From that day out the patient grew stronger and stronger, and in a few weeks he was as well as ever. The young doctor was amazed at his sudden recovery,

"How did you know that the man had eaten oysters?" he asked the old doctor, one day.

"Oh it was very simple," answered the other, "I happened to look under the bed as I entered the room and I saw some oyster shells!"

"Faith, and the young doctor was thoroughly ashamed of his own stupidity when he heard that. And he might have known, for did not the old man tell him that the great secret of his success in the profession was that "fancy kills and fancy cures, and to keep one's eyes open when you go to visit a patient." Indeed, the young doctor had quite as poor an opinion of his own abilities at that moment as the old doctor had.

So he made a firm resolve that he would forget nothing for the future.

Next day the old doctor was confined to bed and the young doctor had to visit one of the patients alone.

As he went along he again meditated upon the advice given him by his colleague, and he promised that he would not forget any part of it. "Fancy kills and fancy cures, and one should always keep one's eyes open when visiting a patient."

As soon as the young doctor entered the room where the patient lay,

he began to gaze about him. You see he was a very simple young man and knew little of the ways of the world. He could think of nothing just then but the old doctor and the man who ate the oysters.

The friends of the sick man looked at one another. They had little confidence in the young doctor.

The young man peered under the bed curtains and smiled. He said to himself that he would surprise the old doctor by his cleverness this time. And when he looked under the bed he saw an old fashioned saddle. He instantly remembered how the old doctor had ascertained from seeing the shells that the man had eaten oysters. This case, therefore, became as plain as a pikestaff to the young doctor—the saddle was under the bed, and the man must have eaten a horse. And the simple young man smiled again.

The friends of the patient shook their heads and whispered to one another that the conduct of the young doctor was very strange and extraordinary. They could make neither head nor tail out of it.

He felt the sick man's pulse for a few minutes and then remarked: "You are very ill."

"Very," added the other slowly.

"You have eaten a horse," he said boldly, fixing his eyes upon the white face of the sick man.

The patient was sitting upright in the bed in an instant.

"What?" he ejaculated faintly. "Eaten a horse?"

"Eaten a horse?" repeated the friends in chorus, jumping to their feet and surrounding the doctor. "Eaten a horse?"

He was about to explain his method, but before he could utter a word a big fellow seized him roughly by the shoulder, pushed him through the door and slammed it in his face.

And he went home to the old doctor and told him everything that had taken place, the same as I'm telling it to you.

When the old doctor heard it all he told the young man that he wouldn't suit him at all, and that it was his opinion that he would never be worth his salt at the profession.

Maybe the old doctor was right and maybe he wasn't. I cannot tell, for fear of telling a lie, what became of the young doctor after that, or whether he went back again to the medical college to learn wisdom or gave up the profession for good and forever.

But I do know that ever after the old doctor had to go a-visiting his patients himself, and let us hope that the young doctor grew wiser when he grew older.

## An Old-World Garden.

BY CAHAL O'BYRNE.

(A little memory of a summer evening in the beautiful old-world garden in Inniskillen, Ireland, the property of W. C. Trimble, J. P. It was art without art.)

Well I know an old-world garden,  
 Where red roses are atwine,  
 Where the low south wind sighs over  
 Banks of honied eglantine,  
 And a moss-grown dial standing  
 Points the hours as silent warden—  
 Happy hours that flew too swiftly  
 In that sunny old-world garden.

Though my way lies through the city,  
 Mid the roar of street and mart,  
 Yet the south wind whispers ever  
 Of a spot that stands apart,  
 Splashed with color, flecked with sunlight,  
 Dark green aisles and sunbright spaces,  
 Arrow shafts of gold light flying  
 Through the dusk of dim, cool places.

Sunset's gold—a world of roses,  
 Star-eyed violets—purple night,  
 Dawn's pale primrose—daffodillies,  
 Flood that garden with their light.  
 Peace and gladness past all telling  
 Veil the city's heart of care—  
 Blossomed sprays all discord quelling  
 Crown that old-world garden there.



There is strength deep-bedded in our hearts of which we reck but little 'till the shafts of heaven have pierced its fragile dwelling. Must not earth be rent before its gems are found?



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## Sanitarium Gabriels. Adirondacks.

IN CHARGE OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

This is a Short Account of [Sanitarium Gabriels for Those] Who Are Not Familiar With the Adirondacks.

Sanitarium Gabriels, for those in the first stages of tuberculosis, in charge of the Sisters of Mercy, was formally opened July 26th, 1897. The land is situated on an undulating plain at the Paul Smith's Station of the New York Central Railroad, and consists of a broad park running along the side of the railroad and rising gradually to a beautiful hill, "Sunrise Mount," which, like a screen, shades the valley from the north winds.

All around it lie the mountains of the Adirondack region, the giants of the range—Mount Marcy, White Face, Mt. McGregor, etc., etc., while not very far away beautiful Lucretia Lake spreads its waters.

The idea carried out is to centralize a group of cottages around the Administration Building, although this plan is more expensive, both to build and maintain. When the health or comfort of the patients is concerned the Sisters have spared neither pains nor money.

The heating, ventilation, plumbing, drainage and water supply are the best known to modern science.

The Paris Exposition has awarded a "Medal" to Sanitarium Gabriels as a reward for the arrangement, construction, water supply, drainage, warming and ventilating of the several buildings, which has been done on the most approved and scientific methods.

Terms per week, from \$10 to \$15. One free patient taken in every ten. No discrimination on account of creed or race.

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The medical service has been of late completely reorganized. To our Advisory Medical Staff composed of

NEW YORK CITY.

Dr. Martin Burke, 147 Lexington Ave.	Francis J. Quinlan, 33 W. 48th St.
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The annual charge for tuition is \$120. This includes board, washing and tuition in the English branches, Latin, French or German, vocal music, elocution, drawing and gymnastics in classes, piano, two individual lessons per week.

For the following branches special terms are given: Violin, guitar, mandolin, banjo, painting, typewriting, stenography and telegraphy. Voice culture and elocution not in class. Typewriting and stenography are not extras for pupils taking the business course.

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The curriculum contains all branches taught in a first-class school, with every extra branch desired.

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# Forest Leaves







# FOREST LEAVES.

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

—  
Come with me into the wilderness and rest.  
—

SPRING, 1904.

—  
PUBLISHED BY THE  
SANATORIUM GABRIELS.  
—

## Among the Forest Leaves

I know a place where the sun is like gold,  
And the cherry blooms burst like snow,  
And down underneath is the loveliest nook  
Where the four-leaved clovers grow.

One leaf is for faith, and one is for hope,  
And one is for love you know ;  
And God put another one in for luck,  
If you search you will find where they grow.

But you must have faith, and you must have hope,  
You must love and be strong—and so  
If you work and you wait you will find the place  
Where the four-leaved clovers grow.

WILLIAM HARRISON TOLE  
New York

# FOREST LEAVES.

VOL. I.

SPRING, 1904.

NO. 2.

## The New Life of Spring.

Winter's white mantle has been for these many days thrown down, like Sir Walter Raleigh's cloak, for the stern queen of the frost to walk upon.

But there are murmurings of spring in the air. The sun comes earlier and stays later, and at noonday has a genial smile of approval.

And as FOREST LEAVES returns for its second quarterly visit, having



been bidden by many an admiring congratulation, the voices of spring are among its leaves.

To those who come within its influence may the spring FOREST LEAVES, like the Sanatorium Gabriels, whose spirit it breathes, bring some taste of the blessings of the Adirondacks—health and hope and happiness.

Gabriels, March, 1904.

## A Day Off.

By D. S. KELLOGG, M. D.



HATEAUGAY LAKE is forty miles away. The railroad goes up, up—for seventeen hundred feet, winds along the mountain, through a pass and circles out on the other side. It crosses a mountain spur at a place called "The Gap." This, the beginning of a trail nearly a mile long, is sixty feet above the waters of the lake.

Starting one morning in late August, "The Gap" was reached in two hours. A dense, smoky haze filled the air. There had been no frost; still on the way up the sumach was scarlet, and Thoreau's "small red maple" that "deserves so well of mapledom" was waving its banner at the edge of many a grove. From "The Gap" the surface of the lake was a veiled expanse of silver. The train accommodatingly stopped for us to get off, though there was no station or platform or building of any sort. The conductor pointed out the trail, and in a few seconds the cars were moving away and we were in green woods. The path leading down was sometimes across a little lap of open pasture or bushes on the hillside, and again beneath an arch of forest trees.

The spring and summer growths remained, bound to hold out until the autumn frosts should paint them and cast them off. The foliage of the tall birches and maples was exuberant, and nearer the ground was there a lavishness of plant life. The green of the bunchberry was dotted red and white with its own fruit and flowers. Fresh raspberries, nature's effort at a second crop in one season, hung on bushes grown this year. The brown eyes of the life-everlasting looked out from the velvet smoothness of the "everlasting's" own whitish green leaves and stalks. Ground pine crept over mossy banks, and occasionally a violet, a remnant of earlier summer, showed its face. Now by glimpses the lake was revealed more distinctly, and the opposite wooded points and high banks.

After a time we reached the shore near a vacant summer cottage. The wind blew from the other side, not violently, but in moderate gusts, making the water rough in places. Sometimes a wave broke off in a white crest, not angrily. Going along the shore to some log houses it was found that the "men folks" were not at home. However, a muscular, bareheaded, copper-colored woman agreed to row across for fifty cents.



Chateaugay Lake.



She did not like to leave her bread baking for a cottager, but a neighbor consented to look after that, and her light boat was soon making good headway against wind and wave. She explained that she did not row us over for the money, only to do a favor, as she wanted to be kind.

Once on the other side, the proprietor at Indian Head took his own boat and rowed three miles to our destination, the site of an ancient Indian village. During this part of the journey a storm threatened. The thunder rolled and echoed in the mountains as loudly as the ninepins of Hendrik Hudson's company in the Kattskills. A greater darkness settled down through the haze. A large and beautiful island near the center of



Through the Birches to Chateaugay Lake.

the lake looked higher, more beautiful and farther away. The quieted waters became black and began to ripple again.

A few drops of rain fell and the storm retired, throwing back rumblings and reverberations as if laughing at its own stratagems. Some years ago this lake was raised by a dam at the outlet, but owing to lack of rain its surface at this time was lower than for seven years. Yet even now the relics were under water. So, after beaching the boat, off came boots and stockings and a wading search was begun.

Probably no one has attained the greatest enjoyment of collecting Indian relics, unless with bare feet, in water half-way up to his knees, he has found them on the lake bottom and picked them out with his hands.

Our search was quite successful. Flakes, firestones, arrow and spear points, drills, knives and five stone axes, one of them massive and of granite, were our rewards.

After a time we heard the paddle of wheels of a small steamer. Soon the boat itself came in sight, circling around from cottage to cottage, then through the narrow outlet near us, and across to the post office on the other shore, with the mail, which it was the duty of our guide to get. Consequently our searching had to end. While coming back a rain, a "dry rain", fell for a few minutes, and then ceased.

The surface became glassy, our boat gliding along as if in a silver sea.

What is there about this lake that so much attracts one? We put our hands into the limpid water, enjoying its warmth and softness. We felt like speaking to it in low tones, like confiding in it.

At Indian Point a dinner was waiting, to which justice was done. Afterwards we returned to the opposite shore and went up the trail, slowly walking, talking and gathering leaves and flowers by the side of the path. "The Gap" was reached long before train time. Sitting down, one could feel the stillness. It was silence that prevailed. The few sounds that came were intrusive and faded out in the great quiet.

A woodpecker drummed on a dead limb. The tinkling of a cow-bell came up the valley. A hawk sailed majestically overhead, so near that the rustle of his wings was heard, and lighted on the branch of a tall birch. On our turning to see him he showed his non-appreciation of human society by flying away. There came a rumbling round the curve and a handcar rolled by, taking the men home for Saturday night.

A young man came up the track and disappeared down the trail.

After a long silence and longer waiting there was a louder rumbling—long continued—and our express train came along, stopping at our signal. Once aboard, there were greetings: "Where have you been?" "What did you find?" And we were in active human life again.

Our day off was ended.

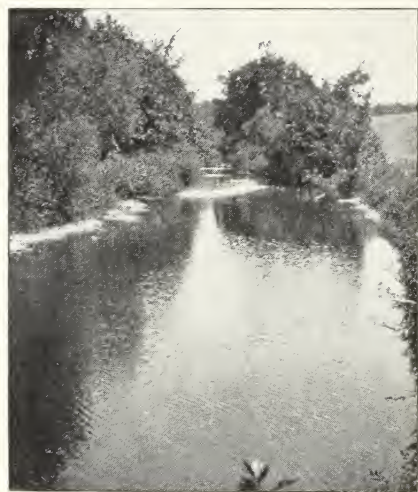
But we have only to shut our eyes to see the silvery lake through the haze, to feel the limpid water with our hands, to hear the echoing thunder roll and die away over the mountains, or the tinkling cow-bell down the valley, or to find ourselves so near the hawk as to hear his wings and to be almost in his shadow.

Plattsburgh, N. Y.

## Stray Leaves from the Story of Franklin County

LEAF No. 14.

BY CLIO.



On the St. Regis River.

Someone has said that exile is God's alchemy. Nations He forms like metals, mixing their strength and their tenderness; tempering pride with shame and victory with affliction meeting their courage, their faith and their fortitude; timing their genesis to the world's needs.

About the middle of the eighteenth century three boys were born in Ireland, in whom the people of northern New York are much interested—the brave and adventurous Alexander Macomb, the gallant and chivalrous William Constable and the learned and polished Daniel McCormack.

Alexander Macomb was born in the County Antrim, Ireland, in 1748. His father, John Macomb, was engaged in the woolen trade and would in any other country have been successful. His mother, Jane Macomb (nee Gordon) was a woman of sweet and gentle disposition, but of great determination of character.

Alexander was often taken by his father on short ocean trips, for almost in sight of his own door the Atlantic stretched in its majestic beauty.

The child's earliest recollections were of the bright days spent at the seashore, and the happy evenings around the broad hearth and the cheerful peat fire, listening to his mother's fairy stories. In this dear home there were love and happiness, joy and trust.

Alexander's father worked hard, but unfortunately the harder he worked the less he prospered. Therefore with a sad heart he resolved for the betterment of his fast growing family to seek his fortune in America.

Prior to this time laws were enacted to destroy Irish trade and commerce. The English peers and commons presented an address to the

king, praying him to discourage the woolen manufacture in Ireland, as it was "operating to the great prejudice of the trade of this Kingdom." The complaint was well founded, Irish woolens being then prized on the continent of Europe. The King's answer was: "I shall do all that in me lies to discourage the woolen manufactures of Ireland." A prohibitory duty was laid on the export of these famous fabrics, and the industry was paralyzed. Next embargo laws were passed, forbidding Irish merchants to deal directly with any foreign nation or import or export anything except through English ports. The woolen industry, in



which John Macomb's father was then engaged, was crushed, because it was thought to interfere with the sale of English woolens and silks.

Among the tens of thousands of their countrymen who left Ireland in those days were names to be handed down as household words. Those especially familiar are: Carroll, Barry, Livingston, Clinton, Dongan, Logan, Duane, and the three heroes, Macomb, Constable and McCormick.

Albany at that time was the furthest limit of civilization in the United States and was a frontier town with wild tribes of Indians north of it. Here Alexander Macomb and his young brother engaged in the fur trade, for his father, as well as the father of his friend, Constable, settled



there. Their contemporaries were the Van Rensselaers, Schuylers, Alexander Hamilton, his beloved friend Troupe, and others. The brothers were so successful that they persuaded their father in 1772 to move further north. The whole family settled in Detroit. The sons became extensive fur traders and amassed a large fortune.

On his journeyings as a trader Alexander saw the land that has made



**Fishing on the St. Regis.**

his name immortal, for "so long as civilized government remains, historians, students and attorneys concerned with the law titles of New York State will follow records back to Macomb's purchase."

Alexander Macomb induced his friend, William Constable, now a prominent merchant, and their mutual friend, Daniel McCormack, director of the newly founded bank of New York, to join with him in this great purchase, the largest land transaction in the history of New York State.

"He told them of a region hard, iron-bound, in cold;  
 Nor seas of pearl abounded, nor mines of shining gold;  
 When the wind from Thule freezes the word upon the lip,  
 And the ice in spring comes sailing athwart the early ship;  
 He told them of the frozen scene until they thrilled with fear,  
 And piled fresh fuel on the hearth to make him better cheer.

But when he changed the strain, he told how soon are cast  
 In early spring the fetters that hold the waters fast;  
 How the winter Causeway broken is drifted out to sea,  
 And the rills and rivers sing with pride the anthem of the free;  
 How the magic wand of summer clad the landscape to his eyes,  
 Like the dry bones of the just when they awake in Paradise."



The genesis had been timed. The needs of Ireland and France were sore indeed, the one oppressed, almost crushed, by its ruling Pharaoh, the other by the Reign of Terror. The purchase was made, the exodus was planned and encouraged by these brave, true hearts that a refuge might be found for so many exiles to whom had been meted the courage, the faith and the fortitude they brought to the northern wild.

## LEAF No. 57.

**T**HE NORTHERN WILDERNESS is singularly linked with a distinguished New York Society which owes its origin to Irish officers connected with the armies of the American Revolution—The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. Daniel McCormack was its founder and its president for many years. The objects of the society are to unite the natives of Ireland and their descendants, and to promote friendly, social feelings among its members.



The records of the society from the beginning contain names prominent in the early history of the Republic. On the first St. Patrick's Day following the evacuation of New York by the British, the Society inaugurated its festive functions at "Capes Tavern." At the anniversary dinner held March 17, 1791, while Alexander Macomb was president of the society, a trip to Mr. Macomb's old hunting grounds, between New York and Detroit, was decided upon. Two months later Mr. Macomb and two of his friends set out upon this ideal journey. They had a delightful voyage on the ocean, through the gulf, and on the river St. Lawrence.

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Mr. Macomb was able to note every point of interest. For him the waters, rivers and forests of the country had a special charm, and he would now inspire his friends with a like interest. For this reason they anchored at a beautiful and elevated point, which juts into the St. Lawrence between the St. Regis and Racquette Rivers—the Indian Village of St. Regis.

They went up the St. Regis on their exploration. The joy of being so near to nature's heart lengthened a day into a week. What words

can paint these days following the winding river through the budding forest? The joy, all too short, lingered forever in their memory.

The forest in its virgin freshness,—fresh from the hand of God, was a very Eden. On those bright May mornings this dear little river seemed almost human, with its low, sweet voice murmuring ever and ever, "Come and rest." Away, away through the deep woods they drifted, "where sunlight filters, green and golden, through interlacing branches," where the banks in their spring verdure, bewitchingly aglow with the bright blossoms of the forest flowers, smile them back a greeting.



Alexander Macomb.

They had heard that north of Albany was a dismal wilderness unfit for the habitation of man. See this beautiful country! They wandered far into the deep woods, and saw there were birch, beech, maple, elm and oak. They knew the soil where these trees grew must be fertile. All along the northern shores of the St. Lawrence had been settled by Canadians. These explorers saw no reason why the southern shores could not also be settled. Here the air was delightfully crisp and clear, the fishing good, as evidenced by the fine catch of trout laid on the bank ready to be broiled for the evening meal. They prepared for this meal with great pleasure. A pile of wood was

laid against a good back log. Soon it was burning bright and clear, and the trout were sputtering on the coals.

A lean-to made with branches was their resting place. They wrapped themselves in their blankets and slept upon balsam boughs, the sweet, refreshing sleep of children returned to their Father's house.

In the morning it seemed as if the world was newly created, for they saw and heard all things anew. The birds were singing as never before, the trees had just awoke from their long silence, and began their ceaseless

welcoming to all who would listen: For the first time they saw the flowers—the pink trillium, the blue harebell, the purple fringed orchids, the sweet wood violet, peeping from the soft carpet of delicate woodland vines, that flourish only where falling leaves and crumbling trunks lie undisturbed by the hand of man.

Mr. Macomb's friends were now even more enthusiastic than he, over the land that offered a home to all who would work and be free. They saw the wilderness blossom as the rose, and encouraged their host to make the purchase he was contemplating.

The "Macomb purchase", including the present counties of Lewis, Jefferson, St. Lawrence and Franklin, and parts of Oswego and Herkimer Counties, was made June 22, 1791. The price was eight pence per acre.

[Among Clío's leaves are two very interesting ones on Daniel McCormack and William Constable. These will appear in coming numbers of *Forest Leaves*.]



## The Old Pioneer.

BY THOMAS O'HAGAN.

Have you ever met the old man  
 Coming down the lane?  
 His form, tho' bent with toil and care,  
 Is free from every pain;  
 They sometimes call him "Gov'ner,"  
 And sometimes call him "Dad"—  
 The boys and girls whose merry ways  
 Oft made the hearthstone glad.

He moved into the settlement  
 Way back in fifty-three,  
 Before a man had come there,  
 Or cut a single tree—  
 The only neighbors that he had  
 Were wolves and prowling bears,  
 That in his stock of calves and lambs  
 Full willingly took shares.

## FOREST LEAVES.

But the lonely hours soon passed away  
While nature sang her hymn ;  
The robin piped his cheery notes,  
And hopped from limb to limb ;  
The shanty smiled in broad, full day,  
The clearance opened wide,  
And the farm that once was but a field,  
Now stretched from side to side.

And so the "settlement" grew up  
In loving toil and care,  
Starred with bright deeds of kindness  
As generous as the air ;  
For hearts and hands were then but one,  
As generous and as free  
As the gift of morn's bright flood of light  
Or shade of maple tree.

And here is where the strength lies  
In this, our happy land,  
'Twas builded by the grace of toil,  
By strong and patriot hand ;  
And if a foe should e'er beset  
Or 'proach our altars near,  
We'll charge with all the spirit  
Of the old pioneer.

Then God bless the old man  
Coming down the lane !  
His form, tho' bent with toil and care,  
Is free from every pain ;  
He looks across his acres  
With their glory and their gain,  
While his heart hath dreams of heaven  
As he comes adown the lane.

## Elk in The Adirondacks.

BY PAUL SMITH, JR.



Last summer the late William C. Whitney presented a magnificent herd of twenty elk, which had been roaming for years over his October Mountain estate in the Berkshires to Paul Smith's Adirondack Park. The regulations of the New York State Game Commission required that the animals be kept in confinement for three weeks, until they could be inspected by a State Veterinarian, and while in the enclosure near Paul Smith's Hotel the campers, cottagers and guests used to go daily to the elk's paddock to observe their habits and characteristics.

On examination, the elk proved healthy and were liberated. They seemed to take kindly

to their new surroundings, and although somewhat domesticated, they immediately sought the mountains and foothills. Old guides and trappers familiar with the woods frequently came across the elk in their travels. Since the winter has closed in they can be seen browsing in the second growth timber of the lowlands.

While they are truly a branch of the deer family, they are unlike them in many of their habits, such as traveling in bands, the cows and calves in one while the bulls and spike horns live largely by themselves. Then, too, they do not "yard in" like deer, but prefer to roam in the open, as observed by the writer during the severe cold of last month (52 degrees below zero), when a band of four cows and three calves made their beds on the ice of Upper St. Regis lake, illustrating that the thick cover inhabited by deer was not an essential protection.

Breeding has shown that the young of these domesticated animals



will be as wild and alert as though they had been reared in the natural breeding grounds in the Rocky Mountains. The buck deer, and in fact the bull moose, shed their horns annually about holiday time, while the bull elk carry their antlers until the early part of March.

Many people are led to believe that the number of points or prongs indicate the age of the animal. But this is not true, as we find upon observation that a bull with massive antlers this season may have very inferior ones the following year.

I believe, however, they are blessed with the best antlers between the age of six and ten years; and also, if the animal winters exceptionally well, the main horns will be heavier and stronger than though he had been subjected to less nutritious food, as it is generally conceded that the antlers require plenty of nourishment until well along in the velvet state. There being no pith in the horn (the same as cattle) many old hunters believe the horn falls off after a sufficient amount of cold weather, as the head aches very badly during this period, as is shown by the continual knocking on the trees to facilitate the shedding of their horns.

I can't find that the good winter has anything to do with the number of prongs or their symmetry: in fact, the irregular and freak heads are due in some small degree, to the rubbing of them, from the incessant itching during the time when the horns are too soft in the velvet state to peel easily. I fancy their hair in the midsummer and fall months consists of minute air cells, the same as deer in the "blue coat". Nature provides this so they can live and float easily in the lakes and streams, and avoid the black fly and gnat season, and avail themselves of the vegetable plants and pads so essential to their health. A fine specimen of a bull elk weighs about eight hundred pounds, and has antlers about five feet high, with a spread of about four feet, and from seven to nine prongs on each horn. He is truly christened "the monarch of all he surveys." I believe with proper game protection the Empire State will always be favored with the elk as permanent guests.



## Dumps—Speculator.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.



Dumps sat breathless with surprised delight, grasping his newly acquired capital—a dime, —a whole dime, dingy but indubitable. It was difficult to credit such good fortune, and seated on the lowest step of the fire escape of Shykeis flat, as the erstwhile tenement now called itself.

Dumps opened and shut his small, grimy hand five times a minute in successive contemplation and concealment of his treasure.

"Wot you got?" asked Mike Grady, pausing curiously.

"Ten cents," answered Dumps triumphantly. "Ten

whole cents—and it ain't mother's either; it's all mine."

"Who give it to you?" asked Mike with friendly interest.

"A man," answered Dumps. "His hat blew off and I caught it. He gave me this," and the speaker opened his hand again, cautiously.

"Gee! he was a duffer," said Mike, who, though only ten, had a keen sense of market values—"ten cents for catching a hat."

"It blowed out into the street and a horse was nearly on it," said Dumps, eager to appraise his services properly.

"Then he orter made it a quarter," said Mike judicially; "but ten cents ain't to be sneezed at by a kid like you. Wot you going to do with it?"

"I don't know yet," said Dumps, who had yellow curls that tangled delightfully through and under a ragged straw hat, and eyes from which six years in the slums had failed to take the baby blue. "I think maybe I will buy oranges for mother. Aren't oranges good for sick people, Mike?"

"You wouldn't get but three, and speckled ones at that," said Mike, "and then your ten cents would be gone. Why don't you speculate, Dumps?"

"What's that?" asked Dumps, staring.

"Make your ten cents a dollar—"

"How, how could I—?"

"Lots of ways," answered Mike sagaciously. "Shoe strings, matches, pins, papers. You put in your ten cents for stock and make it twenty, put in your twenty and make it forty, put in forty and make eighty, till fust thing you know you have a fist full of money and can eat meat dinners and ride in the street cars every day."

Dumps' big blue eyes had widened into very stars at the picture.

"Gee," he said, with a long drawn breath, "and I could get chicken broth and beef tea for mother. Mrs. Connor savs she ought to have them."

"Chicken broth and jelly and everything you want," said Mike, who had the sanguine air and spirit of a true Celt.

"I'll do it," said Dumps, resolutely, "if you show me how, I'll speculate right now."

"Best go in for papers fust then," said Mike. "I've got a regular beat but I kin get you in for ten, and there's your money doubled Dumps. See?"

"I guess mother won't mind", said Dumps doubtfully. "It's to buy her broth and oranges, and I'm a big boy now—most seven years old."

"Lord, yes," said Mike. "If your mother"—he paused—all Shykeis, except Dumps himself, knew the shadow that was darkening his young life. "I mean it is time you was hustling, Dumps. You'll have to look out for yourself before long. Come on."

Four years ago, a dim geological period in Dumps' remembrance, his mother had taken the two small rooms he knew as "home" in Shykeis flats, that she might be near the great downtown sweat shops, from which she drew a meagre livelihood for herself and boy.

"Dumps," gaminized from his family name Humphrey, had been guarded with a feverish care and anxiety strange in that locality. Patched, shabby, grimy often in hands and face, he was kept by his mother's watchfulness free from all the darker contamination of his surroundings. He lived by her side, he slept in her arms, together they drew a pure, blessed influence that uplifted their lives, from the old church whose spire pierced the musty shadow of the slums not three squares away, and

Dumps was a prime favorite with Father Sims and his Sunday School teacher, Miss Aileen, who had promised that he should wear a white, lace-trimmed surplice and carry a candle at the next Easter Mass. But "mother" had been sick for long weeks now, and things had gone wrong. Dumps went ragged and uncared for, breakfast and dinner were movable and uncertain feasts, extremely far apart. In fact, his sole repast today had been some cold potatoes thrust into his hand by good Mrs. Connor, who took time from her own busy life to look after his mother several times a day. "Run off wid yourself now, Dumps, and don't worry the poor darlint. She is very bad today."

And Dumps had "run off wid himself" and the cold potatoes to find dazzling hopes and horizons before him at the foot of the tenement stairs.

"Come on," said Mike, and Dumps hesitated no longer. Dimly realizing the poet's teaching that fortune must be taken at its tide, he hurried on after his guide, through a network of courts and alleys until they suddenly emerged into a very whirlpool of boys pressing and clamoring around a vast building athrill with strange powers and noise and life.

"Stand here till I get my pile," said Mike, and Dumps stood breathless and bewildered, gazing through the plate glass windows at the monster presses within, whirling and roaring as they rushed off the evening edition, that was to be flung, before night, through the length and breadth of the great city by the clamorous boys waiting and struggling without.

"Here," said Mike, dashing to Dumps. "I'm in luck, I got ye ten papers, and one for good measure. Give me your dime and hustle, Dumps. Two cents apiece, remember. Tackle the women—kids with curls like yours take with them every time. I'm off. Papers, papers—here's your evening papers," and with the shrill cry Mike vanished in the surge of boys, leaving Dumps standing in the midst of the rush and war and clamor—a small waif indeed to toss on this mighty human tide.

Whirled around, beaten back, nearly knocked down, and Mike and the precious dime both gone. For a few desperate moments it seemed Dumps and his "spekerlation" must go under together. Then a thought of his mother, and his spirit rose. Oranges, nice chicken broth, health, joy, and happiness, were in that pile of papers under his arm.

"Papers," rose his tremulous little treble, as he pushed his way through the crowd. "Papers! Evening papers! Buy, buy a paper, sir." The beetle-browed old banker, hurrying home, paused: something in that childish pipe thrilled a long slumbering chord in what twenty years ago had been his heart.

"Yes," he said, pulling a nickel from his vest pocket. "Keep the change, sonny, I can't wait." It was a brilliant opening, and the young speculator's call took a steadier tone. Papers! Papers! Have a paper, lady?" And a woman paused, held by the wistful look of his blue eyes. There was another buyer, and another. Dumps was shouting fearlessly now, his little fist full of pennies he dared not trust to his ragged pockets, his cheeks rose red, his eyes dancing.

"Papers! Evening papers!" Only three more! Nearly all his stock was gone.

What would mother say when he dropped all this money on her bed? Oranges, nice chicken broth, a dazzling vista of comforts and luxuries opened before Dumps. A fever of hope and happiness kindled his veins. His small heart was beating as excitedly as that of any operator watching the rise and fall of millions in the pit. And Dumps pushed on through the jostling, rustling crowd, shouting and selling, reckless of the jam at the street crossing, where there was a stoppage in the heavy evening traffic and drivers were cursing and berating each other as they strove to extricate their struggling teams.

"Papers! Evening papers," diving like the blue eyed baby that he was into the thickest of the crush.

"Back there, youngster! Look out there, ye fool of a kid! Back! Thunder! Hold him back!" Half a dozen voices shouted warning, but it was too late. Dumps, speculator, was down; down, hopelessly down, amid the plunging horses and heavy wheels of the suddenly loosened jam, down in the maddened, shrieking throng. Earth's dealings were closed forever.

They picked him up, a piteous little wreck; broken, bruised, mangled, the tangled curls mercifully hiding the baby face. But clutched tightly in the small hand, with a grasp it was hard to loose, was the young speculator's doubled capital, three nickles and five pennies.

Dumps had held on, where the most daring "operators" lose grip—in the face of death itself.

It was hours before they found where he belonged—hours before they took him back to Shyke's Flats. But he had not been missed; the tender eyes that always watched for his coming had closed forever as the sun went down. Dumps and his mother had gone home, by different ways, together.



## March.

BY HON. H. D. STEVENS.

The woods are not more beautiful nor less,  
When summer's green or autumn's golden dress  
    Their shades invite.  
Soft-tufted, crowned, each log and hillock lies,  
And 'neath the moon the snows have diamond eyes  
    At night.

Through the bare tops bright rays of sunlight glint  
And penetrate by day. Earth's heart of flint  
    Yields to the spell.  
Trunks darken: 'gainst the sky twigs redden warm,  
Drinking the mystic life—elixir's charm,  
    At winter's knell.

The old days, aye, the dear days, come to mind;  
Youth flouts the drifts waist-deep in glee to find  
    The sweetest drip;  
Or, crowding round the kettle's steaming sap,  
With merry pastimes, finds the best on tap  
    At touch of lip.

The old days, aye, the dear days past recall—  
The autumn here, and dead leaves over all  
    The ripened fruit.  
Winds sigh of life's drear winter coming on;  
Chill age, youth's joyous thrill and vigor gone.  
    Tomorrow, mute.

But life and love, so very like the year,  
Must rise in resurrection from the tear  
    That wets the sod.  
Tomorrow land, than snows of March more pure—  
More fair than June, more glad than youth, more sure—  
    We leave to God.

## A Thousand Welcomes, Brother Camper.

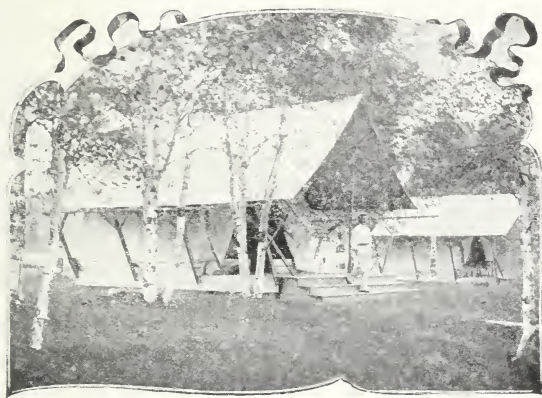
BY HARRY V. RADFORD.



There seems to be no limitation to the growth and development of the Adirondack Wilderness as a resort for the sportsman, tourist and rest-seeker. Each season sees a larger stream of men and women—old and young, strong and weak—who are growing to know and to love this region, pour into and over its wide expanse. They come from the dust-strewn, care-filled, nerve-racking cities and

towns of all America—and many from beyond America—and they troop, with joyous freedom, into the cool, odorous, life-renewing forests; climb the glorious green hills and scan the majestic panoramas; paddle, row, sail over the blue lakes and up and down the winding rivers, photographing, lily-picking and singing in very merriment; pitch their camps in groves of murmuring pines and at the edges of shining sand beaches; stalk, rifle in hand, through the leafy forests; whip the trout streams; bathe in the crystal waters, veritable fountains of life; eat, with sharpened appetites, meals that kings might envy; and, when the long, sweet day is done, stretch themselves on perfumed beds of balsam boughs and sleep the deep, refreshing sleep of the just and the tired.

They are a throng of good-humored, large-hearted, respectful, reverent, nature worshippers, who love too well the forests and the lakes to do them injury. You may follow their trails for weeks, and you will not come upon a littered camp site or a felled tree left unused or an unextinguished coffee-fire. They would rather suffer deprivation themselves than that the forest should suffer. We have seen their campgrounds in the tangled heart of the wilderness, where for a generation they have never failed to abide, at least for a fortnight, every year, and no unsightly marring of the woods could be detected. The little path leading to the icy spring was narrow and all but untraceable, nor were the delicate ferns and shrubs that hung over from either side trampled or torn or ruthlessly cut away. Just a small spot of ashes marked the place where the campfire had been, and a few white chips showed that a man with an axe had been there. No circle of hacked stumps surrounded

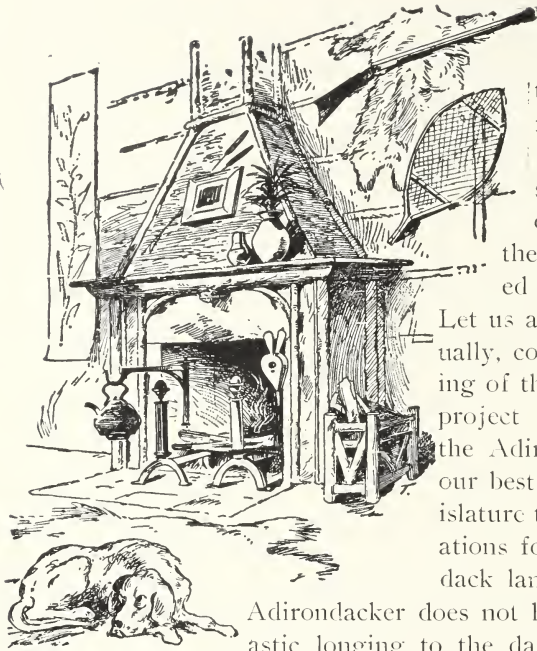


happen to note the round spot of ashes or the neat trail to the spring would never suspect that for thirty years and more this had been the summer living-place of two to a dozen human beings. Indeed, the wild game, with their padded feet and silent natures, could hardly leave less signs for their presence.

Let the happy-hearted, generous-minded throng increase. Let their campfires burn on every shore, and the jest and song and laugh of their good-fellowship echo back from every cliff and peak. Let us welcome each new admirer of this fair region with outstretched hand and kindly word. As our friend, Mr. Murray—he of the Adirondack fame—says: “Who of us frank spoken and kind hearted vagabonds of tide and field, of deck and camp, are envious? Each man we meet is comrade, fellow-picnicker, brother man, partner of ours in the sweet profits of our natural, healthy, happy life.”

We have a mighty wilderness, here within the Empire State, ample enough for every camper on the continent. The tens of thousands who visit us every spring and summer and fall do not occupy a thousandth part of the available camping and cruising grounds. Indeed, we have often traveled for days through this region without meeting a single sportsman from beyond its borders—sometimes without meeting anyone, not even a native woodsman, hunter, trapper, gum-picker, guide or lumberman. And, what is best, we have the blessed assurance that these forests shall not be laid waste, for our State Constitution guarantees that one million, four hundred thousand acres now possessed by the State, and all lands hereafter acquired by the people, “shall be forever kept as wild forest lands,” and that “they shall not be leased, sold or exchanged, or

the fireplace, for the party, whoever they might have been, were evidently persons of taste and consideration and had gone back a reasonable distance from their camp and cut a tree here and a tree there for their fire, so artfully concealing their chopping that the casual passer-by who did not



be taken by any corporation, public or private," "nor shall the timber thereon be sold, removed or destroyed."

The State already possesses more than a third of the area included within the boundaries of the proposed Adirondack State Park. Let us all, collectively and individually, continue to urge the hastening of the realization of this grand project of international interest—the Adirondack Park. Let us use our best efforts to induce the Legislature to be liberal in its appropriations for the purchase of Adirondack lands by the State. What

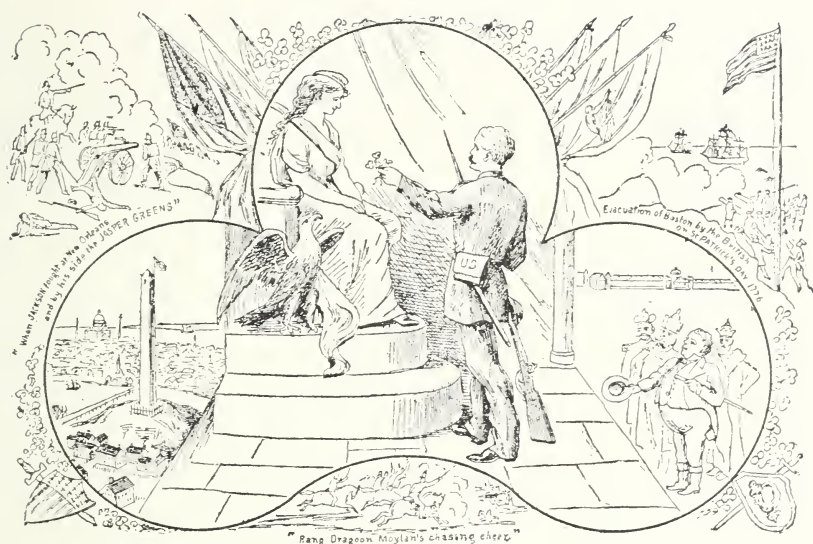
Adirondacker does not look forward with enthusiastic longing to the day when every acre of the wild land within the park boundaries shall be the common possession of all the people, and the matchless beauties and wonders of the Adirondack region taken out of the hands of private speculators and conserved forever by the commonwealth? We have a model public domain in the far West—the Yellowstone National Park—and we are a united host which demands a similar model reservation in the East—the Adirondack Park.

And we shall win, for our cause is a grand and worthy one.



Sorrow is a condition of time, but joy is the condition of eternity.

All sorrow lies in exile from God. All joy lies in union with Him. In heaven joy will cast out sorrow, whereas there is not a lot on earth from which sorrow has been able altogether to banish joy.



## An Irish Soldier's Address to Columbia.

By MICHAEL SCANLAN.

With a soldier of the rank and file,  
 Columbia, agra, just bear awhile  
 A native of the Emerald Isle  
 Your uniform adorning  
 Who comes his poor respects to pay,  
 In the good old democratic way,  
 And wish you on St. Patrick's Day,  
 The very cream of the morning,  
 And ask you, ma'am, if you would wear,  
 Amid the glory of your hair,  
 Right in the nest of Cupid there,  
 This emblem of his sireland.  
 Fed by soft winds and heavenly dew  
 Wept down from skies of deepest blue  
 This simple sprig of Shamrock grew  
 Near the very heart of Ireland.



You now have royal beaux, aroon,  
 Who flash about you late and soon,  
 Like stars about the summer moon,  
     Outrival'd by your glory;  
 But in the days when you were young  
 And sleuth hounds on your footsteps hung,  
 And royal lovers gave them tongue,  
     'Twas then a different story;  
 But in those dark and bloody days  
 Old Ireland rose beyond the seas  
 And backed your throne-upsetting ways  
     In the face of rack and prison,  
 And gave you all she had, ashore,  
 Strong arms, true hearts, and love galore,  
 And cheered you from her "sea-beat" shore  
     Till all your stars had risen.

When you had sprung from war's alarms,  
 "Jack Barry" took you in his arms,  
 And smiled to see your budding charms,  
     On a cold St. Patrick's morning;  
 He wrapped you in his flag, and said,  
 "When thrones are mouldered, monarchs dead,  
 Amid the stars you'll hold your head,  
     Their petty kingdom's scorning!"  
 Montgomery was standing near,  
 While on your pleased and listening ear  
 Rang Dragoon Moylan's charging cheer,  
     While the Shamrock was adorning  
 That curl-crowned head and brow of thine,  
 While along the Continental line  
 That cheer was passed with nine times nine  
     On that St. Patrick's morning.

You may forget those misty things,  
 Which Time has shaded with his wings,  
 And yet from out those shadows springs  
     Your brightest, highest glory;  
 When Jackson fought at New Orleans,

And by his side the "Jasper Greens,"  
 You were a maiden "out of teens,"

And may forget the story.

Your olden foe had come once more  
 To trail you as in days of yore;  
 You met him on the sounding shore,

And dared the haughty foeman!

And Jackson shook your banner free,  
 And swore—"By the Eternal, she  
 shall hold her course o'er land and sea  
 And cringe and stoop to no man!"

And in your fullest womanhood  
 Sure Ireland's sons about you stood  
 And freely poured their warmest blood

For you, their second mother.

Where'er, along the battle tide,  
 One of your own boys charged and died  
 An Irishman was by his side,

Like brother unto brother.

Tho' sundered in the public mart,  
 You cannot tell their graves apart—  
 Two in name, but one in heart.

For God and God-like freedom!

When'er the dread occasion come,  
 And war should glower above your home,  
 Lo! at the rattle of your drum

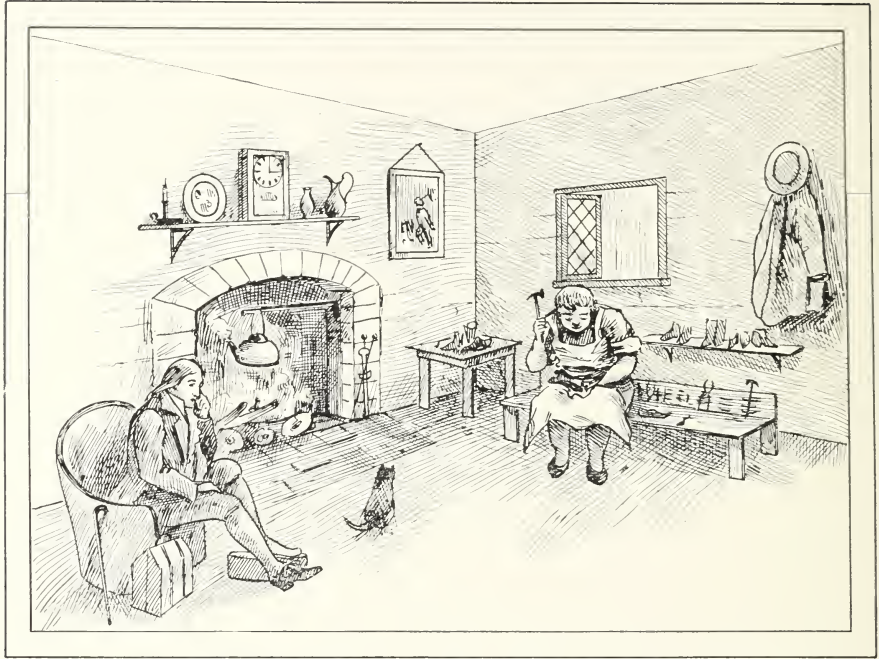
They're ready when you need'em.

Your cheeks like reddest roses blow,  
 Your eyes with bright traditions glow,  
 Your bosom, whiter than the snow,

Can dare the world's inspection;

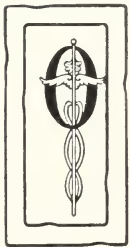
In looks, in acts, in pride, in mien,  
 You seem like Nature's free-born Queen—  
 Darling, a little bit of green

Would suit your fair complexion!



## The Happy Cobbler's Trial.

BY CAHIR HEALY.



ONCE upon a time, as the seanachies (very old men) have it, there was a mortal rich lord in England. He had as much land as Supple Jack, the Pulbogoe greyhound, could run in a week of holidays, and as for his wealth, the decent man didn't know either the beginning or the end of it, and when he didn't know I'm sure nobody else did. He had horses and carriages and grandeur galore, lashings and lavings to eat and drink, and lots to spare, and more of that to the decent man.

But with all his grandeur and gear he was not happy. When he got out of bed of a morning he had nothing to do barrin' things that he could leave alone if he wished. Now, if he had the year's turf to cut, like myself, or the praties to put in the mushig (store) like you; or even to make the pig's mess, like the good woman here, I have a fancy that he would have been as content as the June day is long. But, fareir gaer, (alas), the decent man hadn't a hand's turn to do except to ate his meals,

for the servants did whatever work was to be done, and I'm thinking it's little work kept the same servants a-going.

Well, the decent gentleman was sitting in his garden one day, thinking what he would turn his hand to next, when an idea struck him. He said to himself that money couldn't make a man happy, anyhow, and he didn't rightly know what else could. And, as he had nothing particular to do, he thought he might as well find out. No sooner said than done, and away went his lordship as fast as his legs could carry him. He traveled fast and far—much farther than you or I have ever been—and you may be sure that it's many a strange sight he seen. As he went along he put a speak on all kinds and conditions of people, from beggars up to princes, for he had a pleasant way with him. He said to himself that he would find out the secret of being happy if it took him from that day to Tibb's Eve, which is neither before nor after Christmas. It could not be possible that the world was without happy people. And as he had plenty of time on hand and lots of money in his pocket, he was determined to search them out.

And, as I got the story, he met with many a great lord that was nearly as well off as himself, but they told him one and all that happiness and them was never seen in the same townland. So he turned his face to the poor. But he might as well have been looking for last year's snow, or a needle in the middle of a haystack. The ones of them that hadn't as much land as would set a clucking hen were in hopes of getting a farm, and the folks that hadn't as much gold as would cover the point of a needle, lived in the expectation of dying rich. And none of them was happy. One wanted land, another wanted gold, and the most of them wanted nobody to get anything barrin' themselves. So the decent gentleman was nearly giving up the search and going home again, when someone told him about a poor man that lived away at the back of the Donegal hills in Ireland.

And, as I have the story, the gentleman didn't sleep two nights under the same roof nor ate two meals in the same house till he came to the home of the poor man in Donegal.

And now I must tell you about the poor man that the decent gentleman came all the way to see.

I have heard it said that Paudheen Beg (little Patrick) was the poor man's name, but I cannot tell, for fear of telling a lie, whether he hadn't any other name. Maybe he hadn't and maybe he had. Well, howandiver that may be, Paudheen Beg was a cobbler, and lived in the

town of the Glenties, and troth, folks that come from New York tell me that the Glenties is nothing at all compared to it. But, as I was saying, Paudheen Beg was given out to be the best cobbler within the four seas of Erin. People came from all parts to get pieces on their brogues, for he was matchless at the trade. Paudheen had a wife and a dozen of weanies (small children) to support, and maybe it took him all his time to keep up with them. From sunrise to sunset, and from June to January, and from January to June again, he hammered away. Not a minute of the twelve hours was the cobbler idle, barrin' for a spell at mealttime, and even then he would be planning in his mind how he would put a soncy (respectable) look upon some ragged looking old brogan. And as he hammered and sewed he sang as merrily as the lark. The gorsoons (boys) would come miles of an evening, when the day's work would be over, to hear the cobbler sing. You would think it was the Lamas Fair eve with the crowds that used to gather outside in the street to listen to his songs. And if it was raining from the skies in pitcherfulls, or if the wind was blowing at a rate that would take the horns off a goat, there the lads would stand as contented as ye please till the song would be ended. In troth, children, it was like a spell his singing used to cast over them. Well, as I said, Paudheen Beg would sit and sew and hammer and sing day by day and evening by evening, and, to all appearances, he was as happy as the Lord of Mayo.

But this was the strangest thing of all. The cobbler had never seen the end of the town of the Glenties. Pon my conscience, and it's downright truth I'm telling ye. It isn't that the Glenties is such a mighty big place now, and I have heard it said that it was next door to no town at all then. And Paudheen had never seen the end of it. You see he was reared up to the trade from the time he was the height of the tongs. He didn't care for going about at all, barrin' to go to the chapel of a Sunday, now and again, and, then, the chapel was next door but one to his own wee bit of a house. And if you would make so bold as to axe him to go to a pattern or a race or a cock-fight he would turn up his nose and tell you that he had his cobbling to attend to. He didn't want to go to see things, he said, when other folks could spend their time and tell him all about them. And Paudheen Beg was five and forty years, come Candlemas, at the time I'm telling ye about, and as I have it, he was looking as happy as if he was after finding a crock of gold, every day in the year. And he had never seen the end of the town of the Glenties, and mighty lot of other things beside.



And this was the poor man that the decent gentleman came all the way from England to see.

Well, as I got the story, there was a hullabaloo in the town when the word passed that a grand English Lord was coming up the road. Everyone ran into the street, pell-mell, helter-skelter, and them that couldn't come out, peered through the holes in the doors. And its a fine looking gentleman he was, out and out. Well, to make a long story short, the decent man went as straight to the cobbler's as a bee to his hive. Tare o'war, but maybe that wasn't an eye opener for the consaited neighbours. An English lord coming to visit poor ignorant Paudheen Beg, that had never seen the end of the town, and he having to pass by the doors of them who had seen half of the world! It was hard on some of the Glenties folks, anyhow, and sorra help them.

"Good morra and good luck," sez the gentleman, taking a sate on the straw hassog beside the fire.

"Good morra and God bless ye, decent stranger," sez Paudheen, scarcely lifting his eyes from his work.

"Ye're a very busy man, as I have been told," sez the other.

"Fex, and maybe you have been told a lie," sez Paudheen back again, and he hammered away for dear life all the time he was speaking.

"It has been told that ye are a very happy man," sez the decent stranger.

"There's only one man happier nor I," sez Paudheen, making a jest, "and he's in heaven," sez he.

Well, and the English lord thought that he had at last come up with the man he had been looking for. Fex, maybe he wasn't the pleased gentleman when he met with the cobbler, for he was nearly worn out by the walking and journeying. So he said to himself that he must make sure that Paudheen Beg was as happy as he looked.

"Ye have a hard enough time of it with your cobbling, good man," sez he. "Now, if ye had a nice house where ye could live as happy as a prince, with nothing to do, a carriage and a pair to drive ye about, and no end of money to spend, wouldn't ye like that?" sez the English gentleman.

"Faithe, and I don't think it would agree with me at all," sez Paudheen. "Enough is enough, and a fill is as good as a feast," sez he, "and I would be like a fish out of water in a grand place like that."

"H'm", sez the decent man, and he making rings on the floor with the ferril of his stick. "But, my good man," sez he, "wouldn't ye like to see the world? There are great sights to be seen in Germany and Amer-

ikey", sez he, and he commenced to tell the poor man of all the wonders he had ever seen, and lots of wonders that neither he nor any other man had ever seen; and ye would think that he wanted to turn the poor cobbler's head. And when he had told him all about them, he axes Paudheen if he would not like to travel about, too.

"I would have no liking for seeing them things at all," sez Paudheen, "nor, for the matter of that, of seeing things nearer home. Why, my decent man," sez he, "I have never seen the end of the town here, and what's more," sez he, "I never want to see it."

"Never seen the end of the town!" sez the gentleman, looking hard at the cobbler to make sure that he wasn't blind. Well, and maybe he wasn't the surprised gentleman when Paudheen told him that. It beat anything he had ever heard tell of.

"By this and by that," sez the gentleman, "you are the strangest customer ever I ran across, and I ran across many a one. Forty-five years of age, and never seen the end of the town!" sez he.

But Paudheen went on with his cobbling and his singing the same as if there wasn't an English lord within fifty square miles of him or his. And the decent gentleman, he listened for a while, and he seemed pleased-like, to hear the light-hearted cobbler's song. Fex, and he thought it was the happiest hour of his life when he was sitting there on the wee straw hassog in front of the fire, and the cobbler singing for all the world like a thrush on a May morning.

"My good man," sez the English gentleman, after a wee while, "ye say there's no longing on ye ever to see the end of the town of the Glenties."

"Not the least wee bit in the world," sez Paudheen.

"Well and good, my honest man," sez the English lord, "and as I have taken a kind of liking to ye I'll make ye an offer that won't be insulting to ye, anyway," sez he. "What do ye say to making a bargain with me that ye'll not axe to see the end of the town to the day of your death."

"Oh, bargain away," sez the cobbler, and he whacked as hard as he could at the sole of an old brogan.

"So far so good," sez the decent man, thinking in his own mind all the time what bargain he should name. "I'll give yea a hundred pounds a year for every year to the end of your days," sez he, "if ye'll agree never to look next or near the end of the town of the Glenties."

