THE TONE OF VOICE.

It is not so much what you say, As the manner in which you say it; It is not so much the language you use As the tones in which you convey it.

"Come here!" I sharply said, And the baby cowered and wept: "Come here!" I cooed, and he looked and smiled, And straight to my lap he crept.

The words may be mild and fair

And the ones may pierce like a dart; The words may be soft as a summer air And the ones may break the heart.

Few words but come from the mind, And grow by study and art; But the tones leap forth from the inner self

And reveal the state of the heart.

Whether you know it or not, Whether you mean or care. Gentleness, kindness, love and hate, Envy and anger are there. Then would you quarrels avoid. And in peace and love rejoice, Keep anger not only out of your words. But keep it out of your voice.

-Youth's Companion

THE MOUNTAIN DECIDES.

She could not resist stopping once more at the window to fill her lungs with the crisp, sweet air, and her eyes grew misty as they devoured the mountains' awesome loveliness: the thundering Bow River, jade green, filigreed with silver and ridden by foaming crests, that swept her rapt gaze on to timbered slopes, with glaciers creeping down them, to range on range of mighty ridges blotched with snow and soaring dizzily to silver crags and pinnacles, chaste against the inviolable turquoise.

Her breast rose, and she flung back her head in ecstasy Ahhhh! Freedom. Beauty. Delectable words! Dreamed of, hungered for, fought for, despaired of and at last, in the teeth of everything, realized—for three short weeks. And one of them was

As the cool fragrance of the pineclad wilderness embraced her, she threw off her kimono that it might caress her wholly.

She was a thing to delight the eye, had there been eyes to see, in mauve mules, delicate and slender, slim, stockinged legs, gay-gartered, and those intimate garments so beloved of the heart of woman, all of sheer silk and bought by months-no, years-of fierce denial.

If only she possessed no conscience, if she could but bring herself to han-But she could not. To her dismay she realized she did not know whether she cared, whether she cared, whether she cared, whether she cared, whether she cared must find the sat a moment with his she must if ever she could give her.

The ironic humor in it struck her. The ironic humor in it struck self in happiness to any man.

He would ask her soon, she was sure—she always knew when they were going to propose-and she wanted to say "Yes," she knew that, too. Never to interrupt this glorious round of days, to go on, on and on, to all the joys he drew for her. But did she want to marry him?

To be his wife? He was waiting on the terrace, his slight, tall figure in its faultless dinner clothes bent somewhat from the crossing of his hands behind him, and his face lit eagerly as he saw her

come. He eyed her for a long moment. "You make me think of black cats, daffodils and ivory," he said. Then, with a quick intensifying of his tone that made her heart leap: "D'you know how beautiful you are?"

She had colored at his ardor, and her eyes fell. "I-didn't. But I think

She raised her head, and was surprised to catch a tiny shade of pain upon him.

A lean, pale face, lips curved and sensitive, almost beautiful; a highbridged nose that in another face might have been hawkish, sunken cheeks, pale gold hair, but dominating it all two warm gray eyes, serene and gentle, that met hers quite unwaveringly, but in which as her flush deepened there sprang a swift, hot flame. But he smiled at once, pointing to

the lovely valley of the Bow with the bright river winding in majestic sweeps to where the ridges heaved. "I never saw anything like that intense violet haze that seems to hang in all the distances. I wonder if it's because the air's so clear, just as the

clear depth makes the sea blue?" Though the terrace was thronged with people, it was easy to look past and over them, and feel as if they were alone together in all that space

and beauty. 'Isn't it simply glorious?" she said. "Yes." His soul was in his voice. But he was not looking at the moun-

Then Dick Neal cantered into view, riding a lean, mean pinto with a pink

nose and one white eye. Dick usually rode that cayuse when he came down in the evening, and it tangible thing. As he pulled up to buck elsewhere. Today, though girl and drew up one for himself. for some reason, it did not quiet af- "Handsome beggar," he thought

repertoire of equine devilment.

