On the Big Grade

By EUGENE JONES.

CHAPTER III.

I watched his easy stride down the hall, through the doorway leading to the platform, and a vague sense of impending disaster assailed me. Even when from the dispatcher's office I heard the whistle of his engine, shrieking for yard clearance, my fears for his safety and the safety of everybody on the big grade were not quieted.

I grabbed a seat over by the window which offered a view of the arc-lit fields of tracks and towers, and puffing dummies forever cutting out and making up and bumping cars to unloading platforms. Many an evening I've sat there, pipe in mouth, ears on the clicking keys, and my eyes half closed.

Have you ever been in a dispatcher's office? It's quite a wonderful place. Here all the gossip of the road filters in between train orders: what's happening at Hastings, who's drunk on the Central Division, the best movie in Hillsboro—in short, every kind of human interest news brewed by a big railroad. It is a sort of clearing house—the heart, you might say, of the division, always active, never asleep, vibrant, pulsing, keenly alive to the least hitch in the carefully oiled machinery of dispatching.

"Pop" Winston, Shirley's father, sat at his desk, a mass of train sheets before him, a green eye shade hiding the upper part of his face. Ranged along the wall were many other desks—some with telegraph instruments puttering metallically, some piled with code messages, orders, lists, of rolling stock. Beyond the rail loungers three or four off-duty engineers, among them myself, while now and then a flagman or a conductor sauntered in, exchanged a quip or two with Pop, and went about his business. Over all hung the buzz of voices and the monotonous, unsteady click of the railroad telegraph. It had all soaked into my blood. I loved it. I loved the continual nerve strain which had grayed my hair; I loved the gossip still hot from the wire; I loved Pop Winston, his assistants, Bowlson, every mother's son of 'em, with a passion only a railroad man may comprehend.

Just how long I'd been drowsing there I've no means of telling, but suddenly the chief's voice brought me back to full consciousness with a bump.

"What's that?" he was yelling at an assistant. "Take that message again!"

We all sensed something wrong; the room was rather quiet, each ear straining to catch the wire talk as it came stuttering in. I too leaned forward. I prided myself on my ability to read Morse.

"Engine number seven-o-seven just passed here running away—Hillsborough."

"Give me the key!" shrieked Pop. "That's Jim's engine behind the Limited!"

The chief dispatcher crossed the room at a bound, stretching himself over the desk like a jockey on a race horse. "Dash—dash—dash—dot—dot—dot" snapped the Hillsborough call over and over. There was a moment of silence. Then, as Pop threw his switch, "OK—OK—OK" came in steadily.

"Give me details about runaway," clicked the dispatcher.

"Don't know much. Saw seven-o-seven just pass. Going like hell. Positive nobody at throttle."

"How far's the Limited ahead?"

"Fifteen minutes."

"God!" muttered the man under the green eye shade. Then he was at it again, sending out the Hastings call like a stream of sound.

"Ditch runaway on siding. Quick! Will catch express on big grade."

We were at the rail now, pipes forgotten, sweat on our foreheads. It seemed hours before the Hastings man answered:

"Nothing doing. Engine went through as you opened up. Try Spartan."

Spartan was the last siding before the track dropped off down the mountain—just a flag station, a water tower, and a telegraph office. If only the operator were there! My finger nails bit into the banister rail until I felt the blood welling up under them.

"Dash—dash—dot—dot" clicked Pop furiously, but there was no answer. Again and again he sent the call, crashing down on the key as if the very weight of the sending might rouse somebody. "Dash—dash—dot—dot" over and over, until our brains whirled with it and our lips whispered it. Three minutes passed, lengthened to five. The five became ten. Then, "OK—OK" cracked out briskly.

The chief, white as the paper lying under his shaking hands, hardly waited to close the line. "Ditch runaway," he ordered. "Ditch—"

"Too late. Tried to. Just gone through. Limited twenty minutes ahead."

