

Samuel Litke has taken Palace theatre for a month.

G. A. R. Post meeting this afternoon at three o'clock.

Cleveland Austin and family, from Bayonne, spent Christmas with his parents.

Mrs. E. M. Fairchild took dinner in Hammonton with her two sisters on Christmas Day.

Miss Edith M. Warrington is enjoying a week's vacation in Hammonton, during the holidays.

Frank N. Thomas will start for Jamaica, Saturday, to spend a month or more with his daughter and family.

Miss Carrie Nelson, of Philada., is spending the holidays with her sister, Mrs. D. W. C. Russell, on Valley Ave.

Albert J. Rehmann purchased the D. C. Rehmann property at Sheriff sale, last Saturday, bidding it in at \$1200.

The Baptist Sunday School invites its friends to Christmas exercises next Tuesday evening. A good time is assured.

The annual business meeting of the Hammonton Alumni Association will be held in Firemen's Hall on Tuesday eve, Dec. 30th.

On account of the severe storm, Thursday evening, the Methodist Sunday School postponed Christmas exercises until to night.

Mrs. Cyrus F. Osgood died on Tuesday, Dec. 23rd, 1913, at her home, in Hammonton, N. J., after prolonged suffering with diabetes. Widespread sympathy is felt for Mr. Osgood and his two daughters thus afflicted. Mrs. Osgood was a daughter of the late Dr. Jos. H. North, Sr., who was one of the earliest settlers here—the writer becoming acquainted with the family in 1865. She was popular as a young lady, and to the last held the friendship of all who knew her. Funeral services will be held at the house at ten o'clock to-day.

A Sad Accident.

Milton Dilger, eighteen years old, son of John Dilger; Emil Dunkel, ten years old; Clifford Olt, ten year-old son of Mrs. Kirk Cramer, all of Hammonton, were instantly killed on Wednesday, Dec. 24th, at the Eleventh Street crossing of the Reading Railroad.

Dilger was driver for Adams Express Company, and had the little boys with him as he delivered a package on Eleventh Street. On the return trip, as they came down the steep incline to the crossing, the up-express which stops at Hammonton at 11.30 came thundering along. Just how it happened, no one knows,—whether the high banks prevented their seeing the train, or their own momentum prevented a stop, we can only guess; but the locomotive struck the heavy covered wagon fairly, demolishing it, and scattered the boys, lifeless, along the track.

Certain it is, there is neither gate nor alarm bell at that unusually dangerous crossing, where several others have been killed in recent years. A passenger is quoted as saying that the engine bell was ringing for the station and the electric bells clanging. He was mistaken as to the alarm, sure. We hope the Coroner's verdict will note the unsafe conditions there.

Milton Dilger was one of our straightforward, honest, industrious boys, of whom the town has not too many, respected by his employers and all who knew him. Clifford Olt was popular with patrons of the restaurant,—a bright, manly little fellow. Emil Dunkel, son of John Dunkel, is spoken of as a good boy, well known, and had just been out on errand of mercy.

This accident made it a sorrowful Christmas Day for three families, and cast a shadow over the community,—universal sympathy being felt for the afflicted families.

The funerals will be as follows: Clifford Olt, at 11.00, to-morrow morning, in the M. R. Church.

Emil Dunkel, tomorrow afternoon, at one o'clock, in the M. R. Church, leaving the house at 12.30.

Milton Dilger, on Sunday afternoon at two o'clock, at the house, to proceed to St. Joseph's Church.

Notices for Presbyterian Church. At morning worship, 10.30, the Christmas theme; text, "Let us now go and see this thing which is come to pass," Luke ii. 15. Evening worship, 7.30, theme, "The new year and the new man. Sabbath School at noon.

St. Mark's Church, Holy Innocents, Day. Morning Prayer 7.00; Holy Communion, 7.30 and 10.30; Sunday School, 11.45; Evening Prayer, 7.30. Feast of the Circumcision (Jan. 1), Morning Prayer, 7.00; Holy Communion, 7.30; Evening Prayer, 4.30.

Through the efforts of Mrs. H. K. Spear and Mrs. Samuel Anderson, two leaders of the Christmas movement in the Civic Club, and the aid of the doctors who gave lists of those in need, many homes in and around Hammonton were gladdened with Christmas cheer. Twelve dinners were sent out and seventy-one stockings given to the youngsters, besides twelve boxes of other good things to those who deserved them. Two of the good men of the town kindly gave the use of their automobiles for delivery purposes, which was greatly appreciated by the Club, who also thank all those who so willingly and liberally helped. Verily, "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

The New Grange Officers

Hammonton Grange, No. 3, P. of H., elected officers last week Friday evening, as follows:

Master, W. Wallace Mayberry. Overseer, Mrs. W. F. Bassett. Sec'y, Mrs. W. W. Mayberry. Treas., Miss Bessie McD. Berry. Steward, Jessie N. Rogers. Assistant, Manley Austin. Lady Ass't, Mrs. Maggie Green. Lecturer, Mrs. Orville Bassett. Chaplain, Mrs. J. N. Rogers. Ceres, Mrs. Chas. Laver. Pomona, Mrs. Jennie Burgess. Flora, Mrs. C. F. Crowell. Gatekeeper, Guiton Messina. Installation next Friday evening, Jan. 2nd.

VOLUNTEER FIRE CO.

Volunteer Fire Company held their annual meeting last week Monday evening. Among the items of business was the Treasurer's report, which showed the Company to be in good shape, and elected the following officers:

President, Manley Austin. Vice-Pres., A. L. Jackson. Secretary, H. C. Leonard. Treasurer, W. O. Hoyt. Foreman, L. Spyes, Jr. Assistant, W. O. Hoyt. Trustees, H. C. Doughty, A. L. Jackson, Chas. Gibbs. Rep. to Relief Asso., Dr. J. C. Ritter.

BOARD OF TRADE.

The re-organized Board of Trade has entered on a campaign which promises great good to Hammonton and surrounding country.

Its success will depend upon the faithfulness of its various committees, which cover the entire field of activities that make a thriving and prosperous community, and the cordial support and co-operation of its membership, which should consist of every man and woman in the community who has the uplift spirit.

As the chosen head of the organization, I earnestly request that the chairman of each committee select his associates promptly, and be ready to report same at the next regular meeting, to be held on Tuesday evening, Jan. 6, in Firemen's Hall. Also, to make a report of conditions as they find them in their several departments, with suggestions for their improvement.

Two slogans have already been submitted, and it will be no betrayal of confidence to submit them and say "go them better," if you can.

"It's Hammonton for Health and Prosperity."

"Hammonton, Home, Health and Prosperity."

For home use how would this do? "Get busy and pull together," that the world may know that the sentiments contained in any slogan are not words of fancy but of truthfulness and reality.

A. J. RIDER.

Bank Bros.

Bank Bros.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL!

The year about to close, will be marked down as a banner year in our mercantile history.

The volume of business done during the past year convinces us that this store

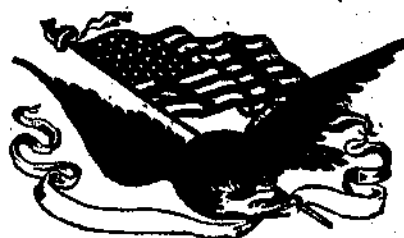
Has Made Many New Friends

and strengthened the confidence of our old friends.

We extend to all our heartiest thanks for their liberal patronage, and assure you that during the year to come our service will be still better than in the past.

.Yours truly,

Bank Brothers.

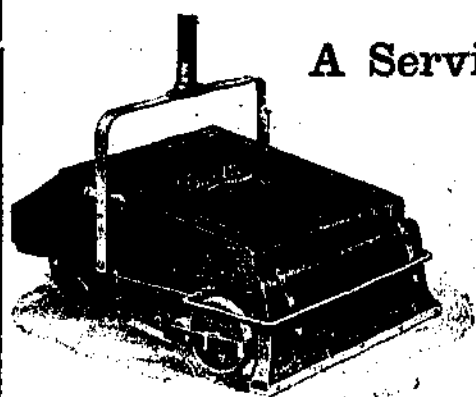


EAGLE THEATRE
High-Class
Motion Pictures
only.
Samuel Litke, Proprietor

We offer 1000
NEW SHARES IN THE
SERIES THIS
YEAR
OLD RELIABLE
IN THE
Workingmen's
Loan and Building Association.

FOR PAYMENT OF
\$0.50 per month (1/2 share) you get \$100 in less than 11 1/2 years
1.00 " " you get \$200 in less than 11 1/2 years
5.00 " " 1000 " "
25.00 " " 5000 " "
Four per cent interest will be paid on shares withdrawn at the end of first year; higher rates if left longer.
We welcome investments from any part of the United States. Dues may be sent by mail.
We loan on local real estate only, enabling close supervision and absolute safety. All moneys sold at six per cent.
We have had 37 years of constant growth and unqualified success.

New Series opens January 5th, 1914
Subscriptions for shares received NOW
At The Peoples Bank.
WILLIAM DOERFEL, Secretary



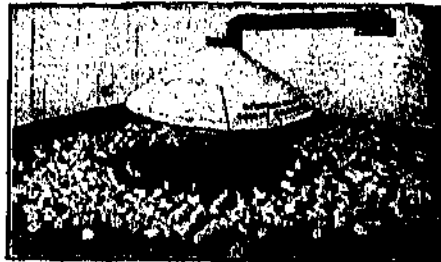
A Serviceable
New Year
Gift
FOR THE
Housekeeper

The Duntley Pneumatic Sweeper

PRICES RIGHT

W. W. BURNHAM, Agent, Hammonton.

Newtown
GIANT
Colony
BROODER



IT RUNS ITSELF. Use in any building. Is purely automatic in feeding coal and regulating heat. You want a Giant Brooder, that insures perfect ventilation, room for exercise, right temperature, no crowding, no worry.

Raises More and Better Chicks.

All persons who are interested in latest improvements in brooding chicks are invited to call and see this brooder stove in operation.

T. W. VARE, Agent for Hammonton and vicinity, Bellevue Ave. and Liberty St., Hammonton, N. J.

THE GREATEST ENEMIES OF BIRDS

Considering the many enemies of birds, it is marvelous that bird life has continued on the earth. Man himself is one of the great destroyers of bird life. There are millions of game and song birds destroyed wantonly every year by men who simply do light in killing. There are also many millions of birds destroyed in order to embellish the hats of women. Millions of birds are destroyed by unreasonable storms of rain, snow and hail and by tempests and by accidents connected with migration, coming in contact with light-houses, telephone or telegraph wires and tall buildings.

The skunk, mink, weasel, rat and squirrel are enemies of the birds, eating their flesh or their eggs.

But it is claimed that the most calamitous of all the enemies of birds, are the house cats. It is held that one cat may destroy, in the course of a year, hundreds of birds. This seems incredible, but it is a fact. I have seen a lively cat pounce upon a bird on the open lawn and kill it. When the cat can conceal herself in the shrubbery she has a far better opportunity to catch the bird. It is when the young birds have been hatched but a short time, that they are most easily destroyed by the cat, the crow, the owl and other enemies.

When we consider the numerous enemies of birds, shall we not decide that the time has come for men and women and boys and girls to protect the birds? When you see a boy climbing a straight tree to rob a bird's nest, while his companions are waiting eagerly below, an opportunity is given for giving those boys a lecture on the helplessness of birds and the wickedness of destroying bird life.

FOOLED SALT WATER SAILOR

The skipper of the W. H. Oliver was in a reminiscent mood as he sat in the hotel window watching the many theatre lovers wade through the mud on their way to the brilliantly lighted entrance.

"That long, slim fellow there reminds me of the watchman I had on the ship last year," he said. "He was city-bred but when he came on board the ship would not admit he was anything but a salt water sailor. I first saw him on the fo'c's'le, slushing down the deck. I asked him where he came from."

"I just blew in from salt water," he replied, and I knew in a minute he was handing me bunk.

"He was so willing to show he knew everything that we fixed up a joke on him when he was casting the lead up on Superior in a fog. The mate left him casting on a fog to call the depth and taster the butter to place the location. In the end of the lead there was tallow to catch the soil on the lake bottom. By the soil we could tell where we were at."

"The new watchman heaved the lead. The mate stepped forward and when the lead came over the side substituted one which he had heated to red hot color in the furnace at the place where the tallow was placed."

"How deep is it?" I cried.

"About five fathoms," he answered.

"What's on the bottom?" I called.

"He brought the lead to his lips, touched his tongue to the hot tip and jumped a foot in the air, dropping the lead on the mate's foot."

"Grant God, captain, stop the ship," he yelled. "We will be in hell in five minutes."

HIS WITTY REPLY.

An English lady of title, while visiting Washington after the Gould-Decles wedding, which she had come over to attend, was greatly surprised at the public discussion over the smoking of a cigarette by Lady Decles at the window of her private car.

"I hear," said this lady, "that for some time to come, on account of this incident, Lady Decles will be bothered with letters of criticism from strangers and anti-cigarette leagues. The American prejudice against women smokers is extraordinary."

"I suppose, however," continued the speaker, "that there are anti-bacco fanatics everywhere. I remember a clever answer to one of those fanatics made by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, the great preacher."

"A gentleman wrote to Mr. Spurgeon, saying that he had heard he smoked, and could not believe it to be true. Would Mr. Spurgeon write and tell him if it really was so? His reply was:

"Dear Sir: I cultivate my flowers and burn my weeds. Yours truly, C. H. Spurgeon."

HAD THE APPETITE

It was at a recent Friars' dinner that Augustus Thomas told the story of a newspaper man's laudable appetite. There had arisen a controversy over the ability of a man to eat two quails a day for thirty consecutive days. A Fort Row reporter was asked if he would undertake the task. "Say, Bill," he replied, "make it two."

