

THE TWOFOLD PRAYER.

When grass is green and tall, lad, When hills are white with sheep, When whistlers ring against the sythe, And the sauntering brook's asleep; When trees are loud with flutter and song And not a bough is sad, When skies are smiling in God's face, And even man is glad; When June does dole her laughing lanes As fast as foot can fall; The castles that our fancies build Are fair as Ilion's wall; Yet this must be the boon, lad, To ask the jealous years; Oh, if you may bring laughter, And if ye must, bring tears, For soon the grass shall whither, lad, And winter fetch the snow, Soon other hands will hold the shear, And other arms will mow, Soon Helen's face must yield its grace, And youth must lose its Troy, For love unlearns its pleasure, lad, And June forgets its joy, Oh, life must give this ignorant heart The penance that it needs!— How long a rosary seem our days When sorrow counts the beads! Yes, this shall be the prayer, lad, We ask the coming years; "Oh, if ye may bring laughter, And if ye must, bring tears!" —Frederick L. Knowles.

OUR RED-HEADED KID.

Monday is a bank's busy day. So when the Fourth of July, or Washington's Birthday, or some other of our increasingly numerous holidays comes on Monday, and the fifth day of July, or the twenty-third day of February, or whatever day Tuesday may chance to be, the bank's great unwashed fraternity, and as the cashier had remarked, they carried one hundred cents to the dollar. But that was on a previous occasion. There was no time for such levity on Tuesday, July 25th.

"Please sir, I'm looking for a job," he said. "We all heard it, but its origin was not immediately apparent. The cashier continued counting dirty bills. Mr. Harvey, the teller, glanced at the cashier and returned to his books. Tom, who was 'on the ledger,' panned with a check in his fingers and his pen on the line, took one swift look in the direction of the sound, evidently saw nothing, and proceeded to enter the check. The rest of us were engaged with mercifully unmerciful checks and seemingly endless columns, and did not even pause. The cashier had informed us that if we wanted anything to eat that night before we went in, we had better 'hit it up pretty lively.' "Mister, I say I'm looking for a job."

"This time we all stopped, supper or no supper. The cashier looked up and beheld a small boy, not over washed, villainously red-headed, and, judging from the age of his face, stunted in his growth. His eyes did not reach the level of the counter. It was after four and the doors had been looked for an hour. He must have arrived via the window. "I'd like to run your errands," he elucidated pleasantly.

"We have no place for you," said the cashier shortly, and in a tone which made further conversation on the subject ludicrous. The boy retreated to the window and sat down on the sill. At five he was still there. He didn't even whistle. He simply stayed with us, his eyes roving around the bank and taking stock, as it were. At six he had not departed. We were working furiously. Tom had a ten cent difference and was growing gray hunting for it. I was some hundred and fifty odd dollars out, and was rapidly losing my reason. Jim hadn't his checks even entered yet, and was apparently going to sleep standing. Art had his balance, and from the top of a stool was yawning, and between gasping and yawning at my vocabulary and egging me on. By seven we were all waiting for Jim. He had his footings, he said, and thought he had a difference, but wasn't sure how much. At this brilliant announcement Tom took Jim's books and straightened things out. By that time it was seven thirty, and I for one was limping with hunger.

Fortunately the cash was two dollars over, and we closed up for the night. As the cashier philosophically observed, if the bank was ahead two dollars there'd be no trouble finding out who was short. As we turned out the lights and shut the shutters we came upon the boy still sitting in the window. Tom asked him who he was, and he said his name was Bob. He gave no sign of needing sympathy expressed in either words or cash. Rather he gave one the impression of being excellently well able to care for himself. He left the bank with us, and we separated in a wild rush for something to eat.

"I was the first to reach the bank next morning, but Bob was waiting on the steps outside. He came in with me, helped me open the windows, and would have accompanied me inside the cage had I not remonstrated. I was not sure whether he thought he belonged to the bank or the bank belonged to him, but it was one of the two. He took the rebuttal, however, with a resigned philosophy, and seated himself as before in the open window. When Tom arrived he stopped short on seeing the boy. "Well, kid, been here all night?" he asked pleasantly. "Yep," replied Bob. "Where?" asked Tom at this startling announcement. "Out front," replied the boy. "You didn't sleep on the steps?" "Yep." "Had any breakfast?" "Nope."

