

SAND.
I observed a locomotive in a railroad yard one
It was waiting in the roundhouse where the
locomotives stay.
It was passing by the journey. It was cold
and rainy. The rain was falling hard.
And it had a box the fireman was filling full
of sand.

It appears that locomotives cannot always get
on their tracks from pavements, cause that
when the pavements are too soft the
locomotives stop.

It's about this way with travel along the
slippery track. If your road is rather heavy and you're always
so far from a common locomotive you completely
lose it. You'll find yourself in starting with a good
supply of sand.

If your track is steep and hilly, and you have
a heavy grade. And if the road goes below you have the
main sign stopped made.

If you reach the summit of the slope
you'll find you have to do it with labor.

If you strike some right weather and discover
that you've failed to get under a heavy load
then prompt, decided action will be
called into demand.

And if you get to the bottom of it you
haven't any sand.

You can get to any station that is on life's
schedule soon.

It leaves the locomotive the boiler of his
train.

And you'll reach a place called Freshwater at
the end of the line.

If for all the slippery places you've a good
supply of sand.

ROMANCE OF LA ROSINE

The day was done, night fell upon the
city of La Rosine. The roofs, houses,
were for the time being deserted; those
who possessed gardens married their chairs
thither; the less fortunate occupied door-
steps, and complained languidly of the
heat.

On Rosine square, when every house
opened on the street, and where one might
see with the neighborhood from one's
own doorway, diamonds ran high. M.
Jacques, the shoemaker, had observed the
garden of La Rosine Vaneau, the
garden of a girl named "La Rosine," he
repeated softly: "She is a diamond."

"Hush!" said madame, "and I am told a storm
and her dances are many to-night."

"It is a proves which
is the longest
time." said M. Jacques. "The course
of this love adventure does run smooth."

"Ah! When people are rich," gasps a
woman's voice.

"He is handsome," said M. Jacques, "in
the American way. It is a pity he is not
handsome."

"Mademoiselle is an angel. Now if
madame were a prince."

"A prince and who should a polity
prince?" said M. Jacques, "it is too bad
to consider, he has no money, and may
have to walk in the square?"

She rose and followed. Pierre, her life-
long friend, had half-awakened, down
the quiet street. Beneath the old trees
he stopped and gazed at the young
lovers. The two heads, one fair, the
other dark and smooth, were close together.

"It is a good thing to be rich," he said,
pointing over his shoulder.

"Pierre," cried she, "it is not money
that makes him happy."

"What then?"

"You know, I need not tell you."
Pierre, however, cried. "I will hear
it from you and no one else; come, we will
finish our talk here."

He led her into the shadow to a seat
beneath the myrtle; while they chatted the
wind sent the leaves quivering to the
other side, and the two heads, one fair, the
other dark and smooth, were close together.

"My life is a good thing to be rich," he said,

"but you are not happy, everyone
thinks that a storm is brewing; don't you
feel it in the air?"

"My love, did I follow you, wishing
nothing but the best, but perhaps your letter
was a lie? I thought I might go to
him; he was very good to me once, I
can't bear to think of his dying out there alone."

"I am sorry, I am sorry, Jeanne,"
said M. Jacques, "but his life is abiding away to
the music of flocks and the laughter of the thoughts."

"Dying," she said again. "So young!
Her eyes filled with tears. "Poor poor
boy! Go to St. John. I shall not
keep you here any longer; but my darling,
I shall miss you so; do not
stay long."

He drew her to him; and promised
nothing about her from him; the
night was in the white gown and
scarlet ribbon, lean over the railing to
wish him a last good-bye.

"You will not be long, mon cher!"

"A fortnight, and I will return."

A few days later, a journey that
led with the tidings from La Rosine, had
arrived in the village; the hotel and
cottages were scattered like houses of
empty skeletons along the beach destroyed by island tides.

The adjacent islands were strewn with
corpses; many painful news to be heard
of again, among others Charles Deane,
Jeanne de la Manne's lover. The survivors,
a broken-hearted man, were dozing
in a corner; he was at first thought to
have found refuge on one of the gulf
islands, or to have been picked up by an
oncoming steamer; but as time went on,
bringing no tidings, days drifting into
weeks, he was evidently dead.

He was buried in the ground, and was
widely accepted by his friends.

Even Jeanne de la Manne, whose faith-
ful heart, perhaps, realized that
further hope was a mockery.

One evening, however, a year later
Pierre Francois, calling himself sweetly
his name called only. A carriage
drove up to the curb; and a girl in
deep black was barking to him.

"I am the dame de la Manne!" he exclaimed.

"I am the L," she answered. "We
have just married from abroad. Won't
you get in? I have something to say to
you."

He obeyed wonderingly.

"I am the L," speaking in quick
sugar tones. "I am so wise and good;
tell me, will I be doing wrong to enter a
convent?"

"Oh, who could! I am so weary of the
world!"

"My child," said the priest, "you must
consider. To set upon impulse would be
wrong; there must be preparation and
prudence. Should you hesitate before
making up your mind there will be time
for you to withdraw."

"I shall never wish to do that."

They were nearing home; a sudden turn
had brought them in sight of the square;
springs were in bloom; the long grass
winked in the clover; the air was full of
sweet sounds.

Pierre Francois, most graceful of men,
turned impulsively to his companion.

"I am a beautiful world!" said he. She
averted her face, and the tears so suddenly
forth came that he could no longer
speak; his speech was the last strain upon an
already overstrained heart. The carriage
stopped before her door, and the little
priest turned away with remorse, lifted
his hat and left her weeping up the stairs.

"Your madame! If one could, if
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