POOR DOCUMENT

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WINSTON CHURCHILL HAS GONE FAR IN THIRTY YEARS

One of the Most Interesting Figures in British House of Commons—His Remarkable Gifts May Yet Land Him the Premiership.

Winston Churchill is thirty. Few men ever achieved so much at his age. He is one of the most talked about men in England. If his object in life, as his political opponents suggest, were to get himself talked about he might retire and live on his reputation. But the good people, who scoff at Mr. Churchill as a forward young man who wants to teach his elders, forget that youth, even extreme youth, has accomplished some of the most noticeable achievements of history. Pitt was twenty-four when he became prime minister at one of the most critical times of our history. Innocent III. held all Christendom in awe when he was only a few years older than Mr. Churchill is. Youth is not necessarily a handicap in politics or in any other field of action.

In politics youth is a particularly valuable asset, and themen who have made their mark in parliament have alomst invariably entered the house of commons quite young. In their youth they led the forlorn hopes, and gained the experience to carry through great reforms in later life. In fact, the history of heroes is not less the history of youth in parliament than in the world outside. Mr. Churchill appeals to the imagination of the country, because he promises to add another name to the list of young men who, startling their parliamentary careers on a bench below the gangway, have finally guided the destinies of the country. There are of course particular reasons why he should appeal to the imagination of the house of commons and the country. The young man who enters the house of commons with a great parliamentary name behind him is always listened to with great eagerness. Mr. Churchill had not only the name of Lord Randolph Churchill, his father, as an introduction to parliament, but he had also, by his own achievements, won a right to a respectful hearing.

SOLDIER AND AUTHOR.

When he entered parliament in 1900 as the member for Oldham, there were few men in the house who had done so much in fifty or sixty years as the young stripling had in twenty-six. There were few soldiers in the house with so many medals and clasps, for Mr. Churchill can boast of having been in at least five campaigns, in Cuba, on the frontier of India, in the Soudan and in South Africa. There were certainly very few men in the house of commons who could claim to have written five books, four of which were a brilliant success. His first bok, the story of the Malakand Field Force, was a really remarkable production for a boy of three-and-twenty, while his "River War," an account of the taking of Khartoum, has a description of the battle of Omdurman that is exceedingly well done. But his real claim to be considered as a writer lies in his descriptions of the South African war, in which Mr. Churchill made two volumes out of his articles, and they were among the most successful books written about the war.

His experiences in South Africa read, indeed, like a romance, and the story of his capture and escape from Pretoria is quite a breathless narrative. In his escape from prison he revealed the resource and daring which has stood him in such good stead in the house of commons. Indeed, if daring and energy could win the world. Mr. Churchill would soon become its master. A young man, who had fought for the Spanish in Cuba, who had ridden through the charge at Omdurman, and who had come scathless through a campaign of hairbreadth escapes in South Africa, for he was nearly killed by a shell that fell between him and his cousin, the Duke of Marlborough, at the battle of Diamond Hill, might be forgiven for feeling at times that Providence had some signal mission for him in life.

"AMBITIOUS AND PUSHFUL."

Mr. Churchill is ambitious; no one would deny that he is pushful, but his ambition is of that high order described by Lord Beaconsfield in "Coningsby." Coningsby's ambition," said Lord Beaconsfield, "was that noble ambition, the highest and the best, that must be born in the heart and organized in the brain, which will not let a man be content unless his intellectual power is recognized by his race, and desires that it should contribute to their welfare. It is the heroic feeling that in the old days possessed demigods; without which no state is safe; without which political institutions are like meat without salt, the crown a bauble, the church an establishment, parliaments, debating clubs, and civilization itself but a fitful and transient dream."

His career in the house is a great tribute to his courage and perserverance. He had been trained to take an interest in politics from a young boy, following closely his father's career. He was a born demagogue, and even at Harrow, as a young boy of fifteen or sixteen, he would make passionate speeches to his school-fellows from a chair in the tuck shop or any place where he could command an audience. He took a very high rank as a debater, but it cannot be said that his views, or rather his ways of expressing them, made him altogether popular. Even in those days he showed his independence of spirit by fiercely assailing any one who differed from him on questions of policy, especially on the point of finance. He was willing to swallow the ordinary school boy patriotism, but he would have it that our expenditure must be limited by our means, and that we did not need a large army.