"The doze! Have anything to eat last night?" "Nope." "Why the devil—you must be near starved." "You're dead right," said Bob. Tom hurriedly brought out a quarter and gave it to him, telling him to go across the street and fill up. The boy obeyed without wasting any time, and Tom came inside. "Did you hear what that kid said?" he asked me. "How about his sleeping on those stone steps without anything to eat? It makes me cold inside to think of it." The cashier and Mr. Harvey had both arrived when Bob returned. Tom related the conversation, and the cashier spoke not unkindly to the boy. "What are you doing around here," he said. "Lookin' for a job, sir," said Bob solemnly. "But I told you we had no place for you," said the cashier. "Well, I thought I'd just hang around an' see if somethin' didn't turn up," he replied. He seated himself in the window and proceeded to "hang around". His first official recognition came about ten o'clock, when the cashier gave him a slight draft to take around to Jim Clark for acceptance. "Get him to write his name on the face of it," he explained, as Bob left. Twelve o'clock came and he had not returned. "Takes that boy a good while to go round the corner and back," observed the cashier. "I didn't like his looks first time I saw him," said Harvey. "He looked sort of slow to me."

It may be stated here as well as elsewhere that Harvey's intellect has never been known to produce an original idea. Certainly he has never expressed one. Inside the bank he is the cashier's "me-too" in all things, however great or small. Outside he fills a like position for any one he chances to meet. Harvey is loosely put together, and walks from his knees, as though he feared a good fall swing might shake a leg off. Now it is a singular fact, but I have never known a man who walked from his knees who amounted to a row of brass tacks with the heads off. Harvey's parents have never ceased the habit of calling him "Sammy," and either he has conscientiously lived down to the name, or the name has conscientiously lived down to him. Every night after hours he rides his wheel slowly and gingerly a given distance for exercise, but always declines invitations to drive, because he never feels comfortable with a horse; they are such uncertain creatures. He has like views of sail boats. He is one of the bright, particular stars in the firmament of the Baptist church, and in his own opinion and that of the Rev. Mr. Squire he holds a gilt edged first mortgage on a mansion in the skies, taxes and special assessments paid. However, to give the angel his due, he is a fair accountant and draws a good salary, which goes to show that in this perverse generation of vipers it isn't always the man who commands the money. I, for instance, was getting only about half as much as Harvey.

At 12:30 the telephone bell had an unusually violent spasm, and I answered the call. Jim Clark requested, in no vacillating spirit, that we call off our dog. For a moment I thought Mr. Clark was suddenly gone insane, and I was rapidly formulating plans to hold his attention while I sent for Williams, the constable, who I remembered Bob. "There's a boy over here with a draft," pursued Mr. Clark; "says he's from the bank. I don't owe the money, and I won't accept the thing, an' he says he'll stay with me till I write my name on the face. Says you people told him to. Send somebody over here an' get him will you?" I had to go over and bring Bob back, as he declined to be "called off" by means of the phone. He told Mr. Clark he wasn't that easy. Everybody in our town knows everybody else—at least by sight; and previous to his advent at the bank Bob had not been one of the population. Whence he came he declined to state, simply saying he "came in a box car."

Aside from what we dubbed his "barrot patch," he was by no means brilliant, or otherwise attractive; in fact, he was distinctly the opposite. But for deadly tenacity of purpose, as Tom remarked, "he'd beat the prize bull terrier in a bench show." So far as we could learn he had made no other endeavor to get a place. He came to us first by chance; he liked our looks, and he stayed with us like a Vera Cruz flea. After his encounter with Mr. Clark he considered himself a regularly constituted member of the bank force, and wore a constant and extensive smile, which varied only in degree, and at times threatened to engulf his countenance. The cashier surmised at discretion, and gave him a dollar, telling him to make it last till Saturday. This he apparently did, for he never admitted being hungry from that time forth. That evening Jim and I hunted up Tony, the combination janitor and watchman, who slept in the bank, and arranged that Bob should bank with him. Bob took kindly to the arrangement, and Tony was glad enough to have his company at night and help in cleaning up the bank after hours. His weekly wages were fixed at two dollars by Mr. Martin, and when Bob was handed the money on Saturday he nearly burst with pride over his affluence. Where he got his meals at this time we did not know; probably at some cheap restaurant. Subsequently he was more or less adopted by Tony and his wife. To say that he made himself indispensable would be stating plain, unvarnished truth. Jim and I early agreed that if Bob was "fired" we'd have to resign, or, what was equivalent, interview the directors with a view to a raise. Up to his advent the running of the bank's errands had devolved upon us, and we were loath to return to any such arrangement. Also as Bob lived at the bank he always had the windows open and the place ready for business when we arrived. This gave us an additional five minutes in bed each morning, and during the winter this is not a thing to be despised. The bliss of waking up in a room where you can see your breath, and are morally certain your water pitcher is frozen over, even when it isn't, of looking at your watch and finding that you have seven whole minutes more! Champagne is not like it.