"It's a bargain," sez the cobbler, and "It's a bargain," sez the decent Englishman, and the two of them agreed to abide by it.

And as I have the story, when the English lord heard the cobbler make the promise he threw his pack across his shoulders once more, and away he stalked down the white street of the Glenties, and he as light as the wind.

The cobbler didn't give a thought to the bargain he had made till more than a month after the Englishman had gone. And if he hadn't heard another word about it, it is as likely as not that he would have forgotten all about it. But one day what did he receive but an order with a lot of money on it from the English lord, and the decent gentleman told him on no account to forget his part of the bargain.

By my faith, it's a glad man the cobbler was from that day forth. He hammered the old brogues louder than ever, and he sang twice as blithe and lively as before.

But when a couple of weeks went by the poor fellow began to think seriously over the bargain he had made. Maybe it was the decent man's money jingling in his trousers pocket that made him think so much about it, and maybe, again, it was not. Anyway, he said to himself that the bargain was as good as was going, and if he was never to see the end of the town of the Glenties what did it matter? He had lived forty-five years without seeing it, and he could live a while longer.

But my share of the world, try as he might, the poor cobbler could not put the thought of the bargain out of his mind. It would be a poor thing after all if he were to die and never see the end of the town. He knew well enough that there was little to be seen on it, and if the decent gentleman had never mentioned a thing about it it's as sure as death that it would never have cost poor Paudheen a thought. Maybe the English lord knew that as well as the next when he made the bargain, for he was as cute as a fox by appearance. And the cobbler couldn't put the thought of the end of the town out of his head. So the neighbors soon noticed a change come over Paudheen Beg's ways. He would only sing a bar now and then, and even the gorsoons that gathered in the street would say to one another that all the magic had gone out of the cobbler's songs. And, as I have been told, after a time he sang none at all, and the neighbors couldn't make out what had come over Paudheen Beg. And after a time, again, he would leave the bench for odd spells of an evening and come to the door with a linesome look upon his face and gaze down the white street of the Glenties.

Pon my conscience, it's the downright truth that I'm telling. And one night as he sat at the bench he couldn't put in a stitch in the brogue

with thinking of the end of the town that he was never to see. And he said to himself that he would aise his mind that night when the folks would be snugly in bed, and that he would go to the spot that he had never seen before. It would take a load from his mind, he thought, and the decent Englishman would never hear a word about it.

So, that night, when there was nobody about, barrin' spirit things that cannot be seen, the cobbler ran as fast as his feet would carry him to the end of the town of the Glenties. It was only a weeshy bit away, and when he had seen it he said to himself that it was scarcely worth coming to look at. Two houses and one of them without a roof, and a forge that was uglier than sin, and that was what he seen at the end of the town.

And, as I got the story, the poor man was making his way back again when a genteel looking buckoo stepped out before him in the middle of the white street of Glenties, and sez he, laughing all the time. "So ye have come to see the end of the town, good man."

If the skies had fallen on top of him the poor cobbler could not have been more surprised. So he axed the decent boy what he was doing there at that time o' the night. And the lad up and tells him that he was sent there by the decent gentleman from England that had made the bargain with the cobbler.

Well, and maybe that wasn't the distressful news to poor Paudheen. In the twinkling of an eye he saw what an onadhan he had been to be bothering his head about such things as the end of the town of the Glenties, and there was nothing to be seen on it, and he had lost his hundred pounds a year over it. He was like a man clear gone out of his senses. So he went home as sad and sorrowful as if he had been after putting the grave scraws (sods of grass) upon ali belonging to him.

And for many a long day after, as I learned the story, not as much as a word of a song would the poor man sing, nor a lilt of a tune would he give, with the grief that was in him. And fex, it was little wonder and he after losing a hundred pounds a year by his curiosity over seeing the end of the town that would give ye the aigue, almost, to look at. But after a while, when the decent gentleman's money was all gone, and when the cobbler had nothing to rattle in his trousers pocket, barrin' tacks and nails and the iron tips that come off the old brogues, he took another way on him. He said to himself that there was no good in making a lamentation over spilt milk or spent money, and what he never had he couldn't lose. This was his way of it, and maybe it's right enough he was. Anyway,

and it's not a word of lie I'm telling ye, he got so much taken up with his cobbling from that day out that he forgot that his curiosity had ever lost him a penny. And he began his songs over again, and the gorsoons would come to his window in crowds to listen, and a happier man, to all appearances, there wasn't to be found within the four seas of Érin.

And after that, as the story came to me, the decent gentleman gave up all hopes of finding a happy man. And so well he might, seeing that a man is only happy when he has something to do, and when there's nobody else can do it for him. Fex, and it's likely that the decent man himself found out all about that, for I heard it for truth that he auctioned off every foot and fur of his land and gave away all his money to the poor. And, as I got the story, the decent man in the end used to work as hard as any of us here, and what with digging the praties and reaping the corn, and feeding the pig, and doing odd turns about the house beside, it's a busy enough time he must have had. And he was as happy as the birds in the early spring.

But Paudheen Beg never heard hilt or hare of him or his money after that: and maybe it was just as well for himself. I think he was happier and jollier at his hammering and his cobbling than if he had lashings and lavings of money. And, fex, when all is said and done, maybe the decent Englishman had a better idea than himself of what was best for the poor cobbler.



## Erne.

BY CAHAL O'BYRNE.

On, the waving woods of Erne!  
 If I were only there;  
 I would raise my hands to heaven,  
 I would kneel all day in prayer  
 In the dim-lit, green aisles o'er me,  
 For the kindly wind that bore me  
 To the friends of my heart's loving,  
 By the waving woods of Erne.



## Spring-Time Longing.

BY HARRY V. RADFORD.



With the spring-time comes a longing;  
Comes an ardent, anxious wishing  
To be off where brooks are roaring;  
To be diligently fishing—  
Comes a ceaseless sort of itching  
To be off where trout are twitching  
At the hooks.

And we fling aside our troubles:  
Fling aside our care and worry;  
Seek the streamlet where it gushes;  
Seek an end to fuss and flurry;  
Fling aside our pens and papers;  
Seek escape from midnight tapers  
And from books.

## Our Forest Preserves.

[Extracts from a speech delivered by Hon. David McClure, in the State Constitutional Convention at Albany, September 8, 1894, upon a proposed amendment to preserve the forest lands. The amendment was unanimously adopted.]



MR. CHAIRMAN:—One important matter affecting, not the success, temporary or permanent, of any party: not affecting any corporation or individuals in their own selfish interest, but vitally affecting the whole people of the State and their necessities, stands crying for relief at the hands of this convention.

“The hills, rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, the venerable woods, rivers that move in majesty, and the complaining brooks that make the meadows green.” these for years have been neglected by the people of the State. The great men of our State, the men of public spirit generally, have forgotten that it is necessary for the life, the health, the safety and the comfort, not to speak of the luxury, of the people of this State, that our forests should be preserved. (Applause.)

What are these forest lands, Mr. Chairman? In a report of the forestry commission, which has in charge the forest preserve of the State, it is stated that there are in the great forests of Northern New York, 3,588,803 acres of forest lands; that of these lands the State owns 710,450 acres; that this forestry commission has, in these great northern

forests of New York, laid out the line of what is designated the Adirondack Park.

"At this time, in the chasms, lakes and streams, protected by ever-green woods, are the great natural reservoirs, useful to far distant parts of the State. There, ever since forests began to grow, has been woven a mantle that covers the hills and mountain slopes, a vast, spongy mass of vegetable matter made up of leaves, the needles and cones of the pine, the spruce, the hemlock, the balsam and other growths which, in that air and temperature, are compressed, without decaying to the humus or soil, into what may be fitly called a stratum of vegetable felt, or sponge, from a foot to several feet in thickness. This, lying in the deep shade of these wide-spread evergreen woods, receives and holds suspended the waters coming from the melting snows in the spring and the frequent rains that fall from the clouds that are arrested and condensed on these heights. This capacious cistern, extending over this region, is more useful in storing up the water from snows and rainfall than the lakes themselves. It thus prevents sudden floods in spring, and during summer slowly feeds, from its hidden but unfailing sources, the fountains and rivulets, and fills the chasms and lakes with a gradual and constant supply."

There are no natural springs of any consequence in the Adirondacks, and all of the waters which flow from the hills of that region are the gatherings of the rainfalls, stored in the manner described.

What is the value of these woods and why should we try to preserve them intact? First of all, because they are the woods—and in passing let me say this State, strange as it may appear, has a very small proportion of its area in forest lands. Only eighteen per cent. of all its lands is in forests, while Germany, that crowded country where the people live so much from the product of the soil, and are, like the people of this State, largely engaged in mercantile pursuits and in other ways than by cultivating the soil, has twenty-nine per cent. The soil in these Adirondack Mountains is unfit for cultivation. No man, no matter how industrious and hard working he may be, can secure a livelihood from the soil in the Adirondacks. It has been tried, and it has been to many a heart-breaking failure. The lands are fit for none other than public and general uses.

And what are these? First, as a beautiful resort for the people of this State. When tired of the trials, tribulations and annoyances of business and every-day life in the man-made town, they offer to man a place of retirement. There, if he is possessed of great veneration, he may find

some consolation in communing with the great Father of all, whose "hand hath reared those columns and who filleth their solitude." For man and for woman, thoroughly tired out, desiring peace and quiet, these woods are inestimable in value. They are priceless as a place for seeking, finding and preserving health. Any of you, if any there are, who have had relatives or friends whose lives have been prolonged in those mountains by the balmy air and soft breezes which fill the place, know how invaluable these woods are for such purposes.

And then again, Mr. Chairman, for the wants, the actual physical wants of the people in general, we need the waters of those mountain streams and lakes, and of the rivers that are fed by them. You will not have steamboats patrolling the rivers, not even on this majestic Hudson, very long, if you do not preserve the watersheds. At this day, as my neighbor from Troy tells me, it is at times impossible for large steamboats to reach their wharves and load in the city of Troy, and I am told by a delegate from Glens Falls that the great Hudson at that point, which used to be even in midsummer almost impassable, was so reduced that he could walk across it on the day upon which this convention convened without wetting his shoes. Bars have risen in the Hudson on account of the washings-down from these mountains from which trees have been taken, and everywhere we have seen the falling of the waters to an extent that has been dangerous. Lake Champlain has so fallen that whereas the head of navigation was at Whitehall some years ago, it is now some thirty or forty miles to the north, and the lake has visibly decreased in quantity. Lake George is one foot lower than it was a few years ago, and these dire effects proceed directly from the denuding of the Adirondack forests of the trees that were the protection of this great reservoir.

We will one day need that water stored in the Adirondacks to drink in the city of New York. That city, growing as it is immensely every day, not only in general greatness, in wealth and prosperity, in refinement and in charity, but also growing in numbers and steadily to the northward—what is to happen when it shall include Yonkers and the places above that city, as it will within your time, Mr. Chairman, and mine, and where will the people get their water supply? The Croton valley now is barely able to meet the wants of the people. The water, which is necessary, which is not only luxury but which is life, will have to be taken from the great lakes, from Lake Champlain and the other lakes in the Adirondack Mountains.

And then, Mr. Chairman, as a protection against fire! Science has not yet devised or discovered the means of quenching great fires except



by water, and I believe that the gentlemen of this Convention will be amazed when they are given the aggregate amount of property insured against loss by fire in the great city of New York alone. I have had furnished to me by the Chairman of the Board of Underwriters a statement which shows the amount of policies now written, covering property in the city of New York alone, not regarding the territory north of it or in any way connected with it, as being two thousand millions of dollars. And where shall we get the water for the safety of our property when we shall have drained the Croton valley dry, unless we protect our interests in these woods and take the waters from them? (Applause.)

In Europe at the present time some of the many evils due to deforestation are realized in the inconveniences of navigation, proceeding from a decrease in the volume of water in many of the larger streams. In fifty years the Elbe and Oder have fallen seventeen inches, the Vistula twenty-six, the Rhine twenty-eight and the Danube fifty-five, while the partial clearing of the valley of the Volga of its forests has had a perceptible effect upon the immense area of the Caspian Sea.

"Warned by the magnitude of such disasters, the French government has adopted the policy of reclothing the denuded slopes with tree growths and sods in seventeen departments impoverished and depopulated by the washing of the soil, the torrential action of the rivers and the repeated floods.

"During the last thirty years the government of France expended over thirty-five million dollars for the reforestation of its mountains, and expects to expend more than the same amount in addition before the damage is repaired."

Germany is also spending untold millions endeavoring to restore the forests. But in the two countries of France and Germany, the authorities take such care of the trees that an individual owner is not allowed to cut a tree unless a forest expert has marked it and declared that it might properly be cut down, having regard to what remained. And the requirement is that for every belt of trees cut another belt shall be planted; and those are countries where there is the natural rich soil in which the trees grow and flourish with rapidity, not like the soil in the Adirondacks and in the Catskill Mountains.

Mr. Chairman, we must recognize the loss we are suffering. Not only do we lose the supply of water, but as everyone will agree, when the mountain top is stripped of its trees, the acquisition of water is reduced, and the water which does fall there becomes a flood; that flood sweeps



down the mountains and carries away whatever of soil may have accumulated; goes scudding down the streams into the rivers, injuring them and destroying our commerce.

No man has yet found it possible to improve upon the ways of nature. In the primeval forest when the tree falls it is practically dead, and when it falls it is a protection to the other trees; it takes in the moisture through its bark and rottenness, and this diffuses it down and into the soil.

Mr. Chairman, favorable action of this Convention in this regard will prove to the people that it has had the people's interests at heart. The adoption of this amendment will be appreciated by all of the people, its benefits will be beyond our most enthusiastic expectations, and the service of the men who accomplish the giving such benefits will be sung by millions yet to be.

[The amendment was unanimously adopted.]



## A Seeker for Information.

[The following letter from New Jersey was received by Paul Smith some years ago.]

"DEAR SIRS—My wife and her mother, my three little girls, aged ten, eight and six, and the baby, aged one year, and myself, will go to the Adirondacks. What would be your terms for one week, and how much for three to six weeks? Can we hire a horse by the week at reasonable terms, or by the day or half day? And how much is washing? We would like to know your principles on canned vegetables. We like fish and eggs, or lamb and milk, and suppose your ordinary bill of fare is abundantly good enough for us. How high is your house, and what do you see from it? How could we arrange about going in from railroad and at what expense, if you please? Is your house old or new? At our last place they charged us \$30 for the same crowd, except that we had another woman instead of my wife's mother. I write two or three other places by this mail.

Yours truly,

\_\_\_\_\_"

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## In Memoriam.

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We regret to record the death of a member of our Advisory Committee, General Stephen Moffitt. He was a man of the highest integrity of character, a brave soldier, a true and loyal friend. A Christian gentleman, broad and charitable, he endeared himself to all.

Sanatorium-Gabriels deploras the loss of a wise counselor and an unflinching friend.

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## A Passing Thought.

BY E. LUMMIS.

As the far-famed Lotos Lily,  
 Ere its wondrous crown unfold,  
 Grows and bears the snowy blossom  
 Through the slime of darkest mould,  
 Stainless through the mire passes,  
 And at length, the goal attained,  
 Wakes to purest bloom and fragrance  
 When the lake's calm breast is gained;

So the Christian life, uprising,  
 Must, through mire of sin and sense—  
 Through dark waters of temptation,  
 Bear a stainless blossom thence.  
 Earth unworthy holds the promise  
 That the buds of life conceal,  
 Heaven will show the perfect flower  
 And its loveliness reveal.



There's a wideness in God's mercy  
 Like the wideness of the sea,  
 There's a kindness in His justice  
 Which is more than liberty.

There is no place where earth's sorrows  
 Are more felt than up in Heaven;  
 There is no place where earth's failings  
 Have more kindly judgment given.

For the love of God is broader than  
 The measure of man's mind,  
 And the heart of the Eternal  
 Is most wonderfully kind.

But we make His love too narrow  
 By false limits of our own,  
 And we magnify his strictness  
 With a zeal He will not own.

If our love were but more simple  
 We would take Him at His word;  
 And our lives would be all sunshine  
 In the sweetness of the Lord.

FATHER FABER.

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# Sanatorium Gabriels. Adirondacks.

IN CHARGE OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

This is a Short Account of Sanatorium Gabriels for Those Who Are Not Familiar With the Adirondacks.

Sanatorium Gabriels, for those in the first stages of tuberculosis, in charge of the Sisters of Mercy, was formally opened July 26th, 1897. The land is situated on an undulating plain at the Paul Smith's Station of the New York Central Railroad, and consists of a broad park running along the side of the railroad and rising gradually to a beautiful hill, "Sunrise Mount," which, like a screen, shades the valley from the north winds.

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The idea carried out is to centralize a group of cottages around the Administration Building, although this plan is more expensive, both to build and maintain. When the health or comfort of the patients is concerned the Sisters have spared neither pains nor money.

The heating, ventilation, plumbing, drainage and water supply are the best known to modern science.

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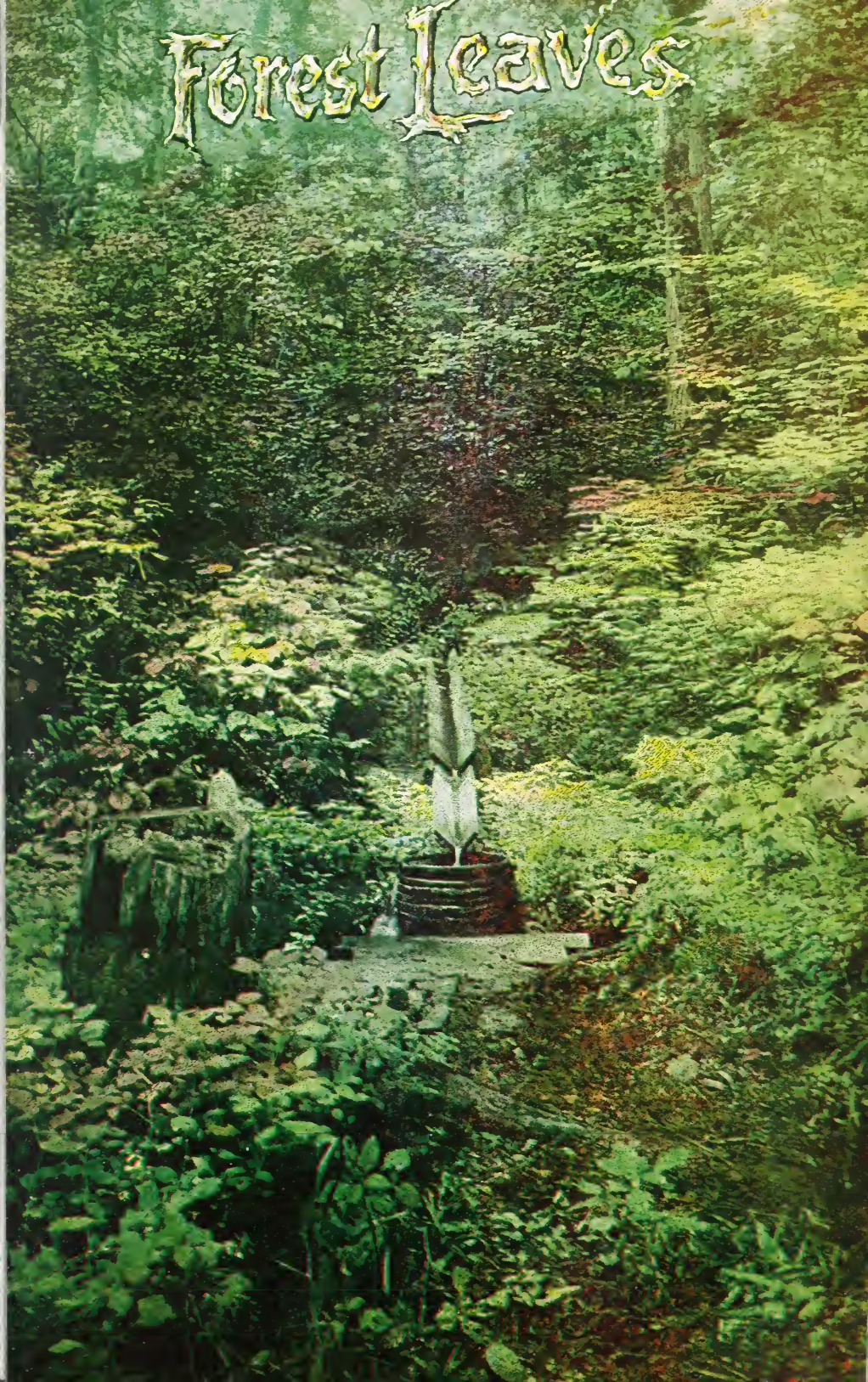
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# Forest Leaves





# FOREST LEAVES.

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

—  
Come with me into the wilderness and rest.  
—

SUMMER, 1904.

—  
PUBLISHED BY THE  
SANATORIUM GABRIELS.  
GABRIELS, N. Y.  
—

## The Welcome of Forest Leaves.

BY MABEL A. NILES.

The forest leaves, earth's angel voices singing,  
Their song scarce heard, like ripples in a fount ;  
When mortal spirits, weary, ah, so weary,  
Seek sweet repose at sylvan Sunrise Mount.

“Welcome, welcome, come and rest,  
Weary stranger, friend and guest,  
Midst our magic music find  
Choicest blessings—peace of mind.”

By zephyrs winged, thus sweet the words come ringing,  
A welcome warm, ah, how it cheers the heart  
To be thus greeted by the woodland spirits  
Who dwell in peace, as though from earth apart.

“Welcome, welcome to our home,  
In our forest halls come roam,  
Sing our sylvan songs and find  
The desired peace of mind.”



# FOREST LEAVES.

VOL. I.

SUMMER, 1904.

NO. 3.

## Summer's Proclamation.

Summer has come again to the Adirondacks, and she waves a royal sceptre. Winter may be the king, sending forth his winds like messengers and wearing the ermine with unyielding dignity. Spring is a princess,



rich with promise. But Summer is the queen, regal in her charms and plentiful in her gifts.

Year after year those who come to her northern domain increase in number. Yet is her bounty far from exhaustion. In her right hand is health and in her left hand pleasure, each necessary to the other.

A welcome visitor is Summer at Sanatorium Gabriels. May the mountain sunshine, gladdening but not enervating, fall gratefully upon all our readers through Forest Leaves!



## The River of St. Lawrence.

BY RIGHT REV. HENRY GABRIELS, D. D.



AMONG "the rivers that clap their hands . . . . . at the presence of the Lord" there is beyond any doubt none nobler than the stream which was called by the French explorers after the great Roman deacon, St. Lawrence. Its course, it is true, is not so long as that of the Father of Waters, with which it almost could shake hands across the ridge which divides the two vast watersheds of the South and of the East, but its waters are more pure, and its shapes are so varied that it may be truly considered as one of the physical wonders of the world. Before it assumes its own rightful name, it is in turn brook, lake, strait, on which and through which move all kinds of



watercraft, from the canoe of the Indian to the huge sailing vessel and steamers which carry the harvests of the West to the markets of the Old World. And all through its run the St. Lawrence seems to delight in trying every possible shape and manner of forwarding its waters. Quiet and calm, except in storms, in the great Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, St. Clair, Erie and Ontario, it hurries on through the straits Sault Ste. Marie and Detroit. After entering the Niagara River, it rushes on as an athlete preparing for a mighty jump, and soon in fact it takes a leap where really "the deep calleth on deep at the noise of the Lord's floodgates," a noise of which the poet said that "Wandering upon Erie's shore, I hear Niagara's distant cataract roar." And since these words were written, the great river has allowed itself to be harnessel for the service of industry all around its falls, supplying thousands of horsepower. Who will define the possibilities of these many waters?

Rushing on through the mist which it creates below the cataract, the mighty river courses like a stampeded herd between the steep narrow banks, under bridges and trains, without tarrying at the Whirlpool Rapids, when all at once it seems to regret its haste and turning round in the Whirlpool, it raises its head backwards like the River god of Ovid in Asia Minor: "*Venturas aspicit undas.*"\*

Soon it expands again towards the opposite shores of Lake Ontario, visiting there the flourishing cities of two dominions, till finally it gathers itself to joyously enter the bed where it assumes its proper name of the River Saint Lawrence. As tired of its wide spaces of the lakes, with naught but water and sky to greet the traveler's sight, it now creates a park of waterways between broken up lands and rocks that form eighteen hundred islands, huge and small, fertile and barren, covered with nature's plays and vegetation as well as with man's handicraft of palaces and cottages, which present a sight that has no counterpart in any country of the world. Entrancing at all hours, it offers a true fairy scene in a summer evening, when the inhabited isles are illumined by numberless lanterns on the banks and in the trees, forming all kinds of emblems, especially the figure of the Cross.

\* Looks at the waters that are coming.



[Niagara Falls.

The river now is growing by the influx of great black water inland streams, which it soon assimilates and purifies by its preponderating mass of water. On its passage it soon greets the humble monument erected in 1899 by the ladies of Ogdensburg to the memory of Father Picquet, who in 1749 founded there his presentation colony of Indian converts, which was so unfortunately shattered by the English in 1759.

Impatient of its delays, it now begins to dance through manifold rapids which to shoot, needs the skill and experience of Indian pilots. At the St. Regis reservation it kindly receives on its waves the modern canoes of the Catholic Indians, both Canadian and American, of that famous home of civilized redskins. After widening into the smaller Lake of St. Francis, near the boiling and racing Lachine Rapids, it bends its head in veneration to the tomb of the saintly Mohawk maiden Kateri Tegakwi, and a little below, it pays its homage to the royal city of Mary, the great Montreal, founded on a sister island of the Isle of Jesus. Here, as these names indicate, everything is Catholic, like the patron of the river himself. From the place where both its shores are French-Canadian to its entrance into the St. Lawrence Gulf, Catholic churches, surmounted by gilded crosses, as are the everywhere associated Catholic convents, from village to village reflect themselves in its now more placid waters.

The rock of Quebec, with its ancient basilica and its numerous churches and monasteries, as well as with monuments of battles lost or won; the sanctuary of St. de Beaupre, where Moore's rowers cheered him and themselves by remembering that "We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn"; the little chapel of Tadousac, at the mouth of the picturesque Saguenay—all is full of Christian events and Catholic history. The slackened river seems to linger with delight between these hallowed shores.

But yet it too much reach its goal, and bring to port the waters which it drew from the neighborhood of the Mississippi and which it took in charge from its numerous tributaries on the way. After a run of 2,000 miles from Minnesota and of 750 miles from Lake Ontario,



it finally broadens into a width of 100 miles, with hardly a qualification to be still called a river. It therefore, at Cape Chatte, becomes the Gulf of St. Lawrence, which thus supersedes the parent stream.

Happily the same Saint is the patron of both, and the seafarer from Montreal or Quebec knows that, whether on the river or on the gulf, he still is floating on the beautiful St. Lawrence waters.

Bishop's House, Ogdensburg, N. Y.



If you love your home you will love your nation.



Imitate the sun, and shine as often as the clouds will let you.



It is the coward that does the mean trick—never the brave man.



You may doubt every rumor, but you have got to believe the report of a cannon.



Heaven help the man who imagines he can dodge enemies by trying to please everybody.



No brave man objects to a straightforward enemy. It is the hypocrite that men despise and fear.



Your man who says nothing is an unknown quantity—but your man who says too much is a quantity not worth knowing.



## The Newspaper's Voice.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE said that a picture is something between a thought and a thing. It is not a thought, because it is visible to the eye. It is not a thing, because, beyond a combination of lines, lights and colors, it has no existence. So we may say that a newspaper



is something between a voice and a book. It is not a voice, because it speaks inaudibly. It is not a book, because it is a mere sheet or leaf, which is scattered broadcast every day, or once a week. He that writes a book studies long, and weighs, and writes and re-writes, and

lays up his work till the whole is finished. He prints it, and is a successful author if he sells a thousand copies. Many buy and do not read; many read half and never finish; many read and do not understand. The sphere of a book is small; and its fate is the shelf, dust and oblivion. But a newspaper is like a knock at the door morning by morning, or Saturday by Saturday. It is so short that even the idle will read it, and so plain that even the simple can understand. It speaks to thousands at once. Mere curiosity will make men read, and mere dullness will make them talk of what they have read in their newspaper. It thinks for them, and they reproduce it in their talk at breakfast and dinner and supper. It becomes a voice, and spreads wide. There is no more prompt, direct, intelligible and certain way of speaking to men in this nineteenth century than by a newspaper. Books move slowly in a narrow circle; voices are heard only in a church or in a lecture-room; but a newspaper speaks everywhere, whithersoever it floats by sea or flies by post. "The thing becomes a trumpet."

—*Cardinal Manning.*



## Mutual Recognition.

A prominent lawyer says that many years ago he went West, but as he got no clients and stood a good chance of starving to death, he decided to come East again. Without any money he boarded a train for Nashville, Tenn., intending to seek employment as reporter on one of the daily newspapers. When the conductor called for his ticket, he said: "I am on the staff of —— of Nashville; I suppose you will pass me?" The conductor looked at him sharply. "The editor of that paper is in the smoker; come with me; if he identifies you, all right." He followed the conductor into the smoker; the situation was explained. Mr. Editor said: "Oh, yes, I recognize him as one of the staff; it is all right." Before leaving the train the lawyer again sought the editor. "Why did you say you recognized me? I'm not on your paper." "I'm not the editor, either. I'm traveling on his pass, and was scared to death lest you should give me away."—*Selected.*

## Volmar and Valet.

A STORY.

BY ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.



IT WAS spring, but a fire very much alive filled the grate of a large, cheerful apartment in New York, and before it lounged a man in a yielding arm-chair, reading the newspaper (it was 9 o'clock in the morning). He did not seem to relish touching the newspaper, vulgar thing, and gave it the extreme tips of his fingers, which he now and then whisked with a very crisp handkerchief. He was reading the advertisements of cheap clothing. This was a mistake of the valet's. His master, whom he was imitating, always devoted himself exclusively to politics and the fine arts.

Presently the valet got up, dropping the newspaper on the floor. He attended, with a graceful lounging step, to preparing the rather small table in the centre of the room for his master's breakfast. Occasionally he inspected an odd piece of china with an air of special approval, or turned the heavily embossed silver slop-basin around in his hands with a dainty caress. The glass he polished slowly and exquisitely; the napkin he fastened into a lateen-sailed boat; the fruit he disposed irresistibly. Then he refolded the newspaper and leaned it against the back leg of the breakfast chair.

With a hand on one hip in a jaunty fashion he surveyed the apartment, through which spread a subdued glow from the early summer of the fresh year, one lower slatted blind only being thrown back to let an untempered shaft of sunlight plant itself at one side of the room. The wayward decorations of the the place reached a variegated harmony truly engaging; large rugs against the walls, plaster casts of superior aspect and mellowed tint upon the low bookcases; ethereal crockery and glass inscribed upon backgrounds of color here and there, like pleasant hieroglyphics.



The valet's musings being at an end, he looked at his watch, compared it with an unobtrusive clock upon the chiffonier and bestirred himself to light the volcanic reservoir of a coffee-machine.

At precisely the right moment the door from the hall was opened with a quiet yet nervous grip, and Mr. Lingard Volmar stepped to the little breakfast-table, with a gracious glance and a word to his servant. He bent over, with his thumbs in his pockets, to examine some strawberries of unusual size and immaculate quality, and then slipped into his chair. Perfect silence reigned. The odor of the coffee was perhaps sufficiently delicious to occupy the individual reflections of both master and man.

Volmar, it may be briefly said, was a man with hands. Every motion, every change of current in his thought, was emphasized in delicate touches or gesticulations of one kind or another, by his hands. One tried to concentrate one's attention upon his bright, masterful eyes, or his smiling, rapidly-moving lips as he spoke; but one always found one's self returning to his hands. They were exquisitely formed—to use an adjective which is employed sometimes to express force as well as daintiness. The generous curve, peculiar to strongly artistic natures, which run along the outer side of the palm, tapered, gently and airily, to the end of the little finger. The tips of the fingers were rendered happy by excellent grace, and the nails were rather a square oval and absolutely perfect. In fact, the hand itself might have been the work of Benvenuto Cellini.



The valet followed his master's motions respectfully, but lost nothing. He felt that he personally tasted the bread, then toyed with it, that he partook of the tenderloin charily, and consumed the dish of strawberries and cream by gradual stages; that the coffee had fortified his own sinews for a good morning's work—albeit the brushing of clothes, etc., instead of the meandering over a violin.

As Volmar's deliberate breakfast began to slacken, and the finger-bowl hovered nearer to his plate, the on-looker remarked in an easy tone:

"Some parts of the newspaper would interest you today."

Volmar stroked his moustache and then took the paper with a good-natured nod.

"Fenroy, the sun has just reached my violin; it is too late in the season for that."



"If you would only put it in the case," exclaimed Fenroy softly, turning the shutters, but going no nearer to the violin where it lay than if it were a rattle-snake, for he knew its age.

"Some fairy should do that; I really never can remember it, if I end with a good strain. So do not expect me to reform."

"I will not even wish it," answered the valet, gently smiling.



"They certainly approve of my efforts at the Grande Matinee; did you see?" Volmar further remarked.

"Yes, indeed, sir. They seem to understand music here, too."

"You may be mistaken, though. Perhaps it is because they do not understand it, and dare not meddle with a criticism. However, I will be thankful for a bed of rose-petals, no matter what wind brings them."

In going from one point in the room to another with the apparent motive of polishing a picture-glass or the burnished surface of a vase, or putting in its place a matter of cigars or books, the valet came across a surreptitious pile of morning's letters. He drew back nervously—Volmar never wanted to remember letters till his 3 o'clock cup of tea arrived, and friends and people of business had learned that only a telegram reached him at once. Fenroy dropped a piece of embroidery over the mail, as if nothing were there.

"By the way, are there any letters? I will take them, please."

Fenroy felt a cold chill run down his back. But he instantly handed the mail to Volmar. He had never known a rule of the kind to be changed before. Volmar shuffled the letters over with his happy, graceful hands, stopped as if turned into a picture over one, and then drew it out from the rest, rose from his chair and went to the fire to read it.

"Other chills attacked Fenroy. The writing was a woman's, even across the room. Volmar was then sufficiently interested in some woman to call for his mail. Could it be that anything was to happen? Events or changes seldom happened abruptly to his master; they came decorously, by means of a herald of some sort. Yet, yesterday he had not care for a single letter, but had glanced at them, smoked over them and dropped them, and rushed off to the benefit just in time for the solo upon his violin.

Fenroy was discussing a number of things in his mind, and finally looked up from his affairs at the table to see his master turn again to the beginning of the letter, and re-read it, as if for the first time. The valet hurriedly finished clearing the table, departed without in-

interrupting that fascinating letter, and relieved his mind by a plunge into the wildest extravagance of purchase at the market close by, where every delicacy was to be had.

The letter in Volmar's hand was anonymous, as an earlier one had been written evidently by the same person. The astonishing thing about it was that the letter was refined and intellectual, traits which anonymous letters upon any subject are almost necessarily without. Both letters had referred wholly to Volmar's violin performances, which were very much praised by people who knew anything of the subject and very much enjoyed in silence by the rest. He did not affect the kind of execution which makes the dumb speak in honor of it, for he had not any desire to express himself in wild excitement. The glow of passion at his heart was revealed in glowing tones, but they were tender, deep or beautifully wayward. He never executed purely technical wonders upon his violin. When he accomplished a marvelous feat with his instrument, it was only a connoisseur who was aware of it; the ordinary listener knew merely that he was enchanted. The writer of these anonymous communications was a woman, and yet she spoke with a fine intelligence of the music of the violin, of the delicate points of Volmar's playing, which he never really expected anyone fully to enjoy but himself. The paramount necessity being to fulfill the requirements of his own difficult artistic sense, he had only leisure left to feel satisfied, and did not care whether anyone else felt so. He was young, and peculiarly indifferent to those ways which lead to madness, one of which is concern about the opinion of the world. Nevertheless, he had fame enough to carry him nobly. But there was something in the speech of this musical friend without a name, which gave Volmar a thrill of exquisite pleasure, answering to the pleasure he had undoubtedly given her.

He stood musing over the letter, and growing more and more distinct in his imagining of her, from her age on. And, in any case, whatever she was she must be sweet, she must be enthusiastic, she must be a flower of civilization. But there was no clue to her at all; and it was borne in upon his perceptions unalterably that she would

never reveal herself. He played to her openly, and she wrote to him anonymously. It was mean of her, but nothing worse than that.

Fenroy returned, coming into the room with a step and air so like his master's that it was a wonder they did not both realize it. It was an assured step, but very light and quick, a kind of scherzo, with an undercurrent of grace about it. He was a good deal restored by having emptied his purse on rare game and hothouse grapes. Volmar was not quite rich enough for that; but Fenroy had observed with relish that his master was recklessly extravagant at times. But then, again, the thought of his master's falling in love; not always being there to be cared for; not caring even as much as now for his valet—it was too much; the thought again made Fenroy wish he was supplied with ten dollars more to spend than the ten he had spent.

"I wanted you just now," said Volmar. "Don't slide off without a word oftener than you can help, please. I want you to go to Bach Hall, and ask them if I can have it for next Wednesday; a matinee."

"It's a very small hall, sir."

"Well, Fenroy, would you like to give the recital in my stead?"

"Oh, I only meant —"

"You must try to let me think for myself."

With a motion of the hand cribbed boldly from his master's repertory of gestures, Fenroy deprecated his own impertinence and Volmar's severity, and then set ink and paper on the table so that the violinist could write his note to the lessors of Bach Hall.

Volmar spent some time in planning the program of his concert, and in making it so much above the comprehension of the crowd that there would be a chance of getting a harmonious and special audience. He had the proposed performance well advertised, and there was nearly a week for it to reach the notice of the person for whom the whole affair was undertaken. It was a matinee, that she might be the more likely to come; it was a moderate-sized hall, that he might have some possibility of observing her and eliminating her from the rest of his listeners. Sometimes, when you least expect it, the person next you will catch a straw. Nobody supposed Volmar ever wanted

one, but the fact was he had caught at a straw in this matter as violently as he ever did anything. He was a lonely man. His parents had been born in foreign lands, and although an American he had been educated in Europe. He had frequently gone back and forth across the Atlantic, without feeling more at home here than abroad. To a man who has not been born in a home which somebody keeps at home in, even if he does not, home can never be a perfected reality. If he makes a home of his own by marriage, it is not he who feels the down of the nest, which we can only feel in childhood, and remember when childhood is gone. But that memory even is worth so much! Volmar was now an orphan, and had no such remembrance, though he had memories of pleasures and of places. The artistic tenderness emanating from the anonymous letters, not descending anywhere to mere emotion over a shadow of stupidity, delighted Volmar's soul. He seemed to have found a resting-place for the ethereal part of him. The young woman had studied the violin, and could play somewhat well herself. She understood, she belonged to the brotherhood of musicians, and to a person of mind and subtle perceptions it was patent that she possessed them both.

The little orchestra, which he had collected judiciously, with reference to the size of the hall, began the movement of the first selection after Volmar had already stood looking over the audience for a moment. He had not taken all this trouble and forethought to let any opportunity slip of observing the faces before him. It was so apparent that he looked around him for a definite purpose, that no one was inclined to quarrel with him for doing so. People are always glad when anyone is decidedly convinced of what they want; so that even Von Bulow's bursts of conversation upon the platform are probably welcome. Volmar put his violin upon his shoulder and raised the bow, with an expression of dissatisfaction. Then he looked over the heads of his audience, and forgot them.

During the next interval in his playing he recalled himself to the purpose of the day. Young ladies—some were charming—were near him, but there was nothing about them which caused him a sensation.

Their smiles, and the movement of their eyes and lips as they whispered to their companions, after his hand dropped to his side, had something so very girlish and feathery about them, as if their hats and thoughts were hopelessly mingled, that he had no difficulty in ruling them out of his further inspection. No face struck him as the right one.

The orchestra was ready for him again, and he returned to his violin. Two seats were empty. They began to fascinate Volmar.

Before the next selection was begun these seats were occupied by women, one a nullity and the other a little hump-backed dwarf, rosy and sparkling with haste and interest, and with a peculiar expression in her deep blue eyes.

It was she! Volmar knew it at once, and rage filled him. Instead of the solo which he was to have played, he waited, toying with his strings, pretending that they needed a great deal of preliminary attention. Then he dashed into an improvisation by no means gentle. The girl's face became pale and old with anguish; and through his theme, in conformity with his ever magnanimous nature, he began to weave, as he glanced at her, a plaintive melody, which was evidently trying to extricate itself from the discord and heat around it. At last it soared away, free, and was lost in a serene sky. Volmar stopped and gazed directly at the little hump-back. She was gazing at him, but too abstractedly to remark to herself upon his glance. Bowing to the applause, he hastened away. He thought only of the recognition she gave, with her tearful eyes and eager face, to his art; she, the utmost opposite of his ideal of woman, except in mind and feeling. He went to the ante-room in a whirl of disappointment and reluctant interest, and sat with his head in his hands, deliberately wretched.

"Fenroy slid noiselessly to his side, and stood looking at him with great sympathy, and then spoke gently.

"Anything I can do, sir? I'll run for some ammonia, perhaps?"

"No, Fenroy; you may run for an idea, if you can get one. I want one badly enough." Volmar put one of his splendid hands upon his knee, and scowled. "There is a young lady in the audience who



is—is deformed—dwarfed—you can't help noticing her, Fenroy. Come in, and look down the centre aisle; she's on the right as you look. When she goes out, follow her somehow to her home, for if I can I must find out where she lives." He started to his feet to return to the concert hall, and took up his violin and bow with a slow, loving clasp. "If you are really a clever fellow, show it."

Fenroy stroked his moustache, *a la Volmar*, and nodded; but his eyes were twice as large as before his master had spoken.

He did as he was told precipitately, as the only kind of relief for the new idea of Volmar's interest in a dwarf. Having observed her, he followed both the friends when they left the hall, and drove after their carriage in a cab, telling his driver to keep well behind. The ladies alighted, and the deformed girl insisted upon walking the rest of the way to her home. She wanted the exercise, and wanted to think alone of the concert. As she talked and laughed and shook her head to her friend's expostulations about her walking by herself, Fenroy paid his cabman and sauntered nearer to her, lighting a cigar in order to delay his progress unsuspectingly. The girl turned on her way, and the gleam of her pale face, gold braids over pitiful shoulders, moved before the distressed gaze of the valet. She stopped at the foot of the steps of a handsome house. Fenroy hastened, and she confronted him as he came up to her.

"You have followed me, you horrid thing! I have seen it all; do you suppose I am stupid, because I am hump-backed? I'm not a bit frightened, but you are a brute, all the same. Policeman, arrest this man!", she cried, to one who was bearing down towards them.

"Can't you arrest a man for dogging a person for ever so far? My purse has only a dollar in it, anyway; but that doesn't make it less wicked in him."

Fenroy stood with his hat slightly raised, looking surprised. The policeman smiled. "I don't think the gentleman meant it, Miss Hart," he said. "I guess you will let him off."

"You are of no use at all, Jim," cried Miss Hart, who made friends with everyone and knew the policemen of that neighborhood

well. She held out her hand for a card which Fenroy was gracefully handing her. It was Volmar's. Miss Hart raised her lustrous eyes slowly from the card, and gave Fenroy a violent glance. Then she said quietly:

"Dear me, how strange of him. Well, come in; you may murder us all, but I am curious to know what Mr. Volmar can want with us. He played rarely well today."

In a moment more Fenroy found himself in the parlor.

"Pray be seated, and tell me all about it," said Miss Hart. "Is Mr. Volmar a cousin of ours? And who are you? Why don't you sit down?"

"I'm Mr. Volmar's servant, ma'am; and he asked me to find out where you lived." Fenroy instinctively leaned to openness, thus far.

Miss Hart had lost her color since reading the card but now she flushed.

"If you don't tell the reason quickly, you will repent it," she exclaimed, slapping her hand with the glove she had drawn off, in a thorough belligerent manner.

"Did not you write to him?"

Of course Fenroy had guessed this, but had no idea that he could be right.

"No, I didn't" said Miss Hart in a low voice, biting her lip.

There was a pause full of meaning, in which Fenroy was convinced of his sagacity.

"Oh, yes, Miss, and he—he never read a letter so many times."

The dwarfed girl got up and went to the window, where she stood for some minutes, hitting the palm of one hand with the back of the other. Fenroy stood waiting as patiently as a chair. At last Miss Hart moved past him, saying: "Do you stay here till I come." And she went into the back parlor and sat down at a writing desk. A note was written and handed to Fenroy with an air of pre-occupation.

"Your master must be a clairvoyant," was her parting remark, accompanied by a glance which did not meet Fenroy's eyes.

When he reached the high, large room which set off everything so well, Volmar's lithe figure included, he found him lounging upon an ottoman by the fire, smoking a cigarette. He looked calm enough to have forgotten the errand upon which he had sent Fenroy, except that his eyes were black as ebony instead of their usual brown.

"Here is a note, sir, from Miss Hart."

"H'm!"

Volmar appeared waywardly fatigued, but decided to hold out one of his ever-noticeable hands for the letter. He turned it over several times, and dropped it, by accident. He picked it up hastily.

"Light the candles up there," he said.

Fenroy did so, and withdrew.

"My dear Mr. Volmar:—This is very funny. Your remarkable valet (whom I took for a gentleman) will tell you that he made me angry by following me; but I confess to having succumbed to a kind of awe since learning that you have identified me as the writer of those two letters. Do you play upon anything besides the violin? But if you have seen me, why did you wish to know where I lived? Perhaps you understand now why I dared to write. I am nothing. Otherwise, we might have met in society and I should not have needed to write. Deformity has taken away my personality. I know you are pitying me, and you may; I do not let everybody pity my hump, without making a face at them. But as I always do what I please, like a real will-o-the-wisp, I wrote to you about your playing, for I knew you would see that I comprehend its worth; and I knew that very few people would ever speak to your inner consciousness as I would. My object is attained. Mr. Volmar, good-bye.

RACHEL HART."

"P. S.—I forgot to say that I do not wish you to try to see me. It hurts me to have people see me every day of my life. Do you think, then, that I should care to meet you? I am sure you must know how I must feel. R. H."

"P. P. S.—How foolish I am to forget. Do let me know how you found out it was I."

Volmar stood up, and in a moment clapped his handkerchief to his eyes, and remained very still. Then his shoulders heaved. Another stillness. Then he put his handkerchief in his pocket, and threw himself into a lounging-chair, his face pale and tired in the semi-darkness of the room.

Fenroy came back, and potted about as softly as a moth, alighting beside the chiffonier, and then beside the table, and then carrying a chair, with, apparently, his velvet wings, to the table and setting it at his master's place. Volmar ate his dinner, as he always has done, well or ill, worried or gay, as methodically as a clock.

At 8 o'clock he was decked in evening dress, and rang for Fenroy. Master and man stood looking at each other for an instant.

"Help me on with my overcoat," Volmar said.

"Yes, sir."

The pause during the operation was tingling with suppressed explosions.

"Give me Miss Hart's address," continued Volmar.

Then Fenroy blurted: "Don't go, sir!"

"What do you mean?"

"You'll ruin her happiness, sir."

"Come, Fenroy, this will never do. I shall break your head, some day, for your impertinence."

"I don't care what you say now, sir. You will understand when it is too late. I never saw a sweeter, saucier little lady than she is; just the one to die of love. I never saw a lady I'd rather save from trouble. And you know, sir, however you tried, you could never love her; you could not have such a wife. My head's at your service, Mr. Volmar."

"I wish it were of any use to me," replied Volmar shortly; and marching to the door he waited there for the address which his valet gave him, stuttering. He did not wish to go, on account of a dread at his heart, but what else could he do? He was impelled to go by a great longing. It would have been a very flat proceeding to let the episode into which he had stepped come to nothing because the mind which had so arrested his attention was embodied by a deformed shape,

and because the owner of it, a woman too, had said she did not wish the episode to go any further and had given her deformity as a reason. If he could not see her this evening, the matter might naturally end. If he could, it would either be for the last time or not, as they pleased. The young woman's eyes, her smile and the calm squareness of her brow under the soft sheen of hair grew more and more upon his imagination as he walked along. Oh, that sentient face! That intelligence! But with a shudder he recalled the rest.

Volmar reached the house to which Fenroy had directed him, and with an access of the strange mixture of feelings which had taken possession of him ever since he had divined by a penetrating look at Rachel Hart's countenance that she of all his little audience was alone capable of writing the enchanting anonymous letters—with a turmoil between elation and distress—he rang the bell and stood to receive the next development.

Miss Hart did not live there. She did not live anywhere there, so far as the servant knew.

Volmar never had conceived what anger could be before. He was so furious that he could not imagine what had infuriated him, and it took him some time to realize that he was angry because his valet had actually put a finger into his destiny. There never was such a valet; there never was such anger. Volmar strode double-quick down the wretched fraud of a street. Then his wisdom, which had a way of coming uppermost at the very moment when other people got along perfectly without theirs, suddenly cooled him off like a western breeze. Fenroy was right. That false address was an inspiration. Either dry disappointment or tragic interest must result from meeting Rachel Hart, both for her and for him. It was a case where Fate, taking notice of persons who declare there is no such thing, places herself before them as proof positive. Sometimes people run at her rudely, as if she were a ghost, and make her an enemy for life. Sometimes, like Volmar, they bow to the inevitable. He went home (Fenroy was keeping out of the way) and wrote this note:

*Dear Rachel:*—It is better, I agree, that we should not meet. You are wise, for you cannot be anything but wise; you are the most



intellectual woman I shall ever know of. I fear that I shall never feel for any other woman what I was ready to feel for you, when I looked for your face in my audience and I found it by its infinite superiority, but found your fate also. I believe you would have responded to me in all things, as you do in our art, if we had not known that we must not meet. These are hard words, but only the truth would satisfy either of us, just as we shrink at a discord upon the violin and our hearts can expand with a kind of joy at the saddest of its harmonies. It would not have been right for me to conceal the extent of my interest in you. It will be one of the greatest treasures of my life. Rachel, you can understand what a sorrow it will be to me to know, that however I try to love, I shall love no woman as I might have loved you.

Farewell till death.

VOLMAR."



## Even Song.

OLD GERMAN SONG, RENDERED INTO ENGLISH BY EUGENIE UHLRICH.

Now the day is ending ;  
 Unto wood and fields  
 Twilight, swift descending,  
 Peace and slumber yields.

But the brook forever  
 Flows still on and on ;  
 Heeding, resting never,  
 Spring nor summer long.

No sun softly setting,  
 No bell calling rest,  
 Stills his unremitting,  
 Aye enduring quest.

Thus with thine own striving,  
 Heart, art thou possessed ;  
 Vain all thy contriving—  
 God alone is rest.



## Why New York Welcomes Sportsmen to the Adirondacks.

BY HARRY V. RADFORD.

If only I could bring my readers who reside in the far places of America and Europe to appreciate the easy accessibility of the Adirondack region today, and the facility with which, when once one has determined to give oneself the enjoyment of visiting this matchless wilderness, the trip may be planned and executed, there is no doubt



**Trout Fishing in the Adirondacks.**

but the number of fortunate persons who annually invade this Wonderland of the East, this "Venice of the Woods,"\* these Alps of America, would next summer be augmented by many hundreds and possibly by many thousands of ardent admirers of the wild, the grand and the beautiful in nature.

I wish this could be so. I wish I could adequately describe the transcendent loveliness of these blue Adirondack lakes, the sweetness, the coolness, the majesty of these deep green forests and the rugged grandeur and stolid grimness of these gray Achean peaks; and so en-

\* W. H. H. ("Adirondack") Murray.

these every woods-loving man and woman of the two continents, every person in whose veins runs the red blood of true sportsmanship, and whose very heart-throbs beat in accord with the pulsations of animate nature, with a burning desire to come to this region, to witness these wonders and these beauties, to view and to revel in the glory of these majestic mountains, these placid lakes, these flower-bordered, winding watercourses, to whip these trout streams, to wander with rifle in hand through these grand primeval forests, to drink at these gushing foun-



**Deer Hunting in the Adirondacks.**

tains of immaculate purity, to absorb, with their nostrils, the heavenly sweetness of these woods and to breathe deep into their grateful lungs this God-given balsamic air of almost miraculous healing power—in short, to enjoy this region of a thousand blessings and a thousand charms which an all-wise, all-provident and all-loving Creator has seen fit to erect within the man-made boundaries of the Empire State, but which all humankind have a right to claim in common; so that

no consideration of distance, of time or of expense would stay them from making at least one journey to this grand international playground and universal sanitarium.

The sportsmen of this State would welcome you with outstretched arms. We are not jealous of the health and pleasure which our forests and waters can give. We have no cruel, ungenerous, inhospitable, unchivalrous, unsportsmanlike, unstatesmanlike, undemocratic and un-American non-resident hunting and camping licenses in this State—and I pray that we may never have them—for we are all brothers who meet in this playground of the Adirondacks, no matter where chance may have determined the place of our birth or the multiplicity of other influencing agencies may have marked out the place of our abode. We care not from what distant corner of the earth may hail the sportsman whom we meet upon the trail; nor do we stop to argue with ourselves whether or not he may be a legal resident of this State, when we see his boat passing by in the gathering gloom at the edge of the night. We send him shouted greeting from our camp upon the shore, and bid him put in and stop with us for supper, or over night. “Throw down your blanket by our fireside, my friend, and stop the night with us. Guide, we have a guest with us tonight; pour out another cup of that hot Formosa tea and cut another strip of venison from that haunch that hangs behind the tent. Punch up the fire and throw an armful of that dry stuff on and let us have a bright, warm camp, for our guest has traveled far and the night is chill. Get out the tin box of my favorite blend. You smoke, friend, do you not?”

Such is New York's welcome to the sportsman from a distance. He may have come from New South Wales—for many journey from the ends of the earth to taste the joys of Adirondack life—and he may have come from no greater distance than New Jersey. It is the same to us. So long as he is a true-blue sportsman, so long as he has honor and refinement enough not to unnecessarily destroy a single tree and is possessed of sufficient conscience and gentlemanly instinct not to draw too heavily upon our game or fish supply, it matters not to us whether he be a citizen of our State or even whether the starry banner





Running the Rapids, Ausable Chasm.



which we venerate is the same flag whose sight stirs the warm blood within his veins. Indeed, if he come from a distant land we shall welcome him all the more gladly, for we shall want to have him tell us tales of his own dear country and of the sport that is to be had in his native forests and mountains and upon his native waters, when we are sitting together before the fire in our camp in the Adirondacks.

We have no need to fear that the in-pouring of fellow sportsmen from the four corners of the earth will deplete our forests or waters or be the means of destroying any of the natural charms with which our North Woods are filled. Rather, we know from experience, the greater the number of sportsmen and nature-lovers who visit and enjoy our wilderness, the more surely can we hope for its perpetual protection and its eventual ownership, as a whole, by the people. It is only the ignorance which exists among a large percentage of the citizens of this State, concerning the priceless value to them of this wilderness of beauty and land of enchantment which they possess within their borders, that need cause us fear for its future. If every one of the eight million men, women and children inhabiting this State could be transported to the Adirondacks and given opportunity to taste, even for a single day, the sweetness of life within the shadow of these glorious forest-crowned hills, there would never thereafter be any occasion for debate upon the wisdom of the State's acquiring and forever preserving every foot of forest land within the limits of the proposed Adirondack Park. The people would rise up in a united body, eight million strong, purchase the entire area at once, erect the park, make provision for its proper guardianship—and there would be an end to it. New York would have the grandest playground in the world, insured against destruction for all time, and all the nations of the earth would acclaim the event and send their hosts of travellers, tourists and visitors of famous places to enjoy the charms of the new international resort—and to pour their golden tribute into our people's coffers.