ATTACKS ON THE GOVERNMENT.

He was, of course, following in his father's footsteps, and this he set himself to do in a more complete sense when he entered the house of commons. One of his early speeches took the form of a scathing attack on the growth of expenditure. It was, in fact, a challenge to the government; if they did not mend their ways there would be no place for the son of Lord Randolph Churchill in their ranks. This naturally led him to make an equally strenuous attack on the army corps scheme and its waste of public money. It was in one of these early speeches that he forcasted the rise of a statesman who would advocate protection as the result of overgrown budgets, and the fierce battle that would split the Conservative party from top to bottom on that issue.

He fondly hoped that the party to which by personal choice and family tradition he naturally clung would brace itself up to a constructive policy which he dreamt of. Instead, he found them turning their backs on all that he instinctively believed in, and his mind was too sincere to accept the bogus apologetics by which Mr. Balfour tried to bolster up the Tory policy. It was then he had to make his choice, and his determination to cross the floor of the house caused Mr. Churchill many pangs at the time. It is no 2—Winston Churchill.

small matter, especially in the house of commons, to be met with a scant nod and a curl of the lip from the friends of your own set, from your own schoolfellows and messmates. It requires great courage to break with your family tradition. Mr. Churchill looked indeed prematurely old and overburdened while the struggle of the choice went on. He might have been seen talking with bent shoulders, head thrust forward, and eyes that glowed in a white face as he strode through the lobbies, eager as any young man in such a position might be to find a friend to talk to.

IN THE LIBERAL VANGUARD.

Many men on his own side were downright rude to him, and the Conservative benches would of set purpose empty when he rose to speak, or his opponents would howl him down. Fortunately Mr. Churchill possessed a certain spirt of detachment. He had been too engrossed in his work to make many intimate friends in the house, and for this reason the break was easier when he joined the Liberal party with which he naturally had far greater sympathy. He kept one friendship, which he valued above all others, and that was the friendship of Lord Hugh Cecil. This, perhaps, explains why, in some ways, Mr. Churchill still retains a touch of the high and dry Tory. But those who watch him most closely believe that this is only a veneer on the surface, and that his instincts have always been democratic.

THE DOG'S COLD NOSE.

"The true story of the dog's cold nose has been handed down to us sailors from the log book of the ark," says a sailor in the New York Times. "Mrs. Noah went down one morning to the potato bin, in the lower hold, for the vegetables required for the noonday meal. Her favorite collie dog, Nip, followed her, as was his daily custom. While Mrs. Noah was sorting out the tubers the ark collided with a small snag, which punctured a small hole in her side close to where the lady stood. Seeing that immediate action was necessary, she took off her woolen petticoat and apron and stuffed them into the hole, but the pressure of the water forced the things out, and so she put them back again and sat on them, calling loudly for assistance. But no one seemed to hear her, as the animals were making such a noise. In her position she leaned back so that the backs of her arms were pressed up against the cold sides of the vessel; hence the backs of women's arms are always cold. The water was coming in fast, and she began to fear for the safety of the ark, so she jumped up and, grabbing Nip, put his nose into the hole and bade him stap there until she went to the fore hatch and shouted for help. A carpenter's mate heard her and came down into the hold with a soft pine plug, released poor Nip and stopped the leak. The water outside was very cold, and Nip got a cold nose, and hence all healthy dogs have a cold nose."

In every seventy years the average man grows a beard 25 feet long, hair almost 50 feet long and nails 23 feet long.

THE VALUE OF ONE'S FAITH.

One of the deplorable features in connection with the frauds perpetrated on such a gigantic scale by Mrs. Chadwick and the Humberts in France is the abuse of the good old-fashioned belief in the integrity of mankind, says Henry F. Harris in Madame. Without faith the wheels of progress would cease turning and the world would progress backwards. There is something pathetic in the expressions of the bankers who were duped by these noted woman sharks, indicating a sublime belief in the truthfulness of the glittering promises that had been given, even though cupidity may have inspired the trust.

