ON A MOUNTAIN.

"Dess he know how picturesque he looks?" Garcia wondered. She was inclined to give a man credit for vanity, or any other little idiosyncrasy he might

Joe Mascarl did not know that he might have posed successfully for a charming bit of south country life. He knew of course, that he was handsome, and that the water he drank from Juan Sepulvada's olia was cool and very clear. The water jar hung in a huge pepper tree, and the fern-like foliage with its feathery blossoms drooped nearly to the ground, framing Jose in a green arbor through which the sun glinted. Jose were a snowy white shirt, and the vivid scarlet and yellow handkerchief knotted loosely around his throat gave a richer coloring to his swarthy cheek. A wide sombrero covered his black hair, but did not hide the flashing glances the dark eyes cast toward Garcia's hammock. The hand that held the gourd was small and shapely, and there was in his salute all the grace of the Spanish cavalier, whose blue blood, much diluted, flowed n his veins.

Miss Waldo flushed a little under that grandiloquent how. Guilty? Perhaps. She had spent more hours than she liked to remember lounging on the wide gallery or swaying lazily in the hammock, strung up in the big blue gums, listening through the drifting, sunny days to the love tales of old Spain, retold with many embelishments by this young romancer, who had never journeyed a hundred miles from his mountain home.

Jose's bee ranch up the canyon did not occupy much of his time, and while his many-legged servants buzzed and labored, he brought out his choicest store of sweet sayings for Garcia's delectation.

Years ago, before Miss Waldo's blue eyes had looked very far into life's mysteries, both her parents had died of consumption. The care of the little girl had fallen on her father's eldest sister. who was in constant fear that Garcia should suffer the same fate. They had come from their eastern home in search of health, in the pretty village at the foot of the Sierra Madras. Here nature ran riot in glorious profusion, and sky and earth were alike brilliant in brightest hues. Garcia had been tired of her colorless surroundings; of the gray sky, the snow-covered earth, her aunt's paleness of age, her own dimmed beauty, and she re'used to go back home, though the October days had come again, with their wealth of fruit, and her health was almost entirely restored.

Miss Waldo's aunt did not take kindly to the gallant Jose, and his occasional performances upon the mandolin she utterly disapproved. She came to the door on the afternoon in question with evident depreciation of the pretty tableau.

"Have you written to Stephen to-day?" she demanded, and Garcia came out from the ruins of Alhambra, where she had been wandering in imagination, and recognized the hostile gleam of her aunt's

Jose departed with alacrity, and Garcia prepared unwillingly to enter the

"When an unpleasant fact is three thousand miles away," she grumbled, "it is very disagreeable to be reminded She fell to wondering how Stephen would look in a sombrero and a red muffler. She shuddered at the

"Fancy him at a bull fight with a guitar tied on with red and yellow ribbons. Oh, dear! why is his hair such a pale brown and his mustache so feeble. What for a man.

At any rate she was glad she had only partly promised to marry him. How could a girl threatened with tubercles marry anyone? She looked at the mountains. How Garcia loved those mountains! When their highest peaks caught the first smile of the morning; when sun and shade flashed at noonday over their brown sides; when the sun said "good night," and hid them in a soft purple baze; when the "clouds came down to and shrowded them in a green mist; ever changing, yet always the same, Garcia loved them and had dreamed dreams of the happy time when she should explore those hidden canvons.

At a hotel down the street, a lively widow and her sister boarded. Garcia considered them charming acquaintances, but her sunt held them in cold displeasure, mostly on account of what she termed the widow's "flirty" ways; but she had been beguiled into promising, in a moment of weakness, that some time Garcia might accompany the unobjectionable widow on a mountain excursion. The aunt never intended to keep this promise; reconciling it with her conscience that "some time" was so vague that it might be indefinitely postponed, and the journey never accomplished. Mysterious business took her to Los Angeles one day.

This was the widow's opportunity. She swooped down upon Garcia, and before the bewildered girl realized the situation, she was mounted on a burro, in company with two ready cavaliers and the widow and her sister. Their destination was a tent on the mountain side, occupied by the employes of an irrigating company, who were tunnelling the mountain in search of water. Garcia had often looked longingly up to the eyrie abode, which she had likened to a great white bird perched upon the mountain side. They wound slowly upward through sage brush and chapparel, pausing occasionally to look back over San Gabriel valley away to the distant ocean, showing through a rift in the hills.

