

3T is a beautiful and blessed world we live in, and whilst that life lasts to lose the enjoyment of it is a sin .- Chambers.

When to Lock the Stable By HOMER CROY

Copyrighted 1914, Bobbs-Merrill Company (Continued from last week)

They're

"I don't follow you."

"How do you get the kale?"
Clem studied for a minute. "Are you an American?"

The man in the darkness laughed, s voice climbing over the rattle of e trucks. "You're all right, bo. I

the trucks. "You're all right, bo. I mean, how do you get your cash?" Clem nervously drew up his hand to his wallet. Plainly the stranger was trying to find if he had any. "I

HAT'S where they've got a froth factory called Joe's Place, ain't it? Worst booze in the stateone drink and you'll fight your grandmother; two and she can sew you up in a sheet, and whale you with a mop handle!"

The figure slid towards Clem: "Got a glim?"

"I guess I don't hear you very well with this racket goin' on. I did-n't ketch what you said."
"Got a match?"

"Glad to 'commodate," Clem, setting one elbow into the floor like a brace-pole and burrowing a hand into his crumpled up trou-sers pocket. "It's broke in two, but I guess it'll do the business.

Their fingers fumbled in the dark and in a moment a spitting line of light leaped from a heavy shoe-All was blackness again

"I mean the brakies.

gettin' meaner and meaner on this road and every time they catch a fellow he's got to cough up or they'll shine his block. There's one bull on this line I'm goin' to get, and get good and hard. A pal of mine was ridin' this line when this bull piked him; Rudy coughed up every cent he had and just before he got cent he had and just before he got to the end of the division the bull came again. Rudy told him he'd passed over every red that he had, With that the brakie smashed him in the face with his lantern, and when he came to his knees, kicked him off, jowls over janders, like a west blanker. The got his number. him off, jowis over janders, like a wet blanket. I've got his number, and some night when we're goin' good there'll be a sickening thud, and next mornin' some section boss'll and next mornin some section osaic find a few stray joints and a loose leg scattered along the right of way. There was nuthin' Rudy wouldn't do for a pal. Once when he was lyin' in a sand-house and me sick he climbin a sand-noise and me site a chimo ed in the back window of the station agent's house, locked his wife in the cellar—her hollerin' down brakes— and snatched a plate of soup for me just because I had fever in the head. You'd love Rudy."

"You mean that a brakeman kick-ed Mr. Rudy off when the train was runnin' and killed him?"

runnin' and killed him?"
"I zues that's the way a language
professor'd put it."
"Do—do they often kick people off
like that?"
"Every night."
Clem edged towards the corner.
"Been on the road long?" boomed
a voice out of the blackness.
"I thought you hadd's the

thought you hadn't the you got in with your elbows. What's self: "You ain't ever cracked a bank or you'd get me. Say, pardner, why don't you go home? There ain't don't you go home? There ain't anything in railroadin'." "I couldn't do that," exclaimed Clem quickly. "I ain't got any home

any more."
"You ain't got any home and ain't goin' anywhere," the other took up.
"Well then, you just fall in with me. My name's Hagan.—Mr. Brassy Hagan.—but I've almost forgot the last part myself. I'm in the circus bus-

"Oh!" exclaimed Clem with de-light. "You don't happen to be an animal trainer, do you?—I can't see your clothes!"

"No, that ain't my department. I'm not under the big top. I do mis I do mission was a schilliber—stake and chair wagon—for a while, but tappin stakes ain't no occupation for a gen tleman so I cut out to where the business—handling the clusive pea, proving that the hand is quicker than the eye. My great call in life is to prove to the tall grass gents that they can't believe all they see by shifting a well-trained pea from one English walnut to another, and

one english walled to allower, chargin' them for it."
"I don't know's I ever met anybody with that occupation before," returned Clem.

Brassy laughed.
"I've got a good thriving business This last town, I was in the midst of my lesson roving that the hand is quicker than the eye when a gentleman came up and took treatment.

The Family Going for a "Joy Ride" on a Motor Cycle.

just joined the road to-night."
"You mean that when you crawled up in this car like a sick cow that it was your first time out?"
"Yes."

'Been hitting the dirt?" asked the other quickly, in amazement.
"You've got the best of me, strang-

er."
"I mean, have you been goin' the country roads?"
"No, I just got on to-night."
The other blew through his nostrils in wonder, and the very whistle of it asked what in the world could a person be doing all his life if he hadperson be doing all his life in he had-n't been traveling either by railroad or across the country? Suddenly he turned on Clem as if the whole ex-planation had just dawned on him. "You ain't cracked anything, have you?" he asked anxiously. "If guess I'm purty dumb, but

"I guess I'm purty dumb, but about half of your words don't seem

to be where they belong."
"I mean, you ain't in the soap and blanket business, are you?"
"No, I'm chief of the fire department," Clem explained with pardon-

able pride. The man in the dark sighed as though a great weight had been taken off his mind and added as if to him-

After he had found that his eye had deceived him he pulled back his coat and there on his suspender silver plate with engravin' on it, and he insisted that your professor come down and be the guest of the city. I couldn't excuse myself and made a duck until the rest of the circus was duck until the rest of the circus was gone six hours. You ought to be a good capper; I tell you what I'll do—I'll take you into partnership. How do you like that?"
"Then I'd be a member of the circus company?" asked Clem eagerly. "Surra..inst as much as I am."