The art of saying appropriate words in a kindly way is one that never goes out of fashion, never ceases to please and is within the reach of the humblest.

## To the Pitying Heart of Mary.

BY CORA A. MATSON DOLSON.

To the pitying Heart of Mary  
 Will I go with the grief and wrong;  
 And will plead that she help me carry  
 The load I have borne so long.

O, Mother of Christ! Look down  
 To the pitying Heart of Mary—  
 On remembrance I fain would bury  
 In the folds of thy virgin gown!

To the pitying Heart of Mary—  
 None other has thought or care,  
 To pause in the great world's hurry  
 And look on my soul's despair!

To the pitying Heart of Mary  
 I cry, and that refuge prove;  
 As I lose the pain and the worry  
 In the depths of endless love.



“Tain't my fault I'm at the foot of me class.”

“Whose fault, then?”

“It's Johnie Sapphead's! He's got sick an' can't come to school no more.”—N. J. Journal.



“Photographer's Assistant—“Mrs. Van Perkins complains that her portraits don't look like her.”

Photographer—“Complains, does she? She ought to be grateful.”

## Stray Leaves From the History of Franklin County—Leaf 18.

BY CLIO.

During the eighteenth century my pen was busy with the events of every part of the globe. Old and New World changes were ringing in new eras, and, since the Muse of History must faithfully record each event, and frequently give special attention to the individual who for the



Lower Saranac Lake.

time happens to be connected with it, I spent the latter part of the century recording the glorious struggle of the nations for liberty.

Each nation was struggling, but it was given to America to enjoy a God-given freedom unlike that granted to any other—liberty of conscience, freedom from the oppression of rulers and the right to self-government.

I lingered and worshiped, admired and recorded. Everything was of interest—the whole-heartedness with which the people gave themselves and their all to the New Country. It was theirs—the mountains and valleys, the lakes and rivers, the wilderness, vast and yet unknown, were all prized as the gift of Heaven.

The lovers of freedom flocked from every land to this favored spot, each, it would seem, with a mission to make it a home and a land worthy of the free and the brave. The lakes and rivers were to be made navigable; mines of coal, iron, salt, marble and other minerals were to yield to the worker their treasures. The pine and oak of the centuries were ripe for the homes and ships of the colonists. Even the wildernesses



**Upper Saranac Lake.**

offered their deeply hidden beauty to the growing civilization. The Master had gone into the depths and all the nation offered him its homage, for have I not duly recorded in one of my leaves the great Purchase of the Northern Wilderness?

Closely bound up with this transaction is an exile, Daniel McCormack, a native of Ireland, that nation of more than emerald beauty, forever smiling through her tears.

Though engaged in New York by the world of business and finance, Daniel McCormack loved the green hills and valleys, and the wild fastnesses, that had been heralded to him by Northern explorers. He in-



Rainbow Falls, Ausable Chasm.



vested in thousands of acres that he might offer homes to his fellow exiles. Moreover, he would attract them by giving to the newly surveyed townships the dear names of the motherland—Ballybeen (his native place) Barrymore, Shelah Cormachus; and to the lakes Lochneagh and Killarney. But he did not give himself to the northern wild. He seemed to have been obliged to give to others God's special dwelling, while he confined himself to a place of business and social duty, of which Wall Street was the horizon.

To the end Daniel McCormack was interested in his great purchase and its colonization. He induced Michael Hogan, one of his exiled friends who had returned from India, wealthy and full of enterprise, to purchase Township No. One, Franklin County. This township Mr. Hogan named Bombay, from the commercial capital of the East Indies, the former home of his wife.

Though Mr. Hogan had been Consul-General of the United States to Chili, and a New York merchant of note, he chose to reside for months each year in the small hamlet Hogansburgh, one of the villages of Bombay, and one so loved by his wife and children.

Had Daniel McCormack followed his heart and his love for nature to the wilderness, the names first given by him to the towns and beautiful lakes would still be theirs. What a charm would be added to the wondrous beauty of the Upper and Lower Saranac, were they still called Killarney, from their renowned counterpart in the Old World. And so of the others.

Were it not outside my province to philosophize, I would ask my readers to notice how far those go astray who do not follow nature, and how completely they shut themselves out of the paradise of true delights and lose their way upon earth.



"I am told your bride is very pretty," said Miss Peppery. "Yes, indeed!" replied Mr. Con Seet. "Several of the guests at the ceremony were pleased to call it a wedding of beauty and brains."

"Well, well! She must be a remarkable woman; that's an unusual combination in one person."—Philadelphia Press.

## One of W. H. H. Murray's Reasons for Visiting the Adirondacks.

WRITTEN IN 1869.

"I deem the excursion eminently adapted to restore impaired health. Indeed it is marvelous what benefit physically is often derived from a trip of a few weeks to these woods. To such as are afflicted with that dire parent of ills, dyspepsia, or have lurking in their system consumptive tendencies, I most earnestly recommend a month's experience in the pines.



**Memorial Bridge Across Blue Mountain Lake Outlet, Erected by William West Durant in Memory of His Father, Dr. Clark Durant.**

\* \* \* Not a few, far advanced in that dread disease, consumption, have found in this wilderness renewal of life and health.

"I recall a young man, the son of wealthy parents in New York, who lay dying in that great city, attended as he was by the best skill that money could secure. A friend calling on him one day chanced to speak of the Adirondacks, and that many found help from a trip to that region. From that moment he pined for the woods. He insisted on what his family

called 'his insane idea,' that the mountain air and the aroma of the forest would cure him. It was his daily request and entreaty that he might go. At last his parents consented, the more readily because the physicians assured them that their son's recovery was impossible, and his death a mere matter of time. They started with him for the north in search of life. When he arrived at the point where he was to meet his guide he was too reduced to walk. The guide, seeing his condition, refused to take him into the woods, fearing, as he plainly expressed it, that he would 'die on his hands.' At last another guide was prevailed upon to serve him, not so much for the money, as he afterwards told me, but because he



**Mirror Lake.**

pitied the young man, and felt that 'one so near death as he was should be gratified even in his whims.' He 'went in' the first of June, carried in the arms of his guide. The second week of November he 'came out,' bronzed as an Indian and as hearty. In five months he had gained sixty-five pounds of flesh, and flesh, too, 'well packed on,' as they say in the woods. Coming out, he carried the boat over all passages; the very same over which a few months before the guide had carried him, and pulled as strong an oar as any amateur in the wilderness. His meeting with his family I leave the reader to imagine. The wilderness received him almost

a corpse. It returned him to his home and the world as happy and healthy a man as ever bivouacked under its pines.

"This, I am aware, is an extreme case, and, as such, may seem exaggerated: but it is not. I might instance many other cases which, if less startling, are equally corroborative of the general statement. There is one sitting near me, as I write, the color of whose cheek and the clear brightness of whose eye cause my heart to go out in ceaseless gratitude to the woods, amid which she found that health and strength of which



Lake Titus, from Mt. Immortelle.

they are the proof and sign. For five summers have we visited the wilderness. From four to seven weeks each year have we breathed the breath of the mountains, bathed in the waters which sleep at their base and made our couch at night of moss and balsam-boughs beneath the whispering trees. I feel, therefore, that I am able to speak from experience touching this matter, and I believe that, all things being considered, no portion of our country surpasses, if indeed any equals, in health-giving qualities the Adirondack Mountains."







## A Red Letter Day.

By A. C.

Frederica is the name given to a little peninsula covering about twenty acres, lying between Third and Fourth Lakes of the Fulton Chain. This piece of land was presented by Dr. and Mrs. W. Seward Webb to Sanatorium Gabriels as a sight for a vacation home for working girls. It seemed appropriate that this sweet charity should be named for the fair young daughter whose parents have contributed so generously to the comfort and happiness of many other young girls, who will in the future find in this spot much needed rest and recreation.

Wishing to see Frederica in the early morning, we took the noon train from Paul Smith's Station to Fulton Chain, arriving at Old Forge between 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon. We enjoyed an hour's walk through the quaint little village, wondering why it was called "Old Forge."

After supper, when we were seated around the cheerful log fire, we listened to the story of Baron Harreshoff, a Prussian nobleman. The struggle of the nations for liberty had touched him, yet had not entered into his heart or taken possession of him as it did the founders of our own county, Constable, McComb and McCornick. He wished to do something for the oppressed. He would come to America and found a vast baronial estate, and give his tenants a measure of liberty. So in 1797 he came to this country with a large amount of money to invest in land, and a year later he bought what is now known as Old Forge and the surrounding lands, cleared an immense tract, erected buildings for his tenants and stocked the land with fine cattle. All this in preparation for his principal work, which was to be the mining and smelting of the native iron ore of the region. During his long, hard battle with the hardest of foes—nature—he was comforted with the thought that his enemy, the forest, would be his slave and would work his will to accomplish the prodigious task he had in hand. He burnt the great forest trees to make charcoal, and in 1812 began to work a mine of iron ore, and erected a forge. This work, for which he had made so many sacrifices and on which he had set his heart, proved a complete failure. This grieved him so that he lost interest in all the other work. It is said that but one ton of iron was made at this forge, every pound of which cost a dollar in gold.

Poor Harreshoff could not endure the failure of his cherished plans, and he died of a broken heart. As you see, the forge did not fulfil its mission, but the place preserves the memory of his life work in the name "Old Forge."

About 7 o'clock next morning we were ready for our journey up the lakes—a journey to which we had long looked forward—to visit "our new possessions." The boats had stopped running, and at first this seemed a drawback, but we found ourselves more than compensated for this by enjoying more quietly the silence and the music of the forest.



**Top of Whiteface Mountain.**

Nothing could be more delightful than this drive through the golden glory of October woods, the sparkling waters of the lake peeping out here and there through the interlacing branches.

When we arrived at Bald Mountain House a boat awaited us, and a few strokes of the oar brought us to Frederica. When we touched the shore we waited for a moment to drink in the beauty of this haven of rest, then stepped from the boat and knelt down to thank God and beg His blessing on the fair young girl whose name will henceforth be associated with the place.

It was a perfect day, such as can be found only in the Adirondacks in October—the sun hot, but its warmth tempered by the delicious coolness

of early autumn and incensed with the aromatic odors of the forest, which was aglow with scarlet and gold, pale yellow, crimson, russet and vermilion intermingled and softened with the dark green of the balsam and pine. All this gorgeous mass of foliage was reflected in the clear depths of the beautiful lake. As we sat there and listened to the whispering trees and the soft splash of the water at our feet, we seemed to see the thousands of tired women who would come here and store the honey of health in the restful days that awaited them, and return to their labors with grateful hearts.

How we enjoyed a ramble through the woods! We picked the coral-like blossoms of the bunch berry, the yellow day lilly, the sweet scented blossoms of the pink lychnis and, near the shore of the lake, the violet pickerel weed.

Then it was time for luncheon. To judge by our appetites, our time was slow. Our holiday table was decorated with yellow asters and goldenrod, and for music the songs of the birds, not yet willing to leave this lovely spot for their Southern home.

After luncheon we got into our boat and went on a voyage of exploration. We turned into the little channel through which the steamers enter Fourth Lake and found to our delight that Frederica has a landing on Fourth Lake. In the evening its many colored lights shining through the trees from the beautiful camps along its shores make it a scene from fairyland.

Returning once more to Third Lake, we came upon a beautiful, secluded little bay, a short way from where we intend to build. We put our hands into the water caressingly, feeling loathe to leave it.

Turning our boat to take a look at the north shore of Third Lake, we saw that our carriage was awaiting us. Our first day at Frederica was ended, and so with hearts full of gratitude to God and our kind friends we returned home.



Let us lay hold of common duties and relations. Let us lay hold of the tenderness that belongs to them. Shall we miss all the divine sweetness of life in order to have a career? —*Brown.*



## The Tower of Strength.

BY CORA A. MATSON DOLSON.

I would draw my strength from the forest;  
From its new green leaves and shade;  
From the deep, rich soil that upholds it,  
Through waste of its own hopes made.

I would draw my strength from the forest;  
The prayer of its solitude;  
The sacrifice on its altars,  
The tempests of years withstood.

I would draw my strength from the forest;  
From the furrowed trunks of trees;  
From the homes that its large heart shelters,  
The cradles rocked in its breeze.

I would draw my strength from the forest;  
I will flee to its restful calm;  
Where no cord of the world drags downward,  
I will drink of its cup of balm.

## Splendid Architecture—The Western Staircase of New York's Capitol.

It is impossible by a mere verbal description to convey an adequate idea of the vast amount of fine carving on the grand western staircase of the State Capitol at Albany. It must be seen to be appreciated, and even after being told of the many feet, the carved rails, balustrades, base moldings, newels and stops, it will seem wonderful that they do not look overmuch. The scale of the work is on so great and comprehensive a plan that the plain surfaces surrounding the ornamental work relegate the carving into a subordinate and graceful place, as was the intention from the first conception of the work.

Visitors all the time find something to interest them in the details. For instance, all of the newel stops from the first to the fourth floor bear within their graceful romanesque foliage various devices and emblems, such as the Arms of Washington, Franklin and Dewitt Clinton, the Seal of Jefferson, General Sheridan's Cavalry and General Hancock's Brigade Corps badges, with the reverse design (little known but to be found on the back) of the seal of the United States and, in another, the Liberty Bell as a motif, each design being enlarged to scale with the work.

There are a variety of pleasing and quaint devices placed where they produce artistic effects, all the way up the staircase. None are duplicated, a feature that vastly increases the satisfaction shown by visitors as soon as they note the fact while they ascend from floor to floor.

Each arch has double carved molded beads differing in design, although the modern Romanesque style predominates, the total being very large.

It is well to note that it is no small achievement to have succeeded in inventing designs for so many moldings of the same shape and size, retaining the style throughout while each separate piece has an interest of its own. It is interesting in this connection that wherever the Romanesque style has been used, no matter by what nationality, France, Spain, Italy or England, (the Normaneseque being England's version) it has taken on an individuality distinctive of each country. America has been no exception to this rule, the style having taken on a very decided character that pleased the American public very much until the builders began to



cheapen and degrade the ornament. Its capability has been by no means exhausted, if it be designed lovingly and honestly—the only way to produce good work that will endure.



**Western Staircase, New York State Capitol, Albany.**

The western staircase is an apt illustration of the artistic skill and versatility of design to be found in our native born and naturalized talent, if it be given a fair opportunity for development. The carved beading,

looking like delicate lace-work, serves to connect the different parts, knitting the work together from base to finish and carrying the eye from one cluster of capitals to the next above.

There are eight clustered capitals intermediate to the first and second floors. Upon each of the sides of these a disc is carved, amid foliage, bearing the names in raised lettering of the sixty counties of the State. On those intermediate to the second and third floors, upon each face of the four side of the latter capitals (eight in number) a disc is developed, blending with the boldly swelling bell of the cap. They are well composed, their originality winning commendation from those technically qualified to judge.

The names of America's fifty-six immortals—the signers of the Declaration of Independence—are graven upon shields that are formed upon each side of the caps. These shields differ in design, but are so ingeniously blended with the other carving that the fact does not become apparent unless sought out.

On the second floor north and south cross corridors are carved pilaster capitals, the grapevine, rose, shamrock, thistle and palm furnish a portion of the motifs for the carvers' designs.

Other carving on the second and third floors consists of the label moldings, archbeads and pilaster capitals of each corridor, east and west, also the panels to the soffits of main arches on the second floor. These, with the large clustered groups of pilaster capitals adjacent in east, west, north and south corners of corridors, finish those sections of the work.

The label and bead moldings appertaining to the fourth floor, together with the moldings to arches of groins intermediate to the second and third floors (a mass of work) show out well. On reaching the third floor, facing the steps of ascent are pilaster capitals, north and south of each corridor, with the national emblem, the eagle, carved in the center. Although different in pose they are striking and effective, but are only part of a continuous (that is, continuous save for openings of windows) stretch of capping course, richly wrought out, as are also the arches of windows, transoms and label moldings. These, with the Indiana stone and polished granite ceiling above form a rich, chaste whole.

Turning to ascend to the fourth floor, the visitor will see an architectural vista approached in a measure only by that on the floor beneath, if one takes the point of view in the grand granite hall that leads to the

western entrance. The pictures presented, whether from the entrance hall or from the library floor, were they in Venice or some other classic spot abroad, loved of the artist and art critic, would give occasion for much fine writing and lavish praise from those gentlemen. Being here, it will probably take time before an American Ruskin arrives to reveal the beauties point by point.

Upon the capitals of the main center columns on the third floor, facing east, are sculptured heads representing Lincoln, Grant, Sheridan, Sherman, Fred. Douglass and John Brown, and further along on corner columns will be found the carved representations of the poets Longfellow, Bryant and Whitman. The corresponding column capitals facing west have carved representatives, among others, of the heads of Alexander Hamilton, General Slocum, Robert Fulton, George William Curtis and Professor Henry. The end capitals show likenesses of the poets Whittier and Saxe. There are also many though smaller heads carved throughout the staircase, that have been introduced for artistic effects to vary the foliage wherever it was deemed suitable. They differ from the larger heads in being merely decorative and not portraiture.

Between the central columns the broad steps lead to an open platform, where one can look upward and note the colonnade of the fourth floor, with its richly wrought capitals, from which the serried arches spring, the broad soffits of these having finely carved panels for the eye to dwell in delight upon, as their well-expressed motifs are studied out. Above these arches the corbelated spandrels and cornice that complete the stonework have been developed to a fine finish.

While standing on the central platform one cannot escape noticing the large newel pedestals, four on this level and four on the next rise of steps leading to the fourth floor (eight in all). Strong and solid, in keeping with the massive cast of the whole structure of the staircase, yet gracefully proportioned from their base to their ball-top finials, they make a most unique and strong finish to the work beneath that has called them into being, while they do not remind one of other newels in other places, having decided character of their own. This was the aim steadily kept in view since the work was commenced.

It may perhaps be objected to these newels, as to some other of the work, by the mere purists (and their names are legion) who dare not leave their school books and academical rules for fear of being entirely

at sea, that it is not right to use natural forms amid Romanesque foliage, an objection that, fortunately without avail, was urged by the purist of old times to the same departure in Gothic or Renaissance ornament, when natural forms were first introduced by original minds into those styles. The carving upon these pedestals is decidedly Romanesque in character. The rose, clematis, trumpet-vine, tulip, passion-flower, lillies, grape and bramble vines are used, one motif for each, in no wise detracting from their distinctive style but rather accentuating the fact, while giving an "up-to-date" beauty to older methods of Romanesque carving, a point quickly noted with pleasure by many designers and artists who have seen and commented upon them.

The artistic workmen who have so lovingly wrought out the designs have surpassed their previous efforts in the way of good work and deserve high praise, if we remember how rare is the faculty they have displayed in these days of hurried, competitive work. These strong central pedestals form buttress blocks for minor newels, richly carved, that finish the rails that butt into the main pedestals, serving a practical purpose also by receiving the thrust of the balustrading. On the top-most newels of all are the National and State shields. The sides and angles of the well holes, when taken in conjunction with their surroundings, form a picture in beautifully wrought stone that will compare with anything previously attempted on this continent, and, as we have been told by foreign visitors of knowledge and critical judgment, with the best work in kind to be found in Europe.

From this point the corbeling course supporting the bays of the fourth floor colonnade can be seen. They face north and south, their upper line being level with the fourth and top floor. The central corbel (larger than the two flanking at right and left) on the north side has an enlarged copy of the National Medal of Honor, worn by veterans entitled to wear them by special act of Congress, being won because of exceptional deeds of heroism during the War of the Rebellion. The design is made to blend and fit gracefully with the vigorous surrounding foliated work. In the corbel to the right of the center one, the badge of the Grand Army of the Republic appears. In the corbel to the left is a circular shield with the United States Army Corps badges delicately but clearly graven. Between these corbels to the right and left of the center, imposing bosses at the base of the plinths of the columns of the colonnade above have



furnished opportunities in north and south sides for four more portrait heads of notabilities of the Revolution.

These sculptured heads with their unique surrounding foliage give further evidence of the high grade of skilled carvers employed upon the work. The center corbel on the south side has carved, for its chief motif, an enlarged copy of the Order of the Cincinnati. The corbel to the right has a copy of the badge of the Sons of the Revolution. The corbel to the left shows the badge of the Loyal Legion. It is believed that it would be hard, if not impossible, to find anything in the way of stone carving anywhere on this continent that surpasses in sustained excellency of handling and skill of execution the beauty of this corbeling course.

The fourth and top floor corridors form quite a pleasant resting place after ascending the many steps, being so spacious and well-lighted from the north, south and east windows, the side skylights and from the central glazed dome. This abundance of light makes the fourth floor of the western staircase one of the brightest spots in the whole Capitol, and will without doubt become a favorite place for visitors and sightseers, nor will they be to blame for lingering awhile. The recesses between the arcade clustered columns, each with its handsome open rail balustrade, justify one in being tempted to pause and lean restfully, gazing at the architectural picture presenting itself from any point on this floor—if downward, the richly finished well-holes, conveying light through the whole structure, form angles of beauty as they come into the range of vision that takes in the main pedestals, the ascending balustrading and newels and the elliptical arches that sustain the steps—arches whose lines are “as graceful as a swan’s neck,” their lower and outer edge defined beyond their carved beads by the shadows that lurk within their recessed depths. The top-beds of the archstones are emphasized by carved label moldings terminating in carved bosses, the light descending producing lights and shadows that are a delight to the artist eye. The main central arches, east and west, give great breadth to the picture. The carved string courses, beautified with oak and vine leaves, with the label and bead moldings, stand out delicately from the warm color of the massive ashlar walls. Through the opening of these wide spanning arches the east and west corridors of the library show advantageously.

Looking upward, massive caps, chaste and ornamental in design, surmount the clustered columns. The spanning arches that these support



have sunk panels enriching their broad soffits with a lace-like effect, as they spring from cap to cap around the four sides of the arcade. Above these are the label moldings, with twelve label-springers marking the connecting line of each arch. Upon the face of these springers are carved the arms of as many Governors as used these heraldic symbols of the past for seals, or other purposes incidental to their social position. Above the labels the ashlar is continued four or five feet up to the enriched cornice that supports the dome. This ashlar surface is broken symmetrically with sixteen magnificently carved spandrel corbels, that spring from the label bosses and reach ten feet to the top member of the cornice. The carving of these make of this last stage of the work the culmination of the carver's deft and skilled efforts. Each one has natural foliage worked within the bold Romanesque lines—palm, oak, ivy, mountain ash and laurel leaves, together with lilies, clematis, brambles, indian corn, grape vine with pendant bunches of fruit and the rose. In a line with the cornice a panel has been designed in each corbel. Upon their surfaces are carved profile portraits of the Governors of the State, commencing with George Clinton, 1777, and finishing with Governor Black in 1897. The Medallions thus formed will prove as interesting as they are artistic. Great care has been taken to insure likeness in each case. Photographs were obtained from authentic paintings of those who have passed beyond. Those of our past Governors still with us were communicated with and kindly sent pictures that models were made from for the carvers to copy. Blocks are left with space for six future governors if posterity deem fit, as Time unrolls the meshes of his web, to have them carved therein. The east and west corridors, it might be suggested here, would make excellent galleries, wherein bronze or marble busts, mounted on pedestals, might be ranged along, so continuing the line now begun and commemorating the State's worthies who attain to its highest position.

With the many electric lights to be placed above the opalescent glass of the dome, and the electroliers that are designed to stand upon the newels from the bottom to top of the staircase, in position, the whole work will show forth as a "thing of beauty," with one effect by day and another by night, when lighted by the ample means that will be employed for that purpose, and clothed in regal splendor not to be equalled by anything of its kind so far built,—a work not for today alone but for the future also.

Following is the index to the location of the portrait heads, coats-of-arms and symbols carved upon the Grand Western Staircase:

First and Intermediate First and Second Floors:

Four corbels to spring arches:

- No. 1. Sword and seals of Justice.
- No. 2. Cap of Liberty and Torch of Freedom.
- No. 3. Lamp, book, scroll and pen, symbols of Literature.
- No. 4. Romanesque cross, indicative of Faith.

Eight clustered column capitals having upon their thirty-two faces discs bearing the names of the sixty counties of the State:

Four stops to newels in angles of well-holes:

- S. W. No. 1. The Washington coat-of-arms.
- N. W. No. 2. Thomas Jefferson's seal.
- N. E. No. 3. Benjamin Franklin's coat-of-arms.
- S. E. No. 4. Gov. Dewitt Clinton's coat-of-arms.

Second and Intermediate Second and Third Floors:

Four main pier capitals:

- S. W. No. 1. Head of Washington.
- No. 2. Head of Fenimore Cooper.
- No. 3. Head of Gen. Zachary Taylor.
- No. 4. Head of General Hancock.
- N. W. No. 1. Head of Thomas Jefferson.
- No. 2. Head of Gen. Winfield Scott.
- No. 3. Head of Gen. John E. Wool.
- No. 4. Head of Americus Vesputius.
- S. E. No. 1. Head of Dewitt Clinton.
- No. 2. Head of Silas Wright, Jr.
- No. 3. Head of General Jackson.
- No. 4. Head of Henry Hudson.
- N. E. No. 1. Head of Benjamin Franklin.
- No. 2. Head of Gen. Philip Schuyler.
- No. 3. Head of Champlain.
- No. 4. Head of John Jay.

Eight clustered columns with capitals bearing on their thirty-two faces shields, with the names of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence carved thereon.

Corbeling course supporting bays to cross corridors, north side, head of Columbus in center corbel, together with caravels. Corbel to the left of center has a carved picture of the Viking ship. The corbel to the right of the center one has a picture of a modern steamship. The caravel, viking and steamship indicate a thousand years of crossing the Atlantic, legendary and otherwise, the whole symbolizing "Discovery."

The corbeling course supporting the bay to the cross corridor on the south side has in the center corbel a girl's bust with arms extended amid foliage. The corbel to the right pictures a farmer with a team of horses ploughing in his field. The corbel to the left shows a log cabin school house in a forest clearing. The whole symbolizes Education, Industry and Peace.

Four corbels to springing arches:

No. 1. Shield with stars and stripes.

No. 2. Disc with the opening sentence of the Declaration of Independence.

No. 3. National motto.

No. 4. State motto.

Four newel stops to angles of well-holes:

S. W. No. 1. Liberty Bell.

N. W. No. 2. Reverse of the National Seal.

S. E. No. 3. General Hancock's Brigade Corps badge.

N. E. No. 4. General Sheridan's Cavalry Corps badge.

Third and Intermediate of Third and Fourth Floors:

Four main pier capitals:

S. W. No. 1. Professor Henry, George W. Curtis, Amasa Parker and C. P. Easton.

N. W. No. 2. Alexander Hamilton, Robert Fulton, General Slocum and J. V. L. Pruyn.

N. E. No. 3. General Grant, Abraham Lincoln, Fred. Douglass and Gen. Philip H. Sheridan.

S. E. No. 4. William H. Seward, Hamilton Fish (Governor), John Brown and General Sherman.

Portrait heads of the poets Bryant, Longfellow and Whitman are carved in pilaster capitals in the eastern corridor. Whittier and Saxe are carved on pilaster capitals in the Western or Library corridor, as are Shakespeare and Homer on each side of the entrance to the State Library.

The head of Minerva is in the center of the library door transom. Beneath on the woodwork of the doors are carved the Arms of the State.

Fourth and Intermediate Third and Fourth Floors :

Four uppermost course supporting bays to cross corridors, north side. The center corbel has a copy of the Medal of Honor. On the right and left sides are portrait heads of Robert Morris and George Read, signers and framers of the Declaration of Independence. The corbel to the right of the center has a copy of the Badge of the Grand Army of the Republic. On the end of the corbeling course is carved the crest of Robert Morris. The corbel to the left of the center has a circular shield bearing the United States Army Corps badges. On this end of the corbeling course is a disc with the arms of George Read.

The corbeling course supporting the bays of the south cross corridors has on the center corbel the badge of the Order of the Cincinnati. To the right and left of the center corbels are portrait heads of Roger Sherman (signer and framer of the Declaration of Independence) and Gen. Peter Gansevoort of Revolutionary fame. The corbel to the right of the center has the badge of the Sons of the Revolution in its center. At the extreme end is a small disc with the arms of General Gansvoort. The corbel to the left of the center one has the badge of the Loyal Legion. The small discs terminating the corbeling course shows the arms of Edward Howell, leader of the first settlement by the English in the State of New York at Southampton, Long Island, in June, 1640.

In the south cross corridor the date-stone from the first Capitol building erected in Albany (1807) is let into the ashlar wall for preservation, as is also on the north cross corridor the first sculptured State Arms by E. D. Palmer, returned from the National Monument at Washington after the Legislature had established the present State Arms.

Above the arches of the fourth floor colonnade are twelve label springers, having carved upon their faces the arms of as many Governors. Commencing on the west side at the south end they run in the order named below. John Jay, Morgan Lewis, Joseph C. Yates, Enos T. Throop, Horatio Seymour, Hamilton Fish, John Kling, D. D. Tompkins, Grover Cleveland, Samuel T. Tilden, Roswell P. Flower and Levi P. Morton.

On a line with the top cornice are discs on which are carved profile portrait heads, in low-relief, of the Governors of the State. Commencing

at the south end of the west side they run around on the west, north, east and south sides in the order named below: George Clinton, John Jay, Morgan Lewis, D. D. Tompkins, DeWitt Clinton, Martin Van Buren, Enos T. Throop, William Marcy, William H. Seward, William E. Bouck, Silas Wright, Jr., John Young, Hamilton Fish, Washington Hunt, Horatio Seymour, Myron H. Clark, John A. King, Edwin D. Morgan, Reuben E. Fenton, John T. Hoffman, John A. Dix, Samuel J. Tilden, Lucius Robinson, Alonzo B. Cornell, Grover Cleveland, David B. Hill, Roswell P. Flower, Levi P. Morton and Frank S. Black.



## Voices By the Way.

Keep your temper—nobody else wants it.



If you can't find anything else, don't find fault.



Nothing is good enough for some people, and they get nothing.



Foolish jealousy will break down the sweetest home. It is a microbe that eats out the merriest heart.



An athlete is not made in an hour, and the giant oak is only a specimen of endurance after its hardy conflict with the elements. So it is with the character of a man and of a woman. It is the struggle of the years that makes the heart heroic.



God is in our souls, as our souls are in our bodies. He never ceases to speak to us, but the voice of the world without and the tumult of our passions within bewilder us and prevent us from listening to Him.



## Sayings Smiling or Sober.

I shall pass through this world but once. Any good therefore that I can do or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.



There's a silence of grief, there's a silence of hatred, there's a silence of dread; of these men may speak, and these they can describe. But the silence of our happiness, who can describe that? When the heart is full, when the longing is suddenly met, when love gives to love abundantly, when the soul lacketh nothing and is content—then language is useless, and the Angel of Silence becomes our only adequate interpreter.



A humble table surely, and humble folk around it; but not in the houses of the rich or the palaces of kings does gratitude find her only home, but in more lowly abodes and with lowly folk—aye, and often at the scant table, too, she sitteth a perpetual guest.



Nice Old Lady—"Will you kindly tell me if the lady who writes 'The Mother's Page' every week in your paper is in? I want to tell her how much I have enjoyed reading her articles on 'The Evening Hour in the Nursery.'"

Office Boy—"That's him over there with the pink shirt smoking a pipe."—The Yazoo Bazoo.



It is better to suffer wrong than to do it, and happier to be sometimes cheated than not to trust.



A laugh to be joyous must flow from a joyous heart, for without kindness there can be no true joy.

## Isaac G. Perry.

BY T. E. MCGARR.

It is with considerable diffidence that one undertakes to give adequate expression to the sense of loss experienced by the community in the death of the grand old man of the Capitol, Isaac G. Perry.

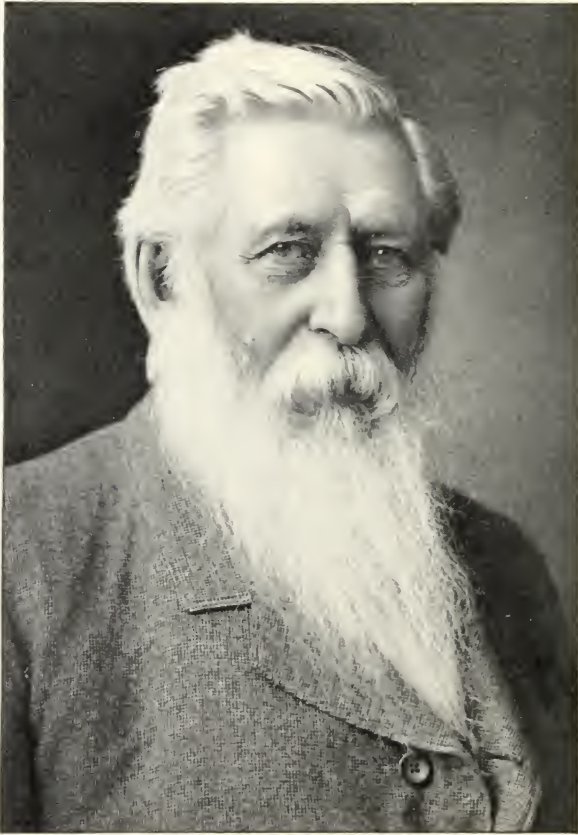
Selected by that far-seeing and discriminating Governor, Grover Cleveland, in 1883, as Commissioner of the Capitol, he so promptly and thoroughly brought order out of the then existing chaos that in 1895 he was made State Architect and given charge of all construction covered by State funds, including hospitals for insane and feeble-minded, prisons, armories and similar structures. There is scarcely a city of any size in the State today that does not contain some specimen of that strong, substantial style of architecture so characteristic of him.

If one is to select the most striking and effective example of Mr. Perry's style the imposing western staircase of the Capitol may be mentioned. Here the great architect had fully sway, unhampered by others and with sufficient funds placed at his disposal to bring his plans to full fruition. The result is magnificent. Space—not to mention natural limitations—will not permit the writer to enter into any comprehensive description of this magnum opus. Travelers have declared it to be absolutely unequalled in any extant building. The great eastern approach was another striking evidence of his originality and taste. If it be urged that this approach seems by its size to dwarf the dimensions of the building it may be answered that the architect could not foresee that funds would not be available for the addition of the imposing dome or tower which was designed to give the Capitol proper height and proportion.

Nor was institutional architecture planned by him less striking. The St. Lawrence State Hospital at Ogdensburg is a superb evidence of his skill and intimate knowledge of both interior and exterior requirements, and as it stands today is the foremost example of the pavilion type of building. While traveling in Europe a few years ago I asked the Director of the great Zurich asylum for the insane: "Are you familiar with any of the American institutions for this class?" To which he made reply: "You have one of the grandest, most complete institutions in the world in the St. Lawrence State Hospital, embracing as it does every facility for

classifying the different types of mental disease and at a minimum cost of management."

Let me add another testimonial from Senator Sloan, for so many years Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee charged with disburse-



Isaac G. Perry.

ment of funds for State buildings and improvements. Said he on a recent occasion: "Architect Perry's work has not required in any case one per cent. of its original cost for alterations or repairs. It will be quite as substantial one hundred years from now as it is today."

Another colossal undertaking most successfully accomplished was the construction of the great group of buildings for New York's insane colony at Central Islip, long Island. Here at a cost of a little more than \$500 per capita this great architect erected a group of buildings a mile long, and accommodating 2,300 insane with the usual complement of nurses and attendents. This must be seen to be appreciated.

And now let us turn from the man's work to the man himself.

Isaac G. Perry was born and bred in the coldest and most cheerless portion of upper New York State, remarkable for its deposits of stone and iron and for lack of opportunity for the development in a material sense of ambitious young men. It seemed to afford opportunity to young Perry, however, to develop his physical strength, and he grew to be a veritable son of Anak. It was said that long before he had acquired his great height and breadth he was the best wrestler in all the Northern region. He managed to reach New York City at an early age and there his struggles with adversity were quite as prolonged and bitter as those of his illustrious countryman, Benjamin Franklin. He has told me that on many a bitter winter day he walked from lower New York City to Harlem, carrying his draughting board with him from lack of the pittance required to pay his carfare. It is not to be wondered at that in later days of prosperity his heart was invariably moved by tales of stress and storm, and that his purse was ever open to relieve want and misery—in too many cases due to neglected opportunities or worse. But as he was wont to say "Hunger is hunger, isn't it? There's no way of deceiving me on that point. I know its marks too well myself." In one year this great-hearted man gave to objects of charity sums aggregating \$60,000, a fact which came to my knowledge in the transaction of some official matters between us.

Our Scotch friend, Carnegie, is justly praised for the almost lavish generosity of his gifts; his wealth seems to pour out in a continuous Pactolian stream. But much of the fortune of which he is so prodigal came to him through fortuitous circumstances; was not, in a word, the output of his industry and intellect, even granting that these are of no mean order. Not so with our friend. He earned by incessant toil every one of the dollars he so profusely disbursed among the regiments of disabled workmen, penniless widows and orphaned children that constantly surrounded him. I remember on one occasion walking with him down the

western staircase of the Capitol from the fourth floor to the first. I happened to know that the white-haired giant had a considerable number of bills of no mean denomination in his possession. At about every twentieth step he halted to give ear to tales of distress related by woe-begone women or ragged, half-grown boys. At the end of our journey he had not one dollar in his possession. But his face was radiant, and there could be no mistaking the immense satisfaction pictured thereon.

Of the prodigious services rendered by the great architect to the tireless sisters in charge of the construction of Sanatorium Gabriels, very much could be said. Not alone by wise and experienced counsel, but by the provision of detailed plans of the buildings and their equipment, did he extend priceless help to the inexperienced by immensely enthusiastic sisterhood charged with this work. He regarded himself as adequately compensated for all this outlay by visiting the institution after it had entered fully upon its God-ordained career of restoring to health and to society those over-ambitious men and women broken in health from over-work and exposure, and observing how perfectly it performed its functions.

Far beyond three score and ten did his life extend; and at his death perhaps nothing more perfectly appropriate could be said than the sentiment contained in the address of Antony at the bier of Marcus Brutus:

“And the elements

So mixed in him that Nature might stand up

And say to all the world: This was a man.”

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This Academy, in the charge of the Sisters of Mercy, was founded in 1885 and placed under the supervision of the Regents of the University in 1892.

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The annual charge for tuition is \$120. This includes board, washing and tuition in the English branches, Latin, French or German, vocal music, elocution, drawing and gymnastics in classes, piano, two individual lessons per week.

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### Courses.

The curriculum contains all branches taught in a first-class school, with every extra branch desired.

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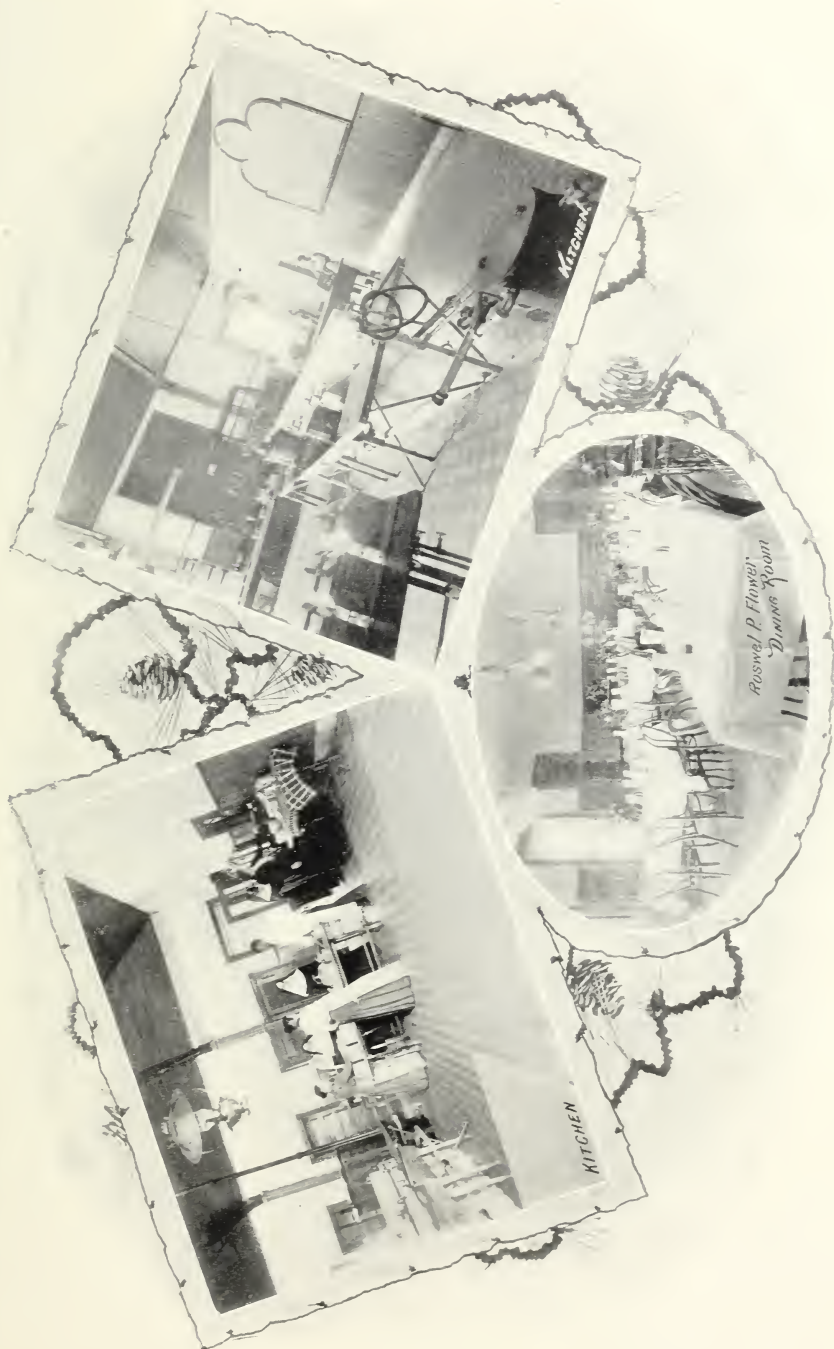
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In Sanatorium Gabriels.



# Sanatorium Gabriels. Adirondacks.

IN CHARGE OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

**This is a Short Account of Sanatorium Gabriels for Those Who Are Not Familiar With the Adirondacks.**

Sanatorium Gabriels, for those in the first stages of tuberculosis, in charge of the Sisters of Mercy, was formally opened July 26th, 1897. The land is situated on an undulating plain at the Paul Smith's Station of the New York Central Railroad, and consists of a broad park running along the side of the railroad and rising gradually to a beautiful hill, "Sunrise Mount," which, like a screen, shades the valley from the north winds.

All around it lie the mountains of the Adirondack region, the giants of the range—Mount Marcy, White Face, Mt. McGregor, etc., etc., while not very far away beautiful Lucretia Lake spreads its waters.

The idea carried out is to centralize a group of cottages around the Administration Building, although this plan is more expensive, both to build and maintain. When the health or comfort of the patients is concerned the Sisters have spared neither pains nor money.

The heating, ventilation, plumbing, drainage and water supply are the best known to modern science.

The Paris Exposition has awarded a "Medal" to Sanatorium Gabriels as a reward for the arrangement, construction, water supply, drainage, warming and ventilating of the several buildings, which has been done one the most approved and scientific methods.

Terms per week, from \$10 to \$15. One free patient taken in every ten. No discrimination on account of creed or race.

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Lawrence E. Flick, 736 Pine St. Philadelphia, Pa.

We have added as consulting physicians:

Dr. S. A. Knopf, 16 W. 95th St., N. Y.	Dr. Jas. J. Walsh, 110 W. 74th St., N. Y.
House Physician, R. L. Strong, M. D.	





# Forest Leaves









# FOREST LEAVES.

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

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Come with me into the wilderness and rest.

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AUTUMN, 1904.

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PUBLISHED BY THE  
SANATORIUM GABRIELS.  
GABRIELS, N. Y.

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## Ballade of Nature's Friend.

I know the violet and rose;  
I know the song the robins sing;  
I know the crystal brook that flows  
A down the meadow carolling:  
I know each brush, and forest thing;  
I know the hemlock, and the pine;  
I know each blush of merry spring,  
For Nature is a friend of mine.

Each symphony the wild wind blows,  
All eerie low and wandering,  
I understand, and no one knows,  
As I the tales the zephyrs bring;  
I know the dryad summering  
Within her oak: I can define  
The gay leaf's gentle whispering,  
For Nature is a friend of mine.

I know my friends are not my foes;  
I know the bee nor fear its sting;  
I love the autumn, and its close,  
And winter's snowy offering.  
I fain would hear the woodlands ring  
With bogish shout (a certain sign  
That nuts are ripe for gathering!)  
For Nature is a friend of mine.

### Envoy.

Pan! thou hast lent me subtle wing,  
And I have flown to thee and thine  
To hear thy reeds sweet lyricizing;  
For Nature is a friend of mine.

—Stacy E. Baker.

# FOREST LEAVES.

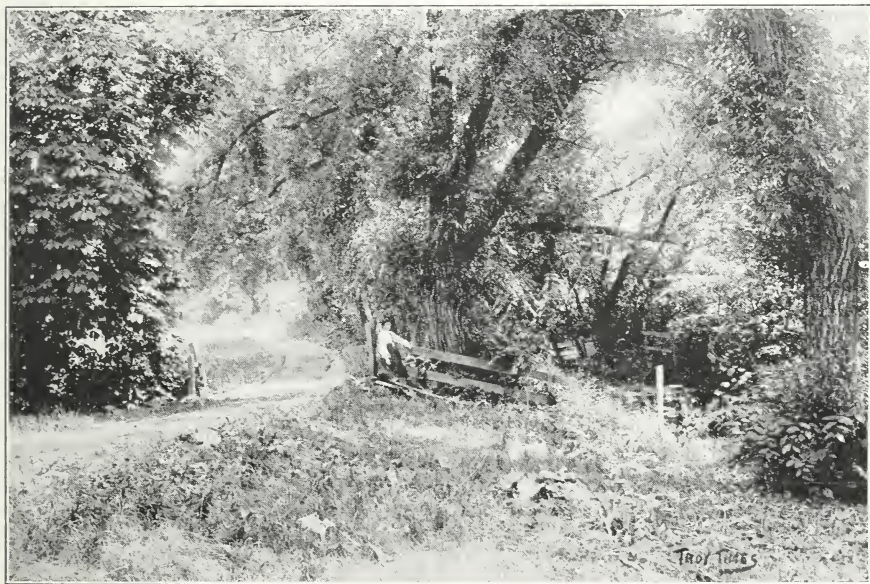
VOL. I.

AUTUMN, 1904.

NO. 4.

## The Tinted Leaves.

The season approaches when the verdant face of Nature becomes aglow with the autumnal hues. Is it the flush of protest against disintegration and decay? Rather call it the coloring of triumph, as the trees of the woods wave their banners of welcome to the new leaf. The sunset



which reddens the landscape at the departing day witnesses that the sun is still in the firmament and that sunrise follows the setting of the light-giver as does day the night.

Welcome, then, the autumnal lesson of persistence, of continuance, of immortality. To be transformed is not to perish. The soul goes from glory to glory.

So FOREST LEAVES, in this issue of the season of shortening day and lengthening night, will wear no tints but those of confidence and hope, and will illustrate the faith that the old leaf shall be followed by the new because in both is the spirit of the living tree.

## Pleasure and Health Resorts in the Forests of Europe.

BY WILLIAM F. FOX.

Our American foresters are not the only people to whom the European forests are attractive and interesting. Our summer tourists, also, find in these localities delightful resorts where charming scenery, combined with healthful air and superior hotel accommodations, invite all who are seeking rest or restored health. Forest resorts of this kind, similar to the summer hotels and sanitariums of the Adirondacks, may be found in every country of Continental Europe.

In America we read occasionally about the forests of Europe, but only in connection with forestry discussions; and so through lack of other information our people have been led to think of these places as silent, gloomy woods into which no one goes except the wood cutter, and where no sound is heard except that of some woodland industry. But this is an error. In many places the wooded hills are interspersed with valleys that contain cultivated farms, pretty villages, summer hotels, and sanitariums that advertise medicinal springs and baths. These attractions are a prominent feature, especially in Thuringia and the Black Forest.

In many of the forest districts, large and small, there are well made macadamized roads that afford beautiful drives; and smooth, broad trails that wind everywhere up and down the steep slopes, which, with the general absence of underbrush, give these woods a park-like appearance. One would have to go a long way back in the mountains to find any dark and gloomy forest suggestive of evil spirits and goblins, such as we read of in the beautiful story of Undine.

It may be well to note here that, although the percentage of woodland in many European countries is great, or greater than in the State of New York, there are few large areas of contiguous forest such as exist in the Adirondacks and Catskills. This is because forestry operations in the Old World are based on the fundamental principle that all land which is fit for agricultural purposes—which can supply food for the people—must be used for that purpose; and that all land which will not produce food must be used to supply wood for the wants of the people. From the farm, people obtain food and clothing; from the forest,



Fagot Gathering in a Swiss Forest.



their houses and shelter. Both needs must be supplied. Hence, throughout Europe the valleys and fertile lands are cultivated by the farmer; the mountain slopes and sand plains by the forester.

The summer hotels and sanitariums in the European forests are not scattered in isolated positions, as is the case with many of our Adirondack resorts. They are grouped in localities that possess natural attractions, scenic or sanitary, favorable to the development of hotel business. In this respect they are like the farmers in Europe, who seldom live on their farms, but collect themselves in a hamlet or dorf, whence they walk each day to their respective fields. Now the hotelkeepers, like the farmers, are gregarious. This enables the hotels to maintain in common a large central building—Casino, Conversationhaus, Trinkhalle or Kurhaus, as it is variously called—where all the guests can gather to visit, drink the waters, and hear the band or orchestra. The maintenance of the Kurhaus is provided for by a small daily charge—a franc or a mark—included in the hotel bill of each guest, an arrangement which is apt to elicit unfavorable comments from American patrons.



Beech Forest, Prussia.

In some of the hotels the guests include invalids, whose appearance recalls Beatrice Harraden's story, "Ships that Pass in the night," which describes a "Hotel Petershof," where some of the guests "smoked their thermometers in public"—a hotel surrounded by a forest of great firs, and with a Kurhaus and its band nearby for the recreation of all.

The hotels vary in size and accommodation, being built and managed with reference to the different classes of guests and bank accounts. The prices are generally lower than in our Adirondack hotels

for like accommodations. Then, too, in many of these forest resorts there are pleasant, well managed sanitariums, with medicinal springs and baths, that are patronized by people seeking relief from various ailments.

The European summer resorts include, of course, a large number of attractive places on the seashore and in the lake districts. But I am writing now only of those that are situated in the forests, and which have



**Planted Forest of Scotch Pine, Saxony.**

a large patronage from people seeking rest and recreation as well as health. These hotel colonies, together with the boarding houses, or pensions as the latter are called, form villages of themselves, something like Lake Placid or Saranac Lake.

Closely around these villages stands the great forest which induced the hotel proprietors to locate there. In addition there are always fine mountain views, waterfalls, interesting ruins of some old castle or cloister, and a desirable altitude. In many places there are beautiful lakes also, as, for instance, at Gerardmer in the mountains of the French Vosges,

Titisee in the Schwarzwald, Gmunden in Upper Austria, in the Tyrol, and in southern Bavaria.

But the forest constitutes the essential feature and main attraction. It is generally owned by the government, or by some community—city or canton; for the forests of Europe are classified as government, communal or private. In Germany the government owns thirty-three per cent., the communes (cities, towns or institutions) own nineteen per cent., and private individuals forty-eight per cent. of the woodlands.

The management of the forests is everywhere so conservative that the lumbering operations do not mar their beauty. The roads over which the timber is hauled are of solid, permanent construction. Hence there are pleasant drives in every direction. Then again, the woods abound with paths, clean, smooth and of easy grade, that are a constant delight to the pedestrian or mountain climber. These walks often lead by pretty waterfalls, picturesque ravines, or perhaps some pile of ruins that supplies the theme for a charming story or gruesome tale.

There are many artificial or planted forests in Europe, and these are often found in the vicinity of hotel resorts and cities, as the management there is apt to be more intensive. Woods of this kind are easily recognized by the straight rows of trees raised from little, planted seedlings, by the absence of worthless undergrowth, and by their prim look, all of which interests an American, who is accustomed to the sight of the wild and tangled growth in our natural forests. Then again, many of the cultivated forests of Europe do not show this regularity; for the trees were propagated from wind sown seeds, and, although irregular in stand, they are equally attractive to anyone interested in scientific forestry.

Another interesting feature is the massing of trees of one species, without any admixture. One sees there large areas of silver fir, Norway spruce, Scotch pine, or beech, in which every tree is of the same species, and in size and number as great as the soil will support. As each one is of merchantable timber, the yield per acre far exceeds that of our New York forests, both in value and quantity.

There is a good hotel at Vallombrosa, and at Camaldoli,\* Italy, each surrounded by large, beautiful forests in which there is no mixture. That at Vallombrosa is famous by reason of a well known quotation, and the one at Camaldoli because it was planted, and cultivated for two centuries or more by the monks who had a monastery there.

\*Not the Camaldoli near Naples.

Oak is generally planted with an admixture of beech. To see the oaks at their best one should go to the Spessart, in northern Bavaria, a grand forest which is the property of the Crown. A long but pleasant drive from Aschaffenburg, through a farming country and its little villages, and then through a grand old forest with park-like roads, leads to the quaint, old hamlet of Rothenbuch, where the *konigliche forstmeister* lives.



Gerardmer, in the French Vosges—A Summer Resort.

Rothenbuch (Red Beech) calls up pleasant recollection of an hour spent there while waiting for the good frau of the little inn to prepare my noonday meal. As she insisted on scrubbing the floor of the dining-room before she would set the table, I strolled out and sat down under a tree at a brook near by. Here I became interested in the inscription on a plain monument of brown stone, where I read the names of the villagers who fell in battle during the Franco-Prussian war, and tried to picture in my mind the appearance of the peasant lads who marched away to fight for Fatherland and Kaiser—and the grief in the humble homes when the sad news came. Turning from the monument I was attracted by the church-



like tones of an organ, the music coming from a monastic-looking building or school close by. Through an open window I could see a brown-robed priest at the keyboard. I thought I had never heard a sweeter toned organ, or a better player. I could have sat there contentedly a long time—but, the dinner and the forstmeister were waiting.