However, Bob had been with us nearly a year, and had, as I say, made himself indispensable to Jim and me before he succeeded in attaching himself to the bank as one of the permanent fixtures. After the events I am about to relate the directors would have put up with the loss of the cashier, or Harvey, or even me, before they would have let Bob go. He's with us yet, and will be till either he or the bank goes up.

Our bank is the only institution of the kind in the vicinity. North one must go six miles, south twenty miles, and west twenty miles to find another place of deposit, and to make the east is the Atlantic ocean. This being so, the bank is unusually prosperous for a country institution, paying regular dividends of twelve and thirteen per cent. to its stockholders. It is run conservatively, and is as sound and safe as United States 4's—almost.

Our trouble began with the failure of the Tidewater Trust Company of New York. This bank was our city correspondent, and with it, we had on deposit some \$40,000, drawing a low interest and available immediately in time of need. This amount was nearly four-fifths of our ready cash to meet the demands of depositors. The bulk of our deposits was, of course, invested in short time paper not available until maturity—and not always then—and some of the assets was in the form of real estate, convertible except at a heavy loss. There was something like \$10,000 cash actually in the bank to meet \$200,000 worth of deposits, and the day when the New York papers announced the failure of the Tidewater bank the beginning of the only run our bank has ever experienced. That it stood the strain was due only to Bob.

Fortunately the knowledge that we were badly caught in the Tidewater failure did not become generally known until after noon, and the \$10,000 held out till we could close the bank doors at three. I was dimly doing my work that night, wondering where I could get another place if the bank went under, when I became aware of Bob at my elbow. He looked more doleful than I felt. "Oh cheer up," I said; "it may not be true. You look as though you'd just been measured by the undertaker." He looked at me solemnly, as though not certain of my sanity. "We'll pull through yet," I said. "Huh," he grunted; "I ain't worryin' none about the bank. Mr. Martin'll tend to the bank all right."

The cashier was his God, and before him only bowed down. "You don't see me dad this afternoon," he added dismally. "Well that's good," I said; "bring him around and introduce him. If he's anything like you, though, tell him not to make a long call." I added, "It is never well to let a boy get the idea he is indispensable, even when he is." Bob continued, ignoring my levity. "Wonder how he fellered me clean here. Thought I'd shook him for keeps. I bet he ain't bummin' round here for no good, neither."

"You unfilial little barbarian," I said. "You don't seem ironclad with smiles at the advent of your long lost parent." "Think you're funny about me, Eh?" said Bob, and left me, and I promptly forgot his dad. There was a convocation of directors in the bank parlors that afternoon, which immediately converted itself into a committee of the whole on ways and means. Mr. Martin had sent off telegrams to half a dozen of the nearest banks asking for assistance and offering to deposit bonds as security. Ten thousand dollars was obtained from the Beach Grove Banking Company, and came in on the last train south that evening. The only other bank able to help was the Longford First National, which offered \$20,000 if we would come and get it. The last train to the west was gone, and there was no train back that night.

Longford is twelve miles west of our town over bad roads. If we could get this \$20,000, the cashier believed it would tide us over and restore confidence in our ability to pay dollar for dollar. If we did not get it the bank must close its doors by twelve next day almost to a certainty. Some one must drive across to Longford with the bonds and return with the money before the end of the day. Our part of the country is as safe as another; but under the circumstances, when the composite eye of the community was centered upon the bank, it would be impossible for one of the bank force to leave town without the object of his mission being immediately surmised. And in our town it is a common saying that a dollar will look to some folks as big as a ten dollar. So it was not a hilarious party which drove west late that evening. There was too much at stake.

