

Hearts Courageous

HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES

Copyright, 1922, by THE BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY

She saw standing on the committee appointed to carry out Henry's resolution to arm the colony—greatest marvel of all—the very men who had cried out against it, Mr. Pendleton, Colonel Harrison, Colonel Bland.

At that moment a vast army began forming. From those walls in which later Benedict Arnold was to quarter his British marauders the message flew that day. One by one the battalions gathered, strong, but invisible. They were not called by drum or trumpet. They had no camp nor field nor garrison. But at plow, in shop or in chamber the recruits silently answered the summons and stood ready.

It had been the hour and the man. The hour had started the initial impulse of the Revolution, and the man was Patrick Henry.

CHAPTER XIX.

"SHUT the door!" the earl commanded.

Foy did so and returned to his seat across from the governor in the arras walled council chamber at the palace. He sent a snaky look at Armand, who sat at ease in egg-blue satin and lace, attired for the evening's rout. And the look was malevolent.

Lord Dunmore's face this night focused slow hate, and he sat hunched in his chair. "Has Conolly come from the ship yet, Foy?" he asked.

The other shook his head.

"Hell's tooth!" raved the earl, leaping from his seat and striding up and down. "I'll show them! Tomorrow they shall whistle for their powder! There are the Indians still, and then the slaves. If I have to raise the plantations, I'll bring these sniveling rebels to their knees! Freedom, forsooth! 'Tis the king's hand rules, and my hand for the king's in the Virginia's!"

He paused in front of Armand and beat the table with his fist.

"And the slipperiest of them all you shall snare us, my fine marquis. 'Tis Patrick Henry! Haunch of a basted swine! A nice picture his tongue licks up for a clod! He is in Williamsburg tonight, and he shall not leave it till he sails for London and a gallows tree!" He strode off again in a rage, his face working like a Satan's.

At last he left off. "Give him his orders, Foy," he said quickly.

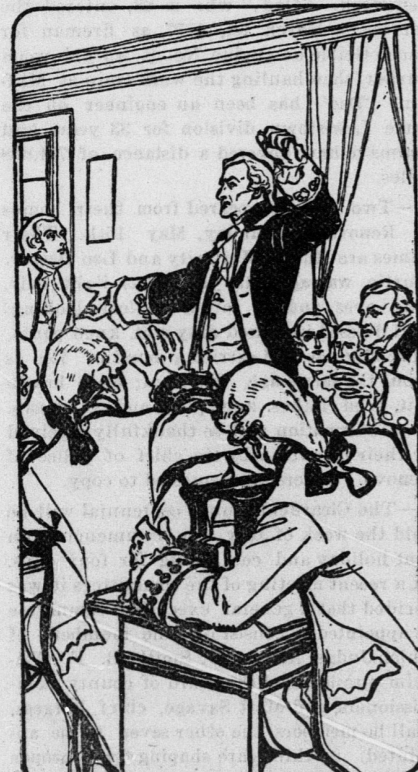
Foy leaned forward, chin in palm, and spoke.

"You will write a message now to Henry which I shall dictate. It will state that you are in receipt of news from France affecting the colonies and desire his immediate presence at a place which I shall name. You shall go thither to await Henry and detain him there till my own arrival with an armed file. Do I make myself clear?"

The young foreigner waved his embroidered arm lightly. "I beg to remind his excellency of our bargain."

The governor faced around with something like a snarl and sat down heavily.

"It was to write certain letters to De Vergennes, King Louis' minister, and to Beaumarchais—letters in the hand of the Marquis de la Trouerie, signed with his signature and seal. These have been written. They have said of the situation in this colony only what you would have them say, have they not? And you have sent them. Is it not so?"



"As for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

The earl narrowed his eyes.

"I have done your excellency's bidding. You are not satisfied. Very good, monsieur. We turn the page then."

"Ho!" said Foy. "'Tis not as difficult for a nobleman to get money, eh, Master Clerk? What fine colonial bird have you plucked now? I' faith, a nice swagger of a sudden! Marry! Art going to wed with a plantation then?"

Lord Dunmore snorted and threw himself forward in his chair.

