



CHAPTER XVI.

Paolo's Return.

After leaving the apothecary's shop, Paolo walked hastily through the streets until he reached the Piazza Julius Caesar; there he stopped to consider his position. Where was he going? What was he about to do? True, he had resolved to end his troubled existence, and had purchased the instrument of destruction. But when and where was he to make use of it? These points he had not yet considered.

Now that he was about to die, he conceived a strong desire to see Francesca once more—for the last time. He thought it would be happiness indeed if he could die holding her hand; but that seemed to be impossible. Yet he must see her, if only for one short hour, to hear her voice, perhaps to kiss her hand, ere they should part forever. His passion grew with every passing moment, and soon conquered and extinguished his desire for self-destruction. He well knew the hopeless nature and guilty folly of his love. He had tried to tear that passion from his heart and cast it from him as an impurity and a vice unworthy of his nature. Now it was too late. That love had permeated his entire being; it ran through his blood like fire, he was held in its irresistible magnetism. He had conquered him; he was its slave.

Flight was no longer possible—he could not leave. In fact, he told himself now that he did not want to go; that he desired only to see Francesca, and die, looking on her face. These wild and vacillating thoughts were suddenly terminated by the sound of a familiar voice, exclaiming in a low tone: "What, ho! my lord—returned so soon! Didst not the war so quickly? Perhaps thy dread name did cause the end of such four years as I have lived. I marvel at your power."

It was Paolo the jester, who had chanced that way, had recognized the form of Paolo in the darkness, and was much surprised to find that he had started for Florence not ten hours ago. Paolo replied:

"Silence, Paolo! My quick return is not fit food for your glib tongue. I am sad at heart, and could not go."

"Oh, ho!" exclaimed Paolo; then he uttered a long, low whistle, indicative of cunning and surprise. Paolo discerned some covert meaning in Paolo's action, and was annoyed.

"Well, fool!" he exclaimed, "what does that mean?"

"Nothing, my lord, except that two and two, when well counted, make only four."

"A fool's word!"

"Aye, my lord, but it takes a wise man to be a clever fool. A fool's wisdom is never false; it comes by instinct, the gift of heaven; no swallow's flight so swift and true. I look into your face, which seems to others but an empty page, stupid and dull; to me, it is the mirror of your soul, and on it I read your slightest thought. Today I read a lady's face and could swear, my lord, to every thought, to every sigh, her mind and heart did utter."

"Whose face was that?" inquired Paolo with eager voice.

"The fairest, face in Rimini—the castle's bride. Upon the battlements she stood, regardless of the sun's fierce rays, her eager eyes tracing the road to Florence, watching the little clouds of dust that rose above the soldiers' heads; and when she saw the dust no more, her woful sighs betrayed a broken heart."

"Enough!" exclaimed Paolo, "your licensed tongue presumes too much. Come, tell me other news!"

"A courier arrived today from Pesaro. Another civil brawl broke out in the city, and Lanciotto has been urged to go and quell the strife. He leaves tomorrow dawn with two hundred men."

"Are you quite sure?" asked Paolo.

"I had it from his own lips. Besides, the men-at-arms are ready to depart."

This information gave Paolo food for reflection. Lanciotto's army would favor his designs. He sought a last interview with Francesca, and desired that it should be in privacy. His anxious mind had not yet considered what trend that interview might take, nor what the result of it might be; his inclination was based on one thought—the desire to see her again. What attitude he should assume toward her, what he should say to her, at that farewell meeting he had not determined; that was left to chance and circumstances.

Until tomorrow he must find an abiding place. At that late hour of the night he could not enter the castle and gain his chamber without observation and recognition, and that he wished to avoid. Perhaps the cunning folk might help him! Therefore he broke the silence by saying:

"Pepe, I would return to the castle tonight, but I wish to enter and gain my chamber unobserved. I do not wish it known that I have returned so soon. Such is my purpose—can you help me?"

"Ha, ha! my lord," exclaimed Paolo, with a mocking laugh, "a fool's wisdom is sometimes more serviceable than a courtier's wit or a soldier's sword. Methinks I know a way to gain your end."

"What mean you, my lady? Will Lord Lanciotto not return?"

