In The Old Clock's Heart

By Dorothy Gamber

PART I.

The waiter, Crimmens, gave a final glance at his tables with their chairs piled high on top and turned to leave the empty, dimly lighted dining room of the big summer hotel. His work was over for the night and he moved wearily toward the swinging doors that led to the region of the kitchens, his rubber soles thudding softly as he crossed the floor. As he passed the table nearest the door, the brass sconce with its grey-and-rose shade cast a thin ray of light that extended to the end of the bare straight table leg. He glanced down absent mindedly and the gleam of something bright and red on the floor caught his eye. Chimmens stooped over carefully, favoring his rheumatic joints, and picked up an almond shaped, smoothly polished red stone. He straightened up slowly and, standing directly under the light, held the stone in the palm of his hand, where it lay like a great clear drop of blood.

A crafty look spread over his weak, exceptionally small features and glancing furtively around to make sure that he was alone in the dining-room, he slipped the stone into the pocket of his low-cut vest.

"Gawd!" he exclaimed, "wot if it wuz real!"

He extinguished the remaining lights and, passing through the doors, took a dirty straw hat from a peg at his right. As he went through the kitchen, the chef was in a heated conversation with one of the kitchen boys, and neither heard his muttered "g'night."

Crimmens walked down the steep hill that led from the big hotel, his left hand fingering the smooth cool stone in his pocket. Over and over again, the words, "wot if it wuz real! wot if it wuz real!" chanted through his mind. Once he thought he heard a noise and paused to listen intently, both hands held tight against his vest. If he were held up! But after standing alert and silent in the shadow of the trees for a few minutes, he decided that he must have been mistaken, and so walked on as hurriedly as his stiffened joints would permit.

What if the stone should be a real ruby! He reasoned that everybody who came to the hotel was rich; the women all wore grand jewelry. It must have dropped from some woman's ring or necklace as she sat at dinner. Should he return it and take a chance on getting a reward? The more fool him! Them women wasn't handin' out no more than a careless "thank you." Catch him takin' it back. He'd keep it—hide it— and after the thing had blowed over, he'd sell it! There was more than one way to get by with it. He knowed a guy in the city——

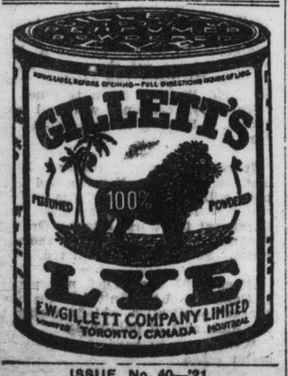
His reflections were cut short by his arrival at his home, a small grey-white cottage that huddled among the bushes like a scared thing. As usual, the lamp in the hall was burning dimly. His wife, dog-tired after a day spent over the wash tub filled with other people's clothes, had gone to bed, leaving him to lock up the house and put out the lamp.

Crimmens picked up the green-shaded oil lamp and holding it carefully, stealthily entered a bare, scantily furnished room that served as kitchen and dining-room. Closing the door softly, he placed the lamp on the table with its soiled red-and-white cloth, drew up a battered wooden chair and, taking the stone from his pocket, held it under the light. Although he knew nothing about jewels, both instinct and reason told him this was valuable. Where could he hide it? He glanced around the room in perplexity, his great hulking shadow forming grotesque shapes as he turned this way and that searching for a hiding place.

On a shelf in the corner stood an old-fashioned square clock with battered face, the lower half painted with a brightly colored sunset. Crimmens regarded the clock doubtfully as its sharp staccato ticking knocked against the listening silence of the room. Crossing over to the shelf, he lifted the clock carefully, laid it face down on the table and opened the back. The coiled spring suggested a possibility. He forced the stone way back in the coil, using the blade of a penknife to lodge it there securely and out of sight. Then he replaced the clock, set it going and gave a last look about the room before putting out the lamp.