STOPPING A NOSEBLEED.

By This Method It Is Simply a Matter of Imagination.

In many experiments carried on during the last few years it has been ascertained that the mind controls to a wonderful extent the flow of blood to any particular part of the body. The following experiment has been tried as many as ten times by me and has not failed once.

When the nose starts to bleed, immediately persuade yourself to believe that you are running with all your might up the steepest flight of steps you can think of or as a high hill; that is, just think of going; either of these things and doing it fast. Think at the same time that you are carrying a heavy piece of baggage with both hands and add thoughts of any other bodily exertion. You will be surprised at the quickness with which your trouble ends.

The explanation is that when we really start to run more blood is given to the arteries supplying the muscles of the legs than they were receiving while at rest. This has been proved. As the same thoughts in the mind produce approximately the same bodily effects, if one merely thinks to run, but does not run, the blood will go to the legs anyhow and away from the head, as desired.

There are many common experiences of secretions started by thoughts. If one looks at a lemon and thinks of sucking it his mouth immediately waters, and I have no doubt that many people who read this will have their mouths watering from the simple reading.

BUFFALO TONGUES.

"Walrus whisker toothpicks and buffalo tongue hairbrushes," the explorer cried.

And he displayed a packet of black toothpicks tied with a strip of red rawhide and a flat black hairbrush that seemed molded out of rubber. "These two articles," said the explorer, "are of strictly native manufacture—native American manufacture. Take the toothpicks first. They are made by the Indians of Alaska. The Indians, whenever they kill a walrus, pluck from his face his long and stiff whiskers, cure them and ship them to the Chinese. At every fashionable Chinese dinner you will see the statey mandarins between each course picking their teeth with these walrus whisker toothpicks."

"It's the Blackfoot Indians who use buffalo tongue hairbrushes. A buffalo's tongue is rough. The spines on it make very good hairbrush bristles. And these bristles in a Blackfoot brush don't come out, for the Blackfoot simply skins his buffalo tongue, cuts it in hairbrush shape, cures it, and there you are."

Every Blackfoot in the past had his buffalo hairbrush. But those days are gone—gone with the buffalo herds—and where in the fifties you could buy a good buffalo tongue brush on the plains for a noddle of puppy dog stew I doubt if you get one now for a keg of brewer.

TRAINING FOR THE MINISTRY.

Nothing is more necessary to the community, whatever the religious opinion of its members may be, than the steady and constant supply of men of high education, of consecration, of careful training, of inspiration and of lives devoted to act and word to the service of the divine and of humanity. Unless such men are in the community its great moral forces will cease to have their expression, their direction, their inspiration and their representation.

It is, therefore, to be regretted that, in spite of the many movements, particularly through our Young Men's Christian Association, which have been active during the last decade as never before, the supply of clergymen is not keeping up with the growth of the country, but it is gratifying that this supply is increasing. It is notable, however, that the share of those who become clergymen with a college education is decreasing. Down to 1895 the schools which reported college training furnished about two-thirds of the total number of men fitting for the ministry. In 1910 they furnished one-half, or 38.5 out of the total number, which, including 312 women, was 7587.

HOLLAND'S TRADE IN FLOWER BULBS.

The cultivation and exportation of flower bulbs has been carried on in Holland since 1750 but the trade did not begin to attain its present enormous proportions until the last twenty or thirty years of the nineteenth century. About four million dollars' worth of bulbs are now exported annually.

The Dutch bulb growers form a general federation which numbers about three thousand members. The federation publishes a paper twice a week, organizes sales during the season, submits new varieties to a committee of judges and buys all trade disputes before a council specially named for the purpose. The federation has also organized exhibitions and sent Dutch produce to foreign shows.

THE SUPREME ERROR

A force run and whirling clouds of fine dust made out-of-doors Salisbury uncomfortable. Within walls there was less dust, but the atmosphere felt even hotter—simply stifling. Howard Legge had just come into his office from the goods shed. He glanced at the thermometer. Ninety-seven!

"Phew! Halloa, Kersley! Waiting to see me?" he said. "What is it?" "Good morning, Legge. Er—yes; I wanted just a word. The fact is, I'm in a temporary difficulty. I owe some money at the club, and unfortunately can't quit make up the sum. Could you lend me ten pounds until the thirty-first?"

"No!" There was not the slightest hesitation. Legge's face had darkened. His manner was stern and unbending. "I'll be plain with you, Kersley. You've borrowed three hundred dollars from me. Most likely you'll never be able to repay it. We'll call it a bad debt on my side. But—and please consider this first—I don't intend to lend you a dollar more!"

"I see. An ultimatum!" Kersley's smile was unpleasantly suggestive. It called up the vision of an angry beast preparing to strike. "I pass by your insinuation, Legge. It isn't too gentlemanly; but let that go. But aren't you losing sight of your own interests? Just reflect a moment. Out here only one man knows our history—myself. Heaven forbid that I should threaten! But accidents will happen. The tongue of a man who feels himself aggrieved—let down by a friend who could have saved him from dishonor—is apt to grow restive. In an unguarded moment I might let slip something that I should afterwards regret. Something that you might regret, too! Unless rumor lies, you have matrimonial aspirations in a certain quarter. Now, Baddeley's a very decent old chap, but proud as Lucifer. Maisie's his youngest—the child of his old age. He idolizes her. Do you seriously suppose he'd let her marry a convict—if he knew?"

The shot told. Legge knew what faced him. In his heart he had known all along. But he did not waver. He had no intention of wavering.

"Blackmail!" he said, quietly. "Very well, Kersley. We know where we stand now. If I committed an error in the past, Heaven knows I paid the penalty. Aye, a hundredfold! You, least of all, have reason to reproach me. You and I hail from the same town in the best country in the world. Because of it, when you came to this office three years back and asked for work, I found it for you. You were wrecked; I restarted you on the road to respectability. But you can't keep straight. Cards and whisky are your gods. By way of gratitude you now try to blackmail me. You throw in my face an old mistake—threaten me with it for your own mean ends. Do your worst, Kersley! That's my answer. Do the worst you can! I never wish to see you again. Get outside my office!"

It was true. Ten years earlier Howard Legge, clerk in a wholesale house in Nottingham, had been arrested on a charge of embezzlement. He had pleaded guilty, and served a term of imprisonment. He recalled the memory, even now, with a shudder—a ghastly wave of shame. Liberated, he had only one idea in his mind—to cut adrift all old associations and start afresh. He sailed for Africa and fought in his country's hour of need. When the war was over he drifted up-country and entered the railway service. Step by step he had risen to his present position—district traffic superintendent. Hard work and capacity had been his only passports to favor, but it was an open secret that he was marked out for greater responsibilities. Henry Baddeley, the manager, was advancing in years. In the near future he would retire. And, barring accidents, Howard Legge stood to succeed him.

When fate threw the chance of a great happiness in his way, he felt justified, from a worldly point of view, in grasping it. Maisie Baddeley, fresh out from school, with English roses on her cheeks and unpolished laughter on her lips, had come into his life like a breath of sweet, pure spring air. He loved her at first sight, and was never wanting an excuse to seek her society. Only two days ago he had put his hopes to the test.

"Maisie, I hear you're returning to the old country very shortly. Shall you ever want to come back? Will you come back if I ask you to? I love you, dearie. More words can't tell how much. I'm a poor hand at phrasing-making. But give me the chance to prove it in a better way. All the world you are to me, little girl. Can I hope to be anything to you?"

One whispered word only in reply, but it sufficed. He took her in his arms with a passionate tenderness.

And now? All over! In that brief, perfect dream he had lost sight of the ugly lurking reality. Kersley had reminded him of it. Kersley knew; and one thing he had told Legge—conviction with it. Henry Baddeley was

proud. He would not give his daughter to an ex-fall bird. It was useless to ask—useless to attempt explanation or justification. Right through the day he tortured himself trying to find a way out. But there was none. And at night he wrote to Maisie.

"Maisie, I want to recall what I said to you on Thursday. When I said I had forgotten things which I ought to have been impossible for me over to forget. They have been brought back to me. Heaven knows I love you still. I always shall love you. But I cannot ask you to marry me. I dare not. Try to shut me out of your thoughts!"

An ill-conceived, hastily written letter. A stupid letter. A mad letter. Yes; but when a man's brain is afire he does not stay to think clearly, to marshal facts in cold logical sequence. He sees one aspect only of a case. Howard Legge's brain was afire.

When a great inner puts out to sea every soul on board usually feels relief. It is good to escape from the quayside, to feel the throb of the water. If the vessel be homeward bound, so much more the joy. The colonist returning home is an impatient mortal. Inactivity chafes him.

But the Kinkas Castle left Cape Town one Wednesday with a passenger who was certainly not unduly glad. Maisie Baddeley was desolate and morose. Her nerves and temper were jumpy. Both had been so for some weeks. Her parents, unable to assign a definite cause, looked to the voyage to effect an improvement. They spoke hopefully of gaieties in England. Six months after their settlement in the old country she startled them by announcing her engagement to be married. Basil Winter, the prospective bridegroom, was middle-aged and wealthy, but not otherwise distinguished. They motored, golfed and went about together as engaged couples do; and if Henry Baddeley and his wife sometimes wondered at their daughter's choice, they knew how to keep a still tongue. The opinions of others counted for nothing.

One night, when Winter and his fiancée were driving home from the theatre, there was an accident. A man stepped from the kerb at a street corner without glancing right or left, and before the chauffeur could pull up the car was upon him. When picked up he was found to be badly crushed, and had a nasty head wound. They put him in the car and drove to the nearest hospital.

Maisie called next morning to ask how he was progressing. The nurse compressed her lips.

"No vitality. No recuperative power," she said. "A stronger man might have had a chance, but—"

That "but" conveyed everything. Later in the day she went again, and was taken by her desire to see the patient. She looked at him with compassion—a pale, miserable specimen of a man, swathed in bandages.

"I'm sorry," she said, simply. "Very sorry. Our car knocked you down, you know."

"I suppose it's hopeless? Not even the ghost of a chance? The man could not move, but his eyes sought hers. "No, don't be afraid. I'm used to hearing hard truths. Besides, I don't mind much. I've had my fling, and life's not much left to offer me. Perhaps—perhaps this is best. There is only one thing. Somewhere I've got a wife and two children. I'd like them just—just to know."

"Oh, poor fellow!" Maisie's impulsive heart was shocked. "You want to see your wife, of course. Why haven't they fetched her before?"

"My fault!" The warmth of a smile crooked the derelict's face. "I haven't mentioned her till now."

"Tell me where she lives! I will go to her. She must come to see you." "Altenly Road, Nottingham—unless she's moved. I haven't seen her for two years. Her name's Jennie Forwood. Always a good one, Temple was. Tried her level best to keep me straight. But it was no use. I was a failure crooked from the beginning. 'Bad to worse' you can write on my tombstone."

"Don't distress yourself about it now," said Maisie. "Perhaps—perhaps you haven't had a fair chance. I'll try to find your wife to-morrow, and we'll both come to see you. Good-bye!"

But late that night they telephoned her that James Forwood was dead. The sunken clay had set the white soul free.

Maisie went to Nottingham and sought out his wife next day. She told her news as simply and as gently as she could. The interview might have had unpleasant experiences for Maisie.

THE GROWTH OF RUSSIA

Since its defeat by Japan, Russia has not affected the imagination of the world with quite the same of hidden power that it conveyed before, but those who study its recent statistics find that it is the same giant still. In the last thirteen years the population of the empire has increased

by 33,000,000, which is 3,000,000 more than the United States has gained in twenty years. The census of 1909 gives the empire, including Siberia, 150,000,000 inhabitants, of whom 118,000,000 dwell in European Russia. Its agricultural progress is not less remarkable.

But Jennie Forwood was quick to see that her visitor's pity was genuine, that her proffered sympathy was not a sham assumed for the occasion. She plainly found relief in telling her tragic history to the younger woman.

"Jim and I might have been happy together now but for one thing. Betting. It ruined him, as it's ruined many another before and since. Years ago he used some of his firm's money. He had hoped to be able to replace it, of course; but the day came steadily nearer when it must be found out. Heavens! shall I ever forget those weeks! He hadn't a dollar, to say nothing of a hundred. He was like a hunted animal with terror. It seemed as if nothing could save him. The morning came. My brother, who was employed in the same office, heard the auditors whispering, knew that something was wrong, and questioned Jim hurriedly. 'Say nothing!' he commanded him. 'Not a syllable!' And then, for my sake and the sake of the children, he took it all on himself, and went to prison bearing the shame that should have been Jim's."

Tears were rolling down her cheeks. She paused to beat back the choking sobs. "I know it broke his heart, as it surely broke mine. And all to no purpose! My poor Jim couldn't keep straight, even after that. I've never seen my brother since. He went to South Africa when they set him free. But he played a man's part then—the part of a hero!"

"But I've seen him!" Maisie Baddeley had listened in a kind of trance. Jennie Forwood's strong, mobile face seemed to hold a fascination for her. The drama thrilled till her very nerves tingled with expectancy. And suddenly she knew why. Her brain, searching doggedly at the while the woman had been speaking, for that elusive connecting-link, had suddenly found it. "I've seen him!" she repeated confidently. "I, too, lived in Africa until a few months ago, and I know your brother well. His name is Howard Legge."

"You have lived there? You know him?" Jennie Forwood peered interrogatingly into the gray eyes. Next moment her mind, too, had bridged a stretching gulf. The situation was electric. It thrilled with possibilities. "Then you're—you're the girl he fell in love with—the girl his letters have described—Maisie Baddeley! Of course! Miss Baddeley, the finger of Providence is in this, it's guided you here to-day with a purpose. Out there Howard's dragging out his life in misery for want of you. And you love him. You can't deny it. Your eyes say so. Go to him! Go to the best man in the world, and offer him what a too sensitive nature will never let him ask for! He's a hero; not a felon! That year in his life was a crown of glory. Go to him! It's your bounden duty, and your own chance of happiness. Will you dare to refuse?"

