

The Secret of the Old Chateau

By DAVID WHITELAW.

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Synopsis of Later Chapters.
Dartin, in possession of Dartigny fortune, has to pay Haverton silence money. On Stella's birthday Baxenter gives her the Dartigny locket. Stella's mother recognizes the crest it bears as the same as that on a ring handed down from Stella's great-grandmother, the long lost Sylvia Dartigny. Baxenter, his suspicions aroused, accepts Dartin's invitation to Adderbury Towers. On the hall table ready for the post, Baxenter notices an envelope in the same handwriting as the scrap of paper picked up in Mortimer Terrace. Haverton, unobserved, was watching Baxenter, and the two scoundrels are on their guard.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Cont'd.)

Then as day followed day and weeks grew into months and no mention was made in the press of his discovery, Dartin put it from his mind, telling himself that in those hours he had spent in the darkened room, the memory of which was now blurred and indistinct, he must have destroyed it. He did not remember having done so, but it was hardly likely he would have possessed it over. This conviction grew upon him as time passed, until he accepted it as a certainty, and it was a rude awakening that he had received this summer afternoon.

He glanced at the clock on the desk. He must compose himself and prepare to receive his guests. He knew by late experience that his nerve had, as it were, gone out of training, and there was an evening before him in which his nerve would be taxed to the uttermost.

In half an hour Robert Baxenter would be waiting in the library with the other guests and he must not be allowed to suspect anything. Everything must appear to be as it was before Eddie had happened so opportunely upon Robert in the hall, and had witnessed the episode of the letter basket.

Before he left the room, Dartin unlocked a drawer at the back of the desk, and, reaching far in, drew out a little tin case. It opened this and he selected a small phial of blue glass and, carefully reading what was on the label, uncorked it and tipped out two tiny gray tabloids, which he dropped carefully into his waistcoat pocket.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Drugged.

Debonair as ever, and with no shadow of difference in his manner, Dartin stood in the library to receive his guests; and as Robert Baxenter entered he looked up and smiled at him over the cocktail he was mixing for the colonel of intemperate habits, who, newly arrived, stood in an anticipatory attitude at his elbow.

"Colonel Purdon—Mr. Robert Baxenter," and, as the guests, Baxenter, me mix you one of these, Baxenter; I learnt the knack in Canada."

There was no tremor about the hand of the master of Adderbury tower as he deftly concocted the insidious appetizer, although he told himself that this was probably the last time he would dispense hospitality among these luxurious surroundings.

But Vivian's life had developed to the full the fatalist in him, and living, as such men do, on the edge of an eternal volcano, he was ever in readiness for eventualities and prepared to face them. The knowledge he had gained this afternoon was priceless in that it gave him the start of his adversaries. If he must be a fugitive, he would at least be a wealthy one, and he would be far away before the hue and cry was raised against him—he would make quite sure of that.

At the dinner table he was the life of the little party; his fund of anecdote, his gift of repartee, had never been used to greater advantage, and seldom had host presided over a more sumptuous or well-ordered meal. Even Robert, under the influences of the mellow vintage, found himself taking a reluctant pleasure in the repast.

The two young men from Barchester, who were of the party, frankly enjoyed themselves. They were decent enough fellows in their way, with little to speak of but country pursuits; while Colonel Purdon was content to

listen—provided always that his glass was kept replenished.
Haverton alone seemed to have changed. There was less color in the heavy cheeks, and his merriment, forced and intermittent, was punctuated at intervals by little spells of moody silence, when he would sit absently twisting the stem of his wine glass or nervously crumbling the bread on the table-cloth before him.

As on the previous night, they sat late over their coffee and cigars, and, as before, billiards followed dinner. It was midnight before the old colonel was helped into his coat and delivered over to the care of John to escort to his home.