Another attraction afforded the hotel guests by the forests is a sight of the deer and other game which abound there, although the hunting and fishing privileges are reserved for the pleasure of a privileged few—the king, grand duke, or noble who owns the property. Some large tracts are



**Forest of Silver Fir, Southeastern France.**

maintained and known as royal hunting forests, where the pleasures of the chase, the pursuit of the stag or wild boar, are deemed of more importance than the revenue which the timber might bring. In fact, the first attempts at forest preservation and planting in Europe were due to the desire of the king to provide good hunting instead of a timber supply. Centuries ago, in England, agricultural lands were reforested to enlarge



the hunting areas, and this was one of the principal grievances that culminated in the grant of Magna Charta. Even the barons of England were not allowed to hunt in the king's forests; and the king laid claim to all the woodlands of his country.

There are now many private preserves in Europe, which are maintained primarily for the revenues derived from the timber, and the hunting is of secondary importance. Still the game and fish are jealously protected by armed gamekeepers; but the foresters, whose duties are confined rather to the protection of the timber, complain bitterly of the deer, which crop the young shoots of seedling plants and strip the bark from the smaller trees.



**Bismarck Oak, Prussia.**

Some of the private forests of Germany are as well managed as those of the Crown. At Friedrichsruh, in northern Prussia, there is a very fine tract of timber, formerly the property of Prince Bismarck. It was presented to him in 1871 by the German government in recognition of his services in the war with France. In it is a large tree, known as the Bismarck Oak. Under its shade the old Iron Chancellor used to sit, smoke and meditate, and while there no one ventured to speak to him or disturb his quiet surroundings.

One noticeable feature of the European forests is that every part of the tree is converted into money. After the logs are removed the limbs and tops are cut up and sold for fuel; and when the foresters are through with their part of the work the peasants are allowed to come in and gather up the faggots and smallest twigs. If our American lumbermen could thus dispose of their waste material, the revenue derived from it would enable them in time to manage their forests under some system that would rival in its scientific methods the forestry of Europe.

## Sighing of the Pines.

The south wind with love seeks the pine tree's boughs,  
 And touching each down-hanging string,  
 Sets a million notes vibrating,  
 Making sound as when Angels sing.

'Neath the spreading boughs you linger,  
 Lured there by the music low,  
 Like the voice of some lost sweet pleasure,  
 Like the echo of "long ago."

The sound soothes the spirit like magic,  
 And as you turn to depart,  
 The wind through the pinetree whispers  
 A soft, sweet farewell to your heart.

And you sigh in response to the pine's sigh,  
 And you fall a-dreaming once more ;  
 And awake not to life's stern realities  
 Until you have reached your own door.

—B. M. B.



"Revenge is sweet, but its sweetness sickens."



"Whatever you may have in your purse, carry hope in your heart  
 and spend it freely."



An Englishman "stands" for Parliament; an American "runs" for Congress. The two words illustrate the world-wide difference between the two nations.—The Pilot (Boston).

## The Printers' Mass—A Successful Innovation in New York.

BY REV. L. J. EVERS.

It behooves the priest of God to be ever mindful of the words of Our Blessed Lord—*proedicate omni creaturae*—preach the gospel to every creature,—but he must also be ever mindful of those other words of the Holy Ghost—*ite ad oves qui perierunt de domo Israel*—“go to the sheep that are perishing of the house of Israel.” In these days when there are so many and great temptations, on all sides, to draw men away from the narrow path that leads to things spiritual and eternal life, not only must the priest of God try to lead into the light of faith those who sit outside the pale of the one true church, but he must also strain every nerve and power that he may in some manner be able to answer—“Of those whom thou gavest me have I lost not one.”

To one who is not acquainted with and has made no study of American city life, and particularly of conditions which obtain in a large city like New York, it is a revelation to know the number of men and women who are laboring during the long hours of the night, when the rest of men are in their slumbers. It is surprising to know that in New York City alone over thirty-five thousand men and women are working every night, printers, bakers, milkmen, engineers and all sorts and classes of men, getting ready the machinery of a great city like New York, that all the wheels of business may start for nearly three millions of persons. Now, what about the souls and immortality of this vast army of toilers of the night? Have they not souls to save, and how are the truths of life and salvation to be brought before their mind? It was a question like this that confronted me in the surroundings of St. Andrew's Church, situated as it is in the very center of the daily newspapers of New York City. These men—and there are over four thousand of them—are laboring from six or seven o'clock Saturday night up to two and three o'clock Sunday morning. Tired out in mind and body they leave the newspaper offices, and go to their homes fagged out and exhausted, and, by the time masses are being said, are in the midst of a deep, sound sleep. It is morally impossible, in a way, to expect that they could be aroused from their sleep, go out to Holy Mass, and then return and finish out the sleep. And we can easily understand that after a few years of non-attendance

at their religious duties they lose the practice of their religion and even the teachings of their faith. It was under these circumstances and confronted by these facts and figures that we conceived that something must be done to fulfill the injunction "*Itē ad oves qui perierunt de domo Israel.*" When we first broached the idea, it seemed strange—Mass at two o'clock in the morning! It was a strange idea indeed as it was an innovation in church discipline, but then there was staring us in the face—*Itē ad oves* example? Leaving the ninety-nine in the desert, he sought the one that was lost. After the matter was thoroughly studied and sifted, facts and figures obtained, Archbishop Corrigan wrote to the Holy Father Leo XIII., laying everything before him, and three years ago on the first Sunday of May I said the first "printers' Mass" at 2:30 o'clock A. M., and about 1,000 men attended. Of course many of those who came the first few Sunday mornings came out of curiosity, but after a few Sundays the number settled down to real night workers and printers, and for the past three years I have said the Mass every morning myself, and I can say that it is a magnificent and inspiring sight to see from five hundred and fifty to seven hundred men kneeling in silent prayer, with prayer books and beads in their hands, paying the homage of their being to God their Maker. Who asks the question why men don't go to church? Come into St. Andrew's any Sunday morning, when all New York is in slumber, and you will see the answer—Catholic men do go to church. Someone has



**Rev. L. J. Evers,**  
Rector of St. Andrews Church, New York City; who first  
inaugurated the 2:30 a. m. mass services for  
Printers and Night-workers.



Flash Light Picture of the Third Anniversary of the 2:30 a. m. Mass for Printers and Night-workers, in St. Andrew's Church, New York City, May 8th, 1904.



said: It is religion up-to-date. Yes, if you teach a man the duties and obligations of life and religion when he is young, and the ministers of God are mindful of "Go and teach all nations," and "*Ite ad oves qui perierunt,*" men will go to church. But if the child is not taught the duties and obligations of religion when he is young, is it any wonder that men, yea and women too, do not go to church? Why men don't go to church? Answer—Godless education. The Holy Ghost has said—"A young man according to his ways, even when he is old, will not depart from them."

Our idea of the 2:30 A. M. Mass for printers and night-workers is now greatly in favor, is commented on favorably all over the world and is now being imitated in seven or eight large cities of the world. All we say is "*laudetur Jesus Christus*"—may Jesus Christ be praised. We are priests to save and bring souls to Christ—and this let us do—in season and out of season, by day and by night. And as priests, when we are gathered to our fathers I am sure it will not be our epitaph "we died for want of sleep."

It is the church then going to the people even as her founder went after the lost sheep. On Sunday, May the 8th, we celebrated the third anniversary of the institution of the "printers' Mass", as it is called, and over 900 men alone occupied the body of the church. The Mass was celebrated by Right Rev. Thos. Cusack, Aux. Bishop of New York, who the year before, as head of the Apostolate Band, gave a mission to the night-workers, every morning during a week, at three o'clock A. M. An eloquent sermon was preached by Rev. Wm. O'Brien Pardow, S. J., on the necessity of religion in man's life.

So the novelty and innovation has prospered. Every Sunday morning we have a church full of men, editors, sub-editors, composers, and all grades of the printer's trade, postoffice clerks, Western Union men, Commercial Cable men, Associated Press men, all assisting at Holy Mass at 2:30 A. M., with a printers' choir of twenty men singing hymns and divine praises, then going home to a well earned sleep, feeling they have fulfilled the greatest and sublimest act that man owes his Creator, assisting at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass on Sunday.



Keep on trimming your lamps, tilling your soil, tugging and pegging away. You never can tell when the messenger of success will come.

## Some Time.

“Sometime, when all life’s lessons have been learned,  
And sun and stars forevermore have set,  
The things which our weak judgment here has spurned—  
The things o’er which we grieved with lashes wet—  
Will flash before us out of life’s dark night,  
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;  
And we shall see how all God’s plans were right,  
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.”



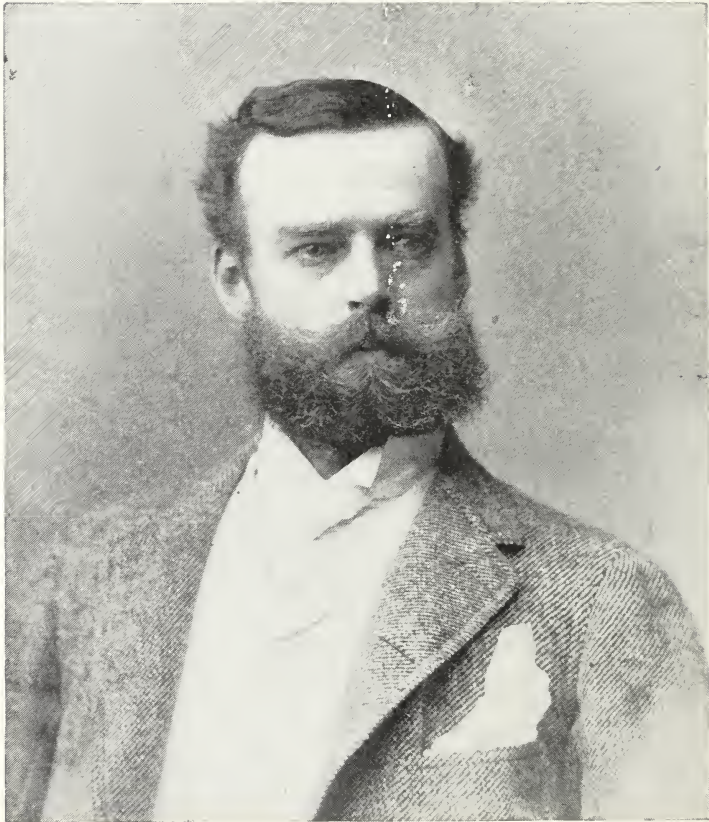
“Promise is sweet, but sweeter is fruition,  
Seed-time, with all its hopes, has doubts and fears;  
The rich rewards of labor and ambition,  
Are seldom gathered till our later years.

‘Old wine to drink,’ the ancient proverb saith;  
Old wood to light the hearth, old books to read;  
Old friends to lean upon whose love and faith  
Have never failed us in our time of need.

Then let our years bring ripening, not decay;  
Since every lint and furrow mark, in truth,  
Another stage along the sunset way,  
That leads us up to everlasting youth.”



There are heroes and heroines among the poor who stand by one another. They are the true philanthropists. They give from their scanty store and suffer. No bugler sounds their charity; no orator calls them benefactor.



**Dr. W. Seward Webb.**

"Who brought a knowledge of the glories of the Adirondacks  
into the homes of millions."

## Benefits of Adirondack Railroads.

BY HARRY V. RADFORD.

Many persons do not appreciate the good which the railroads have done, and are doing, in bringing a knowledge of the glories of the Adirondacks into the homes of millions, by means of their free printed literature descriptive of the country, most of which is highly educational and thoroughly accurate. Yet no other agencies have been the means of introducing to this region so many ardent friends of forest and game preservation—most of whom have in time become powerful and persistent champions of State ownership and of a rigid protection of the magnificent trees, the game and the game fishes which form so alluring a portion of its charms. It is these men, first interested in the Adirondacks by the railroads, who during the past decade have come to the forefront as defenders of this wilderness, and it is their voices and their pens, in the Legislature and in journalism, which are most loudly and most forcibly battling for the early materialization of the Adirondack Park project and standing off the lumberman, with every weapon and barrier they can command, until they shall have thoroughly aroused the general public to an appreciation of the fearful consequences which would result were our Adirondack forests to be wiped out and the land laid waste through private greed and spoliation.



## Dr. Sidney P. Bates.

BY DR. H. C. RIGGS.

Dr. Bates first became identified with Malone and with Franklin County on the fifteenth of February, 1821, when he was six years of age. He was born in Derby, Vermont, and was so unfortunate as to lose both his parents at almost the moment of his advent; his father having died a month before his birth, and his mother a month after it. Surely no more melancholy setting out on life's journey could be possible for any one.

The rigorous necessities of life in those pioneer days caused the little fellow to be passed on from one uncle to another until he finally found a permanent home and loving care and training with the family of his Uncle Joseph, at Randolph, Vermont. He recalls going to school there for part of a term, and getting as far in the old Webster's Spelling Book as "Harry is a good boy" and "Come here and let me hear you read." He had to walk a mile and a half to and from school. He was not a strong child and suffered severely from asthma at that time, often falling exhausted and short of breath by the roadside, where he would wait for some one to come along and help him home.

His uncle finally in 1820 moved his family to Malone to live with his daughter, Mrs. Conant, on her farm in the south part of the town. Thus it was that Malone became the sphere of the early struggles and the later usefulness of Dr. Bates.

It would be interesting to relate in detail many of the stories of his life there as boy and young man; of his schooling in the "Old Academy" under Dr. Christopher Carpenter and Dr. Conant, and later in the newly incorporated Franklin Academy at its first term in the winter of 1831-1832; of his teaching school in various districts in Malone and Constable and French's Mills, now Fort Covington—but the brevity of this article forbids more than their merest mention.

His actual attendance at school was very brief and desultory, interrupted by work on the farm and by several sicknesses. But his own self-teaching must have been constant and beneficial, for I know that his knowledge of the classics was much better than that of the average college graduate of today. He read the Latin easily and with great pleasure, caring little for the construction but much for the literature. In English he developed a sound literary style and a correct taste in his appreciation of



the great prose and verse of the language. I have in my possession a well worn copy of Shakespeare, whose dramatis personae are marked with the initials of himself and his friends, each of whom read the part of the character assigned as they studied the plays together.

In 1839 he completed the studies necessary to the degree of Doctor of Medicine, at the Vermont Medical Academy at Woodstock. After a further interval of teaching he began the practice of his profession in

Hartland, Vermont, where he remained until 1848. He moved to Malone in that year, where, to use his own words: "I opened an office, and with ordinary success practiced my profession to January 29, 1884, on which day I received such injuries to my limbs as to render locomotion impossible." In these modest words he stated all that seemed to him necessary to say of his public life. It is only justice to him, and to those with whom and for whom he spent those busy years, to add a few words telling of his life work as seen from without. I trust we may do this without violating the spirit of his own reticence.



Sidney P. Bates, M. D.

A man's relation to his community is evidenced chiefly by two forms of contact with it—the contact through his public service and the contact of his personality with those about him. What should be said of Dr. Bates in connection with his public services centers chiefly along two lines—medicine and education.

As a physician he practiced in Malone thirty-six years. In all that time he showed himself equipped to deal successfully with all the trying

emergencies arising in medical and surgical work. He was a surgeon of advanced originality, and performed many major operations which at the time he did them were not usually attended with favorable results because of the absence of our present antiseptic methods. I have his notes of some of these cases, and I have seen and talked with some of these patients whose lives were saved by his boldness and advanced knowledge.

One lady, upon whom he performed a most dangerous and difficult operation, told me a few years ago that just before he was ready to begin she said "Doctor, are you nervous?" "Shake hands with me and see," was the reply. She shook his hand and looked him in the eye. "Go on when you are ready," was all she said. A good exhibition of nerve on both sides. In his personal relation with his patients he was cheerful, helpful and full of resource. He constantly tried to make them believe in themselves as well as in him, and so used effectively the art of mental and moral impression and inspiration which holds so important a place in our modern treatment of disease. The poor always came to him confident of receiving his best and most loving service. No thought of personal convenience ever stood between him and his duty. No peril of weather or bad roads or great distance ever detained him for a moment from his work.

In educational matters he was always eager to provide the best schooling possible for every child in the town. He served many years as a school commissioner both in Malone and neighboring townships. His aim was always to raise the standards and perfect the methods both in the lower and higher schools, and then to urge every child to take every advantage offered, and to push it to the highest possible limit of time and degree. His own strife for education had made him feel that it was the essential foundation for all good citizenship and for all personal success. He felt that no sacrifice of time or means or strength was too great to be made for sound knowledge and the self-discipline of its attainment.

Advocating such views it was only natural that he should have been the helpful friend and adviser of untold numbers of young men seeking ways and means to educate themselves, and of young women working for teachers' certificates as a means of self-help. We cannot know how many such were made to persevere to the end, but their number certainly was not small.

In his personal relations he was respected by all and loved by many. Children were a delight to him. He loved them and understood them; and they returned to him an affectionate trust and remembrance which still keeps his memory fresh in many a home.

In closing I gratefully accept the opportunity afforded by this sketch to express my sense of gratitude for the loving care and kindness he bestowed upon me in the days of my boyhood and early manhood. His life and his work and his words were an inspiration for me toward right living and sound learning and conscientious work in the same profession which he so long adorned.

May the sweet flowers of remembrance long bloom in the hearts of many whom he loved and served.



To be happy is not the purpose of our being, but to deserve happiness.—*Fitch.*



Remember this, that out of the very worst conditions good things may come. Patience, my friend, and work.



It is because the drum is hollow that it resounds aloud and far to a touch, while a heavy blow at a solid rock may not be heard at all.



“De trouble ’bout de man dat borrows trouble,” says Uncle Eben, “is dat he wants to pay some of it to everybody he meets, whether it’s owin’ to ’em or not.”



On the Brooklyn “L” at Bridge Street is a sign “Don’t change here for New York.” But the passengers get up and get off to change there for New York just the same.

## A Few Moments with "Uncle Mart" Moody.

BY KENNETH GOLDTHWAITE.

"Boy's, I'm tellin' only the truth."

The uproar which followed Warren Slater's account of the strange death of a deer that died of fright after a sportsman shot at it subsided immediately when "Uncle Mart" Moody, the prince of story tellers in the guides' association, spoke out from the midst of the company of woodsmen with whom he sat.

"I j'ined the church," he continued, and a homesick expression appeared about his eyes. The incredulity of Slater's story, which aroused the open-eyed wonderment of everyone, died out quickly in the face of the condition that confronted them. All faces became grave and serious, but the gravest of them all was Moody's.

"Seven years ago I j'ined the Methodist Church, an' since that time I've been tellin' only the truth. There was a time when I could tell as big a story as the other fellow. But I ain't as spry as I was once. My imagination ain't what it used to be.

"But I've seen some strange things in my life. Yes'ir! I once tracked a deer 'round and 'round a mountain, but couldn't catch up. Finally, I got desperate; swung my gun against a tree an' bent the barr'l. I judged the distance an' pulled. The bullet cut off the four legs of the deer. Remarkable incident, that; how things managed to be judged so, beats me.

"Why, there was a time when rabbits were so thick in that same field that you had to let the bars down in order to get a dog into the lot.

"Yes, an' I've seen it rain so hard down to our house that you would think a cloud had busted, but to us it would be nothin' more'n a shower. Minervie wanted me to git up the other night an' move 'nother rain barr'l up to the spout 'cause she was goin' to wash the next day an' wanted the water. I thought I would see how hard it was rainin', so I knocked both heads out of t'other barr'l. An' it actually rained so hard through the bung that the water couldn't get out of the two ends.

"Funny? If you think that was funny, let me tell you about our cat.

"Minervie and I had a cat one time that beat all the cats you ever heard of. Minervie loved her, an' so did I, an' we made a great pet of

her. Bimeby she begun to have fits. We put up with everything, because we loved her, until she begun to have those awful spells. We'd been thinkin' about killin' her an' those fits settled it.

"Minervie and I discussed the various ways of killin' cats. You see we wanted to make sure of the job, and yit we wanted to do it in the humanest way. We concluded that I should cut her head off an' throw it in the lake. But Minervie wouldn't help, an' I had to do it all.

"I took the pieces in the boat and rowed down to the foot of the lake. Then I dropped in the head. Next I rowed up to Bog River Falls, where



"Uncle Mart" Moody.

I threw in the body all weighted down with stone. When I got home I told Minervie what I'd done. I toid her I thought it a good job an' she agreed with me.

"But what do you suppose happened? Along toward mornin' I heard a noise at the door. Sounded just like the old cat wantin' to come in. Minervie thought it a little spooky, but I opened the door, an' there she was, to be sure—our old pet cat carryin' her head in her mouth.



## In the Adirondacks—An Autumnal Automobile Spin.

BY CHARLES LEONARD-STUART.



### I.

As down the road our automobile speeds,  
Awaking echoes in the darkling vale,  
In twilight poised, a crescent waning pale  
Glints in the river curving through broad meads;  
With emerald beam the fireflies dance and gleam;  
Incessant chirps the cricket's merry note;  
On mirrored ponds the lolling lillies float;  
And over rocks the cascades leaping stream.

### II.

Through cottage casement in a ruddy mist  
A crooning mother lulls her babe to rest:  
Within a farmstead, wholesome in their zest,  
The fieldhands at their evening meal assist;  
And teamsters homeward bound, on grinding skids  
Down hillroads grating, hail our car beneath;  
The fragrant scent of fir, of pine and heath  
Breathes from the woods where stride the katydids.



“Down the Road Our Automobile Speeds.”

## III.

Those winter harbingers reiterate

That "Katy-did-it! Katy,did! She-did!"

While owlets hoot in dark recesses hid,

And frogs their vesper chorus celebrate.

From Gabriel's hospice on the upper plain

The angelus now undulates the breeze;

We downward coast 'neath overarching trees,

And skirt the lake till home is reached again.



"On Mirrored Ponds."



"Over Rocks the Cascades Leaping  
Stream."

## Song of Thanksgiving—From the Ancient Irish.

I offer Thee  
 Every flower that ever grew,  
 Every bird that ever flew,  
 Every wind that ever blew,  
 Good God!

Every thunder rolling,  
 Every Church-bell tolling,  
 Every leaf and sod!  
 (Laudamus te.)

I offer Thee  
 Every wave that ever moved,  
 Every heart that ever loved,  
 Thee Thy Father's well-beloved,  
 Dear Lord!

Every river dashing,  
 Every lightning flashing,  
 Like an Angel's sword!  
 (Benedicimus te!)

I offer Thee  
 Every cloud that ever swept  
 O'er the skies, and broke and wept  
 In vain, and with the flowerets slept,  
 My King!

Each communicant praying,  
 Every Angel staying  
 Before Thy throne to sing!  
 (Adoremus te!)

I offer Thee  
 Every flake of virgin snow,  
 Every spring the earth below,  
 Every human joy and woe,—  
 My Love!

O Lord, and all Thy glorious  
 Self, o'er Death victorious,  
 Throned in Heaven above!  
 (Glorificamus te!)

Take all of them, O darling Lord,  
 In Thy Blessed Sacrament Loved—  
 Adored!

Multiply each and every one;  
 Make each of them into millions—  
 Into glorious millions,  
 Into gorgeous millions,  
 Into golden millions—

O Glories, glorious Son!  
 And then, O dear Lord, listen,  
 Where the tabernacles glisten,  
 To those praises, Holiest One!



“During the revolutionary excitement in 1848 it was reported in the papers that the King of Prussia had abdicated. The mistake originated with the electric telegraph, which sent the following dispatch: ‘The King of Prussia has gon to Pot-’ In another minute the communication was on its way to a newspaper office. Not long after, however, the dial was again agitated, and then—‘s-dam.’ Making it read thus: ‘The King of Prussia has gone to Potsdam.’”

## Giving Yourself to One Thing at a Time.

A mark of a wise man and of an efficient man is the giving himself wholly to one thing at a time. He may turn from one thing to another five times in an hour, but even then he devotes himself wholly and utterly each moment to whatever he has at the moment to do. To him just then there is nothing else in the universe comparable with doing that thing. An inferior man will often fail of doing the one important thing of the hour by thinking of, or worrying about, several things; but not so the superior man. King Hezekiah had a good record among the kings of Judah in his day, and his devoting himself to one thing was a distinguishing trait with him, as with other efficient men. "And in every work that he (King Hezekiah) began in the service of the house of God, and in the law, and in the commandments, to seek his God, he did it with all his heart, and prospered." That is the way with a first-class man—he gives himself wholly to one thing to which he sets himself in God's service, and he is prospered in consequence. A second-rate man divides himself between two things, and is not a success in either. A third or fourth-rate man is ready to undertake three or four things at the same time, and he wonders why those one-idea men succeed so much better than he does. All there is of us is little enough to give heartily to whatever God wants us to do just now.

—*Fragment.*



A rather good illustration of the practicability of the people of Northern New York is shown by the following story: A Sunday school teacher, having just finished telling the story of the changing of Lot's wife into a pillar of salt, was expecting to find expressions of awe and wonderment on the faces of the children. But imagine her surprise when a sharp looking youngster of eight waved his hand frantically and to the query—"Well, Willie, have you a question?"—received the following: "Teacher, did they use her? Did they put her in bags and sell her?"



## Bishop Ludden on Church Music.

"Some of the music," he says, "in our churches is altogether too foot-lighty. The organists seem to have no regard whatever for the relevancy of their music to the sacred functions going on at the other end of the church. The manner of singing some of the selections at times would remind a listener of a balky horse when it comes to a jump. The singers in the choir make an attack in a choral piece and start for what seems to be the home run, when suddenly they pull up, take breath and begin the same thing all over again.

"Abuses creep in and the music of the church, the Gregorian chant, is lost sight of. Light operatic airs take the place of the sublime chant, and I have heard the ballad 'Kathleen Mavourneen' sung at one of the most solemn services in the church.

"The tearing apart of the sacred text is one of the greatest abuses in our churches. Showers of 'amens' are heard as frequently and abundantly at the close of a selection as skylarks in a meadow on a June day. What is intended to be the most reverent in worship is often a cause of irreverence and frivolity among the congregation as they listen to the distorted harmonies floating out from the organ lofts. Such a word as 'saltare,' for instance, has been divided up into the most meaningless syllables, such as 'sal,' 'salt,' 'salta,' 'saltar,' 'saltare,' 'tare, tare, tare,' 'tar, tar, tar,' 're, re, re,' 'are, are, are,' and then in one grand finish, 'sal-tar-re.'



If words are signs of ideas many worthy folk out to take in their signs.



Adam and Eve got along very well until the lady took advice outside of her own yard.



No man ever did a designed injury to another but at the same time he did a greater to himself.—Homer.

## Snapshots.

The master power of the world is love.



“Kindness is a powerful weapon too seldom fought with.”



“Don’t weep over a bad crop—get your land ready, and sow again.”



Those people who have nothing to do—are they to be envied or pitied?



How often we neglect those sterling patient souls who are nearest to our lives.



Some mud sticks longer than other mud, but no mud is immortal.—*Newman*.



What fortunes are wasted by men and women who are struggling to know those who are hardly worth knowing.



This little world of ours is not growing worse to the man who is doing his best to make it better.—*Maclaughlin*.

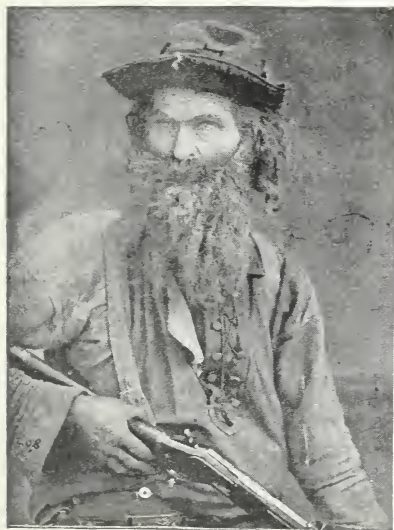


The deepest mysteries of life are explained, and the deepest problems of life are solved, not by thinking but by living.—*Mabie*.

## Sebatos and the Panther.

BY MARY G. MANAHAN.

While at Aiden Lair Lodge, in the heart of the Great North Woods, I chanced to "fall in," as they term it, with a "bunch of natives," among whom was an old guide close on to "three score and ten." Once I overcame his shyness (and, by the way, the shyness of the Adirondack woodsman is equal to his proverbial independence) he told us some mightily interesting stories of the days when the bear was plentiful as the deer and the scream of the panther had not been silenced forever.



Sebatos.

"I hed follered the trail for days with old Mitchell Sebatos, an' hadn't sighted a thing," he said. "At last night closed in on us an' we built a fire to keep off the mosquitoes an' turned in for the night. It was the blackest night I ever remember—no moon nor stars, and the dark seemed to settle down like a mist, so thick you could breathe it in. The very fire seemed to be agin us, for it sputtered an' smouldered an' just kept from goin' out, an' that's all. Maybe the wood was damp, but it felt all right when I piled it up an' struck the flint.

"Old Sebatos giv' one grunt an' rolled himself over in his blanket. Sound asleep, not even a snore for com'ny's sake! He was always a queer duck, with them silent Indian ways o' hisn, but he was a born hunter

an' could follow a trail no mortal man could see. It was in his blood, they said. He was the last of the old tribe of St. Francis, an' when ye'd see him come lopin' down the mountain, tocin' in, with his gun in the hollow of his arm, like a baby, all he lacked was a few eagle feathers in his black ha'r and ye'd had yer chief.

"We young fellers would rather follow old Sebatos than eat. My mother would say: 'Jack, go dig them potatoes!' I'd dig a while, then drop the hoe, shoulder my gun an' go off after Sebatos. I'd been with him on that great hunt when we killed the last moose. Got the old giant down into the lake that they named after him—"Moose Pond"—an' thar we finished him. I'll tell ye ali about that hunt some time. It's a long story an'——"

"But what happened on the dark night?" one of the boys interposed.

"Oh, yes," the old guide continued. "As I said, the night was so black and not a sound nowha'ar that I felt terrible spooky. Tha'ar was



Where Mother Lived.

nothin' to be scared of, so I was scared of nothin'. As I lay watchin' the few red coals I thought I see a gleam of somethin' bright. I kep' watchin' it, an' it seemed to cast a spell on me. I couldn't take my eyes off it, shinin' out of the dark right acrost from me an' over the fire. I thought of a story I once heard of a hunter charmed by a snake an' p'isened to death. Purty soon I see a second bright spot right by the first. They was first red an' then green, an' I rubbed my eyes to make 'em out plainer. Just then the fire began to blaze up. An' good Lord! right tha'ar before my very eyes I see a panther take shape. Tha'ar he lay stretched out on a

big bough, a big feller, full ten feet long, a-switchin' his tail an' a-glarin' down onto me.

"A cold sweat broke out all over me. I began to see things like a drownin' man; I could see the cartridges in my gun, lyin' there cold and hard, not willing to blaze out and kill the beast; I could see the brown-white potatoes that I hed just turned out of their hole on the hill when



**In the Heart of the Adirondacks.**

I grabbed my gun and followed Sebatos, leavin' 'em there to get sun-greened; I could see my mother standin' in the door, lookin' down the road an' wonderin' wha'ar I'd gone this time, an' if I'd get home before the other boys hed eat up the last of the blackberry pies.

"An' all the time the beast lashed his tail back an' forth an' held me down with his green eyes. Then somethin' stirred in me; I roused myself, and still lookin' at the panther, reached over and punched Sebatos.

"'What you want?' he grunted.

"I punched agin. This time he rolled over an' see the panther. For half a second he lay lookin' at it. I was scared more than ever, 'for,' thinks I, 'if Sebatos is scared, it's all up, an' no mistake.'

"The critter's tail stopped switchin', an' he half shut his eyes. I shut mine close, and in my mind began: 'O Lord! be merciful——' This takes a good deal sight longer to tell than it did to happen, for it all happened while Sebatos was rollin' over an' back agin. I heard him grunt:



"'You no trouble him—he no trouble you,' an' then I opened my eyes to see the panther slippin' off. He went as soft an' quiet like as he'd come. Once he was off the bough I'd begun to think I'd dreamed it, when an' awful loud crash told me he had struck the underbrush and was breakin' his way through.

"I was more than scared of Sebastos after that. How could any mortal man read the eye of a wild beast an' know if he was full or empty? Still, I s'pose he'd grown to know the wild things jest as I know my dog."

*Saratoga Springs, N. Y.*



Men give me credit for genius; but all the genius I have lies in this: When I have a subject on hand I study it profoundly. The effect I make they call the fruit of genius; it is, however, the fruit of labor and thought.—*Alexander Hamilton.*



"It is better for a woman to fill a simple part lovingly, better for her to be sympathetic in trouble and to whisper a comforting message into but one grieving ear, than that she should make a path to Egypt and lecture to thousands on ancient Thebes."



"Every tear that falls from one's own eyes gives a deeper tenderness of look, of touch, of word, that shall soothe another's woe. Sorrow is not given to us alone that we may mourn. It is given us that, having felt, suffered, wept, we may be able to understand, love, bless."



"There is no new sorrow. We shall be called upon to bear nothing that has not been borne before. Does not this thought still in part the wild clamor of life? Shall we murmur at our lot when unnumbered mourning hearts, as sensitive, as true, as loving as our own, and breaking under the weight of the same sorrow that oppresses us today, have met this grief of ours, whatever it may be, and have conquered it?"

## The Adirondacks an Island.

After the lapse of unmeasured ages, the Adirondacks still retain the rudiments of their original insular character. On every side the great Adirondack plateau slopes down into the deep depressions or valleys which form the water courses by which to-day the mountains can be completely circumnavigated. Starting from Lake Ontario, an Indian, before the advent of the white man, could paddle his canoe down the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Richelieu; up the Richelieu, through Lake Champlain and up Wood Creek to within a few miles of the headwater of a creek flowing into the Hudson at Fort Edward. Lifting his canoe from Wood Creek and making his portage at this famous "Great Carrying Place," he could soon reach the Hudson. Thence he could proceed by water, making carries only to avoid waterfalls, through the Mohawk river to the site of the present city of Rome. There, in a portage of a mile to another Wood Creek, the principal inlet to Oneida Lake, he encountered the only other interruption of water connection in his circuit of the Adirondacks. Once on Wood Creek number two, he could proceed to and through Oneida Lake and River to Lake Ontario at Oswego, and by Lake Ontario to his point of departure. Since the advent of the white man, artificial waterways have been cut through the two short portages, so that now the Adirondacks are once more an island, completely surrounded by water as in the days of their infancy.

*Exchange.*



Let us lay hold of the happiness of today. Do we not go through life blindly, thinking that some fair tomorrow will bring us the gift we miss today? Poor mortal, when thinkest thou then to be happy? Tomorrow? What is tomorrow? How is it different from today? Is it not but another today? Know thou, my heart, if thou art not happy today, thou shalt never be happy. Today it is given thee to be patient, to be unselfish, to be purposeful, to be strong and eager, and to work mightily. If thou doest these things, and if, remembering all thy mercies, thou doest them with a grateful heart, thou shalt be happy.

*Brozon.*

## Little Bateese.

W. H. Drummond  
 (Ch. 2)

You bad leetle boy, not moche you care  
 How busy you're kipin' your poor gran'pere  
 Tryin' to stop you ev'ry day  
 Chasin' de hen aroun' de hay—  
 W'y don't you geev' dem a chance to lay?  
 Leetle Bateese!

Off on de fiel' you foller de plough,  
 Den w'en you're tire you scare de cow,  
 Sickin' de dog till dey jomp de wall  
 So de milk ain't good for not'ing at all—  
 An' you're only five an' a half dis fall,  
 Leetle Bateese!

Too sleepy for sayin' de prayer to-night?  
 Never min', I s'pose it'll be all right,  
 Say dem to-morrow—ah, dere he go!  
 Fas' asleep in a minute or so—  
 An' he'll stay lak dat till de rooster crow,  
 Leetle Bateese!

Den wake us up right away toute suite  
 Lookin' for something more to eat,  
 Makin' me t'ink of dem long leg crane,  
 Soon as dey swaller, dey start again,  
 I wonder your stomach don't get no pain,  
 Leetle Bateese!

But see heem now lyin' dere in bed,  
 Look at de arm onderneat' hees head:  
 If he grow lak dat till he's twenty year  
 I bet he'll be stronger dan Louis Cyr,  
 An' beat all de voyageurs leevin' here.

Leetle Bateese!

Jus' feel de muscle along hees back,  
 Won't geev' heem moche bodder for carry pack  
 On de long portage, any size canoe,  
 Dere's not many t'ing dat boy won't do,  
 For he's got double-joint on hees body too,

Leetle Bateese!

But little Bateese! please don't forget  
 We rader you're stayin' de small boy yet,  
 So chase de chicken an' make dem scare,  
 An' do w'at you lak wit' your ole gran'prere,  
 For w'en you're beeg feller he won't be dare—

Leetle Bateese!



Faith is the mother of courage.



Slang is to speech what discord is to music.



Make your guest welcome or don't make him your guest.



Some make tracks for others to walk in and others make tracks  
 of their own.





## The Blackberry Farm.

Nature gives with freest hands  
    Richest gifts to poorest lands.  
    When the lord has sown his last,  
And his fields to desert passed,  
She begins to claim her own,  
And instead of harvest flown—  
Sunburnt sheaves and golden ears—  
Sends her hardier pioneers:  
Barbarous brambles, outlawed seeds;  
The first families of weeds  
Fearing neither sun nor wind,  
With the flowers of their kind,  
(Outcasts of the garden-bound),  
Colonize the expended ground,  
Using (none her right gainsay)  
Confiscations of decay:  
Thus she clothes the barren place,  
Old disgrace with newer grace.

Title-deeds, which cover lands  
Ruled and reaped by buried hands,  
She—disowning owners old,  
Scorning their "to have and hold"—  
Takes herself: the mouldering fence  
Hides with her munificence;  
O'er the crumbled gate-post twines  
Her proprietary vines;  
On the doorstep of the house  
Writes in moss "Anonymous,"  
And, that beast and bird may see,

"This is Public Property ;"  
 To the bramble makes the sun  
 Bearer of profusion :  
 Blossom-odors breathe in June  
 Promise of her later boom,  
 And in August's brazen heat  
 Grows the prophecy complete ;—  
 Lo, her largess glistens bright,  
 Blackness diamonded with light !

Then, behold, she welcomes all  
 To her annual festival :  
 "Mine the fruit, and yours as well,"  
 Speaks the Mother Miracle ;  
 "Rich and poor are welcome ; come,  
 Make to-day millennium  
 In my garden of the sun :  
 Black and white to me are one.  
 This my freehold use content,—  
 Here no landlord rides for rent ;  
 I proclaim my jubilee,  
 In my Black Republic, free.  
 "Come," she beckons : "enter, through  
 Gates of gossamer, doors of dew  
 (Lit with summer's tropic fire),  
 My Liberia of the brier.

*John James Piatt.*



Ambition only discloses one's riches or poverty. We project ourselves  
 into everything. Wealth, power, solitude, love—they are all treasures  
 or trifles. What we have is what we are.—*Hardy.*

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In Sanitarium Gabriels.

# Sanatorium Gabriels. Adirondacks.

IN CHARGE OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

This is a Short Account of Sanatorium Gabriels for Those Who Are Not Familiar With the Adirondacks.

Sanatorium Gabriels, for those in the first stages of tuberculosis, in charge of the Sisters of Mercy, was formally opened July 26th, 1897. The land is situated on an undulating plain at the Paul Smith's Station of the New York Central Railroad, and consists of a broad park running along the side of the railroad and rising gradually to a beautiful hill, "Sunrise Mount," which, like a screen, shades the valley from the north winds.

All around it lie the mountains of the Adirondack region, the giants of the range—Mount Marcy, White Face, Mt. McGregor, etc., etc., while not very far away beautiful Lucretia Lake spreads its waters.

The idea carried out is to centralize a group of cottages around the Administration Building, although this plan is more expensive, both to build and maintain. When the health or comfort of the patients is concerned the Sisters have spared neither pains nor money.

The heating, ventilation, plumbing, drainage and water supply are the best known to modern science.

The Paris Exposition has awarded a "Medal" to Sanatorium Gabriels as a reward for the arrangement, construction, water supply, drainage, warming and ventilating of the several buildings, which has been done one the most approved and scientific methods.

Terms per week, from \$10 to \$15. One free patient taken in every ten. No discrimination on account of creed or race.

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The medical service has been of late completely reorganized. To our Advisory Medical Staff composed of

### NEW YORK CITY.

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We have added as consulting physicians :

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# Forest Leaves





# FOREST LEAVES.

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

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Come with me into the wilderness and rest.

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WINTER, 1904.

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PUBLISHED BY THE  
**SANATORIUM GABRIELS.**  
GABRIELS, N. Y.

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## Winter's Address at Sunrise Mount.

Winter, enthroned on distant heights,  
O'er Gabriels shakes his robe, snow white;  
And through the glittering diamond spray  
I hear the stern old Monarch say:  
"My Ozone, Man, will end the strife  
With fell disease! Thy blood of life,  
Empowered by it for victor's part  
Will with new joy thrill brain and heart.  
Yea, and 'mong health's fine flavored wines  
I give you Balsam of the Pines.  
Go forth and drink! Thould'st find it good,  
When Day's great King throws back his hood  
Of clouds at noonday, to encharm  
My glittering throne, drink and be warm!  
Then thy pale palms in His warm ray  
Spread forth unto the King of Day,  
And clasp the sunshine to thy soul  
In palmfuls glorious and whole.

# FOREST LEAVES.

VOL. II.

WINTER, 1904.

NO. 1.

## The Green Through the Snow.

There is no Christmas like a northern Christmas. The green peeping through the snow—symbol of the eternal life overcoming the chill of despondent doubt. The stars in the sky clearer than crystal! Each bright sentinel of the firmament seems emulous of the glory of the Star of Bethlehem. And has not each its own message of the coming of the King who bids to worlds afar?

Winter is the season of the inner life, of the fireside joy, of the domestic comfort. Introspection turns each heart into a shrine. May its Christmas guest be the Sun before whose light all winters fade away!

From the high refuge of Sanatorium Gabriels, Forest Leaves, tossing off the blanket of snow, sends forth with cheerful assurance the perennial greeting "A Merry Christmas," and, as another cycle of months becomes a wheel for the chariot of the Child-King, proclaims with gratitude as with faith "A Happy New Year."





## President Roosevelt's Ascent of Mt. Marcy.

BY HARRY V. RADFORD.

It will be recalled that at the time President McKinley's condition changed from hopeful to desperate, as he lay on his dying bed in the Milburn home at Buffalo, from the effect of the cowardly pistol shot of Czolgosz, the assassin, Theodore Roosevelt, then Vice-President of the United States, was sojourning with his family at the Adirondaek Club, near Lake Henderson, in the centre of a wilderness of rugged mountain peaks, crystal lakes and unbroken forest. The clubhouse, probably the most remote human habitation in the Empire State, is thirty-five miles from North Creek, the nearest railroad and telegraph point, and ten miles from even telephone communication.

The dramatic story of Mr. Roosevelt's wild midnight ride of thirty-five miles, with the three relays of buckboards and horses, driven with desperate speed by the well-known mountaineers, "Dave" Hunter, Orrin Kellogg and "Mike" Cronin—racing, as they supposed, with death, when in reality death was already the victor—has been frequently told and illustrated in the newspapers; but the facts connected with the then Vice-President's trip from the clubhouse to the summit of Mt. Marcy, some twelve or fifteen miles further into the wilderness over a narrow trail, in some places scarcely traceable, and his reception of the fateful dispatch from the hand of the courier, Harrison Hall, which summoned him with all speed to the side of the sinking President, are not so well known; and therefore the following passages from a letter which I received shortly after the events narrated occurred, from Noah La Casse, the Adirondaek guide who led the Roosevelt party up to the summit of Mt. Marcy, may prove of interest, and perhaps even be of historic value.

When the Vice-President's private secretary, Loeb, was at North Creek, the railroad terminus, frantically trying to communicate with him by telephone, Mr. Roosevelt was fifty miles away, on the highest peak in the State, entirely ignorant of President McKinley's sudden change for the worse, as the last word he had received before leaving the clubhouse—a delayed dispatch from Secretary Cortelyou in Buffalo—stated that the President was then considered to be out of

danger. Thus it was that when at length the belated telegrams, telephoned to Tahawas, ten miles south, and from there carried by swift horses to the clubhouse, reached that place, David Hunter, superintendent of the club, had no way of knowing with certainty the whereabouts of his distinguished guest. The following passage from an admirable article which appeared in the New York Herald graphically describes the scene that followed.



**GUIDE NOAH LA CASSE,**

**Who Accompanied President Roosevelt to the Summit of  
Mt. Marcy.**

“A little after ten o'clock the unemployed guides were sitting around the roaring fire in their room at the Upper Clubhouse swapping the usual yarns, when a team from Tahawas, covered with mud from the ten miles of wretched road, dashed up. A wondering silence fell over the company. David Hunter, the superintendent of the club, arose from his seat and went out. In a few moments he returned, and, looking around the room, said:

“Boys, there is bad news from the President. Who will carry the message to Mr. Roosevelt?”

“Slow of speech, but quick of thought and action, are the Adirondack guides. It was hard to tell which of the party arose first.

“The task fell to Harrison Hall, tall, thin, weather-beaten. Every one of his swift, noiseless movements, as he quietly made ready for the trip, revealed the trained woodsman. By half-past ten his swinging stride carried him over the tiny foot bridge across the Hudson River, here scarcely twenty feet wide, and into the forest on the trail to Lake Colden. Halfway up he met the women of the (Roosevelt) party, in charge of Guide Dimmock, returning to the clubhouse. They told him that Mr. Roosevelt had been tempted to climb up Mt. Marcy, and that the rest of the gentlemen had joined him. The swinging stride was hardly broken, and on up the trail Hall pushed toward his destination.

“From the club to Lake Colden the path was plain and clear. Beyond there it had been rarely used, and the fallen deadwood clogged every step. Still, with the same sure, catlike stride, too wise to hurry, too eager to slacken speed, he pushed on through the black tangle of primeval forest. Many strange sights had those huge old gray pines beheld, many tragedies of hunter and hunted, but this spectacle of the silent messenger, with the fateful slips of yellow paper in his hand, was new to them. New also to the world, for never before had so strange a courier borne notice to a man of destiny that his time of ruling was at hand.”

La Casse's story, as he told it to me in his letter, is as follows.

“I was with the President on his trip to Marcy, two days, Thursday and Friday, September 12th and 13th, 1901. Mr. Roosevelt did not engage me, as I was guiding at the time for Mr. E. H. Coe; but Mr. Coe being away in New York for a few days on business I was left with his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Bailey; and as guides were not very plentiful at the time, most of them being away with hunting parties, I volunteered, with the consent of Mr. Bailey and at the request of Mr. James McNaughton (President Roosevelt's host at the Adirondack Club) to go with the President and his family to Lake Colden.

“There were three of us guides with the party, namely Thomas Benham, E. J. Dimmock and myself, and two extra guides, George

Thillow and Fred. Bars, who took loads up as far as the flowed land, returning to the clubhouse. We three went through to Colden with the party, including the President, his family and a maid, and stayed in camp there over Thursday night; and on Friday morning Dimmock took the ladies and children over the trail to Avalanche Lake and back to the clubhouse. On their way back they met Harrison Hall with the message for Mr. Roosevelt, informing him that he had left that morning for the summit of Mt. Marcy.

“President Roosevelt, Mr. McNaughton, Messrs. B. and H. Robinson and myself composed the party that made the ascent. We left Colden camp at 9 A. M. and at 11:52 A. M. were on the summit of Mt. Marcy. The trail was in very bad condition, and it rained hard most of the way. We remained on the summit about fifteen minutes and then came down to Lake Tear-of-the-Clouds, where we had left our lunch, which the President carried himself part of the way.

“As we sat there by the shore of the little pond, eating and listening to Mr. Roosevelt’s stories, I saw at a long distance a man approaching. My first thought was of a telegram; and as the man came nearer I discovered it was Harrison Hall, and pointed him out to the other members of the party. Mr. Roosevelt, on seeing the man approaching, became very calm, and said: ‘I hope the President is better.’ When the messages were handed to him he opened them and read them over and over; and then saying, ‘It cannot be,’ passed them to Mr. McNaughton; the latter saying to Mr. Roosevelt, when he had read them: ‘Perhaps you will find another message at the clubhouse with fuller particulars and better news.’

“That was at twenty-five minutes past one that Hall handed President Roosevelt the messages, and we at once started down the mountain trail at a good pace, reaching the clubhouse at about half-past five. The very first words the President spoke on reaching the house were to Mrs. Roosevelt, asking her if any further messages had been received. On learning that nothing further had been learned from Buffalo, Mr. Roosevelt made calculations on going out to North Creek with his family the next morning; but at about eleven o’clock of the same night (Friday) another message came post haste from Tahawas, ten miles below, calling him to Buffalo at utmost speed, for President McKinley was on the point of death.”

By midnight Roosevelt, within a few hours to be President of the United States, had flung a hastily packed dress suit case into a light buckboard, bid adieu to his wife and children, and, driven by "Dave" Hunter, had begun that fearful all-night ride to North Creek, thirty-five miles away, which broke to fragments every record for fast time over those perilous mountain roads, and which is surely destined to become famous when the sad history of the events surrounding the assassination and death of President McKinley is written. He began that ride a man to be talked of by a few people for a few years; he completed it possessed of a name that shall be immortal.



## Christmas Day.

A little boy of heavenly birth,  
 But far from home to-day,  
 Comes down to find his ball, the earth,  
 That sin has cast away.  
 O comrades, let us one and all  
 Join in to get him back his ball.

—John B. Tabb.

The worst of lies is a pious lie.—Spalding.

The world is a mirror into which we look and see our own image.—Spalding.

"In times of calm pray. In the tempest pray. In discouragement pray. You shall advance according to your constancy in prayer."

"Say, mamma," queried little Mary Ellen, "what 's a dead letter?" "Any letter that is given to your father to mail, my dear," replied the wise mother.

"Man judges of our motives by our actions. God judges of our actions by our motives."

"Conscience is God's deputy in the soul."



# The Tragedy of Brant Lake.

(IN THREE CHAPTERS.)

BY MONSIGNOR JOHN WALSH,  
Pastor of St. Peter's Church, Troy, N. Y.

## I.

Are you readers familiar with Brant Lake? It does not lie on a thoroughfare. It is too isolated for picnic parties. Occasionally a Trojan from neighboring Friends' Lake, out for an afternoon drive, looks down on its magic beauties. As there is no hostelry near by, the visitor does not tarry long. It sleeps between Schroon and Friends' Lake, to the southeast, and the hills hug it so closely that you are on it, and almost in it, before you are aware. A few years ago it was virgin soil.

Around its girth of five miles or more only three pioneers had dared to lift their roof-trees. One of these was palatial—a long, solid, ornamental house garnished with the trophies of the woods and the handiwork of city folk. In the matter of comfort and convenience, it had all that money and metropolitan taste could provide. Its lawns and roadways were nearly all reclaimed at enormous cost from bog and trespassing lake.

Time went on, and this particular mansion changed hands. Its owner became a spendthrift. Extravagance and hospitality of a large type did their work, and mortgages were foreclosed. At this crisis in its career I was a visitor of a few days, in early October of some years ago, with friends who had rented it for the season.

## II.

Whether from its solitude, or the abundance of insects which serve for its food, Brant Lake's environs are infested with a smallish animal with a blackish hide and a wabby walk, like the carriage of some fat people. There is a white patch on the forehead, which, going up and back on the nape, divides into two white bands reaching to and even meeting at, the tip of the tail. It is slow of movement and

predatory of habit. In its deliberate way it moves about at night, and in the early light to supplement its scant insect diet with other material, both nourishing and more plentiful. Its normal home is a burrow a couple of feet below the surface, like the woodchuck, which it resembles, except for one or two particulars. These particulars are found in its extremities, and the reason of them lies in its sluggish and therefore helpless condition in the face of foes and danger. They are the arms supplied by nature to protect a weak citadel. So effective are they that this little, pudgy, slow quadruped walks and prowls as secure as larger, better favored beasts.

The Indians knew, and the white man now shares the knowledge, that the little brute's bite can inflict hydrophobia. Helpless in pursuit, it can set up a valiant fight when cornered. Ordinarily gentle and genial, it is said the coarser qualities of its nature are exhibited only when molested. Why the hydrophobic bite is given to it in addition to the weapon of protection at the other extremity is a hard nut for the scientific chaps to crack. Perhaps they are not to be employed jointly, but separately, when for any reason the other is put out of action.

The hinderpart armory is a marvel of defensive equipment, though some would say "offensive" is the most suitable and expressive epithet. For its purpose, taking into account the whole situation, including the otherwise defenceless and pitifully helpless animal for resistance or escape, no instrument of war ever surpassed it in efficiency and simplicity. Two secreting glands in muscular tunics or coverings, with a special vent of their own, placed one on each side of a duct to convey the secretion to a teat-like pipe, are the plant and outfit. Contracting the muscular tunics compresses the glands or sacs, and spurts the pale, bright fluid in two jets eight or ten feet. This is the plant in operation. And the emitted fluid! Who can do its malodor full justice! Its aroma is all its own. In its milder form there is something in the vegetable kingdom akin to it, but in its purity and unalloyed strength, as I got it, it is unapproached in all the world of scents. The odor will impinge a mile or more away. It will nauseate and sicken if taken undiluted.

By this time I have let the cat out of the bag, so that those who read may sleuth out my little brute. Scientific technique musically calls it *Mephitis Mephitica*. The man with the gun dubs it the common American Skunk.

## III.

One morning early, while staying at Brant Lake, Mary, the girl in the kitchen, saw a big, fat, round and lazy *Mephitis* walking leisurely into a kitchen annex filled for the most part with a colossal ice box. Though the pervading odor sufficiently announced the near presence of the unwelcome visitor, Mary, as a faithful sentinel, for purpose of defence and location, felt it her duty to make a specific announcement.



That particular day I was the only man on the premises with a gun, and when Mary nervously reported the trespass, she kept me all the time in her eye. I accepted her challenge and went out to reconnoitre, with a care and a shrinking approach to the seat of war, in keeping with the peculiar weapons against which I had to contend. Sweet spices of Araby, how pervading, vigorous and overwhelming was

the mephitic perfume of that individual beast! It crowded the atmosphere out of that annex, and sat in its place. It went wherever the air could go. It grew denser and denser every second until it became ponderable and tangible. Compared with my other casual olfactory experience in the same line, this was a top notch essence, bottled and corked, distilled and sublimated, and presented as a sample exhibit of what that Mephitis could do. Until that particular morning I thought I had caught the scent before. Cautiously moving, and trying to live in that odoriferous clime, I had never, I confess, comprehended the full capacity of the mephitic machinery for producing perfume.