"Oh, I say that, Nerissa? I know not what he said. You must read my words. I am not well today."

"What can I do to cheer your heart?"

"Nothing, good Nerissa. Leave me—I would be alone! I'll read my book; 'twill serve to divert my mind."

"What is the tale, my lady? I fain would know it."

"An ancient tale of two young hearts that suffered much. It is so sweet and beautiful I love to read it; and yet so sad, it makes me weep."

"Ah, my lady," said Nerissa, "to love is to be sad, and sigh, and weep for him we love; but there's joy and sweetness in such sorrow. I had a lover once, to the wars, who went to Florence to the wars, who swore that he would soon return and claim me for his wife. I wept and sighed for many months; he never came. They say he had died of the war, and beautiful they capture the hearts of every soldier who goes there. My next lover shall never go to Florence."

"No more, Nerissa!" said Francesca, sadly, "no more—your tender heart! Now, leave me! and I will read the tale."

After Nerissa's departure, Francesca took up the book and commenced to read; but the story failed to interest her, her mind was preoccupied, her thoughts wandered from the words of the book. Very soon she let the book fall upon her lap, and, with drooping head and closed eyes, she was soon absorbed in a profound reverie. Her thoughts were following Paolo on his way to Florence. She had been sitting thus for a period of fifteen minutes, when her reverie was disturbed by the sound of a footfall, and a voice softly calling "Francesca—Francesca!" She looked up and joyfully exclaimed: "Ah, Paolo!"

He took her hand, and, bending over, kissed it twice. She blushed and said: "You startled me! I thought you far away on the road to Florence."

"Yesterday, I was—as far away as thought of you would leave me. My reluctant feet would serve to carry me no farther so I returned to Rimini, hoping to see your face and hear your voice once more, ere I should go—forever."

"Ah, Paolo!" said Francesca, in soft, pleading tones, and gazing on him with wistful eyes, "you will not go again. I, too, was sad, and hoped you would soon return."

"My duty calls me, and I must go. Why should I stay?"

"To cheer my life, and make me happy. You brought me here, to this lone and gloomy place, where I have not a friend, save you. When you are gone, then am I sad indeed!"

She sighed and turned her face away that he might not see the tears

Four florins, my lord, will serve the trick—two for myself, two for the guard—and you will enter unobserved. "So be it, fool! Here is the money; see that you serve me well!"

"My art has never failed me yet, and money whets its edge. We had better go, my lord; the hour is late."

That night, after Paolo had retired to his chamber, his cunning brain revolved the circumstances of the day, to see what might be turned to profit. He already suspected that a certain degree of affection existed between Paolo and Francesca, and, today, that suspicion had been greatly strengthened by Francesca's attitude of sorrow and despair upon the battlements, and by Paolo's sudden and unaccountable flight.

It was against Lanciotto that Paolo desired to turn these circumstances to account. It would greatly please him if he could find, in the conduct of Paolo and Francesca, an instrument for his revenge on Lanciotto.

In his calling as court jester, Paolo had banded many a keen jest with Lanciotto, and even once, in the utmost limit of his extraordinary license in order to wound Lanciotto's feelings with gibes on his sad form and features. In return, Lanciotto had proved himself more than a match for the jester in a war of words; care over, he had at times laid violent hands on the court fool and punished him for his insolence. It was that rank in Paolo's breast, and bred therein a spirit of enmity and revenge. Therefore, Paolo resolved to keep a close hold over the conduct of Paolo and Francesca in the hope of finding therein a source of humiliation and dishonor to the proud spirit of the hunchback. That would serve Paolo's idea of revenge.

CHAPTER XVII.

In Cupid's Toils.

The following morning opened clear and cloudless, and Francesca looked from her window she beheld the beautiful Adriatic Sea smiling, with a thousand bright dimples, under the gentle caresses of the morning sun. The birds, who made their homes in the nooks and crevices of the castle walls, were twittering and billing with delight. All nature was in a joyous mood. Francesca alone was sad and gloomy. As she gazed on the beauty of the natural world, she sighed at the thought of the contrast it presented to her own little world of sorrow and disappointment.