Dick stayed gayly, and a murmur of admiration rose. Melody's eyes shone and she seized Rhodes' arm in her excitement as with the thud of hoofs, snortings and the creak of leather, the frantic pinto with the lest epics of the Rockies. laughing Dick astride whirled nearer. Then, with a ferocious "sunfish," it old mountains pretty well by now; was by the terrace parapet, and com- better than almost anybody, I'm told. ing from a high pig-jump, Dick's spurred foot caught the rail, unseat-Rhodes, the red-hot war pilot?" ing him. He knew he was gone, yelled, kicked free of the stirrup and head. allowed the next buck to pitch him

Melody. he ever introduced me to a lady." Melody blushed once more at the

directness and frank admiration of his tone. He laughed, his big teeth heeled and cantered up the trail, was past midnight and she had promrrning as he entered the timber to ave his hat to her.

"Wasn't that lovely!" she said with to ride any while you're in Banff?" wheeled and cantered up the trail, turning as he entered the timber to wave his hat to her.

delight. "Splendid! Good-looking beggar, too. Extraordinary the way these Western ponies buck, but are so quiet afterward.

"Yes. It freightened me a bit." She gazed bright-eyed at the pinto's see. Come on!" white-blotched quarters flashing now see. Come on!" "Oh, I'd love to!" exclaimed Mel-She gazed bright-eyed at the pinto's you places no tourist crowd'll ever Dick and his father were an institution in the Rockies. The old man had a tidy fortune and gave Dick the best of education—Ridley's and the Military College. But the mountains were in Dick's blood, and they held him. The two lived in a big log house with a housekeeper and a Chinese cook, and Dick followed his father's trade, prospecting, leading hunters after grizzly, goat or bighorn, or seeking alone some record head for the great museums. He knew neither sickness, restraint nor want, singing his way through life with a vibrant joy, half fierce, half childlike.

The terrace was clearing now, the people going in to dinner.
"Would you prefer to wait a little?" Rhodes inquired.

"Oh, no. I'm hungry." "I'm glad, for I'd ordered some-thing very special for 7 o'clock."

It was late in September, and the nights were very cold. After dinner they sat in the small music room, she in a deep chair of profound blue velvet, under a stand lamp. The soft glow and her yellow gown against the blue struck a note so vivid that the colors seemed almost to burn.

By and by he went to the piano and played softly. A stronger call than don't you think?' words could sound came to her "Yes. He's livin through the tones his hands coaxed from the keys. Then he struck a color that only a man's can hold, swung into the Berceuse from "Jace-

Melody felt swept away on some hunger to perpetuate her happiness, whether she loved him, or whether she a newly opened rose. was enchanted by his singing, she could not have told. But she knew

as I am tonight. You've come to me like something from a brighter world. was feeling disheartened, desperatey tired—of life, I mean, not work or things—I'd almost lost all interest. That's one thing money does; kills all desire, all interest. But now I'm wondering how long I reasonably may hope to live * * * if life can be as it has been since you got on the train at Montreal."

Her heart raced. It was coming. And she didn't know. She didn't know if she could give herself. Only that she wanted to go on with her new happiness. If only he'd kiss her first, perhaps she'd know, then * "It's hard to say the things I feel. There are things that you should

know beforedoor, starting slightly. There was a with Dick's impetuous advent they beknot of people there, attracted by the music. They came in.

"Did that music come from here?" a girl asked. "It was exquisite! Won't you please play some more?"
He smiled and shook his head. "I

seldom do-now. It's hard for me." There was a dark, lithe, sunburned fellow with her, and he was surprised that it was Dick Neal of the bucking horse.

Dick had galloped furiously home, changed and driven back in the car. In the well-cut dinner jacket Rhodes had not at first recognized the laughing mountain man.

"We've met before, eh?" Dick said now. I'm Dick Neal." He indicated the fluffy blonde beside him. Meet Miss Milane."