Such abuse of faith breeds distrust of humanity, and the expression is frequently heard, "You cannot trust any one." This thought is far-reaching in its unfortunate effect. One who does not trust or believe in others may also quite naturally become unworthy of like faith. Such is the reflex action of the mind upon the individual character. It is well to have faith where one feels that the object is worthy, even though it brings sadness and shattered hope—for the sake of yourself, that you may deserve and retain the respect and affection of those who trust and believe in you.

WRONG KEYS.

"William," snapped Mrs. Bender at breakfast, "I think you were tipsy when you came home last night."

"W-what put that in your head, Martha?" ventured Mr. Bender, nervously.

"I told you to wind up the clock."

"A-and did I do it?"

"No, you wound up the fiddle."

MRS. ROGERS IS REPRIEVED.

Governor Bell Grants Until June 2nd.

To Allow Arguments for a New Trial to Be Heard---Unjust Mercy.

MONTPELIER, Vt., Feb. 2.—Gov. Bell Thursday granted a reprieve for Mrs. Mary M. Rogers, who was condemned to be hanged at Windsor Friday, for the murder of her husband, until June 2.

In a statement the governor says the reprieve is granted in order that opportunity may be given for a new trial. The statement of Governor Bell is as follows:

"I grant a reprieve to Mrs. Mary M. Rogers until Friday, June 2, 1905. I do this expressly and only on the ground that she claims through her attorney that she has not had a fair trial and that the evidence presented against her was false.

"I do not in any way pass upon the question as to whether such is the fact. I leave that question entirely with the tion as to whether such is the fact. I leave that question entirely with the court, to which she now has full recourse.

"I fix the date at June 2, since that will enable her to bring her case, with all the new evidence she claims to have before the supreme court at its May term and the decision of that court upon her application must be final, as far as executive power is concerned.

"No consideration is given in granting this reprieve to the complaints made by outsiders that he laws of Vermont are cruel and barbarous. I believe that the laws of Vermont are just and merciful and express the will and wish of the people of the state and the best judgment of the enlightened and law-abiding people of the commonwealth.

"I shall not by any act of mine attempt to thwart the expressed will of the people or to undertake to change the policy of our law in regard to capital punishment."

The news that a reprieve had been granted by Governor Bell, was first known here through the announcements on the newspaper bulletin boards. In a moment word of the governor's action was carried along the streets and groups of interested citizens gathered to talk about the case.

Comment generally seemed to be in approval of Gov. Bell's action.

GREAT JOY AT THE STATE PRISON

WINSOR, Vt., Feb. 2. — At the state prison here the news that a four months' reprieve had been granted Mrs. Rogers was received with joy by the prison officials. None of them would discuss the matter, but expressions of relief that the execution had been postponed were heard on all sides.

The news that a reprieve had been granted was carried to the prison by a representative of the Associated Press. A moment after his admission to the office of Supt. Oakes that officer was called to the telephone and when he returned to his office he said that he had been talking with Gov. Bell and that the latter had notified him that a stay of execution had been ordered.

Supt. Oakes would make no comments upon the reprieve, although a number of prison officials expressed satisfaction when they were informed of the governor's action. Supt. Oakes said that he had received strict instructions from Gov. Bell not to talk concerning the case of Mrs. Rogers and he would not say whether the woman had been notified of the postponement of the execution.

About one o'clock High Sheriff Henry H. Peck arrived in the prison in answer to a message from Governor Bell asking the sheriff to talk with ihm over the long distance telephone. Sheriff Peck was notified of the reprieve by the Associated Press representative, but he hesitated to believe the news until Supt. Oakes confirmed the report.

Sheriff Peck was so overcome that he could hardly speak. He said that the action of the governor was most welcome to him as he himself had given up all hope of a reprieve for Mrs. Rogers.

UNJUST MERCY.

(New York World.)

Two women, Mary Rogers and Kate Edwards are soon to be hanged for the murder of their husbands — one in Vermont and the other in Pennsylvania.

There is a widespread sentiment against their execution. Great numbers of persons have signed petitions asking that the sentences be commuted to life imprisonment. The petitions in both cases have been denied.