Ignorant of the part Destiny had chosen for him in the events that were to make up the history of the stone, Crimmens made ready for bed. But he was far too excited to sleep, and finally, finding the heat of the humid night more than could be borne in the stuffy, low-ceilinged bedroom, he took his pollow and went out on the porch where he settled himself in a shabby old hammock.

Soon he slept heavily, the rumbling of a rapidly approaching thunder storm making no impression on his consciousness. In the morning, his wife found him in the hammock, dead. The doctor said that the lightning had struck him as he lay there sleeping.



Crimmens' wife, always discontented in the country, made immediate plans to move to the city. She sold all the furniture, including the old clock, to a second hand dealer, and thus the stone passed out of the Crimmens' possession.

Before Mrs. Crimmens left she heard rumors of the loss, up at the hotel, of a valuable jewel, and a notice in the local paper attracted her attention.

"The loss of a beautiful and costly piece of red amber, weighing about two carats," she read, "is reported by Mr. T. Langdon Laird. Mr. and Mrs. Laird are staying at the Altamont for the summer. Mr. Laird found the amber while travelling in Italy and had it set in a pendant for his wife. It is estimated that the stone is worth as much per carat as a first water diamond. The amber is prized not only for its commercial value but also because red amber is very rare. Mr. Laird has offered a reward of $250 for its return."

"Some folks has everything," sniffed Mrs. Crimmens. "I suppose some rich man or woman will find it who doesn't need no $250 anyway!"

In the meantime, a second-hand furniture dealer carried off the Crimmen's clock, to his musty old shop in the Perkiomen Valley and there in an obscure corner, dust-covered, it rested telling no tales, while fliers were sent by the police to pawnshops and jewelry stores in neighboring cities.

In the same Perkiomen Valley, in the drowsy, one-street village of Arborville, lived Anthony Bersach and his sunny, golden-haired daughter Constance. Three minutes' walk from the little wooden station and up a steep pair of stone steps, stood Anthony's tiny red brick shop and house, with the periwinkle vine clambering all over the porch. Here, day after day, in the little workshop at the front of the house, sat old Anthony, shoulders bent, soft grey hair just touched by the sun that peeped over his shoulder with friendly interest.

Everything about Arborville was friendly. The friendly neighbors who brought their queer old country clocks for Anthony to mend, would stop for a chat with him, and he would remove the jeweler's glass—which gave him such a ferocious look—from his eye, and would pass the time of day, his gaunt, rather wistful features brightening to a friendly smile, his twinkly brown eyes—which were quite the friendliest eyes in all friendly Arborville—beaming with good nature and kindliness.

Surrounded by his clocks Old Anthony worked patiently and happily, day after day, and there, at twelve o'clock, came Constance, Anthony's daughter, a slender wispy bit of sunshine, her light wavy hair caught back in a loose knot, her brown eyes rivaling the sun in bright happiness.

"Daddy," she said, as she stood in the doorway, trying very hard to look severe, the twinkle in her eyes belying every word, "must I call you every day at noon? Don't you know that dinner is ready?"

Out came the jeweler's glass and, with a little laugh, Constance was at his side, her cool soft cheek against his wrinkled face.

"And what have you been doing this morning?" asked Anthony, as with one arm over his daughter's shoulder, they walked slowly through the narrow, dark hall into the sunny kitchen.

"Oh, working for a while," she answered, "and sewing for a while and then reading."

"But daughter," he remonstrated, "don't you know I told you that you must not do any work. That's what Hannah is fof. The doctor says you are to rest." And Anthony's face clouded, and a troubled look drove away all the beaming friendliness from his eyes.

For Anthony had a sorrow that was weighing on him heavily, bringing a greater droop to the shoulders that in his youth had been broad and strong, and accentuating the wistful expression of the friendly lined face. Constance, his daughter, his girl, was sick and the doctor said that she must go away.

Since her mother's death four years before, when Constance was eighteen, she had kept house for her father and they had lived happily together. She sang gaily as she dusted and cleaned and sewed and darned, and old Anthony would pause in his work and listen with a smile as he heard her bustling about with the lilt of a merry little song on her lips. But for some time now there has been no bustling about and very little singing, for always she seemed too tired to sing and often—too often—a sharp little cough would strike terror to Anthony's heart.

