Bellefonte, Pa., July 18, 1924.

EVERY INCH A MAN. She sat on the porch in the sunshine As I went down the street, A woman whose hair was silver, But whose face was a blossom sweet, Making me think of a garden. When, in spite of the frost and snow Of bleak November weather,

Late fragrant lilies blow. I heard a footstep behind me, And the sound of a merry laugh; And I knew the heart it came from Would be like a comforting staff In the time and the hour of trouble, Hopeful and brave and strong-One of the hearts to lean on, When we think all things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate-latch, And met his manly look-A face like his gives me pleasure, Like the page of a pleasant book-It told of a steadfast purpose, Of a brave and daring will;

A face with a promise in it,

That God grant the years fulfill! He went up the pathway singing: I saw the woman's eyes Grow bright with a wordless welcome As sunshine warms the skies: "Back again; sweetheart mother," He cried, and bent to kiss The loving face that was lifted For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on; I hold that this is true-From lads in love with their mothers Our bravest heroes grew: Earth's grandest hearts have been loving

hearts Since time and earth began; And the boy who kisses his mother Is every inch a man. -Christian Intelligencer.

THE TESTING OF HUGH KANE. A Story of Two Men, a Long Trail and a Girl.

No woman ever really knows a man until she has camped with him. Equally, no man really knows a woman until he has seen her under similar circumstances. Generally speaking, both sexes are at their best or their worst on the trail .-Mary Roberts Rinehart.

Long years ago, when John Nylan was a young man, his eyes red-rimmed and bloodshot from too much looking at white-hot metal, the palms of his hands like pale yellow leather from an intimacy with slice bar and crucible tongs, he had stumbled onto a maxim which appealed to him so strongly that he promptly applied it to himself. It was something about "While their companions slept." The John Nylan of those days was quite an intense young person, else the eyes would not have been so bloodshot nor the palms of the hands so thick with callus. Whatever he undertook he did with a whole-hearted rush and drive. He thought the same way he worked.

And he liked that maxim he had picked up. He set out to live up to it. thousands. He'll tell you."
He lived up to it in John Nylan's way, "He?" The single word cracked He lived up to it in John Nylan's way, which was a way that took into the reckoning neither physical nor mental weariness. Living up to that maxim soon became his chief aim in life. It became a habit he never outgrew.

Thus it came about that in John Nylan's ark of a house, which the best architects had designed and the best interior decorators had furnished, there was an ample yet rather bare room high up under the eaves at the very top of the house, where no com-motion below would trouble him; a room with an ordinary oak desk, three plain chairs, a great many books on the subject nearest to John Nylan's heart, and one picture on the bare father, your best friend?" walls. It was a photograph of the first small bridge the John Nylan Company had built.

Almost any evening shortly before nine lights might be expected to spring up in that room under the eaves, and the place became hazy with the drifting smoke from an old briar pipe, burned down lop-sided as to its There would ensue rustlings of paper, interspersed with short grunts of approval or disapproval-being exactly alike, no one could ever have told from merely listening to them which was which—sharp tappings, as the sorry old pipe was cleared of a for twenty-four years." burned-out charge against the edge of "Well, if he can't get the money burned-out charge against the edge of the desk, and the crunch of tobacco from a nearby jar of enormous proportions as the pipe was crammed full

The man at the desk was small and wiry, with a short bristle of gray mustache and a thicker bristle of gray hair. A small man, yet no one ever thought of him as small. Somehow he conveyed the impression of height, width, and great strength. Perhaps this was because of a certain radiating energy, or eyes that suggested nothing could be hidden from them, or a voice that boomed and rumbled out of all proportions to his size whenever he spoke.

Blue-prints, specifications, columns of figures, legal papers, correspondence, he tore through, scowled over, decided upon, and pushed away from him. To-night he was immersed in the detailed prints and figures of a great cantilever bridge which was to span one of the busiest waterways in the world. He shot a quick glance at the single picture on the wall of that room, and grinned. The materials in that little old bridge of his wouldn't porarily at least. Cantilever bridges, be sufficient for half a section of the a world full of them, were of small cantilever. A long way he had traveled since the building of that first bridge. "While their companions slept!" He was glad he had stumbled "While their companions upon that maxim and tucked it away

under his hat. The door opened. He knew as soon as the knob turned whom he might expect. No one but the person turning that knob ever ventured into this room in the evening. He put down too, and impulsive, like her dead moththe print he had been running over.

