AUDUBON'S HYMN IN THE AMERICAN FORESTS.

I keep my haunts within the woodland solemn; My chartered comrade is the stainless beam; My bed is made beside some old oak's column:

column;
My goblet is the stream.
Whole years are mine in this majestic dwelling,
Where Nature yet frowns back the

sounding mark; What waves of life forevermore are Their rapture through my heart!

But not for these I wander o'er the mountains, And not for these I dare the hurri-And not for these I qualf the virgin fountains—

And plain!

Oh! mighty meanings from the moun-

tain hoazy! All natural object—J'er me solemn

rolli
These give the longed-for prize and
sacred glory
Unto my pilgrim soul.

Amid the beautiful, the strange, the holy places, What joy is mine to measure all the

spaces,
And find the prints of Him!
You long, long tiver, like an anthem pouring; You thoughtful silence of the lonely

You eagle, to the sun divinely soar-All, all have meanings here. To find and read them is my joy and

Then hail, ye boundless scenest for-How well I drink and drink your per-

fect beauty
Upon the virgin shore!
Oh! give me welcome, every woodland solemn,
And long sweet plain and mountainplling sod;
For I pass by each stately forest-col-

To learn the thoughts or God. . . .

The Color Blindness of John Macartney

444

It came upon him suddenly one tarblack night, when he was pulling a special train of "Raymond-Whitcombs" with the Five-nought-seven, and the effect of the visitation was to smash his nerve for the renainder of the run.

The special had been fifteen minutes late out of Grand Butte, the division station, and Macartney was cracking the whip on the curves with the rear Pullman in the endeavor to make Maverick junction on time. Maverick was his meeting point with a stock "limited," and whosoever delayed a live stock flyer on the C. and G. R. was likely to hear from the train despatcher in language more forcible than polite.

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Macartney had regained all but two 'he lost fifteen minutes when her hurled the 507 at the long grade up the Crow Hill. From the top of the grade the lights of Maverick would be in sight, and with a minute to the good at the summit he would make the meeting point on time.

"Keep her hot, Tomi" ne shouted across to the fireman, and Tom, having three good names at stake - his wn, Macartney's and the 507's shoveled the coal with a willing hand.

So it came about that the hill was topped in good time, and with the lunge over the summit Macartney eased off on the throttle and leaned far out of his window to mark down the lights at the junction. Everything was as it should be.

aiding and the switch lamps on the hain line blinked yellow-eyed in the whistle lever, and in reply to the station winked twice, the iks meaning "No orders for you" d giving the train the right to run rough the yards without stopping. "All clear!" sang out the firement on his side, and Macartney reached the throttle and sent the tourist It was when the flying special was within twict its length of the nearest switch for 'he siding where the stock train stood-that the appalling thing appened. For a certain dizzying in stant the yellow eye of the switch list, burned a ghastly blue, then it flickered suddenly to red, and Macartmey was down from his box and fighting madly with the big eight-wheelnot to make the impossible stop, but to lessen, if so he might, by some few wheel turns the crash of the inevitable collision with the stock train a the siding.

Miraculously enough there was n ollisior. The 507 banged over the witch at full twenty miles an hour, for drive whoels sliding in the grip of the windjams and a stream of fire Histing from every brake shoe on the Song train of Pullmans; but never a wheel left the straight track of the main line. The straining engine came to a stand just opposite the station and in a twinkling Macartney was down and burnting into the telegraph office, a picture of handsome young Clant in a fory.

"Who's running that stock train?" he exploded, in white-hot wrath.

"Halsey, engineer; Logan, conductor," said the operator. "Why? What's the matter with you, Jack?" Macartney had the reputation of being the best-natured man on 'the division, and it was a new thing to hear him rave and swear like a buccaneer.

"Somebody was monkeying with that switch!" he stormed. "I went red on me just before I hit it. Who turned it?"

Just then Logan himself came in to ask gruffly why Macartney did not pull his blanked dude over the switch to let the stock train out. Explanations followed-hot ones on Macartney's part. There was already bad blood between these two for Phemie Tredwell's sake.

"You're drunk," sneered Logan. "There was nobody near the switch. Get a move on your varnished cars and let me out of here."

"I say there was!" insisted Macart ney; but now other witnesses came to refute him. The vardmaster, the engineer of the stock train, they had all seen the switch, and it had shown a white light, as it should.

"By the Lord Harry! I don't care who saw it," Macartney was beginning again, when his own fireman drew him aside

"Let up on it, Jack," he muttered. "Twas all right; I saw it just as you jerked the air on. Let's go.'

John Macartney took his place in the cab of the big eight-wheeler and the special was presently storming on its westward way again. But for that one night the engineer's nerve was gone. He stood down on the footplate to run and his hand never left the throttle.