Slowly, covered with sweat, Pop staggered up from the desk. "Boys," he whispered hoarsely, "nothing under the sun can save the Limited. A rear-end collision on the big grade. God in heaven!"

All my life I have been used to railroad crises; all my life I had looked forward to the time of the inevitable mistake which must send me to my death. I had always prayed that mistake would not be mine. I had always hoped somebody else might be responsible for that last error in the art of juggling human lives, so that when the whole blamed thing was over, the debris cleared away, and the track open again, old Bowlson might say with one of his diabolical grins: "Well, O'Kelley played the game. No kick coming on O'Kelley!" But now, in spite of the fact I was safe in the dispatcher's office, the horror of what might happen to Jim Duval turned me cold.

I knew how Duval, senior, had set his heart on his only son, was watching his strides forward with keen happiness. I knew anything reflecting on Jim's ability would be in the nature of a death blow to him. Pictures flashed before me of young Duval unconscious on that runaway or lying crushed at the bottom of some fill; of the Limited sent tumbling over a cliff by a following engine doing eighty or ninety miles an hour on a down grade; the screams of the passengers; the hurry call for hospital trains; the investigation; the accusing finger of the press and finally Shirley Winston, brave to the last, sticking it out beside Jim, true to his memory even as the public pointed to his grave and shook its fist—all this I thought of in the same length of time it takes to dream a nightmare, which is really no time at all.

With a sudden flash of intuition, born perhaps of a brain working overtime, I thought of a possible solution, an improbable harum-scarum method of saving the Limited.

"Listen!" I cried, trying to make my voice matter-of-fact. "There's one way we haven't considered. You, Pop Winston, listen to me!"

Every eye turned; every face mirroring despair became intent. The dispatcher, his gaze feverish, his hands trembling, looked up.

"God!" he muttered.

I reckon my own face had lost a little color.

"Number seven-o-seven is a slow engine. She's running away. She will catch the Limited on the big grade if she isn't stopped. There are no more sidings to ditch her on. Behind her, all the way from our yards to the mountain is practically clear track. There may be a freight or two to be run into the clear, but that's easy. Well, I'll take my engine, old ninety-nine—she's the fastest oil burner on the division—and there's a chance of my catching that runaway. A good sporting chance!"

The room had become charged with silence, explosive, vibrant, broken only by the persistent click of the keys and the breathing of men.

"O'Kelley," Pop spoke, his voice husky, "you know what that would mean? Probably your death. Suppose you found seven-o-seven ditched on a curve? Suppose—"

(Continued in next issue.)

At the Top.

There's ever a crowd in the valley
And at the base of the climb;
But there are few that appear to view
At the crown of the height sublime.
The plain is filled with the turmoil,
The outward struggle and strife,
But the Spirit broods o'er the solitudes
On the higher levels of life.

You are jostled aside in the valley,
For the lower a soul descends,
The more it finds of the smaller minds
That seek but their selfish ends;
But there's elbow room on the mountain,
And, freed from the lower din,
There's a chance to hear with some finer ear
The call of the voice within.

There's companionship in the valley;
With others your lot is thrown;
But the man who tries for the larger prize
Must travel the heights alone.
He must make for himself a pathway
Where no other foot e'er trod,
Till he grows complete in contentment sweet,
As he learns to walk with God.

There is glory upon the mountain,
Though the summit is cold and bleak,
Yet the radiant burst of the dawn falls first,
Like a blowing rose, on the peak.
Though tempests are in the valley,
The sunshine is on the height;
And the golden day, ere it speeds away,
There rests in its last good-night.

Then dare the paths of the mountain,
O spirit with Godlike fire,
Whose depths are stirred by an inward Word
To struggle and to aspire.
Be not content with the sluggard
In the valleys of life to stop.
Turn with eager soul to the higher goal
And end your place at the top.

Tributes Cover Tomb of "Unknown Warrior."

