

He smiled. "You must have thought me a better specimen of man than I am to imagine that I could die a hero."

"But tell me what you've done since you left here," she urged.

"After the two month's rest I went to an agricultural college for the fall and winter term. I was more fat than strong. But we were there taught practical work and got no end of muscle-building exercise. Then, in the spring, I hired with a farmer and learned what it meant to work from 5 a.m. to 9 p.m. I left him to go threshing and after that was over, back to the college. I hired with the same farmer in the spring and with the help of my uncle bought this threshing outfit this fall. That's the whole story. Does it not appeal to you a little? Your doctrine of hard work to make life worth living is quite sound, but why can't we compromise a little? I'm able to work for two."

Dorna thought with pity of the Furlow she had first seen and the instinct to mother him that had come to the surface. Now he was robust, muscular, handsome in spite of his grotesque beard, and her mother instinct haloed over gave birth to a sweeter emotion which lighted up her face resplendently. All nature sang in harmony of sound and color; the mountain air was sweet with the scent of pines; even as she released herself reluctantly from Strong Furlow's arms, the sound that disturbed her was not the raucous clatter of a cow bell, but a tinkling, musical sound.

"Here comes the cows," she said, happily. "Let's see who can milk the most!"

"It's a bet," he accepted. "And Dorna?"

"Yes, dear."

"Keep the secret from the rest until after supper. I'll shave then and maybe they'll guess."

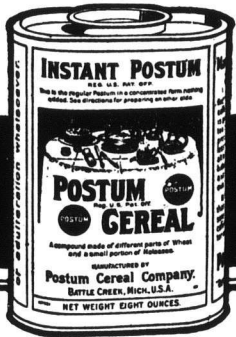
Dick was at that moment saying to Bertha: "That bearded boss's face seems familiar to me, somehow, and, by the way, ain't that him comin' down the road with Dorna behind the cows?"

"It sure is," confirmed Bertha, "and it's about time."

"About time?" Dick asked, puzzled.

"Time the cows were in," explained Bertha.

The following speech was made by an Irish barrister in defense of his client, whose cow had been killed by a train: "If the train had been run as it should have been ran, or if the bell had been rung as it should have been rang, or if the whistle had been blown as it should have been blew, both of which they did neither, the cow would not have been injured when she was killed."



**THERE'S
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ABOUT
POSTUM
AS A
HEALTH
IMPROVEMENT
OVER
TEA & COFFEE**

Historic Hagwilget Indian Built Suspension Bridge Collapses After 20 Years

By Francis J. Dickie

One of the scientific engineering wonders of the world, the historic Hagwilget Indian built suspension bridge across the Buckley canyon in northwestern British Columbia, collapsed on August 30th after serving the natives of the district and travelling white men for thirty years. Designed and built entirely by members of the native tribe of Hagwilget Indians the bridge stood as a striking and uncommon evidence of perseverance on the part of the red man, not a usual thing, and also as one of the engineering wonders of the world, for it was entirely planned and, after two failures, was completed by these primitive men. Knowing absolutely nothing of the laws of stress, vibration, tensile strength, etc., relating to the construction of such a structure as a suspension bridge they yet succeeded in throwing across the almost perpendicular walls of the Buckley canyon at the height of a hundred feet a suspension bridge 146 feet in length and ten feet wide. In the entire structure there was not a nail, the joints being made by dovetailing, and burning of a hole with red hot coals through the logs, which were then secured by stout hand made wooden spikes. Particularly romantic interest attaches to the bridge in that the abandoned wire of the famous but not probably almost forgotten American Telegraph Company made it possible for the Indians to complete the structure. A little over two decades ago this then famous but unfortunate concern began a line to Europe through the wilderness of the extreme end of the North American continent, thence across the narrow waterway of Behring Strait to Siberia, from there to connect up with all the great capitals of Europe. The successful laying of the Atlantic cable, however, put an end to the project when but half completed. With its abandonment a great supply of wire was left in the Canadian wilderness near the Buckley canyon, the cost of returning it to civilization being prohibitive. Aided by this wire and plenty of growing timber handy, the Indians went ahead and spanned the canyon, a work unique in engineering annals.

When the wild rush to the Yukon and Klondyke took place, the bridge lay on the direct route taken by many gold seekers and proved a valuable aid in crossing a difficult canyon. At its one end stood a famous Hudson's Bay post where the ingoing men took on provisions for the last stage of the journey. For nearly twenty years this unusual bridge, which swayed and rocked like a ship in a stormy sea at every crossing, served well both native and white population of the region. Its collapse was due to neglect, several attempts to get appropriations for its preservation having failed; for though recently a modern bridge of latest suspension type was erected by the engineering firm of George Vradock & Company, Wakefield, England, making the Indian one no longer necessary, it was desired to preserve it as a relic of the constructive ability of a primitive people, and standing as it did unique in engineering annals.

The photo taken recently shows the work of the red and the white man. The latter skilled bridge builders, an interesting and unusual contrast. The new bridge is the highest of its kind on the North American continent, being 250 feet above bed of river. It is 451 feet long, 10 feet wide, with a moving load capacity of 18,000 lbs. It carries both foot and vehicular traffic. Old things pass and new ones come; but in this particular instance it is much regretted by many in British Columbia that the native bridge was lost.

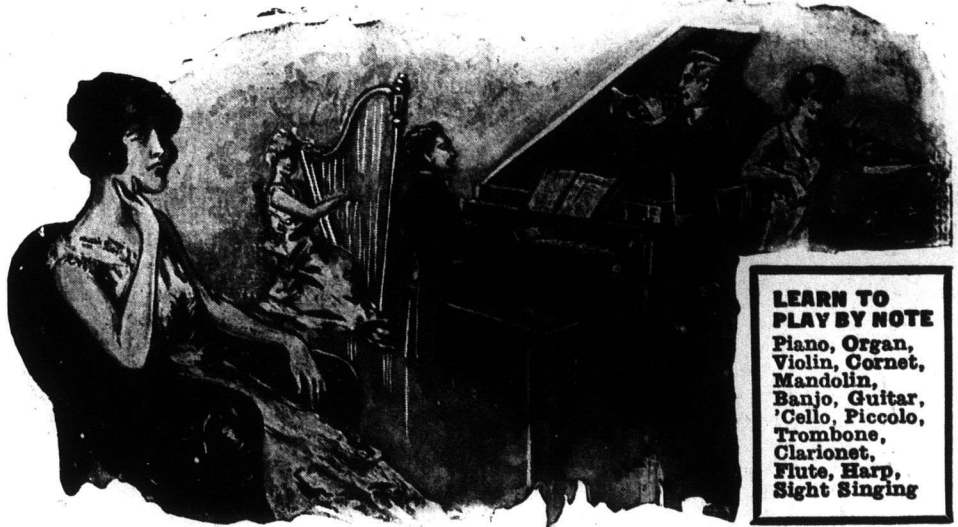
Her Platform

At the Marshall home, there was much discussion of woman suffrage and other political questions, and little Vera had always been a very much interested listener.

"What will you do when you can vote?" a visitor asked her.

"Help to put candy on the free list," was the unexpected reply.

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