The next time it happened he was 'dead-heading' over the division in the caboose of a freight train. Not liking the company around the red lobster of a stove-Logan was of it, dead-heading also-Macartney had climbed to a seat in the caboose lookout. Being off duty he fell asleep, and when he awoke the train was running into Rockton. He started up and rubbed his eyes. While you might count five every light in the Rockton yard glared at him with a fiery red eye through the glass front of the lookout v. indow. Then the curious hallucination passed and he saw the lights as they ought to be.

"Good Lord!" he groaned; "I've got it ugain! If this thing goes on"- He storped short, thinking of the lives that he held in his hand every time he climbed to the cab of 507, and being deep in the pit of trouble he did not hear a stealthy step on the caboose top or the slamming of the rear door a minute later.

Three days after the "dead-heading" trip Macartney went on the fast mail run. He had objected, as most of the men did, for the run was hard one. But the objection was only on general principles and at heart he was twice glad, for the mail run gave him a clear twenty four-hour lay-over at Lone Pine, the western end of the division, and Phemie Tredwill's father was the station agent at Lone Pine.

By that time there was a pretty fair understanding between the handsome young engineer and Phemic the brown-eyed, though as yet it paused short of housekeeping talk. Macartney was more than willing, but Phemic had a way of changing the subject on him at the critical moment, and far this Macartney feared in the calous corner of his heart that Barton Logan was responsible.

To add to his disquietude on this head Phemie was always "rubbing The stock train was waiting on the Logan in on hua," as he phrased it and she did it again on that first mail run lay-over evenings when Macartney hy darkness. Macartney felt for was sharing Phemic's watch in the telegraph office while her father went

"How is Mr. Logan now?" she asked, sweetly. "We don't see much of him since he took 16 and 17."

These were "doubling" trains, with no lay-over for the crew at Lone Pine, a fact for which Macartney was

devoutly thankful.
"He's all right, I guess. I don't see much of him myself," said Macartney, wishing that the lit le might

"I am airaid you don't like him very well," said the brown-eyed maid, all innocence.

Now, Macartney was a lag fellow, with wide open blue eyes, a thick mane of red hair and a skin as white under his clothes as a woman's. Such men are not adepts in concealment. likes me, and that's precious little. I

"I like him about as much as he hear he has been making his brags that he will run me off the C. and G. R. before he gets through with

"Why, dear me! I didn't know you were caemies."

Macartney laughed-the laugh os good-natured giant. "I'm not an enemy but I guess he is."

"What is 'the trouble?" asked Phemie, again in all innocence.
"You:" Macartney blurted it out

before he sould take time to consider if it were the wise thing to say. The young girl blushed very pretti-

ly, and the lover thought there was wrong. But I thought I'd like to be

no neck and cheek in all the world like a soft brown to color so deliciously under a blush. But if he imagined he had brought matters to a crisis at last, he was doomed to disappointment.

"Do you have any time at all in Grand Butte she asked, with one of her lightning changes of the subject, 'waking time, I mean."

"O, yes; I have an hour or two in the evening before I turn in." "Will you do a little shopping for

me ?" "I'll buy the whole town and bring it out to you in the cab of the

Nought-seven if you say so," he re-

plied, only too eager to serve her. "O, you foolish!" she said, laughing at him. "I want two yards of this and a spool of silk to match,' handing him a bit of dress goods.

"Do you think you are equal to it?" He took the scrap of cloth and held it off. "It's red, isn't it?"

"What a question! Why, of course it is-cardinal red at that." "I thought it was," he said, mus-

ingly, and then the father came in and the talk of possibilities was at an end.

Macartney made the purchase of the dress goods and the silk the following evening, and then the clerk said they were a perfect match for the sample, he thought so, too. But the carrying of the small package to its destination came within a hair's breadth of being fraught with disas-

It was beyond the Divide, on the westward down grade. was late, as usual, and Macartney was pushing the 507 to the limit which limit on the Jack Mountain down grade was well up to a mile a minute

Train No. 7, the regular Overland Express, was just ahead of him, and ripping around the curves and racing free for the siding at the foot of the mountain to bet out of the way, for the mail had the right to track over all trains in both directions.

Macartney could see the smoke of rising over the dun swells ahead, and he was looking out for her in a way, though under the rules it was 7's business to look out for him. It was on the last of the curves, where the line runs down to a long tangent in the valley, that the crux came. Macartney had a glimpse of a patch of bunting-green, as he would have sworn-flaunting between the rails, another of a min running up the track and making frantic signals and a third of the tail end of No. 7, stopped! Then he went to work.

It was the closest possible shave. Luckily, all the conditions were favorable; a dry rail, automatic air in perfect working order, good brake shoes under every truck. Notwithstanding, the nose of 507 was fairly under the platform of the rear Pullman of the passenger train when the mail came to a full stop.