We had a two seated buckboard and a good team. The cashier and I sat behind, with the bonds in a valise between us. When we were ready to start, Bob climbed up beside the driver on the front seat. "Here, Bob," said Mr. Martin sharply, "we can't take you." "I got to go," said Bob simply, and he went. Mr. Martin may have realized that since he had decided to go it would be impossible to leave him behind. He would have materialized at Longford from some impossible part of the vehicle as sure as we had tried it.

"He didn't see me," said the cashier. "I had one. The other one of the four always kept in the bank could not be found when we were ready to start. However, we didn't use those we had. We reached Longford in good time, and drove directly to the bank. The cashier had been advised of our coming by telegram, and was waiting for us, with another grin. "I just walked in on 'em while they were pryin' the satchel open, an' I says, 'Put up your hands, dad, I got you, an' instead o' puttin' up the way the books says they does, he pulled a revolver an' shot me. But say, I fired 'bout the same time, an' knocked his revolver all to chunks. Gee, it was great!" He stopped again from sheer weakness. Then he looked up at Martin on his knees beside him and said: "Next time I'm goin' to drive, Mr. Martin. If that blame driver had cut the horses like I told him to we'd 'a come through all right."

"Very well, Bob," said Martin, and I think he meant it. "There was 'n't two o' 'em," continued Bob, "an' the other one was scared cold, so I just gave him one to pick up the satchel an' march an' he didn't wait for the count neither. An' dad knew when he was licked, too. That's him now, ain't it?" He was bleeding to death, and I thought the doctor would never come. It seemed pretty tough luck after what he'd done. His parents was lying on his back, cursing like an Irish gattling gun, and when I got to the point where I had to do something or make a fool of myself I hunted up Williams, and we kicked them both on to their feet and put them in the lockup. When I got back the doctor was making his examination. It was a solemn crowd that stood around and watched him. Bob was the only cheerful one in the lot. Fortunately the bullet had gone clear through, so that there was no probing to do. When the last bandage was fixed, Bob tried to get up again, but had to be held down while Doc Richards explained to him that he would probably bleed to death if he didn't lie still. Then we put him on an improvised stretcher and took him up to Martin's. I waylaid the doctor.

"Will he get well?" I asked. "Yes," said the doctor, "I think so. He lost a lot of blood, but he's pretty tough, and with Mrs. Martin and the girls to nurse him he'll be around before long." I waited till I got one block from the house, and then turned loose one long uproarious yell, and doubled for the bank with the news. "Well say," said Tom, "isn't that kid about twenty-four carats fine, though? Lay on MacDuff! He'll be president of a bank while we're still footing columns. You see if he isn't!" "I always did think that boy had something in him," said Harvey. "He sort of looked like to me first time I saw him." —By Frederick Walworth in McClure's Magazine for July.

Street Tree Planting. In a former issue of Forest Leaves an article appeared on the proper trees for street planting. The late Wm. Saunders described the qualities of a good curbstone tree as follows: 1. A compact stateliness and symmetry of general form or outline as distinguished from a spreading or pendant form, so that the stem can be relieved of side-branches to a height sufficient to allow the free circulation of air below the branches and also that they may not interfere with the comfortable use of the sidewalks and trees. 2. An ample supply of expansive foliage of bright early spring verdure, and a varied in the colors and tints assumed during autumn. 3. Healthiness, so far as being exempt from constitutional disease, and ability to withstand the many evils which city trees have to encounter, such as reflected heat from buildings, short supplies, at times, of water, and the some of soil. 4. Cleanliness, characterized by a persistence of foliage during the summer, freedom from fading flowers, and exemption from the attacks of insects. 5. It should bear removal and transplanting without difficulty; not be able to throw up suckers from the roots; of vigorous, but not excessive growth. A tree of extremely rapid growth is generally short lived. 6. The branches should be elastic rather than brittle, that they may withstand heavy storms and twisting gales, which are more prevalent in cities than happens in seemingly more exposed situations.

The City of Washington, D. C. has made a study of street trees and the following are in regard to the results obtained from different species will be of interest: Washington was a city of young trees during the seventies, and in the spring of 1873 more than 6000 trees were planted, consisting of silver maples, Norway maples, American maples, American and European lindens, sugar maples, tulip trees, American white ash, scarlet maples, poplars, and ash-leaved maples. From 1880 to 1888 the caterpillars were extremely numerous in the city, and opportunity was had for observing which trees were mostly a prey to them. It was found that the white poplar and the negundo or ash-leaved maple were the most attacked, and next the lindens, elms, and sycamores (or western planes) and white ash. Those mostly exempt were the Carolina poplars, the sugar, silver and Norway maples, the tulip trees and honey locusts.