Earlier than usual, she took her morning walk in the garden, accompanied by Nerissa, who carried for her a basket of needlework. Soon, they retired to an arched alcove, which, upon a lattice work, the roses hung in sweet profusion. It was, indeed, Cupid's ideal bower wherein fond lovers might sit and dream and allow their souls to mingle and their lips to meet in the intoxication of the perfume of air.

Francesca occupied herself, listlessly, with her needlework, but, in a short time, she dropped it on her lap and gazed dreamily before her. Nerissa, observing the action of her mistress, remarked:

"My lady seems unwonted sad today."

"In truth, I am, Nerissa," replied Francesca. "I passed a restless night. Sleep scarce approached my eyes."

"I know that I should be the same, my lady, should my husband, like your good lord, go to the wars, perhaps never to return."

Francesca's thoughts were far away—as far away as she imagined Paolo was at that moment. Nerissa's words fell on her ear as in a dream, softly and faintly; and, absently, she replied:

"He never will return—I feel that he has gone forever."

Nerissa was startled at this reply; she gazed earnestly at her mistress, and asked:

"What mean you, my lady? Will Lord Lanciotto not return?"

"Oh, I say that, Nerissa? I know not what he said. You must read my words. I am not well today."

"What can I do to cheer your heart?"

"Nothing, good Nerissa. Leave me—I would be alone! I'll read my book; 'twill serve to divert my mind."

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that came unbidden to her eyes. The book had fallen, unheeded, to the ground. Paolo picked it up and said: "What tale is this you have been reading?"

"The sad story of Lancelot and Guinevere. It interests me; her fate was like my own."

"How so?" asked Paolo.

"She married one, but loved another. 'Twas not her fault—no more 'twas mine. It was unerring fate."

Paolo divined her meaning, but he did not wish to continue the conversation on a line that might lead to a sentimental outcome. He still sought to avoid an avowal of love on either side. He desired only to sit beside her, to feel that she was near him. He blindly ventured to stand, as it were, on the edge of a precipice, trusting that some kind fortune would guide his thoughtless brain and prevent his falling into the awful chasm at his feet. He now sought to turn the conversation by again referring to the book.

He asked Francesca:

"Shall I resume the story where you had stopped?"

"Yes, if you will," replied Francesca, "but read it soft and sweet—'tis better so."

Paolo commenced to read:

"It chanced, that day, that Lancelot, on his visit to the king's palace, found Queen Guinevere alone. When he beheld her whom he so loved, whom he had met too late, yet loved the more, his throbbing heart did still his tongue; he could not speak, he could not breathe. He vainly strove to calm his eager heart, to conquer his desire—for the king, her husband, was his dearest friend, as dear to him as brother."

Paolo paused. The story was suggestive of his own position—it was like. Francesca whispered, soft and low:

NICE OBSERVANT YOUTH.

Francesca placed her hand within that of Paolo. He paused, and looked at her; their eyes met, and spoke their thoughts. The moment he had sought, and now would fain have fled, yet could not stir. The color left her cheeks; so pale she grew, no marble could be whiter. At last she smiled, a faint, sweet smile, at sight of which he nearer drew, then trembling stood. He took her hand to bear it to his lips, but at the touch, her hand, so warm and trembling, fired his soul, and then he kissed her lips.

As Paolo ceased reading, he felt Francesca's hand trembling within his; her head bowed, and her eyes met, he turned quickly, touched her cheek, he turned his head, their eyes met, her head dropped gently on his shoulder, as she softly murmured "Paolo!"; their lips met—their happiness was complete.

[To be Continued.]

Auntie—You see how angry he is, because they don't bring his dinner! Tommy—Yes, father goes on just like that when dinner is late.—Allie Sloper.

SOME OF JAS. J. HILL'S MAXIMS

Advice to Young Men—Steps by Which the Farmer's Son Became a Millionaire.

James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railroad Company, consented the other day to speak of his early struggles to succeed in life, and the things that had helped him. In doing so he said he was moved largely by the hope that his experience might be the source from which some of the young people of America could draw their inspirations to mount the ladder of success.

Briefly, Mr. Hill asserts that the conditions enabling a man to acquire millions are far more favorable than when he carved out his fortune; that, in his estimation, the western hemisphere is entering an era of opportunity, in comparison with which the big things of the industrial world during the past decade will be the merest pigmies, and that no boy need feel that he is required to seek his fortune beyond the confines of his country, since, in his judgment, the United States will be the center of the industrial wave for some years to come.