"It is nothing serious—yet," the doctor had said solemnly. "Incipient cases are not necessarily alarming if they are taken in time. Six months at the mountain sanitarium at Roundenac and she should have no more trouble."

"And how much," asked old Anthony, tremblingly, "will that cost?"

"Oh," said the doctor casually, little realizing the hopelessness that entered Anthony's heart, "between five and six hundred dollars."

And that was the sorrow that was gnawing at Anthony's heart. Six hundred dollars to him, might as well be a million, for he had saved barely a hundred dollars and neither he, nor anyone he knew in Arborville had so much money. So it was that day after day, as he bent over his work, the tick-tock of the clocks was no longer a friendly accompaniment to his work, but a mournful refrain that chanted over and over again, "Six hundred dollars, six hundred dollars."

Yet there was nothing to do but wait and hope, for Anthony was poor and had little prospect of getting the money.

Then one day, to Anthony came a second-hand furniture dealer, and with him he brought a square mahogany clock with battered old face and vivid sunset scene. "I'll let you have it for a dollar, Mr. Bersach," he said. "If you fix it up you might be able to sell it for two or three dollars. It's right pretty," he added.

Anthony, finding it next to impossible to refuse anybody anything, bought the clock, the dealer saying that he would stop for the money on his way back. Anthony was not very busy that afternoon, and so, deciding to take the old clock apart to see if his judgment had been right in the amount of fixing it required, he took out the works, and laying them on his table, picked up a pair of pliers. As he held the works before him his eye was caught by an unnatural gleam in the spring at the left. Poking at it gently with a small screwdriver, he dislodged the obstruction and out upon the table dropped the piece of red amber, where it gleamed in the sunlight with friendly twinkle.

(To be concluded.)

ISSUE No. 40—'21.

Progress in Canada.

It is anticipated that American tourist traffic will pay for the installation and upkeep of Ontario's highways system. This traffic has increased marvellously since the Toronto-Hamilton highway was built, and already annual revenue from this source filtering through various channels runs into millions of dollars. During 1920 approximately 37,500 American motor cars crossed the border into Ontario,remaining various periods, ranging from one hour to six months.

The task of speeding up the loading of freighters with grain in the port of Montreal will be greatly helped by the addition of the last of the Harbor Commissioners' four floating elevators. The floating elevators now in operation work fifteen hours a day, and handle about 7,000 bushels of grain an hour, or 420,000 bushels per day.

The Eastern Townships Smelting and Refining Company has been incorporated under the laws of the Province of Quebec with a capitalization of two million dollars. The company has options on some desirable sites in Sherbrook, Que., and expects to have the plant in operation this fall. Arrangements have been made for the smelters to handle the output of several of the largest producing properties in this district, special attention being paid to copper and asbestos.

The demand for engineers with business training has led the Senate of Queen's University to create a special course of a year's work in commerce for engineering graduates of Canadian universities. The subjects to be studied will include economics, business finance and business law, economic geography, the financial organization of society, marketing, accounting, problems of labor, industrial management, business statistics and business policy. Among those who will deliver lectures is E. W. Beatty, Chancellor of Queen's and President of the C.P.R.

A report received at Montreal from London, England, states that excellent prices were obtained for a consignment of 159 fat cattle from Ontario which were pronounced the best shown for some time at Merkland's wharf, Glasgow. Steers fetched £30 to £56 10s.; heifers, £33 10s. to £38; and bulls, £46 10s.

The shark industry at Victoria, B.C., has changed hands for a third time, and in each case operations have been carried on on a larger scale. A twenty-one day test was recently made in which 357 sharks were caught, averaging 225 pounds each. It has been discovered there are some very large sharks weighing about 2,000 pounds each which they intend to catch with harpoons somewhat similar to those used in whaling.