"Nay!" he shouted. "The bargain ends not here, my lily livered poacher! Letters, haith, when there is open rebellion? Small need I have for pen or paper now! 'Tis neck twisting I am for,

and you shall aid me with a bait for that stubborn rump Henry!"

Foy drew forward pen and paper. "Will you write?" he asked.

"No," said Armand composedly.

His lordship's face, from livid, turned a volcanic purple.

"Your excellency," went on the young man, "will recall my social position. Spy? Betray? Surely not, messieurs!" He moved his hand as though dismissing an indiscreet pleasanter.

The earl bit off an oath with head thrust forward. His jaw dropped like a lion lapping blood.

Armand had risen. "I shall see you tonight amid the ladies, monsieur?" he asked of Foy. "A very good night to your excellency."

"I shall be eager to carry out any plans your excellency may be pleased to favor," said Foy as the door closed.

The Apollo room that evening was a blaze of splendor. It was the last dance of the old regime. All knew the nearness of the cloud. All heard the rumble of the storm. But courtesy in Virginia was as the grain in wood. There it was not until the last that Tories had perforce to leave the colony; when all who were not Tories turned Democrats and went into the Revolutionary armies; when gentlemen took the field and their ladies toiled at home with lint or homespun.

Now, though the bolt was speeding, until it fell Tory and Whig met and danced in tavern and in hall. Smile and bow changed not a whit. Sparkle was over all.

But it was only a shell of gayety. The core was a volcano.

In the outer hall of the Raleigh, behind the shifting throng of gallants at the door of the Apollo room, Jarrat looked across a minut and in glimpses caught between the stately moving figures he saw Anne.

Never had she seemed so beautiful, her head golden misted in the light, her long, fringing lashes shading the dusky blue of her eyes. She stood, full veined, exultant, under the white candles, her dress dove colored, flowered in large trees, with cherry tinted stays trimmed in blue and silver. On her hair, drawn high, sat a wiblike capuchin.

Jarrat's face sprang scarlet—a helpless, helpless rage of bitter longing. With him it was moth and flame, and the wing singeing had become a joy of torture.

The Marquis de la Trouerie passed into the assembly. Gallants crowded to greet him. Brooke fawned upon his hand. He became a sun with a train of lesser satellites. He moved leisurely through the throng, answering the shafts of the wits, bowing to plump Mrs. Byrd among the dowagers, approaching the end of the room, where Anne, beside Colonel Tiltotson's soldierly black, held her constant court, gilded by the effulgence which the open worship of the favorite of fashion had thrown upon her.

Very lovely she looked to Breckinridge Cary, just arrived on a visit from Lancaster. He watched her from where he chatted with Byrd, whom he had just seen in Covent Garden shortly before he left England for home. He had known her from a child at Gladden Hall. The old world, he thought, could never have bred her; she was fruit of the new, of its fire and full blood, its daring, its pride and prodigality, born of its dewy valleys and its untouched, cavernous forests, a thing that must have withered in the heavy air of London.

"Yonder comes our glass of fashion, Mr. Cary," boasted Brooke, joining them. "Ah, you can always tell your real nobleman! What a waistcoat!" he simpered, ogling it rapturously. "Demme if Master Coolbaugh shall not cut me one like it!"

Cary looked with a flash of recognition that broadened into a stare of amazement. He saw a figure incased splendidly in satin, with rare point dropping from the sleeves, jewels gleaming from the ruffles, a sword hilt on which blood rubies burned, a breast sparkling with a bediamonded order.

"The marquis is late," Brooke added. "The marquis?" Cary's eyes opened wide.

"That," said Byrd, "is the Marquis de la Trouerie."

Cary bent closer. There could be no mistake. No mistake! And all Williamsburg deceived! The circle of beads parted, rolled back at the newcomer's approach, and Anne's face lifted itself, startled and joyful, a one look which told it all to Cary, flashlike. Oh, the pity of it!

Jarrat in his red coat saw, too, from the hall—saw her smiling, but not to his words, glowing, but not for him, and evil crept into his face till every feature seemed a sin.

"Sweet Sir Lobster!" said a lackadaisical voice behind him. "Peaceful as ever I see, and with uniform all unsullied. I' faith, I warrant no redskin might outstrip you on the far Scioto."