As a little later, the Barchester men rose to take their departure, Dartin made a sign to Eddie that he should accompany them to the door. He himself waited behind for a moment to light his cigar; then, passing at the back of the little table near which Robert was standing, deftly passed his hand over the solicitor's tumbler and hurried into the hall after Eddie and his guests.

Robert Baxenter, left alone, tossed off the remainder of his whiskey-and-soda and threw his cigar-end away preparatory to bidding his host good night. He did not relish spending longer with his enemies—the night had passed quicker than he had thought. What a long time they were. He would go to bed. Why, what was this—?

He raised a trembling hand to his forehead. The room spun wildly—the pictures joined the furniture in a fantastic dance—the green cloth of the billiard table seemed to sway and glide beneath his feet.

And, spinning dizzily on his heel, Robert Baxenter fell heavily and lay huddled upon the rug before the fireplace.

The sound of the big front door closing behind the departing guests sounded through the quiet hall, and Haverton turned and faced Dartin.

"And now," he said, "for the ordeal."

Dartin laughed unpleasantly.

"Not necessary. I think, Eddie, my boy, that Mr. Robert Baxenter won't cause us any great inconvenience—wait."

The speaker tiptoed back along the hall and stood peering through the crack of the billiard-room door.

"Come," he added, and beckoned to Haverton; "friend Robert is dead in this case."

The two men entered the room and stood looking down at the silent figure on the hearth-rug. The younger man was murmuring to himself, "It was a white rug last time."

Eddie Haverton looked up sharply.

"What's that you're muttering there to yourself, man—what does this mean?—he's not—"

"Dead? Lord, no! It means that you and I, being in the same boat, must set a course for harborage."

This, and Dartin touched the figure with his foot, "is better like this while we are thinking out our plans, what we are to do with ourselves—"

and with him. Sit down over here, Eddie."

The master of Adderbury Towers went round the table and pulled the blinds over three windows looking out on to the garden. He then left the room, and Eddie could hear him calling to some servant. He turned his back on the form by the fireplace, and when Dartin re-entered the room, locking the door behind him, he found the man busy with the whiskey and syphon. It did not take a very keen observer to see that the nerves of Mr. Eddie Haverton were a-jangle.

"Now," began Dartin, "we'll be undisturbed and can take our time; let's have that, for twenty-four hours at the least."

He dropped down on one knee before the prostrate figure and ran practiced fingers over his clothes, bringing to light almost immediately the crumpled letter to Eddie's tailor and—

As Dartin's eye fell upon the scrap of paper with it he knew that he had indeed come to the end of his tether.

"This man here must never tell his tale. You hear me, Haverton—must never—tell—his—tale. He knows everything and—"

But the other was on his feet at this, speaking with sudden energy.

"I'll have no more murder—no more murder! It's too horrible! One's enough—"

Dartin's eyes glinted dangerously.

"You'll have what I say—it's his life or ours!"

"Ours?" Eddie's voice was falsetto.

"Yours, you mean. My hands are clean—I didn't go back to the house that night—I—"

Dartin lit a cigarette and looked oddly through the blue smoke at his companion.

"As I remarked just now, Eddie, what a pity it is in your handwriting. The scrap of paper had fluttered to

the floor, and Eddie looked at it as Dartin went on.

"Besides—I don't intend to kill friend Robert. I am not the one to put a noose round my neck—our necks. It seems to me that the other affair doesn't count for anything now. That paper is the only evidence and it's easily destroyed. I never meant to kill that man—oh, you may as well know it all; it was an accident, not murder."

"Seems to me it was a pretty good imitation."

"Never mind what it seems, Eddie; I'll explain one of these days, if you care to listen. Meanwhile, we've got to be out of here by Tuesday. Evidence or no evidence, Baxenter knows the truth and we would never be safe in England, although without this bit of paper I don't write see what he can do. Again, it's out of the question to think of killing him—his friends know he is visiting here. It means a bolt, Eddie—an undignified exit for I've never shown you the cellars of the Towers, have I?"