A hasty survey of the room satisfied me the intruder could have only one hiding place. The commodious cold storage box filled three-fourths of the available space. The remaining fourth was open to inspection. The ice receiver was planted squarely on the floor and reached within two feet of the ceiling. At the other end of the room, opposite the entrance, it left a space less than a foot wide between itself and the north side of the annex. Into this opening I conjectured the skunk had unsuspectingly walked, head on, and going on its full depth was unable to turn about, and there was trapped in a position, it is true, suitable for effective warfare, but unsuitably handicapped for escape. Having reached this conclusion, the point was to verify it. Of his presence in the room somewhere he was every second underscoring the evidence. At this time the atmosphere was nigh unbearable. There appeared only one hiding place for him, and that was the place described. Mary refused to do any scouting except from outside the annex, and I was content to reconnoitre from its door, having no desire to invite a direct or frontal attack and unwilling to expose myself unnecessarily to the suffocating mephitic odors, ignorant of my own endurance and the capacity of the imprisoned brute for a more stenchful output. Besides, I foresaw the doom of larger doses before the day's tragedy was over, and I spared myself all I could.

A few minutes that seemed like hours sufficed to suggest my plan of campaign. I must employ the ice box for a rampart and an outlook, where, secure from assault, I could locate my enemy without being seen by him. I loaded my double-barreled shot gun and, mounting a chair, was soon crawling cautiously along the top of the box in the narrow space between it and the ceiling. Reaching the edge, I peered

down into the dimly lighted space, and there, with his snout touching the innermost wall of the annex, and lying flat on the floor, was my quarry. My perch was too scant to bring gun to shoulder to take aim. I could only carry the gun in one hand and, holding it beyond the edge of the box at a guess angle to cover my prey, blaze away. A scream and a snort told me the shot went home. To make sure I emptied the second barrel in the same way, and then clambered down and out of the suffocating odor. Mary met me with the exclamation: "Did you ever get any nosegay like that?" "I guess he is done for." "That brute is a bad (s) cent."

Waiting until the smoke had cleared away, and giving my game ample time to die, Mary, armed with a long poker, dragged the lifeless body out of its lair, and then we found the animal was unusually big and that both shots had taken effect in its side. We prepared its grave in the sand near the lake's edge, and whilst engaged in our work two men in a boat nearly a mile out on the water shouted: "Hurry up and bury that cologne bottle." If some of your readers doubt the truth of this adventure, I can carry them to the unmarked grave beside Brant Lake, so accurately is it fixed in my memory, and, removing the shallow covering, show them all that remains of a prowler that in his day was a giant and a bravado among the species *Mephitis Mephitica*, and his undoing was encompassed with the loss of nothing more valuable than an appetite for the next meal.

Oct. 31, 1904.



"Some of the men and women who are doing the kindest deeds are those who have sorrows that are fathomless."



"Jokes are the cayenne of conversation and the salt of life."

Make a caricature of yourself once in awhile and laugh over it.

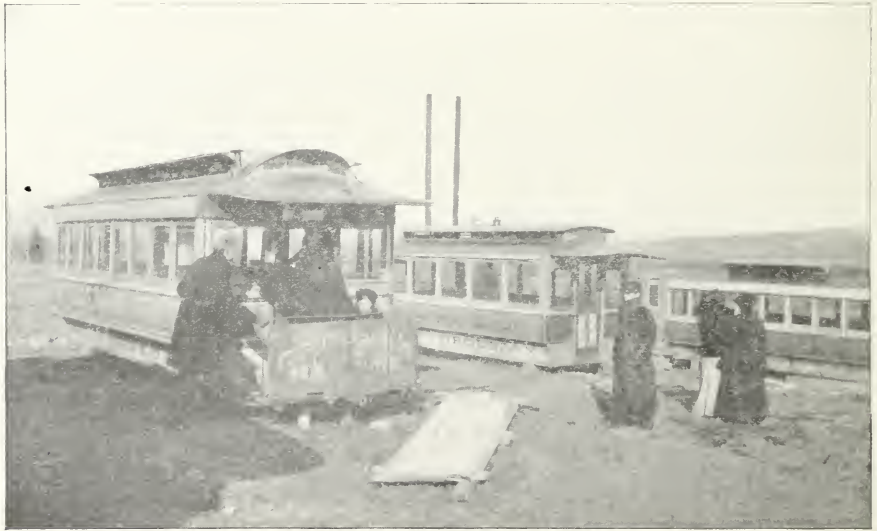


Under a "sketchy little thing" exhibited by Jones there hangs a printed card which bears the words: "Do not touch with canes or umbrellas." An appreciative small boy added the following postscript: "Take A Ax."—London Tit-Bits.



## A Colony of Cars.

“Forest Leaves” gives views of ten street railway cars that have been located near Rest-a-While Cottage, at Sanatorium Gabriels, and that will serve as outdoor shelters and rest places. The cars, which were formerly in service in New York City, have been provided through the generosity of C. F. Smith, Assistant General Manager of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad; Orin Root, jr., General Man-



ager of The Metropolitan Railway Company; R. W. Meade, Assistant to the President of the Metropolitan Railway Company; William Delaney, Superintendent of Transportation, Metropolitan Railway; S. Goodman, Industrial Agent of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, and H. D. Carter, United Traction Company Railway.

One year's subscription to "Forest Leaves" will be given to the person sending the most suitable name for this new car-colony.

## The Street Car's Revery.

Recollection of a cottage that was once on wheels.

BY PETER MCCOYNE,

(A Traveling Printer, Seventy-four Years Old.)

Well! Well! Well! So this is the North Woods! It is the dullest place I was ever in. For the first few days I thought it was going to be



lively. Such a set of staring, gaping, wondering people! They never saw anything like me before. It was enough to make a carhorse laugh to hear them; to see the boys with their mouths open, looking at me; old men and women giggled like boys and girls.

They've got tired coming, I think, for there is nobody here to-day,

so I have time to think. I hear them all telling that now I can do some good. Well, I think I have been doing good all my life, ever since I can remember.

I am a street car; therefore a public benefactor. The very soul of frugality in expenditure for city footwear, I am often a boon to the many who are compelled to tread the rough passages to means of sub-



sistance. As a rapid bearer of enterprising people to fresh city opportunities, I confer incalculable benefits on thousands of active, courageous, energetic business people. The fingers of the city clocks point mildly, though firmly, to my value as a saver of time, which is money.

When fatigue creeps into the voluntary muscles of a pedestrian worth a nickel, I stand ready at all times to thwart that fatigue with easy cushions and a pleasurable sensation of rapidly "getting there"—all for a nickel.

You can obtain a good idea of my means of obtaining knowledge when you recall the old saying, "Walls have ears." In the great cities, where so many people congregate between the walls of rapidly moving vehicles, the quality known as mural receivedness is hardly ever taken into account. Yet walls, and especially street car walls, hear stories of the rich, stories of the poor, stories of those who walk in their flowery suburban gardens, and stories of those whose gardens are the slums—



those foul city retreats so long appropriated to the courting of intimacy with sorrow, sin and death!

When I first became an object of my own reflective consciousness, I was standing on an iron car-track struggling with dim vagaries.

"What 's that?" broke in somebody, referring to me. "She 's a new street car," came the reply, "and she 's Number Twelve of the Christopher Street and Twenty-third Street ferries—that 's what she is."



It was Christmas morning long ago, and the streets were full of people going around celebrating what I soon understood to be the birth of Christ. The chill of this first Christmas of my existence affected me by the impressions that I was a cold Christmas box, rapidly filling with bonbons and presents. Pretty soon, however, I was made comfortable. People on their way to church service entered my doors, and the warm breath of their greetings changed the disagreeable sensation of cold to something like what I afterwards learned was "the glow of holy fires," and I moved comfortably along through Fourteenth Street, West Eleventh and East Seventeenth and Eighteenth Streets, quietly halting at the crossings to grant entrance and departure to people hurrying over the central crosstown line.

Experiences which seemed wonderful were followed by others no less strange. Day after day I moved back and forth across the great city, carrying all sorts and conditions of mankind. Many passengers came to me regularly, and from these I learned so many chapters in so many lives, caught glimpses of the joys and sorrows of so many New Yorkers, that I not only acquired an exhaustive knowledge of urban life, but conceived myself an essential part of it all.

Now, after years of active and faithful service, I am sent to the wilderness to rest. Number Twelve is now an individual cottage in a village of retired street cars, all of whom are to shelter those who seek health at Sanatorium Gabriels.



"Willie," said his mother, "I wish you would run across the street and see how old Mrs. Brown is this morning." A few minutes later Willie returned, and reported: "Mrs. Brown says it 's none of your busines how old she is."



"The children of a nation are its dearest, its most estimable treasure. Not its coal, not its commerce, not its gold, not its armies, not its history, not even its freedom, but just its children. For its children are its hopes, its children are its future. Its children are the trustees of its prosperity. Its children will be men and women in those dark and perplexing days which seem to lie before another generation when we are mouldering in our forgotten graves."



## Red Squirrels and Chipmunks.

BY HARRY V. RADFORD.



The most notable alteration in the numbers of any particular member of the fauna of the Adirondacks which I have observed during the past decade of years has been the case of the red squirrel, with that of the chipmunk a close second. From a rare being whose shrill little chatter never failed to attract attention and even comment because of its infrequency, the former has become perhaps the most commonly known and most aggressively familiar of all the four-legged denizens of the North Woods, while the latter has decreased in numbers each year until now he occupies a scarcely less conspicuous place among the wild life of the Adirondacks than the hedgehog, the woodchuck or the muskrat.

Well do I remember that, when a dozen and more years ago I wandered with my cross-gun with its pliant bow of hemlock, through the fields and woodlands of eastern Essex County—in the blessed, exuberant days before I discovered it was wrong to murder a robin, a sparrow or a red squirrel—or rather before it was discovered for me by older and wiser heads—I used to count that day memorable which secured to me as a triumph of my marksmanship a little, crimped, blood-stained red squirrel. Chipmunks, too, were considered worthy of my steel, but they were then far more plentiful than red squirrels—in fact, we saw them almost everywhere then.

The relative abundance of these two interesting little animals has been completely reversed throughout the Adirondacks during the past ten years. From the inquiries I have made among guides, woodsmen, farmers and visiting sportsmen, as well as from my own observations, I should say that comparing his former scarcity with his present abundance the red squirrel must have increased at least from two hundred to five hundred-fold throughout the Adirondack region, as a whole, and that there are many localities where he is not less than ten times as plentiful as he was at the beginning of the '90's. Now the

little chipmunk is the comparatively rare animal, while his larger and noisier cousin has come to be termed the "irrepressible red squirrel." What a bloody harvest he would furnish me if I carried the old, murderous bow-gun to-day!

Very often during the past five seasons I have seen as many as six, eight and even ten red squirrels at one time, while the chatter of as many others could be heard further off in the forest. In Mr. W. H. Boardman's clever book, "The Lovers of the Woods," in the course of some remarks on the abundance of red squirrels in the Adirondacks, he ventures to estimate that they will average seventeen to the acre throughout the region, and adds that if worth only one cent each, they would aggregate \$200,000 in value. If they might be set down as equivalent to five cents apiece, they would then represent an asset of \$1,000,000 to the State of New York.

I wonder, too, if any of my readers who visit this region during the summer or fall, and who have noticed the wonderful increase of the red squirrels, have ever stopped to think of the great number of other wild animals' lives which are saved every year because of their existence. Without carrying out this idea any further, which is capable of being discussed very interestingly at considerable length, I should like to ask them to look back at their still-hunting experiences during the past few years, and to see if they can recall how many times when they were creeping along—stalking—through the forest so noiselessly, as they supposed, that no living thing could detect them, and were sure they must be very near to a deer, did the shrill chatter of the unseen red squirrel bust forth just ahead of them, putting a damper on all their high-strung hopes and expectations.

Do you suppose the deer, which was standing just out of your sight behind that heap of brush, knew that the red squirrel, the sentry of the forest folk, had detected the presence of a man, and that he bounded silently off, unknown to you, after hastily surveying you from his concealed position; while you kept plodding along, gradually beginning to think that either you were a perfect fool of a hunter or that there was n't a deer within ten miles of you? I do.



Let there be no rejoicing over a conquered foe.—Washington.



Holy Night—Correggio.

## A Christmas Hymn.

BY HON. H. D. STEVENS.

Lo, a babe was born in a manger,  
    Lowliest of the places of earth ;  
But a mother's love and caresses  
    Sweetly hallowed the dear Savior's birth.  
And the great, mild eyes of the kine herd  
    Looked in wonder upon the scene,  
As a halo of joy and of brightness  
    Filled the place where the gloom had been.  
So the world will be robbed of its darkness  
    By the light of a mother's love,  
For the Light of Life is in sacrifice  
    That leads to the kingdom above.

Blest the beam that burst from the cradle  
    For the guide and the ransom of men ;  
Earth rejoiceth and Heaven draweth nearer  
    As that star riseth ever again.  
Simple shepherds first gazed on its radiance,  
    And followed its gladsome ray,  
To the place where the babe lay in slumber,  
    O'er the hills toward the break of day.  
And the wise men gave incense and treasure  
    For one look at the dear child's face,  
All the wealth of earth cannot measure  
    The joy of that heavenly grace.

So the world moves on to the morning,  
    When love shall enshrined be,  
For the Christ-life gift to the ages  
    Bears a message to you and to me.  
Heaven comes to the heart of the seeker,  
    No prize hath the life beside,  
And the gates stand ajar, ever waiting,

Through the wounds of the Crucified.  
 So the Christ-love shines in the gloaming  
 Like the star o'er Bethlehem's plain,  
 And the cares of earth are the joys of Heaven,  
 With Christ as the Savior of men.



## An Unfortunate Brother.

“Yes, suh,” said the old colored inhabitant, “de weather gittin’ mighty chilly fer a po’ ol’ man like me. Ef I des had money ’nuff to pay house rent, en coal bill, en grocery bill, en gas bill, en butcher bill, en all de yuther bills what come in, I would n’t have one word ter say again dat providence which allus do de bes’ fer us!”



When you bury animosity do n’t set up a stone over its grave.

—T. C. Platt.



So long as one is able to inspire hope and courage, so long is it a joy for him to be alive.—Spalding.



“And to you, Verus, what seems the noblest end of life?” Quietly and gravely he replied, “The imitation of God.”



The creative minds who live in literature are neither young nor old. They are forever in their prime, safe harbored from the follies of youth, the decrepitude of age, and all the accidents of disaster-working time. They stand on the threshold of the centuries, to welcome the noblest and the best, as, from generation to generation, they step forth to play their parts on life’s stage.—Spalding.



## The Maestrino's Christmas.

BY MARIE DONEGAN WALSH.

Gian Lorenzo was a genius. There was no doubt of it; the proof being that he met with the fate popularly supposed to be accorded to prophets in their own country. In other words, the lad was regarded by his fellow-villagers with the contemptuous pity of a primitive community for anything beyond their narrow round of soil-tilling interests.

"Il Maestrino" (the little master) was the sarcastic epithet Gian Lorenzo went by, up there in sunny "Val-di-Collina," that tiny mountain citadel, where the shadow of the Alps falls across the vine-clad slopes. For could he not play the organ better than the "curato" (who had taught him the little he knew) or draw music even out of an old cracked fiddle; not only that, but also compose "canzoni" and hymns? Nevertheless, all these accomplishments brought him no honor and glory.

It is strange that in Italy—popularly supposed to be the home of music—there should be such condemnation of a dawning musical genius.

Village-folk can never realize that one of themselves could possibly turn out to be a genius in any other line than that of an agriculturist. Disapprobation was universal; Gian Lorenzo's father complained bitterly of his son's inaptitude for farm-work. "The saints in heaven know I have worked hard enough all my life not to be afflicted with a son who is 'mezzo-matto' (half-crazy)."

"But Gian Lorenzo is a good lad, Pippo; he does n't drink or play cards in the cafe," his wife would plead; her motherly heart proud of her handsome boy, though her practical peasant-mind deplored his unlucky musical tendency, which she, in common with all the village, considered a downright flaw in his intelligence.

"Oh, yes! good enough; so was San' Giuseppe good, but he had to be a carpenter all the same," grumbled exasperated Sor' Filippo.

"Eh, be! what would you? One must have patience," sympathized the neighbors—with that becoming resignation with which we regard our friends' misfortunes. "As you say, it is surely a trial from Heaven

that one's boy should take more kindly to writing black notes on a sheet of paper than to the proper duties of life."



**"Star of the East, the Horizon Adorning, Guide Where  
Our Infant Redeemer is Laid."**

Only one person in the whole of Val-di-Collina believed in Gian Lorenzo utterly and absolutely, and defended him warmly against

every one. Needless to say it was a woman. A man might defend his friend bravely through sneers of contempt, but it is the harder part to stand by a man through ridicule; and here the mother-instinct, dormant in every true woman, rises up lion-like to defend the man she loves.

Those who sneered at Gian Lorenzo before Annunziata Lanzi scarcely recognized the usually timid girl, with the soft dark eyes and gentle voice, in this stately young goddess, who confronted them with flashing eyes and blazing cheeks, all her young beauty enchanted by generous indignation, which inspired her to a demonstrativeness so foreign to her nature. "Il Maestrino will never make a farmer, but he is not such a fool as you might think," said the gossips, after an unsuccessful tilt with Annunziata; "for he has made the prettiest girl in the village fall in love with him!"

"Madonna mia! but they make a handsome couple!" ejaculated a spiteful old crone, as the two passed her door. "A pity they will end in the poor-house."

And indeed they were a handsome couple, who wandered through the vine-terraces that Sunday morning after Mass at the village church, truly worthy of the land of classic beauty. Annunziata was tall and slender as a lily; her exquisitely chiselled features and perfect complexion, crowned by regal coils of dark hair, which seemed almost too heavy for the small, shapely head. No tawdry ornaments or bright colors marred the girl's beauty. She wore only the Sunday dress of the Piedmontese peasant, while the lace veil she had worn over her head at Mass hung lightly around her shoulders, revealing the beautiful turn of head and throat; her whole carriage being the perfection of grace which many a high-bred dame might envy.

Gian Lorenzo was tall but slightly built, and fair, as the Piedmontese so often are; his light hair and blue eyes contrasting strangely with the tan of an outdoor life. Sensitive, like all true artists, the young man had withdrawn more and more into himself because of ridicule and opposition. He never spoke to any one of the art which was his joy; and only the dark-haired girl by his side knew Gian Lorenzo's inmost hopes and aspirations. . . .

"Do n't fear, Annunziata mia, but that I will make a name some day," said the young lover with all the confidence of youth. "There

is always a place for good music in the world; so why should I not succeed? Oh, I know it; I cannot explain it; but I feel it within me—the power to put into notes the harmonies that ring in my ears; sometimes in the night, sometimes at dawning; even out there at midday in the vineyards, till I must rise and write them there and then. And some day the world will hear the message, for the sweet spirit of music cannot be hidden, even though they should stop their ears and try to silence me. But they shall never crush me. I will be heard, I will succeed, if the whole world is against me but you, sweetheart. Enough if you believe in me, *anima mia*.”

“*Nino mio*,” she whispered, “you know I believe in you! When I cease to believe in you, you can cease to love me. See now, I stake what is more to me than life on my belief in you.”

He was satisfied; and they went on gaily building their air-castles, as young people will, in architecture whose soaring pinnacles rivalled the snowy mountain-peaks above them.

“I shall have my opportunity when I go to Milan,” he continued; “for then I can see the great world and hear its music.

“But when will you go to Milan, *Nino*?” questioned *Annunziata*.

“Next autumn, when I go to serve my time in the army,” he replied. But the girl shrank back, her hand tightening on his. “No, no, don’t speak of it yet,” she murmured, tears already gathering in her beautiful dark eyes. “How can I do without seeing you for three long years? And if there should be a war, *Nino*, you might be killed like *Sora Nana*’s son!”

“*Non dubiti* (do n’t fear). There will be no war; *la patria* has learnt a lesson out there in Africa, that Italia cannot spread her wings till she has served her time at nation-making; till she has peace at home. No, sweetheart, you will see me back safe and sound; not only that, but successful. Think of that, *Annunziata*, and it will give you courage! *Su, amore mio!* parting is inevitable, and even if you could, would you keep me back from the road of success?—keep me here in this village where they all despise me; no, even worse, think me a fool and an idiot?”

He spoke bitterly, even though it was his birthplace; but she knew he was right. Young as she was, *Annunziata* understood him; and, woman-like, hid her own sorrow to smile up bravely in his face.



“Bella sposina mia, I will come to claim you, Christmas three years from now, when my service is over; not for the wife of the ne'er-do-well you so bravely defended, but a man who is successful. Ecco! 'Nunziata, I swear it! Remember, Christmas three years from now! If I do not come for you, it will be because I have forgotten you.” (At which joke they both laughed, real as was their grief.)

They were brave words enough, but words that seemed unlikely of



They Wandered Through the Vine Terraces.

fulfillment when three months later the group of fresh-faced village lads, Gian Lorenzo among them, left their mountain home to take the first plunge into the world by serving in the army.

A recruit's life is anything but an easy one, full of hard knocks and corners; and its rigid discipline could not fail to be irksome to an artistic nature like the young musician's. But strange to say, the lad took to it wonderfully; his hard life in the mountains had inured him to every kind of fatigue, and the military duties interested him.



Here, too, in Milan, Gian Lorenzo gratified his hungry desire for music. There was always the fine military band of the cavalry regiment; then there was the music in the parks; and, above all, a few blissful holiday nights at the opera—that beau ideal of Gian Lorenzo's ambition, when he could spare enough "soldi" for three hours of perfect paradise in the uppermost gallery of La Scala.

The bandmaster of the regiment, astonished at the country lad's rare gift of musical composition, helped him in the study of music till Gian Lorenzo passed out of the sphere of his abilities; and then introduced him to an old musician, who, though living on a few poorly-paid lessons, freely assisted him in mastering harmony and counterpoint.

In his letters to Annunziata there was always a bright note of hopefulness; and the opera which was to bring him such fame and success was spoken of between these two foolish young people as a thing already beyond doubt, which only needed time for its realization, for he had begun to work at it in earnest.

"Pazienza, amore mio," the young man wrote to his sweetheart lovingly; "always that miserable word, 'pazienza.' Without your faith in me, your courage for me, fate would have crushed me long ago; and for your sake I must win not failure but success."

So time went on; Annunziata always with the woman's harder part of waiting, Gian Lorenzo hoping and working hard at the cherished opera. He had chosen the theme of a simple story of the sea—a romance of the fisher-folk: full of human interest and pathos—and woven his subtle harmonies about it till it took shape definite enough to satisfy its author's intensely critical sense of harmony.

Outside his military duties the young soldier lived in a world of his own. There were rumors of trouble from the Socialists. As yet they were but mutterings, little heeded when the sky is cloudless, and almost accepted as a matter of course.

So when the long-threatened storm of a Socialist rising burst over Milan one bright May morning with sharp and pitiless fury, inflaming that latent demon, the blind rage of a populace, to deeds of impotent violence, the attitude of people and military was one of bewildered astonishment! "Wolf! Wolf!" had been called too long, rendering the awakening proportionately bitter.

The action of the revolvers was short and fiery. Before the peaceful inhabitants had fairly awakened to the sense of imminent danger martial law was proclaimed, and five days of violence had come and gone, destroying life and property with equal recklessness. Regiments were called out to patrol the city; but as the brief reign of terror ended it seemed as if Gian Lorenzo's regiment would escape. Just at the last moment, however, the summons came from headquarters; Company C of the Novara Cavalry being ordered to night duty at what had been one of the most disturbed quarters in the brief hour of fighting.

However, the crisis had passed. Blood had been let; and with the realization of its futility, the fury of sudden passion burnt itself out as swiftly as it was enkindled. Only as the spring night changed into day a band of insurgents, cleverly feigning drunkenness, made a sudden rush on the little company of soldiers, who, worn out with the night of enforced inaction, had somewhat relaxed their vigilance. In an instant the quiet street was aroused by the sharp interchange of shots resounding through the stillness. The trained discipline of the soldiers made it the affair of a few moments to end the fierce onslaught; and in the cold gray dawn there was silence again, only two or three still figures lying on the stones to testify that there had been a struggle.

Without any of the outward honor and glory of a battlefield, not even in the heat of an engagement, Gian Lorenzo passed through his baptism of fire, shot down in the darkness by the chance pistol-shot of some desperate ruffian. Poor young Maestrino! . . . He was unsuccessful to the end; in spite of all his high ideals, and the future in which he had stored all his hopes and aspirations. Yet, notwithstanding the unfinished opera, the ruined career, and the young girl far away in the mountains, whose heart would be breaking with this morning's fatal work, there was a hopeful look on the lad's face that it had never worn in the old days at Val-di-Collina, as they carried him to the military hospital, in hopes that the faint flicker of life might be revived.

But the surgeons shook their heads silently. It was not the flesh-wound, dangerous as it was, which had wrought the harm, but the blow on the head as he had fallen from his horse on the stone pavement. "The heads of these mountain contadini are hard enough in all conscience," said the head surgeon, "but not sufficiently so to stand such a concussion. The fact that this lad is still living shows that he has con-

siderable powers of resistance. He will very likely not arouse from the state of lethargy; and better he should not do so, for that blow on the head will probably leave him a hopeless idiot!" And the busy doctor passed on to another case.

But life and death alike were matters of little moment to Gian Lorenzo, as he lay there heavily in a death-like stupor; hovering for nights and days on the dim borderland till youth and strength triumphed, and life reasserted itself in the shape of raging fever. Even more pitiful than stupor was this wild delirium of waking. Pain-racked and burning with the fire which was slowly sapping his vitality, the lad tossed restlessly to and fro, muttering incoherent sentences, and hoarsely humming scraps of music, till the overtaxed body yielded to a brief interval of quiet, only to be succeeded by a fresh access of wandering.

These disjointed outpourings were never violent or painful to listen to, poor boy! for there were no dark chapters in that short life to be revealed. Only the perpetual monotonous burden was "the opera"—always the opera—its plot, its setting, its success or failure. Sometimes he was composing it, sometimes repeating whole recitatives from it, sometimes—and these were the most pitiful—it had been produced and failed utterly, when the poor disordered brain would give way to blank despair. If those who loved him had been near it would have torn their hearts: even the hospital doctors and attendants, hardended to all kinds of pain and misery, stopped to watch Gian Lorenzo, curiously, wondering if this was permanent madness, or only a phase of delirious fancy. Not a word did he ever speak of his old life or of Annunziata. But as he grew weaker a change came, and he begged ceaselessly and continuously for the opera to be brought to him that he might finish it.

One day a celebrated brain specialist was visiting the hospital, and insisted on seeing this strange case. As usual, the poor, weak voice was reiterating its petition: appealing to every passer-by: "Why will they not let me have my opera? There is only so little to finish; only the final aria and chorus, and it is done. And it must be finished by Christmas! Christmas! I can't remember why; I only know it must be done by then. Signor mio (addressing the doctor), you look kind; have compassion on me and tell them to bring me my opera! Don't let them hide it from me any longer. It is not theirs; it is mine, for I wrote

every note of it. It is no use to them, for they cannot finish it, while . . . The melodies are here (passing his hand restlessly over his throbbing forehead), piercing and clamoring to be let out; and if I do not write them they will kill me, and I will die without finishing it." And the weak voice sank into a wail of despair, which touched the physician's heart.

The great brain specialist, whose opinion was sought so far and wide, might have been carved for a figure of strength as he stood there by Gian Lorenzo's bedside in a concentration of thought, his keen gaze fixed intently on the boy's face. He was a small man, considerably under the medium height, but so full of innate dignity that people instinctively looked up to him and obeyed him. His closely-cropped iron-gray hair and fierce gray moustache, combined with a square-cut chin, gave a somewhat grim and severe expression to his face in repose. But the big moustache covered the kindest mouth in the world; and when he turned his great dark eyes, like search-lights, full and suddenly upon one, the effect was magnetic. There flashed lightning-like glances, brightly intelligent and comprehensive, from eyes too large for the was a face to trust.

Hard and opinionated, some of Dr. Carocci's colleagues called him—they knew him least; pitiless indeed he was to self-complacent mediocrity, but his patients told another story. Children and animals made instinctively for him, and many a poor wrecked brain owed its restoration to health to his untiring skill.

So long and silently did he stand by the bedside that the hospital doctor, weary of waiting, took courage to speak; saying lightly: "Curious business, is n't it, professor, that this contadino's madness should take the form of believing he has composed an opera? They must allow the soldiers to hear too much music here in Milan. Well, as you see, there is little to be done here. Shall we go?"

Ignoring the question, the specialist turned on the doctor with the abruptness which was apt to awe his subordinates. "To what regiment does this man belong? I wish to make inquiries about him;" and noting down Gian Lorenzo's name and regiment he moved away, when once more the poor lad's pitiful appeal was reiterated: "My opera! You will make them bring me my opera?" Not brusquely, as he had answered the doctor, but gently as one might speak to a sick child, the



great physician laid his hand soothingly on the boy's forehead. "Non dubiti, figlio mio; have a little patience and thou shalt have thy opera, I promise thee"—"that is to say, if it is in existence," he murmured to himself.

Well aware of the difficulties to be encountered in regions where "red tape" is common, Dr. Carocci trusted to no inquiries; but being a man of prompt action, went directly from the hospital to the barracks



Val-di-Collina.

of the Novara Cavalry and asked for the officer in command. His name was enough to secure him respect and attention; and after hearing his errand the bandmaster, the sergeant, and several soldiers of Gian Lorenzo's company were sent for; all of whom confirmed the fact that "Il Maestrino" was constantly writing music. "Indeed," said the honest bandmaster, "that poor boy often wrote me pieces for the band, and they were always well received. Nothing more natural than that he should have written an opera, for he could well do it, eh, altro!"



A search among the young soldier's poor belongings finally brought to light a roll of music which, when opened, turned out to be the cherished opera. "Worthless or not, the poor lad shall finish it; at any rate, if it does not cure him he will die more peacefully for having seen it," said the professor, as he carried it away in triumph to the hospital.

The patient's condition had become more serious than ever in his absence, and the instant the physician saw him he realized that no time was to be lost.

"Do you not think it will kill him outright, professor, the effort of exercising the brain in a state of such prostration?" queried a doctor who had been in attendance.

"The result is in God's hands, not ours, sir," returned the specialist; "but under Him I mean to fight the case, and shall certainly use the only means in my power to do so. Were the brain in a normal condition this course of action would be fatal; as it is I am assured that, given his strength holds out, the patient's only chance of life lies in finishing his opera."

At sight of the precious document Gian Lorenzo's face lit up, and with a glad cry of joy he tried to reach it—only to fall back helplessly on the pillows. But one of the physician's strong arms was instantly around him, supporting him, while the other hand opened the music and found the unfinished page. Then, motioning to the attendant, he administered a powerful stimulant. It was pitiful to watch the effort of the weak body striving to answer the brain's incentive, as the lad strove to take the pencil in his nerveless grasp. The usual positions were reversed: the brain, abnormally active, acting without an effort; the body helpless to comply with it. As the pencil dropped from his hand Gian Lorenzo looked up to the doctor with an almost animal-like look of dumb suffering. And Dr. Carocci understood. Enclosing the lad's thin hand completely within his firm and sinewy one, he let it guide him note by note; pausing every now and then, when the patient's small stock of strength gave out, to moisten the blue lips with cordial.

Slowly but accurately pages were filled with the magic notes, which seemed to flow spontaneously from the poor boy's brain. Not a word was spoken. It was like a case of thought-reading, where all power of action is transmitted to another, without any previous knowl-

edge or understanding on the other's part; Gian Lorenzo's brain conceiving the idea, the physician's hand carrying it out. Finally there came a pause, as if the sick brain had suddenly refused its work; and the doctor instantly profited by it to end the mental and physical strain which he perceived had become critical.

A gray shadow was spreading over the face; every drop of blood seemed to have left the body, and in another moment the frail chain of life might snap. The lad had gradually sunk lower even with the support of the strong arm; and by this time Professor Carocci was half-kneeling by the bedside. He gently drew the book away, whispering, "Enough for the present, figlio mio; you will finish the rest when you are better." It was just in time; for, as the words passed his lips, Gian Lorenzo fell back in his arms, apparently lifeless. This, then, was the end of the struggle; and Death, not the grim little doctor, had won the victory. Another would have given up the case as hopeless; not so Professor Carocci.

Every possible means known to science were employed to revive the feeblest spark of life. As the slow minutes passed he persevered obstinately, lips and jaw set like a vice; never relaxing his vigilance, but grimly, patiently fighting the fight with death. At last his efforts seemed likely to be rewarded; the powerful remedies began to take effect, and breathing became perceptible. A few hours afterwards he was able to leave Gian Lorenzo sleeping, secure that his patient was out of the immediate clutches of death; and giving orders that no one should talk to him under any circumstances.

As soon as possible the physician returned, for he was curious to note if with returning strength and consciousness there would be—as he feared—permanent injury to the brain of his strange young patient. The young man still appeared intensely weak, but his color was more natural, and there was every sign of perfect intelligence in the wondering blue eyes he lifted up to the specialist's face. "Where am I?" he asked, bewildered. "Have I been ill?"

"You are in the military hospital, where you have been ill with brain fever exactly five weeks," replied Dr. Carocci succinctly; knowing that the quickest way to aid recovery is to put the mind of the patient at rest. "They brought you here, together with some other wounded soldiers, from the barricades, on the night of the May riots.

But you are on the way to mend now; and will probably be able to return to the barracks in a few weeks."

"The barracks?" said Gian Lorenzo perplexedly; "was I serving my time as a soldier? I do n't remember any riots. Indeed, I do n't seem able to remember anything; though I have been trying, trying ever since I awoke!" And the old troubled, feverish look came over his face.

"Do n't try to, on any account," said the physician emphatically. "I can tell you as much as you need know for the present; when you are stronger you can think. . . ."

Gian Lorenzo was an obedient patient, for in the languor of convalescence thought proved absolute pain. He was content to be quiescent in the realization of returning health; but now and then, as his vigorous young strength came back, a sharp pang of apprehension for the future shot across him.

"What are you thinking of as you lie there so quietly?" questioned Dr. Carocci one day, unexpectedly, when visiting his patient.

"Music, doctor," replied Gian Lorenzo promptly: "I have always loved it. All day long I keep stringing together the harmonies which come into my head, and I would write them if I could. Then a strange dream comes to me continually;" he spoke hesitatingly, flushing slightly. It did not come easily to the lad to speak of his own thoughts and feelings; but the doctor's kind eyes, attentively fixed on him, seemed in some way to encourage and reassure him. It was a curious sympathy that had arisen between the distinguished specialist, usually so unapproachable, and the humble young soldier. They seemed to understand each other. Gian Lorenzo, instead of being overawed, felt a strange confidence in the stern-faced little physician; while Dr. Carocci, on his part, felt not only interested but attracted to the boy, who he realized was no ordinary character. "I seem to have been always writing an opera; I can think out all its parts clearly and distinctly up to a certain point, when suddenly there comes a break and I can go no further. Physical force seems to prevent me, though the broken melodies still hammer on my brain, and the black notes dance before my eyes till they fairly blind me with pain. But finally—I do not know how—some kind agency intervenes between me and the obstacle which prevents my work, helping me to finish it, though with an

infinite effort. For in the dream the opera is always finished. . . . Then—I wake with a start, and it is all gone, and I am lying here like a useless log, without an opera or a brain, without even a memory!" And Gian Lorenzo sighed drearily.

For a few moments there was silence; till the physician, leaning forward, began to speak, quietly yet impressively, in his deep, full tones: "It is no dream; it is reality. Listen and you will understand. From the beginning of your illness this opera was the incessant subject



Milan.

of your wanderings. Night and day you dwelt on it, begging every one to bring it to you; but no attention was paid, as it was only considered a curious phase of delirium. When I first saw you I realized that there might be something more in it than the mere wanderings of unconsciousness. I made inquiries at the barracks, and, thanks to an old friend of yours—the bandmaster—discovered the famous opera. It was the only chance—though a slight one—of saving your life and reason to let you attempt finishing it; but, still in a state of uncon-



sciousness, you did so; but the effort very nearly cost you your life. Now it remains to be seen what fame this dearly-bought masterpiece is to bring its composer!" He concluded lightly, not wishing to over-excite his patient. But Gian Lorenzo seemed scarcely to have heard the ending; his eyes, dim with emotion, were fixed on the doctor's face.

"Then it is to you, doctor, that I owe my life; you were the good angel who came to deliver me, and yours was the hand that rescued me from that dream of horror which was no dream. To think that you should have taken all that trouble—a distinguished professor like you—for a poor peasant whom most of the world would call half-witted, who has even forgotten his own life and identity! Oh! I know it makes you angry, but I must say it. How can I ever thank you?"

The lad smiled wistfully. "I had n't any more courage about it, doctor; I know it must be worthless. How could any one out of their senses compose music? It will be a confusion as great as my brain was.

"On the contrary, persons out of their senses are occasionally capable of writing or composing much more brilliantly than when in them," observed the professor dryly. "In this case, at any rate, I must tell you that your opera is anything but worthless! I myself know nothing of music; but I took it to the Maestro Bianchi, and these were his words concerning it: 'Caro mio, this would be a success if produced, for it is music! I would like to shake hands with the man who wrote it; there is an intermezzo in it I would give some years of my life to have composed.' When you are better you shall see the maestro yourself, and he may help you with his advice."

Some days after this there were visitors at the hospital for Gian Lorenzo. In hopes that the sight of them might possibly recall his old life, and fill up the past, which still remained a blank to the young musician, Dr. Carocci had sent to Val-di-Collina for his parents.

Immediately on seeing him, the lad's mother rushed upon him with a torrent of talk, kisses and lamentations; the father meanwhile standing sheepishly by. "Figlio mio, benedetto! What have they done to thee? They have half killed thee between them all, these miserable soldiers and doctors. But ecco, la mamma and il babbo (father) have come to see thee! Madonna mia santa! how thin he is—he that



was always so handsome. Nino, tell me, thou hast not forgotten la mamma? What is it? Thou lookest at me like a stranger! Say thou hast not forgotten thy own mother!" she pleaded piteously; for though he suffered her caresses passively, there was no sign of recognition, and the lad made no effort to return them.

"No, I cannot remember, try as I will." And Gian Lorenzo looked, troubled and perplexed, from one to the other.

"Figlio mio! wilt thou tell me thou hast forgotten her, too—Annunziata, that thou lovedst so much?" Her voice rose shrilly with emotion and excitement as she continued to pour out a voluble torrent of laments and reproaches.

"Annunziata? Who is Annunziata?" asked the lad wearily, utterly exhausted with the strain of their presence and the useless effort of remembrance; an access of fever showing itself in his flushed face and heightened temperature.

"Did I not tell thee the lad was always 'mezzo-matto.'" whispered his father audibly and roughly.

But the poor woman made no reply. She had broken into a fit of hopeless and subdued weeping. Dr. Carocci, irritated at the failure of his plan and fearing more harm had been done than good, hurried them relentlessly away.

"You must not grieve yourself so much, my good woman," he said, when they were outside. "Time may mend your son's mind, and his memory will come back sooner or later. In the meantime it is useless to worry him; he must be let alone!"

"It is easy talking, but he always was mezzo-matto, and he always will be; and how is one to do with such a burden?" grumbled the father.

"Diavolo! man; he is no more mezzo-matto than you and I!" blazed out the professor, with a gleam of sudden anger in his search-light eyes which would have disconcerted a more courageous person than Sor' Filippo. "Do not fear, your son is not likely to be a burden on your shoulders. He has written an opera, I tell you, that will bring him fame and fortune. In a few weeks Milan will be ringing with it; and then, perhaps, when you hear men talking with respect of the famous young composer, you may not be quite so ashamed of the mezzo-

matto." The physician spoke with fine irony; but the rustic mind took it literally.

"Did you say he would make money with that rubbishy music?" questioned old Filippo, incredulously; shrewdly considering if after all his unsuccessful son might have his market value.

"If he does so, and were I in his place, you would get little good of it in return for your hardness—you hard-fisted old miser," said Dr. Carocci, frowning and turning on his heel contemptuously, leaving the astonished rustic to gaze after him in open-mouthed wonder.

"Just as I expected!" he said grimly. "You have been working yourself into a fever again with this business of trying to remember, and worrying about the future. In my opinion there is every probability that in some unexpected, sudden emotion of any sort your memory may return. Meanwhile your future is settled for you. Maestro Bianchi wishes you to stay with him till the opera is revised; then with his influence you can arrange for its production as soon as possible."

"You have been too good to me, doctor. "In one thing, at least, I have been successful, when my illness has brought me a friend like you!"

Meanwhile his parents returned home; and with the obstinate stupidity of ignorance, openly lamented their son as hopelessly mad.

Meanwhile poor Annunziata was passing through a fiery ordeal of suffering, for Gian Lorenzo's mother made her the recipient of her confidence, sparing the girl nothing, with the unconscious pitilessness of the poor. "Well, well, it is useless, ragazza mia," she concluded; "you might just as well marry Michele there, who wants you; for my poor boy has forgotten you completely! Eh, what would you, when he does not know his own mother? Figure to yourself what he said when I told him Annunziata was breaking her heart for him. 'Who is Annunziata?'" But the poor girl heard no more. The torturing strain had been too great; and she fell in a dead faint at the woman's feet; but soon recovered and went home silently; for, like her sweetheart, she was quiet and reserved.

Day after day she performed her round of duties mechanically; not idly weeping, but hiding her grief and mortification proudly from careless eyes. Not a word of her trouble ever escaped Annunziata, though her lips were set to patient endurance and the soft color had

faded from her beautiful young face. Those unconsciously cruel words, "Who is Annunziata?" rang ceaselessly through her brain, like the requiem of hope; and sometimes during the sleepless nights she had to stop her ears to shut them out!

The young girl spent her hours of leisure at the shrine of Our Lady of Dolors; for there only the poor child found temporary peace. "Madonna mia! make him successful; send him his desire, even if he has forgotten me; make him happy, even if I must bear the grief!" was her ceaseless prayer. "Thou who hast felt the Seven Swords of Sorrow, make my one poor sword less terrible to bear! Pray for him, Maria Santissima; pray that this may not be sent us because he forgot to say, 'Se Dio vuole' (if God wills it), when he promised us such success before he went away. He was so young and confident, Madonna mia! he did not stop to think; but he was so good always!"

For in her simplicity the girl could find no fault in her lover to account for this heavy visitation, except that in his youthful confidence God had been considered too little in the shaping of his plans. . . .

It was nearly Christmas, and Gian Lorenzo, now well and strong again, had been working hard in putting the opera into shape, and, with the influence of Maestro Bianchi, it was to be produced on the inauguration of the opera season (December 23). As the doctor had predicted, the walls of Milan were placarded with it: "Flower of the Sea—New Opera, by the Maestro Gian Lorenzo." The talk in music circles, and, in fact, all over the city, was exclusively of the new opera, by the unknown composer, which promised an unqualified success. After the last rehearsals had taken place its composer felt a little less apprehensive for the result. He was anything but optimistic, poor lad; but so accustomed to failure and disappointment that success seemed a thing unattainable. However, every one assured him there was no chance of failure; artists and musicians alike congratulated him; and at the end of the last rehearsal came a "Bravo!" from the Maestro Bianchi that sent the blood rushing to Gian Lorenzo's face, for it seemed worth all the rest.

The eventful night came at last. The grand old theatre, which had seen so many triumphs and failures, was crowded in every part with perhaps the most critical audience in the world. Every one seemed more bustling and excited than the young maestro, the principal person concerned, at least to outward seeming; and even Dr. Carocci, who

had stopped to exchange a few words with him at the wings, wondered at his apparent sang froid.

“You will stop to hear your opera, doctor!” he said; “I shall like to feel you are here; it will give me heart and courage, even if it is a failure! Besides, it is you, by right, who should bow to the public when they applaud the ‘finale;’ for it is yours, not mine!”

“How do you know the public are going to applaud at all?” he inquired.

“I do n’t know, doctor.” laughed Gian Lorenzo; “that is why the courage is slowly oozing out of my finger-tips.” There was something of the stuff heroes are made of about this gentle young musician, which, combined with his modesty and personal charm, made him irresistible. At least so thought Dr. Carocci, a soft expression lighting up his grave face as he looked at his favorite.

Just then the call-bell rang, and of the two the great physician seemed the most perturbed. Always laconic, he was most so when moved. He could only take Gian Lorenzo’s hands in his hearty grasp, holding them as he said: “Courage, figlio mio, and good fortune! You have come through worse than this before!”

“Thank you, doctor, for the wish: and let us hope your good fortune will counteract my bad luck!” And he left the lad smiling bravely, though he noted his hands were cold as ice.

When the young conductor appeared before the public he was well received; his youthful, almost boyish appearance made a favorable impression—in a word, he was sympathetic, and that goes far with an Italian audience. But when the overture ended, and a few numbers of the opera had been encoed, the applause was universal. The simple, human interest of the story, wedded to such perfect harmonies, seemed to go straight to the hearts of the audience, long accustomed to artificial compositions straining only after effect. As Bianchi had said, it was real music: and this keenly-critical gathering instantly realized the fact.

A pin might have been heard to drop as the music died almost imperceptibly into silence, but immediately afterwards a roar of applause resounded over the house from pit to gallery; not merely hand-clapping, but real enthusiasm, long and continuous, till there was no

mistaking the temper of the audience. Gian Lorenzo was undoubtedly a success! From his box Dr. Carocci had been watching him intently. Though he had never dreamt of such an ovation for the young musician, he had dreaded all along the effect of this movement on the highly-strung organization, already overwrought with excitement. If the flood-gates of memory were unlocked at such a time of emotion, the rush of thought and feeling would be overwhelming, and he trembled for its physical effect.

All the physician's fears became redoubled as he observed Gian Lorenzo's strange quietude. The young man seemed unmoved by the frenzy of applause surging about him, and the orchestra looked at their conductor curiously. Suddenly he aroused himself as if with a powerful effort of will, put his hand to his head for a second, then rose slowly to his feet and faced the audience, steadying himself against the music-stand as he bowed bravely and repeatedly in response to the fresh outbursts of applause. Immediately afterwards he disappeared, and the first look at his face as the doctor joined Gian Lorenzo at the door convinced Carocci instantly that his surmises had been correct. He was feverishly excited.

"Doctor, you were right! It has come back; and I remember everything, everything! And I must go back to Annunziata as soon as possible!"

Seeing that the lad was utterly exhausted mentally and physically, Dr. Carocci took him by the arm, and leading him into a little private room, made him hastily swallow a glass of brandy.

"I am not ill, doctor; I will be right immediately; but this has made me feel somehow like a stranger to myself: and everything seems upset. After the first nervousness I felt no more emotion of any kind. But when they kept on applauding the intermezzo, a strange feeling of dizziness came over me; something in my head seemed to snap, and then . . . memory came back to me in a lightning-flash which fairly took away my breath; my boyhood in Val-di-Collina, the barrack-life here in Milan, and—my own dear love! Professor, I could kill myself when I think of it, though I know it was all unconscious. To think that I should have remembered my music and yet forgotten her—forgotten my Annunziata who waited for me so patiently! For I promised her to come for her this Christmas, rich and successful; in-



stead of that I am selfishly busy with my own affairs, leaving her either to break her heart for me or utterly forget me (which is nothing more than I deserve). Oh, do you not see why I must go to her at once, this very night?"

Just then the door opened to admit Maestro Bianchi, who advanced towards Gian Lorenzo with outstretched hands: "My congratulations, figlio mio: there is no need to assure you that your name is made! I am an old man now, I shall not live much longer; but to-night has renewed the recollections of my youth, and I am glad to think I will leave our heritage of music in hands like yours! Well, success is sweet—I know how sweet—when one is young; and you deserve good fortune. But you are ill, lad; this has been too much for you:" he stopped short, with an inquiring look at the maestrino's face.

"His memory has come back!" said Carocci, "that is all." When the second call-bell for the last short act of the opera rang imperatively, Gian Lorenzo started up; but the physician laid a detaining hand on his arm; and addressing the elder composer said sharply. "Maestro, he cannot go on with this to-night! I will not answer for the consequences if he faces the strain of the public again!"

"But I am perfectly able, and I cannot disappoint the public on the first night. I must finish it, doctor."

"Not if I can prevent it," said the little iron-gray man quietly; but there was a tone of absolute inflexibility in his voice which convinced both his hearers of the finality of his decision.

Suddenly the veteran maestro jumped up, smiling. "Per l'amor di Dio! why did I not think of it before? Here, quickly, give me the score, lad, and I will conduct myself! If the public are angry, I can tell them you are ill."

"They were content," he said simply; for with the unflinching modesty of which the successes of a lifetime had never robbed him, the veteran musician seldom appeared to realize that he was a popular idol, and accepted the invariable enthusiasm of his receptions always gratefully. He would take no thanks for what he had done for Gian Lorenzo.

Directly he had departed Gian Lorenzo said earnestly to the physician. "I must go to Val-di-Collina to-night, doctor, or I cannot be back for to-morrow's performance."

“Do as you like about that,” returned the specialist; “the few hours’ quiet of a journey would probably do you good. Only let me say one thing before you commit yourself. No, I am not talking of your health.” He spoke gravely and impressively. “Remember your position is made now, and you are a very different person to the lad who left Val-di-Collina. You will be rich and prosperous. As the famous young composer all Italy will be at your feet in a few weeks; then this peasant sweetheart of yours may no longer satisfy you! I repeat, think well of it before you marry her in a hurry and then grow tired or ashamed of her!”

“Professor,” said Gian Lorenzo, springing to his feet and towering over the little doctor like a young giant, his eyes flashing with that peculiar steel-gray fire which only blue eyes can show, “there are some things which no man on earth shall say to me, not even you! Forgive me,” he added more gently, “I know I owe everything to you; but you do not know my Annunziata, or you would not speak like this. Ashamed of her, indeed! Was she ashamed of me when every one’s hand was against me; when they sneered at me as an idiot? But for her faith and courage for me, I think I would have made an end of myself up there in Val-di-Collina long ago. It is my turn to repay her now; and is a little money or success to make me superior to her—to my beautiful sweetheart, whom no man, no matter how much he loved her, could ever be worthy of? No, doctor, a whole lifetime of devotion is not enough to repay Annunziata for what she has been to me.”

“Forgive me, Gian Lorenzo,” said Carocci, struggling with a troublesome cough in his throat, and putting out his hand, which the young man wrung heartily. “You are a better man than even I thought, which is saying a good deal, and your sweetheart is a lucky girl. Go to her, then, and God bless you!”

Two hours afterwards the young composer was speeding through the darkness in the St. Gothard express, dreaming dreams of the coming meeting. He arrived at Val-di-Collina in the sharp frostiness of early morning when the Angelus bells were just ringing from the campanile; and remembering Annunziata’s ways of old, he went down the mountain pathway leading to the village church. For Gian Lorenzo was anxious that his first meeting with his sweetheart should not take place under the eyes of the village he so cordially abhorred.

He waited there patiently at the turning, his heavy travelling coat turned up at the collar to protect him from the bitter cold. Presently, as he had hoped, a solitary figure came down the pathway; and his heart seemed to jump into his throat, for it was Annunziata. But had she forgotten him; married, even?—the thought had tortured him all along, making the flying express too slow. The sweet face was beautiful as ever; but its perfect outlines were a trifle sharper, and it was paler than before, with deep shadows under the long-lashed lids. Though her carriage was graceful and stately, there was a languor and gravity about the girl's movements which seemed unnatural in one so young.

As Annunziata drew near, the unwonted sight of a stranger in her path made her lift her eyes almost involuntarily; and the deep sadness in them, the shadow on the dear face he loved, sent Gian Lorenzo's prudence and fear of startling her to the winds. He rushed forward impetuously and folded her closely in his protecting arms. "Sposina mia (my little bride), I have come for thee at last. Sweetheart, thou art not afraid of me. See, it is only Nino! Look up, dear love, and say thou hast forgiven me for all this cruel waiting."

But Annunziata was speechless. Great joy like great grief is numbing at first; and though her head rested contentedly on her lover's shoulder, she could only whisper, "Nino mio! at last, at last!"

So once more Gian Lorenzo and Annunziata walked through the bare vineyards together, unheeding the bitter wintry cold. Their happiness was all-sufficient; and it required a powerful effort, on the young man's part, to bring himself back to the world of realities.

But no time was to be lost, if he was to return to Milan that night; and here Gian Lorenzo's military training and habit of quick decisiveness stood him in good stead. In a very short time he had told his story to his father and mother; making the latter promise to return with him at once to Milan to hear the opera, bringing Annunziata with her. "After Christmas Annunziata and I will be married—as soon as she is ready, at least; for I am ready now;" with a glance towards his sweetheart which made a lovely rose-color flush her pale cheeks.

So the three travelled back to Milan, reaching there just in time for Gian Lorenzo to take them to a hotel for some food and rest, then proceed straight to the theatre. It was even more densely crowded

than on the previous night, and immediately the young composer appeared he was received with a prolonged burst of enthusiasm.

To Annunziata, looking on from the quiet corner of her box, it seemed as if her cup of happiness was full to overflowing. But when the opening melodies filled the great listening opera house, and she



"Say, Jim, have you heard the news?"

"I'm not just sure; what is it?"

"Santa Claus is coming to-night."

watched that splendid orchestra swayed like one man by the boyish figure wielding the baton, she almost trembled at her own happiness. The whole scene was like fairyland to the simple village maiden—the scenery, and the pathetic story set to its wonderful music. But she lost sight of all this in the glory of the thought that it was Gian Lorenzo's;

that the world had at last placed him on the pedestal he had always occupied in her faithful girlish heart. At the end of the first act the applause was deafening; but as it continued, and the Maestrino turned to acknowledge it, a sudden deadening chill shot through Annunziata's heart like an arrow, killing her rapture as she looked at him with a strange sense of unreality. This morning, in Val-di-Collina, it had all been so different; altogether like a happy dream, when she was not able to recognize the change in his position. He had seemed so little altered; just the same loving, simple lad of the old days. But now, amid all this brilliant gathering and away from the infectious charm of his presence, a thousand doubts and fears assailed the girl, weighing her down with deepest depression. Perhaps Mamma Lucia was right, and Nino was too much of a "gran' signore" for them after all! Her boyish lover had completely vanished; and in his place stood this tall, dignified young "Maestro," in the faultless evening clothes which set off his fair colorings so well, bowing continuously, gravely and composedly to the enthusiastic crowds as if accustomed to appreciation all his life.

Besides his own innate refinement, the lad had been fortunate in the example of the two men who were his beau ideal of manliness, Dr. Carocci and the Maestro Bianchi; and fortunately for himself the young musician had (like Bianchi) one of those rare natures which cannot be spoiled by flattery. He lived too sincerely in his music, while his modesty never let him lose sight of the fact that the applause was for it, not for himself. Consequently this ovation affected him personally but little; and only because it meant needed success. As yet Annunziata had not realized this: so her heart sank lower and lower.

Suddenly Gian Lorenzo threw his head back with the old familiar gesture, and looked straight into the girl's eyes, when his boyish smile broke out over his face for a second. The effect was like magic! The distinguished stranger had disappeared again: and it was once more Gian Lorenzo! As she smiled back his sweet heart felt strangely comforted. She recognized what was indeed the truth—this quiet gravity of bearing was for the rest of the world; the smile was for her alone!