With the season fast drawing to a close announcement has been made by officials of the Edmonton Land Office that the past spring and summer have witnessed the staking of oil claims in the Northwest Territories covering an area of approximately 600,000 acres. Recently the staking of oil claims has been small in number.

Fine results are shown by the twenty-seven soldier farmers who took up land last year on the Poorman's Reserve, near Regina, Sask., under the act of the Soldier Settlement Board. The average farm unit is 308 acres, purchased at an average price of $11.25 per acre and board officials say that $25 per acre would be a low estimate to place on the value of the property to-day. This means an increase in land value alone to these settlers of approximately $3,500 each.

The Girl at Sea.

"Ignorance!"

The speaker was an admiral, who was discussing at a dinner party certain strictures that had been passed upon the navy.

"Why," he went on, smiling whimsically, "that armchair critic is as ignorant as the girl on the Cunarder.

"This girl, crossing to England, got friendly with one of the ship's officers, a young man of twenty-five or so. The two were leaning side by side on the rail one day when the officer said:

" 'There goes four bells. I must ask you to excuse me. It's my watch below.'

" 'Oh, stop your kiddin'!' said the girl. 'Whoeevr heard of a watch striking as loud as that?' "

More people die of extreme heat than of extreme cold.

Woman's Interests

Fashions That Are New.

The simpler your new gowns, the smarter they will be this fall. The silhcuette still keeps straight and slim for everyday clothes. Its only change is that it is longer. Of course, there are new details, and these make the frock look different. When it comes to evening dresses, especially for the younger women, the bouffant effect is introduced. These dresses show the straight basque with boat neck, and full-flared skirt. In all the dresses, skirts are longer and sleeves, generally speaking are much wider.

Nothing illustrates better the vogue for simplicity in dress than the sleeveless gown with its simple air and smart lines. It didn't wear out its welcome this summer. Not a bit of it! It is here this fall, and looking its best. You see it in the new twills, such as piquetwill and twill cord, in the lustrous duvetyns and the silky velveteens. Sometimes you wear it with a long-sleeved satin guimpe; and then again with one of your summer blouses freshened up a bit.

A fine way to get a little more service out of your summer blouses is to wear them with a sleeveless dress. Perhaps you have a blouse, says of cotton voile, with a becoming lace-trimmed collar, and perhaps its only worn part is in the sleeves. Here is a suggestion for making your sleeves as good as new: If the lower part of the sleeve or the cuff is worn, cut it off and add a straight band of cuff. To this sew a turn-back cuff of the voile, if you can match it, or of white silk, and edge with a little lace frill. Sew the turnback to the lower edge of the band cuff. For early fall days you might like to have the blouse with three-quarter-length sleeves. If so, cut it off elbow-length, and finish with either a circular or gathered flounce about five inches deep.

A net guimpe reaching to the waistline, to which long satin sleeves are attached, is a most useful dress accessory if you are planning to have a number of sleeveless dresses. Make the sleeves one-piece, dart-fitted in the back, and have different vestees to snap on. It's wise to have one of satin matching sleeves in color. Another may be cream net trimmed with little ribbon frills, and still another of eyelet embroidery in the smart ochre shade.

Trimmings are not as bright as they were last fall. Much ribbon is used and the cire ribbon, which has the shine of patent leather, is considered very smart. Many dresses are trimmed with bands of this ribbon in place of straps of cloth. Braid is also used. A good-looking trimming to use at the bottom of a skirt is made of disks of very narrow braid finished with an outline of French knots. To make this braid disk trimming, it is wise to mark a circle on the fabric before you start. In this way you are sure to keep the disk just the size you want. In sewing on the braid, start from the outside and work to the centre. Then sew through and through the centre of each strand. The French knots may be done in heavy rope-size silk floss or in mercerized embroidery cotton. To get the smartest effect, use black braid, and have your bright color note only in the French knots.