He took Haverton's arm and led him from the room, re-locking the door behind them. From an archway at the back of the hall a flight of broad stone steps wound down to the kitchen. At the foot of these Dartin struck a match and lit the candle in a lantern which he took down from a hook on the great dresser.

They crossed the main kitchen with its shining brass and pewter, and passed through the big sculleries and stone-flagged bakehouse, stopping at last before a door set in an alcove in the further wall. There was a key in the lock, and Dartin turning pushed open the door on its creaking hinges. Then more steps, and the men were standing in the cool dampness of the cellars of Adderbury Towers.

Dartin held the lantern up above his head, and the yellow light flickered on the low, groined roof and on the worn and stained pillars which supported it. A great rat came from beneath a pile of old coats and scampered away between Eddie's feet; he felt a little gasp of horror as he felt the gross, heavy body of it through his thin dress shoes; then hurried after his guide, who was making his way through one of the dark arches.

For perhaps a hundred paces they went on in silence, taking little turns here and there, until they came to what was apparently the last cellar, for Eddie could make out no doorway except that by which they had entered.

There was little need for Dartin to say why he had brought Eddie here. The ideal one, here a rat. Here a man would lie hidden until a really strict search was made. This would give the men ample time; for, if due precautions were taken, it was not likely that Baxenter's friends would think seriously of his non-appearance for some days, when it would be too late for the young solicitor to work them any harm.

They made many journeys to and fro between the cellar and the house, carrying a few things with which to make their prisoner as comfortable as possible, consistent with their own safety. A rough bed was made up in one corner; and provisions, water and candles to last some days were placed on the floor beside it.

Between them they carried the unconscious form of their guest to his new quarters. It seemed to the younger man as he looked on the set white face with the closed eyes that Robert had suddenly taken on a great resemblance to his dead cousin. There was the same shapely forehead showing as the head hung limply back, the same sensitive nostrils and nostrils. Dartin wondered how it was he had never noticed these things before.

It was not easy—for, unlike Hubert, Robert was a big man—for them to make the journey, encumbered as they were by the lantern; but at last it was ended and the drugged man lay stretched out upon the pile of rugs, which formed the bed.

(To be continued.)

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' course of training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the service, monthly allowances and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

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(To be continued.)

Insect Samsons.

If a man could jump as far as a flea can in proportion to his size, he could leap with ease over the dome of a cathedral. Were he as agile as the common grasshopper, two or three bounds would take him in a twinkling from his office to his house.

A flea suspended in a minute sling will grasp a match-stick and juggle with it as though it were a mere nothing. Were a man equally strong he could toy with a giant forest tree weighing five or six tons.

The ant thinks nothing of dragging a piece of wood fifty times his own weight; while if he falls off a leaf a hundred times his own height from the ground, he does not hurt himself.

If our appetite were as great as those of caterpillars we should each require more than a ton of food every week.

Could we but learn all that the bee knows about flying, we might soar into the air in aeroplanes whose wings were no more than four feet across, and whose engines were no stronger than those of motor cycles.

King George was born at Marlborough House and Queen Mary at Kensington Palace; they are believed to be the first pair of Londoners by birth to share the throne.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

Not Invited.

In Kipling's Jungle Book the monkey-people, whooping through the trees, are overjoyed when, by throwing coconuts, they can get human beings to notice them. The Soviet crew are like that. Their latest manifesto is a long, loud ululation because they are not invited to that international party in Washington where affairs of the Far East will be discussed.

The very name Parliament implies talking things over. Bolshevism does not speak the language of cool and sane and ordered debate. It fills the air with fireworks; its sound and fury signify nothing. It is not invited because it does not know how to behave.

We had a very fair sample of the Bolshevik ideal of political convocations in their weird gathering of the clans at Baku last September. Any will lie went at that gathering, if only it was sufficiently vitriolic against property and private right and established order. The dominant personal force at that congress was Enver Pasha: the paramount political concept was Lenin's dream of the world ascendancy of communism, as Zinovieff expounded it.

