

Bellefonte, Pa., May 28, 1909.

A WOMAN'S PRAYER.

O Lord, who knowest every need of mine, Help me to bear each cross and not repine; Grant me fresh courage every day, Help me to do my work alway

Without complaint! O Lord, Thou knowest well how dark the way Guide Thou my footsteps lest they stray; Give me fresh faith for every hour. Lest I should ever doubt Thy power,

Give me a heart, O Lord, strong to endure, Help me to keep it simple, pure; Make me unselfish, helpful, true In every act, whate'er I do, And keep content!

Help me to do my woman's share, Make me courageous, strong to bear Sunshine or shadow in my life: Sustain me in the daily strife, To keep content

-By Anna B. Badlam, in The Ladies' Hom Journal.

THE CHOICE.

Stilling, that night after dinner, had surpassed himself. He always did, Wrayford reflected, when the small fry from Highfield came to dine. He, Cobbam Stilling, who had to find his bearings, keep to his level, in the big, beedless, oppressive world of New York, dilated and grew vast in the congenial medium of Highfield. The Red House was the biggest house of the Highfield summer colony, as Cobbam Stilling was its biggest man. No one else within a radius of a hundred miles (on a conservative estimate) had as many horses, as many greenhouses, as many servants, and assuredly no one else had two motors, or a

motor-boat for the lake. The motor-boat was Stilling's latest hobby, and he rode-or sailed-it in and out of the conversation all the evening, to the obvious edification of every one present it all up before dinner. He doesn't want save his wife and his visitor, Austin Wrayford. The interest of the latter two, help." who, from opposite ends of the drawingroom, exchanged a fleeting glance when Stilling again launched his craft on the thin current of the talk-the interest of Mrs. Stilling and Wrayford, had already lost its edge by protracted conversational

contact with the subject. But the dinner-guests-the Rector, Mr. Swordsley, and Mrs. Swordsley, Lucy and Agnes Granger and their brother Addison, and young Jack Emmerton from Harvard -were all, for divers reasons, stirred to the proper pitch of feeling. Mr. Swordsley, no doabt, was saying to himself: "If my good parishioner here can afford to buy a motor-boat, in addition to all the other expenditures which an establishment like this must entail, I certainly need not scruple to appeal to him again for a contribution toward our Galabad Club." The Granger girls, meanwhile, were evoking visions of lakeside pionics, not unadorned with the presence of young Mr. Emmerton; while that youth himself speculated as to whether his affable host would let him, when he came of the University of East Latmos, he should allude to "our last delightful trip in my old friend Cobbam Stilling's ten thousan dollar motor-launch"-for East Latmos

oulture on which such figures impinge. Isabel Stilling, sitting beside Swordsley, her head slightly bent above the needlework with which, on such occasions, it was her old fashioned habit to be engaged -Isabel also had doubtless her reflections to make. As Wrayford leaned back in his corner, and looked at her across the bright, flower-filled drawingroom, he noted first of all-for the hundredth time-the flexible play of her hands above the embroidery frame, the shadow of the dusky, wavy bair on her forehead, the tired droop of the lids over her somewhat full gray eyes. He noted this, taking in unconsciously, at the same time, the inde-scribable quality in her attitude, in the fall of her dress and the turn of her head, that set her, for him, in a separate world; then he said to himself: "She's certainly thinking 'Where on earth will he get the

money to pay for it?"

was still in that primitive stage of social

But at the same moment, from his inevitable position on the hearth-rug, cigar in mouth, his hands in his waistcoat pockets, Stilling was impressively perorating.

'I said, 'If I have the thing at all, I want the best that can be got.' That 's my way, you know, Swordsley; I suppose I'm what you'd call fastidious. Always was, about everything, from cigars to wom"-his eye met the apprehensive glance of Mrs. Swordsley, who looked, in evening dress, like her busband with his olerical coat out slightly lower-"so I said. 'If I have the thing at all, I want the best that can be got.' Nothing makeshift for me, no second-best. I never cared for the cheap and showy. I always say frankly to a man, 'If you can't give me a first-rate cigar, for the Lord's sake, let me smoke my own.' Well, if you have my standards, you can't buy a thing in a minute. You must look round.compare, select. I found there were lots of motor-boats on the mar-ket, just as there 's lots of stuff called champagne. But I said to myself, 'Ten to one there's only one fit to buy, just as there' only only champague fit for a gen-tleman so drink.' Argued like a lawyer, eb, Austin?" He tossed this jovially to-ward Wrayford. "Take me for one of your own trade, wouldn't you? Well, I'm not such a fool as I look. I suppose you fel-lows who are tied to the treadmill,—oh, excuse me, Swordsley, but work 's work, isn't it?—I suppose you think a man like me has nothing to do but take it easy—loll through life like a woman. By George, sir, I'd like either of you to see the time it takes-I won't say the brains-but just the time it takes to pick out a good motor-boat.