Scores of touching instances have been witnessed at the tomb of Britain's "Unknown Warrior" in Westminster Abbey, as long lines of men, women and children have passed the black marble slab covering the grave for several days since the burial there of the unidentified soldier.

The fact that no one knows the name of the man who lies beneath the slab leads many to offer tribute in the hope, perhaps, that the body is that of a missing son. The mother of one of the thousands of unknown warriors any one of whom might be reposing in Westminster Abbey, laid three war medals, the Mons Star, the Victory Medal and the British War Medal on the grave as she passed in the line. They had been awarded to her only son, who was wounded three times and afterward reported missing.

A soldier's modest offering of flowers bore the inscription: "In loving memory of my two pals and all the other pals."

The epitaph placed on the slab reads:

"For King and Country—Greater Love Hath No Man Than This."

For various reasons, including cruelty to animals, gruesome details in crime, irreverence, and excessive revolver shooting, the British Board of Film Censors raised objections to 253 films last year.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Colds, etc.

CAN REDUCE UNEMPLOYMENT BY CLEARING NORTH LANDS

By ALFRED FITZPATRICK, Principal Frontier College.

One means of solving the problem of unemployment is for the Governments of Canada to begin the long-overdue task of preparing its bush lands for settlement in the clay belts of the North. Owing to summer frosts, farming of northern clay lands has largely been a waste of time and money. Only by clearing whole areas will this barrier to settlement ever be overcome. Farming under present conditions, whereby each settler clears a small patch, is putting the cart before the horse, and is wholly unwarranted. At least 65 per cent. of each lot in carefully selected townships should be cleared by means of large gangs living in community camps. Herein lies one solution of unemployment, now stalking before us daily in the breadlines of the cities. Work could thus be provided, particularly in the fall and winter months, as well as during special periods of unemployment. This policy of extended land-clearing should not be simply an emergency measure, but should engage the attention of the Federal and local Governments the whole year round. Should any of the workers at these community camps wish to remain on some of the cleared lots they could be sold to them on easy terms. For the next 20, 30, yes, and for 60 years, land-clearing in preparation for future settlement should be an urgent and essential department of every Government in the Dominion.

The big industrial plants of the Dominion, as well as the Governments, can assist in this great undertaking. Every large industry should apply for a whole township or more in the bush lands. Land-clearing might be made a business department of many Canadian enterprises employing great numbers of workers. Instead of "laying-off" men when a pinch comes, they could establish large land-clearing camps and homestead by proxy. In this way an outlet would be provided for a considerable percentage of the able-bodied employees now turned into the streets. If as ably handled as other departments of the business, the land-clearing department would undoubtedly prove remunerative. Lumber, ties and pulp will always find a ready market in Canada as well as in the bordering States.

The farmers, too, can take a very real part in this permanent policy for relieving unemployment. Let thousands of individual farmers apply for bush lots of 160 acres each in the clay lands. All applications should be localized in townships most suitable for future settlement. At convenient centres in such townships the Governments should provide comfortable and attractive community camps. Farm hands should be hired by the year. Instead of being turned adrift when the busy season is over, to congregate in the towns and cities, they could go north for a short period to help in clearing the bush lots of their employers. They would not, of course, be asked to live in shacks on the individual lots. They would reside at the nearest community camp, and share in all its social activities.

There need be no elaborate preparation for this work. Men in charge of a practical bush foreman could be sent north at once with warm clothing, tents and small portable sawmills. A suitable site for a community camp could be selected in the centre of each township opened, and the necessary buildings erected. The work of felling trees, cutting ties, pulpwood and other lumber could be started immediately.

Because of existing conditions of settlement many men, even among the unemployed, are naturally loath to face the hardships involved. The writer is of the opinion that this prejudice can largely be overcome when the men are well clothed and housed in fully equipped community camps. Why spend so much on able-bodied men in the cities, when an equal expenditure in well-organized efforts would provide stimulating employment to many thousands in the healthier environment of the north. Well-fed men in comfortable community camps, not the bread lines of the cities, is the solution.