By-and-by Garcia felt a strange and unplessant qualm as her burro crept gin gerly around the usually steep precipice. The distant tent looked more than ever like a bird ready to wing, and oh, so far

The widow, glancing backward, ex-

claimed at her pale face: "Are you going to faint, Miss Waldo?" "I think I am going to die," Garcia

whimpered. There was a great commotion among men and beasts, smelling salts were applied and bottles were uncorked, and Garcia opened her eyes to find herevil

upon terra firma, sheltered by a big grease-wood brush. No persuasion could induce her to remount, but at her carnest request, the rest of the party continued their upward journey, leaving her in her present retreat for the few hours that would intervene before their return

Garcia gave a sigh of relief as a bend in the trail hid them from view, and she was left alone. The day was perfect, and she revelled in her independence and the glorious view before her. Far down the ravine she heard the music of a hidden stream. Tall yuccas, with their masses of snowy bloom, might stand for whiterobed specter wives of dead mountain giants, with whom Thor tried his feats of

She laughed aloud at a merry mocking bird, bubbling over with a song, mimicking the sweet notes and shrill calls of his feathered friends, and ending with the mournful peep of a dripping chicken. She knew that Jose's home was in the canyon around the other side of the mountain and that he sometimes took this trail as a shorter cut to the town below. What if he should come this mornher in this unexpected place. Would he be glad? The trip had been tiresome, and her present quarters so comfortable that her day dreams melted away and

Suddenly she awoke with the thought that the day had become surprisingly hot. She drew a little further into her impromptu bower and resumed her castle forward lumbered across the path. A timid little cotton tail followed swiftly,

with a strange disregard of her presence. The air grew hotter and hotter. The mocking-bird hushed his songs and flew away. Queer little lizzards with their halting haste, darted into the bushes. More rabbits, with long jumps, passed by and disappeared over the mountain. She wondered idly at this strange procession of beasts and reptiles, but scrambled hastily up as a horrid toad, with bristling back and unnecessary tail, nearly ran across her feet as she rose; the burro with a loud snort and mighty wrench snapped the rope with which he was staked, and ran madly up the trail. She heard a loud cracking noise, and clouds of smoke stifled her. What could it mean?

Bewildered, she looked down the mountain side. O God! she knew then. The mountain was on fire. Tongues of flame darted from shrub to shrub, and licked up the grass, dried to tinder by the semi-tropic sun through the rainless summer months. With a roar like a tempest it swept up the mountain. The dried branches of dead trees, killed by former fires, caught the blaze, and stood up like sentinels of fire in its wake.

Although she knew that certain and awful death was coming, terror held Garcia helpless, and she was again becoming unconscious, when she was aroused by the voice of Jose shricking

"Fly, senorita, fly! For the love of the virgin, fy!"

She could not move with fear as "lead upon the feet of her most anxious will." The hot breath of death was scorching her cheek, when she felt herself clutched by the arm, and dragged unceremoniously over rock and bushes to the other side of the bend. There was no time for choosing paths. Jose was certainly not to blame that his delicate physique rendered him incapable of giving her better assistance, but when her senses returned unreasonable indignation came also. Stephen would never have dragged and tumbled her down a mountain with an utter disregard of her feelings and her clothing.

Still they slipped and stumbled, and the fire pursued them with dangerous haste. Another five minutes and they would reach the canyon, with its wide expanse of gravel and water and safety.

At this unfortunate moment Garcia's skirts caught the projecting limb of a fallen tree and brought rescuer and rescued to a sudden standstill. Garcia tugged at her skirts and Jose pulled at Garcia with all his strength, which did not tend to help matters. The fire came nearer and snatched the end of the tree whose branch held Garcia prisoner. With a wild shriek Jose let go his hold, and, plunging downward, left the unfortunate girl to her fate.

