

THE TRANSPORT GENERAL FERGUSON.

The transport General Ferguson, she left the Golden Gate. With a thousand rookies sweat in her hold; An' the sergeants drove an' drilled 'em, an' the sun it nearly killed 'em— Till they learned to do whatever they were told.

THE LUCK OF THE HORSESHOE.

The Limited had stopped just long enough to change engines. Mr. Warren, the occupant of Compartment 3, had stepped out to stretch his legs and was interested to see a very pretty girl board his car, followed by a youth burdened with a military overcoat and her hand luggage.

"He may have caught the rear car," said the porter sympathetically. "I'll run back and find out." "If he hasn't we'll get a wire from him somewhere, and meantime please don't worry. I can't replace him," said Warren.

"Then you weren't for a moment—in Number 3?" "Not a bit of it. I ran out in the vestibule to get a peep at Ned and Nanette. Why do you ask?" "H'm," said Warren reflectively, thinking of the dainty hand at the door.

us-tho', for the company just ransacked everybody 'till they found out them crooks." "What crooks?" "Lady and gent'l'm'n, sir—had Number 5. They was wanted in Chicago and detective come along with 'em all the way from New York, and they never 'spotted nothing till they got off the train. They had money to burn."

his hands were trembling, he laid the little horseshoe in her lap and stepped quickly to her side. "You have not decided about the journey?" he was saying, as he bent over that bonny, beautiful head one summer evening a few months later.

Spring in Arizona. A Land of Almost Perpetual Sunshine. The Life and Luxuriance of Trees are Maintained by Irrigation. "If you will recall the rarest and fairest June day you can remember it will help you to imagine what this Sabbath morning is in Tucson, Arizona. Sky a cloudless arch of blue, sun of summer warmth, air so clear that the Catalina mountains, sixteen miles away, appear to be within half an hour's walk."