Let Canada for all time abandon the foolish policy of homesteading her bush clay lands by individuals, working separately against unequal barriers. Rather let her undertake now a great permanent land clearing policy by using large gangs of unemployed men, living in community camps, supplied with every facility for education and entertainment—the movies not excepted.

NEW DIRECTORS OF THE BANK OF MONTREAL

SIR LOMER GOUIN

GENERAL SIR ARTHUR CURRIE

The enlargement of the directorate of the Bank of Montreal, which was decided upon at the recent annual meeting as a result of the extending scope of the institution, has resulted in two gentlemen of national reputation being added to the board, namely, the Hon. Sir Lomer Gouin, K.C.M.G., and General Sir Arthur Currie, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., LL.D.

Sending Children to Bed for Punishment.

Some parents have the habit of punishing their children for wrong doing by requiring them to go to bed during the daytime. There is danger in such punishment. Children who lie in bed unoccupied are likely to develop bad habits. A child should not lie in bed at any time while he is awake unless he is kept busy in some wholesome way. When he is sent to bed for punishment the chances are that he will not be occupied and the consequences are apt to be harmful.

Some parents encourage their children to remain in bed and rest after they awaken in the morning. It would be better for them to arise at once. If they really need more rest than they can get from a night's sleep, they should form the habit of taking a nap at a regular time when they are tired and sleepy.

Parents who discover that their children have already acquired bad habits from lying in bed unoccupied, should explain in a frank but kind way the dangers arising therefrom; such parents should follow this explanation with redoubled efforts to keep the attention of their little ones filled constantly with wholesome thoughts and occupations.

Evil habits are probably acquired more largely through the practice of lying in bed awake or being sent to bed for punishment than from any other one cause.

The Hospitable Hour.

Winter is the season for cosy tea parties. A homelike room, some hot, fragrant tea and a plateful of tempting sandwiches will look very inviting to guests who have tramped through cold and sleet to see you. Here are recipes for palatable cracker and sandwich fillings.

If your guests care for cheese, you can tempt their appetites with a filling of cheese and pickled onion. Grate the cheese, mince the onion and add a little vinegar; or beat the white of three eggs stiff, and slowly stir in one and one-half cupfuls of grated cheese and a little paprika. Then spread the mixture on crackers and brown the crackers in the oven.

Oyster crackers may be crisped in the oven, dipped in hot butter and rolled in grated cheese or in nut crumbs; or they may be coated with almond or strawberry icing.

Cheese wafers spread with dates and nuts that have been mashed to a paste are always good. So are butter crackers coated with a mixture of cottage cheese and blackberry jam, or with a paste made of cheese and apple butter.

To make a delicious sweet cracker pour chocolate sauce and grated walnuts over well-buttered reception flakes, or melt a chocolate cream on a plain cracker.

Cocoanut marguerites are easy to make. Boil a cupful of sugar in one-quarter of a cupful of water until the mixture spins a thread. While it is hot pour it over the well-beaten white of an egg, add a third of a cupful of fresh-grated cocoanut and a teaspoonful of vanilla. For foundation, use small, plain crackers. Put a spoonful of the mixture on each cracker and brown the crackers in a moderate oven.

You can serve soda crackers in a new and delightful way by icing them. Make a syrup of sugar and water, stir a quarter of a cupful of sugar over the fire until it begins to burn, add it to the syrup, pour both over one egg stiffly whipped, and stir in chopped pecan nuts and a little vanilla. Place the crackers in the oven until the icing rises.

Cinnamon tea biscuits are familiar, but are always welcome and are easily prepared. Make a paste with soft butter, half a cupful of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of ground cinnamon. Spread it on crackers or on rounds of toast sliced thin, and heat the toast or the crackers in the oven.