With the opening and closing of that door the room changed. Its bareness vanished. It was aglow with warmth and life. Spring banishing

summate artist. The simple black gown with the glistening things upon it brought out the whiteness of her arms, the frail shapeliness of them, the perfect neck, the quaint poise of the head upon it.

Through the door before she closed trance as hers, came the indistinct hum of voices below stairs, laughter, faint snatches of jazz. Planned by a master, her entrance could not have been better, even to the moment of hesitation, most unusual for her, as she stood with her hand on the knob of the door she had just closed. "Well, well," said Nylan. "A little minute for the old man, eh? How goes the party?"

"Absolutely perfect....the party,"

Hesitation over, she crossed the room. She had brought him an ice: a white rose, full petaled, with a pistachio humming-bird exploiting its

He pretended to be wholly alive to the significance of this attention of hers. He became very stern. He shook his head: "No, sir. Can't be done. Busy, Peggy. I'm not going down; no, sir. Not even for one little minute; not even for one little foxtrot with you. Look at these!" He indicated the piled-up papers on his

"I don't want you to come down," she told him. "I'm glad you're right here. I want to talk to you up here." She hopped up onto the desk, sitting there very close to him. She laid a spoon beside the ice. Then she looked at the ice and picked up the spoon, poising it to emphasize her

"Floral or faunal?" she asked him. "The bird is a nice color." She divided the hummingbird in two and held out half of it on the spoon. "Attended by an angel," he rumbled. "Just why, Peggy?"

"Because you've got heaps of mon-"That the only reason?" "It's the only one to-night."

"How much, you mercenary?" "Nothing for me. Not a cent for "As usual. Well, for whom or for

what, then, little Miss Softheart?" "Father-' "This must be serious," he said mockingly. "Most formally, I'm 'Father' to the girl!"

"It is serious. It's dreadful....It's "Hugh, eh?"

"He's in a fearful mess."
"He told you this?"
"Don't say that. I've worn myself out worming the truth out of him. I've known for weeks something was wrong. But I couldn't find out what

it was until to-night."
"What sort of a mess is it, Peg?" "Business." "He needs money?" "An awful lot of it just now to pull

him through."
"Well, how much?" "I don't know that. Thousands and

like a rifle-shot. "He's coming up here to-night. I've made him say he will. He's coming up here to tell you how much he wants. He's going to ask you for it. I made him promise he would. That was the hardest part of it all."

"I see. "You're going to let him have it, aren't you "I don't knew."

"Dad!" "Well, at least that's better than 'Father.' Not so formal. Not so ominous.

"Dad, wasn't Matt Kane, Hugh's "He was."
"If Matt Kane were living and I

asked him to help me, don't you imagine he'd do it?" 'You bet he would." "Won't you help Matt Kane's son?"

"Any time I can."
"Then it's all right. You'll let Hugh have the money, won't you? What's a little ready money, anyway." "A little ready money is-well, it's

"What's money compared to my happiness?" "I've been answering that question

somehow the Kane Company will go under, and we can't be married for a long time, Hugh and I. What's a little money compared to that?" He did not answer at once. The

ice finished, spoonful by spoonful as she fed it to him, he reached for the lopsided effigy of a pipe. She got it before him and filled it at the overgrown jar.

"Got to have you happy, of course, Peggyskins. That's what I live for. Only excuse for my otherwise useless existence. Sure, got to have little old Peg happy!"

Shiny spangled things roughened his face as her arms went about him. "I knew it! I was sure of it! You never fail anybody." She was off the desk and at the door again. "I'm going to send Hugh right straight up

"Do," he said, with a grin at her.

The door closed. He lighted the a bit." pipe. He contrived a regular smoke screen for himself. The blue-prints lost all their interest for him, temmoment compared with anything which might affect the happiness of this motherless daughter of his.

