

The Free Press' Short Story

MAGIC IN A SPY GLASS

BY LOUISE GAUSS

AMONG the homely keepers at the Old Squire's was a spyglass that he had brought home from Portland, years and years before, when he used to drive there to market his fern produce.

The distance was sixty miles, or more; but Portland was then the only market in the state where money was paid for what a farmer raised. And even there this was not the invariable custom; on one occasion the Old Squire took this marine spyglass in payment for a hundred and fifty weight of dry apple, sliced and dried by grandmother's young hands.

Grandmother was far from being well pleased. She had expected to get a pinch miff with the proceeds of that apple. But years later to her young people that old marine glass seemed a fortunate acquisition. From no other keepers at the old farm-house did we derive so much pleasure and advantage; we often carried it on trips and excursions to mountain tops, and frequently used it when looking for lumber up in the great woods.

To spy the different kinds of distant hillside, whether pine, or spruce, or fir. It was a glass of foreign make, about three feet in length, when extended, and one of the clearest I ever looked through. From the hilltop to the north of the farm we could plainly discern the tip-top house on the summit of Mt. Washington, thirty-eight miles away, and even see the people walking on the platform of the mountain railway at the end of the hotel; at least Addison and Theodora could; my own eyes were never quite so good as theirs. But the glass was, really, a remarkable good one. At the distance of a mile or more I remember watching the colts and young cattle, feeding on the hilltop in the upper pasture; I could see their every movement, and even see the little cloud of grasshoppers rise as they fed forward, and the black tails of the colts brush away the flies that troubled them.

Once I remember that Theodora and I had a great laugh watching Addison declaim "Spartacus" on the top of Bald Ledge across the valley to the east of the farm. He was to declaim it at Iyemee, the following Saturday evening; and that Friday morning he slipped away over there, where he thought nobody would hear him, to declaim it to an imaginary audience; for "Spartacus" as everyone knows, is a declamation that calls for a good deal of noise.

Theodora chanced to glance out of the chamber window and espied him against the sky line, on top of the Bald Ledge. At that distance she could not distinguish who it was, but she saw him brandish his arms and grow so curious that she ran for the old spyglass. When she saw that it was Addison she called me to share the fun; and for ten or fifteen minutes we looked and laughed! On his return to breakfast, we greeted him with, "Yo call me chief!" somewhat to his embarrassment.

Ifram Bessell and Bronson Chaplin—two classmates of ours at the village academy—had been going around the country with a set of tripods and three mirrors, looking into wells. When the autumn term began at the Academy, they left their outfit with us at the farm. At odd moments Addison and I experimented with it, and one day we discovered that it was possible to look over the top of a hill, or a mountain, and see objects, like a house or a rock on the other side of it, by arranging the looking-glasses—each two feet by three—at different angles, on the hilltop. Through the spyglass the reflection, transmitted from one mirror to another, would be magnified sufficiently to be seen quite distinctly, on a clear, sunny day.

One Sunday night, in October, Elder Witham came to the Old Squire's, to stay over night, as he often did after preaching at the meetinghouse. Elder Witham was such a good man that I have often wondered why Addison and I did not like him better. But certainly old stalker him, and for several years nothing suited Addison or myself more than getting the Elder at a disadvantage and compelling him to own up that he was worried.

The reason for our antagonism to the Elder was that he was hard and un forgiving. He was an Old Testament Christian—which, in reality, is a Christian at all. When people sinned, he thought they ought to be punished, and he wanted to see it done. The God he served was a God of justice and retribution, but not of love or mercy. When we erred he came down on us harsh and hard. With all his exemplary traits he had failed to learn the one great lesson, that the way to lead humans beings on to better things is to love them.

That Sunday the Elder had again preached his sermon on faith and the duty of belief, one of his best discourses, and one of which, I think, he was rather proud. At the Old Squire's supper table he said he humbly hoped we had been edified by the words of Scripture as he had tried to expound them that day.

The Old Squire replied that he deemed it a good and profitable discourse. Grandmother said the same, since the topic was one that always pleased her.

We boys did not feel called upon to reply. For one, I was much too diffident and would not have known what to say. But I think Elder Witham expected Addison to make some response to his general question. It was not doing so led the Elder to glance at him, rather more

kindly than usual, and say, "I hope, young sir, that you, too, were edified to-day."

Addison hesitated and then said that his own idea of faith was not very clear. "But why?" the Elder asked, in a tone not quite so kindly.