Maisie Baddeley shrank back. She covered her face with her hands. The history of a year passed through her mind in rapid review, and things that had seemed impossible of comprehension once became explainable now. Dimly she began to understand the madness that previously had seemed to have no motive. And the feeling of pique, that wounded pride which had controlled and compelled her actions, gave way to a wondrously tender pity. Through it all surged in her brain that insistent cry, "Will you dare to refuse?"

She drew a long, deep breath—came to the deciding point with a little shiver. She would not dare. "I'll go," she murmured, humbly. "I'll go. Heaven help me to make him happy!" Jennie Forwood bent over and kissed her.

"You'll do that!" came her whisper. "Bless you for the promise!"

III. "Basil, I want to be set free! I have never loved you! I became engaged to you while loving another man!" Reaching London again, she had gone direct to the man to whom she was affianced. Her face was white; her gloved hands fluttered nervously with the stuff she carried.

"Maisie! You don't mean that seriously!" Basil Winter was genuinely astonished, as well as perturbed. "You are unwell; that unfortunate accident has upset your nerves."

"No! It has helped me to realize the truth. That is all. Believe me that I never realized it before. And uphold me, blame me if you will; I deserve it. But I cannot marry you now, Basil. That is impossible."

"My dear girl! This is terrible! A miserable end to our dream. I release you at once, if you deliberately ask it. But have you thoroughly weighed the facts? Are you convinced that your decision is final, irrevocable?"

"Absolutely. I was only a girl when you met me. I did not think deeply enough, perhaps. And I seem to have grown into womanhood suddenly."

She held out her hand. "Good-bye, Basil. My last word is one of sorrow."

And then that tone, low whisper, just able to be heard, thrilled across from her to him, and set his brain throbbing with a mighty, beating passion that swept all before it. "But I do know all. I know the story of the man who, to save his sister's heart from breaking, bore another man's disgrace—who, because of the supposed stain on his honor by the mere fact of having been in prison—told the woman who loved him that he could never ask her to share his life. And I tell him now, openly, without shame, that that was the supreme error. Howard, in my love such a frail thing? Did you think it would break at the first test?"

"Maisie, do you mean it?" His voice was hoarse; it trembled. "Do you really mean it? Oh, my darling!" Folding her in his arms, he drew her to his breast, and held her as though never again would he let her go. "Maisie, it's too good to be true. I'm drowning! Will you marry me after all?"

"I've come eight thousand miles on purpose to tell you so!" she whispered.

for having given you pain. You been good to me. Good-bye."

From him she went to her father. "Dad, I have just told Basil I cannot marry him. Our engagement is cancelled. Now I want to ask a question. Did Howard Legge tell you out in Africa that he asked me to be his wife?"

"No."

"He did. I—I promised, and two three days later he withdrew by letter all that he had said without word of explanation. I was hurt; made my life bitter. I accepted Basil while still smarting under that. To his action. It was perhaps a good reason from his point of view; for mine it was not. I am going to Rhodesia to tell him so!"

"Steady, Maisie!" Henry Baddeley's eyes twinkled across at his daughter. "I like frankness, but you take my breath away. Presumably Legge thought that he was in love with you then he backed out. What does that imply—that he found it was not so?"

"No; he loved me just as much. He loves me now."

"Umph! And you propose returning to Rhodesia to—"

"To marry him! To tell him that he need not trouble to cable for my father's consent, for I've obtained it in advance."

"I don't know so much about that! Let's go a little more slowly." Henry Baddeley did what every father would have done. He argued, blustered, and coaxed, declared that the idea was preposterous, and closed the interview by flatly refusing to listen any further. Yet his daughter triumphed. In a subsequent conversation she hinted at certain obvious possibilities which he could not ignore; and in the end passages to Cape Town for both of them were booked. He lamely alleged that a trip to Africa would be wise on his part for business reasons.

The boat journey irked Maisie considerably. Still more wearisome, however, were the five days during which the train jugged its way from Cape Town to Salisbury—days of nerve-shattering rattle, stuffy heat and dust. But all things end some time. One memorable Saturday evening they emerged on to Salisbury platform, and her heartbeats came fast.

Those ensuing hours were like a dream. She could not have told you how they passed. Everything was blurred, hazy, indistinct, till the one salient fact—that meeting with the worn, tired-looking man whose manner changed so startlingly at sight of her.

"Maisie!" He had been summoned ostensibly to meet her father. "You here! Oh, I wasn't prepared for this! I'll—I'll go—if you wish it. I'll come later—when Mr. Baddeley's here. You'll not wish to see me."

"Why not?" Admirably under control was her voice. It struck him like a douche of cold spring water. "Are we not to breathe the same air, never to exchange a word again because—because once upon a time one of us made a mistake?"

He gulped down something in his throat.

"I'm glad you take it so. I thought—I felt sure you would be horribly angry with me. You have every right to be. It was a mistake which I never ought to have made."

"It was; no man should withhold his confidence from the woman he professes to love. He has no right to attempt to decide her course of action as well as his own."

"Maisie, what are you saying? What do you mean?" He had taken a sudden step nearer. A burning hand seized her wrist. "The mistake was in telling you as much as I did, not in not telling more. Don't—don't look at me pityingly like that, or I may repeat it. Heavens, you don't know all, or you'd scorn, not pity me!"

And then that tone, low whisper, just able to be heard, thrilled across from her to him, and set his brain throbbing with a mighty, beating passion that swept all before it. "But I do know all. I know the story of the man who, to save his sister's heart from breaking, bore another man's disgrace—who, because of the supposed stain on his honor by the mere fact of having been in prison—told the woman who loved him that he could never ask her to share his life. And I tell him now, openly, without shame, that that was the supreme error. Howard, in my love such a frail thing? Did you think it would break at the first test?"

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"I've come eight thousand miles on purpose to tell you so!" she whispered.

When Henry Baddeley came into the room he sized up things in a glance. "Well, Legge, how are you?" he asked, breezily. "No need to ask, though. You look happy enough."

"Yes, sir, happy enough, thank you. Never so happy before in my life. With your permission I'm going to be married shortly—to Maisie!"

Extraordinary Mountains

The colour of mountains exhibits every kind of variety, and their aspect changes as an observer extends his distance from them, lesser regularities being lost in the general outline, and different colors being merged in a uniform shade. The appearance of solitary individual peaks is generally conical; but others are circular, elliptical or saddle-shaped.

The Table Mountain at the Cape of Good Hope has the shape of a giant's table. In the case of a number of contiguous mountains, their summits are often needled-shaped, or like the domes of Roman architecture. In many instances the entire mass resembles a vast wall, with battlements and towers after the manner of an ancient fortress, and sometimes mountains appear piled upon each other, forming a succession of giant terraces.

One of the most extraordinary mountains in its configuration is in the Mauritius, a volcanic region, and bears the name of Peter Bote. The name is derived from an unfortunate adventurer, who, according to tradition, after reaching the summit, perished in the descent. An enormous mass, of a globular shape, forms the head of the mountain. It rests upon a pedestal of rock, of a conical form, upwards of three hundred feet high, and overhangs it by several feet. At the bottom of the pedestal a narrow strip of land runs out, about six feet broad and twenty yards long, on two sides of which a precipice goes down direct fifteen hundred feet to the plain, the other side being a very steep wooded gorge.

The view from the narrow ledge, as may be imagined, is tremendous in the extreme; and the still ascending conical rock, with its overhanging base, seems secure enough from the intrusion of man.

Mont Blanc, the centre and highest summit of the great Alpine range, an enormous mass of primitive rock, rises to the height of 15,760 feet above the sea level, and is visible at Dijon, a distance of one hundred and forty miles.

The form of the mountain is pyramidal, as seen from the north and south, but from the valley of Chamouni it resembles the back of a dormitory, on account of which Bosse de Dromedaire is one of its local titles.

The extreme summit, a ridge nearly two hundred feet in length, was reached for the first time in August, 1766, by Doctor Paccard and James Balme.

The internal structure of elevations, as well as their external shape, displays great diversities. In fact, their outward character has been determined, in a great degree, by the substances of which they are composed.

The granite mountains are the loftiest upon the surface of the globe, and present the most rugged and broken aspect, with very precipitous cliffs.

Humboldt has pointed out a striking difference between the great mountains of the eastern and western continents. Those of the higher Alps lift their granite heads far above the clouds, and, with the Himalayas, form the loftiest points of the old world. But in America, whistone—which in Europe appears only in low mountains or at the foot of those of great magnitude—covers the mightiest heights of the Andes.

Chimborazo and Antisano—both in Ecuador, South America—are crowned by vast walls of porphyry, rising to the height of six or seven thousand feet; while basalt, which in the eastern continent has never been observed higher than four thousand feet, is, on the pinnacle of Pichincha, seen rearing aloft its crested steep, like towers amidst the sky. Other secondary formations, as limestone, with its accompaniment of petrified shells and coral, are also found in greater height in the new than in the old world, though the disproportion is not so remarkable.

The Himalaya Mountains, which separate the valleys of Cashmere from Tibet, present the loftiest projections to be found upon the terrestrial surface. The highest summit on our continent is the Nevada di Borata, in the eastern cordillera of Peru. The monarch of the British Mountains is Ben-Nevis, in the group of Cairngorms.

Could a spectator command a view of the globe, supporting him to a giant's seat, on his right hand a continuous system of high mountains, extending along the entire coast of America, linked with Asia by the Aleutian Isles. He would see, also, a chain on his left hand running along the coast of Africa, passing through Arabia into Persia, mingling there with the range that traverses Europe from the Atlantic, and merging in the mountains of Central Asia, which are continued northwesterly to Behring's Strait.

Thus, while these chains of mountains, when viewed in detail, appear isolated and utterly unconnected, yet on the globe is contemplated upon one immense range in the form of an irregular curve, with outcrops and bounding the bed of the Pacific in the north, east and west.

LOST EMERALD MINE FOUND.

Old Spanish Workings in South America Promise Many Gems.

The continued increase in the value of emeralds during the last ten years—until at present they out-rank diamonds—leads considerably into the fact, says the Mining and Engineering World, "to the recent rediscovery of one of the old Indian emerald mines in the South American Andes which was lost for over a century."

The real emeralds, as distinguished from Siberian stones, which are not at all comparable in beauty to the South American gems, are entirely produced from one mining district called Muzo, in the republic of Colombia, South America.

The gem was mined by the native Indians for centuries previous to the discovery and conquest of the plateau of Bogota in the Andes and the Indians operated three mines widely separated geographically, named Muzo, Cosquez and Somondoco.

About 1555, under Capt. Pedro de Valenzuela, the Spanish conquistadores took over the mines, enslaved the native Indians and compelled them to work the mines. So eager were the Spaniards to get rich quickly that atrocious cruelties were practised on the Indian workers and this was carried so far that finally the priests complained to the Crown (King of Spain) that the innumerable deaths of the Indians employed in the mines adversely affected the ecclesiastical revenues.

"This resulted in the importation of African negroes, but eventually the mines were partly closed. During the war of independence in 1816 and later the whole region was so desolated that two of the mines, Cosquez and Somondoco, were entirely lost and Muzo has produced all the gems since that time.

"It has been prolific, but the output has been steadily declining during the last ten years and according to the very best information the ultimate practical abandonment must come to the near future unless new veins are uncovered, which is deemed improbable by the English engineers formerly in charge of the workings.

"For several years a Colombian named Francisco Restrepo, guided only by a few hints contained in ancient Spanish parchment maps in the Government archives in Popayan, wandered far and wide looking for the lost emerald mine of Somondoco.

"Senior Restrepo knew nothing of geology nor emeralds, yet in 1896 he came upon traces of ancient workings and later uncovered very extensive workings which proved to be the real treasure trove, the lost emerald mine of Somondoco, which gives every promise of duplicating the wonderful record of Muzo, which probably was a century and for unknown centuries in pre-Spanish times.

A DELIGHTFUL BREEZE.

The pleasant breeze that ruffles the bosom of the deeps of the north-east trade, that blows in mid-ocean between Africa and America.

Bright sun, light, feathery clouds, blue skies, and a jocund, laughing sea, always belong to it. It is the purest and most joyous breath of heaven. You no sooner reach its influence than you seem to enter a new world and gain a new sense of enjoyment. It seems like a runaway from Paradise—it is all gladness of beauty, youth and innocence.

It does not sweep over the land, it goes laughing and frolicking over the sea, dimpling the surface with smiles, and creating gladness and joy in the hearts of all who feel it. Before it reaches the shore it dies away as mysteriously as it sprang into being.

Wherever it comes, or why it blows, has puzzled many a philosopher; but its existence is still as great a mystery as when Doctor Martin Lister, with more poetry than philosophy, attributed it to the daily exhalation of the ocean flower, cuticula marina, which grows in vast quantities in the tropic seas.

It is indeed like the breath of an ocean Flora.

But this theory has never found favor with the learned. If angels ever visit our planet, the region of the trade-winds must be their favorite resort. There is no green Isle there to receive them, for they may float over the blue sea and in the noontide air that our globe is blessed with. How cheering it must have been to Columbus and his crew when they first struck this vein of aerial loveliness! But then they were frightened lest they should never be able to return to their homes while such a breeze continually blew in an adverse direction.

AFTER THE WEDDING.

"What's the matter here?" asked the caller, noticing the barren appearance of the house. "Sent your goods away to be stored?"

"No," replied the hostess. "Not at all. My daughter was married last week and she has merely taken away the things that she thought belonged to her."

He—Yes; Myrtle was born on the 23 of April. She—Late—as usual!