To bridge the moment Rhodes said. 'My name's Rhodes. Then Neal's eyes sought Melody

in the big blue chair. She, too, had failed to recognize him in his more formal dress. "I think you've already been intro-duced sufficiently," smiled Rhodes, "but may I present Mr. Neal? Miss

"You got home safely," she ventured, remembering the pink-nosed

pinto. Dick's teeth gleamed. "I'm not often piled, Miss Vinner." A virile aura seemed to envelop the fellow like a often chose the moment when he pass-ed the terrace to display a fine tech-ody had a sensation of being pos-"What is it, Garth?" she said kind-"What is it, Garth?" she said kind-"What is it, Garth?" she said kindnique in bucking. It was seldom seen sessed. Rhodes placed a chair for the ter a few vindictive pig-jumps, but proceded to exhaust a comprehensive tanned face and the blue eyes laugh-

ing into Melody's.
"It was you who guided Sladen's

party over the Jacknife, I believe, Neal?" The Sladen vanquishing of the high

Dick nodded. "I know the darned she saw nothing that she had not help it."

| Shot through her stiff and almost ace A., Alice E., and Maleline Moses. I mean frozen limbs, but she crouched on the Trinity Methodist Episcopal

touching the stone rail with a foot something satisfying about these or you will bust your neck, sure." in passing, he leaped clear, landing mountains. It comes stealing over one

telody.

"There is. It gets you. You a wild desire to cut Dick with her "I always knew that horse had should be out on the Wolverine, all quirt across his handsome face. sense," he drawled as he swept off his alone, at night, sometime, at the full big hat. "But that's the first time of the moon, when there's no wind. of the moon, when there's no wind. Then you'd know what silence is."

Soon Melody forgot herself in ed ridges, down steep moraines, mer, ever. And they won't begin to icy cold."

drawled tales of pine and ridge, ava- through brooks and up the other side, wonder about you for ten days, knowlanches and grizzlies, of high adven- on shale-strewn hill-sides, winding a white in the lean mahogany of his ture, swift-flowing life in the clean tortuous way toward the slim white grub and horses." face, then flashed a quick, appraising mountains, till at last the little Missilver of the waterfall. The sun was look at Rhodes, then nodded to Mellane girl, whom Dick had brought, high when Dick pulled up on a broad ody, jammed his hat on his black not comforted by his frank capitulacurls and vaulted the rail to where tion to the svelte, dark, vital girl in pines. the pinto drooped. Swinging up, he yellow, remarked petulantly that it "He

"We'd planned to make the Wolver-

ine trip."
"Ummm. Five days, eh?" He flashed an appraising look at Rhodes.
"Look here. Let me take you two off alone for that five days. I'll show the ax.

"By all means," Rhodes chimed in. ed his back on him.

"That would be splendid! It's very kind of you, Neal." a little ungraciously. Melody thought. "Fine, then. I can't start for a day or two, though. We've an engineer inspecting some claim of ours. Does that matter?"

Rhodes glanced at Melody. Dick smiled down on her. "I'll be down tomorow. May I see you?" There was no mistaking his enthu-blue skein wound. siasm. and she nodded. "Tomorrow, then," he said.

His teeth gleamed and he turned fall, while the pot boils."
and took the Milane girl's arm, bendShe rose in acquiescence ing low to talk to her and barely ed to Rhodes. "Coming, Garth?"

"Good-night."

"When the talk arm, bendacknowledging Rhodes' courteous He nodded, smiling.

"Bigle look to talk to her and barely ed to Rhodes. "Coming, Garth?"

"Bigle look to talk to her and barely ed to Rhodes."

"Bigle look to talk to her and barely ed to Rhodes."

"Bigle look to talk to her and barely ed to Rhodes."

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"Bigle look to talk to her and barely ed to Rhodes."

"Bigle look to talk to her and barely ed to Rhodes."

"Bigle look to talk to her and barely ed to Rhodes."

prised to see again that pained look in his eyes. It was as though he and also that he thought his comment looked on sunlight from a prison cell, would insure Garth's absence. knowing hope vain. He came back with a little start, then rose, extend- while Rhodes stood with his lip be-

"Oh, yes. He's rather wonderful,

"Whatever do you mean?"

It was a crystal, sunny morning. close to the cliff. The traveling was Garth, who smiled into her eyes Great heavens!"