Why, I went-" Mrs. Stilling set her embroidery-fram noiselessly on the low table at her side, and turned her head toward Wrayford. "Would

you mind ringing for the tray?"

The interruption helped Mrs. Swordsley to waver to her feet. "I think we really ought to be going; my husband has an ear-

ly service tomorrow."

Her host sounded an immediate protest. "Going already? Nothing of the sort! Why, the night 's still young, as the poet says. Long way from here to the rectory? Nonsense! In our little twenty-horse motor we do it in five minutes-don't we, Belle? Ah, you're walking, to be sure-" Stilling's indulgent gesture seemed to concede me, like a good chap, before you go. Tell

make them. "Well, then, Swordsley-" He held out a thick, red hand that seemed to exude beneficence, and the clergyman. pressing it, ventured to murmur a sugges-

"V'hat, that Galahad Club again? Why. I thought my wife-Isabel, didn't we-No? Well, it must have been my mother, then. And of course, you know, anything my good mother gives is-well-virtually -You haven't asked her? Sure? I could bave sworn; I get so many of these appeals. And in these times, you know, we have to go cautiously. I'm sure you recognize that tell her." yourself, Swordsley. With my obligations -here now, to show you don't bear malice, have a brandy and soda before you go. Nonsense, man! This brandy isn't liquor; it's liqueur. I picked it up last year in London-last of a famous lot from Lord St. Oswyn's cellar. Laid down here, it stood Good night." me at-Eh?" he broke off as his wife moved toward him. "Ah, yes, of course. Miss Lucy, Miss Agnes-a drop of soda water? Look here, Addison, you won't refuse my tipple, I know. Well, take a cigar, at any

The dispersal of the remaining guests carried Stilling out into the hall, where his pleasantries echoed genially under the oak race. "Gad! what a queer night! Hot as rafters while the Granger girls were being the kitchen range. Shouldn't wonder if muffled for the drive and the carriages summoned from the stables.

By a common impulse Mrs. Stilling and Wrayford had moved together toward the hearth, which was masked from the door into the ball by a tall screen of lacquer. wrayford leaned his elbow against the shore." Stilling strolled back into chimney piece, and Mrs. Stilling stood motionless beside him, her clasped hands room whistling cheerfully.

"Good night, then," said Wrayford. Wrayford leaned his elbow against the breast stirred slightly.

"Have you any more work to do with him tonight?" she asked below her breath. Wrayford shook his head. "We wound the threshold. to talk about it any more than he can

"No; but he 's got to pull up." She paused, looking down at her clasped hands. He listened a moment, catching Stilling's farewell shout ; then be changed his position slightly, and laid his hand on her arm.

"In an hour ?" She made a faint motion of assent. "I'll tell you all about it then. The kev 's in the usual place ?" She nodded again, and walked away with her long, drifting motion as her hus-

band came in from the hall. He went up to the tray, and poured himself a tall glass of brandy and soda. "The weather's turning queer-black as pitch out now. I hope the Swordsleys won't walk into the lake-involuntary immersion, eh? He'd come out a Baptist, I case? There 's a problem for a lawyer, my

boy !" He clapped Wrayford resoundingly on the thin shoulder and then walked over to

"What 's the matter with you tonight?" not to appear to shrink from his touch.

people. Didn't she, Austin ?" Wrayford laughed and lighted a cigarette. "She wasn't quite up to the mark." "There ! You see even Austin noticed it. What's the matter? Are n't they good enough for you? I don't pretend they 're particularly exciting; but, bang it! I like to ask them here-I like to give pleasure."