HONEST TED SMITH

The Story of a Bus Conductor's Temptation

"Ch'ring Cross—Bunk!" bawled Ted Smith, stepping backward from the footboard of a Unicorn motor-omnibus. "Ch'ring Cross—Manshun—house—Bunk!"

His eyes searched the pavements up and down, growing gloomy as they did so. He climbed back, lingering the leather bell-pull, lingering while the driver glared into his little looking-glass, sulky at the delay.

Then in a moment Ted's expression changed. In a second he was off the bus helping a young girl to the foot-board with a cheery:

"Morning, Miss Sue!"

"Good-morning, Mr. Smith!" answered Sue, very demurely, but she flushed as she climbed the steep iron stairs and left Ted whistling shrilly with delight below.

For a year he had helped her on to his bus in silence. Ted was very bashful and Sue's eyes very modest. Then a frost—which he blessed twenty times a day at least—made the roads slippery. Sue had stumbled.

Ted's ready arm supported her. The next morning it had been "Good-morning, miss!" from shy Ted Smith and "Good-morning, I don't thank you yesterday—I was so startled. It was so kind and—clever of you!" from Sue Dent.

Later on there followed stray snatches of conversation when he punched her ticket, then—so Ted asserted, but of course she did not believe him—hadn't she told him that she went to St. Mark's—an accidental meeting in church, a little walk, and after that the very normal course of a love affair when two people are very young, very hopeful and very much in love.

Ted checked his whistling to collect the inside fares—it broke out again as he climbed upstairs—practically subdued as he handed out tickets to the outside passengers, and was absolutely stilled when as slowly as he could he took Sue's penny and fumbled for her white ticket.

"Mother's a bit better, Miss Sue," he volunteered in almost a whisper. "I'm more glad than I can say. Only 'er best' it's a bit of a drag on a fellow. Since I met you I've bin wantin' to save an' o' course that's bin impossible. D'you know why I want to save—Sue?"

Her face was almost as red as his own. Her head dropped so that he could only see her hat. But some thing in her eyes made him say:

"You look worried, Miss Sue. Is there anything I can do?"

She put her hands before her face. He saw a tear trickle down between her fingers and felt a pang at it.

"I'd die if 'twould serve you," he said simply.

She turned to him impetuously. "I'm a clerk, you know that. My accounts are wrong. I'm \$5 out, Mr. Smith—a whole \$5, and I only earn \$2.75 a week. They say they'll find out today—they must. Mr. Clegg goes through my books once a week. If he thinks I've—she hid her face—"stolen it—I'd die!"

Ted's jaws came together with a snap and his face looked grim.

"As if he'd dare!" he scoffed. "I'd speak to 'im if 'e did!"

"But they'll turn me out," she said, almost whispering. "Whether they tell me their suspicions or not I should be penniless. I didn't touch the money, Mr. Smith."

"You needn't say that," he said gently, stopping the bus for a passenger to alight. "Anyone what knows you couldn't credit you 'ad if you swore you was guilty. You couldn't do it!"

He ran down stairs, misery in his eyes, to shout:

"Bunk—Bunk—Ch'ring Cross!"

A daily passenger, an old gentleman who rode to the city every morning in Ted's bus, gave him a cheery "Good-morning!" and wondered at Ted's gloomy face and swollen eyes.

Ted couldn't bear to think of Sue going to face hard people who might insult her, might suspect her, might dismiss her. It tortured him. He ran upstairs two steps at a time. "They wouldn't turn you away!" he asked wistfully.

"Miss Kerley was only 50 cents out," she replied, her eyes brimming. "She's in a teashop now—"

"They'd 'ave the 'art—I' he began.

"They 'ave no heart!" she said between her teeth. "Oh, don't worry, Ted. I shouldn't have told you!"

He had long been "Ted" in her thoughts, but she had never called him so to his face, had been too shy to dare. His eyes lit up, glowing, then grew sullen and furious again as he slowly descended to take the money of the passengers inside.

He would turn her away. "Fares, please!" John was few and far between; what a struggle she would have to find another. His was no pretty—oh, it wasn't fair! "No, miss, you're going the wrong way. Other side of the road for Putney. What a hard world it was! And he could have helped her, could have shown he was truly her friend, could have said, 'You'll accept a loan from me, Miss Dent?'"

"Ah! I've got's yours—won't you 'ave it?" Then she might—"Yes, sir, terrible cold for the time of year."

The old gentleman smiled at Ted, saying:

"Twenty-five cents—I've nothing smaller."

Ted put it in his mouth—a bad habit he was trying to break himself of, for Sue had pointed out its danger—he counted out the passenger's change, walking gingerly afterwards between the rows of knees, standing starting out over the brass handrail, with unseeing eyes fixed on the following traffic.

If his mother had been fit he would have saved \$5 by now—more. And as it was he literally hadn't a cent. He shut his eyes, shaking his head fiercely. Then his chill fingers went to his mouth, taking the 25 cents. He was about to thrust it into his pouch when its weight made him glance at it.

His heart bounded, leaving him chill, then romped on, sending pulses of burning blood over his tingling body.

His fingers held \$5. He had only to turn round, to explain to the old man, had only to do the commonest honest thing. But he hesitated. This \$5, so strangely, opportunely sent, could save Sue. He saw his miserable eyes, her little shrinking bowed shoulders, realized the fear and the horror in her heart.

He hesitated. It was enough to weaken him. He could repay the old gentleman later on and screw till he saved the money. The old fellow wouldn't miss the coin. He was rich—gold-mounted umbrella, heavy watch chain, the solid diamond ring on his little finger proclaimed him to be that. Yet pricking Ted, shaming him, making him tremble, came the voice of his manhood, twenty-three years of honesty, of scornful even deception. And this was theft—he didn't couldn't disguise the fact—he could argue it was only borrowing the money, but "You're a thief—thief—thief!" sang the humming engines of the motor bus.

He staggered standing there—argued that Providence would not so strangely come to his rescue, to Sue's rescue, only to tempt and tantalize him. He was meant to do this thing. And in the end, his face white and shining, he went swiftly upstairs and whispered:

"I love you, Miss Sue—let me explain tonight. Please take this—oh, it'll make me so happy!"

He dropped the \$5 in her lap, turning and scurrying downstairs, and he aided her when she alighted, going to the far end of the inside of the bus, jerking the leather thong of the bell to restart the bus without noticing her hesitation or going to her assistance.

"You don't look well, conductor," said the old gentleman, affably. "I don't feel quite the thing," admitted Ted, and he felt that the letters T H I E F must be glaring in characters of fire upon his brow.

"Let me have a look at you," he said. "A doctor—here's my card," continued the passenger. "I've traveled with you nearly a couple of years now and I've never seen you look so seedy. Mind, you come and I'll see what I can do for you."

Ted took the visiting card, his lips trembling, his eyes averted. Great heaven, would he never be able to look another man in the face again?

And as the day wore on he knew he could not bear it. The sense of guilt, the feeling that he was unclean, tainted, overpowered him. He felt physically sick, his stomach achingly sick, his feet and hands cold and clammy.

"They noticed him at the yard, commented on his appearance, refused to let him take his bus back, ordered him abruptly to see the company's doctor.

But only one doctor in the world could cure Ted Smith. Only Dr. Davies, whose card the shaking conductor held—it was his mind, not his body, which was diseased.

Confession was his only remedy, the only medicine which could touch his ill. The doctor was in, but engaged, when Ted inquired for him.

Up and down the waiting room wandered Ted with staring, bloodshot eyes full of ashamed resolution.

He was shown in.

"Sir, I'm not ill!" he jerked. "I'm not ill. Will—will you hear me?"

The doctor nodded. His face changed and he pursed up his lips as Ted told his story.

"Where d'you say she's employed?" he asked abruptly.

Ted gave the name of the firm. Dr. Davies opened the telephone book, rang up their number and asked:

"Is Miss Dent in? Hello—Yes? She is? Good. Ask her to come to me, Dr. Davies, 5 Jerusalem court, in her lunch hour. Tell her I wish to see her about a Mr. Edward Smith. That's right!"

Then he hung up the receiver, turning to Ted, and staring at him curiously.

"It hurt you to take that coin?" said Ted. "But I—I'm too much of a coward to make a good cheat, sir."

"I prefer to say you're too honest," said the doctor dryly. "You've been punished already, but I'm afraid there's worse, far worse, in store for you."

"The police?" gasped Ted with dry lips. "Must you, sir?"

"D'you think I'm a fiend?" queried the doctor testily. "You're a fool, Ted Smith. The police have nothing to do with honest fellows. No, there's something else. I missed that coin about half an hour before you came. I had been to one or two shops. I was worried about it. I couldn't think where I had changed it. You see, Ted Smith, I'm afraid little Miss Susan may get into trouble when she in-closes the coin in her till. It was talking on to me last night. I was taking it to my bank—it's counterfeit."

"Counterfeit!"

Ted's lips framed the one word and no more. He stood stunned, staring at the doctor with horrified eyes. Then at last drawing a deep, painful breath, he said jerkily:

"They'll think she did it for the purpose—think 'er worse of a cheat! What'll she think o' me? Oh—it's what they think o' 'er! Little Sue, and them calling 'er thief an'—I wish I was dead—er—I got 'er into this. I tried to 'elp her. I went crook—it's my fault, my punishment. I'd rather it 'ad bin the police. I'd rather bin arrested and locked up an' she safe!"

"I don't doubt she's had a bad time," said the doctor slowly. "But of course I can clear the matter up." Ted sank down on a chair, burying his face in his arms, breaking down, dry, soulless sobs racking him.

The clock ticked on in silence. Dr. Davies went to his writing table. His boy came in.

"Miss Dent to see you, sir."

"Show her in."

She appeared at that moment at the door. "He's hurt—there's been an accident! Oh, sir, what's happened to him?"

The doctor shook his head. "He's well—in body. Tell me, the coin—"

"You know?" She was staring at Ted, her color coming and going. "I—I made a mistake. The accounts were right, after all. I've got it safe to give it him back."

Ted lifted his staggered face, standing up, such relief, such joy in his eyes that she burned rosy red.

"Forgive an interfering old man," said the doctor gently. "You're fond of him, dear? Fond enough to—marry him?"

"Yes!"

She said the word firmly without shame. "I knew that when I suffered this morning, after your message—I—I—she shivered—"I thought he—he was dead! It's been—torment!"

"Give me the money," the doctor directed. "My dear, you've got a man who couldn't be dishonest if he tried, a man incapable of deceit. I think you're very lucky."

He palmed the coin skillfully, producing another from his pocket. "There's some things a wife ought to know, Smith," he added, "that's one of them. There're other things she needn't know. Smith, take this for my wedding present. I expect," he turned to Sue, gravely regarding her, "I expect it'll go the same way as the one I gave him this morning."

That was all she ever knew, but I doubt if Dr. Davies did wisely, for, though she couldn't love Ted more, she had not loved him less if she had known all.

The Florida Orange Crop

The effects of the famous freeze which struck Florida about sixteen years ago have at last been wiped out. At that time the annual production of citrus fruit had climbed from 600,000 boxes in 1884 and 1885 to 6,000,000 boxes in 1894 and 1895. Then the big freeze happened along and the next season's crop in Florida was only 75,000 boxes.

The industry was practically wiped out. But in the fifteen years since then the yield has been slowly climbing again, until for the season of 1909 and 1910 it was approximately 7,000,000 boxes, of which 6,000,000 were shipped out of the State.

Within the last two or three years the Florida Citrus Exchange has been organized, and it directs the packing and shipping of a large part of the crop. In the great packing houses of Florida no hand actually touches the oranges, says Progress. Every person who handles them wears white gloves to protect the orange from any possible contamination of human touch and from scratching and bruising by the finger nail.

The pickers move into the grove with their equipment of ladders, baskets, field boxes, clippers, etc. Each picker wears his white gloves and carries a wicker basket, shaped to fit the back or side of the person, swung from the shoulder.

Each basket is lined with thick canvas, which is stretched four or five inches from the bottom of the basket. Every orange must be clipped, not pulled or picked, from the tree, the stem being left smooth and flush with the surface of the orange.

Each piece of fruit is laid, not dropped, into the basket, and when filled the basket is carefully emptied into the field boxes. These are never filled above the top, thus preventing the bruising of the fruit when the boxes are stacked one on another for carriage to the packing house.

They are taken to the plant on big platform wagons equipped with springs so as to reduce the jar to the fruit from unevenness of roads. In the packing houses the fruit in the field boxes is put on the first grading table, and from this point to the packing boxes every person is obliged to keep careful watch for fruit that is below grade, for the motto of the exchange, "Every doubtful orange is a cull," stretches in big letters across one end of the house where none can fail to read it.

From the first table the fruit is carried over wooden rollers down a gentle incline to the washing tank. Every orange receives a scrubbing before it is deemed fit to be sent to a critical market, and incidentally it is worth just about 20 cent more after the bath than before, so it pays.

After the bath the oranges are assorted according to size in bins. Beside the bins stand the packers, each, like the other workers, wearing the ever-present white gloves. Here each orange is rapidly wrapped in its square of white paper with the stem of the orange under the twist of the paper. On the end of each box is stamped the size of the oranges within, and when the box is filled it is placed on an automatic carrier which delivers it to the haller.

Here a specially designed machine presses down the end of the cover which is nailed to the heads, but the middle is left loose from the middle partition of the box. This is called the flush pack, which is demanded by the best markets in the north. From this point the boxes are loaded into the waiting cars on the switch track at the southern end of the house. Each box is placed on end, six boxes across the car and three boxes high. These are then stripped or braced in the car to prevent jarring and consequent bruising in transportation to the markets. Three hundred boxes make a carload.

SHARP'S SMART SCOOP.