"I hardly know, myself," Addison replied. Indifferently, he said afterwards that he did not wish to reply at all and have the Elder rebuke him at the table.

"I fear this is from unbelief, young sir," said the Elder. "If there is a tendency of the time more to be deplored than another, it is this petty skepticism that appears to be creeping into the minds of the young. I have noticed all summer that you appear to be falling into that error." His tone had taken on that hardness which always raised resentment in Addison.

Grandmother and Theodora were making all the silent efforts in their power to have Addison acquiesce and be pliable—efforts, however, he was now too perverse to heed. Instead, he looked at Elder Witham, with a queer smile, and said, "Perhaps, sir, you are right about it. I haven't the eye of faith that you think I ought to have." If he had stopped there, it would have been better, but he did not; he kept on smiling and said that he could sometimes see things very strangely with just his natural eye.

"The Elder regarded him anxiously. "What do you mean by that?" he asked. Addison plunged his hand under the table. "Well," he replied, "less than a month ago I was standing over the other side of Bald Ledge, down in the valley of the Robbins brook, and I saw the house over here and saw the family out in the yard. I saw grandmother come out on the piazza with a yellow earthen bowl in her hand; and that was as much as two miles off—yes, as much as two miles and a half."

The Elder seemed suddenly seized by unbelief, himself. "You mean to tell me, young sir, that you could see through Bald Ledge?"

"I did not, say I saw through it. Perhaps I saw over it. But I did see the house here and saw grandmother with the yellow bowl in her hands."

"You couldn't distinguish one person from another two miles and a half off, not with the natural eye," Elder Witham exclaimed.

"Call it any eye you like," said Addison, "but that is what I saw."

"I don't believe it," the Elder declared bluntly. "'Twas all your imagination." "I can prove it," Addison nudged me again.

"I don't believe it. You're falsifying." "I can prove what I say." "Prove it, then." "Very well, sir, I will. To-morrow morning, if you say so, and the weather is fair."

The Old Squire said nothing. The Elder's ways were not his ways; he did not like grand speeches with the old preacher but of late he had held aloof from them. Grandmother was at a loss to know what we were talking about; and at that time we had not told the girls about that last experiment with the mirrors and spyglass.

Addison was up at daybreak the next morning, and carried the mirrors and spyglass over to the top of Bald Ledge, but was back and at breakfast, as usual, with the rest of us. He had recovered from his ruffled feelings, and wore his sweetest smile.

man in spite of his fifty-eight years; and a few minutes before nine he climbed out at one of the farmhouse windows, to the roof of the ell, walked along to the roof of the wagon-house, crossed it and, getting upon the roof of the east barn, stood erect on the ridge-pole, or crest. Afterwards he walked to and fro there for five minutes. He had settled in his own mind that, if Addison saw this, it would be fair proof that he could look through, or over, Bald Ledge; since he felt certain no one would guess that he intended performing such a feat.

"It was easy," Addison exclaimed; and then they told me how they had seen the Elder on the barn roof. "He looked like a tall black Spanish rooster!" Addison said. "I almost thought I could see him flap his wings and crow."

"Still laughing, they hastened home, leaving me to bring the tripods and mirrors; but I made haste and caught up with them as they reached the house yard.

Elder Witham was standing there, waiting for them; the Old Squire, too, and grandmother and Ellen.

"Well, young sir, what did you see?" the Elder demanded.

"I saw you walk across the wagon-house roof, climb over the barn roof, walk back and forth there, for some minutes, and then flap your wings," replied Addison promptly.

"The Elder looked nonplussed, then turned to Theodora. "Young lady, did you see that, too?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," she replied, trying very hard to keep a sober face.

"The Elder turned without a word and went into the house to get his little black valise, for he was going away that morning. Addison and I fairly hugged ourselves, for gloom. Theodora, however, had an attack of conscience. She did not like to be a party to practicing a deception on the old preacher. Going after him into the house she told him all about the mirrors and spyglass.

He came out considerably plumped and said to Addison, "Oh, you are a pretty cute youngster, but take care, sir, that you don't grow too cute for your own good."

Addison walked away, on the grin. The Old Squire's eyes twinkled a bit. He walked a few steps with the Elder, and we overheard him say:

"The young fellows are learning a great many new things, nowadays. I suppose we old heads may as well realize it and have charity for them, even when they are a little blumptyous."