As a matter of course there was instant investigation, and profanity enough to pale the normal blueness of the crisp mountain air. Straightened out, the story of it was this: The track repairers had found a broken rail and had flagged No. 7, after which the foreman had run back to flag the mail. He swore by all the gods known to mankind that he had set up a red flag between the rails to stop Macartney, and in proof thereof showed the tattered remains of a flag which he said the mail had run down.

Now, Macartney had seen a green flag, or he thought he had and since green is merely a "slow" signal. he had done no more than to shut of the steam until he saw the rear end of the passenger tain blocking the way.

There was no time to fight it out on the ground, but both crews remarked that after the first burst of profanity Macartney shut up like a clain. And when the two trains were once more speeding on their way Macartney's fireman noticed that his mate did not climb to the box. He stood on the foot plate, with his left hand gripping the throttle-a thing he had been doing a good deal of late, as Tom Barkley remembered.

Macartney did not tell Phemie how near her bit of dress had come to figuring in a wreck on Jack Mountain. and since he was so preoccupied as to be almost rude, she was kinder to him than she had ever been before-as is the manner of women. Nevertheless he went back to his boarding house shortly after Agent Tredwill returned from supper and did not wait to take Phemie home, as was his custom. There be some things that will strike a man dumb even in the presence of the girl of his heart, and Macartney had fallen upon one of these thingsor rather it had fallen upon'him.

On the next lay-over in Grand Butte Macartney turned up at the office of the division surgeon.

"What's that you say, Mac - want to take the eye test?" said the kindly little centleman, whom the men on the division called the "bone joint-

"You're the first man on the road to some in for that till he had to What's wrong with you?" "Don't know as there's anything to bring about on the division.

put through egain. And say, doc, make Itbbing.

Surgeon Kinnebrow did make it binding - as binding as if the blond giant were trying to qualify as a salesman at a ribbon counter. It was all to no purpose, so far as any discoverable flaw in Macartney's eyesight was concerned. He could distinguish perfectly not only the primary colors, but all the intermediate shades to the very blending point of blue and green by lamplight.

"You're all right," said the doctor. "Yes," said Macartney: but there was no assurance in him.

"What made you think you were not?"

"Two or three little things that I can't explain; red and white getting tangled, or seeming to get tangled, once in a while "

"It's that d-d electric headlight," growled the little doctor 'I've told 'em it would ruin every pair of eyes on the road,"

"Yes, but-" "But what?"

"The last time it happened in broad daylight."

'Oh ; did, eh? Then it's your liver, most likely. Be careful of what you eat, and make sure of your sleep; no overtime, mind you, till the symptom disappears altorether. I suppose by rights I ought to lay you off, but I shan't. You know your responsibility and I'm going to trust you not to take any bad chances.'

"Thank you, doc," and Macariney went to get some of the permitted sleep on the spot.

"For a fortnight after thise there were no more "symptoms," and hiacartney began to breathe freer - and to run less like a man whose nerve is evaporating. Moreover, he won golden encomiums on his masterly handling of the fast mail. There was a \$500 government penalty for the non-delivery of the mail on schedule time at the terminals, and to safeguard against this the company gave its mail engineer a substantial bonus for all the lost time regained on any division iun. Mac's "bonus fund" grew with every trip, and as Phemie seemed to interest herself shyly in its accumulation, Macartney took courage and put in his dead time in Grand Butte haunting the house furnishing shor.

But the disappearance of the "symptoms" proved to be only temporary. Once , gain, when he was passing freight train at a blind siding, with the 507 plunging along at a fifty-mile gait, the nearest switch light sputtered and turned first blue and then red. But it went white again before he could do anything more than shut oil steam, so nothing worse than an other of the terrible nerve-shakings came of this.

Yet it was enough to send him to Phemie in despair, and the next evening, when they were alone together in the office at Lone Pine, he made clean breast of his troubles everwise

"You poor boy!" she said (he was five years her senior and big enough to make two such men as her father), "why didn't you tell me be-

"I haven't had the heart to tel! anybody. You see, it means a lot to me, Phemie. If I admit it as fact, I've got to throw up my job." "It would mean a lot to any one. Can't you account for it in any

way?"
"No. Doc Kinnebraw said it was 'liver," but pshaw! I'm as strong as a mule and as well as any man can be and not burst "

She was sewing on a piece of red stuff he had bought for her, and for a time her needle flew in silence. Then

"Has it - have you ever thought that somebody might be playing trick on you?"

Macartney's tilted chair came to the fllor with a crash. "By George!" he said; then he shook his head. thought I had a notion, but it wen't fit all the times."