If she was sure Hugh Kane was the one man in the world, all very well and good. She seemed sure of it. But Peggy was very young, young even for her years. His fault, no doubt. He had fostered certain childish qualikissed him. ties in her. She was impressionable, He didn't care a punched nickel whether the man Peggy married was

was the man she deserved. In his own mind he had not been

To Nylan, Hugh seemed too easily influenced, too susceptible to what other people thought of him, too easygoing, too prone to scatter his small talents over too large a territory. John Nylan's idea of a man was a sort it, fitting cue music for such an en- of lad who shut his teeth in tight trance as hers, came the indistinct places and, like the Lacedaemonians, did not ask how strong the enemy was but where he might be found.

In the Kane Company, Contractors, Matt had left his son a splendid prop-osition. He had trained Hugh for the job. John Nylan had watched the boy after old Matt's death. At first with only the interest of a man of his type for the son of a lifelong friend; but afterward with greater interest yet because of Peggy's estimate of Hugh. There were many things that troubled him about Hugh: His propensity for leaving too much to subordinates, and putting blind faith in such subordinates; the way he went after big contracts, and accepted unquestioningly other men's figures on them; a tendhad tried to drop Hugh some fairly open hints. Hugh passed them up, head to announce to his wife in the rather coldly, as he remembered it kitchen, "Comin'!"

had happened \* \* \* \* Money was all of it. right. There were times when almost any man might need ready money badly; when it might tide him over a period of stress and bring him out with the determination not to find general direction of the stream. Then there were times when feeding him off feller last month. Light draft Hugh had let things get away from shallows. Get us up to camps quick. Fine! Beat canoe all hollow. Stay here tonight, and start up stream at him. Money, plus a determination to daylight. Hungry? Mis' Queal she fight, would probably put Hugh on his feet; money without that spirit might in and eat." easily prove his eternal undoing. And if Hugh was not the right sort, it was far better Peggy should discover it now than to tide him over at present now than to tide him over at present and the provent discover the manner. and have Peggy discover the manner ted Still River. By noon they reached

There was a tap on the door. Ny-lan got up and opened it. Hugh Kane came in with evident reluctance. He looked every inch the manufacture and a smaller one at a picturesque spot where a bend of the river made a long point with high banks. ears. Hugh was always good to look

be very soothing and sympatheic on the bank," he challenged Hugh.

"Fifty thousand," said young Kane.
"Things as black as you think?" "Things as black as you think too heat.
"Blacker. Don't dare think too heat.
"This won't do. You ought to beat." much about 'em."

have fifty thousand to see me "You've been worryng your heart out, haven't you?" The deep, rumb-ling voice was fairly purring in its

sympathy now.

"A little," Hugh admitted.

"A little,' he says! You've grown thin. You look pinched." Hugh mumbled, "Part of the game,

I presume."
"Boy, you're shot to pieces. You've been doing altogether too much brooding lately."
"I must be pretty far gone, that's a

fact. If I wasn't I shouldn't be here asking Peggy Nylan's father for fifty thousand dollars." "You haven't asked me for it yet."

"Peg has. Same thing." "What you ought to do is to get away from everything for a while. Tell you what we'll do: I'm going up to the Still River shack tomorrow for a week's shooting. Come along with me. The woods clear up your head in no time. I found that out years ago. We'll talk things over up therethe woods. We'll get you out of this mess somehow, no fear."
"I was a fool to let her get the truth

out of me in the first place," said ugh, beginning to redden.
"Don't be so sure of that. We've er end of it." Hugh, beginning to redden. got to see Peggy is happy, haven't

"I've done a lot in that direction recently, it seems."

"Forget that, and come along with me in the morning." "It sure looks good to me just now," said Hugh with a sigh.

Later Peggy slipped into the upstairs room again. "Hugh says he's going up to the Still River camp with you to-morrow," she said.

"That's the latest arrangement." "I didn't know wou had any intention of going up to Still River just now.