But the Elder strode on.

An Oil that is Prized Everywhere—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil was put upon the market without any flourish over fifty years ago. It was put up to meet the wants of a small section, but as soon as its merits became known it had a whole continent for a field, and it is now known and prized throughout this continent. There is nothing equal to it.

SEATS' DIARY BY ROSS PARQUAR

Friday—Uncle Hen and his wife went way up in the north part of the state where they had a funeral on account of his wife's uncle sort of died yesterday.

and we are going to take care of his stock while they are gone.

Saturday—Ma had pa and me come into town to-day to the drug store for a new handle for the churn and they didn't have none at the drug store and pa told this boss it was a lucky drug store.

Sunday—Hen and I went to the farm a while today and he has been out of work for about a yr. and a 1/2. He says the most thing he misses in his vacation because he won't get to take none on acct. of being out of work.

Munday—still at Uncle Hens farm. Pa told me at dinner time that her Bush was very good once a little thin. Ma got sore but didn't say anything. But I happen to know that it wasn't such a tall boss as not she was making Vegetable soup for dinner.

Tuesday—Ant Emmy says the noise papers are printing a lot of foolish stuff now days. Like the 'old' had seen where a store was advertising Alligator shoes, as if any I would be dum enuff to believe that they were shoes. Buck home today on acct. of Uncle Hen got brain.

Wednesday—Ant Emmy sent every bride and groom the new book which is called Advice to Married women because she new a girl which red it and now she is getting 200 \$ a month Alimony.

Thursday—Red Dunkin has left his wife. He set it was either leave her or give up his job with her he decided keep the payments up on and a wife to at the same time.

Peevish, pale, restless, and sickly children owe their condition to worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will relieve them and restore health.

PEVISH, PALE, RESTLESS, AND SICKLY CHILDREN OWE THEIR CONDITION TO WORMS. MOTHER GRAVES' WORM EXTERMINATOR WILL RELIEVE THEM AND RESTORE HEALTH.