"I didn't mean to be dull," said Isabel, appealingly. "Well, you must learn to make an effort. Don't treat people as if they weren's in the room just because they don't happen to amuse you. Do you know what they'll think? They'll think it's because you've got a bigger house and more cash. Shall I tell you something? My mother said she'd noticed the same thing in you lately. She said she sometimes felt you looked down of the boat house, and softly opening the on her for living in a small house. Oh, she balcony door, looked out on the lake. A was half joking, of course; but you see you few yards off the launch lay motionless in

to make other people happy."

Isabel gently freed herself and laid the have a headache; perhaps that made me the boat house, and the crackle of gravel stupid. I'm going to bed." She turned on the path descending to it.

He closed the door again turned back;

The more I have myself, the more I want

"Good night," he answered, opening the

door for her. host was pouring bimself a third glass of brandy and soda.

"Here, have a nip? Gad, I need it badly, after the shaking up you gave me this afternoon." Stilling gave a short laugh, and carried his glass to the hearth, where he took up his usual commanding position. 'Why the dence don't you drink something, Austin? You look as glum as Isabel. One would think you were the chap that bad been bit."

Wrayford threw himself into the chair from which Mrs. Stilling had lately risen. It was the one she habitually sat in, and to his fancy a faint scent of her always clung to it. He leaned back and looked up at

Stilling.
"Want a cigar?" the latter continued. "Shall we go into the den and smoke?" Wrayford hesitated. "If there 's anything more you want to ask me about—"
"Gad, no! I bad full measure and running over this afternoon. The deuce of it is, I don't see where the money's all gone to. Luckily I've got plenty of nerve; I'm not the kind of man to sit down and snivel because he 's been touched in Wall

Wrayford rose again. "Then, if you don't want me, I think I'll go up to my room and put some finishing touches to a brief before I turn in. I must get back to town tomorrow afternoon."

"All right, then." Stilling set down his empty glass, and held out his hand with a tinge of alacrity. "Good night, old man." They shook hands, and Wrayford moved toward the door.

"I say, Austin—stop a minute!" his host called after him. Wrayford turned, and the two men faced each other across the hearth-rug. Stilling's eyes shifted uneasily in his flushed face.

'There 's one thing more you can do for that, in such a case, allowances must be Isabel about that loan; explain to her she's made, and that he was the last man not to got to sign a note for it."

"You want me to tell her?"

"Hang it! I'm soft-hearted-that 's the worst of me." Stilling moved toward the tray, and lifted the brandy decapter. "And she'll take it better from you; she'll have to take it from you. She's proud. You can take her out for a row tomorrow morning-you can take her out in the motorlaunch, if you like. I meant to have a spin in it myself in the morning; but if you'll

Wrayford besitated. "All right. I'll

"Thanks a lot, my dear fellow. And you'll make her see it wasn't my fault, eh? Women are awfully vague about mon-

Wrayford nodded. "As you please. partly his." "Good night. Here, Austin-there's

-I mean my mother's securities."

"Ab ?" said Wrayford. rate, Swordsley. And, by the way, I'm Stilling shifted from one foot to the oth-afraid you'll have to go round the long er. "I'd rather put that to the old lady way by the avenue tonight. Sorry, Mrs. myself. I can make it clear to her. She Swordsley, but I forgot to tell them to leave | idolizes me, you know-and, hang it ! I've the gate on the lane unlocked. Well, it's got a good record. Up to now, I mean. y a jolly night, and I daresay you won't My mother's been in clover since I marmind the extra turn along the lake. And, ried; I may say she's been my first thought. by Jove! if the moon 's out, you can get a And I don't want her to hear of this from glimpse of the motor-boat as you turn the Isabel. Isabel 's a little harsh at timespoint. She 's moored just out beyond our and of course this isn't going to make her boat house; and it 's a privilege to look at any easier to live with."

"Very well," Wrayford assented. Stilling, with a look of relief, walked towe had a squal! before morning. I wonder | deal lately?" if that infernal skipper took in the launch's awnings before he went home.'

Wrayford paused a moment in the doorway. "Yes, I saw him do it. She's ship- yet you won't --- " shape for the night." "Good! That saves me a run down to

the shore." Stilling strolled back into the "Good night, old man. You'll tell

"I'll tell her," Wrayford answered from "And mum about my mother !" his host called after him.

The darkness had thinned a little when Wrayford scrambled down the steep path to the shore. Though the air was heavy, the threat of a storm seemed to have vanished, and now and then the moon's edge showed above a torn slope of cloud.