To change the effect of your sleeveless dress, you can wear it with different girdles, guimpes, and blouses. If your dress is dark, one of the new link girdles in some bright shade would add an attractive color note. These girdles come in celluloid, and are often in two colors—red and blue is a favorite combination, also black and white, cerise and purple. Heavy silk cords are also used for girdles. These are knotted at the side and finished with long fringed tassels. Narrow girdles of the same fabric as the dress are equally smart. Let me tell you how to make them: In measuring your material, cut it twice the width you want it when finished, plus the seams. Fold it lengthwise through the centre, bringing the two right sides of the material together. Stitch the length of the belt a seam's width back from the raw edge. This makes a belt which looks like a tube. Your belt, of course, is now wrong side out. To turn it, pin to one end a large safety pin, and then use this as you would a bodkin. To finish the ends, turn in the raw edges of the belt and slip-stitch.

Making Pickles.

Pickling time is here and it is important that the best methods be adopted. There are many systems besides pickling for preserving fruits and vegetables for home use. These include fermentation and salting, drying, steaming, and other systems. Bulletin No. 93 of the Dominion Experimental Farms, describes the various systems of pickling. Cucumber pickle is one of the most popular. On the matter of pickling cucumbers the bulletin says:

Ripe Cucumber Pickle—Cut cucumbers in halves lengthwise. Cover with alum water, allowing 2 teaspoons powdered alum to each quart of water. Heat gradually to boiling point, then let stand on back of range two hours. Remove from alum water and chill in ice-water. Make a syrup by boiling for five minutes two pounds of sugar, one pint of vinegar with two tablespoons each of whole cloves and a stick of cinnamon tied in a piece of muslin. Add cucumbers and cook ten minutes. Remove cucumbers to a stone jar, and pour over the syrup. Scald syrup three successive mornings and return to cucumbers.

Unripe Cucumber Pickle (Gherkins)—Wipe four quarts small unripe cucumbers. Put in a stone jar and add 1 cup of salt dissolved in 2 quarts of boiling water, let stand three days. Drain cucumbers from brine, bring brine to boiling point, pour over cucumbers, and again let stand three days; repeat. Drain, wipe cucumbers and pour over one gallon boiling water in which one tablespoon of alum has been dissolved. Let stand six hours, then drain from alum water. Cook cucumbers ten minutes, a few at a time, in one-quarter of the following mixture heated to the boiling point, and boil ten minutes: 1 gallon vinegar, 4 red peppers, 2 sticks cinnamon, 2 tablespoons allspice, 2 tablespoons cloves.

Strain remaining liquor over pickles which have been put in a stone jar.

Renovating Neckties.

Neckties are often laid aside when they are only slightly worn, because of the stains that come uppermost when the tie is knotted in the usual manner. Wrinkles are also a reason for casting aside a tie. It is not often possible to wash ties in soap and water, for fear of the colors running, but by dry-cleaning and pressing them carefully they can be made like new.

For cleaning, take a quart jar outdoors and fill it half full of clean gasoline. Add a little piece of naphtha soap and a few drops of turpentine. Put a soiled tie into the jar and screw on the cover. Stand the jar in a pail of hot water to warm the gasoline. Then when the tie is thoroughly soaked in the solution shake the jar and unscrew the cover, to let the gas escape. Repeat the shaking and opening of the jar several times until the tie is clean, then rinse it in clean, warm gasoline. Press the tie only after it is thoroughly dry and all the odor of gasoline has left it.

To press a tie successfully the stitches on the under side should be cut, so that the ends, as far as they flare, can be stretched out flat on the ironing board. Lay them on the board with the right side down and draw the wadding that lines the tie back out of the way. Cover the ends with a thin damp cloth and do the pressing with a hot iron. Then dampen and press the lining. Next replace the lining and the ends of the tie and sew them back into place. Finally, lay the tie right side down and press the whole tie once more.

Ties will last much longer if they are kept in a flat case long and wide enough to hold the flared ends without their being folded.

Building a Home.

Let others build their palaces
Their state'y marble halls,
And hang with silken tapestries
The cold, far-reaching walls.
But what to me their castles grand
With turret, tower and dome?
They may build for the eyes of the world to see
But I shall build a home.