Naturally, there can be no enthusiasm to ask to the council at Washington those who come with knives and rifles bristling like a Cossack dress parade. This council is for peace.

Success Nuggets.

Luck never comes to the shirker—it always goes to the worker. The present hour is the decisive hour, and every day is ominous.

It is the man who persists in seeing his ideal, who ignores obstacles, absolutely refuses to see failure, who clings to his confidence in victory, that wins out.

Genius has a twin brother by the name of Perseverance. Success is not measured by what a man accomplishes, but by the opposition he has encountered and the courage with which he has maintained the struggle against overwhelming odds.

Don't waste any time belaboring the cause of all your troubles—you're the trouble.

Many men fail because they do not see the importance of being kind and courteous to the men under them.

Pull on the oar, and not on your friends. Nature does not say, "You must not," but she says, "If you do, you must pay the price, for I cannot make it less." Nature does not argue.

The way to be happy is to take what you get and do what you can with it.

Empire Timber Exhibition.

The value which leaders of affairs in the British Empire set on forests and forestry is shown by the holding of a conference of forest administrators in London last summer and by the organizing of associations in the different dominions and colonies to keep this subject before the people. In connection with the conference there was an exhibition of timber from all parts of the Empire and it was found that there were opportunities for a most advantageous exchange of products.

For instance Canada exports structural timbers while Australia, New Zealand, India, Trinidad, East and West Africa, Borneo, and other colonies export tropical and semi-tropical woods, useful for furniture and cabinet work. A report on this exhibition has been made by the officer in charge of the Canadian exhibit and embodied in Circular No. 12 of the Forestry Branch of the Department of the Interior. Any interested citizen who has not yet received a copy may secure one free by applying to the Director of Forestry, Ottawa.

Don't estimate your future by the little troubles that confront you now. The black clouds which shut out your sun, to-day, will be gone to-morrow. Learn to look at life at long range and put the right value on things.

Dropping With a Parachute

Parachute jumping was originally a "stunt" pure and simple, practiced from balloons for the amusement of gaudy multitudes. To-day it is an important part of war practice work, and as such has been scientifically developed.

When an observation balloon is set on fire by incendiary bullets—as often happens in war—the only chance for the men in the basket (usually two) is to jump. Their gas bag is 1000 feet up, or higher, in the air, and they must depend upon their parachutes, which are strapped on their bodies all ready for such an emergency, to land them safely on the ground.

To be disabled in full flight by enemy fire is a mishap more or less likely to overtake any fighting aviator at any time; but, while his machine may burst into flames or crash, he has a good chance of escaping bodily harm if provided with a parachute.

The chute (as it is called) is of light and very strong silk. The harness is of straps that pass over the shoulders and under the arms, and which are supplemented by a waist belt that has an ingenious snap-connection. The chute is folded compactly in the pack, which is fastened to the back of the wearer.

When he drops from aloft he jerks a "pilot cord," which opens a tiny parachute that is on the outside of the pack. This instantly catches the air, thereby exerting a pull which yanks the big parachute out of the pack.

On reaching the ground the man releases himself from the waist-belt by a touch on the aforementioned snap-connection. It is necessary that he should be able to do this, because otherwise, if a strong breeze were blowing, he would be liable to be dragged over the ground by the parachute. From the straps about his shoulders he is able easily to disengage himself by wriggling out of them.

In experimental try-outs of various kinds it is customary for the jumper to equip himself with both the approved apparatus and the pack under trial. On dropping from aloft he lets loose the trial pack and counts seconds—one, two, three. By that time he has fallen 400 feet. If the parachute has failed to check his descent he pulls the cord of the other pack. Or he may do the same thing if he seems to be dropping too fast.

Sometimes in experiments of the sort dummy men are fastened to the packs under trial; or it may be weights. One idea suggested was to attach inflated leather bags to the feet of the jumper to lessen the shock when he landed, but this was not deemed worth while.