"Not now, Master Freneau," said Jarrat, breathing heavily. "Not now! Tonight I am occupied."

"Alas! Poor Scarlett! Is it not a raree show? Mayhap 'twill inspire me to an ode. Shall I sing a Trouerie carol in honor of the lists of love? See! To be gazed at so—is it not worth a prince's ransom? Oh, adorable!"

He paused, his mocking black eyes

on the other's smoldering face. "Behold the discomfited!" he went on. "Think you Mistress Tiltotson has caught for the spruce coxcombs with diamond shoe buckles and a macaroon elbow for snuff taking? Nay, nay! Nor for a king's spy with a rusted sword!"

Jarrat for once had no retort. The outer door opened, and Foy and three soldiers in his majesty's uniform entered. Foy carried a folded paper.

The four entered the inner door and stepped on to the crowded floor together. Freneau and Jarrat both pressed after the former in eager curiosity and the latter to slip into the background.

Anne stood with the marquis, her fingers on his arm, awaiting a minut. The fiddles were weaving the first meshes of the tune. She felt his arm suddenly tighten, his clasp take closer hold.

"What is it?" she asked. There was a bustle at the lower end of the room. He looked down at her. Something in his voice smote her. "Remember what you said to me at Greenway Court—what you said when we stood under the pines by Gladden Hall. If I should come to be mean and low and dishonorable before the world?"

"Look!" she cried. "They come this way. What can they want?"

"Listen—low before the world, but still loving—still loving you!"

An indefinable tremor came to her. The dancers were beginning to stop. Colonel Tiltotson had turned his head.

Foy, followed by the soldiers, had paused in front of them and was pointing to Armand. "Take him!" said he.

The fiddles broke off with a screech. The whole floor was stricken suddenly hushed, suddenly motionless. Anne could hear in Foy's throat his hoarse, savage breathing as the soldiers stepped forward. The assembly gasped, thunderstruck.

Then instantly there was an uproar. "Stop!" they insisted. A dozen dress swords, among them Freneau's, came out clicking. The ladies shrank, the gentlemen came up furious, muttering curses against the royal governor.

"What is the meaning of this outrage, sir?" Colonel Tiltotson stood tall and threatening. "By what right lay you hands upon the person of the marquis?"

"The marquis!" said Foy. "I want no marquis. This is no more marquis than I am. I have here a warrant signed by the royal governor of Virginia for the seizure of the person of one Louis Armand, calling himself the Marquis de la Trouerie, swindler, impostor and conspirator against the peace of his majesty's colony. A fine sport he has made of you, ladies and gentlemen! Will you come hence peaceably," to Armand, "or shall I have you dragged?"

The hearers wavered. Mrs. Byrd had fixed her eyes on Anne's face, and in them was a tiny, feline glitter. Anne's arms were clasped about Armand's head, and a spot of indignant red burned either cheek.

"Oh, infamous!" she said clearly. "This is a lie!"

"Sir," asked Colonel Tiltotson of Armand, his tone halting, "will you answer this?"

The young Frenchman's eyes were on Anne with a look ineffably tender, struggling with a sudden anguished shadow. White lines had fallen around his lips.

"Colonel Tiltotson—gentlemen," said Foy, "there is not a particle of doubt, though the rascal has been clever enough to deceive even his excellency. Lack of proof has prevented his earlier exposure. This man crossed on the same ship as the nobleman he represents himself to be. The passengers of the vessel knew him in his true character."

"'Twas the Two Sisters," Anne declared. Her eyes sought out Cary. "Why—why—your eyes on that ship! You left her in Hampton Roads. You must know. Tell him he lies!" Her tone was certain and defiant.

Cary's lips twitched. He looked at Armand, where he stood straight and quiet, his eyes on Anne's, and he seemed again to see that little form hurling itself against the brutal mate of the ship for the hurt of an outcast woman's heart. He struggled against a wish to cry out that the matter was not his business and fly. He dared not look at Anne, knowing what he must see there when he spoke.

"Mr. Cary was on the ship?" asked Foy distinctly.

Anne drew a long breath, and a pallor suddenly struck her face. But she bent forward and laid her hand on Cary's arm.

"Answer!" she bade him. "Who is he?"