The air was icy, tanged with the easy, though somewhat rough. Mel- whenever he could catch them, could His voice was exquisite tide. Whether it was her aroma of pines. It bit the nostrils and ody glanced behind her and saw that discover any avenue. Perhaps no one rol. the world was fresh and fragrant as Garth had followed, walking most

> They wound in single file along a narrow trail, Dick Neal, in chaps and

er, sitting on the divan close to her. stupendous, stark, grim, unutterably There came an awful grinding "Melody, I hope you are as happy pure and lonely. They fell away be-sound, some fragments rolled, and side her, down and down, past tim- suddenly the entire slope dropped universe of mountains bred no sound, and save for the "creak, creak, creak" "clack!" of unshod hoofs on stone, the three before it. hush was absolute.

than once, during the last four days, ward the precipice where the fragonly by the exercise of the utmost of ments that had made the slope pour-her feminine resources had she pre- ed over with a roar like thunder. vented one or other of them from pro- She struggled to regain her footing, posing to her.

Complex and indefinable as had He broke off and looked toward the been her feelings as to Rhodes alone, and then recoiled in terror as the came chaotic. To be swept from such er it came. Nearer. But the move-poverty of spirit to such riches, and ment slowed—stopped. The rattle of yet not to know her own heart!

ent, and yet for her so similar in that tain settled to repose until the river each offered a new, free life, no more to hunger, no more to bruise her spirit by eternal, hopeless fluttering against the bars of inexorable circumstance. Two doors to the same cage, and she knew where neither led.

An hour since they had left the great, luxurious hotel, and in ten minutes had been swallowed by primeval wilderness bearing no marks of man. Soon Dick led off the trail, winding his way on a side hill, with a sheer drop below into the valley. It made her catch her breath a little, but Dick was obviously quite unconcerned and the ponies made no sign of any nervousness, so she reassured herself

without much effort. saddle, resting her hand on her horse's overhanging slab. "My God!" croup and calling over her shoulder said. back to Rhodes: "You're very quiet.'

to look. He was sitting rigid in his saddle, holding desperately to the horn, his jaw hardset, so that the flesh gleamed white upon the knotted muscles. His wall and which alone had saved them the sensation that something warm eves were screwed tight shut, and, from being swept off by the hurtling was gently pressed upon her lips, though the air was chill, she saw the stone. Where the plateau had been sweat stand on his brow. He had not was now a sheer cliff and the trail heard her speak seemed quite uncon- ahead of them had disappeared.

She was startled at the grateful reached to its upper edge, tried then his face set. He straightened a rattling roar a ton or two of loose up, smiled his grave smile and said stone shot past them into space. He or anything."

Their eyes met. Neither wavered; and for all her woman's shrewdness if she loved him.

She saw Rhodes turn white again, with a flying stagger close to them. after you've been in them a little but he made no other sign that he had he also fell, but recovered and saw time.' heard. She found herself restraining

> They filed on through the tranquil mountains; on sparsely timbered hillsides, along the crests of hog-backhigh when Dick pulled up on a broad home." shelf grown with gnarled and stunted

"Here we are. We'll boil the pot here. There's a bit of grazing for the start! here. There's a bit of grazing for the start!" His voice rose to a queer horses on the sunny side. I discovered this fall myself. Nobody but the trappers in the winter come here. him off, and Dick recoiled as though But the river is below: It's too rough for the brokers and fat blondes who go on the routine rides."

Rhodes, with the pack ponies, entered the space, and Dick slipped the

untoward happening that day. "Yes," said Dick shortly, and turn-

That would be splendid! It's very ind of you, Neal."

Rhodes gathered a heap of twigs and made busy breaking larger sticks across his knee. Melody lay on the fragrant carpet of pine needles, gazing at the snows and striving to clarify her thoughts. When Rhodes lit specting some claim of ours. Does his fire the smoke came to her nosshe came back to reality with a little at matter?"

she came back to reality with a little start. She ached in every bone. Always aren't years that followed, the reek of wood-ready she was meticulously familiar smoke would bring her instantly a

The chopping done, Dick came behind her. "Stroll around and see the She rose in acquiescence and turn- situation.

Dick looked him up and down. he did not indorse Melody's invitation,

There was a moment's tenseness, One by one the other people drifted from the room till they were alone.