Of hope and love and a holy faith
The walls of my home must be,
Where Love will evermore keep watch
Over my own and me.
And here will be a haven safe
Where weary feet that roam
Will come back from the world to find the place
Where I have built a home.

—Florence Jones Hadley.

Salt Assists Swimmers.

Everyone who has learned to swim in an inland lake or river, and has then plunged into the ocean, realizes the added buoyancy and feeling of freedom in the salt water as compared with fresh water.

Put it should be remembered that there are two functions inseparable from swimming. The first is to remain afloat and the second is to move forward. It is in the first of these that salt water has a great advantage over fresh water, for the effort of moving forward is the same in each case.

The buoyancy of salt water is due to the fact that three-quarters of our composition is water. The remaining quarter is composed of bone and other substances which are heavier than water, and therefore tend to make us sink.

Owing to the salt in the ocean, fresh water is lighter and our bodies therefore sink more rapidly—a condition which may be carried to such an extreme that in some localities, including the Dead Sea and the Great Salt Lake of Utah, it is almost impossible to sink, for the greater the amount of salt the heavier the water and the greater resistance to the force exerted by any body pressing down upon it.

For Book Lenders.

Those who own books and are too soft-hearted not to lend them will appreciate the action of the man who put upon his book-plates this quotation from Sir Walter Scott:

"And please return it! For I find that, although most of my friends are poor mathematicians, they are good bookkeepers!"

The Mysteries of the Sea Bottom.

The deep sea is the most mysterious as well as the most extensive of all the haunts of animal life. There is, of course, plenty of life in the two hundred and fifty fathoms or so near the surface into which light can penetrate. Below that, says Prof. J. Arthur Thomson in his lectures in the Royal Institution at London, there are vast lonely wastes of water with scarcely any life at all, and below that again, at depths varying from two and a half to six miles, is another world swarming with living things, but entirely different from any world of which we have any experience. No one has ever seen it, but the long arm of the dredge can reach it and has told us wonderful stories of what goes on down there.

It is cold and dark, still and very silent, and the pressure of the water is at least two and a half tons to the square inch; yet all the animals have adapted themselves to life under those grim conditions.

All the animals that live on the sea bottom have enormously long, thin legs, especially the spiders and the crabs. The bottom of the deep sea is covered everywhere with slimy ooze, so that they all must walk on stilts to escape being smothered.

Three types of life are absent from those great depths. There are no plants, because plants cannot grow without sunlight: there are no microbes, so that nothing ever decays, and there are no real insects. As there are no plants, it is hard to see how the animals feed. We know that in the deep sea fishes eat mollusks, and mollusks eat worms, and worms eat smaller worms, but that sort of thing cannot go on forever. Something must come from the outside. It is now known that that outside supply of food consists of a "continual rain of atomies,"—infusoria and broken particles from the sea meadows far above,—all clean and sweet and never failing.

Many of the fishes have enormous eyes, some indeed so large that the fishes have to carry them at the end of stalks. Others have eyes smaller than pin points. No one knows what they use their eyes for, or why they are so different.

Another puzzle is phosphoresence. Many deep-sea fishes have lanterns. It is unlikely that they use them to find their way about in the depths, because they often wear them in their tails. Perhaps they use them as a lure. But, if so, why do some of them have red and some green lights? It is all very puzzling. Perhaps it is best to say, "We do not know."

A third puzzle is the brilliant color of many of the creatures that live in the dark—crimson and blue and gold. Of what use is it? But, Professor Thomson concludes, perhaps we are too anxious to find usefulness in everything; perhaps the very beauty is sufficient use. Well, possibly; but—to raise the question of utility again—of what use is beauty that no one ever sees?

The Shortest Chapter.

A London newspaper trying to find the novel with the shortest chapter concluded that the prize went to Bulwer-Lytton, in whose "What Will He Do With It?" the chapter headed "Denouement" consists of only one word, "Poodle"; but an English critic has hastened to announce that the shortest chapters in existence are in Laurence Sterne's "Tristram Shandy," for in chapters XVII. and XIX. Sterne put nothing but dashes.