"Give the rules which have governed me in my life work? I can't say that I have had any rules. I attribute it all to work—a large measure of good luck," and Mr. Hill smiled as if he did not take the "good luck" feature seriously.

"Let me see. This thing of laying down a set of rules to govern one's career, or to run back over a lifetime of hard knocks, and say just what rule contributed to my good fortune is not easy for me. In the first place I was born on a farm—a Canadian farm. That was in 1838.

WORK, WORK, WORK.

"This is a good beginning, for it means a sound body as a rule. In other words, it starts a chap right. That's half of the battle; I might say it is everything, because a bad start means a big handicap in the race. But as far as rules go, I would say that those that have helped me to succeed are: 'Work, hard work, intelligent work and then more work.'

"A sound body and a sound mind! I had both of these, though I left school when fourteen and a half years old, and never got time to get inside a school house again. An education, however, is indispensable. I do not mean necessarily college training. An education comes frequently with contact with the world; studying conditions, life, as you see it.

"Don't mortgage your future. Practically have an eye to securing the benefits of what you earn. Look ahead to the point where you are determined to get into business for yourself. If you are not worth your hire you cannot be hired, and if you can earn money for another you can earn more for yourself.

"Be satisfied to start in a small way. Too many young men want to begin to pile on before the foundation is finished.

Torturing Piles

First symptoms—Moisture; intense itching; stinging; and a burning, smarting, night. If allowed to continue, tumors form, which often protrude, ulcerate and bleed. Instant relief—no pain; no knife. Certain cure—simply use

Swayne's Ointment

Harmless; healing. Half a century's experience proves that it never fails. At drugists, 50 cents. Try before you buy, address, Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia, who will gladly mail this ointment, free, on a sample box FREE.

FREE! LADIES, and some

PENNYROYAL TEA.

Every mother and lady should use it. Used successfully by thousands of ladies for the cure of all menstrual troubles. T. A. SLOCUM CHEMICAL CO., TORONTO, CAN.

low, "Read on—read on!" Paolo continued:

"When Guinevere turned and saw before her the man whom she had loved from the first moment of their meeting, who possessed her every thought, by day or night, her blushing cheek disclosed her joy; and yet she knew full well how wrong that love, how hopeless—yet how strong and deep. It was a joy which, though a sin, she could not, would not cast away; it was her life, her whole existence."

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[To be Continued.]

"When I reached St. Paul, a week later, I practically had not a dollar to my name and knew not a single individual here. This was the outpost of civilization in the northwest then. I liked it. I enjoyed particularly the rough, cordial welcome the westerners gave me all the newcomers.

"My progress was mighty slow for ten years. It consisted of some rough experience. I was without what is known as a 'trade,' and this was against me. I was forced to manual labor. Still, I mingled with rough-and-ready people, and it sharpened my wit.

"That was my matriculation into the western college of life and my education was rapid and thorough. When I was handling baggage as a railroad employee in those days, I cannot say that I ever expected to own a railroad. I did intend, however, not to work for another man all my life, though I believe I work harder today than I did then.

"Then, at least, I had no cares, if my wages were small. With increased income came additional burdens. I became a shareholder in a small way. This was my introduction into the transportation world.

"My hours of work? Well, I try to work as much as I can, as I have a good many things to look after. Of course, I don't get up like I used to on the farm before daylight, though I rise many stories to that effect. I rise at 7 o'clock. I can't sleep after that, and I get around to my office about 9. Sometimes I get away at 5 and sometimes not until midnight. That just depends.

"But American boys should make up their minds that they have as fine opportunities at home today for getting rich as anywhere in the world. It is usually easier to acquire fortune in a new country than an old.

"The west is the center of great enterprises at present. Great fortunes may be made here in the next decade. My final advice to the young men of America is to be alert, keep in the times and grasp opportunities when they pass by, holding on to them firmly. Prepare yourself to

ed, and what they accumulate they cannot retain. A slow beginning makes a permanent business.

ECONOMICAL, NOT PENURIOUS.