Cary raised his hand. "He is a gentleman, and he is a brave man. Beyond I ask not!"

"Is he the Marquis de la Trouerie?" Anne's voice was clear and firm.

"He was my friend!" cried Cary.

"Is he the Marquis de la Trouerie?" Cary's look turned to her. He saw the grayness in her cheek and the brave light in her eyes burned his heart cold. He looked from side to side—at the sneering laugh of Foy, at the calm, stern evenness of Colonel Tiltotson, at Anne's face, now grown deadly white.

"Is he the Marquis de la Trouerie?" "Answer, my friend," said Armand.

Cary's voice was husky as he spoke. "He is the marquis's secretary," said he.

The men standing nearest drew away from Armand at this. Anne had given a flinching start as if smitten by the flying terror of a bullet. It seemed to her that present, future, dreams, reality, heaven, earth, eternity, were all slipping away from her. Armand touched her hand gently, his face torn with conflict.

"You told me—if the man you loved"—The words failed.

She raised her great eyes to his. "Are you the Marquis de la Trouerie?"

A whitening pain had conquered his face.

"You told me—if the man you loved"—The words failed.

She raised her great eyes to his. "Are you the Marquis de la Trouerie?"

A whitening pain had conquered his face.

(Continued next week.)

HAND IN HAND.

When spring was young and life was new,
Love was our only friend and guide;
Sweet were the bowers he led us through,
And sweet our going side by side.

Then summer came, a golden flood,
And still we followed hand in hand;
Love was the music in our blood,
And love the glory of the land.

Rich autumn fell and winter drove
The fruitfulness from the air;
But wrapped in warm, soft robes of love,
What recked we if the world was bare?

So round again we came to spring,
Strong for another year's embrace;
The birds are whist to hear us sing,
The sun is dazzled by our eyes.

For, hand in hand, where'er we go,
Earth under foot and heaven above,
Love is the only life we know,
And every breath we breathe is love.

—Maurice Thompson.

Hamilton Shot 100 Years Ago.

Tribute to His Memory on the Weehawken Duelling Ground.

Weehawken residents have just taken steps for an observance of the hundredth anniversary of the duel between Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr, and, according to the New York Sun, the ceremony, which the Weehawken promoters planned as a purely local affair, may grow into a tribute of considerable magnitude to the memory of one of the most picturesque figures of the American Revolution.

There is no more picturesque or romantic spot in the vicinity of New York city than that in Kings Woods, on which the two great men met in mortal combat. Only a little clearing in the midst of a network of underbrush, and surrounded by the very trees through which the dueling parties passed, indicates the scene of the encounter.

The clearing was made by a body of public-spirited citizens, who in 1894 arranged a nineteenth anniversary celebration of the duel. Till then no one has given the historical site any attention.

These celebrants wrested from its setting of earth the stone which Hamilton is said to have rested his head after receiving his mortal wound, placed a very modest bust of Hamilton on it, cleared the ground around, and surrounded it all with an iron fence. An inscription on the face of the stone thus tells in brief the story of Hamilton's career and death.

1804 1804.

Upon this Stone Rested the Head of the PATRIOT, SOLDIER, STATESMAN AND JURIST.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON, After the Duel With AARON BURR, July 11, 1804.

Few make their way through the woods to the modest shrine. The iron railing which surrounds it is growing red with rust. Rank growth covers the ground, and the statue is more remarkable for its decay than for its beauty or size.

A few months ago some patriotic residents of the surrounding country set on foot a movement looking to the erection of a becoming shaft there. The State was solicited to aid, but the bill appropriating \$5,000 toward a \$10,000 fund failed of enactment at the recent session of the Legislature. It is proposed, however, at the approaching centennial exercises to set under way a movement that will arouse the sentiment of the State and result in a becoming decoration of the neglected spot.

Labrador.

Sparsely Populated—A Terrible Wilderness and Lonesome to Man and Beast.