Woman's Interests

What To Do in Case of Accident.

In case of an accident, the first thing to do is to keep one's head, do exactly the most helpful thing and, if necessary, send for a physician.

If a blood vessel has been cut or ruptured, note the color of the blood. If it is dark red and flows freely from the wound without spurting, it comes from a vein and the flow is to the heart. If the blood is a bright red and comes in spurts, it comes from an artery and the flow is from the heart; and so there is great danger. In this case send for a physician and act at once. The patient should be laid down so that as much as possible the circulation should be quieted. Apply a bandage between the injury and the heart and tighten it by twisting with a stick. But this should be prolonged no further than necessary.

To staunch the flow of blood, warm water should never be used, because this will only stimulate the trouble. Foreign and germ-laden substances, like the bare, undisinfected fingers, mud, tobacco, and cobwebs, should never be allowed to come in contact with the wound. The wound should be covered as soon as possible but only with a surgical dressing. This consists of cotton or gauze which has been surgically treated to disinfect it.

For bruises, first bathe the parts in water as hot as can be borne to treat the inflammation. Then treat with a solution of equal parts of water and witch hazel or with tincture of arnica in the proportion of two teaspoonfuls to a cup of water. A night's treatment should almost make the bruise well. Or if these remedies are not at hand, use one part vinegar to three of water.

For a sprain, heat water as soon as possible, as hot as the flesh can bear. Arrange the injured part over a tub or other vessel and from a considerable height slowly pour the hot water over the sprain. Continue to heat water and keep up this treatment for an hour or two till the danger of inflammation appears to be gone. A sprain is a more serious matter than a broken bone and this treatment will often save the patient from becoming a cripple. As an after treatment apply a solution of vinegar or lemon juice or salt. For a knee or ankle sprain a stocking may be drawn on and filled with hot salt. This is a very efficacious remedy. But the hot water remedy is the best of all and should be used first.

In case of a person fainting the patient is suffering from too little blood in the head. Therefore, he should be laid flat on his back and kept so that the blood may flow back to his head and other parts of the anatomy. Cold water should be sprinkled on the face to stimulate circulation. If nothing more serious than a faint is the matter, recovery will soon follow.

A spasm is distinguished from a faint from the fact that the patient jerks spasmodically. In convulsions the circulation is much too rapid and there is too much blood on the brain. Therefore, the victim of a spasm should never be laid down flat but should be supported with his head elevated. One in a spasm should be quickly put into a hot bath and well rubbed. Except by the advice of a physician no medicine should be given.

In case of a burn or scald a linen rag, saturated with a solution of baking soda, should be applied and kept wet. Or better, keep the injury always covered with a rag soaked in linseed oil and lime water, mixed equal proportions. A bottle of this should always be kept in the house ready for such an emergency. If the skin has been removed by the burn, lay surgical cotton carefully over the oil dressing and gently fasten into place so that the air may be entirely excluded. The dressing of a burn or scald should be disturbed no often

than necessary, so that the new skin may form without hindrance.

In some cases of choking the obstruction may be removed by the finger. Otherwise, the swallowing of an unchewed crust of bread will commonly give relief.

When a child has pushed an obstruction, like a bean or a grain of coffee up into its nose, one should not be excited and fish for it with other hard substances which may only aggravate the difficulty. If a little cayenne pepper is merely rubbed on the child's upper lip, the child will set violently to sneezing and the obstruction will be promptly dislodged.

When any foreign matter gets into the eye, resolutely abstain from rubbing the eye. Often forcibly blowing the nose will roll a fine point in a silk handkerchief and with it patiently remove the substance. This is especially successful in the removal of insects.

When a foreign substance gets into the ear, be very careful because the ear is delicate. In case of an insect a few drops of oil will drown it and cause it to float to the surface where it may be removed. But hard substances should not be put into the ear.