At the conclusion of the famous "intermezzo," when the applause was at its height, Carocci glanced, curious to note its effect upon Annunziata. He had expected to see her moved; to watch the dark eyes



kindling with pleasure and triumph; but instead the girl had withdrawn herself as far as possible into the shadow. The beautiful down-cast face, more lovely than ever, was pale with emotion; and tears dropped slowly from under the long lashes. Gian Lorenzo had won his highest tribute; and Dr. Carocci hastily averted his gaze, feeling as if he had unwittingly intruded on something not intended for his eyes.



Santa Claus on His Way to Gabriels.

Finally the opera was over—an undoubted success from beginning to end. As soon as he could escape from the formidable array of well-meaning congratulations, the hero of the hour made his way to Anunziata's box; a radiant young embodiment of triumph, his arms full of white blossoms, with which he filled his sweetheart's hands. "All for thee, carina, the flowers and the success." But quickly noting the half-dried tears on her face, they made him for a second tenderly

anxious. Bending over her in the shadow of her quiet corner, he whispered softly: "Sweetheart, this is my Christmas present! Thank God and the doctor, I have kept my promise after all! Look, dear one, our waiting is over. The gate of success is lying open, and, *Se Dio vuole* (if God wills it), we shall enter it together!" Lifting her wonderful eyes, still wet with tears but radiant with happy love-light, the young girl only answered simply, "*Se Dio vuole! Nino, Si!*"



A woman on the death of her husband telegraphed to a distant friend:

"Dear Joseph is dead. Loss fully covered by insurance."—*Tid-Bits*.



The man who is not brave enough to make an enemy will not be brave enough to make a friend—and is poor stuff anyway.

—Schoolmaster.



A German looked up at the sky and said: "I tink we vill some rain have—no? Yes?" The Irishman looked at him and answered: "Phat do you know about weather in America anyway, ye foreign galoot?"



They put the interrogation to Thomas DeQuincey: "Why are there more women than men in the world?" And he answered them: "It is in conformity with the arrangements of nature; we always see more of heaven than of earth."



But life and love, so very like the year,  
Must rise in resurrection from the tear,  
That wets the sod.

To-morrowland, than snows of March more pure—  
More fair than June, more glad than youth, more sure—  
We leave to God.

—H. D. Stevens.

## Columba's Gifts.

BY P. J. COLEMAN.

## I.

Because he loved their order well,  
    To praise Columba in their songs,  
In harvest-time to Durrow's cell  
    The bards of Erin fared in throngs.

## II.

Entranced the tonsured brethren sate  
    And listened to the magic strings  
By masters swept, who oft' in state  
    Had harped in carven courts of kings.

## III.

Columba heard, and brow and eyes  
    Burned with the rapture of his soul,  
As some bright saint in Paradise  
    Burns in his golden aureole.

## IV.

But blackest sorrow, like a pall,  
    Shrouded his pensive soul, that he  
Had neither gold nor gifts withal,  
    And empty was his treasury.

## V.

"O Christ! it is a grievous thing,"  
    He groaned, "that I this bitter day,  
The princely heir of Ulad's king,  
    Should send them guerdonless away!"

## VI.

“Thou who didst hear Thy Mother’s pray’r,  
 Redeemer of the world Divine!  
 Who didst reward her pious care  
 And change the water into wine!”

## VII.

“To me, Thy thriftless servant, grant,  
 Who honor well the rank of bard,  
 That none go hence with guerdon scant,  
 Nor wanting harper’s fit reward!”

## VIII.

So prayed Columba in his heart,  
 And lo! with wondrous eyes of awe,  
 As if the walls were cleft apart,  
 An angel far away he saw.

## IX.

O’er Durrow’s hill he winged his flight,  
 Bathed in the splendor of the Lord,  
 And, dropping down on wings of light,  
 He pointed to the flowery sward.

## X.

Then smiled the saint, and sunny joy  
 The shadow from his spirit chased.  
 He called and bade a serving boy  
 Unto the meadow go in haste.

## XI.

“O Dermot! golden plate and cup,  
 The treasure of an ancient king,  
 Are hid on Durrow; dig it up  
 And hither to the convent bring!”

## XII.

So sped the boy, whose spirit yearned  
 To do his master's least command,  
 And dug it up and quick returned  
 And laid the treasure in his hand.

## XIII.

And golden cup and silver bowl,  
 And brooch and bracelet, torque and ring,  
 He gave to each, and glad at soul  
 Each praised the heir of Ulad's king.

## XIV.

"God's blessing on the royal host  
 Who honors thus the bardic name!"  
 They sang; their songs from coast to coast  
 His glory kindled like a flame—

## XV.

A beacon flame that, burning bright,  
 Its clear lamp lifts across the foam;  
 Dark falls the night, but by its light  
 The fisherman steers safely home.

Germantown, Pa.

† Note:—Torque. Torques were collars or breast-pieces of gold, much favored by the ancient Irish Princes. Moore mentions them in the lines:

"When Malachi wore the collar of gold  
 He won from the proud invader."

Ulad, the old name of Ulster.



Science says we are ninety-five million miles from the sun. Well, we are very glad of it.



Memory is a net; one finds it full of fish when he takes it from the brook; but a dozen miles of water have run through it.—*Holmes*.



## A Few of Many Encouraging Letters.

All Saints' Rectory, New York.

Dear Sister Mary:

I enclose my subscription for "Forest Leaves." I trust it may prove a tributary to swell the river of Benedictions that has its source at Gabriels. I trust your difficulties are diminishing every day; and that soon you will have a free hand to give all your energies to the great work that engages your soul.

With best wishes to all the Sisters, I am

Yours sincerely in Christ,  
J. W. POWER.

Troy, N. Y.

Dear Sisters:

Thanks for "Forest Leaves." They are as fresh as June, and as golden as October.

Yours in Christ,  
JOHN F. LOWERY,  
(Pastor of St. Mary's Church, Troy, N. Y.)

Massena, New York.

Dear Sister Mary:

Gabriels, N. Y.

My Dear Sister Mary:

I found "Forest Leaves" at home, and congratulate you on the first number. I am sure it will be a success. It is so true to its title—kind of an Adirondack zephyr, bearing the sounds that come with the sunshine, the noise of the birds and the hum of the bees, and again the stillness of the mountain nights, the stories of the old guides, the smell of smoke from the camp fire and the rustle of the "forest leaves." It made me rather homesick for the old trails. So do not forget to keep me on the list.

Yours very truly,  
PHILIP J. MULLIN.

I read each issue of "Forest Leaves" with pleasure. The pictures and text are excellent, and, best of all, the little magazine is a quarterly reminder of the splendid philanthropy of Sanatorium Gabriels.

CHARLES W. COLLINS.

Malone, N. Y.

Rev. Sister Mary,  
Sanatorium Gabriels, N. Y.

Rev. Mother:—

I congratulate you on the appearance of "Forest Leaves," which does credit to Sanatorium Gabriels, to its devoted Sisters and particularly to you.

Very sincerely yours,  
(Dr.) S. A. KNOPF.

Princeton, N. J.

My Dear Sisters:

Your interesting letter is found here on my return from California. The cause for which you are working is one that lies very near my heart.

With best wishes for your continued usefulness (which means happiness) in the work you are doing in the Master's name, I remain

Faithfully yours,  
HENRY VAN DYKE.

Malone, N. Y.

Dear Sisters at Gabriels:

As "Forest Leaves" enters upon a new year of usefulness I want to tell you how much I have been interested in it during the year that is past. While you are doing a magnificent work for the sick and unfortunate at the Sanitarium, you are also doing a grand work for the world outside by the issue of your quarterly, which not only teems with good things in a literary way, but carries the spirit of devotion to the cause of humanity wherever it goes. It takes into the crowded marts the breath and sweetness and restfulness of the balsams.

Yours as ever,  
H. D. STEVENS.

Rev. Sister Mary, Gabriels, N. Y.

My Dear Friend:—

I take great pleasure in renewing my subscription to "Forest Leaves," and shall always be a subscriber to that delightful quarterly as long as I can read it and it contains the valuable, interesting and wholesome matter it has so far. Knowing of your many duties and the constant attention accorded each, I feared you were assuming an unnecessary burden when "Forest Leaves" appeared, and that you would be unable to give it the attention necessary to make it the success you desire it to be. But the same unselfish devotion given to all of your undertakings has made a home for "Forest Leaves" in the hearts of the hosts of friends of Gabriels, who wish it and all your efforts God's choicest blessings.

Most sincerely yours,  
T. B. COTTER.

## *The Outdoor Life*

IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT THE ADIRONDACK COTTAGE SANITARIUM,  
TRUDEAU P. O., NEW YORK.

Its aim is to be helpful to persons suffering from, or threatened with, pulmonary trouble. It disseminates knowledge of preventive measures and publishes letters from different parts of the country giving valuable information to those seeking work in healthful climates.

Among the distinguished contributors to the columns of the OUTDOOR LIFE thus far may be mentioned

E. L. Trudeau, M. D.  
(Saranac Lake, N. Y.)

S. A. KNOPF, M. D.  
(New York City.)

William Osler, M. D.  
(Baltimore, Md.)

Vincent Y. Bowditch, M. D.  
(Rutland, Mass.)

E. R. Baldwin, M. D.  
(Saranac Lake, N. Y.)

Chas. L. Minor, M. D.  
(Asheville, N. C.)

Frederick I. Knight, M. D.  
(Boston, Mass.)

Other well known physicians will contribute articles from time to time.

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# Forest Leaves







# FOREST LEAVES.

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

—  
Come with me into the wilderness and rest.  
—

SPRING, 1905.

—

PUBLISHED BY THE  
SANATORIUM GABRIELS.  
GABRIELS, N. Y.

—

## The North has My Heart.

BY WILLIAM WATSON.

The land that lies eastward, the land that lies west,  
The northland, the southland, which lovest thou best?  
"To eastward, to westward, to southward I stray,  
But the North has my heart at the end of the way."

"Like a pearl is the East when the morn is begun,  
And the West is a rose at the set of the sun,  
And winsome the South is and golden all day—"  
"But the North has my heart at the end of the way."

"The East has her streams, and the West her white foam,  
And the South her bland welcome to Spring tripping home—"  
"But the North has her mountains, and dearest are they,  
And the North has my heart, to the end of the way."

—*McClure's Magazine.*

# FOREST LEAVES.

VOL. II.

SPRING, 1905.

NO. 2.

## Spring's Beckoning.

Spring smiles across the wintry waste,  
The Frost King melts ere yet she's  
here;  
Haste, gladsome maiden! Blichely  
haste  
To breathe new life into the year!

Shall fishes in the lakes and brooks  
Leap to their food from waters free,  
And shall not I, coaxed from my books,  
Learn from a newer Galilee?



## In Justice to the Bear.

About a quarter of a century ago the Adirondack correspondent of the Troy Times was annoyed by the fact that the editors of several Northern New York newspapers literally "pirated" his news items, without giving credit either to him or to the Times. In order to expose these "pirates" he sent a mythical tale to the Times, and, as he anticipated, the



hoax soon appeared in the columns of nearly all of the offending journals. Frederick J. Seaver of the Malone Palladium, however, took the story with salt. He knew Mr. Derby, and had seen a bear or two, so he revised and interpolated the yarn enough to escape the odium of literary theft. Mr. Seaver authorizes Forest Leaves to reprint his version, and it appears on page 5 of this issue.

—C. W. C.



## Bear and Man.

Ed. R. Derby, well known in this village, is landlord of the Prospect House (now Saranac Inn) on Upper Saranac Lake. He is large, muscular and active.

*This the hero.*

On Friday last while driving along the delightful road that leads from civilization to his magnificent resort, he heard cries for help from a neighboring ravine.

*This the scene.*

Hastening from his wagon in the direction of the alarm, he found Gardner Maloney, a guide, in a small tree, and a bear trying to dislodge him from his refuge.

*This the emergency.*

Mr. Derby quickly drew bead on bruin, and lodged a bullet in his head. Enraged, bruin turned from Maloney for Derby, who gave him two shots more.

*This the hero's valor.*

Finding bullets ineffectual, Derby started on a run for his team.

*This the man's discretion.*

Just before reaching the wagon—frightened by the firing and fearing the bear—the horses ran away.

*This the hero's misfortune.*

No resource left but his knife—and bruin's lope gaining on the strides of the man's 230 pounds avoirdupois—Derby climbed a tree. So did the bear.

*This the crisis.*

But Derby was equal to the situation, and drawing his knife he began slashing his adversary's paws as it advanced toward him. In the struggle the limb on which Derby had retreated was broken, and man and brute went to the ground together. The latter reared and advanced with horrid front.

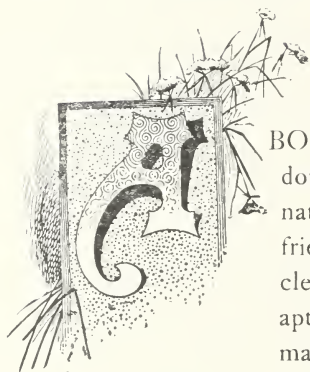
*This the climax.*

Derby made one desperate effort, and found the bear's heart with his knife's point. Maloney soon came up, and finding Derby exhausted, bleeding and his clothing in ribbons, conveyed him home.

*This the fortunate issue.*

## My Rubber Boots and Saranac.

BY RT. REV. MONSIGNOR JOHN WALSH.



ABOUT a decade of years ago an event came to pass down in our country here—no matter now its exact nature—which make tongues wag vigorously, ranged friends on opposite sides of the fence, served as a cleavage for families and awakened the well-known aptitude and appetites of the newspaper reporter for romancing and forecasting probabilities. It was another case of bad weather signalling. Moderately disgusted with the much ado about nothing and the puerile noise of it all, I, one Sunday afternoon, when the Vespers had been chanted and the babies baptized, rather abruptly resolved to run away from the din and gossip and hide myself in the North Woods for the ensuing week. I would take the first train out the next morning and go through to Saranac, where I hoped to find rest and entertainment in the manly pastime of rabbit-hunting.

As I had never entered the Adirondacks in the winter solstice and was entirely ignorant of the requirements of footgear suitable for long tramps and long standing in the deep snow, which from my previous limited experience in the Catskills I knew was a necessary condition of the sport, I began a hasty inquiry among my friends to ascertain what the proper equipment for my feet should be. The sequel proved I had blundered in going to the wrong parties, for with all the assurance of experience they advised me to stow away in my grip a stout pair of rubber boots as the most comfortable and serviceable articles I could carry. I did not know then the delusiveness of that bit of advice. The disillusion came afterwards.

As the early morning start precluded the possibility of a purchase on a legitimate selling day I had to argue with the rubberman, who by the way was a devout Methodist and averse to doing business on the Sabbath, to compromise with his conscience and give me the boots, and if his

scruples would not go to the length of accepting pay as savoring too much of commercialism he could donate the boots as to one needy and I would settle the account on my return. The reasoning was plausible enough to allay his doubts about the illegitimacy of the transaction, and without trespassing on his Sabbatical reverences I procured the boots.

## II.

The journey to Plattsburgh was without incident. The lowlands of the Hudson Valley were almost devoid of snow, and there was a warmth in the air which betokened a thaw. As I mounted the uplands beyond



Whitehall I entered a region of snow, and the air shed its moisture and warmth and grew crisp and keen. The outlook betokened a better promise of sport. When I entered the cozy little car that used to ply with its baby engine on the narrow gauge road between Plattsburg and Saranac I found two friends from a neighboring city—young women, two sisters, one an invalid and the other her companion, making for the same destination after a short visit to their home for the holidays. The pathos of their situation touched me profoundly. They told me all frankly—their hopes,

fears, struggles, mode of life, all new to me, and during my stay at Saranac when I had a spare hour from the rabbits I gladly gave it to the two exiles.

Until that visit I knew nothing of the brave fight so many people were making for life—nothing of the sacrifices they were enduring—nothing of the barriers they were erecting against the inroads of disease. A new light was dawning in the treatment of phthisis—at least new to me and new to Saranac. The therapeutic, by which I mean the healing, curative value of pure, dry air was beginning to be understood and applied. So novel and fascinating was the discovery to me that for the moment I made truce with the rabbits and devoted my time to an investigation of the new world wherein I found myself. I walked out to the Sanitarium through the deep snow and looked over its little, isolated habitations and its big assembly building with an unprofessional interest and I curiously read the names of benefactors and with as much courtesy and delicacy as I could muster I inspected the few inmates, with the purpose of reaching definite conclusions as to the new healing theory and practical results. It never got beyond the range of a still hunt. I asked no questions and I addressed no invalid. I merely used my eyes and mind to reach conclusions. I was so impressed with the obtrusiveness and the intrusiveness of my trespass there, that I could not scare up courage enough to interrogate a single inmate. It did not matter, I argued. I was only gratifying a trifling personal curiosity, and as I neither intended to make a record of my visit nor give any public utterance of my research, it sufficed for me to look things over superficially.

Not alone at the Sanitarium did I find this exalted valuation of the healing energy of atmosphere. It was the dominant note to which all of Saranac was attuned. If it be right to call it and all the Adirondack region a sanctuary of Nature, the worship that inspires heart and soul of every exile is the worship of air. The air is life—the air is health—the air is strength, and those who have only narrow margin of these physical gifts wallow in the superabundant air and riot in all the stimulation and nutriment of outdoor life.

During these days the mercury dropped to twelve degrees below zero and a cutting wind, filled with blizzardly snow, crooned from the north-west. It had no terrors for the exiles. Clad in their coonskin coats, and with head and feet warmly swathed, they sat by the hour on the shady







side of their temporary homes, some dozing, others reading, one or two actually knitting. The show was a surprise, a revelation to me, and I fear often the interest of it tempted me to transgress the limits of good breeding by a too ready yielding to the impulse to stand and observe too leisurely. My fellow boarders in the hotel were an interesting lot. There was a college athlete who had recovered his old strength, if girth and appetite and physical endurance were tell-tale evidence. There was a beautiful boy—no matter his home and parents, I knew them all—whose name on the register revealed his begetting. He had experimented with Colorado and found it too lofty. Lungs strengthened at the expense of heart and nerves and he had to drop down to the lower Adirondack level. He was a fair and a lovely boy and everybody's favorite. There was two old



sports who carried into the woods their ailments and their love of games of skill and chance and strength. That winter a kite-shaped race track was cleared on the lake and all the sporting inheritances of our friends centered about two old skates of horses and their amusing contests of speed. So infectious was their example that all the boarders were drawn into the vortex of their enthusiasm over the respective merits of the delapidated steeds, and the hours between supper and bed supplied a noisy and general dispute over the anticipated equine achievements of the morrow.

There was still another invalid whose memory will abide with me. Like a Moses' rod it is slowly devouring and swallowing the other memories. He was an invalid only in the sense that he had to live in that

region. He was normal to the extent that he was regularly employed in one of the village stores. This young man—I don't know what became of him and I fear I don't care—was the incarnation of that selfishness which too often accompanies invalidism. He was a late retiree at night and he had a fondness for the barbaric symphonies of a hurdy-gurdy—it might have been a highly taut guitar. These two infirmities, dovetailed into a third condition—his situation on the top floor of the hotel, where he and I were the only dwellers, were responsible for all the trouble.

The intense cold, the altitude and the crisp air were violently stimulating. Although I tramped ten and twelve miles a day I could not tire. I knew I was living on my reserves. Sleep kept aloof coyly and coquetishly. To coax its balmy restoration I used to retire early. Under the most favorable conditions it would be inaccessible enough, but to make its approach altogether hopeless my neighbor at the other end of the short corridor kept quiet as a mouse until nearing the mid-night hour and then each night began the tuneful occupation of thrumming on the hurdy-gurdy. It was matter of small account to him whether his pleasure robbed another of his sleep. It was enough that he was an invalid and because an invalid entitled to be selfish and indifferent to the welfare of others. I bore with the infliction until patience and endurance gave out and then, convinced that this was a case where self-correction was not to be thought of, I begged the proprietor to protect me from the mid-night impresario.

The nimble reader, whose mind is on the rubber boots, must not imagine they are lost in the topsy-turvy of all this discursiveness about atmospheric sanitation, coonskin garments and the personnel of invalids. These incidentals are only the husk of my adventure with the boots.

The day following my arrival at Saranac I made all necessary agreements for guide, dogs and guns, and donning my hunting apparel, including the rubber boots, we went forth to try our luck. The place selected, as I recall it now, lay somewhere between Saranac and Placid in a well-wooded district. The cold was very severe and the snow covered the ground in a uniform depth of at least one foot or more. As we had to travel a few miles before reaching the game, I got a foretaste of what I might expect from the footgear. They seemed to suddenly lose their warmth. If this followed so closely from mere exposure to cold, what might I not expect when locomotion ceased and I stood immersed in the deep snow? By and by we entered an untrodden wood lot and as the

dogs began to bay I was set to watch a definite run, whilst the guide went off in another direction. So misguided was I in my confidence in those boots that I took no precaution in the shape of an extra pair of socks to guard against accident or deception.

Down, down with the progressive velocity of a thermometric toboggan did those boots ride to the depths of arctic cold. They began with a chill. Then it was a freeze. I was curious to know if freezing did not have its varying degrees in the congealing of rubber. Students of glaciers know that the same material under a quadruple manifestation enters into their composition. Snow, wet snow, aerated ice, white with



air bubbles, and blue black, solid ice with all the air crushed out of it by pressure. Before I was planted one-quarter of an hour in those boots in the shivery cold and snow their rubber had reached in the freezing process the fourth and culminating stage of glacial growth. My feet were fast approaching the same condition. Now, when I recall what I endured and the stubbornness with which I stuck uncomplainingly to my post, the marvel to me is that I escaped unfrozen. There was some game, but it was always too far off. An odd shot would have been a compensation. The hounds seemed to be wabbling about, not sure of their scent. They followed the game for a distance and then ran about confusedly in divers directions. The snow was so dry and cold that the scent evaporated after a short while, and this accounted for the strange behavior of the dogs.

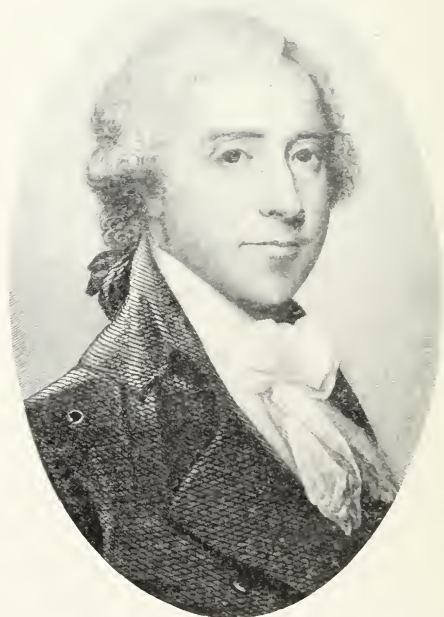
Meanwhile I was wrestling doggedly with the icy boots. I now had the sensation of standing barefooted on a cake of ice. The chill of it went to my marrow. I could not walk or run, and above all I could not confide in that guide how I had been taken in by those boots. Could only stay where he had placed me and by experimenting with feet gymnastics hope to promote circulation to a point of effective resistance against the menacing frost bite. I gave those pedal extremities a wild scamper and told them to do aught they pleased except to go out of doors. They were already out too much. They went through stunts incredible. The curvature of a bucking horse was only an obtuse angles as compared with the way I hooked my instep and plied it up and down to foster just a spark of life. I played a vigorous tattoo with my big toes on the soles of those boots and I sent my smaller ones scurrying to and fro in the roomy space with what seemed an aimless and reckless abandon, but all the time I had the settled purpose of fighting off the frost nip. The exigencies of the unexpected situation were responsible for all these strange pranks. It was all I could do to forestall a catastrophe and when the end of the day came my antics were crowned with success. I was benumbed, my feet ached and I trudged homeward with the uncertain gait of wooden feet, but I had warded off the dreaded frost teeth.

That same evening I consulted a native as to the best protection for feet in that climate and acting on his advice I purchased a pair of arctics and heavy German socks, and clad in these I was able to brave snow and biting cold with unexpected comfort during the remaining days about the Ampersand and the Saranac lakes. For those tenderfeet who are ambitious of a week's hunt in the Adirondacks in the reign of snow and frigidity let my experience be a warning to leave rubber boots rigidly out of their kit.





Alexander MacComb.



William Constable.



## Centennial Recollections.

One year ago Forest Leaves mentioned the historical relationship between the great land proprietors of Northern New York, Alexander MacComb, William Constable and Daniel McCormick, and the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick of New York. This relationship is particularly noteworthy this year, when the Centennial Celebration of the first civic organization in the present County of Franklin is to be held, because Daniel McCormick, the original purchaser of the county, was in 1805 President of the "Friendly Sons."

On St. Patrick's Day, in that year, McCormick presided at the society's dinner, which was attended by nearly all of the notables of the



city and state. They dined in one of the most interesting buildings of Old New York, the Tontine Coffee House.

Of Daniel McCormick much has been written, and each word adds to our regard for the memory of one whom Walter Barrett, in "Old Merchants of New York," says was "one of the polished gentlemen in the city.

Also: "Mr. McCormick was a glorious example of the old New Yorker. He stuck to Wall Street to the last. Death alone could get him out of it. He died in 1834, and from 1792 until that date he never budged an inch out of the honored old street. He witnessed the removal of his neighbors, one by one, year after year, until all had gone. He saw

offices and business crowding into cellar and floors and garrets of the vacated buildings, and saw new buildings put up for offices, but he was firm and was finally left alone, the only gentleman who continued to reside in his own house in the good, old-fashioned way."



## English Bulls.

Sir William Hart-Dyke has told how James Lowther "had caught a big fish in his net—and went to the top of the tree for it."

Winston Churchill said that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman "had sat so long on the fence that the iron had entered into his soul."

A financial minister has assured the Commons that "the steps of the Government would go hand-in-hand with the interests of the manufacturer."



An amusing story is told of Lord Wolseley's interest in the Commissariat Department, in which his zeal on one occasion certainly got the better of his discretion. Dinner was being served to the soldiers and orderlies hurried backward and forwards with steaming pails of soup. Lord Wolseley stopped one of them. The man was at attention in a minute.

"Remove the lid." No sooner said than done. "Let me taste it."

"But plaze yer—"

"Let me taste it, I say." And taste it he did. "Disgraceful! Tastes like nothing in the world but dishwater."

"Plaze yer honor," gasped the man, "and so it is."

On Receiving a Christmas Rose from  
Sanatorium Gabriels.



The rose from out the snows!  
 How sweet the thought  
 That in the frozen North  
 There liveth aught  
 That to its harmony will gentle Spring attune,  
 That with a glowing cheek will meet the kiss of June!  
 My heart new comfort knows  
 For this—this rose,  
 This Christmas rose,  
 This rose from out the snows!

J. H. P.

(Christmas, 1904, Troy, N. Y.)



Look at me, Lord; for in the eyes  
 Love's universal language lies,  
 That all from alien land to land  
 Alike in silence understand.

—John B. Tabb.

## The Name of Patrick.



Written by Miss Mary Louise Gilmore, daughter of the late Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, the world-renowned musical leader.

“The name of Patrick, too long a drag upon youth of Irish birth or descent, is dying out.” —Anonymous.

“Dying out the name of Patrick?” Sons of Erin, is it true?  
Lay the Green and Gold away, then; march no more in Irish hue.  
Sunburst flag and Irish shamrock, with the green coat, cast away;  
“Dying out the name of Patrick!”—with it dies St. Patrick’s Day.

Ship the corpse back to old Ireland—one more dead for her to mourn;  
She will clasp it to her bosom as a mother her first born;  
She will dirge it with her moaning, she will chrim it with her tear;  
She will lay her heart for flower, breaking, broken, on its its bier!

Ireland is the mother country; mother heart must ache and break.  
Sons and daughters soon outgrow it; outgrow first and then forsake—  
Haste! Outgrow all—creed and country; simple faith and humble flag.  
With the Irish name of Patrick! they are all alike “a drag.”

We have sailed to a new country. What is Ireland to us now?  
 We wear stars upon our forehead; she, the thorns upon her brow;  
 Thorns alone! The rose is sacred to the crown on English head,  
 And our flag's Stars are ours only; Ireland wears our Stripes instead!

Traitor-stripes that sting the bosom whereof we were born and bred;  
 Coward-stripes from ambush smiting mother heart and mother head,  
 Stripes from renegades to country; creed-apostates, and, worst shame,  
 Sores stripes from Irish turncoats crying "Down with Patrick's name!"

Hallowed name! with Ireland's fibres twined as ivy twines the tree:  
 Name to son from father handed down from ancient century.  
 Shall thy foes exult in triumph while thy kin and name-sakes wail?  
 Shall the name of Patrick perish and the foeman's name prevail?

Nay, for if thy foes be legion, legion are thy sons, no less!  
 Legion, too, thy loyal daughters, more than men in faithfulness;  
 Name of sage, priest, saint, apostle—name all royal names above;  
 Nay, thou shalt not die while Irishmen and women live and love!

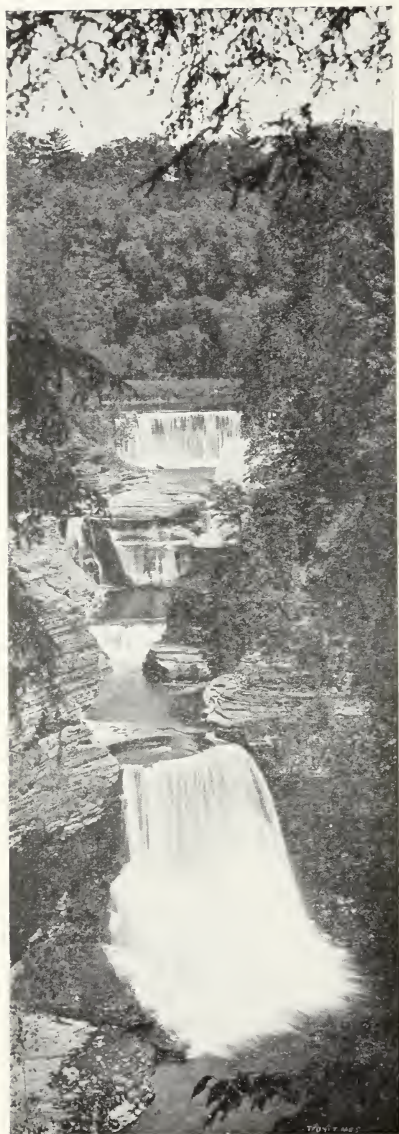
Twelve Apostles—one a Judas! Patrick, Christ-like, numbers, too,  
 'Mong his chosen, spies and traitors; but the rest stand martyr-true;  
 And though these, like good seed broadcast, scattered are, from sea to sea,  
 One-voiced, still, the Irish nation vows to Patrick fealty!

Never while the Irish shamrock wears its coat of Irish-green,  
 Never while the sunburst-banner waves God's earth and heav'n between;  
 Never while Christ's Cross symbolic looms against the Irish sky  
 Swear we on our Irish honor shall the name of Patrick die!

While in veins of Irish manhood flows one drop of Irish blood;  
 While in hearts of Ireland's daughters beats true Irish womanhood;  
 While God sends to Irish mothers babes to suckle, sons to rear;  
 While God sends to Irish fathers one man child thy name to bear.

Irish saint, thy name shall triumph o'er thy foes, as soul o'er death!  
 As thou reign'st above in heaven, so thy name shall reign beneath;  
 While as King to King's successor Irish sire to son hand down  
 Patrick's name and Patrick's halo, Irish-title, Irish crown!





## Sayings of R. L. S.

The great double danger of taking life too easily and taking it too hard. How difficult it is to balance that.

When you are ashamed to speak, speak up at once.

— We are the cranks of a huge machine — I do believe — of righteousness.

Marriage is one long conversation, checkered by disputes.

Evil was called Truth until he was old, and then he was called Habit.

Doubtless the world is quite right in a million ways; but you have to be kicked about a little to convince you of the fact.

We are all nobly born; fortunate those who know it; blessed those remember.

It is not only in finished undertakings that we ought to honor useful labor.

## St. Regis.

At the mouth of the St. Regis River, where the Adirondack slope reaches the St. Lawrence, there is a picturesque and romantic Indian village. It was founded by a Jesuit Missionary, Fr. Antoini Gordon, in 1760, and has been the scene of many incidents which command the attention of students of American history.

William Dean Howells, in his ever delightful "Wedding Journey," identifies the ancient bell in the St. Regis Church as the one which incited



St. Regis Indian Village, 1840.

the Indians to the terrible massacre of Deerfield. At St. Regis, in October, 1812, the American Army fought the first successful battle of the War of 1812. Here, too, lived the famous Eleazar Williams, the humble missionary whom Lossing and many other historians believed to have been the Lost Dauphin, Louis XVII, of France.

About seventy years ago a famous English artist, William Henry Bartlett, began his tour of North America, during which he painted a

remarkable series of landscapes, one being reproduced on page 21 of *Forest Leaves*. This illustration was first published in London in 1840, the descriptive text being furnished by the Beau Brummel of American letters, Nathaniel P. Willis. We believe our readers will like to hear what Mr. Willis said about the St. Regis Indians of sixty-five years ago:

“The Indians, as formerly observed, retain in general their original fashion of dress; but instead of composing it entirely of the skins of wild animals, they have adopted, as more commodious, materials of English manufacture. For the outer covering or great coat a blanket is decidedly preferred; the shirt beneath is chiefly of calico or printed cotton; the leggings and pouches of common cloths. The gartering, of gaudy colors, serves for binding and ornamental borders. The moccasins only, an article so extremely suited to their habits, cannot be composed of any better material than their own deer skin. When, however, any particular piece of finery strikes their fancy they eagerly seek to procure it, and combine it, often fantastically, with their old habiliments. The vicinity of Europeans, where it does not induce the destructive habit of intoxication, affords them various means for bettering their condition. A ready sale for venison, wild ducks and other feathered game, and for the fish which they spear, is found among settlers who have themselves little leisure for angling or the chase. The skins and furs also of the animals caught by them are readily bought by the merchants. The women make baskets, trays and other utensils of birch-bark, and sometimes of the inner rind of the bass wood and white ash, which, when ornamented with porcupine quills, dyed in beautiful colors, form elegant articles of furniture. Their moccasins, similarly adorned, are often purchased by Europeans for winter use. They cannot, however, be depended upon for making or procuring any article to order. They produce and bring their commodities to market when it suits their own convenience; and they are disposed to drive a pretty hard bargain, especially the females, on whom that task usually devolves.”



An intense desire itself transforms possibility into reality. Our wishes are but prophecies of the things we are capable of performing.

—*Brooks.*

## An Indian Legend.

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

The Indians say that when Kitch'Manitou had created men he was dissatisfied, and so brought women into being. At once love-making began, and then, as now, the couples sought solitude for their exchanges of vows, their sighings to the moon, their claspings of hands. Marriages ensued. The situation remained unchanged. Life was one perpetual honeymoon. I suppose the novelty was fresh, and the sexes had not yet realized they would not part as abruptly as they had been brought together.



The villages were deserted, while the woods and bushes were populous with wedded and unwedded lovers. Kitch'Manitou looked on the proceedings with disapproval. All this was most romantic and beautiful, no doubt, but in the meantime *mi-daw-min*, the corn, *mi-no-men*, the rice, grew rank and uncultivated; while *bis-iw*, the lynx, and *swingwaage*, the wolverine, and *me-en-gan*, the wolf, committed unchecked depredations

among the weaker forest creatures. The business of life was being sadly neglected. So Kitch'Manitou took counsel with himself, and created saw-gi-may, the mosquito, to whom he gave as dwelling the woods and bushes. That took the romance out of the situation. As my narrator grimly expressed it, "Him come back, go to work."



Every act is a seed, which will fruit, each after its kind.



He whom injustice can not make malevolent is an accomplished man.



The word "Discouragement" is not found in the dictionary of the Kingdom of Heaven.  
—*Rankin*.



Perfect valor consists in doing without a witness, all we should be capable of doing before the whole world.



If thou hast a great purpose, nor difficulties nor doubts can turn thee from the way that leads to its accomplishment.  
—*Spalding*.



Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation; they do not take in anything for their own use, but merely to pass it to another.—*Steele*.



Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of some enthusiasm. Nothing great was ever achieved without it.  
—*Emerson*.



## Fairy Tales.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

The fairy tales are the only true accounts that man has ever given of his destiny. "Jack the Giant Killer" is the embodiment of the first of the three great paradoxes by which men live. It is the paradox of courage, the paradox which says, "You must defy the thing that is terrifying you: unless you are frightened you are not brave." "Cinderella" is the embodi-



ment of the second of the paradoxes by which men live, the paradox of humility, which says, "Look for the best in the thing ignorant of its merit; he that abases himself shall be exalted." And "Beauty and the Beast" is the embodiment of the third of the paradoxes by which men live, the paradox of faith, the absolutely necessary and wildly unreasonable maxim which says to every mother with a child or to every patriot with a country, "You must love the thing first and make it lovable afterward." These tales are far truer than the rhinoceros at the zoo, for you know what these mean. And you can guess what the rhinoceros means!

## A Treeless Land.

BY E. J. DEVINE, S. J.



**N** a magazine dedicated to the forest and its leaves, it is hardly fair to write about the barrenness of a treeless land. But if only to make the readers of *Forest Leaves* appreciate all the more their Adirondack glades and fastnesses, they should be told that there is a far-away region where there are neither leaves nor trees, where there is no green color in the springtime nor auburn tints.

In Northwestern Alaska, along the Bering coast, facing Siberia—where I spent the past two years—the land of the Mahlamute, there is no tree or shrub within seventy-five miles of the sea. A modern scientist attributes this lack of vigorous vegetation to the upheaval of that region in comparatively recent geological ages. During a short season, a month



**Mining Camp at Cape Nome.**

or so, wild flowers spring up here and there as if by magic and wilt again just as rapidly. Arctic moss alone, in its ashen grey, covers the tundra. The hopelessness and the helplessness of a scene like that continually before the eyes! In our loneliness we crave for the sight of a tree, or even a shrub.

For ages this part of our continent was a barren, desolate coast peopled by Eskimos; and it would undoubtedly have been left to this tribe for ages to come had not the discovery of gold five years ago on the Bering beach, near Cape Nome, drawn thousands of white men to it, fascinated in this quest for wealth.



**Mid-Night Sun in the Arctic.**

The most perplexing problem the miners had to face was the absence of trees both for fuel and shelter. This situation was all the more serious in that those thousands were in an Arctic land where the winters were eight months long and the cold intense, the mercury sometimes dropping down to 60 degrees below. What fortunes in gold dust those pioneer Nomites would have given for a slice out of an Adirondack forest! With them the sight of a tree was not a thing of sentiment, but what they themselves called a "cold cash proposition." They had to bring their fuel and shelter with them; every board and beam that built the town of Nome came from Seattle at preposterous prices. During my first year in Nome, coal cost thirty-five dollars a ton and building lumber one hundred and thirty dollars a thousand feet.

Previous to the arrival of the whites the Eskimos secured fuel for themselves by gathering driftwood on the Bering beach. A stray log from the Yukon valley, or possibly from Siberia across the strait, was a windfall to these poor natives in more senses than one. Their igloos are partly underground and are comfortably warm without unnecessary waste of fuel.

But there are compensations even in that cheerless land, devoid of trees, with their rich colors and ever-changing hues. The Bering surf does service for the moaning and the sighing that we hear in the Adirondack woods. There are no rocks near Nome to lash the waves into foam and fury. The beach inclines down gently to the water, and the surf rolls in noble curves over the sandbars, night and day, with monotonous regularity. The September gales stiffen the waves a bit, and hurl them on to the beach sands with the roar of artillery. But in October the Bering settles down to sleep for the long Arctic winter. For eight months there is a stillness of death, except when the ice-floes, driven by some sudden southern wind, comes crashing into shore.

The autumn tints in our Adirondack forests are surpassed by the sunsets in the land of the Eskimo. Rarely on this planet of ours may such scenes be witnessed as the sinking of the sun into the Bering sea. In the early afternoon, when his decline begins, the whole western sky is an azure blue, that gradually dwindling down from azure to the brightest orange color on the horizon. Sometimes the clouds gather around the sun to keep him company, and as if to reciprocate for these delicate atten-



**Winter View of the Bering Beach**

tions of theirs he imparts a beauty to them that holds you spellbound. Imagine, if you can, clouds of every shape and size, white and crimson, and with every rift revealing an orange background. The transformation scene occurs, when a thousand warm, opalescent tints begin to play around the jagged edges of the clouds. When this change takes place

you stand and gaze in admiration at a picture that only God Himself could paint. If you wait till the sun goes down completely, you see the lines of the horizon, blue and ragged, standing up against the orange sky, which is slowly changing to purple. The heavens are then aglow with fire and purple, and they shed an unearthly radiance over the Bering waves. During three hours you enjoy this glimpse of wonderland, and when you turn away regretfully you console yourself with the thought that the Russian exiles over yonder in Siberia are sharing your emotions. A walk along the sandy Bering beach, when the breeze is not too strong and the surf not too ugly, to enjoy this wondrous spectacle, makes one forget both the trees and the leaves even of the Adirondacks. This is one of the pleasures of life in Alaska.

Another pleasure comes to compensate us for the isolation and loneliness of the Arctic winter. During the short days the sun barely shows himself above the horizon for more than two hours, and then retires. In that long period of darkness the stars—nowhere more brilliant than in Alaska—come out in countless numbers. They scintillate in the infinite meadows of heavens, to show poor miners who are bent down digging mere earthly wealth in the beach sands, how narrow are their hearts and how puny are their interests.

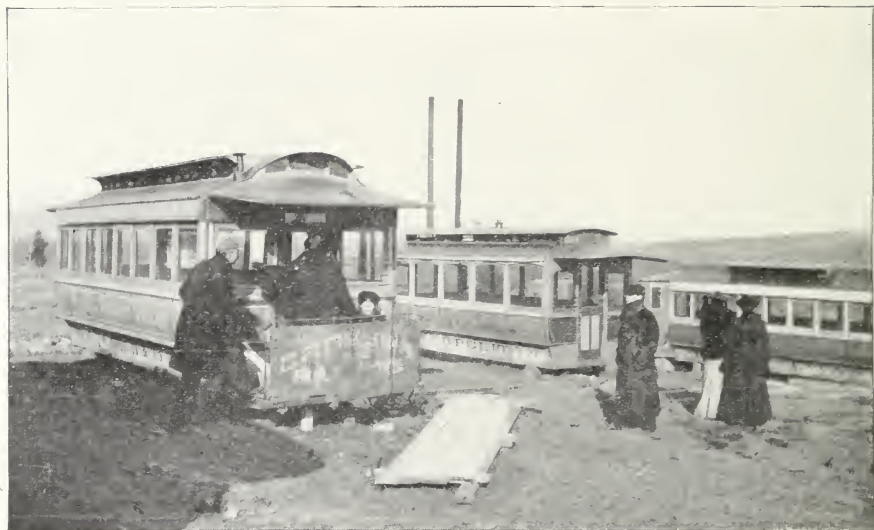
When it is not the stars that hold your attention, it is the Northern Lights, flitting across the firmament. Great silver rainbows rise and fall in the dark sky, with their boreal flashes darting from mountain-top to zenith like silvery pillars chasing each other, silently, amid the chaos of the stars. One never tires of standing outside, even on the coldest night, to watch these heavenly transformations. On such rare occasions God is so prodigal in the sublime manifestations of Nature that His rational creatures need neither trees nor leaves to furnish food for elevating thought or to raise their hearts to Him—even on the desolate Bering coast.



Woman's deepest and tenderest love is wholly removed from sensual thoughts. It is the love mothers give to their children, daughters to fathers, the best and the noblest to the men they admire, trust and adore.  
—*Spalding.*



## Names Suggested for the Street Car Colony at Sanatorium Gabriels.



- |   |   |
|---|---|
| Caremea.  | Pullmania.                                  |
| The Switch.                                       | Transferia.                                 |
| Asleep at the Switch.                             | The Metropolis.                             |
| Rest-all-the-While Cottages.                      | The Metropolitan.                           |
| One Bell (which means to come<br>to a full stop.) | The Elevated Railroad.                      |
| The Terminus.                                     | The Elevated.                               |
| The Upper Ten, or                                 | Air Castles.                                |
| The Ten Uppers.                                   | The Empire State Express.                   |
| Tennyson ("Brake, brake,<br>brake.")              | The Adirondack Flyer.                       |
| Horse de Combat.                                  | Change (d) Cars.                            |
| Slow Coach.                                       | The Trunk Line.                             |
| Fareview.   | Ben Hur (suggested by the<br>Chariot Race.) |
| The Annex.  | The Up Grade.                               |
|   | The Staterooms.                             |

Non-Conductor.	First Cabin.
Wheeling.	Quieta.
The Holdup.	The Sleeping Cars.
The Tieup.	Carolina.
Forest Leavings.	The Refuge.
Dreamland.	The Haven.
The Rest Cure.	The Central.
Naughtomobilia.	Hudsonia.
All Aboard.	The Round House.
The Punchbowl.	The Yard.
Crosstown.	Rapid Transit.
St. Christopher's.	Health Village.
Pullman.	



## St. Teresa's Book Mark.

Let nothing trouble you.  
 Let nothing frighten you.  
 All things pass away.  
 God only is immutable.  
 Patience overcomes all difficulties.  
 Those who possess God want nothing.  
 God alone suffices.



Four things a man must learn to do  
 If he would make his record true:  
 To think without confusion clearly,  
 To love his fellow-men sincerely,  
 To act from honest motives purely,  
 To trust in God and heaven securely.

—Henry Van Dyke.

## The Settler.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.



His echoing axe the settler swung  
 Amid the sea-like solitude,  
 And rushing, thundering, down were flung  
 The Titans of the wood:  
 Loud shrieked the eagle, as he dashed  
 From out his mossy nest, which crashed  
 With its supporting bough,  
 And the first sunlight, leaping, flashed  
 On the wolf's haunt below.

His roof adorned a pleasant spot;  
 Mid the black logs green glowed the grain,  
 And herbs and plants the woods knew not  
 Throve in the sun and rain.

The smoke-wreath curling o'er the dell,  
 The low, the bleat, the tinkling bell,—  
 All made the landscape strange,  
 Which was the living chronicle  
 Of deeds that wrought the change.

The violet sprung at spring's first tinge,  
 The rose of summer spread its glow,  
 The maize hung out its auburn fringe,  
 Rude winter brought his snow;  
 And still the lone one labored there,  
 His shout and whistle broke the air,  
 As cheerily he plied  
 His garden-spade, or drove his share  
 Along the hillock's side.

He marked the fire-storm's blazing flood  
 Roar crackling on its path,  
 And scorching earth, and melting wood,  
 Beneath its greedy wrath;  
 He marked the rapid whirlwind shoot,  
 Trampling the pine-tree with its foot,  
 And darkening thick the day  
 With streaming bough and severed root,  
 Hurled whizzing on its way.

His gaunt hound yelled, his rifle flashed,  
 The grim bear hushed his savage growl;  
 In blood and foam the panther gnashed  
 His fangs with dying howl;  
 The fleet deer ceased its dying bound,  
 And with its moaning cry  
 The beaver sank beneath the wound  
 Its pond-built Venice by.

Humble the lot, yet his the race  
 When Liberty sent forth her cry,  
 Who thronged in conflict's deadliest place,  
 To fight—to bleed—to die!  
 Who cumbered Bunker's height of red,  
 By hope through weary years were led,  
 And witnessed Yorktown's sun  
 Blaze on a nation's banner spread,  
 A nation's freedom won.

## Miss Murray in the Adirondacks.

In 1855 the Honorable Amelia M. Murray, Maid of Honor to Queen Victoria, made a tour of the lake region of the Adirondacks with a party in charge of Gov. Horatio Seymour. What Miss Murray calls their "Gypsy" expedition began at Saranac Lake, and the party emerged from the wilderness at Boonville. Her narrative of the trip abounds with interest, but we quote only one passage:



"Another short portage brought us below the falls of the Moose River into its rapid stream. Here we had only one boat. The Governor (for our other gentlemen had been obliged to leave us before we entered the chain of lakes) walked on to make some arrangements at Arnold's Farm, and we two ladies, in charge of Mr. Moody and M'Cleland, had a pleasant row, seeing many canvas-back ducks before us in the river. The former shot one, which I have no doubt would have been very good for dinner, but we never had any time or opportunity for trying the experiment. Mr. Seymour remained to make arrangements with the guides



while his niece and I walked on to Arnold's Farm. There we found Mrs. Arnold and six daughters. These girls aged from twelve to twenty were placed in a row against one wall of the shanty, with looks so expressive of astonishment that I felt puzzled to account for their manner, till their mother informed us they had never before seen any other woman than herself! I could not elicit a word from them; but, at last, when I begged



for a little milk, the eldest went and brought me a glass. I then remembered that we had met a single hunter rowing himself in a skiff on the Moose River, who called out, 'Where on the earth do the women come from?' And our after-experience fully explained why ladies are rare birds in that locality."



## Irish Love Words.

BY CATHERINE HIGGINS.

Long years have passed since when a child I heard it,  
The Irish tongue so full of melody;  
Yet memory oft, like strains of sweetest music,  
Recalls my mother's fond "Agra machree."

When pain or grief oppressed me, how caressing  
Her soft "Alanna" as she stroked my hair;  
What other tongue hath term of fond endearment  
That can with these in tenderness compare.

"Acushla!" Sure the hurt were past all healing  
That was not soothed when that fond term was heard;  
"Asthore," the pulses of my heart receding,  
Would thrill responsive to that loving word.

"Mavourneen," time and place and distance vanish;  
A child once more beside my mother's knee;  
I hear her gently calling me "Mavourneen,"  
And in her eyes the tender lovelight see.

What matter whether dark my hair or golden,  
She greeted me her "colleen bawn" most fair;  
To other eyes I might be all unlovely;  
I was her "colleen dhas" beyond compare.

Long years have passed, alas! since last I heard it,  
That sweetest music to my listening ear;  
My mother's voice, perchance, when life is ended,  
"Cead Mile Fáilte" once more I'll hear.

## Inauguration Day.

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

On this great day a child of time and fate  
On a new path of power doth stand and wait.

Though heavy-burdened, shall his heart rejoice,  
Dowered with a nation's faith, an empire's choice.

Who hath no strength, but that the people give,  
And in their wills, alone, his will doth live.

On this one day, this, this, is their one man,—  
The well-beloved, the chief American!

Whose people are his brothers, fathers, sons:  
In this his strength, and not a million guns.

Whose power is mightier than the mightiest crown,  
Because that soon he lays that power down.

Whose wish, linked to the people's, shall exceed  
The force of civic wrong and banded greed.

Whose voice, in friendship or in warning heard,  
Brings to the nations a free people's word;

And, where the oppressed out from the darkness grope,  
'Tis as the voice of freedom and of hope.

O pray that he may rightly rule the State,  
And grow, in truly serving, truly great.

—*Collier's*, March 4, 1900.

## Before it is too Late.

If you have a gray-haired mother  
    In the old home far away,  
Sit down and write the letter  
    You put off day by day.  
Don't wait until her tired step  
    Reaches heaven's pearly gate,  
But show her that you think of her  
    Before it is too late.

If you have a tender message,  
    Or a loving word to say,  
Don't wait until you forget it,  
    But whisper it to-day.  
Who knows what bitter memories  
    May haunt you if you wait?  
So make your loved one happy  
    Before it is too late.

We live but in the present,  
    The future is unknown;  
Tomorrow is a mystery,  
    Today is all our own.  
The chance that fortune leads to us  
    May vanish while we wait,  
So spend your life's rich pleasures  
    Before it is too late.

The tender word unspoken,  
    The letter never sent,  
The long-forgotten messages,  
    The wealth of love unspent—  
For these some hearts are breaking,  
    For these some loved ones wait;  
So show them that you care for them  
    Before it is too late.

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All of our other features are made for us, but  
a man makes his own mouth.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

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Now, good digestion, wait on appetite,  
And health on both. —*Shakespeare.*

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of the *OUTDOOR LIFE* thus far may be mentioned

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(Saranac Lake, N. Y.)

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(New York City.)

William Osler, M. D.  
(Baltimore, Md.)

Vincent Y. Bowditch, M. D.  
(Rutland, Mass.)

E. R. Baldwin, M. D.  
(Saranac Lake, N. Y.)

Chas. L. Minor, M. D.  
(Asheville, N. C.)

Frederick I. Knight, M. D.  
(Boston, Mass.)

Other well known physicians will contribute articles from time to time.

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EXTRACT FROM THE NEW YORK COMMERCIAL, MAY 9, 1899.

A HANDY ARTICLE.

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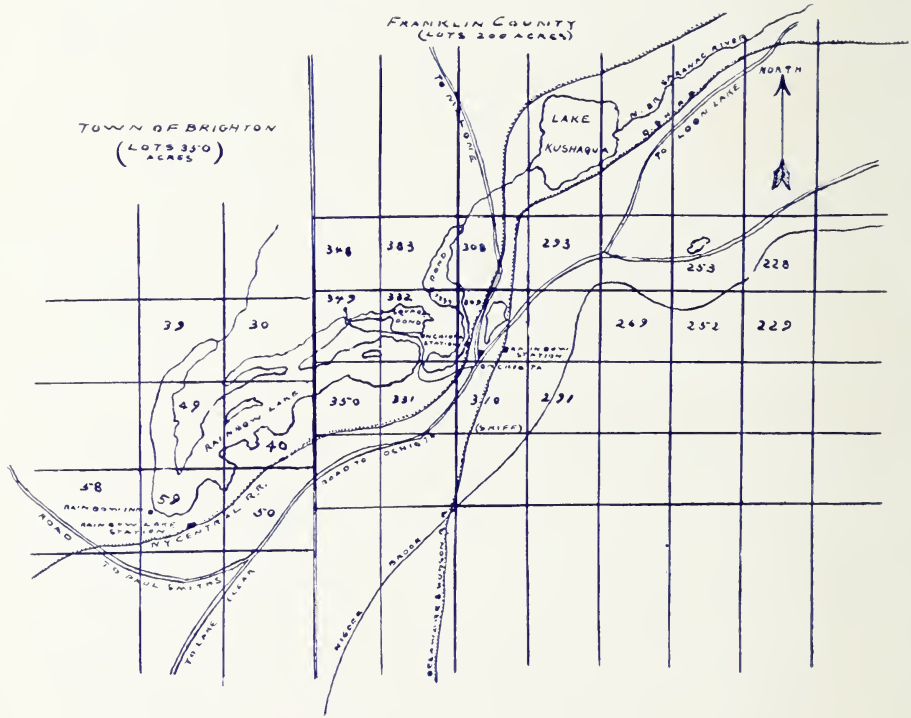
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# Forest Leaves





# FOREST LEAVES.

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

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Come with me into the wilderness and rest.

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SUMMER, 1905.

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PUBLISHED BY THE  
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# FOREST LEAVES.

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VOL. II.

SUMMER, 1905.

NO. 3.

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## The Northern June.

June on the hilltops! Who is she,  
This blooming mountain maiden?  
Why is it that with praise of her  
The woodland breeze is laden?

She does not flame with mantling blood  
As glows the tropics' daughter;  
Nor stands she chill as icy coat  
That numbs the arctic water.

Her love is modest as the sun  
When gentle airs are breathing,  
Her brow so pure awaits the crown—  
O bid me to the wreathing!