The coast of Labrador is the edge of a vast solitude of rocky hills, split and blasted by the frost and beaten by waves of the Atlantic for unknown ages, writes John H. Stark, in the Boston Transcript. A grand headland, yellow, brown and black in its nakedness, is ever in sight, the north of you toward the south. Here and there upon them are strips and patches of pale green mosses, lean grasses and dwarf shrubbery. There are no forests except in Hamilton inlet. Occasionally miles of precipices front the sea in which fancy may roughly shape all the structures of human art. More frequent than headlands and often bald and tame, and then the perfection of all that is picturesque and rough. In the interior the blue hills and stony vales that wind up from among them from the sea have a summerlike and pleasant air. One finds himself still peopling these regions and dotting their hills, valleys and wild shores with human habitations, but a second thought, and a mournful one it is, tells that no man toll in the fields away there, no women keep the home off there, no children play by the brooks or shout around the country school house, no bees come home to the hive, no smoke curls from the farm house chimney, no orchard blooms, no bleating sheep flock the mountain side with whiteness and no heifer lows in the twilight. There is nobody there, there never will be, but miserable and scattered few, and there never will be. It is a great and terrible wilderness, thousand of miles in extent, and lonesome to the very wild animals and birds. Left to the still visitation of the light from the sun, moon and stars and the auroral fires, it is only fit to look upon and then be given over to its primitive solitudes. Even for the living things of its waters, the cod, salmon and seal, which brings thousands of fishermen to its waters and traders to its bleak shores, Labrador would be as desolate as Greenland. The time is now coming when with good steamship accommodations the invalid and tourist from the States will be found spending the brief, but lovely summer here, notwithstanding its ruggedness and desolation.

Right and Left Handed.

It is curious to notice the vagaries of humanity in cases where no hard and fast line has already been drawn. Although most right handed persons put on their coats left arm first, a considerable percentage thrust in the right first. Soldiers fire from the right shoulder, but sportsmen over to the left prefer the left. In working with a proportion of right handed men grasp the spade with the left hand and push with the left foot and right hand, though when using an ax the same individuals would grasp farthest down with the right.

She Knew Her Dad.

Smithers—Do you know anyone who has a horse to sell?
She—Yes; I suspect old Brown has.
Smithers—Why?
She—Well, papa sold him one yesterday.—London Punch.

PLEASANT FIELDS OF HOLY WRIT

Save for my daily range
Among the pleasant fields of Holy Writ,
I might despair.—Tennyson

THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON.

Second Quarter, Lesson IX, Mark X, 35-45
Sunday, May 29th, 1904.

THE PASSOVER.

All the singing pilgrim caravans had come to a halt with the high grace-note of the last "song of degrees." "Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem! Green booths and snowy tents dotted all the valleys and slopes around the city, and three million worshippers made ready for the morrow. Over two hundred thousand lambs had been purchased and marked for sacrifice, and all the details of the joyous festival were being attended to.

Jesus tarried yet in the sweet and restful seclusion of Bethany, but His disciples knew very well that He who had said, "Thus it becometh Me to fulfill all righteousness," would not ignore the great Pascha. The question was not if He would eat it, but where would He do so. Two of the disciples are at once commissioned to make the necessary preparations. They are sent with sealed orders, no doubt, to keep the traitor off their track. No one of the remaining ten could possibly divine the place until they arrived there in the evening. A man doing a woman's work (carrying water) would be novelty enough to serve them as a sign. Jesus bade the messengers ask for a lowly place, some hallway. He would fain make the circuit. As He spent His first night on earth in "lodging" so He would fain spend His last one. He knows beforehand, however, that His nameless but well-to-do disciple, John, Mark's father, perhaps, would give Him the best his stately manor affords.

The disciples are off at once with their errand. They find it as Jesus had said. The proprietor of the house gladly places at their disposal a spacious room, capable of holding a hundred or more. But they will not be asked to share it with other paschal parties. They shall have it in complete privacy. It is in the second story, which will add to their seclusion. Its walls have been freshly whitened, and tile-floor secured for this very occasion. The low, gayly-painted table is already in position, with the couches forming three sides of a table square about it. The hanging-lamps, dishes, basins, and water-jars, all are in position. The disciples view the place with grateful satisfaction, and then hurry out to make the necessary purchases—the wine, and cakes of unleavened bread; the vinegar, salt and bitter herbs; the nuts, raisins, apples and almonds to make the composition of the clay in the brick-makers' "Eggs"; and, most important of all, the year-old lamb. One of them carries the lamb on his shoulders, the sacrificial knife sticking in its fleece or tied to its horns. At two o'clock in the afternoon, at sound of trumpet-blast, with all others who had been similarly commissioned, they went into the inner court of the temple. As they blast they with thousands of others struck the death-blow to their victim while the priest caught the blood in a golden vessel, and passed it up to the high altar. As the disciples held the lamb upon a stick that rested upon their shoulders, it was quickly flayed. The parts devoted to God were separated; then, wrapping the victim in its own skin, they started for the house where they were to celebrate the feast. The carcass, trussed upon skewers of pomegranate in shape of a cross, was baked in the household oven.