In insect stings, if the sting is still present it should be removed. Then a little ammonia or baking soda in water will relieve the pain.

In case of a broken bone, it will allay anxiety to know that it does not have to be set immediately. However, do not delay to send for the doctor. Meanwhile, unless absolutely necessary, the patient should not be moved, for fear that the sharp edges of the bone may lacerate the flesh. With both hands gently lift the injured part while someone puts a pad or cushion under it. Cold wet cloths should be applied. If the patient must be removed, temporary splints must be made. For this purpose use any stick of wood, stiff pasteboard, or anything which will keep its place straight. As padding for this, use anything soft, like cotton or wool, or a sleeve or stocking stuffed with moss, or grass, or leaves till something better can be found.

The Necessary Vitamins.

Just what part the subtle vitamins play in balancing our daily diet can easily be ascertained by looking at the great number of anemic and undernourished children who lack this important food constituent. Many disorders of malnutrition as well as lack of sufficient bone-making material clearly tell their tale in the early decay of the teeth, bone diseases and various tubercular troubles.

This very essential food element is found in eggs, milk, fresh dairy butter, whole cereals, in leafy vegetables and in fresh fruits. The temperature necessary for cooking destroys or lessens the active principles of vitamins so that it is necessary to plan the daily bill of fare with at least one-fourth of the food to be eaten raw. This can be very easily accomplished now that both the fresh fruits and green leafy vegetables are abundant.

Character Training.

Roger W. Babson, the famous statistician, author of the widely read book, "Foundations of Prosperity" has said:

"The great need at the present time is not for more railroads, or for more steamships or more factories or more cities, but for more character."

"To develop the character, we must start in the home, school and church when the children are young."

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Cheerfulness.

Learn to laugh: a good laugh is better than medicine. Learn how to tell a story; a good story, well told, is as welcome as a scrubbing in a sick-room.

Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself; the world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows. Learn to stop croaking; if you cannot see any good in the world, keep the bad to yourself.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under pleasant smiles; no one cares to hear whether you have headaches, caraches or rheumatism.

Learn to meet your friends with a smile; a good-humored man or woman is always welcome, but the dyspeptic is not wanted anywhere.

Don't cry; tears do well enough in novels, but are out of place in real life. Above all, give pleasure; lose no chance of giving pleasure.

You will pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that you can do, or any kindness that you can show to any human being, you had better do it now; do not defer or neglect it.

For you will not pass this way again.

Used Autos

Breaker's Used Car Market, 425 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Time Out for Lunch.

As most travellers know, there are a number of small rooms or compartments in the English railway coaches. The passengers are isolated in these compartments. Sometimes, indeed, they are locked in. Their only means of communication with the brakeman is an electric bell that must never be rung except in an emergency or crisis. This bell always stops the train, and creates great confusion and alarm.

One day an old lady, very near-sighted, got into a carriage in which a boy sat. She and the boy had the compartment to themselves. The train started, the old lady looked about, and seeing the bell, said to the boy:

"Boy, I ain't used to railways. What's the bell for?"

The lad smiled maliciously. "That bell," he explained, "is to ring when you want something to eat, and the road furnishes lunch."

The old lady nodded. Half an hour went by. Then she leaned forward and rang the bell. Instantly the brakes ground down upon the wheels, the locomotive whistled; and the train stopped so suddenly that several persons were thrown forward to the floor. There were shrieks. Windows were lowered and heads protruded. Guards ran from carriage to carriage. Finally one approached the old lady's compartment.

"Who rang that bell?" he shouted, as he ran along.

"I did, young man," said the old lady.

"Why did you do it?" She thought amoment, and then replied calmly:

"I think you might bring me some chicken sandwiches and a bottle of root beer."

The Glory of the Grass.

In what far, green Judean field Did those upgrowing grasses yield Their promises of gentle strength When they should cradle Him at length

What secret grace did earth