Peanut-butter fillings are equally popular. Mix half a pound of confectioners' sugar and a level tablespoonful of butter; then add two tablespoonfuls of peanut butter and sufficient cream to moisten the mixture.

You can make a filling that has a distinctly Oriental flavor if you rub to a paste a dozen stoned dates and half a teaspoonful of ground cloves, and thin the mixture with a little orange juice or cream; spread it on moderately sweet crackers.

Cooking by Graded Temperature.

Not everyone realizes what temperature means in cooking; yet the intelligent use of graded heat largely determines the palatability of a dish. The higher the temperature used the more pronounced is the flavor of the food, especially when dry heat is employed.

Take, for example, the characteristic taste of roast beef and the savor of broiled oysters; if the beef were boiled and the oysters stewed, each would lose much of its flavor.

The rule applies to vegetables as well, for, although turnips, tomatoes and a few others have their flavor increased to an unpleasant degree by high temperature, by far the greater number are better baked than boiled. Carrots, parsnips, beets and squash can be baked on the rack of the oven as potatoes are.

But baking does more than to enhance the natural flavor of foods; it creates new flavors by making new substances through high temperature. The fresh crust of bread, muffins and toast, the well-browned top of a rice pudding and the crisp surfaces of broiled or baked meats, poultry and fish all have a new and delicious flavor due to actual change in the food material.

Moreover, baking insures the retention of minerals and other valuable substances that are dissolved in boiling and lost when the water is poured into the sink. The constant use of foods impoverished in that way causes malnutrition as surely as does a diet that lacks some one of the important foodstuffs.

Some foods, however, should not be subjected to intense heat during the whole of the cooking process. For example, if an egg is boiled steadily for three or four minutes the white will be hard and the yolk soft, whereas if it is put into a pan of boiling water and the pan is withdrawn to a warm place where the water does not boil, both the white and the yolk will be cooked evenly. A cake, a loaf of a joint of meat that is put into a very hot oven and kept there until it is cooked will be overdone on the outside and underdone inside. That is because the substance formed by continued high temperature on the surfaces of such foods is a non-conductor of heat.

Foods that are injured by continued high temperature should be baked for twenty minutes in a very hot oven; the heat should then be reduced and the foods left in the oven until they are cooked through.

Sophie.

Sophie's pleasant, round face was less round than usual, and the pink had faded from her cheeks. Her hair, in two childish pigtails, was brought forward over her shoulders as she lay against a pile of pillows. Her eyelids drooped, and she looked, until Gwenneth entered, like a tired-out little girl. Then her whole face flashed alive in a smile of welcome.

"Oh, Gwen, dear, it's good to see you!" she cried softly. "You're the first of the girls they've allowed to come."

"Because I was the most persistent, and they got tired of keeping me out," declared Gwenneth, smiling back at the convalescent with a twinkle of moisture on her eyelashes; for Sophie had been very near the verge. "I've promised to stay only a few minutes. If I tired you, they mightn't let the rest come, and then—I don't know what would happen! The pack would turn and rend me! They spend their spare time on your back doorstep, whining to get in, and they are jealous enough already to bite me for slipping in ahead."

"Everybody's been so good," said Sophie happily, with a tremulous laugh. "So good I—I can't even talk about it yet, I should cry if I tried."

"Don't try. Enjoy our transitory sweetness while it lasts. Eat our jellies and sniff our flowers and regard us as young angels while you can; you'll soon be well again, and we'll be our old prickly, teasing, unreasonable selves. We are extra nice now because when you were sickest we held a consultation and made a discovery. You'd never guess what it was."