An Army officer should be "one of Nature's gentlemen, must know how to say 'thank you,' and third, must have the welfare and happiness of his men as his first consideration," says Lord Byng, of Vimy.

FROM POVERTY TO WORLD-POWER

INSPIRING ROMANCE OF A NOBLE LIFE.

Abraham Lincoln's Life Was Devoted to the Abolition of the Slave Traffic.

Many years ago, if a lanky and ungainly youth had persevered in his ambition to become a blacksmith, history would have been robbed of one of its noblest and most amazing personalities.

There is no finer romance in living memory than that of this boy who was afterwards to become President Lincoln of the United States.

From a log-cabin in the backwoods of Kentucky Abraham Lincoln came out to face the world—young, and with a very limited knowledge of life.

Hard Road to Fame.

The picture we have of him is that of a gaunt and ungainly lad, with clumsy hands and a head six-foot four in the air. But he had a heart of gold: a character so strong that it broke down all barriers, and a fine love of truth and honesty.

Lincoln lived in a time of oppression. As a young man he saw a slave girl ill-treated by her master. "If ever I get a chance to hit that thing, I will hit it hard," he said.

All his life he remembered that scene; from that time forth he was a deadly opponent of the slave traffic; and, as events showed, this led to the greatest and most momentous decision of his life, if not of American history.

It was by a hard road that Lincoln came to fame. He had tried various things; he wanted at one time to be a blacksmith, but at last he decided in favor of the law. Then he was elected to the State Legislature of Illinois.

He was twenty-five, and the shackles of poverty still bound him; and we are told that when he went to take his seat in Parliament he had not enough money to buy a bed.

It was in 1860 that his achievements were crowned. The Republicans asked him to stand for the Presidency. He did so, and was elected.

Soon after his election to office Lincoln saw that he would have to make a decision on slavery. But there was lack of cohesion in his Cabinet. He found himself beset by jealous rvials; his actions were hindered by intrigue and petty jealousies. Many a man with a weaker character would have given up.

A Fateful Decision.

Lincoln was made of different mettle. Believing he had a mission in front of him, he held to his purpose. When the time came for action he took it. He went to war with the South, although the knowledge that he was condemning a million men to death at the hands of their fellow-men wrung his heart. So the Civil War came. It dragged through four weary years. The issue hinged on the right of the South to secede from the Union, but behind that was the spectre of slavery.

Seventeen months after the starting of the war—when the South had been winning all the time—Lincoln signed the great Emancipation—the death-knell of the slave traffic.

A hundred thousand negroes rallied to the North. Then, suddenly, the tide seemed to turn in favor of the North. On the night of April 9, 1865, General Lee surrendered to General Grant, and the war was over.

Ideals of a Great Mind.

Lincoln's greatest speech was at Gettysburg. One can imagine his queer figure and his sonorous voice ringing out: "We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that the government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

On the evening of April 14th the President went to the theatre and made a fine speech in response to the public applause. He had just finished, when a man entered the box and shot him. So passed Abraham Lincoln, one of the noblest figures in the history of the world.

Moth's Clockwork Tongue.

On the underside of the head of any butterfly or moth you will find a tiny coil which looks like the hairspring of a watch. This is the insect's tongue.

Though it looks quite small when rolled up, it can be uncoiled in a flash into a straight tube an inch or more in length.

Watch a moth visiting flowers, and you will see how it is used. The insect either remains hovering in the air, or alights upon a petal; then the tongue straightens out suddenly, and is thrust into the innermost recesses of the flower to obtain the honey which is hidden there. A few moments are spent in sipping, and then the tongue springs back into its coil and away goes the moth to seek another flower.

The length of the tongue depends upon the flower visited by the particular kind of moth. Those which feed on the honey of sweet-williams or stocks require only a short one: but a long tongue is needed by the species which visit Canterbury bells or lilies.

The Great War caused 70,000,000 men to be mobilized; of these 30,000,000 were wounded, and 9,000,000 killed.