"Tell me," she commanded.

"The first time it happened was when I was passing Bart Logan's trair at Maverick. The next time I was dead-heading with him on No. 18. Last night it was his train again that I was passing at the blind siding. But he had nothing to do with the rip up on Jack Mountain. He was in Grand Butte that day."

"I am afraid he has a spite at you, John, and-I know he is a desperate man. You must be very careful."

That was all she would say, but it was enough to send Marartney of with his heart afire, also with a determination to lay the whole matter before the superintendent at the first opportunity. So much he owed to himself, to the company and to those whose lives he held in his hand on the arrow-flight bursts of the fast mail.

But the climax came first, as climaxes are wont to come. When Macartney reached Grand Butte on his return trip the superintendent was away, and Mac went West again the following day with the fast mail hours late, a stiff head wind blowing a gale to still later and everbody swearing at the tangle the delayed train with despot rights was bound

It was a day of petty disasters

mail cars began to kill time. Then a freight train jumped the iron on the main line and threw the mail still farther of, with a three-hour wait while the wrecking crew was picking up the remains. Last of all, the '507 slipped an eccentric, and though Mac and his fireman worled like madmen to set it, another hour went to the bad.

Taking it all in all, Macartney did as well as the best man on the division could have done under like hard conditions, but it was long past dark when the fast mail thundered into the deep mountain valley where Lone Pine nestles at the end of the mountain.

Two miles east of the station, when Macartney was getting the last possible wheel turn out of the 507 in a final spurt, a red glare sprang up between the rails less than a hundred yards in front, lighting up the frowning mountains and turning the foaming torrent at the trackside into a river of blood.

Macartney flung himself upon the throttle and airbrake like a man possessed, and the big flyer groaned and heaved and buckled, coming to a stand with the spluttering Bengal light fizzing beneath her machinery.

"Now, what-" He did not finish the objurgation. Iostead, he whipped out of the cab and sprang to the ground in good time to catch Phemie when she stumbled and would have fallen. "What is it, Phemie, dear? Are you hurt?"

She shook her head. No, not - not hurt," she parted. And then: "He's setting a trap for you, and I-I ran all the way.'

'Who is setting a trap for me?" "Bart Logan. I saw him doing something to the switch just opposite our house. I had no lantern, so I got some of Benny's Christmas fireworks and ran. Oh-h-h! I was so afraid it wouldn't turn out to be a red light after all! And John, that was a green flag you ran down on Jack Mountain. The section foreman told a-a story to save himself. I heard all about it on the wires this raorning."

He put her up into the cab without a word and was stowing her on his hox seat when the mail conductor came engineward, swearing piteously at this new delay. Macartney explained in a whispered sentence and the big conductor climbed to the footboard.

"All right," he said. "Go on, and when you get to the switch give her the air sort 'o sudden and I'll drop off and nab him, Hewdy, Miss When the switch in front of the

agent's cottage came in sight it showed a white light, as it should. But when the 507 was almost upon it, it turned blue and then red, and four pairs of eyes saw it. Macartney had the train well under control, and at the critical moment he checked its flight and the big conductor leaped from the gangway fair upon the shoulders of a man who was holding a piece of stained glass before the yellow eye of the switch lamp.

Macartney ran on to the station, lifted Phemie down from the cab and turned his engine over to the hostler before he spoke. Then he said: "May I take you back home, Phemie?"

She nodded, and they walked up the track together. Half way to the winking switch they met the conductor of the mail. "Confound his picture! he got away

from me after all and broke for the hids. But I guess he took your color blindness along with him, Mac. Shall I report it?-or will you?"

"You report it?" said Macartney. "I'll tell the old man all about it first chance I get."

The conductor went on towards the station, and when they were alone again Macartney said: "What made you run so? Were you afraid some of Uncle Sam's mail boxes might get smashed?"

"Of course," she snapped. "How can you ask?"

"I didn't know. But-O, Phemie girl! now that he's out of the way. won't you give me just a little grain of a show?"

She laughed softly and slipped her arm in his; this though they were fairly at the cottage gate. "Can't you come in and let me get you a cup of coffee and something to eat? Supper is all over long ago at Mrs. Raffley's."
"No," he said, stubbornly; "not till

you give me my answer.'

"Ol" with a little stamp of her foot, "I wouldn't be as dense as a man for anything in the world! What do you want me to say?"
"Say 'Yes.' "

"But I can't give you a 'little show,' as you put it." "Why can't you?"

"Because I gave you all there was to, give a long time ago—only you were color blind and couldn't see it. Now will you come in?"

And he went; stumbling beside her in a new blindness—the blindness of love undenied that saw no light save that in the brown eyes that were laughing up into his .- Francis Lynde in The New Orleans Picayune.

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