"I hadn't intended to until to-night, not until after I had talked with Hugh "You're an understanding old dear,

even if you don't look it. You saw he ought to rest and not worry for a little while, didn't you?" "Maybe." 'And the other matter, the money

for Hugh? Will that be all right?" "Women like you, Peg, in gowns like that one you're wearing to-night, make men change history and wreck banks. Besides, I'm your dad."
She seemed to find this answer wholly to her liking. Anyway, she

little knoll at that point where Still
River joins the Big Otter. Or, at least, he started to build a house. It is is my first appearance here, so I didn't touch it." least, he started to build a house. millionaire or ditch digger, as long as was a pretentious affair for a little the underbrush. Peggy was satisfied with him and he clearing in the woods at the end of a "This is a goo rough road that was little more than a woods path branching off the main "Lord knows we've waited long winter; dawn making an end of night; music breaking black silence; a flash of sunlight through murky clouds. A score of such comparisons leaped winter; dawn making an end of night; music breaking black silence; a flash of sunlight through murky clouds. A score of such comparisons leaped winter; dawn making an end of night; In his own mind he had not been thoroughfare from Gray's Station to thoroughfare from Gray's Station to Tousalac, and meandering aimlessly through thickets of hemlock and that lunch as if he had not known a gravelly bank of a river. Directly

monstrosity and to finish four rooms.

That unfinished skeleton of the larger part of the house loomed stark and gaunt against a September sky, cloudless, sharp with stars that hinted of an early frost. It was nearing midnight. Joe Queal, lean, lank, for-ty-eight, and one-quarter Indian, leaned against a corner of the partly finished house. He was staring down

the rough road that led to his clearing. at the range. The aroma of coffee and bacon and baking corn bread

variety were not uncommon at the house of Queal.

Down the winding path Joe caught the first gleam of moving lights. So ency, growing with time, to neglect set up a doleful baying. In a tumble-set up a doleful baying. In a tumble-down shed at the rear of the place Peggy, all too often one of these. He four more dogs joined in. Joe pushed did a dog beside him, which promptly up a front window and stuck in his

And at last, it seemed, the foreseen John Nylan and Hugh Kane got out

"I get your message," said Joe. with the determination not to find general direction of the stream. himself in a similar box in the future. "Yeh, I got motor-boat now. Buy a man money only got him in deeper. little motor-boat. Crawl right over

of man he was when it was too late. Nylan's camp—a big shack and a

looked every inch the man who was coming for financial assistance to the the stuff up the steep bank. John Ny-They unloaded the boat and carted father of the girl he was to marry. lan might have been twenty instead of John Nylan could find nothing of old three times that age. Up and down Matt about the boy at that moment. He couldn't imagine old Matt in a situation of that kind, anyway. Yet those were old Matt's broad shoulders; the older man set for them. And in old Matt's bony yet rather handsome this work Nylan discovered he had features; old Matt's tall, muscular left behind one of his gun cases. In features; old Matt's tall, muscular left behind one of his gun cases. In its light collected a goodly pile of frame; old Matt's small and shapely it was a pump-gun he particularly more dead limbs. Their evening meal wanted to try out.

"How much is it, Hugh, in round figures?" he asked, without useless preliminaries. The heavy voice could down like a packhorse. "Race you up You're on!" Hugh shouldered an

equal load.

"No other way out of it?"

"None that I can see. I've got to Nylan taunted him." me without half trying. You're soft," "I've let myself go lately more than I realized," said Hugh between puffs.

"This shows me up. No wind."

They proceeded to help Joe get the shutters off and the shack aired out and the bunks made up and firewood cut. John Nylan seemed tireless. The sun went down behind the trees. first stars were dimmed by haze. After supper all the stars had disappeared. A late thunderstorm flickered on the

clouds to the east. In the morning it was cloudy. Rain threatened momentarily but none came. Joe, off in the motor-boat at daybreak, had left a fire in the stove, a pot of coffee simmering, and a pan of corn bread ready for the oven.

"Afraid of getting wet, Hugh?"
Nylan inquired after breakfast.

"Not I. Why?" "Let's go over to Burnt Swamp to-

day and have a crack at the part-"That sounds good to me."

"It's a long way. We'll take the canoe and paddle up to the Forks. Then it's three miles or so through under-

brush, and pretty tough going to the edge of the swamp." Tough going won't trouble me if out in an easterly course.

"Show you partridges what is, over in that swamp, Hugh."