A careful count of the trees was made in 1887, and by comparing this with the number of trees since planted and those removed, there is found to be more than 77,000 trees, which, if placed 30 feet apart, would line both sides of a boulevard between Washington and New York. These consist of more than 30 varieties, but seven-eighths of the number may be placed in less than twelve varieties. The number and peculiarities of the principal trees may be described separately. It cannot attempt to list all the trees, but a few of the most interesting are mentioned. The silver maple (Acer dasycarpum) a number about 25,000. It is almost a perfect street tree, as it stands transplanting well, is quite a rapid grower, and has beautiful foliage, which is never too heavy to allow free circulation of air. It loves moisture, but, nevertheless, stands seasons of drought better than many others. It cannot attempt to list all the trees, but a few of the most interesting are mentioned. The silver maple (Acer dasycarpum) a number about 25,000. It is almost a perfect street tree, as it stands transplanting well, is quite a rapid grower, and has beautiful foliage, which is never too heavy to allow free circulation of air. It loves moisture, but, nevertheless, stands seasons of drought better than many others. It cannot attempt to list all the trees, but a few of the most interesting are mentioned.

The Norway maple (Acer platanoides) numbers about 5000 trees, and it is unfortunately that more of them were not planted in past years. They require considerable care in transplanting, and are a little too thick in foliage. They are handsome in leaves and autumn and are strong of fibre, so that they withstand storms well. Insects seldom trouble them. The American elm (Ulmus americana) numbers about 6000 trees, planted on various avenues. It is a tree of spreading form so that on roadways 50 feet wide its limbs arch the entire space. From this it is liable to be split by storms. It presents a magnificent appearance at certain times of the year, but the elm-leaf beetle has preyed so constantly on this tree that it is either doomed to disappear as a street tree, or else be limited to a small number. The buttonwood sycamore or plane tree, (Platanus orientalis or occidentalis) numbers 5000 trees. It is a tree of large growth and must be closely trimmed as a street tree. The western plane is not an altogether handsome tree, its shedding of bark giving it an ugly appearance, which is objected to by many. As a shade producer it has no fault. The eastern plane is its superior in many respects, and it seems unfortunate that its merits were not recognized sooner. Its size and nature make it better fitted for avenues than the narrow streets. Its foliage is splendid in appearance, and of proper thickness. It is free of insects. The American linden (Tilia americana) numbers 5000. In early summer they are at their best, when their flowers fill the street with their fragrance. They need ample space, and are apt to suffer from the drought. They seem to have been planted to little in late years. The tulip tree (Liriodendron tulipifera) numbers nearly 2000. It can hardly be considered a good curbstone tree, as it requires good conditions for its development. It is fine in appearance, and does well with wide parkings. The Carolina poplar (Populus monilifera) numbers about 6000, and was probably planted on account of its rapid growth. It is a good curbstone tree in many respects— is assertive, free of insects, and is of good foliage. Its bad qualities are, brittle limbs which are always broken by storms, and a persistence of root growth that is fatal to sidewalks. Money considerations have doomed them, and they are being replaced with more desirable trees.

The aspens poplar (Populus alab and ash-leaved maple (Acer negundo), numbers about 2000, although of good foliage have been condemned as street trees, on account of their liability to attacks of insects. The ginkgo or maidenhair tree, although few in number here, has been found to be a good curbstone tree. The pin oak has shown itself an ideal tree for an avenue or wide-parked street. Horse chestnut trees have grown with some little success, but cannot be called a good street tree. The sugar maple, although a queen among trees, needs too good care for an ideal street tree. No success has been had with it, although it may be said that attempts have not been persistent. The red oak, planted where it is surrounded by good conditions, has been a great success. If required to arrange a list of trees in this city in the order of their merits, and in the light of what has been here shown, the silver maple, Norway maple and eastern plane would be placed side by side in the first rank. Then the ginkgo and western plane; and last, those that require extra care, and are well fitted for wide parkings—the American linden, the oak, and the sugar maple.