BETTER BRAN FLAKES

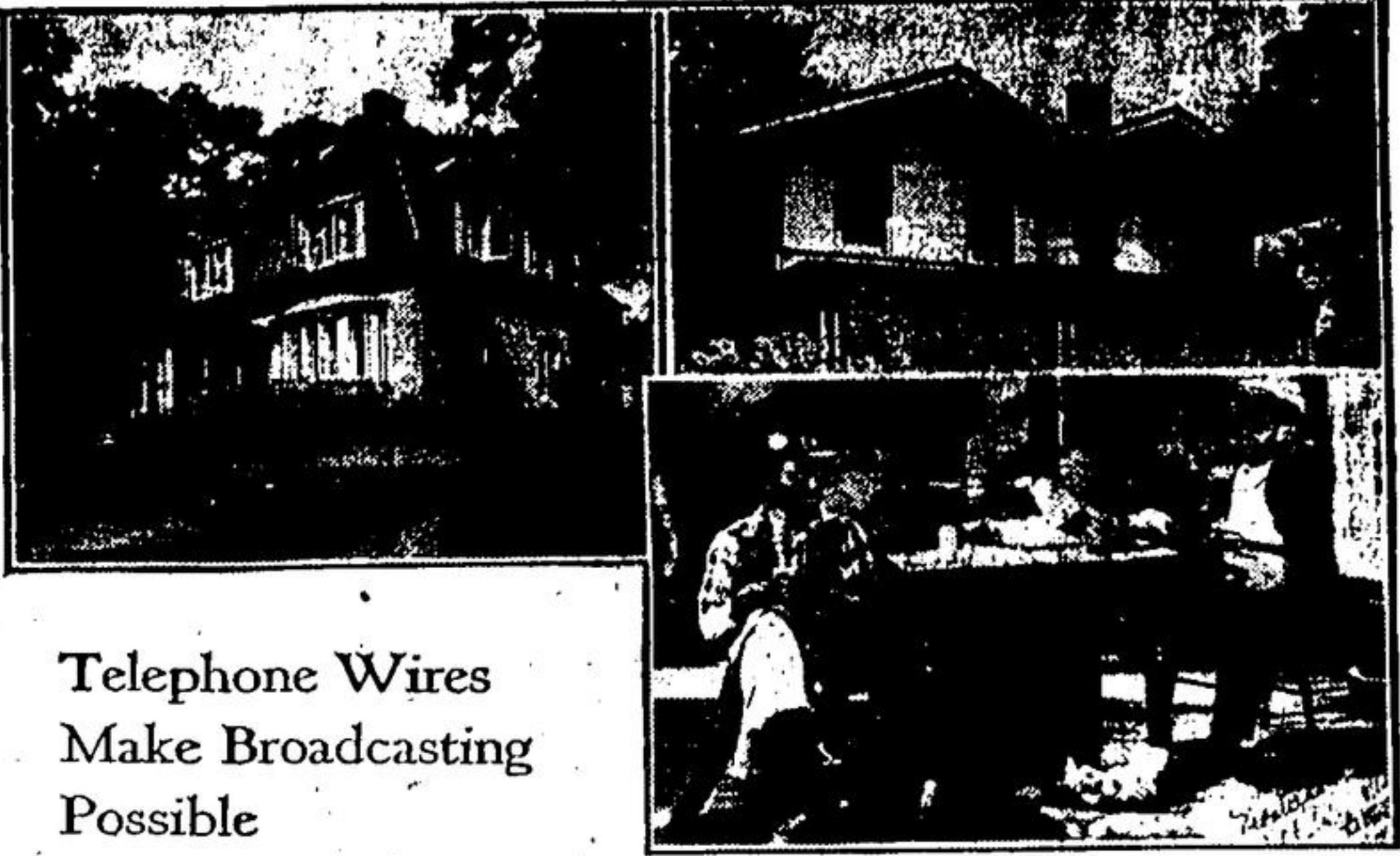
better after school

HAVE a bowl of Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes waiting for the children after school. A wonderful health dish—full of whole-wheat nourishment—just enough bran to be mildly laxative—and the famous flavor of PEP. That's what makes them known as better bran flakes. At all grocers. In the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

Kellogg's PEP BRAN FLAKES

Fashions for the Smart Woman

STREAMLINE SILHOUETTE



Telephone Wires Make Broadcasting Possible

"It is to the telephone," says H. A. Bellows, Vice-President of the Columbia Broadcasting System, "not to radio, that we owe the development of the equipment whereby speech and music are made available for broadcasting. It is the telephone wire, not radio, which carries programmes the length and breadth of this country."

How true this statement is is shown by the fact that although on vacation at their summer homes on Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, the two popular entertainers, Amos 'n' Andy still maintain their engagement each evening except Sunday by means of the microphone and telephone wires installed in their homes. Andy, the President of the Fresh Air Taxi Cab Company and his fellow Director, Amos, saw to it that the telephone was installed and ready when they arrived with their families. Andy lives in the house at the right, and Amos and his family occupy the one at the left of the picture.

Record Time Across Two Oceans



Around half the world in 17 days, London to Yokohama by way of Canada and Honolulu in the record of Miss D. Bowley, of London, en route to join her uncle Allan Cameron, Oriental manager of the Canadian Pacific, Hong Kong, who left Vancouver July 18 on the Canadian Pacific liner Empress of Canada. Miss Bowley, in company with Lady Lindley, wife of Sir Francis Lindley, British ambassador in Japan, and other through passengers, left Southampton July 8 arrived in Quebec July 18 on the new Empress of Britain, was pushed to Montreal by boat train where she boarded the Imperial Limited for Vancouver. Reaching Vancouver July 18 at 8.15 she boarded the Empress of Canada, thus obtaining direct connection to the Orient. Combination of the Empress of Britain's fast time across the Atlantic and the Empress of Canada's fast time over the Pacific makes this the fastest trip on record between London and the Orient by way of Canada and Honolulu.

DR. BELL HONORED



Left—The Russell portrait of Dr. Bell. Above—E. McIntyre, Dr. Bell and Thomas Brooks, builders of the first telephone line in Canada.

Sir Hugo Hirst paid a real tribute to a distinguished Canadian when he presented recently to the British Institution of Electrical Engineers a life-size painting of Dr. Alexander Graham Bell by the famous artist, Walter Westley Russell.

Canadians have the honor of being the world's largest users of the telephone. This is as it should be, for was it not a Scottish-Canadian, Alexander Graham Bell, who invented the telephone in 1874?

Bell's crude telephone which he used to make the first long distance call from Brantford to Paris, August 10, 1876, has grown until there are now over one million four hundred thousand telephones in Canada—14.18 instruments per hundred inhabitants.

If You Expect to Sell You Must Advertise