-just as much as I am."
do it," cried Clem, edging 'Sure-

"I'll do it," cried over toward Brassy. wanted to travel with a circus. It'll be a great education to me."
"It sure will," agreed Brassy, with-

out explaining just what he meant.
A long lonesome whistle rolled out

A long lonesome whistle rolled out and the train began to slacken. "We pile off here," said Brassy. "The circus train" still be loadin' but we can slip into the sleepin' can without analyody gettin' wise and hit the hay for a spell."

The car pitched forward and sullenly settled back like a live thing. Brassy leaped out on the opposite side from the station and motioned Clem to follow.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PRODUCTIVE PEA

The sleeping car of the circus was on a siding when Brassy led Clem up and waved him in. An oil lamp with a smoky reflector behind it was clinging to the wall, while on each side of the aisle were rows and rows

of cots, one above the other, like great pie shelves.

Brassy went down the aisle slapping the curtains. "Here's an empty one," he called. "Pile in — you'll know when to get up, all right!"

In and down the car rose guide.

Up and down the car rose gurgles groans, spurting up and away, like sound reysers. Shirts, dirty and rumpled, drooped dejectedly on hoks. Fastening one tired knee over the other Clem unlaced his shoes and climbed on to one of the

It seemed to him that his ear had It seemed to him that his ear had scarcely flattened on the pillow before there was a wreck or at least a storm at sea. A wild hammering filled the car as if some destructive soul was trying to pull it to pieces before its occupants could possibly scramble into their clothes. Clem thrust his head out and saw one of the helpers rounding with a heave stick a sheet. pounding with a heavy stick a sheet of iron fastened to the wall. Then be understood that it was the call to breakfast.

Already boys and men were gathering to see the unloading, much brighter-eyed than the grumbling circus helpers. The heavier animals had been taken off and the schillibers were unloading the lighter ones, when Brassy appeared, a cap pulled over his eyes and his cheeks raggeder than ever.
"Mornin'," he greeted shortly,
and jerked his head for Clem to fol-

Brassy tramped down the line of silence, drawing up before the supply car where three or four sleepy heads were listlessly tugging at rolls of canvas. Brassy laid hold and motioned Clem to a corner. The canvas and stakes were thrown on to truck wagons, and carted to the show grounds.

"Better stick pretty clost to me till I speak to 'the Colonel,' " said Brassy briefly.

When the stakes were laid out for the dining tent, the boss of the chain and stake gang eyed Clem suspic-iously, then asked, "Want to try your hand at the sledge"

Clem willingly picked up the sledge and taking turn about with a driver soon drove the stake to the notch The boss nodded with approval.

After the tent was up, cross-pieces were driven and the table made. It was not until late that breakfast was ready, the men climbing over the seats and dropping down on the table with their elbows. Brassy drew Clem in beside him and the two ate in silence. In the light of day Brassy looked much older than Clem had first thought him to be.

when they were getting ready for the grand, glittering and gorgeous free street parade—quoting from pos-ter—Clem couldn't help noticing that ter—Clem couldn't help noticing that the grandness was getting pretty shabby and that El Shiek—the widely heralded king of camels—was decidedly moth eaten in places and hab bad twinges of rheumatism. Lee, also a royal ruler in his realm was much more peaceably inclined that he had been when the artist painted his nectrain on the austide of the his portrait on the outside of wagan showing him standing on wagan showing him standing on a knoll, one foot slightly raised and a forbidden snarl on his tightly curied lips. To see Rose, queen among pachyderms, obediently pushing heavy wagons about, a tired expression around her eyes, made one with the they wouldn't have a grand, giftering and gorgeous parade this morning, but instead would give the animals a half holday.

(Continued next week)

****** The Upward ************

Work"

We workers belong army of men army of men and enlisted many age been and will be evering, courageous as Moses was leading his

desert to the mount ger and hardship, his life mission came most stirring so giah's life were connected wilding of the walls avid's psalms would their beauty and s ad not been for the ars of watching and p

Our Saviour was a fa-

ce in a humble village hop, and knew all of a ni drudgery and joy of Peter would never ha Fisher of men" that he lessons of endurance pess, learned in his fis he waters of the Lake of The rugged, heroic Pa hept mind busy with ams and aspirations, with his tent-maki: Kingsley has said: a have something to or not. Being forced or not. or not. Being forced most to do your best, on a hundred virtues, were know."—I. H. N.

. . . Storing the Winter Aunt Fanny," Peterbe TORING the winter

We

summer is a task t

not neglect. We

sing ourselves that m at a more opportun e rush of other work, e finally hurriedly pla trunks, and wh es again, these box e can locate the particu ch we are searching. ide a half day for the winter clothing. the a nice breeze is hang the garments is a good plan too to se ks are mended before ad marked so that one ance, just to which 'n nily each article beli cles, such as winter eli and sew up in news dd a few moth balls, bu e odor of the moth ba

newspapers, making that they are tightly Time and time again ced the difficulty of that to do with some So we become shrunken, have outgrow hough they are still po thers cannot be used (a., as they will be out times I have been temp the articles away, this me future date I worker and try to put them to ther times I have be nt my eyes, blindfold ad throw them in the f be out of the either of these plans,

play good common