

OH, GOD, FORGIVE.

Oh, God, forgive me that I fail to see the heroism now surrounding me. Nor count that hero great, whose spirits fail because his body poorly fed does quail.

FIRE!

She did not look like a girl about to face a very desperate death. She was dressing with the deliberateness of apparent unconcern, and as she dressed she hummed—was that bravado—a quavery little tune under her breath.

The sun was mercilessly hot in the big courtyard below. The high brick walls seemed to cage the heat and foster it like a furnace. The baked earth stung through the girl's thin shoes.

They were all waiting for her in the courtyard. Her quick glance fell first upon the young Mexican officer who was to give the order for her death.

Yesterday it had rained and so the picture-taking had halted at the last of the indoor scenes in sequence, the court scene, where the lovely American girl, come to Mexico to join a brother who is shipping arms to the insurgents, refuses to tell the Federalists, who have captured her, anything about the whereabouts of her brother and his arms, and is condemned to be shot the following morning—a situation doubly harassing, because the Mexican officer whose duty it is to carry out the sentence has fallen madly in love with her fair beauty.

"Not a soul," Nobody associates Jimmie Nesbit in search of a job, with Jimmie Nesbit, the Millionaire Kid, reported to have left for his familiar Western haunts. "I'm here distinctly on my own prowess."

"I'm not working for a living now," His eyes did their laughing best to meet hers, but she was turning away. "And what's more," stated Jimmie, "I'm not going to loiter as one of the rank and file, I'm going up and on, till as leading man we face the camera together. Coming!" he said hurriedly, and fled back into line.

It was, as before said, a hot day. And it was a hot uniform that the exigencies of moving picture war had placed on Jimmie Nesbit's long, lean form, and the grease paint upon his freckled face was hot, and melted, and the oil-laden perspiration trickled down his bare neck and under his padded coat.

"Yes, strong," he advised; "and then you are placed there, backed against the wall. The men line up here. Castro steps forward, and there is a moment's pause. We have to draw that out a bit to let you make your impression on the men, staring straight at them, angelic-eyed, you know. Then he gives the word. They fire. You drop. He rushes to you. You are unconscious, but unharmed. Every man has fired over your head, leaving your execution to his neighbor. We flash that in on a leader. You have fainted from uncontrollable terror. Castro grasps the fact in a moment and orders the men away. They march out, except the two who remain to bury you. He bribes them and sends them away, then wraps you in his cloak and carries you off to the jail."

"Nice little carry," said the girl smilingly to young Castro, otherwise McNulty, who had drawn near to listen to the outline of the scene's points. "Why, you're a feather," declared the young man, with a note of sincere gratitude. "I could carry you up Bunker Hill Monument and back and never feel it."

Everybody turned and everybody laughed. High over the brick wall against which the captive girl was to face death stretched the appallingly long, dappled neck of a tall giraffe, one of the interesting menagerie of the players' company. But the giraffe is not a habitant of Mexico, and there was no local color in that unending neck and high suspended head with its mildly inquiring eyes that turned wanly down upon them, and the director hurried off to give orders to the animal keepers.

The company fell into desultory groups, and it was then that a lean young man in the ornate uniform supposedly befitting a member of the Mexican army swiftly removed himself from his place in the firing squad, third from the left, and marched boldly to the leading lady. "Won't you say good morning?" he suggested with a boyish grin, that was a rather nervous grin, too. And yet it held a touch of droll triumph.

"You—in the company!" The young man nodded delightedly. "It was the sporting thing to do, wasn't it? I heard that you were lovely to the company, so you can't make an exception of a lowly and inoffensive member." "How perfectly absurd!" said the girl. She looked only faintly amused, and very genuinely antagonistic. "What on earth are you doing it for?"

"Ha! That's good!" he declared aggressively. "What am I doing it for? Because I want the pleasure of your acquaintance. Because you refused me the pleasure of that acquaintance for no reason at all except to convince me that one girl didn't consider the Millionaire Kid as an opportunity."

He grinned very broadly and boyishly at the last words, an engaging and honest grin that ought to have softened any right-minded girl's heart; but the heart of the little leading lady was made of rock and flint and adamant as far as that particular young man was concerned. The reason for that was best known to herself, or perhaps it was best unknown. But at any rate his harmless words blew up a tiny tempest.

"Because you entirely refused to believe me when I told you that I didn't know who you were when I jumped off that bridge near your boat and made you rescue me! Because you insisted upon thinking me one of your usual pursuers, your society girls, your fortune hunters, and you wouldn't believe me! So I said I'd show you I was sincere."

"I should rather think you did! Thoroughly! Not at home at your hotel—flowers returned—blank look of recognition when we passed—chilliest of arctic bows when you couldn't help yourself. Cozy little week I've had of it!" "Nobody asked you, sir, she said," mocked the girl with unfeeling laughter. "And you know you like me perfectly well," he retorted heatedly. "This is only a fool notion on your part."

"I should rather think it was a fool notion on yours." She eyed his flaunting uniform with disconcerting gawiness. "And think of the headlines it will make! You, who date upon headlines! Millionaire Kid in the Movies! Romance with Lovely Leading Lady! Followed into the Films! She burst into laughter.