They got a canoe out of the smaller shack. It proved a long paddle to the point where Still River divided into the North and South Forks. Nylan poked hither and yon in the under-brush. It was the thickest under-brush Hugh had ever encountered. "There's an old trail leading over to

the edge of the swamp." Nylan explained. "It's not much of a trail, not very well defined. But it's by far the easiest way through this amateur jungle. Where the dickens is it, anyway?"

More thrashing about. "Here we are! This must be it. This way, Hugh!"

He struck off to the west. Hugh stumbled after him. What it was that marked the trail they were supposed to be following Hugh could not discover. It seemed to him they were plowing through underbrush that grew thicker the farther they went. But Nylan seemed sure of his route. He went straight ahead for an hour and a half, and another hour on top of

that. "Ought to be hitting the swamp by this time, sure" Nylan said a' last. "Where is the blamed thing, anyway?" Who has moved it?"

"You can't lay it to me," said Hugh.

"This is a good place to have lunch,"

"We'll be late getting back. This stream. snack might come in handy," was the

hit your wonderful swamp mighty

drifted out to Joe in the September midnight.

No one knew the Still River country like Joe Queal, and the through express stopped at Gray's Station at eleven. Midnight activities of this response of the particular of the present o open going on their way in. Soon after they came onto a pond with sandy shores. They had seen no such pond before that day. Hugh noticed his guide seemed a bit nonplused.

'This isn't the way we came from tom of the motor-boat. the river," he said. "We've swung a little to the south,

imagine." for the Forks at all."

"Doesn't it?" "Seems to me we're headed in the opposite direction just at present."
"Leave it to me, Hugh. Your sense

of direction is all off." They skirted the little pond. they tramped miles through thick underbrush. It began to grow dusky. And then it rained a little. Hugh took a look at his watch. If it had taken them two hours and a half to reach the little clearing where they had eaten lunch, they should have reached the Forks an hour ago.

Nylan plunged on, breaking a trail

Nylan turned sharply. He grinned in sheepish fashion. "No sense trying to keep up the

bluff any longer, I see," he admitted.
"How long have you known it?"
"Ever since I saw the expression on your face when that pond popped up in front of us." "You're right, Hugh. I've got all

balled up somehow. We're lost." It was beginning to rain hard. They built a fairly tight shelter under a big fir. They started a fire with dead stuff close at hand and by

ears. Hugh was always good to look at. Evening clothes made him no less so.

Nylan pulled a chair beside the desk and motioned the younger man to take and get him; right off, scanty remains of lunch.

"I should have left word at the camp open first," said Nylan. "Better wait 'til tomorrow, lamented. "Then Joe would have left word at the camp open first," said Nylan. "Better wait 'til tomorrow, lamented. "Then Joe would have left word at the camp open first," said lamented. "Then Joe would have left word at the camp open first," said lamented. "Then Joe would have left word at the camp open first," said lamented. "Then Joe would have left word at the camp open first," said lamented. "Then Joe would have left word at the camp open first," said lamented. "Then Joe would have left word at the camp open first," said lamented. "Then Joe would have left word at the camp open first," said lamented. "Then Joe would have left word at the camp open first," said lamented. "Then Joe would have left word at the camp open first," said lamented. "Then Joe would have left word at the camp open first," said lamented in the camp open first, "said lamented in the camp open first," said lamented in the camp open first, "said lamented in the camp open first," said lamented in the camp open first, "said lamented in the camp open first," said lamented in the camp open first, "said lamented in the camp open first," said lamented in the camp open first, "said lamented in the camp open first," said lamented in the camp open first, "said lamented in the camp open first," said lamented in the camp open first, "said lamented in the camp open first," said lamented in the camp op followed us and found us and got us out. Now he won't have the slightest idea where we have gone."

"You ought to be pretty familiar with the general lay of this country up here," said Hugh. "Today's experiences proves just

about how trustworthy I am." "Well, what general direction should we travel?"

"East." They slept snugly enough that night in the shelter they had built under the fir. They slept soundly, too, for they were both worn out with the long tramp. The first gray day-light found Nylan awake and arousing Hugh. Breakfast was half a ba-

con sandwich apiece.