The proper distance to space trees depend on the locality and variety. Too close planting was done during the first year of the commission, the distance along the curb being from 20 to 25 feet. From 30 to 45 feet is now considered a better limit. The trimming of trees is a bone of contention among authorities, as to time, manner and extent. It is certain, however, that some city trees must be trimmed and trimmed severely, if they are expected to last long.

Fatalities in Soft Coal Mines Made 184 Widows. In Addition the Production of Bituminous Coal During the Year Made 412 Orphans. James B. Roderick, chief of the bureau of mines and mining, who is at Johnston, investigating the cause of the explosion in the "Klondyke" soft coal mine, furnishes these facts and figures relative to the bituminous district in his report for 1901: In the production of bituminous coal 301 persons lost their lives and 659 were injured, an increase for the year of 39 in the fatal and 64 in the non-fatal accidents. The number of wives made widows by these fatalities in the anthracite and bituminous mines were 184 and the orphans numbered 412.

Of the fatal accidents that occurred in and about the bituminous mines, 290, or 96.30 per cent., were underground, and 11, or 3.66 per cent., on the surface; 72 per cent. of this number were miners or their helpers. By comparing the reports of the anthracite inspectors, it can be seen that they show nearly the same percentage of fatalities in proportion to the number employed, while it is quite different in the bituminous districts, as several of them have very few accidents, and some of them will compare favorably with any inspection district in this or any other country. Mr. Roderick does not favor the use of electricity in mines, and says that in gaseous mines electric cutting machines or electric motors should never be permitted in use, as otherwise sooner or later they will be the cause of a great catastrophe.

The number of persons employed in and about the bituminous mines was 117,602, an increase of 55.84 over the previous year; of these 95,562 were employed inside and 22,040 on the surface. Regarding inspections during the year Mr. Roderick says: The inspectors report the mines generally in good condition as to ventilation, drainage, etc., an could be expected. They all report some exceptions, but the mines that are not up to the standard are old mines that are being "robbed" preparatory to being abandoned, and small operations that do not generate explosive gas.

Capt. Hobson Rescues a Girl From Drowning. Silly Girl Jumps Into River Just to Be Rescued By the Hero of the Merrimac. Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson, hero of the Merrimac, who lectured at Mt. Gretna last week, rescues Miss May Ceryn Louisa from drowning in the Mississippi river near the Chautauque grounds at Piasa, Ill., recently. Miss Ceryn, standing on the deck of a yacht while the naval officer was swimming, called to him: "If I should fall overboard would you rescue me?" "If I should fall overboard would you rescue me?" replied Hobson laughing. There was a splash in the water. A cloud of filmy skirts floated a moment on the water and then sank. For several seconds a sailor had glimmered above the waves and a pair of round arms splashed desperately against the tide. Captain Hobson started with long strokes to swim the distance of nearly a hundred feet to the yacht's side. Albro Giberson, of Eliza, Ill., Hobson's only companion in swimming, swam after the girl also. The river was swollen by recent rains. At the same moment both swimmers reached the place where the last glimpse of the white hat was seen. From the yacht's deck frantic men and women shouted. Hands were pointed down the stream. Captain Hobson, turning with the tide, floated by the yacht's side, peering all the while into the muddy water for the girl. Suddenly he dived, and in a few moments came to the surface with his left arm around the shoulders of Miss Ceryn. She struggled desperately, and it was hard for him to keep her head above water until his companion came to his assistance. Even then the weight of her clothing made the task of rescuing her very difficult for the two men, battling with a strong current. The yacht came to their rescue and eager hands outstretched from the boat assisted them on board. Miss Ceryn was nearly unconscious. Captain Hobson was thoroughly exhausted from his exertions. Miss Ceryn soon recovered.

Hon. William Jennings Bryan the Principal Speaker. The New England Democratic league has issued a circular letter concerning the banquet that was given at Nantuxet Beach, July 24. The letter says that Hon. William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska; Hon. Edward M. Shepard, of New York; Senator Edward W. Carmack, of Tennessee; and Senator Joseph W. Bailey, of Texas, will speak. Hon. F. A. Collins, mayor of Boston will preside. The meeting will mark the opening of the congressional campaign in New England.

The highest mountains in Cuba reach greater heights than any peak in the eastern ranges of the United States.