They were discussing Mr. Sharp, the "Needle Kink."

"Well, at any rate," said the first man, after a heated debate, "he's a financial genius. Heard about his latest scoop?"

"No."

"He split a cup of coffee over another man's coat, and—"

"Got out of paying for a new coat, I suppose," interrupted the listener in a bored, know-it-all tone.

"No, my boy; he did better. He talked the other man into paying for the cup of coffee!"

NO GOOD, ANYWAY.

Pat and Mike made the far cry when they started discussing National Insurance. And, of course, they brought the argument to a close in the usual way.

"Shure," declared Pat, banging the table, "it's meself can't see any good in insurance of any kind!"

"But," urged Mike, "can't yer see how the employers will be after havin' to pay for the likes of us? There's consolation in that, any way, bedad!"

"Thruel!" retorted Pat, with a triumphant gleam in his eye. "But answer me this, me boy. What's the good of insurance to a man if his wife's a widow?"

How to Cure Cramp

Cramp! Who hasn't had a pleasant swim in glorious weather spoil, at one time or another, by this most pernicious of sudden seizures? But how cheering to know that it is not a proof of one's incompetence, and that it attacks both good and indifferent swimmers alike!

Never bathe soon after a meal, as indigestion in many cases causes "cramp." Do not, also, exhaust yourself in a vain endeavor to outstrip some opponent, as the over-exertion of muscles that have been little used will prove just as dangerous.

This horrible bunching of the muscles is generally felt in the calf of the leg, just below the knee. So curious is the sensation of the "knotted" cords that the sufferer seems to lose all reason for the time being, and is

overpowered with mingled pain and terror.

To effect a remedy, turn on the back at once, kick out the afflicted leg in the air, disregarding the pain—if possible. Rub the spot smartly with one hand, while employing the other in paddling to keep afloat. To finish off the cure, draw the toes forcibly upwards towards the knee.

These instructions are for the passably good swimmer. As to the beginner—well, he will probably be near the shore and can be hauled out.

Pair Off!—My father made his fortune when he was a young man. Would you like to know how he did it?

Gallant Youth—Not particularly, but I would like to know if he still has it.

Safety.

The Prudential Monthly Income Policy automatically prevents investment mistakes by the beneficiary, as the principal cannot be obtained for purposes of speculation.

The Monthly Income Policy provides sure and continuous support.



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Hammononton, N. J.
301 Market Street, Camden

South Jersey Republican

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1913

No Commission Government Wanted.

It is with pleasure we record the fact that the proposed change in Town government has been repudiated by Hammononton voters, by a majority that leaves no room for doubt as to their intentions, — 70 votes being cast for a Commission form of government, with 396 votes against the proposition.

If we understand the law correctly no further effort can be made in this direction for four years, — until two years after the expiration of Mayor Bart's term, which begins Jan. 1, 1914.

This may be accepted as a vindication of our Town Council, against whom unjustifiable attacks were made, by voice and in out-of-town papers, — calling them "gangsters" and similar pet names, and claiming that under the Commission act we could elect "better men" to administer Town affairs.

There is no question that our ancient Town Charter is too far out of date to be satisfactory to thinking men; that something more modern is needed; but that to-be-desired instrument has not yet made its appearance.

The Commission law of 1911, amended in 1912 and again in 1913, which it was proposed to adopt, contains many excellent points, but is, as a whole, far from satisfactory. It is crude in parts, inconsistent with itself, contradictory, and opens the way for much unnecessary expense. The three hundred and ninety-six voters who declared against the proposed change, are to be commended for their good judgment, and congratulated upon the result.

The moral to be derived is, to the 142 whose names appear upon the original petition, — be more careful what you sign; read and understand the document, and make sure that you desire what is therein asked for. Too many are ready to sign petitions off-hand, and many regretted their action in this case, working to defeat the scheme.

Our greatest regret is the cost of the special election just held, and the expenditure of hard-earned money by the "committee of twenty-five selected" from the signers of the petition.

We have no regrets for the part we have taken in this campaign, — we did what we could, conscientiously, from proper motives, and the result has justified our course. When satisfactory provision is made for an improved form of government for Hammononton, the Republican will be found ready to support its adoption.

Both the Trust Company and the Peoples Bank are soliciting depositors in their Christmas Clubs. As was demonstrated this year, it is a very practical and commendable scheme to train people to save money for Christmas, taxes, etc. We would advise our readers to call on the cashiers, secure information, and commence payments next Monday.

From all over town we hear that our old friend Santa Claus was good to people, old and young. Though hearts went out to the several afflicted families, there was joy all around. The weather was threatening, turning into rain in the afternoon and a downpour at night, making it very unlike Christmas.

A good friend of ours, wishing to encourage us, sends the following clipping from one of his periodicals: "An editor who started about twenty years ago with only fifty-five cents is now worth \$100,000. His accumulation of wealth is owing to his frugality, good habits, strict attention to business, and the fact that an uncle died and left him \$99,999." (This is, of course, an exception to the rule — for the "uncle" usually gets all we have that is "hockable.")

We are glad that the temperance people of Hammononton rallied on election day, and defeated the proposed change in form of government. It would have been a sorry day for them had three men of little or no moral stamina been elected to the position of Commissioners.

Next Thursday, being New Year's Day, the post office and banks will be closed, and business generally will take a holiday. The Republican office will be open all day, handling up type and receipting bills.

We would like to have all bills against us sent in next week, and we will settle same as quickly as possible. Also, if friends receive bills from us, they will confer a favor by remitting soon.

We wish our patrons a Happy New Year! May it be blessed to you, in basket and store.

The vote, last Tuesday, by districts, will prove interesting reading. The oldest Prohibitionists in the County voted against the Commission movement, knowing it to be to the interest of the temperance cause to defeat it. The vote was as follows:

| Number District | Against | For | Rejected | Total by Districts |
|--------------------------------|---------|-----|----------|--------------------|
| 1st | 88 | 20 | 2 | 110 |
| 2nd | 137 | 18 | 2 | 157 |
| 3rd | 68 | 26 | 3 | 97 |
| 4th | 103 | 6 | 3 | 112 |
| Totals | 396 | 70 | 10 | 476 |
| Total registered, by districts | 170 | 230 | 158 | 724 |

No, Mr. Delker, we are neither liars nor horse-thieves, though we did not consider it necessary to reply to your recent letter. We were not aware that you were the author of those exaggerated statements that were being sent to the city dailies, neither did other Hammonontonians, until you came out with the statement, "I am the man who did it."

The idea of giving out to the world that fair Hammononton was crazy enough to even consider the adoption of the Commission form of government in its crude state; Hammononton, which has the best government in the State, outside of the cities! Why, such a step would be backward. For mercy's sake, let us change for the better, when we do shake, not add another patch. Next time, Brother Thomas, it would be well to consult responsible citizens, and find out whether the proposed change is a desirable one, and how it would affect our charter. Then, and only then, will "the right win."

We are in for anything that will help Hammononton, — we always have been; but if the Town is to grow, there must be a unanimous move on a safe and sane basis.

Now let's take off our fighting mitts, and go to work.

By arrangement, the sewerage contractors will connect pipes with the mains and extend them to the curb line of each property. We hear, however, that parties said to be connected with the work, are canvassing along the lines, offering to extend the pipes up to each house, but not making house connections, at forty cents per foot. We see no reason why anyone should employ outside men when we have several local plumbers who are capable of doing the work. They would have to make the connections in either case, and the division would probably make it cost more.

Got that resolution ready for New Year's?

Practice writing 1914.

Who said "frazzle"?

The new Town Council meets to organize next Thursday, at noon. They are competent men, and have made good.

Services in the M. E. Church, Hammononton Loan Association tomorrow, preaching by Pastor will meet next Thursday evening. Shaw at 10.00 a. m.; funeral services at 11.00 and 1.00; Sunday School at noon; Epworth League at 6.45 p. m.; preaching at 7.30.

Collector Davis says that last Saturday was the busiest day of his life. Over eight thousand two hundred dollars of taxes were paid into his hands on that day.

Last Saturday's early morning mail from the city consisted of ten sacks. Perhaps the postal clerks will be glad when the holiday rush is over.

The Rod and Gun Club will hold a public reception on New Year's day and evening, to all ladies and gentlemen who desire to visit and inspect their new club-house.

The next entertainment in the High School will be held Monday evening, Jan. 5th. Debate, "Resolved, that Hammononton should have a curfew law." Everyone is invited.

To my Patrons:

I tender thanks for the
past year's success,
and wish each and all
A Happy New Year!

ROBERT STEEL,
Your Jeweler.

Hammononton Department Store

Third Street and Bellevue Ave.
OPENING SALE.

During the twenty years we have been in business in Philadelphia, we have established a reputation for honest dealing and for giving the biggest values for the dollar to be had anywhere. We will do the same in Hammononton; and when we say at this opening sale you will get the biggest bargains you ever had, you can believe it. Every article you buy here must give absolute satisfaction.

We carry a full line of Gents' and Boys' SHOES, CLOTHING, and HATS; also, for Ladies and Children. Overcoats, \$5 to \$12. Suits of Clothes from \$5 to \$12. Boys' Suits, from \$2 to \$5. All who spend \$10 will get 50 cents in cash.

Come around and be convinced, and see the bargains for yourself.

Don't forget the address.

M. MALINSKY,
Third St. and Bellevue Ave., Hammononton.

49

New Safe
Deposit
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For Rent
\$2 per year
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The Peoples Bank

Secure one of these boxes,
and keep your deeds,
mortgages, insurance policies
and other valuables
safe
from fire and burglars.

The Peoples Bank.

HAMMONONTON, N. J.,
Dec. 13, 1913.
The annual election for Directors of this Bank will be held at the Banking House, on Tuesday, Jan. 13th, 1914, between the hours of one and two o'clock P. M.
W. R. TILTON, Cashier.

The Hammononton Paint

Is the very best paint ever used in Hammononton.

There are scores of buildings in town covered with this paint, which look well after eight or ten years of wear.

The Hammononton Paint is sold for less than other first-class paint. It has no equal, as it works well, covers well, and wears well.

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OF
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Two per cent interest allowed on
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E. L. CROWELL & CO.

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

Some of the Many Strange Cafes

There is (or was) in Berlin a certain cafe where rudeness is the keynote of the waiting staff. Every patron who enters the restaurant is hustled roughly into a seat, abruptly interrogated as to his wants, and finally has to submit to seeing his food thrust before him with as little ceremony as one might show to a stray dog.

This cafe is, of course, one of the many "frank" restaurants which abound on the Continent, and the entire scheme of rudeness is simply a device to attract customers in search of a new sensation, which undoubtedly they secure.

In Chicago there is a restaurant which boasts that it has never closed its doors for a single hour from the day of its opening, more than twenty years since, to the present time. A double staff of waiters is employed, and the cleaning of the rooms is done in sections and during slack times. As far as the writer is aware, this non-closing constitutes a record which is quite unique.

Tourists who "did" the sights of Paris a few years ago will probably remember the amazing "convict" cafe, where every waiter was garbed like a felon, wearing the hideous uniform of the French convict. Chains, handcuffs, and other grim relics decorated the walls of the extraordinary restaurant, and the plates on which the food was served were models of prison dishes. The owner of this freak cafe, no doubt, amassed a considerable fortune.

Paris is undoubtedly the parent of weird cafes. Near the Boulevard Montmartre stands the famous Cabaret du Neant (Inn of Nothingness, or Death). The entrance to the cafe is through a small opening in a black shutter, and, once inside, the visitor is appalled by the gloom of the room. Lighted by flickering tapers, its walls are hung with pictures representing skeletons in various forms of activity. Food and drinks are served on coffins, and the waiters are garbed like undertakers' mutes.

More cheerful are the restaurants of the Isle Robinson, a summer resort near Paris. These restaurants are suspended from the branches of huge trees, and amid the leaves and branches of magnificent oaks and beeches patrons eat their food and sip their summer drinks, music being provided by a special "band" of feathered musicians.

A "silent" cafe was inaugurated some years ago in Paris, probably to cater for votaries of the "rest" cure. Not a word was permitted to be spoken above a whisper, and even the orders to the staff had to be given in writing. The strange venture only enjoyed a brief life, and soon faded into still greater silence.

THE OLD NATIONAL ROAD.

It is difficult for the present generation to realize the important part played by the "old National road" in the settlement of the central West. This road, or "National pike," as it was often called, extends from Cumberland, Md., to Vandalia, Ill., a distance of about 1200 miles. Across Ohio and Indiana it is almost as straight as an arrow. It was built by the United States Government, under the supervision of the War Department. It was projected in 1806, and was constructed in sections, the Government making appropriations from time to time. The last one was made in 1855, and the total appropriations were \$5,824,919.33. Toll was collected from those traveling on the road, but it was never self-supporting. For many years it was the great highway to the West, and was traveled by many thousands of people in "prairie schooners" or covered wagons, seeking homes in the new country. The road was a political factor of some importance at various times, some favoring and some opposing its construction and maintenance. At Plainfield, Ind., through which the road runs, there is an ancient elm still standing, known as the Van Buren tree. Tradition has it that at one time when President Van Buren was going over the road on a tour of inspection he was afflicted in the mid-front of this tree by reason of an axle that had been sawed almost to two by some political enemy.

THE REASON WHY.

He was going to be married in August, and on the last day of July met a friend, who had now a year of matrimonial bliss to his credit.

"The only thing that worries me," explained the bridegroom-to-be, "is the subject of expense. I've filled pages with figures and calculations, and have worked everything out carefully."

"Now, look here," interrupted the bridegroom that was. "I'll give you an absolute fact. I don't spend now half the money I did before I was married."

"You don't?" cried the man who had yet to try. "But how does that come about?"