They examined the bark on the trees. If it was thicker on the north side, then north was a variable direction; for, to them, on one tree the bark would seem thicker on one side and on another tree it would seem thicker on the opposite side. They finally struck out in the direction Ny-

lan felt surest was east. Just before noon they got two partridges in a cedar swamp they were wallowing across. They had one plucked and spitted over a fire before

it was cold. It rained all day. Soaked to the skin, cold, tired, they pushed on again they built a shelter at dusk, and a great fire, close to which they man-

aged to get themselves fairly dry.

Morning came clear and frosty after the rain. They knew by the sun they must have been traveling west for the past two days. Now they set

A course due east would bring them to Still River, Nylan maintained. The rest was simple. They would follow either upstream to the camp or downstream to Joe Queal's place, whichever they should decide would be nearer when they came out on the stream.

But Still River did not put in an appearance in accord to this reckoning. All that day it eluded them, and for the next three days also. On that last day Nylan went down, and refused to get up again.

"Go on!" he mumbled. "Go on alone. I can't take another step." Hugh stooped. He was pretty far gone himself, but he managed to get the other man across his shoulders.
"Don't be a fool," Nylan grunted. "You can't make it with me on your back. Alone maybe you can. Then you can send 'em out to find me.

Lemme rest. Put me down. Do you hear?"
"Be quiet!" Hugh snarled. He lurched on with his burden. Still River surely must be just ahead; maybe just beyond that clump of hemlocks; well, then surely behind those dead cedar stumps with the bark peeling off them. He felt light-headed and overpoweringly drowsy by turns. Then he was sure he couldn't go another ten paces. He had no idea how long he plodded on like this nor how

And then all at once he was aware was listening to a dog barking. There was a shimmer of water through the trees. Hugh Kane shouted. He tried to run, stumbled, struck his shoulder against a tree trunk, gave the burden on his back a

to the mind of the man at the shabby oak desk.

She was young. She was eager. She was anxious. An idol would have turned on its pedestal to look at her. Either she or her modiste was a consummate artist. The simple black summate artist. The simple black she was anxious at the same time of the man at the shabby of the mind of the man at the shabby of the mind of the man at the shabby of the man at the shabby of an unfinished house and five dogs at all hungry. What suprised Hugh was to see him carefully wrap up all that was left of the meal and tuck it into his pocket.

The framework of an unfinished house and five dogs barking like mad. And Joe Queal, the did manage to roof over part of the monstrosity and to finish four rooms. That unfinished skeleton of the monstrosity and to finish four rooms. That unfinished skeleton of the monstrosity and to finish four rooms. That unfinished skeleton of the monstrosity and to finish four rooms. That unfinished skeleton of the monstrosity and to finish four rooms. The framework of an unfinished house and five dogs barking like mad. And Joe Queal, the did manage to roof over part of the monstrosity and to finish four rooms. That unfinished skeleton of the monstrosity and to finish four rooms. The framework of an unfinished house and five dogs barking like mad. And Joe Queal, the did manage to roof over part of the monstrosity and to finish four rooms. That unfinished skeleton of the monstrosity and to finish four rooms. The framework of an unfinished house and five dogs barking like mad. And Joe Queal, the did manage to roof over part of the monstrosity and to finish four rooms. The framework of an unfinished house and five dogs barking like mad. And Joe Queal, the did manage to roof over part of the monstrosity and to finish four rooms. The framework of an unfinished house and five dogs barking like mad. The framework of an unfinished house and five dogs barking like mad. The framework of an unfinished house and five dogs barking like mad. The framework of an unfinished hou

Three minutes later Joe was lifting reply.

"We'll be late all right if we don't was dragging himself wearily aboard. "What's happened? For the love "We won't hit it to-day at all. It's nearly two o'clock now. We wouldn't have time for any shooting after we away from camp two days, t'ree days, the rough road that led to his clearing. have time for any shooting after we all four rooms were ablaze with got there. We'll try it again to-morlight, and in the kitchen Mrs. Joe, the row, perhaps. It's a long paddle back all right, Joe. You wait, and don't you worry. So I don't worry for two days nor for t'ree days; but four days, five days, that's all different. I go and back are the range. The aroma of coffee and back are the range. But he made no comment, and back are the rooms of the place at the rooms of contents. But he made no comment, at the Forks. And I find footprints in the mude I go way in I heller. back with dogs when someone yells.