The governors are quite right and the people who signed the petitions are quite wrong. The question as to whether capital punishment is right or not does not enter into the matter. That is an open and a very complicated question which has nothing to do with the case. The point is that since capital punishment, wisely or unwisely, is the lawful punishment for deliberate murder, there is no earthly reason why there should be any discrimination in sex.

Apparently the only argument for clemency which the signers of the petitions can present is that murderesses are weaker, gentler and more delicate than murderers. As a fact appealing to the emotions this is strong; as an argument appealing to justice it is feeble. The cold truth cannot be blinked that it is no less objectionable to meet death at the hands of one's weak, gentle and delicate wife than at the hands of some powerful and ferocious masculine enemy.

Furthermore, the signers of the petitions should remember that this very weakness, gentleness and delicacy of women make a crime of violence like murder more unnatural, and if it were possible even more wicked, on their part than it would be be on the part of men brought up in sonstant contact with the violence of life.

It may be brutal but it is just that if hanging is the penalty for murder then Mary Rogers and Kate Edwards, being women, should hang as surely as if they were men.

MOUNT STEPHEN'S CAREER.

From Herd Boy He Jumped to Much Wealth.

LONDON, Jan. 28. — Lord Mount Stephen, who gave $1,000,000 to the King's Hospital Fund, which will net $55,000 a year, has had a remarkable career.

Born in Banffshire seventy-five years ago, educated at the parish school, first a herd boy, then a draper's apprentice in Aberdeen, then in 1850 an emigrant to Canada. In Montreal he became a successful woollen merchant.

In Canada George Stephen found his cousin, Donald Smith, now Lord Strathcona, with whom years before he had bathed in the Spey and played among the heather. Donald Smith had been in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, and at the time when he began to be associated in business with his cousin was a member of the Dominion House.

It was early in the seventies that the two Highland boys pooled their energies. Both were directors of the Bank of Montreal, Lord Mount Stephen being at one time its president.

But the turning point of the millionaire-philanthropist's career occurred when in 1875 he joined a syndicate for the Dutch holders of the bonds of the St. Paul and Pacific Railway, a road which, when finished, controlled the Canadian Northwest. The taste for railway enterprise, begun in this way, soon had the opportunity of development. The entrance of British Columbia into the dominion carried with it the obligation to build a trans-continental railway, and the work had been begun by the government.

The government fell down badly and in 1880, one year before the Canadian Pacific should have been completed, only 700 miles of rail had been constructed. Stephen and Smith offered to build the line.

In return for a subsidy of $25,000,000, twenty-five million acres — about the total size, this is, of Ireland and Wales — and the part of the line already completed, an undertaking was given that the Pacific should be linked to the Atlantic in eleven years. The last spike, promised for 1891, was driven in 1885, 6,000 miles being finished by the concern.

Lord Mount Stephen was the railway's first president. For his services he was made a baronet. He left Canada to settle again in the old country in 1888, and soon afterwards was raised to the peerage.

Lord Mount Stephen's gifts have always been princely. In 1887 he gave Montreal $500,000 for a hospital. When he was a boy he broke his arm, and it was set in the Aberdeen Infirmary. In 1901 he repaid the obligation by a gift to the institution of $125,000.

His master, when he was a herd-laddie of the Mortlach, was the parish minister, a good, kindly man, who made the boy's hard work as pleasant as could be. When Lord Mount Stephen came home from Canada he invested $200,000 to insure all the parish ministers of Speyside at least $500 a year.

Two years ago, in conjunction with Lord Strathcona, he gave King Edward's Hospital Fund $1,500,000, producing an income of $80,000 a year, a gift now augmented by $1,000,0000.

The Canadian peer has no children. Many years ago, however, he and his first wife adopted a little girl, who, soon after they came to England, married Henry Stafford Northcote, now Lord Northcote and governor general of Australia.

CHINESE COAL DEVELOPMENTS.