But in the densely massed shrubbery about the boat house the night was still black, and Wrayford had to strike a match before he could find the lock and insert his key. He left the door unlatched, and groped his way in. How often he had crept into this warm pine-scented obscurity, guiding himself cautiously by the edge of the bench along the side wall, and hearing the stealthy lap of water through the gaps in the flooring ! He knew just where one had to duck one's head to avoid the two canoes swung from the rafters, and just

The boat house represented one of Stilling's abandoned whims. He had built it some seven years before, and for a time it come in and he had forsaken aquatic sports "The matter?" she echoed, blushing a for the guidance of the flying chariot. The berth has "pre-empted" your lower one. the plans of God. ittle, and standing very erect in her desire canoes of birchbark and canvas had been If so, don't get excited, just notify your By and by as you gradually approach hoisted to the roof, the little sail boat had "You never opened your lips. Left me rotted at her moorings, and the movable the whole job of entertaining those blessed | floor of the boat house, ingeniously contrived to slide back on noiseless runners, had lain undisturbed through several seasons. Even the key of the boat house had been mislaid, -by Isabel's fault, her husband asserted, -and the locksmith had to be called in to make a new one when the purchase of the motor boat made the lake once more the center of Stilling's activity.

As Wrayford entered he noticed that a strange oily odor overpowered the usual scent of dry pine wood; and at the next step his foot struck an object that rolled noisily across the boards. He lighted a match, and found be had overturned a can of grease which the boatman had no dovbt been using to oil the runners of the sliding

do give people that impression. I can't the veiled moonlight; and just below him, understand treating any one in that way. on the black water, he saw the dim outline of the skiff which Stilling used to paddle out to her. The silence was so intense that Wrayford fancied he heard a faint rustling work bag on her embroidery frame. "I in the shrubbery on the high bank behind

He closed the door again turned back and as he did so the other door, on the land side, swung inward, and a figure darkened oor for her.

When he turned back into the room, his tered through the round holes above the respective doors to reveal it as Mrs. Stillshe stumbled and gave a little cry. "What is it ?" he exclaimed, springing

"My foot caught ; the floor seemed to the ground is a pool of water frozen over. several of them before we reach the highest give way under me. Ah, of course—"She You mentally answer the porter's question point on the road. We come out of it in a bent down in the darkness—"I saw the but hinking "I see some snow some ice few minutes but our warm has to wind men oiling it this morning."

Wrayford caught her to him. "Be care ful, darling! It might be dangerous if it slid too easily. The water 's deep under "Yes; the water 's very deep. I some

tightened his arms about her.
"Hush!" he whispered, his lips on her

Suddenly she threw back her head and eemed to listen.
"What 's the matter?" be asked, listen-

"What did you hear ?" ing also. "I don't know." He felt her trembling. "I'm not sure this place is as safe as it used Wrayford held her to him reassuringly.

"But the boatman sleeps down at the vil-lage; and who else should come here at this "My husband might. He thinks of nothing but the launch." "He won't tonight, for I told him I'd seen the skipper roll up the awning, and put the launch shipshape, and that satis-

fied him." 'Ah, he did think of coming, then ?" "Only for a minute, when the sky looked so black half an hour ago, and he was afraid of a squall. It 's clearing now, and there 's no danger."

He drew her down on the bench, and they sat a moment or two in silence, her hands in his. Then she said wearily: "You'd better tell me."

Wrayford, in his turn; flushed slightly. suppose I bad. In fact, he asked me to." 'He asked you to?'

> "YPR." She sounded a sharp note of contempt. The coward ! he 's afraid !"

"Well, he 's chucked away a pretty big sum again-" "How has he done it ?"

speculating, I suppose. The madness of making him your trustee!" She drew her hands away quickly. "You know why I did it. When we married I ey, and if you appear to back me up, you tion of the man who accepts everything ; I wanted people to think the money was

'I don't know what you've made people and that is black. think; but you've been eminently successjust one more thing. You need n't say fall in one respect. He thinks it's his—anything to Isabel about the other business and be loses it as if it were."

She shivered a little, drawing her clock oloser. "There are worse things. Go on." "Isahel!" He bent over her. "Give me your hand again." He lifted it and laid a long kiss on it.