And I look across Big Otter and I see The voice seemed to recede. Hugh Kane toppled sideways into the bot-

He awakened in one of Joe Queal's four rooms. He had no memory of getting into that bed. It seemed to "Off the trail?"

be early afternoon. Savory odors "Little to the south of it, as I say."

be early afternoon. He got "It doesn't seem to me we're headed up and dressed, and as he was dressing Joe Queal's words spoken to the accompaniment of the motor-boat's chugging engine came back to him.

At the sight of him in the kitchen doorway, a ministering angel, dumpy in shape, Kerry-born and proud of it, began wisking things off the stove. Joe presently came poking in from outside. Hugh Kane beckened to him, and as he stowed away the things Mrs. Queal whisked from the stove he asked Joe many questions, and Joe stolidly answered them. Thus he verified those words of Joe's that had come back to him as he dressed.

John Nylan, it seemed, was up begrow dark rapidly.

"Might just as well stop right here as anywhere for the night, hadn't we?" Hugh said at last.

Nulan turned at least Mrs. Queal's viands began to pall. fore him, fed to repletion and smok-

"How are we?" said Hugh. "Fine. Little stiff, but nothing serious. And outside that stiffness, immense. And you?"
"Same here!"

"Cigar, Hugh?" Hugh took it, lighted a match, and scorched his fingers with the flame of it by staring overlong at John Nylan on the steps.

"So you knew where we were all the time, did you?" said Hugh.

John Nylan started.
"I did not," said he. "What put that idea into your head?"
"Something Joe Queal said."
"You're on the worns took. Meet

"You're on the wrong tack. Most decidedly I did not know where we were after that cussed little pond showed up."

"Let's put it another way, then. You weren't surprised when we found we were lost." "On the contrary, I was; and scared stiff as well."

"Look here, didn't you intend to get lost?"

"Not so darned much in earnest. You see, I overdid it. The imitation became the real thing." Hugh Kane's narrowed eyes and

the slight tightening of his lips demanded full explanation. "If you're going to lend a man fifty thousand dollars, Hugh, it's a good idea to know what kind of a man he is. Sometimes fifty thousand might make a man; and another time it might prove the worst thing in the world for him. Besides, there was

Peggy."
"I see." "You get the fifty thousand, all

right, boy."
Hugh Kane blew a great fog of smoke from the cigar. "Keep your fifty thousand!" he

"Huh ?"

"Don't want it."
"What?" 'Wouldn't take it under any consideration. If I can get us out of a scrape like this one you got us into, I think I can pull myself out of a measly little business difficulty with-out anybody's help."

John Nylan became absorbed in a flock of crows, low-winging it south-

ward just above the tree tops. "Hanged if I haven't done a better job than I meant to," he mused, apparently addressing the crows. With his eyes still upon them he reached out to pat the nearest knee of the

young man beside him.
"'Atta boy, Hugh!" the rumbling
voice purred its softest. "'Atta boy!"
—By Barker Shelton, in American Magazine.

New Pneumonia Serum May Cut. Deaths One-Half.

Boston-Discovery of a new treatment for pneumonia in the form of an improved serum which it is thought may reduce the death rate from this disease by 25 or possibly 50 per cent., was described by Dr. Lloyd D. Felton, assistant professor of preventive medicine at the Harvard medical school, in an address at the New England

Health institute. The treatment consisted, he said, of a method of precipitating and concentrating the antidotes in anti-pneumococcus serum. The original serum, which has been known for some time, was weak, he added, and its value was diminished by the fact that it produced violent reactions in the form of

chills, serum sickness and rashes. Doctor Felton said he had been able to eliminate the harmful substances from the serum.

Judged by His Hat.

Bishop Kinsolving, of Virginia, had two sons who were bishops. One of them, George Kinsolving, was the bishop of Texas. With his clerical at-tire, the Texas bishop affected the large sombrero hat. A small boy meeting him on the

him eagerly, inquiring: "Are you Buffalo Bill?"
"No, sonny," replied the bishop,

street one day in Richmond, stopped

"I'm Texas George."