

"We're over!" cried Joe, uncertainty and unbelief ringing in his voice. He leant out and looked back at the bridge. Parts of it were still falling to pieces. Then he closed the throttle and plied the brakes, for our race with death was nearly ended.

"Are the trucks still on?" I queried, and he nodded. I saw that his face was ghastly white, and knew then that it was only by a supreme effort of will that he had faced those awful risks.

"It was only the speed that carried us over," he said quite calmly, but his voice seemed very far away. I think I was seated among the coals, my head between my hands, and had someone come and stood over me with a club, I couldn't have raised a finger in self defence.

There is no need here to endeavor to describe with what warmth and gratitude we were greeted when the old

engine drew up amidst the ruins of Pibald Gulch. It was a busy evening for all of us—rigging up the old freight trucks as hospitals, erecting tents for the fire sufferers over the ashes of their old homes, and distributing blankets and provisions, while the doctor looked after the sick. I did not know till then, that Argos Joe was a bit of a doctor too, for what he lacked in skill and knowledge he gained in strength and kindness.

A few days later I awoke to find that the whole world rang with the story of Lonely Bridge, and that thousands were extending a liberal hand towards the hero who had brought relief to Pibald Gulch. "You'll be a wealthy man after this Joe," I told him. "The subscription on your behalf is already running into thousands."

Joe was a moment silent. Then he said: "What about that prospecting trip of ours?"

To say I was surprised, would be putting it mildly. "Prospecting trip!" I repeated. "But you can't run away, man, in the height of your glory. And besides, what about the money that's coming to you?"

Argos Joe laughed good naturedly, and took my arm. "Money!" he said. "I don't want the money. It's been my curse all my life, and I want to get away from it. I have told my solicitor what to do. The subscription they are getting up for me will go towards re-building the homes of those who have suffered most keenly by this fire. I suppose I can do what I like with it, so now let's get away from all this and try the woods for a change."

And so we went, the very next day—Argos Joe and I, for I saw that at last his chance had come, and he had shown himself to his fellow-men in his true colors.

Lost Dreams

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Jerrold Quam, St. Thomas, N.D.

As I sat there by the window, gazing at the hazy mountains, Dreaming dreams I used to dream when young,

Then the soul of thought would flutter Thinking thoughts I could not utter, Dreaming thoughts beyond expression of the tongue.

Then I saw my past and present, and from them I drew my future, Planning out events that would be mine, Till the yellow sun that setting Warned me I was forgetting, That the hand of Fate was reckoned with at times.

So I pondered in the twilight till the night grew dark and dreary, And the stars withdrew behind a fitful cloud;

Still I sat there by the hour, thinking of some unseen power With which I could overcome the thing of Fate.

So I sat and wrestled with it, sometimes gaining, sometimes losing, Till I saw my precious visions float away

Then I saw and it was seeming, that I only had been dreaming For the powers that belonged to one alone.

Then I saw I was mistaken, and that Fate could not be shaken, So I cast my dreams aside and went to work,

For the things of dreams, creation Are but things without foundation, And they crumble when they meet the hand of Fate.

Two Little April Fools

Daffydowndilly looked up at the sun, And saw with delight that the spring had begun;

Her gay yellow bonnet, of satin so sweet, And her downy green jacket so cosy and neat

She drew on in haste, and glanced out on the street, And found herself blooming—the very first one!

Little Miss Bessie looked out, and she said:

"Oh, it is lovely and bright overhead!" So she took her new parasol, blue as the sky,

And her new Sunday hat with its daisies wreathed high, And the pretty brown slippers she brought home to try, And out on the street like a fairy she sped.

Dark grew the sky, and like sleet was the rain, Lashing the tree-tops and beating the pane,

Daffydowndilly tried vainly to hide, And little Miss Bess, in her beauty and pride,

With hat, shoes and parasol soaking she cried: "The sun April-fooled us! He did—it is plain."

Trust

Written for The Western Home Monthly by V. M. T.

Fret not thyself for the to-morrow, He who calmed the angry sea Can still subdue thy wave of sorrow; Only wait and patient be.

Fret not thyself for the to-morrow, He who healed the lame and blind Can still ease pain's deepest furrow; But believe that He is kind.

Fret not thyself for the to-morrow, He who hungry thousands fed Can still provide and give His children If they trust, their daily bread.

Fret not thyself for the to-morrow, He who cares for beast and bird Can still, as we are more than sparrows, Guide us by His every word.

Fret not thyself for the to-morrow, He whose way is ever best Can still in His Divine to-morrow Lead us into perfect rest.



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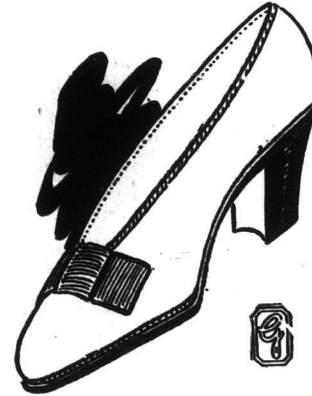
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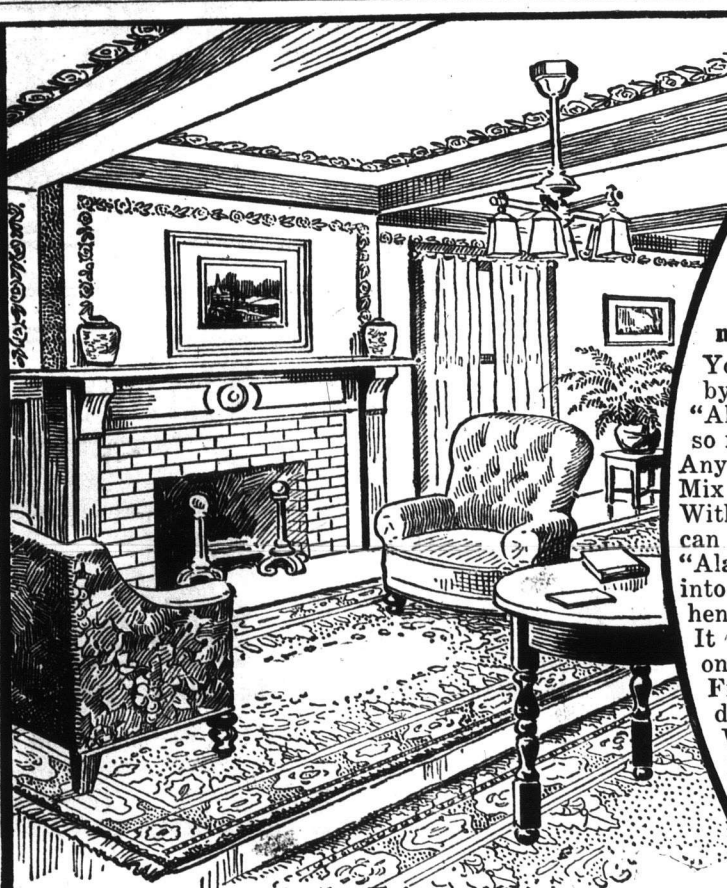


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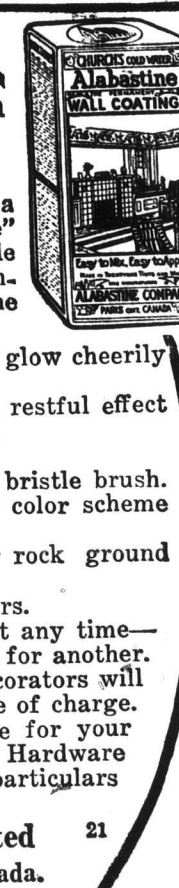
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