What was it-exactly-that he wished on to tell me ?" she asked. "That you've got to sign another prom-

ssory note--for fifty thousand this time.' She drew a deep breath. "Is that all ?" Wrayford hesitated; then he said : "Yes ·for the present." She sat motionless, her head bent, her hand resting passively in his.

He leaned nearer. "What did you mean, just now, by worse things?" She paused a moment. noticed that he's been drinking a great country. To discribe the peculiar forage full bloom, its fertile farms planted with

"Yes; I've noticed." They were both silent again; then Wrayford said with sudden vehemence :

Won't ?" "Put an end to it. Good God! Save what 's left of your life." She made an answer, and in the deep stillnes the throb-throb of the water underneath them was like the anxious beat of a

[Concluded next week.]

--- Do you know that you can get the and pine apples, Sechler & Co.

From Ocean to Ocean in a Flyer.

BY M. V. THOMAS.

[Written for the WATCHMAN and continued from

last week. thing in order, when you get there is to hold this place against the Bad Lands. your generation, you approach the porter casionally be seen on the plain.

vourlown. light enough to see. His characteristic in which Helena rests. Where we have ten where you can look over the city, and a question, "What c'n ye' see in No'th minutes to look about, let us step out on beautifulfoity it is, built upon the hills. Dakota, lady?" is an index to his opinion the station platform. How good it is to It looks like a city of homes, dainty cotof the country you will reach when day- be able to inbale this pure air! See those tages which are marvels of art and beauty, light comes.

chilliness. As approaching day gradually hopes of some poor prospector. dispels the darkness you wonder what Your worm has now become a double hanging from the water-tank, and there on is only a tunnel, we shall pass through many" by thinking. "I see some snow, some ice, few minutes but our worm has to wind copy of the directory and volunteers many

and somelof North Dakota." Here comes the obliging porter to carry found a suitable place to climb. out yourforders, but you are already astir, for if you wish to use the Northern Pacific rushes through mid-air across a high trestimes wish—" She leaned against him without finishing her sentence, and he your toilet, you will "come early and avoid worm as they form the two ends of a half-Railway company's mirrors in making tle. You can now see both heads of your the rush." Now look out through the circle of cars. They are still impatiently twenty-eight church auxiliary societies; window, do not give all your attention to snorting and speeding upward. As yo your fellow travelers; you will have them reach the high table land where you cros than a few minutes. For the great worm | well-traveled roads, large ranks of marketthe sun shines again.

Wrayford gave a faint laugh. "Yes, I black soil which spreads out behind him changes.

shows that he is turning many furrows. As you notice mile after mile of furrows "He says he doesn't know. He's been

winding its way through the sage brush and mountain pinks are blooming. which grows along its banks if one may Daybreak finds us in the Yaquima valley speak of perfectly flat ground as "banks." with its wonderful irrigation system; its Again you enter some low hills or rolling rich alfalfa fields, and its great orchards in caused by the erratiostreams washing away various crops, and among these, its barren the soft, loose earth, is impossible. Here, plains where there is no irrigation. Far miles away from any other babitation, is a to the southward is Mt. Adams, its majeshouse, which in size and appearance might tic snowy crown rising above the clouds do credit to any town. Near it are fine, which can be seen floating about it. Now large, modern farm buildings and best of we are climbing up, up, with two engines all (what a relief to the eyes) a large or puffing and proclaiming "we're getting chard. Not more than a mile away is a there, we're getting there!" We are deherd of cattle. As you go on westward you seending the Cascades. Again, darkness will notice many such scenes as this. Later | comes upon us at intervals as we enter the we come to wonderful rock formatians, several tunnels on this part of the route, bare and bleak on top and sides, the low the longest of which requires eight minfinest, oranges, banannas and grape fruit lands and ravines among them being cover- utes to pass through. And before emerged with sage brush grass. You can only ing from this one we can hear the braken gaze in silent wonder and admiration, and at work and tell by the motion of the train try think how many thousands of years it | that we are running down the mountain. has taken the elements, set to work by the Do not fear; the lever is under the control architect of the ages, to bring these marvels of nerves of steel and a will of iron. Look to their present stage of development. And down the mountain below you at the saw-Night has settled over the land before some way you get to speculating mentally mills, see the timber which has been reckwe reached St. Paul, therefore the first on how long a regiment of soldiers could lessly wasted, left to decay, and hundreds