It spoke volumes for the loveliness of the leading lady, also for the resolution of Jimmie's untampered-with and unwashed affections. He did not regret his foolish impulse. He regretted the present circumstances exceedingly, and his own lowly and unimpressive position in the company; but there he intended to stay—at least as long as he wanted to. Perhaps his infatuation wouldn't last. Perhaps the girl wasn't worth it. Perhaps there was nothing to her but curls and eyes—and provoking spunk. But here his memory of that golden afternoon upon the capized sailboat rose up to refute his cynicism.

"I'm much obliged," Jimmie was as fervent as if he had received the Cross and Star. "Say!" the director paused, struck by a sudden likeness. "Wasn't you the chap in the sailboat who rescued Miss St. John the other day?" Jimmie nodded, fearful of further identification. His name had not yet come into that affair, but one could never be sure. The director, however, only gave a careless laugh.

The Mexican officer had carried his insolent burden, wrapped in his obscurity cloak, through another door in the wall, out of reach of the camera's range. The next scene would now be indoors, in a cell in which the hapless girl wakes to find herself the secret prisoner of the officer, the victim of his impetuous love-making and his baffled threats. It was a very lively plot. There was a good deal more of it before the brave American, Robert Wynne, following up the clue of that regretted hat, crashes into the prison in dashing rescue.

There was very little time now before that scene would be called, and the leading lady was hurrying to her dressing-room. But by a peculiarity of her own impulse, her way came by the right, although her dressing-room was to the left, and she passed directly by a group of guffawing young men. Jimmie lingered near where the director had left him. Jimmie raised defiant eyes. He winced at thought of her cool, unfeeling mirth. Those eyes that met his were not bright with the dreaded mockery. They seemed to shine at him rather than sparkle. There was a tiny twinkling there, down in the depths, those shadowy hazel depths beneath the gray-blue surface, but it was a very discreet little twinkle indeed, and utterly submerged in a flood of warmest sympathy.

"I do all sorts of things, you know," she spoke rather hurriedly, withdrawing her hand, which he appeared clasping indefinitely. "I play with lions and break bronchos and jump out of burning buildings—" "For fifty dollars a week," said Jimmie, in disgust. "Her eyes were all twinkles now, like flashing water in the sunshine. 'Oh, dear me! It's seventy-five now! I got a raise for jumping off that bridge at you.' Over her shoulder she flung back, 'So I'm glad I jumped after all!'"

"So am I," said Jimmie. "And I'm going to be gladder!" And at her suddenly flashed-back look of denial he laughed aloud, with a curious sense of joy and well-being, and marched off with an air of cheer to take his chaffing like a man and a brother. By Mary Hastings Bradley, in the Woman's Home Companion.

For fifty-three years the Sunday schools of Pennsylvania have been participating in a great yearly convention. This annual gathering has been growing in influence and power until now it has a platform that takes in all the Protestant Evangelical Sunday schools. The great evangelistic wave which swept over Pennsylvania during the past year has added thousands to the churches and also to the Sunday schools. More people go to Sunday school in Pennsylvania than in any other State in the Union. Big business men and men of all professional callings are turning to the Sunday school and giving it their endorsement by becoming members of Organized Adult Bible Classes.

The Convention at Erie, scheduled for October 5, 6, 7, 8, promises to bring together Sunday school representatives from every county in the State. A great Peace meeting, with Hon. P. C. Knox, Ex-Secretary of State, as the principal speaker, is a feature of the program. Thursday, October 7, will be O. A. B. C. day. This day will bring out large delegations of Adult Bible Class men and women. A street demonstration on wheels, calling for the use of 1000 automobiles, will be a unique event. The whole program is rich with talent of national and international reputation. Centre county is entitled to 30 delegates. Application for delegate credentials cards should be made to Darius Waite of Bellefonte, Pa., who is the Corresponding Secretary for the Centre County Sunday School Association.

The eyes of a South American fish are divided into two parts, the upper adapted for vision in the air and the lower for use under water. Private Emergency Hospital. One of Cincinnati's office buildings is supplied with an excellent emergency hospital. Scriptural Reckoning. In Holy Scripture the day is always reckoned from the sunset of the previous evening. Thoroughness. Don't half do a thing. Eat the whole pie.—Galveston News.

"Me," said Jimmie bitterly. "Say, I know I'm a rotten actor—but won't you give me another chance at it?" The note of appeal in his voice was a startling surprise to him. He hadn't known he was going to say that. Or say it in just that way. The director gave him a keen look. "All crazy about it, aren't you, kid?" he questioned quizzically. "Got it pretty bad?" Jimmie grinned a shamefaced grin. "Fraid I have."

"Father of Modern Screw." Jesse Ramsden, an English inventor, is credited with being the father of the modern screw. He began in 1775 to pay especial attention to the making of screws by machinery, and his invention may be regarded as the first example of the modern form of screw-cutting lathe, although 50 years before Jacobo Bessoni had designed a rude lathe for cutting wooden screws.