With the approaching completion of the railway, 75 miles long, to Taokou on the Wei river, it will be possible, says Engineering, to tap the enormous coal deposits of Shansi and Honan, and bring the fuel to the coast at a price which will make it impossible for imported coal to compete with it. Concerning the quality of the coal deposits in these two provinces of China there can be no question. Thirty years ago, Baron Von Richthofen, after an elaborate examination at the instance of the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce, stated that both anthracite and bituminous would compare favorably with the best Pennsylvania and South Wales varieties; and further investigation by the engineers of the Pekin Syndicate and other bodies have confirmed his conclusions as to the value and the extent of the deposits. Hitherto the proper exploitation of these fields has been retarded by the absence of means of transport facilities. The construction of the railway obviates both these difficulties. There is a large trade opening with the interior of China as with the coast, and this is capable of indefinite expansion, the position permitting of a great reduction on present charges for fuel in both quarters. Freight to the coast at Tientsin by railway and the Grand Canal will be 10s. per ton, and coal is produced at the pit at from 1s. to 2s. 6d. per ton. As the present price for good steam European coal on the coast ranges from 30s. to 40s. per ton, it will be apparent that Chinese fuel has a great advantage, the quality being equal Coal used locally increases in cost by hand, mule and camel carriage by about 2½d. to 5d. per mile, depending upon the condition of the roads, whereas railway carriage will cost ¾d. per ton per mile. The Pekin-Hangkow Railway runs through the coal fields, and when completed—about two-thirds are already constructed—it will be possible, continues Engineering, to land coal on the Yangtse River, where another big outlet is assured. The Honan-Nanking Railway is still in the clouds, and may be disregarded for the present, although ultimately it will permit of shipments direct to Shanghai. Meantime, Taokou is near the Yellow River, by means of which fuel can be carried to Tsinan, whence there is a railway to Kiao—chau. When the necessary lines are completed the cost of carriage to Nanking will be about 10s. per ton, and to Shanghai (which imports close on 1,000,000 tons annually) to very little more. The known coal fields of China are, adds Engineering, estimated to cover 400,000 square miles; but few of them are worked, and most of those few only for local consumption.

MURMURING.

Some murmur when their sky is clear,
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful loves are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's mercy, gild
One ray of God's mercy, gild
The darknes of their night.

—R. C. Trench.

The Way Wings grow on Weights

Is your burden greater than you can bear?

Has it pressed you down for years and years, till you feel like giving up?

Have you tried and tried in vain for relief, till you have made up your mind that nothing could help you?

THIS MESSAGE IS FOR YOU.

THERE IS HOPE.

A physician in Lincoln, Nebraska (Dr. J. S. Leonhardt), has made a discovery. He didn't just stumble over it accidentally, but spent years of study and experiment in search of it, and finally was rewarded by complete success.

The prescription which this eminent physician compounded has no equal. It has lifted the burden from many a heart-sick one, and may do the same for you.

It is not a patent medicine.

It is a physician's prescription, and to emphasize this distinction Dr. Leonhardt named it ANTI-PILL.

The Stomach is the beginning of nearly every ailment—it fails to produce Gastric Juice of the right quality and in the right quantity to digest all the food. This leaves a part to decompose somewhere in the Alimentary Canal.

This dead animal or vegetable matter ferments and rots and gives off the most violent poisons which are absorbed by the system, and disease follows in some form or other.

No medicine that does not correct this stomach derangement and consequently prevent the constant poisoning of the system can ever make a sick person well.

ANTI-PILL — Dr. Leonhardt's prescription—acts on the mucous membrane of the stomach and digestive organs and encourages them to produce the proper supply of Gastric Juice, rendering indigestion an impossibility.

DR. LEONHARDT'S

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Appendicitis, that terror of modern medicine, cannot attack anyone whose mucous membrane is in a healthy condition. ANTI-PILL acts on the mucous membrane lining of the stomach and bowels, making appendicitis an absolute impossibility.

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SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA 401

PEOPLE LOVE GOOD MUSIC.

It Is Shown in the Career of Theodore Thomas.