suppose. What'd the Bishop do in such a where to put his hand on the latch of the after the most approved manner observed "What can you see in North Dakota?" es of its heauty as the train dashes along. door that led to the balcony above the lake. in porterdom, at the same time dropping a You can see enough to give you some faint | We are over an hour late; and are now enmere hint that you expect him to look out idea of the size of some things in this big gaged in a wild race agains time; and time for your comfort. His hearty "yo' bet I world; You begin to understand in a vague is several lengths ahead. On arriving at back on his next vacation, "learn to run the thing himself;" and Mr. Addison Granger, the elderly backelor brother of the volatile Lucy and Agues, mentally formulated by the arms and swung her playfully about by the arms and swung her playfully about mire his versatility. Then motors had been the scene of incessant nautical exploits, and the thin shoulder and tuen warken over to his wife, who was gathering up her embrated in the thin shoulder and tuen warken over to had been the scene of incessant nautical exploits. Stilling had rowed, sailed, paddled indefatigably, and all Highfield had been to be the man behind the plow, who feeds by the arms and swung her playfully about impressed to bear him company and adporter your friend none to soon. You may the wast for the next train. to an upper template in your poor way the vastness of

> obliging friend, and watch results. There the Rockies you notice the trees more in Sound. See those large ships, they will soon may be a war-cloud above the horizon; but evidence, though they are by no means be laden and ploughing the broad Pacifa skirmish, of words, will clear the atmos- large. They are mostly of the evergreen ic. Over there on the beach is a large sign phere, and after a few scattering shots or varieties. You also notice that you have which says, "Watch Tacoma Grow." And parting salutes, you will have the satisfac- been for some time climbing into a higher truly when you have seen more of the tion of seeing a disgruntled usurper crawl- altitude. Now you are descending at a place you will decide that it grows "while ing out of comfort. At last you come into rate that gives you a creepy feeling when you wait." As soon as you board the car you allow yourself to think of the possibil- you are impressed with the politeness of If you are a lover of nature you may tell ity of an accident. You soon reach that the people. The car we have boarded runs the porter to wake you as soon as it is nest-like depression among the mountains from the whalf to McKinley Park, from Indians in their gorgeous blankets and surrounded with brilliant flowers and If you will exercise your imagination to moccasine, walking about among the crowd smooth, green lawns. There are no street a degree it may not be difficult for you to offering for sale post cards and bead purses crossings, they are not needed for the compare your entering the sleeper at St. as well as some other curios, at prices to streets are paved from end to end with Paul to being swallowed by a great red correspond with the altitude-high. From bricks, concrete blocks, or solid concrete. worm. And during the night while you here we again ascend the mountains, here There are signs reading saloon, barroom, are sleeping the worm is speeding across snow crowned mountain, there, low hill or etc., but you can see no drunk men nor the great farms of Minnesota. Yesterday rolling plain, all sparsely wooded with loafers, everyone seems to be too busy to you saw farmers plowing and animals small or medium sized ever-green trees. patronize these places. We learn later that

about the mountainside where-ever it has

Here it leaves the mountain-side and with you for several days, but you will not to the other side of the mountain you are have this particular bit of landscape more surprised to see fertile fields, fine houses, which swallowed you last night, stops only able wood brought from somewhere back long enough to fill his empty maw with in the mountains, streams of clear water, water and coal and then rushes westward cattle grazing, and people going about apin a mad race with the sun, impatiently parently as thinly clad as those living at snorting, "I'm getting there-getting lower altitudes. But still we are carried there—getting there! Among other things, across the great highland through changing you notice that the snow has all disappear- scenery, still climbing and clinging to the ed, the sun is shining now, but soon it mountain sides, now shooting off into midwill darken and a snow squall will come air across a trestle not quite three hundred blowing across the plains, which will give feet high, from which you look down upon you some unpleasant feelings as you re- a beautiful cultivated valley. A few hunmember what you have read about a North dred feet away we glide along a mountain Dakota blizzard. But it is soon over and side and look down hundreds of feet below ns upon the silver spray formed by the cine so sure to heal as Dr. Pierce's Favorite There across the field you see a man water dashing down from rock to rock in starting out, riding his sulky plow, drawn its course down the ravine. As we reach by six horses. The wide stretch of rich the divide or table in crossing, the scene