"Because," replied the other, solemnly, "because I never have to spend."

NEED OF EDUCATION IN MUSIC.

The mistakes made by writers in the daily press are to a musician often of an amusing character, and form one of the strongest possible arguments for more general education in music and in musical terms by the general public. Even the best informed people in other matters are strangely ignorant of the most common things in the musical art. Many persons who would blush to confess their ignorance of the meaning of the Magna Charta, or the date of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, or facts in physiology and chemistry as sciences, will make mistakes about the art of music which are almost painful in ignorance and absurdities, the existence of which are entirely unknown to the writer or speaker of them.

The reporters on the press work are generally exceedingly careful to verify and make exact statements when writing of other sciences; but when recording musical matters no glimmerish or ignorance is too coarse to be written of this beautiful art, and under the cover of a lot of wrongly applied technical terms what is supposed to be expert criticism is written for the press. It would seem that the writers thought their readers to be even more ignorant than themselves, and that by a liberal sprinkling of musical terms of more or less value, they could impress the reader with the idea that they really had grand knowledge of the art itself.

These thoughts came to THE MUSICIAN'S GUIDE by looking over an old paper and the eye being attracted by an account of the home-coming of Admiral Dewey, a few years ago. The article is a striking example of the nonsense which is commonly written about musical events of any kind, and is chiefly noticeable as being the Associated Press dispatch which was sent to all the daily papers throughout the country, and was probably read by many millions of people, who little dreamed of the absurdities appearing in it. One of the finest descriptive press writers in the metropolis was responsible for it. Here is what he wrote in one part:

"As the Olympia came abreast of the Chicago, the guard presented arms, the drums gave four ruffles, the trumpets four flourishes, and the band played 'Home, Sweet Home,' dwelling with swelling cadenza upon the minor bars. The officers at the waist raised their gold-bound beavers and the sailors cheered, etc."

It is almost kindness to say that from the musical standpoint the above is nonsense and almost idiotic. Let us look it over together and see if this is not so. In the first place, "Home, Sweet Home" is written in the major key, and there are no minor bars in it. Then we have something about the cadenza in the song. Even if there were, a child in music would know that it would be played by itself and not as an accompaniment to what the writer is pleased to call "minor bars." In fact, it seems most evident that in his desire to make a pretty sentence the writer simply sacrificed facts to pleasing sound, whether his writing made any sense or not.

It would have been as proper to have written that "Admiral Dewey stood gracefully upon his left hand and his ears twinkled mischievously." Any reader would at once recognize the nonsense of such an expression, and a writer guilty of such nonsense would lose his place, but about music it seems as if anything could be said with impunity, no matter how little sense there may be in the formation.

THE MUSICIAN'S GUIDE has written the above because it believes the time has come to call attention to a fact which is so obvious to all who have studied the art. The study of music, once confined to the favored few, is now almost as common as the public school system itself. The growing generation generally have from a rudimentary to a good education in music and know precisely what musical terms mean, and how they should be used.

It is to be hoped that the day is soon at hand that will have attained the point that people will consider it essential to a liberal education to have a fair knowledge of the technical and scientific part of music. A point where one would be ashamed to admit that he or she knew nothing of music, as the same person would be now to admit he or she knew nothing of history.

GOOD LITTLE BOY!

"Good boy, good little boy!" purred the D. O. G., which, if you read your storybook page regularly, you will know stands for Benevolent Old Dog.

The good little boy gave a sympathetic smile.

"Yes, I saw you, though you thought your good act was unnoticed," purred the kindly gentleman. "I saw you give that big, rosy-cheeked apple to your pale-faced friend, and I observed, by your cheerful manner, that you rejoiced in your generous act."

"You bet I did, guv'nor!" replied the angelic one. "And I wish I could see Willie Brown eat it just I took the inside out and filled it with mus-s-a-d!"

The Greater Conquest

The hour was 9 o'clock. The last patient had long since quitted the big house in Hanover street, and Wilfred Chesney was at peace for the next dozen hours or so. He had just finished his solitary dinner and was sipping his coffee when a knock sounded at the door of the dining room, and his man Peters entered.

"A lady to see you, sir," he said, as he presented a salver on which lay a little note.

The enclosure was open, and the note read: "Wilfred—I send you this note instead of the more conventional card, because, in view of what I have to tell you to-night, it is imperative that nobody—not even your servants—should know of my visit. I am sure you will see me, if only for a few minutes' sake."

"Clare," he said, as he read the note. "The great surgeon's heart began to leap wildly. What had happened? Why was this woman, whom he had given up five years ago as lost to him for all time, now creeping to his house like a thief in the night, unwilling that he should be aware of her visit? What did it all mean?"

The servant coughed slightly to attract his master's wandering attention.

"What I ask the lady to step into the study, sir," he asked.

"Yes, and tell her, please, that I will be with her in a minute."

"Very well, sir." The famous young surgeon flew to the mirror, arranged his tie and smoothed his hair. Although celebrated throughout two continents, he was still young enough to desire to look pleasing in the eyes of the woman who once upon a time had been all the world to him. Having made himself presentable, he went with swift steps to the little study at the end of the hall, wondering keenly what was going to happen next.

Was it possible, he asked himself, that her husband was dead, and that she had come to Hanover street to tell him that she was free—that the two of them might take up the strands of an unfinished romance and weave it gloriously to its appointed end? His heart beat furiously, and his hands trembled so violently that he could scarce turn the handle of the door.

When he entered he saw Clare sitting near the lamp, with his light shining on her hair like the light of the afternoon sun upon a saint in a stained-glass window. She seemed more lovely than ever as she came to him quickly and took his hand.

One glance at her clothing showed the surgeon that his theory as to the husband's death was wrong, for Clare wore no mourning. Bassett was alive, then, he told himself, and Clare was as far away from him as ever.

"You—you are surprised to see me after all this time," she said, gently, "but I have come here on a matter of terrible importance. It is a matter of life and death."

He looked at her keenly as he let go her hand. Surely, she had not come there to consult him regarding herself, for, although her face spoke of sorrow and suffering, there was obviously nothing wrong with the girl's physical health.

"Come, let us hope it's not so bad as all that," said Chesney, trying to speak lightly. "Now, sit down and tell me all you have to tell."

"It is about my husband," she began, nervously. "He—he is coming to see you to-morrow to ask you to perform an operation on him—the operation which has made you so famous, the operation which they say is safer to your hands than in the hands of any man in Europe."

"Yes, yes, go on," he said, as he listened to her. "What is the matter? Is it in my mind, or is it in your body?" he asked, a little huskily. "But I think you will understand. You have heard, I daresay, that my married life has been a failure—a miserable failure. Herbert has made my existence a martyrdom by his jealousy and his hostility. Knowing all that I thought that in all probability you would refuse to perform the operation for him, and so I have come here to-night to beg you to put aside all thoughts of me, and—"

"The face of Chesney hardened and the lines about the mouth stiffened.

"You were right, quite right in your belief," he said, coldly. "I certainly should have refused. Five years ago you and I were engaged to be married. I was hard on in those days, and success seemed a thousand miles away. Your people forced you into this marriage with Herbert, and you were weak enough to obey them. And now you come to me and ask me to save this man's life. It would be after all he had treated you well, but what has he done that you should plead for him?"

"He has loved me," she said, bravely. "And Wilfred, there is such a thing as duty. As for myself, do not be too hard on me. I was only 17 at the time, and father was on the brink of disaster. I had to think of and as well as myself. But, believe me, if I did wrong, I have been punished every day every hour of my life."

"She buried her small face in her hands, and cried with the half hearted sobs of a woman's grief. Looking on her thus, Chesney felt a mighty pity strike his heart. He rose and went towards her, and touched her hand.

"There, there, don't cry any more, Clare," he said. "I was a brute to speak as I spoke just now, you are a brave girl. I take all back I said. Let your husband come to me and I will do all I can for him."

"He took her hand and pressed it lightly. "You are still the same dear old Wilf," she said, smiling through her tears. "The Will whom I used to love—and whom God bless me, I love now."

So she loved him. In the light of that knowledge all darker things were illumined, and for one moment a thrill of supreme delight filled the man's soul. Then he remembered that a human life stood between him and this woman, and all his joy faded into the dust of the things which might have been.

"I will go now," she said, after a long pause, "and, of course, Herbert must not know of my visit. He is so jealous, so wickedly jealous, that he might even think I had come to you to suggest something horrible, that—that you might try and fall and let him die under your hands. That is why I sent in no card to-night, for I was afraid—yes, I was afraid."

"You need have no fear," said Chesney. "Bassett has never set eyes on me—never knew that you and I were once engaged to each other. Now go home, and be as happy as you can, and remember that if my skill can save your husband, he shall be restored to you, safe and sound."

"Good-bye, Wilf," she said, brokenly, "and God bless you. If fate had been kinder to us both things would have been so different, but fate always has the last word. Good-bye."

Their hands lay clasped for a moment, and then she went away. Left alone, Chesney flung himself into his chair, filled his pipe, and communed with himself.

"The blackguard," he muttered, fiercely. "Nothing but that sweet-faced saint's pleadings would have made me consent. Yet, why should she wish him to live? Her life with him is a terrible thing—he would be better off of the way—much better."

Deep down in the soul of every man there is a little corner where fond memories are stored, and where a man lives out his complete years, untroubled by these evil voices, but sometimes they speak in his ears, urging tragic deeds. The sight of Clare's beauty, the sight of her sorrow, had roused in the soul of Wilfred Chesney all the old passion and the ancient longings. Whilst he was beside him her sweet voice had hushed base imaginings in his brain, but now that she was gone it was otherwise.

In his hands lay the power of life and death. When Herbert Bassett lay unconscious under his knife, the merest trembling of the hand that held that knife would mean death to the patient. Just a movement to the left, instead of to the right, or to the right instead of the left, and the human barrier which stood between himself and Clare would be torn down forever. He could do this thing if he chose, and the world would never know, Clare also would not know, for she believed too greatly in his nobility to believe so foul a thing.

Forteen minutes of mortal agony the struggle in this man's heart and brain endured—for ten minutes, which seemed to him like a tract of passion-swept hours. Then he looked along the path of the future—saw himself united to Clare, but divided by a guilty memory, a memory which would tear his soul until the end of all things. In that instant he saw deep down into the business of his thoughts, saw the horror and the blackness of them. He sprang up with a cry.

"No, no," he gasped, "not that! Not that! Satan tempted me, but I'll resist. I'll resist. I'll strain every nerve to save this man, and with God's help I'll do it. I'll do it!"

On the following morning Herbert Bassett entered the great surgeon's consulting room. He was a tall, broad-looking young man, with a hard mouth and cruel eyes.

"I've been recommended to you," he said, coolly, in the tone which a man might use to a tradesman, "and I'm told you're the best chap for this kind of operation. Money is, of course, a secondary consideration. Just manage the job successfully, and you can name your own terms."

Had Chesney known nothing of Bassett his repulsive tone would have been sufficient to sicken him, but he mastered his resentment and said, coldly: "I shall charge you my usual fee. And now, if you will allow me, I will make an examination of you, and we can then arrange details."

The examination proved that Bassett was, indeed, in a serious condition. An operation would be imperative during the next few days, and before he quitted the house the necessary arrangements had been made. Bassett was to enter the nursing home apartment by Chesney on the following day, Wednesday, and on the Thursday morning at noon the operation would be carried out.

Next day, whilst Wilfred Chesney was interviewing a patient, his servant entered and told him that Mr. Bassett was here, and wished to see him immediately.

"That ends it," he said, "I've done my best, and I can do no more."

Entirely Too Formal

So Lord Kitchener is going back to Egypt!

Quite recently one heard an excellent story about his lordship. During the Boer War he had an orderly a light-hearted and irrepressible youth, he had known very well in England. The young man, who was, as a matter of fact, the son of a noble house, had gone out as a trooper in the Imperial Yeomanry, and he had not quite grasped the fact that as a trooper he could scarcely expect to be on such familiar terms with his commander-in-chief as he had been at home.

One morning he was sent for Lord

"It is impossible for me to see him now. Surely, you told him I was engaged?"

"Of course, sir; but, to tell the truth, he became so violent that I was afraid of the ladies and gentlemen in the waiting room being disturbed, and so I thought I'd come and tell you at once."

"Yes, yes; you did quite right. Take him to the study, and tell him I'll be with him in five minutes."

The man went out, and Chesney, having apologized to his visitor for the interruption, concluded the interview as speedily as possible. What had happened? he wondered. Why had Bassett called so unexpectedly, and what was the reason of his impatience? Utterly overwhelmed by suspense, Chesney got rid of his patient and entered the study.

The instant he entered he found himself gripped by the shoulders, and Bassett was looking into his eyes with a fiendish stare. Chesney was a strong man, and it was the work of a couple of seconds to wrench himself free.

"What does this mean?" he cried. "Have you gone mad?"

"I'm sane enough, you infernal scoundrel," shouted Bassett, thickly. "Sane enough, at any rate, to see through your dirty tricks. You've been planning things very nicely, you two; and if it hadn't been for the merest chance I should have been a dead man by this time to-morrow."

"Explain yourself, or leave the house!"

"Explain! Oh, yes, I'll explain," shouted Bassett, his small eyes dilated with fury. "Perhaps you are not aware that I've discovered that my wife was here the other night—here with you—discussing this operation to be made upon me. Perhaps you are not aware also that I have found out what you and she used to be to each other before I married her?"

"If you have found out these things," replied Chesney, trying to speak calmly, "I can only say that you have found out nothing of which your wife or I need be ashamed. We certainly were engaged years ago, and she did come to this house to discuss the operation, but in doing so she was playing the part of a devoted wife, and nothing else."