"Be economical, but not penurious. This is not a distinction without difference. It is the difference between the mud built on the broad gauge and the narrow. It is the difference between great things and small things, between boundless success that sheds a generous share of its prosperity on the whole community and a miser from a man of affairs.

"Have confidence in your own future and conditions generally. Most men are the optimist to the pessimist. The bright side of things is a view that helps a chap forward.

"Even if the worst occurs a person has more strength to meet it from having taken a complacent view of the situation. When a fellow has put forth his best efforts, and is thoroughly alert, done the best he could, he has no room for worry.

SELECTION OF A VOCATION.

"The selection of a vocation is quite important. My experience is that those things are largely matters of chance. I don't think I ever expected as a young man to get into the railroad business.

"Having chosen a profession, I do not think a young man is warranted in sticking to it when he feels that he is not fitted for it, or that he sees a better opportunity to acquire wealth in another direction.

"I was first a farmer, then a merchant's clerk, then a farmer, a laborer, a clerk, a builder of steamboats, a contractor and then a stockholder and owner. So again comes the question of confidence in one's ability to discern that which is best for him and to strive for that regardless of opposition. In other words, it is the confidence that enables the young man to take risks without which great things can never be accomplished.

"Perhaps you might accept these outlines as the rules which I have observed through life. The young man should not make the mistake today of imagining that conditions are not as favorable as at any time in the past century for the poor boy acquiring wealth.

"The world is in its infancy, especially the western world. Industrial development is just beginning. Agriculture, mining, contracting, shipping, railroads, land and speculation, mercantile life and manufacturing all offer inducement for the ambitious youth of today to become a man of millions.

"Money is so plentiful that a determined boy of will can borrow all he needs. Bankers accept the element of 'prospects in lending money as well as ability to pay and there is no more promising prospect of a money value than youth, ambition and grit, backed by western intelligence. Therefore, the way is, if anything, more easy, that is, the way to the top.

THE REAL STRUGGLE.

"The real struggle is at the bottom. There is where the ranks are crowded. The fight is very fierce there. When you begin to get away from the crowd it is easier.

"You pass many commercial dilettantes, failures and wrecks of men along the way, but the great trouble is in getting started up. Everything seems for the moment to hold a man down until he starts, then everything turns to boost him up after he has secured a start. That is the way of the world.

"My father's farm was located four miles south of Rockwood, Ont., Canada. James Dunbar Hill, my father, was not very prosperous. The farm was not very fertile and my early ex-

perience was that of a very little boy on a very big farm.

"I recall that my father frequently remarked that he could trace our family tree back sixteen generations through Scotland and Ireland. To this I attribute my mental and physical vigor.

"I had to walk four miles to the Quaker academy at Rockwood. The average boy today would think this a mighty hard way to get an education, and it was.

CHORED FOR TUITION.

"One winter arrangements were made by which I remained in Rockwood. I paid part of my tuition by doing chores around the little old academy. I don't think I studied any harder than my other 14-year-old boy, but I had much work to do.

"Then the exigencies of my family required me to begin to make money for my living. That was in the spring of 1853, and I began to clerk in a general store at the cross-roads. I conceived this employment, occasionally varying it with a little work on the farm until I was nineteen years old.

"I was dissatisfied, and yet, when I look back on those days, it was very pleasant. Altogether, life is very pleasant in youth, little matter the condition. But I had concluded to go to the United States.

"I made up my mind that I would have a better chance in the Western States, which were just then beginning to attract settlers. Perhaps I might become just as well in Canada, but I did not think so. Other boys were going and prospering. I have many relatives today around Guelph.

"I had not saved sufficient money to make the trip west, so I went over to Syracuse, N. Y., and worked a few months on a farm. That was of the spring of 1855. It was July 4 of that year that I was forced to remain in Canada. I did not think so. Other boys were going and prospering. I have many relatives today around Guelph.

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"Money is so plentiful that a determined boy of will can borrow all he needs. Bankers accept the element of 'prospects in lending money as well as ability to pay and there is no more promising prospect of a money value than youth, ambition and grit, backed by western intelligence. Therefore, the way is, if anything, more easy, that is, the way to the top.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

CURES

Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Troubles.

It invigorates as well as heals, and soothes the throat and lungs so that you quickly realize the lung healing virtues of the pine.