Here are saw mills; large pastures in which are horses, cattle and ponies in that he has already plowed, you begin to herds, cropping the fresh, green grass; wonder if he will get home to dinner. small but neatly built farm houses sur-Wrayford made no reply, and she went Here and there a herd of cattle or horses rounded with rich meadows, and plowed "I'm not. Tell me everything, can be seen grazing; here and there a small fields showing the rich black soil. Youder house and barn with a wind-mill near. is an attractive little school building with Very rarely is a dug-out seen and the Old Glory floating above it. A short dishouses are not all small. Occasionally one | tance away are two Indian maidens riding can see a large commodious looking farm. their ponies; and over there under a tree is house. Suddenly you awake to a realiza- is Indian tepee. Away in the distance, tion of the fact that you have ridden for beyond all this, rise the snow covered peaks hours without seeing a tree. As far as the in silent grandeur. As we view this scene didn't want to put him in the false posi- eye can see the unbroken level of the prai- we start down grade and now we seem to rie, everything has the color of dried grass be running a race with the sparkling waexcept where it has been burned or plowed, ters of a gurgling mountain stream. As you are carried down through the valley A tiny speck on the distant horizon may you see pretty towns, artistic cottages, be a house, a hay-stack or the top of a wigwams, and farm-houses nestling as it wind mill; the difference in size is not were under the protection of the mighty great. You occasionally come to some low | mountains, and looking out over the green rolling hills. Away in the distance where waters of Clark's Fork, as it winds in and the sky seems to bend down to greet the out among the tall trees. As you come to earth, a line of smoke can be seen rising, a pretty town called Plains you learn that it must be the breath of another big worm; you are traveling through the Flat Head your own particular worm is rushing valley and the Indian reservation of that across the top of the earth, while the other tribe. As twilight falls we are still speedone seems to be creeping along the side. ling by over-hanging rocks far above us By and by you cross the Missouri river while under their shelter yellow daisies

of acres of standing timber which has been hasten to the proper window to secure your | Think of traveling sixty hours in a flyer | destroyed by fire. Here we are down at sleeper ticket, which has been reserved for without seeing a medium sized forest tree! last beside the Green river with its beautiyou if you have exercised foresight and but now you begin to see snow-capped ful scenery. Sparkling, leaping, laughsecured your berth by telegraph, a day in mountains in the distance, fringed with ing, singing cascades come bounding down advance. Having secured your ticket you low pines, the level unbroken plain stretch- the mountainsides surrounded by verdure board the sleeper and, if you are wise in ing away for miles, a tiny house may oc. of wondrous richness. But we cannot enjoy it long. We simply get passing glimps-

Let us improve the shining hours. We will take this car to the wharf on Puget basking in the spring sunshine. But dur- Do you see that hole in the ground with the laws are strict and the citizens have ing the night a change has come over the a pile of gravel beside it? It is only one of the backbone to see them enforced. Seeing atmosphere. You wake in the early morn- a large number, each of them is the grave several church spires we decided to view ing while it is yet dark, with a feeling of of and a monument to the disappainted the churches, but at the end of an hour or more we have seen only a few of them, so we return to the station. Here is a man makes theiground look so white; but, by headed one. It continues to snort and puff | who wears an official cap, but on being asking's cloaked outline, and to guide her to and by you see that it is covered with about "getting there," with equal deter- ed how many churches are in the city he him as he advanced. But before they met snow, for it was snowing and freezing there mination, though with more difficulty. answers "You've got me there, I can't tell last night (April 20.) See those icicles All at once we are plunged in darkness, it how many, but I know there are a good

In the station we find a representative of the Y. M. C. A., who kindly hands us a bits of useful information. From the directory we get the following information. There are seventy-seven churches representing fifteen denominations; eleven undenominational organizations for the uplifting and ohristaanizing of mankind; thirty schools and colleges, educational and industrial, not counting the common schools which number twenty-three. The dainty homes show the pride of ownership, public works, the pride of citizen-

A woman who has mislaid her hat has been known to look for it in her purse, among other impossible places. If women realized that much of the medical treatment received from local practitioners was an effort only to locate disease, and a search for it in most unlikely and impossible places, they would place a higher value on the opinion of a specialist like Dr. Pierce. His wide experience in the treatment and cure of more than half a million women enables him to promptly locate the disease by its symptoms. For all diseases of the delicate womanly organs there is no medi-Prescription.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free of charge. All correspondence strictly private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.