"H'm, exactly. She was playing the part, as you observe. I don't believe in her devotion. I believe she came here to renew her old friendship with you—to hint that if the operation failed there would be no Herbert Bassett to stand between you and her."

"You cur!"

For one instant Chesney was on the point of catching the brute by the throat, forcing him to his knees, and compelling him to take back his vile words. Then he remembered that this man was suffering from a serious complaint—that any violence might end his life on the instant. Controlling himself with a supreme effort, he said:

"Your words are beneath contempt. Go, before I do you an injury."

"Yes, I'll go; and I thank my lucky stars I've managed to avoid your clutches. Lucky for me that I overheard Clare talking in her dreams. The whole story came out—"

"No," cried Chesney; "the whole story did not come out. I had you heard it all, you would have known that your wife is the best creature living—noble, unselfish, altogether as far above you as the heaven is above the earth."

"I have only your word for that, and I'm not inclined to place too much faith in it. Still, no harm is done, seeing that I don't intend to let you operate. There are other surgeons, I suppose, and somebody else will have to do the job. And now, good-bye, and be hanged to you!"

With a look of infinite hate he flung himself from the room, and a moment later the house door banged.

"The brute!" muttered Chesney. "I've done with him. For the sake of that dear child I'll have done my best to save him, but now it's too late. If he comes out alive in the hands of another surgeon, I shall be very much surprised."

Two hours later a letter was placed in Chesney's hand, it had been brought by a boy messenger, and ran thus: "Herbert has just come home and has told me everything. He is furious with you, and insists on going to another man for the operation. I implore you to forgive him and to perform it after all. He does not know I am writing this. Wilfred, dear Wilfred, he has not been good to me, but I cannot forget that he is my husband still. I am too miserable to write more. Your broken-hearted friend, Clare."

For one instant Chesney hesitated. Then he took up a telegraph form and wrote these words: "To Herbert Bassett, 25, Park Lane: Am willing to perform operation in spite of what has happened, if you will allow me."

The message was dispatched. An hour later the reply came. This is what it said: "Thank you for nothing."

"Bassett!"

Chesney dropped the message into the fire. "That ends it," he said, "I've done my best, and I can do no more."

But he was wrong. One face still remained for this man already had sacrificed his pride, his self-respect for the sake of a woman he worshipped. For two days, as he was sitting at his motor dashed up to the door of the house and a letter was handed to him signed by Talbot Graham, a surgeon. Tearing open the envelope, Chesney read the following: "Dear Chesney: Please come at once. I have just operated on a patient of Bassett, and things seem queer. I am only a tyro at this kind of operation, which you have your specialty, and you are the man in London who can probably bring you to. For heaven's sake, come. In great haste, yours, Talbot Graham."

Chesney's heart seemed to stop beating. So the work had been done, Bassett was on the brink of the life, but even now he might be saved. He, Chesney, chose to stretch out his hand and aid in his salvation.

What was he to do? The brute, insulted him, had refused his aid, thrown vile aspersions on himself, on Clare. The memory of that interview two days since still stung Chesney to the heart, and he set his teeth. "Let him die!" he told himself. "Is what he deserves. I won't go."

The servant was waiting. "Is the answer, sir?" he asked.

"Wait," muttered Chesney. "Wait—outside the engine of the great motor panted ominously. A faint light might have fancied that the stern noise symbolized the last agonized breathing of him who lay miles distant, very close to death. He must, unless the map who sat in that chair chose to intervene and save him."

At times of great mental stress the brain recalls irrelevant things. From the depths of his brain there floated up to Chesney's ears some words he had heard long ago. Perhaps he had read them; perhaps he had heard them from the lips of the mother whom he had loved as none else loved their mothers; but these they were: "Greater is he that conquers himself than he that takes a city!"

Yes, that was the real conquest, the greater victory, the triumph over self. Self said to him: "Remain where you are and let this man die."

But something nobler than self spoke louder still, and in that supreme moment Wilfred Chesney hearkened to the noble voice.

He rose and went to the door. "You need not wait," he said to the servant. "I'll take the answer myself."

Throughout the brief journey through the London streets the brain of Wilfred Chesney worked convulsively, recalling the events of the past days. He recalled how he had twice offered to perform the operation, and twice had been repulsed, cruelly, brutally. Yet here he was at last, ready and willing to make a final effort—and doing it all to save the man who stood between him and the woman he loved. Fate had put him to the great test, and, thank heaven, he had stood the test like a man.

The motor drew up at Dr. Graham's door. Chesney leaped out and ran up the steps. He pressed the electric bell and waited, wondering what was passing in the room where the patient lay.

Graham came out to greet him. The young surgeon's face was very solemn.

"Too late, Mr. Chesney," he said. "He died three minutes after I sent for you."

Wilfred Chesney went back to his house, a great peace in his soul. He had done his best, and the best could do no more. Happiness might still be waiting for him and Clare, but better even than the hope of such happiness was the knowledge that he had achieved the greatest of all human victories, and that, weighed in the balance, he had not been found wanting.

CORONATION ECHOES.

Here are one or two little bits of gossip about the Coronation. Queen Mary was not at all well when she arrived at the Abbey, the swaying of the State coach having made her almost seasick. After she had been dosed with restoratives, however, and had rested for a little, she was able to proceed with the ceremony. Describing the ceremony recently she remarked that it felt "like being married; all over again."

At the State ball King George was chatting with Admiral Prince Henry of Prussia and the French Admiral de Jonquieres.

"Here we are," he said laughing, "three poor admirals, out of place."

"That is true, sir," replied the Frenchman, "but you, at least, have a throne."

"I would rather have a ship," King George replied.

EVERYTHING HAS ITS USE.

The newly-made lord stood in his newly-made grounds, with a newly-made smile of proprietorship upon his face. He was monarch of all he surveyed.

Beyond the gifted gates that divided his estate from the road he employed a couple of old country women. They were gazing through the bars with admiration depicted in every furrowed line of their features.

"Rome of my parishioners, or Jove!" drawled the lordly one, turning to his companion. "The admiration of the poor's very ain't! Wonder what they're saying!"

As they drew within earshot of the elder woman exclaimed: "Just what I was thinking about. Jane—what a lovely spot that makes to dry the washing!"

School Lesson

December 28, 1913.

A DAY OF DECISION.

Lev. 26: Heb. 11:28-31.

AN TEXT.—For God so loved the world that He gave His only Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life. John 3:16.

Yea indeed, it is a day of decision, every day of our lives we are deciding the important of all questions that ourselves—Pilate's great question, "What shall I do with this man?" (Heb. 11:28-31). We are looking away from Him, and attitude toward Him we are daily passing judgment upon.

God sent not the Son into the world to judge the world; but the world should be saved through Him. He that believeth in Him is not judged; he that believeth not hath been judged already. For he hath not believed on the name of the only begotten Son of God.

Our daily, hourly, momentary decisions of ours are made for most part unintentionally and unconsciously, but that does not prevent them from exerting a constant and cumulative influence upon our own character and upon those about us.

And because of the downward tendency of our nature these unconscious decisions or choices that we are making all the time will inevitably be against Christ, unless we have a set purpose, a determined purpose, to follow and serve Him. A man can keep his eyes fixed on Christ so that his thoughts and desires will centre in Christ without determined and persistent effort, but it is so. And even the most determined effort will be futile unless the Holy Spirit dwells in the man's heart and fills him with love to Christ.

We come then to the inevitable conclusion that the man who wishes to become a follower of Christ must have a determined act of the will, and a conscious surrender of himself to the will of Christ. And this cannot be done unconsciously, easily, or in any free and easy way. There must be a very frank choice, and a definite decision.

It is therefore extremely important that all persons who have not already done so should be urged to decide for Christ at once, because the sooner the decision is made the easier it will be to make it and to abide by it. Every one who knows human nature, knows that it is much easier to take that momentous step at some times and in some circumstances than it is at other times.

Reason of the year is the one adapted to the work of pressing upon the duty of choosing definitely whether to serve God or to refuse to serve God. Even a definite refusal is not so dangerous as careless indifference. For any person who knows that he has refused to serve God knows also that he is at war with his own conscience, while multitudes who imagine that they have not made any choice in the matter of serving God are able to quiet their consciences with regard to that supreme duty with the half-sincere promise that they will think of it by and by.

Above all it is important that children and young people should be urged to consecrate their lives to the service of Christ, because the longer that duty is postponed the less inclination there is to face it, and the more difficult it is to make the consecration a real one.

"Wherefore, even as the Holy Spirit saith, Today, if ye shall hear His voice, harden not your hearts." "Behold, now is the acceptable time; behold, now is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. 6:2; Heb. 3:7.)

Christian Endeavor

Topic for December 28, 1913

THE WORLD'S WHITEN HARVEST FIELDS.

Psalm 137:1-8.

When Jesus commanded the little band of eleven men to "go into all the world and preach the Gospel to the whole creation," He set before them a task which seemed impossible. They were poor, uneducated men, and the great world seemed colored against their mission, being filled with superstition and warlike. Even Jesus Himself, with all His wonderful wisdom, His attractive personality and His miracle-working, had made no impression on the people, although they were waiting for the coming messenger from God.

His disciples also were not only that nation, but a great heathen world,

which had a strong prejudice against Jews.

Clearly this command would have been an altogether absurd one, and would have proved that He who gave it was lacking in common sense if it had not been for the fact that He was able to bestow upon these men a gift which would enable them to overcome the insuperable obstacles that confronted them, and to win victories for Him, even in the seemingly most unlikely places. "Behold, I send forth the promise of my Father upon you," He said, "but tarry ye in the city until ye be clothed with power from on high." (Luke 24:49.)

In our day, all the world is open to the Gospel. In our day much of the world's learning and also much of its wealth is possessed by the professed disciples of Christ. In our day the power of the Gospel to win men and to change men has been demonstrated abundantly in all parts of the world. And yet, there is not now anything like the same enthusiasm among the followers of Christ for the spread of the Gospel that was manifested by those who so long ago received this commission to carry the Gospel to the whole world.

Lack of faith is at the bottom of this lack of enthusiasm. Men and women who have not experienced the power of the Gospel in their own hearts cannot believe in its power to change other hearts. And there cannot be any vivid experience of victory over self by the power of Christ without a very definite faith in Christ as a Saviour from sin. The widespread lack of interest in foreign mission work is therefore a manifestation of lack of definiteness and positiveness of belief in Christ. It also indicates that the great mass of professed Christians are not conscious of having received the Holy Spirit and of being led by Him.

FORGETTING AND REMEMBERING

Epworth League.

Topic for December 28, 1913.

Phil. 3:13-15; Heb. 6:1-3.

Memory is a very strange faculty. It is possible that we never really forget anything. All that we have ever done or known is probably written on the tablets of memory. This seems to be proved by the fact that very trifling incidents or sayings which we have "forgotten" for many years are sometimes brought back to mind by some occurrence or some train of thought. And we all know that however hard we try to keep out of our minds some past incident or some thought that have been at some time put into it we cannot really forget them. They are there, ready to obtrude themselves upon our attention whenever they can find or make occasion to do so.

When we speak of things that we should forget, we mean therefore that we should persistently refuse to give attention to them, and should another them whenever they come to mind by fixing our attention on something else.

But Paul's assertion that he was forgetting the things that were behind him is not as strong as that. He means simply that he did not waste his time thinking of the past attainments and achievements, but fixed his thoughts on his present and future work. Like a man running a race he could not afford to stop and look back to see how far he had run, but kept his eyes fixed on the goal ahead of him.

Yet there was much in his past history that Paul did not try to forget, but rather took care to remember, because it acted as a spur to drive him on, and as an inspiration to help him on. He did not allow himself to forget that he had been a persecutor of the followers of Jesus; for that recollection increased His gratitude to Christ for saving him and intensified His desire to make some amends by faithful service. And he did not want to forget that wonderful experience when he was "caught up into Paradise, and heard unspeakable words which it is not lawful for a man to utter" (2 Cor. 12:4). And he did not want to forget all the guidance and help that he had received from Christ while serving Him, or all the wonderful victories that the Gospel of Christ had won through him. But Paul did not look back on his past life to find occasion for self-congratulation or to worry over past sins. He had "fought a good fight" (2 Tim. 4:7), yet it was not himself, but Christ in him that had won the battle. (See Gal. 2:20.)

The beginning of a new year is a good time to make a fresh start with a renewed consecration to the service of the Master, and it is useless to attempt any such start unless we are prepared to make a determined and persistent effort with the help of God to control our thoughts and to drive out of our minds unprofitable thoughts by filling it with helpful thoughts. For as a man thinks his heart, so is he. (Prov. 23:7.)

Egyptians, Romans and Greeks of antiquity were familiar with the use of a year which were made of natural

MAKING THEIR WAY.

To the young people of this generation who must have a modern cottage or a steam-heated flat, a bank account, and a complete outfit for housekeeping before they can begin life together, some of the hardships of the pioneers and the price they were willing to pay for success seem almost incredible. A man whose accent scarcely betrayed his German descent was recently telling of the early experiences of his parents.

"It was just forty-two years ago my father got together enough money to pay his way from Germany to America. He and my mother were engaged but they were too poor to marry. But she borrowed eighteen dollars from a more prosperous relative and went along on the same ship."

"When they landed, my father got a job as a section-hand, and my mother worked as assistant cook in a coal camp in Pennsylvania. For nine months they worked and saved; and then on the Fourth of July—the only day he could get off—they were married. Both worked on for another year, saving every cent they could, and then they went west to Missouri, where land was still cheap. They found forty acres partly cleared and a small cabin that they could buy for \$500. They paid \$200 down; it was every cent they had. My father got a job on the section at a dollar and a quarter a day. Every morning he walked six miles to town in time to begin work at seven; and after six in the evening he walked six miles home for supper."

"They had no tools except an ax and a wedge; they had not a single head of stock, except one old black sheep that the previous owner had thrown in with the farm."