Price 25c. at all Dealers.

FIRST DOSE RELIEVED.

I had a very severe cold and used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. The first dose gave relief, and part of the bottle completely cured me. At the same time my mother had such a severe cold and cough that she was confined to her bed. She also used the syrup and it gave her almost instant relief. I cheerfully recommend it to all suffering from coughs and colds.

Mrs. FRANK E. HARTMAN, Hortonsville, N.S.

recognize him when you see him, too. That is quite important."

"I made up my mind that I would have a better chance in the Western States, which were just then beginning to attract settlers. Perhaps I might become just as well in Canada, but I did not think so. Other boys were going and prospering. I have many relatives today around Guelph.

"I had not saved sufficient money to make the trip west, so I went over to Syracuse, N. Y., and worked a few months on a farm. That was of the spring of 1855. It was July 4 of that year that I was forced to remain in Canada. I did not think so. Other boys were going and prospering. I have many relatives today around Guelph.

"When I reached St. Paul, a week later, I practically had not a dollar to my name and knew not a single individual here. This was the outpost of civilization in the northwest then. I liked it. I enjoyed particularly the rough, cordial welcome the westerners gave me all the newcomers.

"My progress was mighty slow for ten years. It consisted of some rough experience. I was without what is known as a 'trade,' and this was against me. I was forced to manual labor. Still, I mingled with rough-and-ready people, and it sharpened my wit.

"That was my matriculation into the western college of life and my education was rapid and thorough. When I was handling baggage as a railroad employee in those days, I cannot say that I ever expected to own a railroad. I did intend, however, not to work for another man all my life, though I believe I work harder today than I did then.

"Then, at least, I had no cares, if my wages were small. With increased income came additional burdens. I became a shareholder in a small way. This was my introduction into the transportation world.

"My hours of work? Well, I try to work as much as I can, as I have a good many things to look after. Of course, I don't get up like I used to on the farm before daylight, though I rise many stories to that effect. I rise at 7 o'clock. I can't sleep after that, and I get around to my office about 9. Sometimes I get away at 5 and sometimes not until midnight. That just depends.

"But American boys should make up their minds that they have as fine opportunities at home today for getting rich as anywhere in the world. It is usually easier to acquire fortune in a new country than an old.

"The west is the center of great enterprises at present. Great fortunes may be made here in the next decade. My final advice to the young men of America is to be alert, keep in the times and grasp opportunities when they pass by, holding on to them firmly. Prepare yourself to

ed, and what they accumulate they cannot retain. A slow beginning makes a permanent business.

ECONOMICAL, NOT PENURIOUS.

"Be economical, but not penurious. This is not a distinction without difference. It is the difference between the mud built on the broad gauge and the narrow. It is the difference between great things and small things, between boundless success that sheds a generous share of its prosperity on the whole community and a miser from a man of affairs.

"Have confidence in your own future and conditions generally. Most men are the optimist to the pessimist. The bright side of things is a view that helps a chap forward.

"Even if the worst occurs a person has more strength to meet it from having taken a complacent view of the situation. When a fellow has put forth his best efforts, and is thoroughly alert, done the best he could, he has no room for worry.

SELECTION OF A VOCATION.

"The selection of a vocation is quite important. My experience is that those things are largely matters of chance. I don't think I ever expected as a young man to get into the railroad business.

"Having chosen a profession, I do not think a young man is warranted in sticking to it when he feels that he is not fitted for it, or that he sees a better opportunity to acquire wealth in another direction.

"I was first a farmer, then a merchant's clerk, then a farmer, a laborer, a clerk, a builder of steamboats, a contractor and then a stockholder and owner. So again comes the question of confidence in one's ability to discern that which is best for him and to strive for that regardless of opposition. In other words, it is the confidence that enables the young man to take risks without which great things can never be accomplished.

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THE REAL STRUGGLE.

"The real struggle is at the bottom. There is where the ranks are crowded. The fight is very fierce there. When you begin to get away from the crowd it is easier.

"You pass many commercial dilettantes, failures and wrecks of men along the way, but the great trouble is in getting started up. Everything seems for the moment to hold a man down until he starts, then everything turns to boost him up after he has secured a start. That is the way of the world.