By and by he went to the piece and by h

rowed and the trees died out. On their left was a sheer rock wall, from whose base for some twenty "Yes. He's living. Some of us are feet receded one of those broken slopes made by the sliding down of fragments, and which ended in a clean firmer chord, threw back his head and in a deep voice of the mellifluous that could touch you, I think." His After the terrific heights which they voice was deep and infinitely tender. had skirted, this seemed almost puny. "You're one of those who're living." Dick led along the top of the slope, Dick led along the top of the slope, carefully, one hand pressed on the

wall of rock. Picking his way among the frag-

bered slopes to river-threaded valley, sickeningly several feet, and the bits and all around they heaved and soar- that made it began to slide toward ed to glittering spires serene in in- the brink. Half the plateau, with finite remoteness. The whole terrific their fire, plunged into space, and a great slab of the rocky wall beside them broke from the parent cliff and of leather and the deliberate, flat moved down with the rubble, pushing Melody screamed as she lost her Melody sat her horse and struggled footing, saw Dick claw madly as the with a sense of complete unreality. moving rocks betrayed his feet, and Dick had captivated her as swiftly the three of them with the huge slab and completely as had Rhodes. More of rock behind slid deliberately to-

looked up and saw the monolith above her start to topple, flinched from it few still-falling fragments sounded. The two men were so widely differ- Then the silence closed, as the moungrowing at its foot, should undermine it once again.

For many moments Melody lay motionless, terrified lest the slightest move should recommence that awful

Then the voice of Rhodes behind her said: "Melody. You all right?"
She sat up, turning. He was close to her, sprawled at the cliff edge. "Ohhhh!" she gasped. "What was it?"

"Heaven knows! But it wasn't my fault," he said wryly, regarding the blood which trickled from a cut in his hand. "You all right, Neal?"

Dick moved beside her and sat up, By and by she half turned in her crouching under a shoulder of the he

They were almost at the edge of He made no answer and she turned the precipice, on a sloping ledge no more than ten feet long by four, all that remained of the path they had been traveling. Behind them hung the rock that had parted from the

ly and a little pleadingly as she dis-mounted. "Are you ill or some- and got to his knees as far as the overhanging rock would let him. Melody, hurling her upon Rhodes.

"Steady on, man!" said the latter.

crowding Melody that way." up, when with a yank on the horn and must be a splendid life. There's fere with him when you're on a ledge a hundred feet and down each side." blue-lipped, his teeth a-chatter

"Can't we climb down below?"

"I can't! It's overhanging dev-Rhodes?"

Perhaps you can!" There Her ey lishly. Perhaps you can!" There was no mistaking his allusion, but lishly. Perhaps you can!" There Her eyes were wide. "He jumped was no mistaking his allusion, but off. This minute. I saw him go! Rhodes ignored the sneer and looked Ohhhhh." She covered her face with

thoughtful. "Well?" Dick prodded.

ing you're with me and that we've down by a stone. It was an old let-"Ah! The horses! They'll

"They won't. There's grazing for ly from cold she took out the sheet. three months where I left 'em. We He had written on the back of the can't get out. Can't even make a original start!" His voice rose to a queer squeak. We're caught. To think—"
"The moon is bright enough now to he had been lashed, turning a turkey

red. "Oh! That from you—"
Rhodes ignored him. "This is too hitch from one load and pulled out the ax.

"Going to make a fire?" asked Rhodes as though there had been no make a fire?" asked to have forgotten. "We'll look around and figure out some way."

It was sunset, six hours since the landslide had entrapped them. The living gold upon the peaks across the gorge was swiftly turning to a sullen red. A chill crept on the air and the sonorous rushing of the little fall behind them served only to accentuate

the mountain's awesome quiet. Melody must have been dozing, for with the details of the view from living vision of the little plateau with their grim eyrie. As she moved units wind-gnarled pines and Garth easily, Rhodes, who with arms folded kneeling by the fire from which the leaned against the rock, smiled at leaned against the rock, smiled at her. Dick sat huddled with his chin between his knees, sullenly glaring into space. They had all three exhausted all there was to say about the

To Melody, though, after the fright of the phenomenon had passed off, it was all quite unreal. She felt it mere-When his limber form had gone, there was a silence. Turning enthusiastically to Rhodes, Melody was surpointedly. His tone made clear that be ended in some quite ordinary. fashion. Her mind had been much more occupied with the searching of her heart for a decision which she knew she soon must make.