"My mother went to a neighbor and asked him what he would take for a pig. Like a true trader, he asked what she would give. She offered to knit him two pairs of woolen mittens and two pairs of socks. He jumped at the offer, and she went home and sheared the sheep, carded the wool, spun the yarn, and knit the socks and mittens; then she brought her pig home."

"During the winter she chopped down trees and split rails to fence their patch of ground. She chopped the limbs of the trees into cord-wood, borrowed a wagon and hauled it six miles to the railroad station, where she sold it for a dollar a cord."

"In the spring there was a litter of six pigs; she traded them for a heifer. Then when there was a calf, she traded it for another cow, and paid the difference in cash. The next year they had a horse, and bought eighty acres more land on credit. Then my father quit the railroad, and began to farm."

"He died when I was fourteen; but mother and I finished paying the debt—\$700."

"And now," he finished, with justifiable pride, "he has 400 acres and a good white house all her own—and I have 700 acres. It is all worth over a hundred dollars an acre."

THE GOLDEN COLUMN.

The strange happenings are not always inventions in story-books. In commenting on the recent death of a certain Annabale Tosci, at Mantua, Italy, the Manchester Guardian tells a tale of buried treasure that has the mystery and romance of the most imaginative stories about the famous Captain Kidd.

Near the monastery of San Vito in Naples stood a marble column that had been erected by an eccentric Frenchman about the beginning of the last century. On it were written in French the following enigmatic words: "On May 1, every year, I have a golden head."

The inscription sorely puzzled the inhabitants of Naples. On May 1, the year after the erection of the column, a great crowd came to it in the hope of finding the top covered with gold pieces. Needless to say, they went home with their pockets as empty as they were when they came. For several years people came to see the promised wonder, and went away disappointed. At last the authorities had the column taken down, in the belief that treasure would be found beneath it. Nothing but earth was found, and so the column was not up again. Obviously, the words had a mystic meaning, but no one was clever enough to guess it, and for years the riddle remained unsolved.

Finally, in 1841, a ragged beggar named Annabale Tosci noticed the inscription. He stood looking at it for a long time, while he pondered its meaning. Then suddenly the solution of the puzzle flashed into his mind. He waited patiently until May 1 before he tested the accuracy of his interpretation of the mystic words.

On the day mentioned in the inscription, Tosci, bearing a pick and shovel, set out at daybreak for the column. He arrived before any chance visitors, and as soon as the monastery bells tolled six, he started digging in the ground covered by the shadow of the top of the column. He had not dug long before he came on a hatchet that contained 80,000 francs. The inscription was a true one; the head of the column covered the golden treasure every year on May 1. Annabale Tosci, the beggar whose

sharp guess had given him comparative wealth, became a landowner near Mantua. He died recently at the age of ninety-four.

DOING THE CHRISTIANA TURN.

Seeking like many another popular sport, has its devotees whose enthusiasm outruns their proficiency, and who are eager to learn the intricacies of the art before they have mastered the fundamentals. Of such is Mr. Samuel Simpson, personally known to a contributor to PUNCH.

"Come on, Myra," I said. "Samuel is now going to show us the Christiana Turn."

Simpson, all eagerness, began to prepare himself. "I said I would, didn't I? I was doing it quite well yesterday. This is a perfect little slope. You understand the theory, don't you?"

"We hope to after the exhibition." "Well, the great thing is to lean the opposite way to the way you think you ought to lean. That's what's so difficult."

"You understand, Myra? Samuel will lean the opposite way to what he thinks he ought to lean."

"But suppose you think you ought to lean the proper way, the way they do in Christiana," said Myra, "and you lean the opposite way, then what happens?"

"That is what Samuel will probably show us," I said.

Simpson was now ready. "I am going to turn to the left," he said. "Watch carefully. Of course I may not bring it off the first time."

"I can't help thinking you will," said Myra.

"It depends on what you call bringing it off," I said. "I don't think our money will be wasted. Have you got the opera-glasses and the pepper-mints and the program, darling? Then you may begin, Samuel."

Simpson started down the slope a little unsteadily. For one moment I feared that there might be an accident before the real accident, but he recovered himself nobly and sped to the bottom. Then a cloud of snow shot up, and for quite a long time there was no Simpson.

"I knew he wouldn't disappoint us," gurgled Myra.

We slid down to him and helped him up. "You see the idea," he said. "I'm afraid I spoiled it a little at that end, but—"

"My dear Samuel, you improved it out of all knowledge."

"But that actually is the Christiana Turn."

"Oh, why don't we live in Christiana?" exclaimed Myra to me.

"Couldn't we possibly afford it?" "It must be a happy town," I agreed. "How the old streets must ring and ring again with jovial laughter!"

"Shall I do it once more?" asked Simpson.

"Can you?" said Myra, clasping her hands eagerly.

"Wait here," said Samuel, "and I'll do it quite close to you."

Half an hour later, with several excellent films of the scene of the catastrophe, we started for home.

CASTING HER VOTE.

"The polls are open," cried the maiden. "I must go and do my share. To save my country from destruction. But, my gracious, see my hair! See the way it's all disheveled. And my lungs in curl won't stay. And this old barrette is broken. But I'm bound to vote to-day."

"Where are my gloves? Oh! I forgot them."

I left them on the window seat. And of course they need some mending."

"I can't wear them on the street. I must go and get a needle."

And sew up this tiny tear. For to-day's the day for voting. And I surely must be there."

"Now what's the proper dress for voting?"

"Shall I wear my father's gown. Or my nice new French creation? There's nothing like it in the town! Oh! I guess I'll wear my princess."

And to glow about she laughed; "Cause I'm going to cast my ballot. For the winner should she laugh."

"These don't are hardly fit to walk in. I think I'll wear my new suede shoes. Then put on my new Ender bonnet. For I will have no time to lose. But, my stars! The luncheon dishes must be washed and put away. Then I'll go and cast my ballot. For the boy who has the wick."

To the booth she walked quite slowly. For her ticket. There she posed. Then prepared to cast her ballot. 'Twas too late. The polls were closed.

IT BOMETIMES IS.

While, whose father was a candidate for office, ran into the house one day, according to the Paris Journal, and exclaimed:

"O, mamma! Mr. Smith says papa's not the unification. Is that worse than the moonless?"

It was unsafe for English children to walk out alone in 1698, lest they should be robbed of their hair for wig-makers.

WITTICISMS.

If it takes a theological seminary to make San Anselmo holy, why is Tamalpais?

If there was a famine in Ireland would Belfast?

If Vesuvius was sued for damages would Pompeii?

If the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, where did Scotland?

Mark Twain was humorous, but was John Greenleaf Whittier?

If Monterey bay was pleasant would Santa Cruz in it?

If the Mission went out to Golden Gate park, would she see the Sun?

If a fire started in Sacramento would Auburn?

If Santa Rosa was going to be photographed, would Mariposa?

If Goat Island started to butt where would Oakland?

If a man pays a bill will the dollar sign?

If San Francisco has a fair will Chicago?

If Holland ships cattle abroad does Sweden keep her Stockholm?

If New England had a flood would Waterbury Connecticut?

If the teacher had sore eyes would it pain her pupils?

If a Chinese woman chewed gum all day how long could a Manchurian?

Why is Ireland the richest country of Europe?

Because its capital is always Dublin.

If the pupils rushed madly for the exit in a fire drill, would the door jamb?

If the cat sat on the back fence would it be shoe fly?

If Lincoln pitched would Garfield?

Does Fresno that Merced she would not venture by the Riverside unless she could make San Diego?

If Los Angeles went boating would San Pedro?

If the cradle rocked would the pillow slip?

If a porch climber was arrested would the fire escape?

If the man rooted would the base ball?

THE DOG OF FLANDERS.

The character that appeals most to me in the story of "The Dog of Flanders," by Ouida, is Nello, who was so kind to his old grandfather, and who was willing at a time when there was not enough food for his grandfather and himself to take a dog to live with them and to feed him. Patrache, the dog, in payment of the kindness of Nello, pulled the little milk cart for him. Although Patrache was only a dog, he had a gentle, kind, nature.

Nello was a little boy of about 12 years, who lived with his grandfather. One day as they were walking along the village road he found a large dog lying exhausted on the ground in the hot sun, where his former master, a very cruel man, who never gave the dog half enough to eat, had left him. Nello and his grandfather took the dog home with them and he was soon well again. Then the old man decided to keep the animal.

Now, Nello had a little girl playmate, whose father was a rich farmer in Flanders. Her name was Alois Cogaz. Bas Cogaz, Alois' father, did not wish his little daughter to play with Nello, as he was a poor boy. Often, as Nello would sit in the garden with his little playmate, he would draw a picture of her, for he had a genius for drawing. Many times he would go to the cathedral at Antwerp, anxious to see the paintings of Rubens, the great artist. But it cost a great deal of money to see these pictures and only rich people had enough money to pay for the sight.

About this time a competition was announced and each boy in the village that had any genius for drawing was preparing to compete. Nello had worked for many months on a picture, but when the final day came another boy won the prize, \$100. With this money, Nello could have seen the pictures painted by Rubens and have been educated as an artist. But his genius was recognized by many people, only too late.

After a little while Nello's grandfather died and he was left alone with Patrache in the little hut. But the landlord soon drove Nello out of the hut and he was left homeless.

Alois' father had lost a pocket-book of money, and Nello was accused of stealing it. One night as he was walking along the street Patrache found it lying beneath the snow. Nello quickly took it to Bas Cogaz' house, but the owner of the pocketbook was not at home. Although both Alois and her mother had him stay, he refused, but asked leave to allow Patrache to remain there. When Nello had left the house the dog could not eat a thing that was given him, but waited until the door was open, rushed through it and followed Nello's tracks. The faithful dog found his master at the cathedral.

The curtains had been drawn aside from the paintings of Rubens, and now that he had seen them he was content to die.

Not long afterward the people of Flanders found both Nello and Patrache lying dead in the cathedral, where they had been frozen to death. They were buried with much honor.

NATURE STUDY.

The teacher was serious-minded and very conscientious. From Punch we learn that the lesson was "The Frog," and that the eggs were before the class. Tommy Bangs, who up to now, had never learned anything if he could possibly help it, sat staring at the glass jar with his soul in his eyes. Teacher looked at Thomas attentively, and resolved to concentrate upon him.

"You see this mass of gelatinous substance full of little black dots?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"These black dots are eggs."

Thomas looked incredulous.

"Now, what are they, Thomas?"

"Eggs," replied Thomas, obedient, although skeptical.

"Correct. Well, in process of time these eggs—now what do you think happens to these eggs in process of time?"

Uneasy silence on the part of Thomas.

"Come," said the teacher, "they are—"

"Billed," with sudden inspiration.

"No! no!" said teacher, hastily. "They are hatched."

"Hatched," murmured Thomas apologetically.

"Yes, and out come some queer-looking creatures with big heads and flat tails. They are called tadpoles. Now, very impressively—"the tadpole grows, little legs begin to show, gradually the tail vanishes, and what do you think at last comes out of the water?"

"A duck," Thomas was evidently unable to get away from the poultry farm.

"Oh, no, Thomas! I will tell you. A frog. Now, isn't that wonderful?"

Subdued expressions of astonishment from the class and a deep sigh from Thomas, looking as if he could ask for more information if he dared.

Teacher turned to him kindly.

"You are interested, Thomas?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"That's right. I shall cultivate your taste for nature knowledge. Is there anything else you would like me to tell you?"

"Yes, please, ma'am."

"Then just ask."

"Please, ma'am," said Thomas, "I want to know how to do a lion."

A CANAL-ZONE OUTLAW.

Almost as important in the work of building the Panama Canal as the blue-eyed bear at Culebra (by which title Mr. Harry A. Frank, in "Zone Policeman 88," distinguishes Colonel Goethals), was Colonel Gorgas, who made and kept the zone a healthy place.

Among the colonel's big tasks was the extermination of the mosquito. How thoroughly he did his work is humorously indicated by a letter that Mr. Frank quotes:

"Gatun, — 28, 1912.

"Dear Colonel: I am writing to call your attention to a gross violation of Sanitary Ordinance No. 3621, to an apparent loop-hole in your otherwise excellent department. The circumstances are as follows:

"On the evening of — 24, as I was sitting at the roadside between Gatun and New Gatun (some sixty-three paces beyond house No. 226), there appeared a mosquito, which buzzed openly for some time about my ears. It was probably merely a male of the species, as it showed no tendency to bite; but a mosquito nevertheless. I trust you will take fitting measures to punish so bold and insolent a violation of the rules of your department. I am, sir, very truly yours,

"Mrs. Henry Peck.

"P. S.—The mosquito can be easily recognized by a peculiarly triumphant, defiant note in his song."

A SAFE HIDING-PLACE.

A person who paid more attention to the pleasures of life than his sorrows, was taken to task for his worldliness by a Quaker friend. The rebuke, says the New York Tribune, was none the less effective for being tactful.

"Friend," said the Quaker, "I understand these clever at fox-catching."

"I have few equals and no superiors at that sport," the parson replied, complacently.

"Nevertheless, friend," said the Quaker, "if I were a fox, I would hide where these would never find me."

"Where would you hide?" asked the parson with a frown.

"Friend," said the Quaker, "I would hide in thy study."

NATURE WAS IMPROVING.

James A. McNeill Whistler astounded many people by the egotism he frequently displayed in his conversation; but those who knew the artist best realized that many of his conceited remarks were inspired by a love of mischief rather than by vanity. Here is an example:

At a house-party, an effusive lady approached the artist.

"O, Mr. Whistler," she said, "I have just been up the river, and it reminded me so much of your pictures."

"Indeed!" Whistler replied, calmly. "Then nature is looking up."