—J. H. P.

## The Philosophers' Camp.



TO ONE who knows its story, and possesses the "historic imagination," the Adirondack region is a land of romance. Personal associations, human interests, add a poetic glamour to the intrinsically romantic beauty of mountains, lakes and forests of the Great Wilderness.

Indian hunting-bands made and followed pre-historic trails, on which fell, in modern wars, the blood of French chivalry, English nobility and sturdy American pioneers.

Then, after the clash of arms was stilled, came the long procession of visitors.

Among whom were many of America's immortals, men pre-eminent in science, literature and art

Some came for sport; a few, like Trudeau, remained to create; others Emmons and Agassiz for instance, made scientific explorations; Stevenson, Loomis and French, sought health; yet a greater number are vacation-makers.

Of the countless recreation parties which have journeyed to the mountains to escape the world's work and worry, no other is so justly famed as that unique group of "ten scholars," who for four years, from 1857 to 1860, found a new Forest of Arden around the celebrated "Philosophers' Camp," first on "Fallinsbee Waters" and later on the shore of Ampersand Pond.

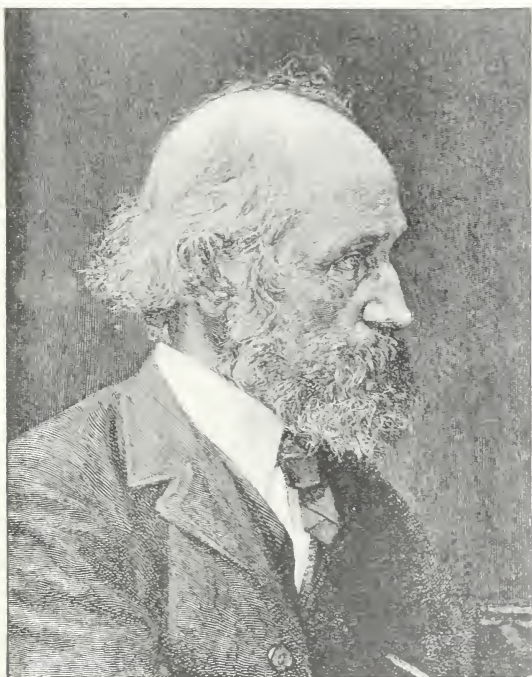
The leader of the party was William James Stillman, artist, author and journalist, described by Emerson, in "The Adirondacks," as:

"Our guide's guide, and Commodore,  
Crusoe, Crusader, Pius Aeneas."

The other "scholars" were Ralph Waldo Emerson, James Russell Lowell, Professor Louis Agassiz, Judge Hoar of Concord, John Holmes (brother of Oliver Wendell), Dr. Estes Howe, Horatio Woodman, Amos Binney and Dr. Jeffries Wyman,—all, as Emerson wrote:

“Wise and polite,—and if I drew  
Their several portraits, you would own  
Chance had no such worthy crew,  
Nor Boccace in Decameron.”

Longfellow thought to join the party of “his great-brained friends,” but “he hated killing animals, and had no interest in fishing, and was too settled in his habits to enjoy so great a change.” Besides there was Emer-



**William James Stillman.**

son's purchase of a rifle. “Is it true that Emerson is going to take a gun?” he asked. That settled the matter for the poet. “I shall not go,” he said: “somebody will be shot.” Emerson indeed carried a rifle only after many protests, and neither man nor beast suffered in consequence.

Stillman says that Lowell was the “Magnus Appollo” of the Camp. “His Castalian humor, his unceasing play of wit and erudition,—poetry and the best of the poets always on tap at the table,—all knew them, who

knew him well." "When he sat at one side of the table, and Judge Hoar (the most pyrotechnic wit I have have known) and he were matching table-talk, with Emerson and Agassiz to sit as umpires and revive the vim as it menaced to flag, (Holmes and Estes, however, were not silent in the well-matched contest), the forest echoed with such laughter as no club ever knew, and owls came in the trees overhead to wonder. These were symposia to which fortune has invited few men, and which no one invited could ever forget."



Ralph Waldo Emerson.

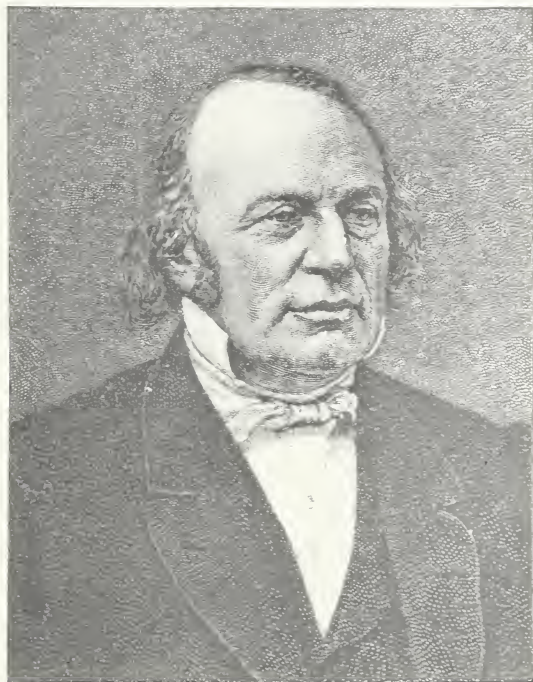
They lived, as Emerson wrote:

"Lords of this realm  
 Bounded by dawn and sunset, and each day  
 Rounded by hours where each outdid the last  
 In miracles of pomp, we must be proud,  
 As if associates of the sylvan gods.  
 We seemed the dwellers of the zodiac,  
 So pure the Alpine element we breathed,  
 So light, so lofty pictures came and went."



Adirondack camping, after two years' experiences, so charmed the "Philosophers" that a permanent organization was projected. In the fall of 1858 the Adirondack Club was formed in Boston, where, to quote Emerson again:

"We planned  
That we should build, hard by, a spacious lodge,  
And how we should hither with our sons  
Hereafter"



**Professor Louis Agassiz.**

Thus, in the fall of 1858, at Cambridge, the Adirondack Club was formed, and early in the following winter Stillman went to "Martins," on the Lower Saranac Lake, to purchase a tract of land on which to erect a lodge. A paragraph in his autobiography tells of his success in securing a valuable property at what is probably the low-water mark in prices of Adirondack real estate. "The next day I had all the guides of the neighborhood in for consultation as to a certain tract which I had fixed on from

report and general knowledge of the region, and we planned a survey in the snow. It was fourteen miles from any house to lake I had fixed on,—that known as the Ampersand Pond; but, fortunately, there were amongst the guides called in some who had been assistants in the official survey, and, with their practical knowledge and memory of the lines, I was enabled, without leaving the inn, to draw a map of the section of a township which included the lake, and determine its exact position, with the



**James Russell Lowell.**

fact that it had been forfeited to the State at the last tax sale, and was for sale at the land office in Albany. We bought the entire section, less 500 acres, taxes on which had been paid, for the sum of \$600—thus securing for the Club a tract of 22,500 acres.”

Two years after, when the Civil War broke out, the Club expired, but Adirondack maps of today indicate the lone trail leading to Ampersand Pond as “The philosophers’ Camp Road.”

## The Secret.

Nightingales warble about it  
 All night under blossom and star;  
 The wild swan is dying without it,  
 And the eagle cryeth afar;  
 The sun he doth mount but to find it,  
 Searching the green earth o'er;  
 But more doth a man's heart mind it,  
 Oh, more, more, more!  
 Over the gray leagues of ocean  
 The infinite yearneth alone;  
 The forests with wandering emotion  
 The thing they know not intone;  
 Creation rose but to see it,  
 A million lamps in the blue;  
 But a lover he shall be it  
 If one sweet maid is true.

—G. E. Woodberry.



A lady who was unfamiliar with railroad vernacular was at the Malone depot the other day while a freight train was being made up. As the train was backed up one of the brakeman called to another: "Jump on her when she comes by, run her beyond the bridge and cut her in two and send the head end up to the depot." The lady ran as hard as she could and yelled murder.

—Malone Farmer.



Only one man in a million ever has an opportunity to achieve greatness by a single deed. If we are ever to do anything great it must be in constantly doing good in little things.

—*Sylvanus Stall.*



An Irish boy was carrying a rabbit in a bag to a clergyman whose address he had in his pocket. Bunnie jumped out of the bag and ran. For a moment the lad stood confused—puzzled—and then light seemed to dawn on his mind as he cried out in dirision, "Run, ye little beggar, run, but ye haven't got the address."

## Nature Study.

AS TAUGHT IN "MISS BAILEYS" SCHOOL.

FROM "LITTLE CITIZENS."

(Our splendid Adirondack summer and the daily sight of our Slumberland in "Rapid-Transit Health Resort" (in which discarded Metropolitan streets cars appear transformed into summer cottages), on recent readings



from the works of sociologists who interpret the way the "other half" lives, may have led us to obtain permission from Messrs. McClure, Phillips and Company, publishers, to reprint extracts from Miss Myra Kelly's wonderfully realistic, almost photographic, studies of children of the poor in New York City's public schools.)

"There is," wrote the authorities with a rare enthusiasm, "no greater power for the mental, moral and physical uplifting of the child than a knowledge and an appreciation of the Beauties of Nature. It is the duty and the privilege of the teacher to bring this elevating influence into the lives of the children for whom she is responsible."

There are not many of the Beauties of Nature to be found on the lower East Side of New York, and Miss Bailey found this portion of her duty full of difficulty. Excursions were out of the question, and she discovered that specimens conveyed but crudely erroneous ideas to the minds of her little people. She was growing discouraged at the halting progress of the First Reader Class in Natural Science when, early in October, the Principal ushered into Room 18, Miss Eudora Langdon, Lecturer on Biology and Nature Study in a Western university, a shining light in the world of education, and an orator in her own conceit.

"I shall leave Miss Langdon with you for a short time, Miss Bailey," said the Principal when the introductions had been accomplished. "She is interested in the questions which are troubling you, and would like to speak to the children if you have no objection."

"Surely none," replied Miss Bailey; and when the Principal had retired to interview parents and book-agents, she went on: "I find it difficult to make Nature Study real to the children. They regard it all as fairy-lore."

"Ah, yes," the visitor admitted; "it does require some skill. You should appeal to their sense of the beautiful."

"But I greatly fear," said Teacher sadly, "that the poor babies know very little about beauty."

"Then develop the ideal," cried Miss Langdon, and the eyes behind her glasses shone with zeal. "Begin this very day. Should you like me to open up a topic?"

"If you will be so very good," said Teacher, with some covert amusement, and Miss Langdon, laying her note-book on the desk, turned to address the class. Immediately Nathan Spiderwitz, always on the alert for bad news, started a rumour which spread from desk to desk—"Miss Bailey could be goin' away. This could be a new teacher."

"My dears," Miss Eudora began, with deliberate and heavy coyness; "I'm so fond of little children! I've always loved them. That's why your kind Principal brought me here to talk to you. Now, wasn't that good of him?"



At this confirmation of their fears the First Reader Class showed so moderate a joy that Miss Langdon hurried on: "And what would you like me to tell you about?"

"Lions," said Patrick Brennen promptly. "Big hairy lions with teeth."

The visitor paused almost blankly while the children brightened. Miss Bailey struggled with a rebellious laugh, but Miss Langdon recovered quickly.

"I shall tell you," she began serenely, "about Beauty. Beauty is one of the greatest things in the world. Beauty makes us strong. Beauty makes us happy. I want you all to think—think hard—and tell me what we can do to make our lives more beautiful."

Forty-eight pairs of troubled eyes sought inspiration in the face of the rightful sovereign. Fifty-eight little minds wrestled dumbly.

"Well, I suppose I must help you," said Miss Eudora with elephantine sprightliness. "Now, children, in the first place you must always read beautiful books; then, always look at beautiful things; and lastly, always think beautiful thoughts."

"Miss Langdon," Teacher gently interposed, "these children cannot read very much—twenty-five words perhaps—and for the majority of them, poor little things, this school-room is the prettiest place in the world."

"Oh, that's all right. My text is right there," said the visitor, with a nod towards a tree, the only large one in the district, which was visible through the window. It had not yet lost its leaves, and a shower during the preceding night had left it passably green. Turning to the children, now puzzled into fretful unhappiness, she clasped her hands, closed her eyes in rapture, and proceeded:

"You all know how Beauty helps you. How it strengthens you for your work. Why, in the morning when you come to school you see a beautiful thing which cheers you for the whole day. Now, see if you can't tell me what it is."

Another heavy silence followed and Miss Langdon turned again to Teacher.

"Don't you teach them by the Socratic method?" she asked loftily.

"Oh, yes," Miss Bailey replied, and then, with a hospitable desire to make her guest feel quite at home, she added: "But facts must be closely

correlated with their thought-content. Their apperceiving basis is not large."

"Ah, yes; of course," said the expert vaguely, but with a new consideration, and then to the waiting class: "Children, the beautiful thing I'm thinking of is green. Can't you think of something green and beautiful which you see this morning?"

Eva Gonorowsky's big brown eyes fixed solemnly upon Teacher, flamed with sudden inspiration, and Teacher stiffened with an equally sudden fear. For smoothly starched and green was her whole shirtwaist, and carefully tied and green was her neat stock.



Eva whispered jubilantly to Morris Mogilewsky, and another rumour swept the ranks. Intelligence flashed into face after face, and Miss Bailey knew that her fear was not unfounded, for, though Miss Langdon was waving an explanatory arm towards the open window, the gaze of the First Reader Class, bright with appreciation and amusement, was fixed on its now distracted teacher.

"You can see this beautiful green joy sometimes when you are in the street," Miss Langdon ambled on; "but you see it best when you are here."

Three hands shot up into the quiet air.

"And I don't think the children in the other rooms see it as well as you do."

"No ma'an," cried a delighted chorus, and eight more hands were raised. Prompting was reckless now and hands sprang up in all directions.

"No, I don't think they do," Miss Langdon agreed. "I think perhaps that Heaven meant it just for you. Just for the good little boys and girls in this room."

The enthusiasm grew wild and general. Miss Langdon turned a glance of triumph upon Miss Bailey, and was somewhat surprised by the very scarlet confusion which she saw.

"It's all in the method," she said with pride, and, to the class: "Now, can you tell me the name of this beautiful green thing which makes us all so happy?"

And the answer was a great, glad cry of: "Teacher's jumper!"

"What?"

"Teacher's jumper!" shouted the children as before, and Eva Gonorowsky, who had been the first to guess the jocular lady's meaning, put it more plainly.

"Missis Bailey's got a green waist. Green is all the style this year."

Miss Langdon sat down suddenly; stared; gasped; and then, as she was a clever woman, laughed.

"Miss Bailey," she said, "you have a problem here. I wish you all success, but the apperceiving basis is, as you say, very limited."

To the solving of this problem Teacher bent all her energies. Through diligent research she learned that the reading aloud of standard poems has been known to do wonders of mental and moral uplifting. But standard poems are not commonly adapted to minds six years old and of foreign extraction, so that Miss Bailey, though she explained, paraphrased, and commented, hardly flattered herself that the result was satisfactory. In courteous though puzzled silence the First Reader Class listened to enough of the poetry of the ages to have lifted them as high as Heaven. Wordsworth, Longfellow, Browning, any one who had seen and written of the beauty of bird or growing thing, was pressed into service. And then one day Miss Bailey brought her Shelley down and read his "Ode to the Skylark."

"Now, don't you think that's a pretty thing?" she asked. "Did you hear how the lark went singing, bright and clear, up and up and up into the blue sky?"

The children were carefully attentive, as ever, but not responsive. Morris Mogilewsky felt that he had alone understood the nature of this story. It was meant to amuse; therefore it was polite that one should be amused.

"Teacher fools," he chuckled. "Larks ain't singin' in skies."

"How do you know?" asked Miss Bailey.

"'Cause we got a lark by our house. It's a from tin lark mit a cover."

"A tin lark! With a cover!" Miss Bailey exclaimed. "Are you sure, dear, that you know what you are talking about?"



"Teacher, yiss Ma'an, I know," Morris began deliberately. "My papa, he has a lark. It's from tin lark mit a cover. Und its got a handle too. Und my papa he takes it all times on the store for buy a lark of beer."

"Lager beer! Oh, shade of Shelley!" groaned Miss Bailey's spirit, but aloud she only said: "No, my dear, I wasn't reading about lager beer. A lark is a little bird."

"Well," Morris began with renewed confidence. "I know what is a bird. My auntie she had one from long. She says like that, she would give it to me, but my mamma she says, 'No, birds is foolishness.' But I know what is a bird. He scups on a stick in a cage."

"So he does," agreed Miss Bailey, rightly inferring from Morris's expressive pantomime that to "scup" was to swing. "But sometimes he flies up into the sky in the country, as I was reading to you. Were you ever in the country?"

"What country?" asked Morris. "Russia? I comes out of Russia."

"No, not Russia. Not any particular country. Just the open country where the flowers grow."

"No ma'an, I ain't seen it," said the child gently. "But I was once to Tompkins Square. On'y it was winter und snow lays on it. I ain't seen no flowers."

"And do none of you know anything about the country?" asked Teacher sadly.

"Oh, yiss ma'an, I know," said Eva Gonoroswky. "The country is the Fresh Air Fund."

"Then you've been there," cried Miss Bailey. "Tell us about it, Eva."

"No ma'an, I ain't seen it," said Eva proudly. "I'm healthy. But a girl on my block she had a sickness und so she goes. She tells me all times how is the country. It's got grass stickin' right up *out* of it. Grass und flowers! No ma'an, I ain't never seen it: I don't know where is it even, but oh! it could be awful pretty!"

"Yes, honey, it is," said Teacher. "Very, very pretty. When I was a little girl I lived in the country."

"All day?" asked Morris.

"Yes, all day."

"Und all night?"

"Yes, dear."

"Oh, poor Miss Bailey," crooned Eva. "It could to be a awful sickness what you had."

"No, I was very well. I lived in the country because my father had a house there, and I played all day in the garden."

"Weren't you scared of the lions?" asked Patrick in incredulous admiration.

"We had no lions," Miss Bailey explained apologetically. "But we had rabbits and guinea pigs and a horse and a cow and chickens and ducks and—and—"

"Und eleflints," Morris suggested hopefully.

"No, we had no elephants," Teacher was forced to admit. "But we had a turtle and a monkey."

"Did your papa have a organ?" asked Sadie Gonorowsky. "Organs mit monkeys is stylish for mans."



## 13th Century Summer Song.

Summer-hued  
 Is the wood,  
 Heath and field debonair;  
 Now is seen  
 White, brown, green,  
 Blue, red, yellow, everywhere.  
 Everything  
 You see spring  
 Joyously, in full delight.



## How the K's Strayed in.

Flannery—"It seems his full name is 'Dinnis K. K. K. Casey.'  
 What's all thim K's fur?"

Finnegan—"Nothin'. 'Twas the fault of his godfather stutlerin'  
 whin he tried to say 'Dinnis Casey.'"



A young woman employed as an advertising agent for a large dry  
 goods house in New York closed her letter to her sweetheart by saying:  
 "Come early and avoid the rush."



"I want to get copies of your paper for a week back," said the old  
 gentleman. "Don't you think you'd better use a porous plaster?" said  
 the new clerk in the office of the Farmer.



The common heroisms of life are anyhow the real heroisms, the im-  
 pressive heroisms; not the military kind, not the political kind: just the  
 ordinary world kind, the bits of brave conduct happening about us: things  
 that don't get into the papers; things that the preachers don't thank God  
 for in their pulpits—the real things, nevertheless—the only things that  
 eventuate in a good harvest. —Whitman.



New actions are the only apologies and explanations of old ones  
 which the noble can bear to offer or to receive. —Emerson.

## Adirondack Bird Notes.

BY A. R. FULLER.

## I.

**I**F WE were to designate any one bird to be called an Adirondack bird a majority of the residents and visitors without doubt would say the Hermit Thrush, but a majority would describe the song of the White Throat Sparrow, supposing they had been listening to the Thrush. There has always been much confusion as to the identity of the most charming singer, the Melba of the birds—and it cost me many hours of watching and waiting before I was entirely satisfied, but at last I found my singer under circumstances where there could be no mistake, and many times have I had to credit my demure little brown sparrow as being the sweetest songster of the woods, much to the annoyance of my friends who wished to credit the song to the Thrush.

The song of the Thrush is entirely different and as a wood-note most charming. He has a pretty woods-name given him by Alfred B. Stead, who spoke of him in one of his early books as the Saranac Nightingale, and I think he was listening to the Sparrow, as he speaks of him singing all night. The Thrush is a very quiet bird in all of its movements, and the song comes floating out to you from the deep woods and one is very fortunate if he sees the bird, "very rarely is he seen when singing. The little sparrow is very sociable, and is always ready with his song." If one can whistle or tries to imitate the song I often think the bird wishes to say, "Stop! let me show you how to sing," and he will give you his song seemingly with real pleasure, as if he wanted to add to your pleasure.

There is just as much difference in the voices or tones of voice as there is among the human voices. I think this can be noticed in all of the birds, both wild and cage birds. John Burroughs in his "Birds and Poets" gives the song of the Hermit Thrush in words: "O! Holy, Holy, O! Sphereal, Sphereal" and when listening to the birds—both Thrush and Sparrow—one can imagine them trying to repeat these words in song. In Canada, they will tell you the Sparrow is singing "Sweet, Sweet Canada, Canada." In Maine he says—"Sow wheat," In Massachusetts he says "Peabody, Peabody, Peabody," and seems to be a favorite everywhere. Once in going up Mt. Lowe in California with a party of tourists, all

strangers to me, many birds were seen and talked about. I turned my back to the party and whistled, and heard an exclamation: "There is the Peabody bird!" and I knew the lady was from Massachusetts.

I was once asked, "How many birds nested in the Adirondacks?" I had never thought of numbers, but answered, "Fifty different kinds," and was told that I must be mistaken, but the party remained with me three days and saw forty-three different birds. I have since noticed over one hundred, and many others that nest farther north visit us both spring and fall. Most of the fly catchers nest in Northern New York. Very few of the ducks nest here, in fact, none but the wood ducks and sheldrakes, and both varieties nest in great numbers farther north.

To the lover of the woods all bird-kind must be seen or half the pleasure is taken away. A camera or a good field glass is now more necessary than a gun to get the most thorough enjoyment from one's vacation.



What we like determines what we are, and is the sign of what we are.  
—*Ruskin.*



Have a heart that never hardens, and a temper that never tires, and a touch that never hurts.  
—*Dickens.*



No one is living aright unless he so lives that whoever meets him goes away more confident and joyous for the contact.  
—*Watchman.*



The whole secret of remaining young in spite of years, is to cherish enthusiasm in one's self, by poetry, by contemplation, by charity—that is, by the maintenance of harmony in the soul.  
—*Amiel.*



Life, misfortune, isolation, poverty are the fields of battle which have their heroes—obscure heroes, who are sometimes grander than those who win renown.  
—*Victor Hugo.*



There is no bitterness in poverty, where met, looked at, even laughed at, for it binds all the family together hand in hand, teaches endurance, self-dependence and best of all lessons, self-renunciation.

—*D. M. Mulock.*

## In the Adirondacks with Rod and Rifle.



WE were four—General Criss, Fred Bal-ler, a stock-broker, Bulger, a Danish chemist, and myself. We met at the New York Central Depot at 6:30 p. m., and, taking train, we were to be at Port Kent, upon Lake Champlain, next morning. From this point we were to ride fifty miles and plunge into the wilderness at Martin's, upon the Lower Saranac. Bulger was the hunter, and he carried his new repeating rifle with a military air. Fred B. was the Walton of the party, loaded with rods and landing-nets, and learned in flies and leaders and subtle ways to lure the fish.

General Criss and I were to be instructed in woodcraft. We bundle into our seats, the gong sounds, and we are moving up the Hudson in the twilight. At the Highlands our game of whist is interrupted by a most sublime thunder-storm. The clouds, big, black, and swiftly tumbling in mid-air, seemed, as they rushed down the river, to crush the everlasting hills; but, passing, they left but a pale moon and a breeze rich with fragrance of new-mown hay and wild flowers.

Five a. m.—We awake to find the train two hours late; but we are compensated by the noble view of Lake Champlain, along the shore of which the train is swiftly winding. We sat upon the back platform and silently drank in the cool, beautiful landscape. It was to us a period of intense delight. To all it was calm and rest after toil, and never did men enjoy it more.

We reached at last Port Kent, where the misty further shore of the lake seems like a cloud-bank miles away. It is a lovely spot, but scarce had we time to look around us when we were crowded into a primitive stage and rolled away to Keeseville, five miles beyond. We passed Ausable Chasm, but so intent were we on going forward at once that we refused to stop and view closely this wonderful gorge. We took, however, a flying view from a bridge above the chasm, and wonderfully beautiful must the scene appear from below. At Keeseville we are served with

a good breakfast, and then off again. The road winds along the Saranac River, now, alas! a mere stream compared to what it once was.

At Mountain Fall we dine, and in a pelting rain we onward drive, winding deeper and deeper into the mountains. The country as we advance becomes more picturesque, but we all look with disgust at the frequent barren hillsides, either covered with blackened stumps or else so denuded of timber that the dry brush made poor compensation for the loss of these primitive forests. Talk as some writers may, the loss of forest must tell in time; and as I looked at the brawling river beside me, whose



broad bed was dry on each side for twenty feet, I felt that the loss of trees was the sole cause of the withering of this stream.

We smoke, we chat, we sing, we try to make the time pass easily; but driving in a narrow, ill-swung vehicle in a furious rain for forty miles is no pleasure. As we drew up at Miller's the clouds were dissipated for a moment's sun, and we descended from our perches pretty stiff, but hungry as hawks and ready for any sport. Miller's is finely situated upon the Lower Saranac, and is a lovely place to idle away a few weeks. The genial proprietor met us on the broad piazza, and after a hearty supper of trout and venison, the first we had eaten, we met our guides, who were awaiting our arrival.



Simple, kindly men are the guides, always ready to oblige, never surly, and as keen for the sport which you enjoy as if they themselves shot or threw the fly. Stores are collected, guns are handled, fly-rods looked over, and after these important affairs are settled we go to an early bed.

A cold, gray morning. Four picturesque looking travelers are standing in group upon the boat-house steps while the guides pack the boats. Rough we look: old hats and coats have been resurrected, and our boots come above the knee and are most fearfully oiled. Four whimpering hounds are secured to the boat-house and when loosed make a rush for the boats. We are in—we are off—and abreast we head up the lovely lake. There is a feeling of rest and happiness in being swiftly pulled through the Adirondack waters which I have felt in no other place. It may be the high altitude of these lakes or the peculiar buoyant feeling of the boat in which you ride, and which so readily yields to every motion of your body: the cause I cannot explain, but the sensation is delightful and never tiresome. It is a morning of alternate showers and sunshine, and this gives us an opportunity of viewing the changing landscape in all its varied beauties. The forests sweep away from these rocky shores until lost in the distance. To me the hush of the noble woods was more majestic than the lonely murmur of the ocean upon a barren sand-hill. The variety of nature in a forest is infinite, and the different shades of green to my wearied eyes seemed like a glimpse of paradise. In the distance dim, high mountains, ever changing from deep black to light green as the clouds obscured the sun; beside me the rolling waters, over which the light boat floats like a sea-bird. We pass through a brawling rapid, and after winding through a narrow river, fringed with alder-bushes and lined by lofty hemlocks and pine-trees, we reach a broad sheet of water called Round Lake. Here the wind has rolled the lake into great billows, and a driving rain prevents us from seeing shore; but on we toil, and when we had reached the upper waters the sun burst forth again. We fall in line, and in a moment the boats strike the beach.

The first portage, or carry, is about a half-mile in length, and while we walk along the river bank our boats are carried over upon a huge wagon. On we go again across another lake, and at a primitive lakeside inn we are served with a good dinner. And although a misty rain is falling, we can enjoy the distant view of mountain and forest that stretches

away from our very feet. An hour's row has brought us to another three-mile carry; and after a muddy walk, at which even the general complains, old campaigner that he is, we come to the Racquette River.

Beside a little rapid our camp is made, and soon the woods, the silent woods, resound to the axeman's blows. The day is almost spent, and as the shadows deepen Frank, my guide, rows me out on to the silent pond. Where a small brook runs into the lake, by a quick stroke of his paddle the boat is held, and from my rod is flung the artificial lure. The flies gently strike the water and are pulled towards us with a trembling hand, leaving a long wake behind. A splash ahead! A trout has jumped, and



the boat, like a thing of life, moves slowly forward. I cast across the bubble on the water and draw it in. A tug—I strike—and away glides my line.

"Play him gently," said Frank, who has skilfully kept the boat away from the lily-pads. Soon the fish, slowly reeled to air, rises gasping to the surface, when, with a sure sweep of the landing-net, he is secured. How brilliant his coat, how firm his flesh, his bold eyes how staring! We take five more, when, night coming on, the trout refuse to rise. Home to camp. The general comes down to see my catch. Fred B. calls from the

bank to Bulger, who is walking around the camp, proud in the possession of his new gun. Suddenly, while we are laughing, comes the sharp, sudden bark of a deer from across the pond. Listening, we hear it again, once, twice, thrice, and it is lost in the distance. "He was coming to feed," said Ernest, Bulger's guide, "but the noise scared him." This sound of wild animal life electrifies me. I go down in the darkness to a point running out into the lake, and look out upon the black waters. The stars twinkle over me, and the great trees lift themselves aloft until they seem to reach out of sight; behind me the camp with its glare of burning logs shining through the spectral trees. Bulger is going out to shoot a deer, and the boat with its headlight, under which he sits, gun in hand, is balanced in the stern by the guide who paddles him. The canoe moves out until nothing but the great eye of the jack-light comes to the view. It turns, and all is dark again. We sit and smoke and pile on more logs; loath are we to leave the enchantment of the fire. The general tells tales of army life and "fights his battles o'er again." Finally we all retire. The tent-flap is closed. I see the fire-light flare up and sink. Shadows come and go, and then I sleep.

Morning, six a. m.—Bulger has returned with a yearling deer. He tells us wondrous tales, but we see but one small deer—a poor thing with not much meat upon its little body.

Tonight I am to seek a deer, and my guide is busy arranging his jack-light.

I am a novice in hunting, and so take a shot-gun. It is ten o'clock and raining a soft, misty spray. The wind is blowing in the tall pine-tops. I cannot see the lake from the camp-fire but, guided by Frank, I reach the boat. The boys wish me luck, and we are off. Darkness, stillness, and rapid motion. Not a sound from the guide. I cannot hear the paddle-stroke. The falling rain ahead seems like snow. The weird sense of unreality about it all is almost painful. I long to cry out. We are in a little lake and carefully skirt the shore. The reeds about us are as of silver, and outside of the light thrown by the lantern is a darkness such as I never knew before. A splash in front makes me start, so that the light boat rocks. A dark head swims away in the track of light. "What's the matter?" whispers Frank—"only a rat; sit still!" I obey, but that rat made me quiver. "I hear a deer," again whispers the voice. The boat stops. I listen, and faintly in the distance I hear, or think I hear, a splashing. I tremble as if in a chill. The boat flies through the water. It halts,

turns, and the broad light revolves, but though the lily-pads are bruised and the reeds are broken, we see no deer. He may be watching now from the bank; but useless it would be to remain, and without a sound the boat moves on.

A slow, trembling, rocking movement has the boat: it fairly quivers under the paddle. We have left the lake and are bearing down the river amid the many voices of the night, the waving trees calling from the high banks and the rustling reeds answering from the river. Sometimes a winged shadow falls across the streaming light, like the wild bird with



human soul that Renan says he will be, seeking the church-door and finding it not. The rain is now falling heavier, yet still it is not much worse than mist. The river bends and we come to a broad, shallow bay.

"A deer! deer!" whispers the guide. I feel my heart beating like a trip-hammer, yet my head is cool and I know that my hands will obey my will. I strain my sight, and surely ahead a gray mass is moving through the water. It springs forward, then turns, rushing quickly, and moves noiselessly yet rapidly for the shore. I cover my quarry steadily; the boat is held fast; I pull the trigger—a flash, a report, and something is strug-

gling in the water, but only for a moment, for as we reach the deer he is dead. The wild stag will speed no more, and in spite of my triumph I can feel a sorrow for the death of this noble deer. We lift him in the boat and then to camp. No longer expectant, I sit dreamily in bow and listen to wind rushing down the river; for the rain has ceased falling, and the wind has risen and is roaring through the black trees. A dull gleam breaks out of the darkness as we cross the lake. The camp is hushed, yet back of the fire the gleaming eyes of the awakened dogs gleam out at us. Not a whimper escapes them as we drag the dead deer past them into the forest. I pile more wood upon the fire, and then to a dreamless sleep. So pass the days. Now a float is built and we plunge into the lake, and again we take long rows upon the beautiful river. At night we sit around the camp-fire and hear the guides tell of deer and wolves and panthers.

There is whispered among the guides a rumor of a magic lake in woods where the trout grow to a monstrous size. Fred B. is fired with enthusiasm, and he and I are to seek it. So in the early gray of the morning we set out. The lake is only five miles away, but the difficulties of that trip make me ache still on thinking of them. This is the picture we present: Frank, a guide, leading, carries a canoe upon his shoulders; I follow with shot-gun, landing-nets, and rods. Fred B. has an axe and fly-rod; Robbins, his guide, with an eighty-pound pack on his back and rifle in hand. I think, as we tear through the brush, of Strain's march across the Isthmus of Panama, and can imagine how men can be lost in trackless woods until they sink from exhaustion and die. A five-mile trip that takes almost an entire day. What pulling and hauling! What hills we climb, what swamps to wade! We cross two lakes and have to cut down many trees that prevent the boat from passing. Poor Fred is tired, and I, who am accustomed to walking, feel like resting. We are nearing the famous lake, when suddenly the first guide stops, holds up his hand, and whispers, "Partridges." I rush forward, dropping rods and nets, and get a fine double shot at some quiet, tame birds who go too slowly to avoid their fate. At last the lake—a noble sheet, and the scenery, of course, very wild. As we cross the water to the spot selected for our camp some wild ducks fly across the boat. One in particular circles with painful anxiety around the canoe until her little brood are beyond our reach, when she quickly joins them, and then the cries of delight are laughable. The camp is made beside a cool brook, the ground being almost clear of brush, and with huge old trees rising grandly about us.



Here, while the guides were busy building a shelter, Fred B. and I sat and smoked, and watched the gleaming waters of the silent lake not twenty feet away. The stillness was delightful; not even a bird sang in the woods. Surely I can imagine now the stillness of African forests.

The great blackness of the lake are things to be remembered and treasured forever. Too soon had the days sped by, when, early one morning, Fred Baller and Bulger stood upon the bank and watched the



general and myself pass from their view. Thus did the trip end, but the memory is still recalled. To those who love nature the Adirondacks seem delightful; but let no one go who cannot endure fatigue, for the toil and rough life would suit but poorly the delicate or weak. The cost of this trip is another consideration, not to mention the long journey before you reach a suitable camp. However, I was satisfied, and I even think, with a few weeks and a good guide, I would venture into the wilderness alone and there seek a summer's rest.

## The Sing-away Bird.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

O say, have you heard of the sing-away bird,  
 That sings where the Runaway River  
 Runs down with its rills from the bald-headed hills  
 That stand in the sunshine and shiver?  
 "O sing! sing-away! sing-away!"  
 How the pines and the birches are stirred  
 By the trill of the sing-away bird!  
 And the bald-headed hills, with their rocks and their rills,  
 To the tune of his rapture are ringing,  
 And their faces grow young, all their gray mists among,  
 While the forests break forth into singing,  
 "O sing! sing-away! sing-away!"  
 And the river runs singing along;  
 And the flying winds catch up the song.  
 It was nothing but—hush! a "wild white-throated thrush."  
 That emptied his musical quiver  
 With a charm and a spell over valley and dell  
 On the banks of the Runaway River.  
 "O sing! sing-away! sing-away!"  
 Yet the song of the wild singer had  
 The sound of a soul that is glad.  
 And, beneath the glad sun, may a glad-hearted one  
 Set the world to the tune of his gladness.  
 The rivers shall sing it, the breezes shall wing it,  
 Till life shall forget its long sadness.  
 "O sing! sing-away! sing-away!"  
 Sing, spirit, who knowest joy's Giver—  
 Sing on, by time's Runaway River!



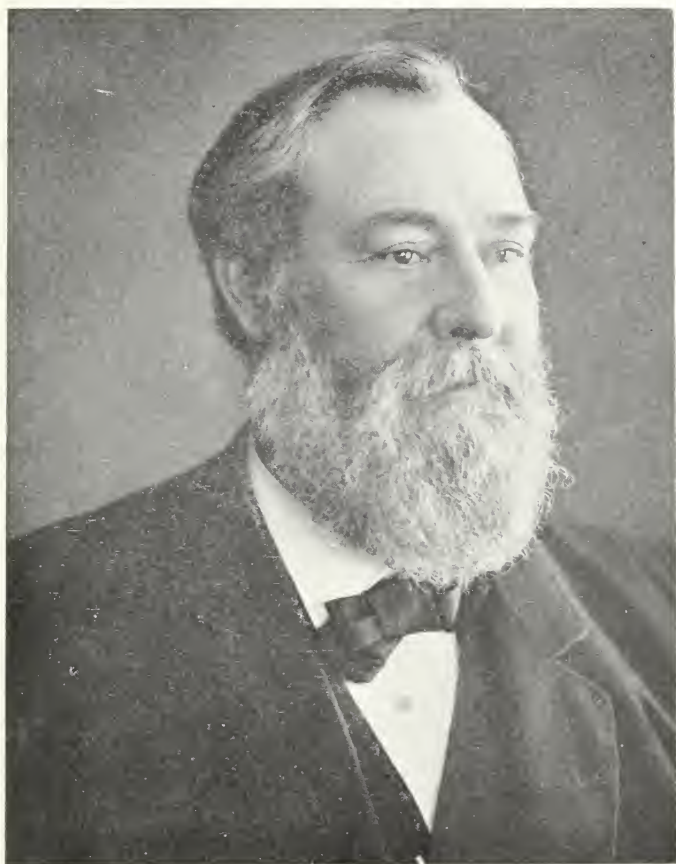
It is while you are patiently toiling at the little tasks of life that the meaning and shape of the great whole of life dawns upon you. It is while you are resisting little temptations that you are growing stronger.

—F. B. Meyer.

## An Adirondack Pioneer.

"**I** LOVE all fishermen, they are such kind, honest, gentle folk," was the expression of Izaak Walton two centuries ago.

James M. Wardner was born in Chesterfield, Essex County, August 15, 1831. In his early days he worked on a farm and when quite young taught school. After a time he went to Ohio, where he engaged in business with his brother, but on account of ill health returned



James M. Wardner.

to the East, and while on a fishing trip with a party at Osgood Pond he selected the site where Rainbow Inn now stands for a future home. The next year, in March, 1855, he bought fifty acres of land at the head of this lake, where the axe of man had not been heard in the woods, and snow was to the depth of five feet on the ground. Here he cleared away the snow and erected a shanty a little to the north of the present site of the Inn.

In this shanty he lived with his brother, doing their own cooking and depending largely on the woods and waters for their food. In the spring they cleared the land and commenced to farm in a small way. In 1858 he married and brought his bride to this cabin and that year started to build a house, little expecting it to be a hotel. Sportsmen coming to this vicinity became acquainted with this lover of nature and induced him to board them and in this way started what is now Rainbow Inn. He then commenced to add to his house for the accommodation of his guests, and soon had one of the best known, as well as the best equipped, hotels in the mountains. In 1873 this hotel burned, but was immediately rebuilt on a larger scale. His wife died before this, and in 1871 he married again to Addie McComber.

Many were the improvements that he made at Rainbow Lake, from damming its waters to bring the lake close to his hotel. This he did in 1878 at a great expense to himself, besides hard labor. When the first logs were laid the horses and men were obliged to swim the outlet. He then systematically stocked the lake with trout until this lake became one of the best fishing grounds in the Adirondacks. This also was an expense to him, as he had to buy the eggs from the hatchery and take care of them until they were able to be put into the lake. After this he made a cut through into Clear Pond, whose waters were considerably higher than Rainbow Lake, so making it accessible without a "carry."

"Mr. Wardner was one of the most simple and kindly of men, a natural student who delighted in his forest surroundings, to whom every fern and leaf and bird was a friend." He knew the habits of the birds and fishes as few men did, and up to within a few months of his death could be seen fishing from the dock of what was once his most cherished possession. He was very hospitable and many were the social gatherings at his home.

Mr. Wardner was a firm Republican and for several years was school commissioner of Franklin County. He was a resident of Rainbow Lake for fifty-six years and died at the age of seventy-three. During the last part of his life, through misfortune the hotel passed from his hands, but the memory of the old times will not be obliterated from the minds of many who spent happy days under his roof.



"Never lose your head," said the barrel. —*Tid-Bits.*



Every past deed becomes a master to us: we put ourselves in the power of every act. —*Phillips Brooks.*



Introspection, self-consciousness and egotism are all synonyms for wasted energy. Every atom of force deflected toward self becomes friction. —*S. S. Times.*



It's only a mighty big man that doesn't care whether the people whom he meets believes that he is big: but the smaller the fellow is the bigger he wants to appear. —*Lawmer.*



The stronger our faith, the greater will be our happiness and safety, so that we can cheerfully do and suffer what God imposes upon us, and this because we know that He is merciful and full of love toward us. —*Selected.*



Every day in this world has its work, and every day as it rises out of eternity, keeps putting to each of us the question afresh, "What will you do before to-day has sunk into eternity and nothingness again?" —*Robertson.*



The world is full of just-going-to-be subjunctive heroes, who might, could, would, or should be this or that but for obstacles and discouragements—prospectuses which never become published works. —*O. S. Marden.*



## The Forest.

BY STEWART EDWARD WHYTE

**H**OW often have I ruminated in the long marches the problem of the Forest. Subtle she is, and mysterious, and gifted with a charm that lures. Vast she is, and dreadful, so that man bows before her fiercer moods, a little thing. Gentle she is and kindly, so that she denies nothing, whether of the material or spiritual, to those of her chosen who will seek. August she is, and yet of a homely, sprightly gentleness. Variable she is in her many moods. Night, day, sun, cloud, rain, snow, wind, lend to her their best of warmth and cold, of comfort and awe, of peace and of many shoutings, and she accepts them, but yet remains greater and more



enduring than they. In her is all the sweetness of little things. Murmurs of water and of breeze, faint odors, wandering streams of tepid air, stray bird-songs in fragment as when a door is opened and closed, the softness of moss, the coolness of shade, the glimpse of occult affairs in the woods-life, accompany her as Titania her court. How to express these things, how to fix on paper in a record, as one would describe the Capitol at Washington, what the Forest is—this is what I have asked myself often, and that is what I have never yet found out.

This is the wisdom reflection has taught. One cannot imprison the ocean in a vial of sea-water; one cannot imprison the Forest inside the covers of a book.

Often on the street we have had opened to us by the merest sketches of incident limitless vistas of memory. A momentary pose of the head of a passer-by, a chance word, the breath of a faint perfume—these bring back to us the entirety of forgotten scenes. I cannot hope to give you the Forest. But perhaps a word or a sentence, an incident, an impression, may quicken your imagination, so that through no conscious direction of my own the wonder of the Forest may fill you, as the mere sight of a conch-shell will sometimes fill you with the wonder of the sea.



## The Planter of a Tree.

Fame's laurel crowned him not; alone  
 He lived and toiled through a long life;  
 Far from the world's harsh din and strife,  
 He passed his days and died unknown.  
 No soldier—statesman great—was he;  
 No poet singing songs divine,  
 Nor artist in Fame's serried line,—  
 He was the planter of a tree!  
 A tree whose wide, green branches made  
 A shelter for the song-bird's nest;  
 A place where travellers might rest,  
 And children play beneath its shade.  
 To plant a tree is deed sublime;\*  
 Though dynasties and kingdoms fall,  
 The weeds grow in the palace hall,  
 It lives—a blessing for all time.

\*We have just planted thirteen hundred trees at Sanatorium Gabriels.



Honesty! why that's jes' simply doin' th' squar' thing ev'ry single time, whether th' other feller sees you or not. —George Crouse.

## An Adirondack Trouting.

BY HARRY V. RADFORD.

**A** JUNE morning in the Adirondacks: a gurgling, splashing mountain rivulet in the cool shade of the deep green forest; my favored little split-bamboo, with its appendages of brilliant fly-hook and oiled-silk line and shining, clicking reel; a willow trout-creel hanging at my side; a small collation in my pocket—and I am happy.

I have three trout already, though I did but first cast my fly a dozen minutes ago. They are not very large, but they are very beautiful in shape and coloring.



There is a splendid pool just below—I shall try it. There! I have cast the gaudy, feather-tipped hook with my best skill—and I have a hard strike. This is a large fish, and we battle together for twenty minutes. Finally, I am the master. The trout, exhausted by its many struggles, allows itself to be drawn slowly up to and through the hoop of my landing-net—and it is my prize. This trout will weigh fully three pounds, and I am delighted with my success.

Five rods farther I get another splendid rise; but my hook has been over-taxed—it fails me, and the trout is lost. But I catch two in the next swift water, and another just beyond. One is a little fellow, five or six inches in length, and I cast him back into his native element, and am amused to see him flounder for a moment, and then swim swiftly away for his life.

Slowly I move down the river for an hour or two, casting my tempting hook into every likely eddy, and alongside of many moss-covered logs and rocks, catching a dozen or more of the speckled beauties, but returning all but four into the water, because they are under size.

By this time, I see by the sun that it is high noon, and I select a shaded spot by the brookside—and seating myself, get out my little packet of lunch and spend a happy half-hour eating it, and thinking of what a lovely paradise I am in.

There has been a little red squirrel chirping above me for some time, and he has almost gotten up courage to descend and share my repast; but I have been dreamily watching the rippling water at my feet, and think-



ing how lovely it all is, and I have taken little notice of him. But now I look up and see him staring saucily at me, cocked up as he is, on a nearby limb; and involuntarily I commence speaking aloud to the little creature, and asking him if he does not think it a fine day and a fine place.

The squirrel, evidently, is not used to such familiarity, for he quickly bounds off among the more distant branches. It was a shame to startle the poor little thing; and I leave a few crumbs temptingly spread beneath the tree, which I know he will find when I have left.

There is a crystal spring near at hand, and lying at full length upon the ground, I drink of it, long and slowly.

I am refreshed now; and taking up my fishing tackle, I descend the two short miles which intervene between my late resting-place and the farmer's house.

On the way, I catch two more good-sized trout. I have twelve now—all beauties—and I will quit.

When the delicate little rod is carefully taken apart and placed in a cloth case which I have carried with me, I leave the stream, and crossing through a strip of dark hemlock timber, enter a convenient wood-road, which, by a gentle descent, leads right into my farmer-friend's cattle yard.

Soon the farmhouse is in sight, and in ten minutes I am lying at ease in a comfortable hammock on a little piazza, relating the day's experiences to a friend.

Of course, we have trout for supper, and everyone says they are delicious; but as I sit at the generous board in the little mountain farmhouse that evening, there is something far more delicious to me than the savory trout I have caught: it is the knowledge that I am again among the haunts I love so well—the glorious Adirondacks.



"He who boasts is he who needs to."



"Success needs no reasons; failures they cannot explain."



"If you want to know how to do anything, ask him who cannot do it himself."



"Promises when not fulfilled are apt to come home to roost and like other roosters to disturb our rest."



Many, many years ago salt was so hard to obtain, but so necessary to have, that Roman soldiers were paid part of their wages in salt. Now the Latin word for salt is sal, and from that word came the word salarium, meaning salt money. Finally, the soldiers were paid only in money, but the term salarium was still used. From this old Latin word comes our English word salary. Do you see, then, why we say of a worthless fellow that he "is not worth his salt?"



## The Forest Sanctuary.

Here is the forest solitude,  
 Where no harsh sound or step intrude,  
 Nor eye save Thine, O God, may see,  
 I lift my grateful heart to Thee.  
 No altar, frescoed ceiling fair,  
 Is here, nor sculpture, fine and rare;  
 Yet still I love this quiet dell,  
 It has for me a holy spell.  
 I bring to Thee a troubled heart,  
 Oh, Father, Thy sweet grace impart.  
 Teach my proud soul to do Thy will,  
 To love Thee and to trust Thee still.  
 Father, with yearnings deep Thy child  
 Would fain with Thee be reconciled;  
 Take me once more unto Thy breast,  
 That I may find there peace and rest.



## Slumberland.

The name selected for the car colony at Sanatorium Gabriels is Slumberland. May they have such dreams as bring smiles to the face, and fill the busier hours with happy recollections!



## At the Ebb-Tide.

BY JOHN B. TABB.

O marshes that remain  
 In anguish dumb,  
 Till over you again  
 The waters come,  
 So must my life abide  
 In silent pain,  
 Till Love—the truant tide—  
 Comes back again.

—From the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*.

## At the Old Home.

*"We may build more splendid habitations,  
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,  
But we cannot  
Buy with gold, the old associations."*

*Longfellow.*

Still as of old the blue bird sings  
Over the winding woodland walk—  
In yonder meadow blithely swings  
The bobolink with tipsy wings  
Upon the bended mullein-stalk.  
I see the old home through the leaves  
That twinkle in a maze of gold,  
And round its quaint old-fashioned eaves  
The woodbine still a mantle weaves  
The same as in the days of old.  
Here by the brookside path I strayed  
In sunny hours when days were long,  
And birds the same sweet music made,  
Though now from cloistered grove and glade,  
There seems to come a sadder song.  
The names we carved upon the tree  
Have disappeared this many a year;  
And where the old oak used to be,  
Only the vision comes to me  
Of faces that were then so dear.  
A bridge is built across the stream  
Where once we placed the stepping-stones;  
I hear the waters now that seem—  
Like a far-off music in a dream—  
To greet me in familiar tones.  
Up yonder lane the schoolhouse old  
Still stands amid surrounding farms,  
And as I now the place behold  
What dreams of youth each scene enfold  
As with the clasp of loving arms!  
The children play upon the green

Light-hearted as in days of yore,  
But other faces seem to lean  
With tender gaze upon the scene,  
Whose step will come again no more!  
And yonder is the churchyard keep,  
The close within those sacred fold  
Some now in solemn silence sleep,  
Above whose graves the pansies peep,  
And lilies lift their crowns of gold.  
And as the sunset's glory dies  
Above yon village spire aglow,  
I seem to hear with tearful eyes,  
A strain of music from the skies  
And voices of the long ago!



### The Bluebird's Song.

BY CORA A. WATSON DOLSON.

Sweet, oh, sweet, is the bluebird's note,  
And in it no hint of pain;  
Only a trill from a slender throat  
That the world is in love again.  
Never a moan for a mate that's gone,  
Or thought of a ravished nest;  
Only a joy that the year moves on,  
And that life lives at its best.

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# Forest Leaves







# FOREST LEAVES.

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

—  
Come with me into the wilderness and rest.  
—

AUTUMN, 1905.

—  
PUBLISHED BY THE  
SANATORIUM GABRIELS.  
GABRIELS, N. Y.

*FOREST LEAVES*  
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*New York.*

# FOREST LEAVES.

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VOL. II.

AUTUMN, 1905.

NO. 4.

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## Leaves and Burs.

What is it that the Forest Leaves  
Now rustles with a sudden stir?  
Unless the sound my ear deceives,  
It is the opening of a bur.

September! Then in close pursuit  
October, hued like nut-brown maid;  
November, bleak from twig to root;  
December, all in white arrayed.

So fall the burs from out the leaves;  
And if within the meat appears,  
No more the thankful spirit grieves;  
It is the harvest of the years!

# A Chapter in the Life of Daniel Gorman, M. D.

BY THE REV. J. HYPKIN BROWN.

Danny Gorman was not, altogether, an unusual boy. Like many others of his age and sex, he was changeable without fickleness; devout without a religious system; studious without schooling; apt without abstract methods of application; poetical without metrical balance. His school life had extended over parts of but two days; the one on which he matriculated and the day following, when he returned after school was out, through a window, for his one book and slate. This occurred when Danny was nine years old. Still, at that period of his life, he was neither ignorant nor illiterate for his years; he could read quite well. For this portion of his equipment he was indebted to his sister Polly, some years his senior, who had benefited much from a term of several years in the Sisters' School at Cupper's Lake. In addition to this he found other means of gaining knowledge from the lumbermen and river drivers who told him strange tales of other states and countries, from nearly all of which, during the years of his remembrance, men had drifted into the camp at Smith's "for a job."

From such sources, together with his own experience in the forest, Dan had acquired an almost perfect knowledge of camping, camp life, wood-craft and the kindred arts and sciences. Naturally then, his education, for a child of the woods, was of a profound sort; having grown from perfectly natural beginnings in his mental, as he had grown under perfectly natural conditions in his physical life. In hunting, fishing or trailing, he was, at the age of fifteen, the peer of any man in the camp; nor was there in all that region a professional guide better fitted with the useful, necessary qualifications of a woodsman to provide a camp with fish and venison than was Dan Gorman. His fame as a hunter and his ability as a scholar had early gained for him among those simple lumbermen the dignified title of "The old man." And in all but actual years it was not undeserved. "Dan," the cook, had often said to him on a Saturday morning, "we have nothing but salt pork; how about some other kind of meat for our Sunday dinner?" And before the cook would retire that selfsame night Danny would approach him with something like this:—"Cook, if you will send two of the men down the St. Legis about half a mile, near



the mouth of Goose Inlet, I think they will find something in the bush." The next day "Adirondack chops" would grace the camp table at Smith's.

These hardy pursuits, however, though taking much of his time, were not permitted to interfere with his regular readings and recitations with his sister-teacher. He was seldom unoccupied; spending little of his time with the men, save Ben and Steve, two boss sawyers; for their crude experiences, when framed by their exaggerated methods in story telling, were of little practical benefit to a boy in search of facts. Ben and Steve,



however, especially Ben, whose later years were almost entirely spent in Smith's camp and whose simple habits and manifest interest in the boy had won his affection, were an exception. With these he had not only held long conversations, but to Ben he imparted all his hopes and troubles and from him received about the only fatherly solicitude that had cheered his young life. These two could tell him about logging in Michigan, running the big drives in Wisconsin and snow-shoeing in Canada,—for they had labored over a wide field in their earlier days,—together with

much practical knowledge about camping and guiding in the Adirondacks. But when some difficult mathematical example or serious literary knot required a more practiced mind, Polly was his almost sole reliance. Having occupied the place of school teacher in his young life, which threw them much together, she also, in the absence of other maternal comforts, gradually assumed the responsibilities of his otherwise quite motherless experience; though Mrs. Gorman the second was still living. Yet in all that Dan had been able to comprehend of her, he failed to discover the real benefit to himself or others in her remaining alive. Not that he was lacking in the usual amount of respect for his mother, but merely as an abstract problem, the solution of which it must be acknowledged had annoyed him little, she remained a thing of mystery and a vexation forever.