At sundown, Jesus, with the Ten, approached the city, knowing well where He would find the waiting disciples and the supper-room. They enter, and the Master views the preparations with evident satisfaction. The first three stars are shining now, and the silver trumpets signal the feast to begin. Shame, shame! The unseemly dispute as to precedence breaks out once more as the disciples scramble for the most eligible places. Jesus rebukes them in an acted parable, performing for them the mental task of a soulerly fringed. Now the paschal banquet begins. The ritual is laid, the rubrics observed. The cup is passed with thanksgiving. Bitter herbs, dipped in vinegar, are eaten in remembrance of Egypt. The unleavened bread, with a bit of the roasted lamb upon it, is taken by each. Another cup is passed. There is the customary hand-washing. Jesus, as the symposium, disappears upon the significance of the feast. They break out in the joyous singing of the first part of the Hallel. (Psa. cxviii-cxv.) The third and last cup goes from hand to hand, and then sing the second part of the Hallel. (Psa. cxv-cxviii.)

At times through the feast, Jesus gives intimations, increasingly distinct, of His betrayal and betrayer. He suffers not His manner toward Judas to change. He probably let him take the chief place at the table. He certainly washed his feet and gave him his portion with His own hand. But the devil was in his heart, and the thirty pieces in his scrip. An incubus was lifted when the apostate left the table. All that remained of the paschal ritual was the blessing of praise with which it was always closed. They were all expecting it. The innovation could not but be noticed by those who had followed one program annually from the time when they were ten years old. Instead of lifting His hand in benediction, Jesus reached over to the dish of unleavened bread upon the table, and, taking up a piece, He rose from the mat, and blessed it, and, as He rose from one to another, He broke it, giving each a morsel, saying, "Take, eat; this is My body." Then He filled a cup, and again giving thanks, and passing it from one to another, He said, "This is My blood of the new covenant, which is shed for many for the remission of sins." Then followed His words of institution, "This do in remembrance of me."

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN

The anachronism of Leonard J. da Vinci's lovely and justly famous fresco of the Last Supper is obvious. He represents Jesus and the Twelve sitting, in Occidental style, at a modern extension-table. They did not sit at all, but reclined. It was this reclining which made it easy and natural for John to lay his head on Jesus' bosom, and for Peter and John to hold their sotto voce conversation without the traitor's observing them.

Perhaps we emphasize disproportionately the sadness of the Last Supper. Jesus, as host, would not allow the occasion to wholly lose its festive character. It was a gaily scene that the wall-trimmed lamp-shed upon. The fresh turbaned faces, crimson, and yellow, the animated blues, the table covered with damask and well supplied, make a study to delight a painter. The feast extended over several hours, and only the sombre incidents are recorded. There must have been much joyous converse as well.

The presence of Judas was the one ugly spot in the feast of love. Jesus, without

openly criminating him before the company, plainly announced that one of the Twelve would betray Him. He did this for their sakes, that they might know He was perfectly aware of His impending fate, and, not being at all surprised, voluntarily submitted to it. He did this for Judas' sake. It was His last appeal to the traitor. He gave Judas the chief place at the table, washed his feet, gave him his portion with his own hand, lovingly let him know he read his wicked heart, and only when it was clearly of no avail He had him do quickly his wicked deed.

No question but that this upper room, forever endeared to the hearts of his apostles (and probably the property of a disciple), witnessed the appearance of a risen Christ in their midst, and of the Pentecostal effusions of the Holy Ghost. If so, it was the very cradle of the infant church.