"No," assented Sophie, "you know I wouldn't. I'm not a bit clever. But at least I'm not too stupid to know that I'm perfectly ordinary and uninteresting—and to be grateful—"

"Stop there, my child; you've come close to the edge of our great discovery, but now you're taking a wrong turning," Gwenneth interrupted her imperatively. "We are a clever crowd," she went on frankly, "in a way. We're quick, and if only two or three of the girls are really witty we've all got the habit of tossing the talk back and forth. That's well enough, as long as we can just enjoy our own fun without conceit. But we were beginning to consider ourselves out of the ordinary, I'm afraid; and that's fatal. The next thing we'd have been striking poses and scintillating. Awful!"

"You absurd old Gwen," protested Sophie. "You're trying to apologize for being bright! And you haven't yet told me of your great discovery."

"The discovery," said Gwenneth soberly, "came when we realized that a certain little person had taken sick—a person who never said anything clever, but who just laughed and listened and appreciated our nonsense, and who put in an occasional sensible remark just at the proper moment, or a kind one if we were too sarcastic; and who was always sweet and good tempered and modest without an iota of show-off-i-ness in her whole system, and—"

"Why, Gwen!" said Sophie. "Why, Gwen!"

"Oh, yes, Sophie dear! We found out that it was a small thing to be clever and a big thing to be wise and kind, and that the one person we couldn't possibly do without was—Goodness! Time's up. There's your sister in the doorway, making signals. Good-by!"

She vanished with a nod and a wave of the hand; and it was a very proud and humble Sophie, with a heart full of love for her friends—though she could not really believe in their great discovery—that snuggled down into her pillows with a sigh of content.

Health—the Everlasting Reality.

To nothing else touching his life can the aphorism "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he" be more fittingly applied than to a man's health. Health can be established only by thinking health, just as disease is established by thinking disease. Just as you must think success, expect it, visualize it, make your mind a huge success magnet to attract it if you are to attain it, so if you want to be healthy, you must think health, you must expect it, you must visualize it, you must attract it by making your mind a huge health magnet to attract more health, abundant health. As long as physical defects, weaknesses, or diseased conditions exist in the imagination as long as the mind is filled with visions of ill health the body must correspond, because our bodies are but an extension of our thoughts, our minds objectified.

Health is based upon the ideal of the body's perfection and the absolute denial of disease, the denial of everything but the ideal condition; upon the idea that only that which is good for us can be real in the highest sense of the word; that all physical discords are only the absence of harmony, not the reality of our being, the truth of us. Health is the everlasting reality, disease is the absence of reality. It is only seeming.

In proportion to the physician's ability to suggest perfect soundness of body to his patient, to visualize him as physically perfect; in proportion to his power to see and to impress upon the mind of his patient the image of the ideal, instead of that of the diseased, discordant, suffering individual, will he be able to help him.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

First Funeral by Air.

The first case here of a funeral by air, says a London despatch, was arranged when the Handley-Page Co. was asked to quote its rate for carrying the body of a woman by air from London to Paris. It was explained that the body had to be in Paris by Thursday and that air transport was the only method which would guarantee its punctual arrival.

The cost of an air funeral was placed at £75, or approximately $300.

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THE POWER THAT MOVES THE WORLD

ENTHUSIASM IS MOTIVE FORCE OF THE MIND.

Put Your Soul Into Work and You Will Make Headway Wherever You Are.

Enthusiasm is the dynamics of your personality. Without it, whatever abilities you may possess lie dormant; and it is safe to say that nearly every man has more latent power than he ever learns to use. You may have knowledge, sound judgment, good reasoning faculties; but no one—not even yourself—will know it, until you discover how to put your heart into thought and action.

A wonderful thing is this quality which we call enthusiasm. It is too often underrated as so much surplus and useless display of feeling, lacking in real substantiality. This is an enormous mistake. You can't go wrong in applying all the genuine enthusiasm that you can stir up within you; for it is the power that moves the world. There is nothing comparable to it in the things which it can accomplish.

Power of Persuasion.

We can cut through the hardest rocks with a diamond drill and melt steel rail with a flame. We can tunnel through mountains and make our way through any sort of physical obstruction. We can checkmate and divert the very laws of nature, by our science. But there is no power in the world that can cut through another man's mental opposition, except persuasion. And persuasion plus enthusiasm, with the emphasis on enthusiasm.