But as the gold on the peaks waned twen his teth. Then Dick took her to red, the red paled to saffron, the saffron chilled soon to icy blue and the stars came out and the cold began to bite into her limbs, the truth came to her with the shock of a physical blow.

> They had been on that rocky ledge all afternoon because there was no way of escape from it! Not Dick, who seemed to have forgotten her, glaring so sullenly into spaces, nor Then they'd be there days, weeks? They'd starve! Already she was bathe and put on the daffodil dress Garth liked so much. She'd have that pressed on her eardrums. dinner with Garth. He was nice. But he was no man. He was a weakling, afraid to go near the edge. Shut his fear of night. Couldn't force himself to go, eves. even though Dick sneered. Dick was sort of callous. He was awfully handsome, though, and so gay and brave. He'd walk on the thin edge of abysmal emptiness and chat. But he seemed to have forgotten her. She shivered violently.

Garth sat up and took off his coat.

"Cold? I'm not a bit." In spite of her vehement protests he wrapped it round her shoulders. Dick turned and saw. His face was drawn and sullen. But as he saw Rhodes' arm about her his eyes gleamed and he unbuttoned his coat slowly and took it off, wrapping it

round her legs.
"Can't we do something, Neal?" said Rhodes. It seemed to jerk Dick back to the reality. He swallowed and licked his furtively glancing over his shoulder at the purpling gorge, the safe!" peaks now dark against the icy sky on which new stars appeared. He

"God knows! It's hopeless." "Sit up close to her-Dick. Keep her warm, anyway." They pressed close to her, one on either side, and she curled herself in-

shook his head, and his eyes widened.

she could effct. The dark came down and the hours dragged by. Sometimes she dozed, to dragged and painful to change the Briblian lifelong dreams.—From waken cramped and painful, to change her position and sink again into un-easy stupor. Once Garth's voice said: "All right, Melody?" His hand slipped into hers, squeezing it. A warm flood seemed to surge from it into

her heart. Once or twice she was awake again, and some one gently drawing the coats around her.

that some one was kissing her. She opened her eyes and saw the peaks across the gorge stand black against a golden shield, as the sun climbed up behind them. Even in that moment she was conscious of the liveliness and of the icy purity of the air she breathed.

Then a figure rose between her and glow that instantly suffused his face with his hands, then drew himself up the flaming sky. It was Rhodes. He "Er—you see——" he faltered. But slowly to peer over. But at once with stood for a moment with his hands a little apart from his sides and his neur in Antwerp. The carillon conface turned upward. Then he desists of sixty-one bells. On the largdecisively: "No, Melody. I'm not ill, ducked and crammed himself against liberately stepped off the edge, flung est, weighing 7,918 pounds, is inscribup his arms and disappeared. Her wild scream made an eagle

Dick turned, glaring. "I couldn't leap from his perch to night. Pains brink and peered down. Nothing but "No. No relative of his. Yours still on your pony! Don't ever inter- ledge. Back of that it goes up sheer and she rose to face Dick, red-eyed,

"W-w-w-what is it? Where's

her hands. "Crazy. That's the kind he was "Some one'll see us."

There's not a chance. Three hund"Huh. No one comes here in sumred feet. The river's full of bowlders,

Then she saw an envelope held ter with the address crossed out, and "Melody" written over it. With hands that fumbled hopeless-

write. It seems we're up against it. chance is to try the drop. It's one

in a million; but there is a chanceand it is all there is.
"Life's a queer business, Melody. There's an uncanny constructiveness about it. I mean that this thing that's happened might have been ar-

ranged especially for me. 'You see, I was a sort of airman in the war. I was shot down from 20,000 feet, hit and paralyzed, but managed to straighten her at the last moment so that she didn't kill me. It would have been better if it had. I was worse than dead. My nerve was absolutely shattered. I couldn't play polo, drive a car—anything. At first a slammed door would make the sweat break out on me. Heights were bugbear-couldn't even look out of a window. My life was hades. The eternal solicitousness of people mad-

dened me. "I began to lose my self-respect. Even thought of sucide. Then a neurological chap told me that if I could master the fear of falling I'd be all right, as that was the root of

my trouble. "So I came to the mountains and swore I wouldn't go down till I had mastered myself. You saw what happened, how futile. I couldn't beat it. My legs just wouldn't take me to the precipice. But I think that for you I can do this thing. If by some miracle I come through, I'll have my self-respect again. If not—that will be better for me than the way I've lived.