Possibly, however, Mrs. Gorman was not entirely blameworthy. Her life had been a hard and comfortless one. She married Mr. Daniel Gorman, foreman for the Hunter Company at Smith's Camp, upon short acquaintance (of which fact she was occasionally reminded by Mr. G. in a manner emphatically interrogative) changing her name and surroundings but not her calling; merely passing from Boyd's Camp to Smith's, incidentally becoming the legal successor to Mrs. Gorman the first, assuming the affections of Mr. Gorman in the same spirit that characterized her assumption of the responsibilities and privileges of the kitchen in her new abode. Her advent was simple and matter-of-fact; marked by no outward exhibition or display whatever. She had come to Smith's as she would have gone elsewhere, with no change of heart or countenance and, apparently, with a fixed determination to succeed in nothing save the inspiration of the men at Smith's, to think much and say nothing. There was, according to her own statement, no other change to be expected in her life or conduct, for in her own words, "she was the same pore female creetur as had first married Jake Wedge." Those words contained the entire history of her life so far as she was pleased to make it public. She possessed, and frequently used, one other favorite expression. "The battle of Life!" Not a sham battle nor a mere figure of speech, but a real combat, in which the relict of the late Jake Wedge had been successfully engaged in four separate skirmishes, Mr. Gorman being the fifth.

Wherever she might have gone from Boyd's (the resting place of her last lord and master) or whoever, other than Mr. Gorman, had blessed himself with her person, there would have been no change for the blessed

one in her tactics, strategy or other mental impedimenta useful in matters martial—or marital. For Mrs. Gorman believed in herself, in her methods and in her mission to mankind, in spite of humble acknowledgments. In the presence of this lady every man stood at attention. Even Dan, so unusually favored and fearless in his liberty with others, was especially uneasy when near his maternal amazonian step-relative. He could not have told why, for she had never directly punished him with weapons other than the sword of her spirit and the darts of her flashing eyes. Once after the effect of one of those wordless exhibitions of her power for which she had acquired fame had subsided, Ben was pleased to remark to Dan that "that air woman's septer is an everlastin' septer" (a phrase which clung to him tenaciously as the sole remembrance of the one sermon that had blessed his religious inexperience of three score years) "swingin' right an' left like the separatin' boom in the pond. Ony," continued Ben, "insted of cuttin' out the hemlock from the pine, like which the preacher sed the sheep from the goats, in that sermond I once hearn, she don't see no difference, an' so the hull dum drive is goats,—or hemlock which I should say,—bein' 'bout the same thing any how." Hence Dan knew little of his mother and less of her society, regretting his ignorance, perhaps, no more than shall we.

Dan, however, in following the plan of his teacher, which consisted chiefly in reading so many pages in some good, instructive book each day, and by learning the definitions of all words unknown to him, whenever she found time to devote to that purpose, progressed remarkably. During the spring and summer, when the evening was bright, they spent many hours together, working out the sums of Robinson's Arithmetic, correcting their pronunciation and defining the sense of words according to Webster's Dictionary.

Webster's Dictionary! Dear, how they loved that book! How many times had Polly prayed that a kind Providence would send them one. How often had she told Ben, the old sawyer, what she could accomplish for Dan if she only had a "Webster's"; for Ben alone of all the camp appeared to interest himself in their struggles to learn. How often had she felt the need of that great treasury of fact and information, but Providence was slow, she thought, or heedless. But one day the carrier, who every week went out to "Cupper's" to bring in the camp supplies, upon returning gave her a large, heavy express package addressed to "Polly and Danny Gorman, Smith's Camp, Cupper's Lake, N. Y." "To

share and share alike" was written plainly on the lower left corner of the package. "What in all the world can that be?" thought Polly. "Polly and Danny Gorman! Share and share alike!" *Could* there be any mistake? *Was* it meant for them? Yes, it certainly was for them. There was no other "Smith's Camp" thereabouts, and then, too, there surely could not be another Polly and Danny Gorman so near to "Cupper's", from whence, evidently, it had been sent. Never before had she received an express package! Never before had she been so excited! "Danny! Danny! Danny! Oh, Danny, come quick! Come, here's a big package! An express package! Oh, Danny, come, I can't wait to open it! Why *don't* you hurry when you see how awful anxious I am to see what's in it? Here, cut the string! *Cut* it! Here, let me take your knife!" And she fell to the task of severing the ties that bound the package as if her body were starving and this was food and strength and life! Soon the cords were loosened, the heavy paper unwrapped and then!—but whatever it was, it had disappeared from Polly's sight, washed away in a great flood of joyful tears. "Well, I'll be gummed with spruce and picked to death with pine needles if that letterin' don't spell W-E-B-S-T-E-R 'S D I C T I O N A R Y" murmured a voice just audible to the joyfully weeping girl; a voice she instantly recognized as Ben's. Now Ben, hearing her excitedly calling her brother, thought that, whatever it might be, if it could disturb the nervous equilibrium of one usually so placid and matter of fact as Polly ought to be worth seeing. For Polly, with all her "larnin'," was not like the girls who came to the Lower St. Legis during the summer, easily frightened or distressed over matters deviating in the least from the ordinary run of events.

"Is it, Ben? Really? Is it a dictionary, a Webster's? Oh, Danny! How good God is to send it when we need it so much." And again the tears came and washed away all sorrow from her heart and eyes. And Danny, too, was happy. Happy beyond his command of words to state. And Ben: was Ben happy? Did Ben enter into the joy of these children? The almost hysterical ecstasy of the girl and the calmer, but equally deep, rapture of the boy? Did you, Ben? But Ben had vanished and only God and he knew how much happiness was his: how much better it was to give than to receive.

"Say, Polly, but isn't it fine? See! Leather covers: letters all down the front, chopped into the leaves like. Say, Polly, what is it for—them



letters?" "Those letters, Dan, you mean. That is the index; when you want to find the word Dictionary, for example, open to the letter D, holding your thumb there, so, and there you have the letter D, and here, by turning these pages, so, you have, in the words at the upper corner of each page, a guide to the columns below. See? And there's Dibs;



no, not that column but this one, Dic, and there (running her finger down the page) is Dictionary. A book containing the words of a language, arranged alphabetically with explanations of their meanings; a lexicon; a vocabulary; a word-book. "



That is how they came to have a dictionary; that is the manner in which it came to them; and that is what Ben did. Just as they were going to ask him if *he* had any idea of how or by whom it had been sent, he went out of the house and into the woods, and there, sitting on a log, wondered if either one suspected why it was that he, a boss sawyer, was not in the mill on his log carriage working as all the other men were working, instead of "takin' a holiday off." In his own excitement he forgot to excuse his presence at the boarding shanty by stating the usual lumberman's lie, "that he was sick like and took a half day off to sorter line up his gearin' a bit."

Yes, that is what Ben did. And that is the way he wondered at it all; and pondered it over and over again and enjoyed it; yes, gloated over his secret as only an old man who had lived his life in the woods, working honestly, living soberly, and growing as old as a child should always grow old, by keeping his heart young, can. Ben in his secret joy was, by far, the happiest of the three—happy as they all were—and in his child-like seclusion of his great secret, was become again a boy at sixty and lived again the boy of sixteen.

But Dan and Polly, what of them? Polly escaped to her room and cried and laughed and laughed and cried, silently, of course, but then, it was the more real because of the still silence of her joy. Polly loved Dan. Danny, as she usually called him when small, but Dan was getting to be quite a youth; and this was such a boon in her efforts to aid him whom she loved. He would not (no inducement had availed) go to school. He said he could learn more at home, for the teacher (and he had stated it so often) who taught at the settlement a mile below Smith's Camp, was a fool. His parents, caring little for his estimate of the teacher or whether he attended school or not, permitted him to stay at the Camp and pursue his course as he listed. Possibly he was right. Certain it was that his progress, the natural result of feeding mental hunger, was phenomenal. So steadfast was his application during study hours, and so persistently and successfully did he devote himself to his books, that Polly soon found him her equal in nearly all that she herself had studied in the Sisters' School at Cupper's.

At this time had some practically wise educator discovered this boy and girl, so strong and healthy in their half-civilized but wholly natural life, he would have understood, as the world understands now, that the

natural result of deer chasing, stream whipping, fly casting, tree climbing, rock scaling, log driving, bean eating, mountain-spring-water-drinking—all that belongs to a life like theirs—is the combination that proclaims in



time what manner of men and women boys and girls like Dan and Polly are bound to make.

Did Ben realize aught of this as he sat there on the log gloating over his secret, as one gloats over a great treasure? Did he appreciate to

what length and greatness this small seed would grow in the making of a man out of Dan Gorman? Ben could not have told. Though deep down in his heart Ben knew,—a voice having whispered something to him, though all it said was “Yes.”

Did Polly know? Did she understand? Did she appreciate? The same voice that whispered in Ben’s heart echoed the word in her own, “Yes.” Yes, Polly knew. It was that knowledge born of hope and faith that kept her up; that brought her here to this room; that made her laugh and cry, and then to cry and laugh. Yes, Polly knew. Ambition sometimes becomes a fact. When you see a really successful man or woman, you see more, you see the Incarnation of Ambition. Polly was ambitious: just what made her so she never knew. She was. She knew it when in school at Cupper’s Lake. She had been ambitious ever since. Naturally philosophic, she realized that she must bide her time. Her father wanted her at the camp to keep his books for the company, and because he had sent her to the Sisters’ School, she would return to the camp and repay him any score she might in duty owe for that great boon. Her ambition, however, lived and thrived; the hard labor and crude environment of the camp only strengthened her determination to be more than a mere drudge. Another cause to remember was Dan. If there was any lack of ambition in the character of her brother, then she must impart of her own to him. To that promise, made to herself, she had been impartially true.

Danny was now fifteen years old. Between them they owned a Dictionary. Their hopes and aims were identical. In this she was happy. Was Dan?

Dan has taken the big book out to the pump-house, where alone he can delve into its treasury of wealth. For some reason he feels himself in the midst of a great crisis, in the presence of this book, and seeks to be alone. The pump-house, a large, barrack-like structure, one corner of which is used by the men “to wash up” in (the pump being there) promises the seclusion he desires, and thither he went, where, for one hour—until the mill closed down for the day—he could be at peace. Placing the book on the old deal bench around which the men assembled after supper to smoke and play pedro (first removing his coat and spreading it out on the bench to protect its delicately tinted leather cover) he opened it at the letter D and turned the pages to the word Dictionary.

and read: "Dictionary: A book containing the words of a language, arranged alphabetically with explanations of their meaning; a lexicon; a vocabulary; a word book." He turned the pages back and forth, searching out the meanings of words long known and yet unknown. He found it all that Polly promised. It certainly was, thought Dan, a treasury of information, and he wondered how Polly had managed to teach him without its assistance. Sitting there with one hand caressingly shielding the leaves, the other supporting his wildered head, he dreamed a strange, wakeful dream. In it he saw a youth, not unlike himself; a girl who certainly resembled Polly; the two were sitting on a low deal bench, jointly supporting a large book on their knees, while their hands turned the pages and their voices discussed what their eyes singled out as matters worth attention. It was only a momentary dream, however, for the lad's excitement was still sufficient to make him restless and force his thought over a wide field of action. In that field, among the many objects peopling it, he discovered an old man who, upon recalling his wandering thoughts, he believed to have been there all the time. Was it Ben? (Then a long pause on Dan's part.) Suddenly—Ben? Yes, it was Ben. Ben? What—but a new light was shining in Dan's eyes. Looking up from the book and out of the window into the woods, he saw indeed the old man whose shadowy self was somehow present during all those moments of his wakeful fancy, sitting on a log, writhing and bending and striking his hands, palm down on his knees, as if the world contained no other being and in the vast solitude of the forest he must do something to break the eternal monotony of his loneliness. Darting with boyish impulse from the pump-house into the woods Dan shouted "Ben! Ben! What in the ——." But Ben quietly rolled onto the ground out of sight and was holding his sides to suppress the joyful laughter that he felt would certainly betray his secret should he give it sound so near to the camp. And Dan gave up the quest, returning to the pump house, believing more than ever that he "had dreamed a strange dream that day."

## II.

It was late in the season, the days were shorter and the men were nearly all in the woods getting ready the logs for the next summer's sawing. Dan, who was growing to be a youth of goodly physical parts, had been hired by the month to go with the men into the winter camp to

assist the cook and "make himself generally useful," as he was informed by his father, the "foreman of the gang." Permission to employ him on trial was obtained from the company's manager. His usefulness, however, was soon firmly established, for the cook learned that Dan, while a little "glump," was ready enough with his hands and feet to lighten his manifold labors at every opportunity; though he had little to say, save to Ben, who exercised a real protective interest in the lad whenever occasion demanded.

This generally recognized guardianship of the boy by Ben doubtless made the life of Dan, whose hopes and habits were so different from the



others, much pleasanter than it could otherwise possibly have been, among men whose narrowed lives were naturally rough and coarse at the best. The apparently inborn nature of men "who take to the woods" as common choppers and sawyers is to exercise a peculiar form of petty persecution against all whose defensive prowess they physically outclass; and it was only the authoritative position of Ben, who was the second foreman, which prevented Dan from receiving an unusual allowance of such annoyance. Ben was the bulwark against whom every man attempting to reach Dan with his cheap, persecuting banter found himself arrayed



for final adjustment. And few returned for a second accounting. His father, after fairly launching him, as he believed and hoped, on a lumberman's career, manifested so little interest in the boy that others, though Dan especially, recognized that the usual fellowship of father and son little characterized the relationship between himself and the foreman. But Dan never mentioned the incongruity or referred by word or sign to this thoughtless concern for his welfare on the part of his father. An innate refinement, together with a clear knowledge of his father's position among the men, restrained any impulse that may have risen within his breast to seek out the cause of his isolation from his father's interest. He had long ago recognized the lack of something in their understanding of each other, but so tense had the disparity become of late (since their coming into the woods) that Dan's mind was beginning the inevitable interrogatory course characteristic of all children parentally isolated; and wondering whether, after all, he had ever really loved his father. Still he received no openly cruel or unkind treatment from his parent, recognizing in the characteristic indifference which his father made no efforts to conceal, that he was separated by unknown barriers—but by them as completely placed apart from the love he ought to have received as he was physically separated from the great world beyond the woods, about which of late he had begun to dream.

He was not certain that he had suffered any appreciable loss. For a while he merely observed that his father cared little or nothing for him; but had he ever cared for him? He couldn't say. He could remember no single paternal caress; nor could he recall an act or word given in punishment for any boyish disobedience, indicative of a time when his father might have loved him sufficiently to correct him. So far as any tangible evidence was brought out in the history of their relations, there was nothing to prove a loss in the discovery that his father loved him not. Nor could he have said that he really regretted it; he simply didn't know. He was certain of one fact only. If he had ever loved his father, he had ceased to love him now.

It was not fickleness. It was the natural result of an entirely natural cause. It was owing to the inevitable change (if there had been a change) in his years and observations. A child sees, though he may not perceive. When perception is added to observation, a result suggests a cause. The result to Dan was self evident. What was the cause? For his part he

understood well enough why he no longer loved his father; his father had ceased to love him. But why? Had he ever loved him? He couldn't say; he supposed he had. And if he had, why not now? That was the one question for which he found no answer, though he sought it carefully without tears. It left him perplexed but not cast down.

Boys who have been alone in the great forest of the Adirondacks when hunting or fishing; who have looked upon a bear without trembling; who have killed the native deer without shaking; who have tramped through the bogs and the marshes and over the mountains in all kinds of storm and sunshine; who have eaten and drunken by themselves and slept alone in the dense woods surrounded by wild beasts and a darkness that might be felt, do not cry at things unseen. So Dan did not cry when he discovered that for him his father had no love. He looked at the matter from all sides, right, left, top and bottom, but nothing more was discernible. What he had already learned he felt—well, he felt at any rate that it was not worth crying about; at least not until he was sure that he regretted it. His sole decision in the matter for the moment was that sometime he might talk it over with Ben. Arriving at this conclusion, he arose from his place in the circle, formed by the men about the stove, and went out into the night to call the few stars he knew by their names.

But out under the open vault where the stars, shining in bewildering splendor, proclaimed only the greatness and goodness of his Eternal Father, and where he hoped to quiet the unrest within his breast, the subject recurred with all its old, perplexing insinuations. There also a new phase of his isolation was added. Was the foreman his father? Did the blood of Daniel Gorman, the senior, flow in his veins? Had the brightest star in the firmament above fallen at his feet, it would have startled him less than did this hitherto unthought of possibility! Returning a few steps toward the window of the shanty, which he just passed, and finding a position where he could look into the long room, and at the face of the foreman, clearly shown in the bright light of the swinging lamp, he paused and studied the features of that face, longingly and with observing care. For quite an hour the foreman was subjected, unconsciously, to this careful scrutiny by Dan. Nor did it cease until Mr. Gorman arose, giving the word to retire, himself leading in the noisy and instant race for the bunks. Dan, however, gave no heed to the usual scramble of the men for bed. He stood in the same place with his back resting against, his

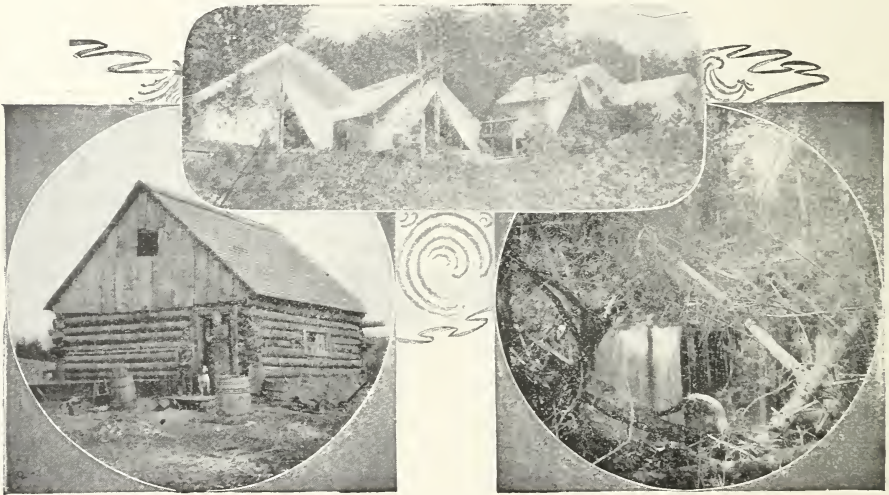
whole body supported by a large pine, staring at the window, with wondering, wide open eyes, unconscious of the darkened room and the quiet that pervaded it. Standing there in the stillness of the night, a light above the brightness of the most brilliant star in the heavens illuminated his wonderful soul and a voice from somewhere among the sighing pines of the hills around him whispered assuredly in his heart: "Dan, you are free! Gorman is not your father. You are not Gorman's son." And Dan, out there in the night, erect, warmed by new life and quickened blood, slept like a true child of nature: like a boy who, just born again, and sleeping his first sleep in the new life, might be expected to sleep when watched by God and the stars.

## III.

When Dan, awakened by a friendly hand resting on his forehead, looked up, he discovered the kind face of old Ben near unto his own. "Well, I'll be gu———" "Hold on, Ben, don't speak loud. I don't want anyone but you to hear what I have to say and you can 'be gummed with spruce and picked to death with pine needles' after I am through, if you wish, but not now," whispered Dan, collecting himself. "Now, I have something to say to you of more importance than that; and something to ask, which you alone can answer, of far greater moment even than that which I have to say. First, as Polly would say, I have had a wonderful dream. I heard a voice in answer to a question I have repeated to myself a thousand times tonight while I stood by this tree, asleep, I guess, say: 'Dan, you are free; Gorman is not your father and you are not Gorman's son.' Now, Ben, wait! That is what I have to say. And this is what I have to ask. Who am I? I know I am not the foreman's son. Who am I, then? You, Ben, know, and you alone of all the world are the only one to whom I can go for the truth. Tell me, Ben. Tell me for Polly's sake; for my sake, tell me, who am I? Who is my father? Who is my mother? Where do they live, my father and mother? And how came I here in the family of Daniel Gorman? Tell me, Ben. Tell me all these things, for God's sake, tell me all about myself. What I ask, Ben, is all my own doing. No human being ever told me that I was not Gorman's son. No one ever referred to it but you, when I overheard you say to Steve, once, that sometime I would find out something and then it would be time. Now I have found it out for myself, Ben; for that is

what you meant. Not a living soul ever told me. I just thought it out and dreamed it for myself; and I know it. Yes, I know it, Ben, though I don't know how nor why. But you do, and, Ben, you must tell me and tell me now; right here, under the trees and the stars, where I have seen and heard enough in my dream, tonight, to prove to me that I am not Gorman's son."

Merely stating that Ben was amazed does little justice to his feelings, though nothing more can be told here. Amazed he was, and yet, somehow, his amazement savored little of surprise. The truth was that Ben was expecting sometime to face this matter with Dan and tell him



all. But never had he looked for a beginning of the story in this manner. He was less concerned, however, about Dan's discovery than about his own long silence and the interpretation Dan might make of it.

For several years (ever since Dan and his sister Polly had systematically pursued their studies toward an unknown result) Ben had hourly pondered the perplexing problem of their hopes and disadvantages with little progress in its solution. But until he was assured of their "stayin' parts," as he called their persistence and patient application to books, he could find no place where he thought he might safely reveal his own ambitions regarding them. So as time went on, bringing no abatement in

their studies, Ben's assurance grew in stability and his plans for their future, especially Dan's (for of Polly's freedom to act upon his suggestions he was not so certain) began to assume definite form.

He had lived simply and savingly all his life with a goodly credit to his name in the People's Bank at Franklin, the county seat, as a result. Why not use those savings, or such portion of them as might be needed to further their studies and fit them for the larger service in life for which he felt they both were qualified? That in the concrete was the result of his years of hopeful planning. It had never occurred to him that they might demur from his offer. So self-assured was he that it was the only object to which he could apply his money with satisfaction to himself and of benefit to them, that in all but fact the hopes of years were accomplished. Then, too, he believed that Dan's own father was a rich man at the time of his having known him. But whether he was or not was of little consequence to Ben. He had enough (a whole and long life's earnings were all intact) to educate this boy and provide for his own last years. All these hopes and schemes so long and secretly nursed in his breast flashed across the mind of Ben as he stood there in the cool autumn night, wrapped in the silence of the great forest, facing Dan. "Danny, ole man," spoke Ben, softly, as he took the boy's hand and led him away, "jest wait one minute 'till I git a couple o' blankets," and quietly passed into the shanty to return in a moment with the blankets from his bunk. Again taking the hand of Dan, they proceeded to the shed adjoining the stable, where the hay for the horses was sheltered, and, sitting on a partly used bale, then, with few interruptions from Dan, related the following narrative:

"Some years ago, when I was down onto the Lower St. Legis a guidin' some rich city chaps 'fore guidin' all petered out like, an' when you, Dan, was a leetle chap so high (indicating with his hand) and Polly jest goin' over to Cupper's Lake to school, I hearn 'bout a man who was sick with the Consumpthin' or what they now calls Tobackerloses, campin' over onto Lampersan' Mounting, an' who wanted a guide as could cook and look arter a sick man who had consumpthin' without bein' feared.

"So I sez, sez I, Ben, that's you; an' in 'bout a week them city chaps went away an' I starts for Lampersan' Mounting 'long the ole trail from the St. Legis as used to go by Boot Bay Mounting, not wantin' them city folks over onto the Sarahneck quizzin' me 'bout where I was goin'.



In 'bout three days, I think, I found a camp up onto old Lampersan' as looked down onto the finest lake I ever seen, I thought. At the camp was a man who looked like he was 'bout ready to start on the las' trail, settin' in a chair onto a platform built onto a big rock where you could see the lake an' all the mountings, right in front o' the tent. An' I sez: Hello, Mister! An' he sez, 'Hello! You're a stranger, but I'm mighty glad to see ye. Come up an' set down.' So I puts my bag on the groun' an' climbs up the stairs to the platform, an' shakes hans, he holdin' his'n out corjal like an' sayin', 'I don't see many folks up here an' it gits lonesome like an' somehow or'nother I can't keep any one arter I git him. I wonder how you'd like it?' sez he, lookin' at me appealin' like; an' I sez that's jest what I come for, sez I. I hearn over onto the St. Legis as you (or



some un, I s'pose its you) wanted a man who ain't afeard o' the consumpthin', to kinder look arter you like, an' I sez, Ben (Ben Lusk is my name) I sez, that's you, an' jest as soon as them city chaps I was guidin' went away, I come an' here I am, I sez. I'm your man, sez I, an' he sez, 'An' I'm yours', sez he, an' here we both be', sez he; an' thar I was.

"Now, Danny, boy, I ain't goin' into no explanafyin' bizness 'bout he an' me livin' thar alone, on'y as how it may consarn yerself." "Who was the man?" asked Dan. "Now, Danny boy, that consarns ye and that I'll tell ye. His name was Gorman." "Gorman?" repeated Dan. "Gorman?" "Yes, Gorman," replied Ben. "Dan Gorman's brother, Henry Gorman. An'," continued Ben, "he was rich, an'—now go easy, Danny boy, go easy, when I tell ye that I know Henry Gorman was your father.

Thar now, ye hev it fair an' square like. Henry Gorman was your father, an' ye, Danny boy, are Henry Gorman's son. I didn't know it then; an' I didn't know it 'till long arter, but I knowed it finally, I know it now; an' I know more nor that. I know he s'posed ye were ded, for once he tol' me he had a wife; Mabel, he called her, Mabel Gorman, who died when his leetle boy was born, as he once tol' me, quiet like, when settin' on the platform one night lookin' at the sunset.

"Now, don't ye cry, nor feel bad, Danny boy; don't ye do it, ole man. Its all over now, Danny, an' while ye air an orphlin in one sense, in another ye ain't. For Henry Gorman sez to me, once, sez he, "Ben, I'm goin to get well; an' sometime I'm goin' to 'rect a sunnytoram in memry o' my leetle wife an' boy, some'ers 'bout here; an' let all the consumpthins' who want ter get well like, come here into the woods an' get well." An' I thought mabbe he might, an' then again I thought mabbee he mightn't. But on the hull he got better an' kep a gettin' betterer an' betterer 'till finally one day he sez to me, sez he, 'Ben, I'm 'bout well; well 'nuff to go an' settle up my bizness in the West. An' then I'm comin' back here an' 'rect a sunnytoram some'ers 'bout here for consumpthins,' sez he. An' I sez, sez I, I'll help ye, an' he sez, 'You're my man,' sez he, an' I sez, an' you're mine, sez I, an' he went away an' I ain't seen him sence. "But, Ben, where did he go and how many years since he went away?" asked Dan. "He went to Californy, I guess, an', let me see, I guess 'bout twelve years ago; yes, nigh on to twelve years ago he went away. But I've got some papers in a box he left 'long with me, an' some day, now ye hev found out who ye be, we'll go down to Franklin an' see the lawyer what's had it since I made up my mind he warn't comin' back. I'm sort a tired like stayin' in the woods an' we'll take a day off an' 'vestigate."

"Ben, how do you know that Henry and not Daniel Gorman is my father?" again asked Dan. "'Cause," replied Ben, "'bout three years ago Dan'l Gorman sez to me onct, sez he, when I was sort of studyin' your features like, sez he, 'Might I ask what ye see in that kid (meanin' ye, Dan) what makes ye sort o' interested in him, like?' sez he. An' I sez, Yes. 'Cause I can see in that kid's face, sez I, sort o' riled like, some thin' that sez to me: 'Dan'l Gorman is 'he gol durndest liar in all these woods', sez I, an' that's a sayin' somethin, sez I, considerin' some o' the liars I've hearn afore now in these parts,' sez I. "What's that?" sez he, chokin' like, he was so goldarn mad. "Me? a liar? How?" sez he. "An'

I sez to him, when ye tol' me that ye never hearn o' Henry Gorman over on the Lampersan', sez I. An' then he out an' tol' me somethin' 'bout how there was some kind o' bad blood 'atween'em, meanin' hisself and your father, over propity; which is genally the beginnin' an' endin' o' family matters; an' how your father got it all, as I've since hearn all 'bout. But it seems like as if Dan'l tol' on'y a part of the facts; for I've hearn since that Dan'l was on'y 'dopted, anyway, an' early went shy on things flutterin' in the straight an' narrer path, finally gettin' scart away entirely, an' was never hearn of 'till the ole man died. Arter that, he turned up for his share o' the propity, which he didn't get 'cause he had fortified his right onto it like, by runnin' away. But he married a pore gal, who he left alone a good'eal but who believed in him 'cause she loved him an' he was the father o' her leetle gal, an' thought he was kind o' misused like. Now, when your mother died, this tother gal she took ye home an' tuck care o' ye. Your father, havin' been unforchnit, went West to make another forchin, an' while he was away the tother gal died (of a broken heart, I've hearn). So arter she died, Dan'l, he turns up onct more an' takes ye an' Polly (his own and only child) away up here into the woods, arter notifying 'yer father as how ye had died. That's how I know ye to be the son an' heir o' Henry Gorman," concluded Ben.

"Tell me one thing more, Ben. How did my father happen to be up here in the woods and never find me?" "I don't zactly know 'bout that," Ben replied. "I didn't know Dan'l Gorman myself, on'y by name, 'till arter I had known your father. But one day I seen you an ye looked so much like Henry, I stood wonderin' like how as if ye mightn't be related like. I was guidin' ernother party o' them city chaps an' one day one of'em sez to me, "Ben," sez he, "did you never hearn o' a man in these parts by the name o' 'Gorman—Henry Gorman? A consumpthin', who came up here from the city to get well like, bein' tol' it would help him?" An' then I made inquirins' an' found out all I've been tellin' ye tonight, 'cept I didn't let on to one arter I hearn the story that I had hearn 'bout the tother Gorman too. Arter that, 'cause I sorter took to your father, I looked up Dan'l Gorman, an' got a job like, thinkin' I might fin' out more 'bout ye, an' then if I ever hearn from your father I might sort o' bring ye together like, pervidin' of course ye was his son."

Understanding now why Ben had remained in camp so long, Dan threw his arms around the old man's neck, thanking him again and again,

until Ben, not knowing how to receive so much gratitude, quietly put the boy aside, remarking that "them horses were pawin' and stampin' more nor usual tonight an' he better look into the stall an' fin' out the reason on it," though Dan, sitting even nearer the stable than Ben, had heard no sound proceeding from that direction.

\* \* \* \* \*

A few days later, under leave of absence from the foreman, Ben and Dan went down to Franklin to "investigate" the contents of the box. They found little of interest except that Henry Gorman was, at an earlier period in his life, an exceedingly wealthy man. And, what was of greater value than all else in the box, data that would assist materially in the discovery of his present location. The attorney, Mr. W——, to whose keeping the box with its contents had been consigned by Ben, immediately departed for California, where, after long and careful searching, he accumulated evidence of sufficient weight to prove that Mr. Henry Gorman had been killed in a mining accident; and to further establish what Ben had long suspected after his failure to return, that he had died a poor man.

By what means he had lost his wealth was never completely verified. It was generally believed, however, and partially confirmed in fact, that he lost much, if not all, in efforts to realize on his mining interests on short notice—a commercial transaction nearly always resulting badly for mine owners.

When the full report of his attorney reached Ben at Smith's Camp, it was late in the spring; the men having returned to the mill for the summer's sawing. Dan bravely struggled with the disappointment he suffered upon receiving the proof of his father's death, mentioning it to none save Polly and Ben. His sorrow was indeed heavy handed; but his temperament, in that as in other trials, permitted none but his most intimate companions to suspect its depth, nor the courage of his young heart in withstanding it. Ben, who at this time had quietly assumed the place of guardian to Dan, was apparently deep in the settlement of some question of his own, and gave little heed to the general atmosphere of inquisitiveness occasioned by his unusual conduct, which pervaded Smith's Camp. He was less communicative than usual, talking with none but Steve, his favorite among the men, about his possible plans, and Steve was sworn to silence.

The somethin' on Ben's mind was soon made known to Dan when the two walked into the woods and occupied the old log where Ben had relieved himself of his pent-up joy (occasioned by the manifest delight of Polly and Dan upon receiving the Dictionary) in his own way. The locality suggested to Dan the scene witnessed from the pump-house window, which, together with the remembrance of more recent matters in the interest in him manifest by Ben, made Dan conscious of something heretofore forgotten among the strange happenings of the immediate past. Facing Ben as they sat astride the log, Dan suddenly asked, "Ben, who



gave us that Dictionary?" So unexpected was the question at this time that Ben could only exclaim in his complete surprise, "Well, I'll be gummed with ——" But Dan, cutting short his favorite expression, insisted on knowing. "Out with it, Ben, who sent it? Did you?" "Well, I might and then again I mightn't," was all that Ben could be forced to admit.

"Now Danny, old man," Ben hesitatingly began, when the other question was disposed of, "I've got nigh onto fifteen thousan' dollars down there to Franklin into the People's Bank, an' I want to know what ye are goin' to do with it?" "Do with it, Ben? I? Why, I don't know what



you mean, Ben." "Well, I do, Danny, ole man: zactly what I mean. I mean what are ye goin' to do now? Ye can't stay here, an' ye don't want to anyhow. What do ye inten' doin'? What would ye like to do, Danny, ole man? I'm listenin' an' waitin' to be ax'ed." "I don't know, Ben: what can I do? Of course, I don't intend to work in the woods. But where can I go? What can I do?" Pausing for some moments, he went on: "I would like more than I can tell to get an education and be of some account in the world. But I have no money; no parents; nothing but my knowledge of the woods and what Polly has taught me. What I am to do, I really don't know." "That's it, Danny boy, jest it. Ye want more larnin', an' I say, sez I, Danny, ole man, git it. Git a lot of it an'—but what kind o' larnin', Danny boy, would ye like havin'? Preachin'? Teachin'? Lawin'? or what? Spit it out, ole man, I'm listenin' an' waitin' to be ax'ed." "Well, then," said Dan, with the tears in his eyes, "because of some lingering memory of another's plans, I would like to be a doctor and heal the sick and ——," but here he broke down completely. "An' build a sunnytoram for them as has consumpthin' or as them city chaps calls it, Tobackerloses? Eh, Dan?" And old Ben's coat sleeve sought his eyes and wiped away every remaining impediment to the realization of Dan's absorbing ambition.

\* \* \* \* \*

A few years later the following partial account of Dr. Daniel Gorman was published in the American Journal of Medical Science: \* \* \* "The North Woods is without doubt, the most famous health resort in the world for those afflicted with the so-called 'White man's plague.' \* \* \* An article from the pen of the well known medical authority, Daniel Gorman, A. M., M. D., who is erecting, as a memorial to his father, a modern Sanatorium in the Adirondack region for the special treatment of all tubercular affection of the lungs, appears in this number of the Journal. The great ability of this young authority, who recently returned from abroad, where he was pursuing a special course of study, is well known; and the cheering promise held out to those afflicted with this dread disease is a most hopeful boon to all sufferers therefrom. \* \* \* His sister, Miss Polly Gorman, who recently completed her training in one of the famous hospitals of Germany, is to be the matron, when completed, of the new Sanatorium."

## St. Regis.

By A. C.

It seems proper to introduce our sketch with a picture of some quaint and lovely Iroquois girls, who are now being educated by the Sisters of Mercy at Hogansburgh, N. Y.

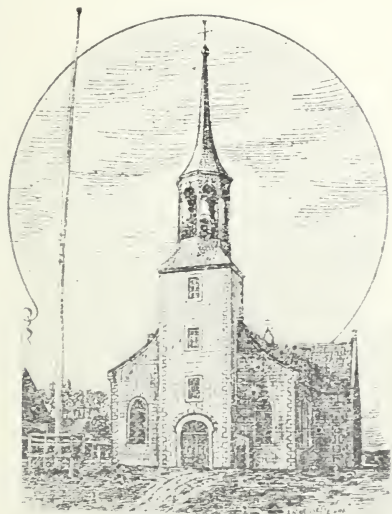
Many of the readers of *Forest Leaves*, even those who come up to this northern country during the summer, will be surprised to hear that



**The Iroquois Girls**

there is an Indian settlement in Franklin County. About 1752 in the Iroquois village of Caughnawaga there was considerable unrest. A number of the young men who had seen something of the improvements going on around them became dissatisfied. This led to petty quarrels, which disquieted the peace of the little hamlet. The sachems of the tribe advised these young men to remove with their families to a place by themselves.

They were wise enough to take this advice, and were not long in making preparations. In June of the same year they started in birch canoes. They took Horace Greeley's advice in advance and went West. We can



**The Church at Caughnawaga and Street.**

imagine them, on these fair summer days, sailing along the beautiful St. Lawrence to seek a new home in the forest. They need not have gone far on that noble river to find a suitable site for a splendid city. In their

journey they passed many such sites, and it is not easy to say just why their city has not been prosperous and progressive: there certainly was no mistake in their selection of a location.

Three rivers, the Raquette, the Grass and the St. Regis, having their sources in the crystal springs of our beautiful Adirondacks, reach the St. Lawrence, less than half a mile apart, about where it is crossed by the



Chief Street in St. Regis.

forty-fifth parallel of latitude. To the west of these the ground swells into a gentle hill, which overlooks the river to a great distance. From the hill a spacious plain stretches out. Here our travelers halted and were satisfied to abide. No wonder, for on the banks of the lordly river no lovelier spot can be found than the Indian village which now bears the name of St. Regis. Ak-wis-sa-ne (where the partridge drum) was the name given to it by the settlers, on account of the great number of partridges found in

the vicinity. The emigrants went to work with a will—made clearings for a cornfield—built themselves houses after the manner of their people.

“Neither locks had they to their doors nor bars to their windows ;  
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners.”

In 1760 they were joined by another colony from Caughnawaga ; with them came a Jesuit, Father Anthony Gordon. He was in fact the



St. Regis River.

prime mover in this exodus. He loved these artless children of Nature and had almost unbounded influence over them. He saw the contaminating influence to which they were exposed from their nearness to Montreal, and hoped by keeping the savages away from Europeans they would build a city where the virtues and none of the vices of civilization could be taught. Had this brave, wise, far-seeing man lived, no doubt he would



have fallen short of his ideal of a city, but we can safely say that many a sad page of the history of St. Regis would be now unwritten.

In the early part of the year 1775 Father Gordon was stricken with a fatal illness; and as the echoes of Lexington and Bunker Hill were resounding through the length and breadth of the land, the little Indian



**Grass River.**

settlement of St. Regis lost the clear head and strong heart that would have guided it through the many difficulties that now crowded fast upon it.

The story of the past, present and future of the St. Regis Indians will be continued in *Forest Leaves*. I am sure it will be read with pleasure by

“Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,  
Who have faith in God and Nature,

Who believe that in all ages  
 Every human heart is human,  
 That in even savage bosoms  
 There are longings, yearnings, strivings  
 For the good they comprehend not,



The Exodus.

That the feeble hands and helpless,  
 Groping blindly in the darkness,  
 Touch God's right hand in that darkness  
 And are lifted up and strengthened."



"If you would keep your friend, approach him with a telescope;  
 never with a microscope."

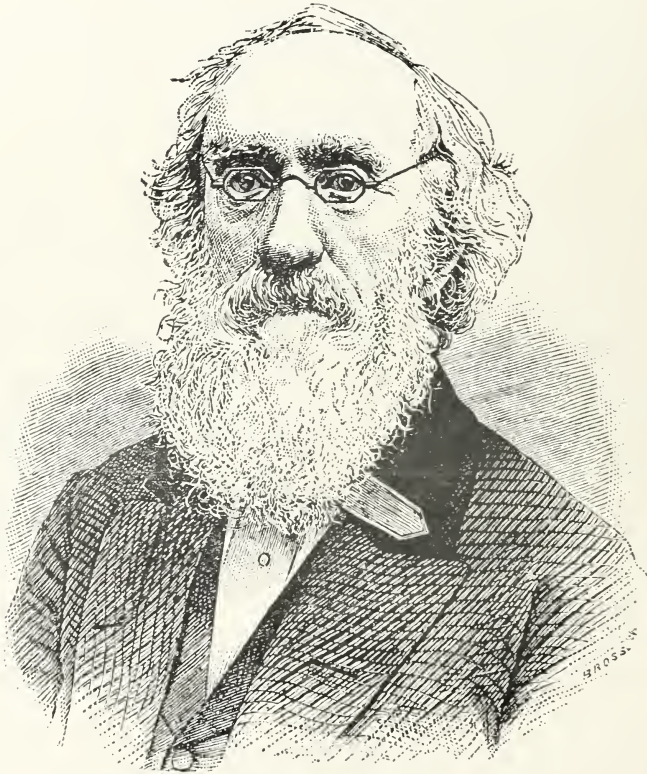


There is a healthful hardness about real dignity that never dreads  
 contact and communion with others, however humble. It is only spurious  
 pride that is morbid and sensitive and shrinks from every touch.—*Irving.*

# A Diligent Historian.

By A. C.

Dr. James J. Walsh's tentative sketch of Dr. O'Callaghan in the Records of the American Catholic Historical Society is written in the doctor's happy style, and with the hope that someone may treat the sub-



**DR. EDMUND BAILEY O'CALLAGHAN.**

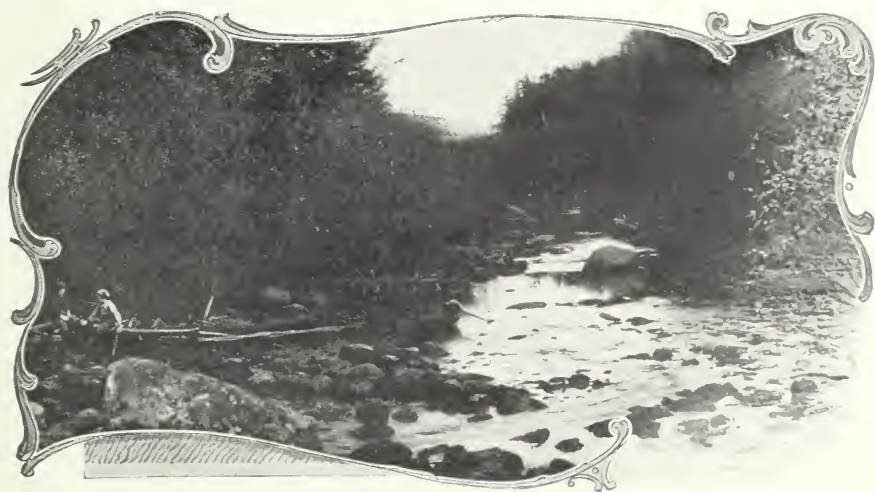
Born 1797. Died May 29, 1880.

ject more fully and bring to light the exhaustive work, along historical lines, especially concerning New York city and state, which Dr. O'Callaghan did.

While we disclaim all purpose of adding by our reproduction anything to the historical record of Dr. O'Callaghan, we would fold in our Forest Leaves this tribute to him from the pen of a physician and writer whose record Clio is sacredly keeping.

Dr. O'Callaghan was born in Mallow, County Cork, Ireland, on the 29th February, 1797. His father gave him a liberal education. He graduated in an Irish college and then went to the Continent to finish his education.

Having got into trouble, as good Irishmen are apt to do all the world over, wherever they may be, with the British government, he was com-



Raquette River.

pelled under a charge of treason to take refuge in America, as has many a compatriot under similar circumstances.

He settled in Albany, and very soon the medical profession of that city recognized in him a man of sterling character. Later he became so much interested in historical work that his studies began to encroach upon his medical practice. Soon after this he devoted himself exclusively to historical research. His contributions to American history for the next fifty years were numerous. One of his first historical works was "A Study of the Early Days in New Netherlands." He was not daunted by the



fact that the important parts of the history which he wished to know were unpublished, and that the documents for this epoch were all of them not only in scattered manuscript form, in letters, deeds, declarations of councils and the like, but most of them were in Dutch, a language which at the time O'Callaghan did not know.

About this period of his life John Gilmary Shea writes: "Dr. O'Callaghan began to study the rights of the Patroons, and, acquiring a knowledge of Dutch, examined the early Dutch records in the hands of the State and some ancient families. Astonished at the vast amount of historical information which had been secluded from English readers by the language in which it was written, Dr. O'Callaghan began a systematic history of the colony (from original sources) and produced his *History of New Netherlands*, in two octavo volumes. It came to the public and to students as a revelation. It opened a new world. The history of the Dutch Colony on the Hudson, Connecticut and Delaware was known to most people only by the satire of Washington Irving's 'Knickerbocker's History of New York.' All that had been written seriously on the subject was vague, not a little unsatisfactory and had been prepared by those who never examined the Dutch records. Dr. O'Callaghan did more for the descendants of the settlers of New Netherlands than any of themselves had ever done. He showed the colony in its origin, steady, industrious colonists, as religious as New Englanders, without their severity, men who could work and introduce European animals, grain, fruits, industries, could set up church and school and organize a government with many popular features, and all this without cant, boast or hypocrisy."

Thus this exile, who came to New York, taught the New Yorkers their own history, and furnished an example to the other states how to preserve their precious original historical documents and how to collect and collate references to their history, even in foreign libraries.

Although the best part of his life was devoted to dry historical research, he was a bright and genial companion to those who enjoyed his friendship. When he was an old man (he continued his work until he was over eighty years of age) he used to say he was glad he made a little history before he began to write it.

We look forward to the pleasure of seeing in the new Historical Building a tablet to perpetuate the memory of this devoted scholar of American History.



# Adirondack Mountain Climbing.

BY HARRY V. RADFORD.

(From the Four-Track News.)



Until you have made the ascent of one of the grand archæan peaks of the Adirondacks, and have stood upon its eternal summit-rock—older by many geological epochs than Alps, or Apennines, or Himalayas, or Rocky Andes, or Sierras—and have gazed with marvelling admiration upon the grand panoramic display round about you, the interminable sea of green, whose waves are giant mountains and whose troughs are lakes of silver—a hundred miles of crest on crest, of range on range, bewildering and sublime, yet gorgeously beautiful in outline, color and arrangement—you have missed one of the most thrilling and enchanting experiences afforded on this continent to the nature-loving tourist.

The fascination of mountain climbing in this magnificent region—where a perfect climate, combined with noble topography and a wondrous wealth and variety of scenery, produce a charm that is matchless—grows stronger and stronger upon one as experience is added to experience. I have known persons who have made not less than half a hundred trips to the summit of a single mountain. When one has climbed one of the lesser peaks—say Mt. St. Regis, Morris or Ampersand—and has witnessed the enticing expanse of radiant green forest and flashing blue lake, spread out, maplike, before him, he is almost invariably seized with a desire to reach a still higher and more commanding observation point, which, not infrequently, results in his making the ascent of Whiteface, or some of the other high peaks of the central group, which approximate a mile in altitude, and from whose treeless summits the vision sweeps, uninterrupted, almost across the state, from Vermont to the St. Lawrence valley. In all probability, if our mountain-climber is a true enthusiast, he will eventually reach the summit of grand old Tahawus (Mt. Marcy), the “cloud-splitter” of the Indians, the loftiest mountain in the state.

more than a mile above the sea—even though two or three days of tramping and camping will be required for the trip. But he will be well repaid for the time and exertion expended—if the weather be propitious.

Of course he will select a time for the ascent when all the signs predict fair weather. If he is not a weather prophet himself, he will do well to consult his guide's judgment, for unless the day be cloudless and the vision unlimited by mist or haze, half the pleasure of the trip is removed. The toilsome climb to the bare and thirsty summit seems intolerably irksome and devoid of satisfaction if there is no view to be obtained. With good weather every moment of the trip becomes a pleasure, every incident a delight. Even the preparations for the trip, the day previous to the ascent, are frequently the cause of much merrymaking.

On the trail one notes with deep interest every feature of the forest which one's eye perceives—the tall, majestic pines, the graceful beeches and maples, the bright, fascinating birches, the luxuriant witchhopper and whistle-wood bushes, the modest ferns and the mosses, the great, gray, weather-worn rocks, the leaping, swirling brooks, the darting, chattering red squirrels, and the sweetly-singing birds. One is apt to ask the guide a very great number of questions about what he sees, the names of the brooks he crosses, whether there are trout in them and how large they grow, if there are any bears in the forest through which they are passing, the name of that shrub or herb, and what it is "good for."

If game is sighted while on the march—particularly deer—there is an added interest, and the occurrence is sure to bring out the telling of some good hunting yarn by the guide that evening, after supper has been taken at the night camp, if the ascent requires remaining over night in the woods—if not, the noon-day meal is equally conducive to reminiscencing.

At the last spring, or good water-hole, before the final spurt for the summit is made, get out your rubber drinking-cup, and drink long of the strength-giving elixir, and if you have brought with you a light aluminum water-flask, fill it, for in most cases no palatable water can be found within several hundred feet of the actual summit.

When, at last, you have drawn yourself up over the last ledge, and you stand, breathless but triumphant, on the wind-swept summit, feasting on the beauty of the measureless wilderness around and about you, you will forget the toilsome climb, in the deliciousness of your victory, the majesty and grandeur of your surroundings.

After you have registered in the little book, which you will find in the cairn on the summit, sit down, with your guide, on the gray rock, in the warm afternoon sunlight, and for three solid hours feast on a scene—a succession of scenes—so wild and grand and beautiful that pen of man is powerless to describe; sit till the slow sun sinks in crimson glory behind the farthest range of mountains, till the pink twilight fades, and the lakes and mountains become indistinct and confused, till the stars come out and the night approaches. Then, as the gloom thickens about the still, immutable summit, and the loved, mysterious night sounds come one by one to your ear, you may hasten down the steep, moss-bordered trail to your little camp in the valley—pondering on the magnificence of the scene your eyes have been permitted to behold.



Next to the originator of a good sentence is the quoter of it.

—*Emerson.*



Virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed.—*Bacon.*



Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—*Goldsmith.*



Philosophy, superficially studied, leads away from God; profoundly studied, back to Him.—*Lord Bacon.*



A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond.—*Milton.*



Society is like a lawn, where every roughness is smoothed, every bramble eradicated, and where the eye is delighted by the smiling verdure of a velvet surface; he, however, who would study nature in its wildness and variety must plunge into the forest, must explore the glen, must stem the torrent and dare the precipice.—*Irving.*

## Palinode.

Still thirteen years; 'tis autumn now  
 On field and hill, in heart and brain;  
 The naked trees at evening sough;  
 The leaf to the forsaken bough  
 Sighs not "We meet again!"

Two watched yon oriole's pendent dome,  
 That now is void, and dank with rank,  
 And one—O hope more frail than foam!  
 The bird to his deserted home  
 Sings not "We meet again!"

The loath gate swings with rusty creak;  
 Once, parting there, we played at pain;  
 There came a parting when the weak  
 And fading lips essayed to speak  
 Vainly "We meet again!"

Somewhere is comfort, somewhere faith,  
 Though thou in outer dark remain;  
 One sweet, sad voice ennobles death,  
 And still for eighteen centuries saith  
 Softly "Ye meet again!"

If earth another grave must bear,  
 Yet heaven hath won a sweeter strain,  
 And something whispers my despair,  
 That, from an orient chamber there,  
 Floats down: "We meet again!"

—James Russell Lowell.



St. Anthony of Padua says that God has given us three books, the Book of Nature, the Book of Holy Scripture and the Book of Conscience. The first is for the eyes, the second for the ears and the third for the heart.

## Legend of the Daisy.

There is a pretty legend connected with the daisy, which is an Old World flower Americanized. When the early Christians of Britain were persecuted and put to death St. Bruon persuaded his sister, St. Olle, to flee with her maiden companions. After the persecution ceased the Bishop searched fruitlessly for his sister, until he noticed that there sprang up in his pathway little tufts of flowers with golden hearts and starry rays of white. He took them for his guides, and following their mute beckonings, after many days they led him to a desert where, in a rocky hiding-place, he found his sister.

I am sure that none can enter into the spirit of Christ and his evangel save those who willingly follow his invitation when he says "Come ye yourselves apart into a lonely place, and rest a while." For since his blessed kingdom was first established in the green fields by the lakeside, with humble fishermen for its subjects, the easiest way into it hath ever been through the wicket-gate of a lowly and grateful fellowship with nature. He that feels not the blessedness of the woods and meadows that God hath bedecked with flowers for him even while he is yet a sinner, how shall he learn to enjoy the unfading bloom of the celestial country, if he ever become a saint?

He that departeth out of this world without perceiving that it is fair and full of innocent sweetness hath done little honor to the every-day miracles of divine beneficence; and though by mercy he may obtain an entrance into heaven, it will be a strange place to him, and though he may have studied all that is written in men's books of divinity, yet because he hath left the book of nature unturned, he will have much to learn and much to forget.

—*Van Dyke.*

Do you think that to be blind to the beauties of earth prepareth the heart to behold the beauties of heaven?

There are two sorts of seeds sown in our remembrance by what we call the hand of fortune, the fruits of which do not wither, but grow sweeter forever and ever. The first is the seed of innocent pleasures received in gratitude and enjoyed with good companions, of which pleasures we never grow weary of thinking, because they have enriched our hearts.



The second is the seed of pure and gentle sorrows, borne in submission and with faithful love, and these also we never forget, but we come to cherish them with gladness instead of grief, because we see them changed into everlasting joys. And how this may be I cannot tell you, for you would not understand me. But that it is so, believe me, for if you believe you will one day see it for yourself.

—*Van Dyke.*



## Ruskin on Grass.

Observe the peculiar characters of grass, which adapt it especially for the service of man, are its apparent humility and cheerfulness. Its humility, in that it seems created only for the lowest service—appointed to be trod on and fed upon. Its cheerfulness, in that it seems to exult under all kinds of violence and sufferings; you roll it, and it is stronger the next day; you mow it, and it multiplies its shoots, as if it were grateful; you tread upon it, and it only sends up a richer perfume. Spring comes, and it rejoices with all the earth, glowing with variegated flame of flowers, waving in soft depth of fruitful strength. Winter comes, and though it will not mock its fellow plants by growing then, it will not pine and mourn and grow colorless like them. It is always green, and it is only the brighter and gayer for the hoar-frost.



Endurance is the crowning quality  
And patience all the passion of great hearts.—*Lowell.*



Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;  
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.—*Shakespeare.*



"I have heard frequent use," said the late Lord Sandwich, in a debate on the Test laws, "of the words 'orthodoxy' and 'heterodoxy,' but I confess myself at a loss to know precisely what they mean." "Orthodoxy, my Lord," said Bishop Warburton, in a whisper, "orthodoxy is my doxy, heterodoxy is another man's doxy."—*Priestley's Memoirs.*

"No man ever lived a right life who had not been chastened by a woman's love, strengthened by her courage and guided by her discretion."

Sensible men are very rare. A sensible man does not brag, avoids introducing the names of his creditable companions, omits himself as habitually as another man obtrudes himself in his discourse, and is content with putting his fact or theme simply on its ground.—*Emerson*.

No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,  
 But as truly loves on to the close,  
 As the Sunflower turns on her god as he sets  
 The same look which she turned when he rose.—*Moore*.

There are sweet voices among us and voices not musical, it may be to those who hear them for the first time, yet sweeter to us than any we shall hear until we listen to some warbling angel in the overture to that eternity of blissful harmonies we hope to enjoy.—*Holmes*.

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—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

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