(From the Chicago Record-Herald, Ind.,)

The late Theodore Thomas had a strong faith in the popular qualities of good music, or—another way of saying the same thing—in the capacity of the masses to appreciate the noblest and best in musical literature. As the average concert-goer does not know the technical side of music and cannot be expected to "study" compositions, the way to popularize great and complicated and abstract music is to play it persistently. This was Mr. Thomas' idea, and how firm and steadfast he was in acting upon it we all know.

New York, like Chicago, has furnished striking proof of its soundness. The Eastern metropolis has no permanent orchestra. Its demand for symphonic music is supplied by the ancient and honorable Philharmonic, which gives but eight concerts (and eight rehearsals) each season, against our twenty-four concerts, and by visiting orchestras. Prices are higher than here at these concerts, and the audience are generally "fashionable." They are not attended by "the masses." They were considered too "high" and "difficult" for the wage worker, the clerk, the department store girl, and so on.

To reach the masses some public-spirited musicians founded some years ago the People's Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Frank Damrosch. The policy of light programmes, with explanatory remarks, and popular prices was adopted. The concerts were given at Cooper Union, a centre of social and philanthropic work. Poor music was rigidly excluded, but so were symphonies, "heavy" concerts and suites and overtures.

Patronage was ample from the first, and the intelligence of the audience was such that the managers soon decided to relax the restrictions against "heavy" music. Movements from symphones were added to the repertory, whole symphonies of the less involved sort followed and the progress steadily continued until today it is scarcely possible to distinguish a "People's Symphony" programme froma philharmonic cne. At the last concert Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, a Liszt concerto and an elaborate overture figured among the selctions. The concerts were in such favor that they had to be moved to Carnegie Hall, up town, where the fashionable concerts are given. Furthermore, chamber music concerts for the performance of the Haydn, Schubert and other trios and quartets have been tried as an "auxiliary" series, and with pronounced success.

Great music was not written by the masters for the "superior" few; it was written for all, as great literature was written for all. "Give the people a chance" in music, drama and are generally, and they will rise to the highest plane, as they do in politics.

THE POPE AND THE POOR.

The Society of St. Jerome has issued an edition of three hundred thousand copies of the Gospels in the Italian language, which are offered for sale at such an extremely low price as to be within reach of the poorest. This has been done with the approval of the present pope, who, a year ago last November, received the leaders of the society, gave them his blessing, and encouraged them as follows: "You try to disseminate the book of the Gospel; very well; that book is a written sermon, and all can profit by it. Many say that the peasants, being slow of intellect, cannot derive any benefit from reading the Gospel. That is false; peasants are much sharper than people think; they read with pleasure the Gospel narratives, and draw their own conclusions from them, sometimes much better than certain preachers. There are many devotional books, even for the clergy, but nothing is better than the Gospel, the true book of meditation, of spiritual reading, and exercise. . . . I not only grant to you my blessing, but thank you all, because you are doing a most useful and most holy work."

BEHIND THE ROCK

By Thomas Foye.

Major Davis had the reputation of being a martinet, and whenever a private soldier found himself before a court martial he would make up his mind that if the major had a voice in the matter he was as good as convicted. There were those who excused the officer's harshness on the ground that he belonged to the old school—the school that looked upon the rank and file as dogs—but the fact remained that he was not popular with either his officers or his men.

Affairs in the Indian country were at peace when the post commander at Fort Brown applied for and secured a long leave of absence, and Major Davis was ordered to take charge in his place. It was a frontier post with a small garrison of old veterans, and there was no call for red tape or rigid discipline. The best drill master in the army could not have taught those men anything new, and the officers felt that they had a right to loaf a little when warm weather set in. The United States was in no danger of invasion from a foreign foe, and the red man had had enough of war to last him for two or three years, when Major Davis arrived and assumed command. An hour later he began to issue general orders, and a groan of discontent was heard throughout the garrison. Then began what was charcterized as "a flum-a-diddle time." The lines of discipline were rigidly drawn and the drills were frequent and exacting. The finger of the martinet pointed in many directions, and the men who growled went to the guardhouse on a trot.