Enthusiasm is the art of high persuasion. And did you ever stop to think that your progress is commensurate with your ability to move the minds of other people? If you are a salesman, if you are a clerk, it is the zest which you put into your work that enkindles appreciation in the mind of your employer. You have a good idea—do you realize it at once. Columbus had a good idea, but he didn't get "across" with it without much of this high persuasion.

If you would like to be a power among men, cultivate enthusiasm. People will like you for it; you will escape the dull routine of a mechanical existence and you will make headway wherever you are. It cannot be otherwise, for this is the law of human life. Put your soul into your work, not only will you find it pleasant, but every hour of the day, people will believe in you just as they believe in electricity when they get in touch with a dynamo.

Leaders of Men.

What is it in a man that qualifies him for command? With some men we feel the instant that they are born to be in charge of things. Moreover, they will not timidly initiate and ineffectually continue what they have started, but they will start and carry on and execute with a remarkable dynamic driving force. Such men are priceless and they are rare. The leaders are rare because so many want the glory without the labor of command, and labor without the glory. Men who are not interested in the matters of first of all are searching to these words for a name and a fame for themselves. The one thing that gets a man to a place worth while is a real and detailed self-forgetfulness. The trouble with the deed that is sacrificial is that, although it may be a pretty one, they put too much on exhibition; they cannot keep it a secret. What does it matter what does the thing, as compared with doing the thing? Why do we want to get our names noted in heaven? Why are we not instead of waiting for the recording angel? Why are we restless when we hear praise go to another? Why are we not put out if not invited to other people's affairs? What becomes of the vanity of human wishes, when the wisher is in the grave? What is all that will be remembered of us is whether he did his work and whether he helped, and really helped down the bad and to exalt the good. Sir Walter Scott on his deathbed told Lockhart that only thing been a good man is a sense of having been a good man is a comfort at the last.

The man who leads has a cause that is bigger than himself or any of his followers. He commands them just because there is something not seen with the eye that commands him. They obey because they know he is devoted not to the notion of overruling them, but to the idea of getting the right thing done. He cares for their good, too, but one. They all stand, advance or retreat, gain or lose, together. The captain is the father of them all; he is torn with paternal solicitudes for them. Therefore, they follow when the command is "Forward!"

Real Cinderella.

Cinderella's real name, it is alleged, was Rhodopis. She is believed to have been a beautiful Egyptian maiden who lived 6 years before the common era and during the reign of Psamtticus, one of the twelve kings of Egypt.

A day of worry is more exhausting than a week of work.

A Merciful B

Though devoted to Portuguese are unusu mals. The two thin Frederick Hamilton h ces, seem irreconcil grasp the fact that a fight is absolutely blo bulls nor horses are k spectacle indeed is me of horsemanship and

The bull's horns covered with leather cador rides a really g ed horse. Should even to touch his ho ded horns, he will blessed. The spanish wooden sword only harmlessly on the and woe betide him eyes that witness tion of even the spot. He will ha On the other hand fatal spot the lorle shower ettes into the hurl their ha

The Spanish of bulls represents some experience, assume what handed idea of again and again he gl hand, and the owner wa ways regarded ordinary th

Professor to

Nat

The Origin of

No question among ... concerning ... more pe

Explanations ... came from ... recent ... thought ... out from ... distant ...

What ... them to ... the earth ... they are ... and wh ... of ... that ... the ... come ... more ... travel ... to ... infinite ... they are ... Montevideo

Naturally ... is a geode ... in rock. Water ... the rock deposited ... lining for the cavity ... thicker and thicker, and ... time. If the rock was ... "weathered" to ... would drop out. The ... geode until it, as sometimes ... the silica has formed ... of it, colored by metallic ... geode is a little jewel ... amethysts.