The various names by which the Lord's Supper is known are in themselves very significant. It is the Eucharist, meaning our "good thanks" for the Lamb that was slain; it is the sacrament (*sacramentum*), our holy pledge of fealty to our Divine Leader, it is the communion (*communio*), sign of the intercourse and agreement we have with God and each other.

The believer should be always ready to commune, as he is supposed to be always ready to pray. But this does not render special attention desirable; for the communicant finds in the sacrament what he brings to it no more and no less. Jesus is present in the ordinance only to the thought and feeling of the communicant; present only when His suffering and death are realized by faith.

To ask and to take the solemn tokens of redemption is to confess before the world and before the Church faith in the great fact.

At the table of the Lord's Supper man and God meet—man with his highest aspirations, God with His richest gifts.

Incidentally the communion is a pledge of the reunion of Jesus and all His disciples. He said He would eat no more of the bread nor drink of the cup until the kingdom should come. Then He will visibly banquet with all us in the kingdom of His Father, according to His promise.

Pennsylvania to Test New Rail.

If Successful It Will Replace the Heavy Steel Rail Now Used.

A new rail is to be tested by the Pennsylvania railroad, which, if a success, will replace the heavy steel rails now used. The new rail is said to have more than fifty times the durability of the one now used. It is composed of a composition of steel and manganese, and is known as a "manganese" rail.

Under the supervision of the maintenance of way department the test will be made. A portion of the main line tracks between Philadelphia and Harrisburg will be equipped with the new rail and, alongside new steel rails will be placed. Specific observations will be made and a report delivered to President Cassatt. If a success, the entire system will be equipped with it.

The manganese rail has been tested in the Boston subway, where it was subject to every possible condition. It was adopted for use there, and the attention of the Pennsylvania management directed to it, with the result that a test has been ordered. The manufacturers of the rail are well-known steel men of Altoona, and the outcome is awaited with great interest. The process of manufacture is said to be a secret.

The Pennsylvania railroad operates about 5,500 miles of road, and is equipped with 100,000 rails. This class of steel runs 157 tons to the mile. The manganese rail weighs about the same. If the road is to be fitted with the manganese rails, it will mean the purchase and manufacture of 863,500 tons of rails. At the present price of steel the cost of changing to the new would aggregate \$25,000,000. This is not beyond the undertaking of the Pennsylvania, for if the test proves its superiority, it would effect a great saving to the company. Such a change would require several years, but once done, according to the claims, purchases of steel rails in the future would be limited to repairs.

Must We Have Him?

The Roosevelt administration has acquired the distinction of being the most expensive in our history.

The second administration of Madison, including the war of 1812, cost \$130,542,794.

The administration of Polk, including the Mexican war, cost \$173,299,266.

The administration of Lincoln, including the Civil war, cost \$3,347,802,909 in paper money, equivalent to from \$1,500,000,000 to \$2,000,000,000 in gold.

The first administration of McKinley, including the Spanish and Philippine wars, cost \$1,906,136,611.

The administration of Roosevelt, in unbroken peace, has cost \$2,449,227,545 in gold. This is nearly four times as much as was spent under the scandalous first administration of Grant and three times the cost of the first administration of Cleveland.

President Roosevelt certainly comes high. Must we have him?

A Soft Answer.

Mr. Pecksniff—I must say, Mr. Naylor, I'm quite surprised at you. Why are you watering your garden to-day?

Mr. Naylor—Simply because the plants need it.

Mr. Pecksniff—But don't you know this is the Sabbath?

Mr. Naylor—Of course, I know it, but the plants don't.

"Miss Bright," said Mr. Sloman, "I don't think May Jenkins is a very good friend of yours."

"No?" replied Miss Bright, yawning ostentatiously.

"No. She told me if I called on you I'd only be wasting my time."

"I see. She doesn't consider my time worth anything"—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

QUICK ARREST.—J. A. Gullidge, of Verbena, Ala., was twice in the hospital from a severe case of piles causing 24 tumors. After doctors and remedies failed, Bucklen's Arnica Salve quickly arrested further inflammation and cured him. It conquers aches and kills pain. 25c. at Green's drugist.

A little man can never fill a big place but a big man in a small place soon makes the place large enough to fit.