Nothing is ever gained by flattery. To the serious man flattery in the form of sincere praise makes him more responsible and only sadder, because he knows how much he falls below what is expected of him and what he expects of himself. Lip flattery makes a real man feel as though his sex had been mistaken, he feels as though he had been given curling tongs instead of a razor for his morning toilet.

The truth is that age and power of achievement cannot be linked in sweeping generalities. It all depends upon the individual. One man may reach his highest mental powers before thirty and then decline, just as one man will reach his greatest physical strength before forty and then begin going downhill, while the mind of another may be most active at sixty or seventy.

Little Harry had an operation and while coming out of the anesthetic looked up at his nurse and said: "Is my mamma here?" The nurse said, "Yes." Then he said, "Is my papa here?" Again the nurse assured him that his parents were both at his bedside. Thinking a little he said: "Then you can go. When a child has its mother and father that's all it wants."

If we have had the good fortune to win the esteem of a friend, let us do anything rather than lose him. We must give and forgive, live and let live. If our friends have faults, we must bear with them. We must hope all things, believe all things, endure all things, rather than lose that most precious of all earthly possessions, a trustworthy friend.

Alonso tells an amusing story of his first golf caddy. Alonso found driving off rather difficult and commended with his caddy as to the reason he missed the ball so frequently. The boy sagely delivered the following advice: "The first thing you've got to learn, Mr. Alonso, is to 'consecrate' your eye on the ball. Then you can hit it."

Betty was lamenting to her aunt the fact that she only had one grandchild while her little friend had two. Her aunt tried to reconcile her by saying one grandchild was in heaven, to which she replied: "Oh, dear, I've had awful luck with my grandfathers; one is in heaven and the other one is lame."

All scientists recognize and admit the unity of the human race, and attribute seeming variations to physical conditions, environment and habits. The points of physical identity among the different races are far more numerous and important than the points of difference.

Someone is quoted as having said that of all the letters in the alphabet "E" is the most unfortunate, "because it is always out of cash, always in debt, never out of danger, and in hell all the time." It is also the most frequently used letter in the alphabet.

The Greeks held that the red rose derived its color from the blood of Venus when she trod on a thorn of the white rose while going to the assistance of the dying Adonis.

His Evening Chaz. The other night Dickey (aged five) in concluding his prayers as usual with "God bless papa and mamma, and Florence, and Eleanor and Winifred" (the twins), and his grandparents, and all of the aunts and uncles he could readily remember, then added: "And God bless Mr. Brassey and Mrs. Brassey and Charles and Nell Brassey—You know 'em, don't you?"—Harper's Magazine.

A young man in the country had a tender passion and took his girl some flowers. "How kind of you," said the girl, "to bring me these lovely flowers. They are so beautiful and fresh. I think there is some dew on them yet." "Yes," said the young man, in great embarrassment, "there is, but I'm going to pay it off tomorrow."—St. Joseph Gazette.

The sense of humor is demonstrated by the fact that many a man can operate a pile driver who can't crack a joke, says the Philadelphia Record. "Yes, and the nonsense of ill humor is demonstrated by the fact that many a knocker goes around toting his little hammer and can't even crack a smile."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Last summer my dog was almost eaten up with fleas, until one day I accidentally spilled some salt on him. It killed every flea. I then threw salt all around his house, and bathed him with salt water, and he was not bothered the rest of the summer.—Good Housekeeping Magazine.

The Connecticut board of agriculture is authority for the statement that there is not an abandoned farm in that state, the demand for vegetables, tobacco, small fruits, poultry and other farm products having brought back into use land that was long neglected.

Reborn Crusoe had just rescued the savage from the cannibals. "Whatever they do, they shall't touch a bit of meat on Friday!" he exclaimed, having already thought up a suitable name for his dark complexioned protégé.—Jack-o-Lantern.

When you put wheat under it it turns and grinds and bruises the wheat to flour; if you put no wheat it still grinds; but then 'tis itself it grinds and wears away.—Martin Luther.

Undergraduate Philosophers. I remember one night when we sat up until three o'clock discussing the philosophy of prohibition over three bottles of port. I wonder how many other men have done the same thing!—Scribner's Magazine.

What the average girl in high society in New York seems to want is husband enough to last about three years and alimony enough to carry her through the rest of her life.—Houston Post.

The wife of Congressman Taylor of Colorado says that the women of that state have found that "it does not take as long to vote as it does to match a piece of silk!"

The Lancaster League of Scientific Research is trying to determine if there are more cures for colds than for rheumatism.—Atchison Globe.

Muslin and cotton goods can be rendered fireproof by putting an ounce of alum in the last rinsing water, or by putting it in the starch.

The trouble is that a man learns how to spend money long before he learns how to make it.

If you can't say anything good of a man try looking out of the window.

Faith without works is about as useless as a watch without wheels.

The most unnatural person in the world is the natural liar.

Never Worth While. What the self-seeker finds is never worth while.

Optimistic Thought. Time brings the truth to light.

Yes, But Not a Costless One. Can't somebody invent a rutless road?—Union City Eagle.