At all military posts there are a few favored men—men who suffer now and then from old wounds or have performed brave deeds, and are tacitly allowed to take things easy. Such a man was Private Tom Gorman at Fort Brown. Two bullets had been fired into him as he rode with dispatches across the plains one night, and though not incapacitated as a soldier he was given light duty and coddled up a bit. The coddling ceased soon after the major's arrival. He was on the lookout for such men. They were returned to duty, and even given extra duty, and the mild protests of captains and lieutenants were met with the formal reply:

"This is a military post, not a hospital, and no man, unless excused by the doctor at sick-call, will be exempt from duty."

In a month the major was a well-hated man. He realized the fact and gloried in it. Private Gorman returned to duty with a complaint, and subsequent events proved that the martinet had a special eye on him. He was twice reprimanded during company drill one day, and following that he was placed on sentry duty and took his post at midnight in a rain storm. It was an inside post and of no consequence. The wounded man took the chance of getting under shelter for a short time. The major went the rounds that night, caught him derelict and saw him hustled off to the guard house. The affair was looked upon as seriously as if the Sioux warriors were at the gates of the fort in war paint, instead of being in their lodge fifty miles away. A court-martial was called and a good soldier disgraced.

Private Gorman did not serve out his sentence of thirty days in the guardhouse When he had served five days he was assisted to escape. He was furnished with a carbine and food, and he went into hiding within three miles of the fort. He felt that he had been unjustly treated and that he had been disgraced without cause, and he calmly and deliberately made up his mind to kill the man responsible. It was for this reason that he lingered near the fort.

Almost every morning the major rode down to the boiling spring, three miles down the rough trail, and there were fifty places where he could be ambushed. The spot selected was a big rock alongside the trail, and Tom was on watch there the morning after his escape.

It so happened that official business prevented the officer from riding out that morning, and all day long the ambushed man lay waiting and was disappointed. He slept badly that night, and he was ready for what was before him long before sunrise. It was seven o'clock before the echoes of the iron-shod hoofs of the Major's horse reached his ears, and an instant later he was peering out from behind the rock.

It was the major, alone on the trail. No one was in sight in either direction. As the soldier made ready with his carbine the major let fall his reins and drew a letter from his pocket. As he did so a photograph fell from the letter to the stony highway unnoticed by him. Queer as it may seem, curiosity about that photograph overbalanced Tom Gorman's thirst for revenge for the moment, and he let the officer pass. A minute later he had the card in his hand. It was the picture of a little girl not over five years old—a sweet-faced little thing—and underneath was written "From Elsie to Papa."

No soldier at Fort Brown had asked or could know whether their martinet was a married man or not. They had not discussed his home-ties—only his discipline. Here was a new factor in the case. Gorman crept back to his ambush with his eyes fixed on the face, and his own features began to soften.

"From Elsie to Papa," he repeated over and over again. "Damn me, but it must be his kid! He got the letter last night. She's got the face of an angel, and when her mother tells her that her father is dead—"

Private Gorman found his heart in his throat. He was not a father, but he was a lover of children. He'd have given three months' pay to pick Elsie up in his arms and give her a kiss. There were dimples in her cheeks and a smile on her mouth. He held the picture to his lips and whispered:

"You ain't to blame for it, little one. Whatever he is to us, and badly as he's used me, he loves you and you him, and I can't break your heart in trying to get even. I'm here to kill him, and I was going to do it when he came back, but damn me if I can with them eyes looking at me! You're too sweet a thing to be left fatherless."

The major came riding back, his eyes on the ground as if looking for some lost object. At the rock he halted.

"If you hadn't lost it you would have been lying out there with a bullet through your heart!" whispered Gorman as he rose and looked after the disappearing major.

And then, thrusting the photograph into his breast pocket, he shouldered his carbine, gave himself a shake, and headed for the land of the outlaw and the deserter.

WE KEEP THE TRYST.

Here, where we knew of old
The blossomed fragrance, and the new moon's gold,
From out the loneness of the thicket heard
The quick, sharp call of some belated bird.
Here, where we leaned together, you and I,
Here, where I heard the wished-for, soft reply,
While through the darkness gleamed the unworn ring,
Slipped to your hand with tender whispering,
Since that far night what stretch of smiles, of tears;
Yet, Love, across the hollow of the years,
We keep the tryst!

—C. A. Dolson in Madame.

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