"I'm not sure whether I can do it. But when the sun comes I shall try. "Of course, you know I love you. These things are not hidden. "So, good-by, my Melody. The rest is with Allah."

She turned the letter over numbly. The original address was typed there. "Lieutenant Colonel Garth I. Rhodes, V. C., D. S. O., M. C." Dick, who had been reading over her shoulder, breathed: "'Ace Rhodes.

His voice was like a spark to petdiscover any avenue. Perhaps no one rol. She wheeled upon him fierce-would come. Dick had said this. ly: "And you hurt him—you bully!"

The hot sun shooting from over the peaks warmed her gratefully. Thirst, ravenous. If it went on they'd die. and sick hunger. Dick crouching in dle this new problem in the ruthless, single-minded spirit she had used to box would selve her new problem in the ruthless, box here. The ironic humor in it struck her. The ironic humor in it

> together! Oh, preposterous! Soon Her brain throbbing, throbbing. Dick they'd get out and go back to her de-looking at her queerly, and she edglooking at her queerly, and she edglightful room at the hotel. She'd ing away to the far end of the ledge. Hours after endless hours in a silence The glow on the far peaks and the

chill creeping again on the air and the She crouched against the rocks sucking a pebble—she remembered reading that this would aid thirstwatching the living gold. Dick was stretched on his back.

Suddenly she sat up. "A-hoogo-ah." Like the echo of her own thoughts came an infinitely distant hail. She seized Dick, shaking him desperately, and he sat up with a scowl and made to speak. She held up her

He started up, his eyes ablaze. "Say, that's an Indian calling. He's made it! Rhodes made it!" Then he shook his head and slump-

"'Tisn't possible. We're hearing things!" "A-hoooo-ah!" He was up again. His voice cracked and climbed queerly. "That's Tom Two Eagles! We're safe! We're

After a while there was a shout

above them. Melody looked up at the cliff behind. Garth stood on its very brink, his figure black against the jade and turquoise of the evening sky. He saw her and raised his hand. She crouched on the rock, while Dick yelled hoarse directions about to the nearest approach to comfort a descending rope. Her heart sang and her breath came fast. The five

the Public Ledger.

Dedication of the Trinity Carillon, at Springfield, Mass.

The dedication of the Trinity Carillon, in the Trinity Singing Tower, the gift to the Methodist Episcopal church at Springfield, Mass., of Hor-She came slowly from oblivion with ace Moses, took place September 16. The pastor, the Rev. Fred Winslow Adams, was in charge of the very beautiful exercises. Recitals throughout the day and each day at 5 o'clock of the week following were given by Anton Brees, Laureate of the Royal Flemish Conservatory of Antwerp, now official carillonneur of Mercersburg Academy in Pennsylvania. His father, Gustaf Brees, from whom he learned his art, was for forty-seven years organist at Antwerp Cathedral, Belgium, and is still City Carillon-

> To The Glory of God. This carrillon is the gift of Hor-Church, Springfield, Mass.

by the way, you any relative of 'Ace' Rhodes, the red-hot war pilot?"

Rhodes smiled sadly, shaking his lead.

Now Dick stepped up with her stirrup, and as she remounted he snapped over the swirling river laced with white and dotted with the black bowlders founders, John Taylor and Company, no way out of this. There's just a far below. How long she stared she of Loughborough, England, and was er his shoulder to Rhodes: "You sit heap of loose stuff behind us on the did not know, but a hand touched her ordered by Mr. Moses after a visit to England, where he become deeply interested in carillon music.