Relieved of the strain the lossened garments were easily disentangled and Garcia followed her cowardly guide, disgusted even in her peril, and thoroughly cured of her infatuation. As she reached the saving gravel she saw a strangely familar figure dash madly up the canyon. It was only a fleeting glance, but she was too terrified for reason, and flung herself headlong into the little stream. The water gurgled and splashed and wet her to the skin. Her hat was lost and her dress was in tatters.

"I shall die of consumption," she thought, "after this exposure. Oh, how sick I feel! I believe I am dying now. She opened her eyes, however, and sat up very straight for a dying woman, as she heard her name called in an agonizing

"Garcia, Garcia, my darling Garcia!" "Why, Stephen," she cried, "is it really you? Where did you come from?" the asked, as he fished her, dripping, out of the stream. "I can not believe it is

"It is surely I," he assured her, as he lifted her with tender strength and held her closely in his arms. "It wouldn't be healthy for another fellow to be in my place. Where did I come from? Chiago, of course, on the nine thirty train. I wandered about that wretched village until I was almost stagnated, and came up the canyon on an exploring expedisuicide. That little Mexican you seemed pursuing hasn't stopped running yet!"— looking after the retreating figure, and not noting Garcia's blushes. "Whew! hooking after the retreating figure, and not noting Garcia's blushes. "Whew! how smoky! That would have a grand effect in the night," he said, looking at the burning mountain. "Thank God my darling is safe from that flery death!"

"Oh Stephen!" cried Garcia, flinging her muddy arms round his neck with sublime disregard for his light coat, "take her home and keep me always. I think

me home and keep me always. I think it is the loveliest thing in the world to be

so tall and strong."

The Pennsylvania as a Disburser (Editorial in Philadelphia Press, Yarch 1997,

The speech of President Roberts at the annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Railroad was interesting in giving a novel and striking iden of the importance to the business interests of the community of a great corporation The public, except that portion of i employed by the railroads, is apt to regard them as a tremendous concern which simply moves freight and carries passengers and as a great absorber of money. They do not know, or they forget, that the railroad company pays back to the community in cash prompt ly the larger portion of its earnings in wages, and that it is, besides, a large purchaser of manufactures and a patron of every department of trade A purchasing agent in this city recently bought for his company some sewing needles and an anchor on the same day. It would be difficult to mention How surprised he would be to see any article of commerce in which a railroad company in its capacity as a consumer does not deal.

In his speech, Mr. Roberts pointed out the extent of the Pennsylvania Rai road's operations as a purchasing and consuming portion of the commu nity. He showed that during the last decade that corporation had absorbed building. By-and-by a clumsy jack the productions of Philadelphia alone rabbit, with his ridiculous ears dropping to the ex ent of \$15,800,000, or at the rate of \$1,500,000 per year The man or corporation which adds \$5,000 per day to the business of his city, and doe, it for ten years, ought to be cultiva ed. This sum, it is understood, includes only the money spent in actual 1 nprovements-in terminals, wharves, warehouses, shops in the city, &c., which indirectly tend to make further increases in commerce and trade in many directions.

The total expenditures of the Pennsylvania Railroad are, of course, much larger, and, after showing what the road had done for the city, President Roberts took up those figures. In the single year of 1891 the Pennsylvania Railroad expended in this Commonwealth the enormous sum of \$52,000 ooo, or at the rate of \$1,000,000 per week. There are not three railroads in the United States whose gross earnings are equal to this sum, a fact which, after all, gives but a small idea of the immensity of the Pennsylvania's disbursing capacity, as we believe forty other millions were spent on portions of the line outside the State. The figures do not need elaboration. They demonstrate at once how much and how important a part of the commun ity the Pennsylvania Railroad is, and point out its intimate relations to all matters pertaining to business in a most striking way.

The ultimate effects of these large. constant, and timely expenditures cannot be contemporaneously known or pointed out. We of this generation can only see that they have added largely to the convenience of the public, that they have made the city more accessible to freight shippers, that they have added to our manufacturers, and in a hundred ways built up and promoted the stability of the city and Commonwealth. President Roberts and his able lieutenants are to be congratulated on having done so much towar1 the development of commerce and the promotion of all that tends to a broader and more beneficent civilization.

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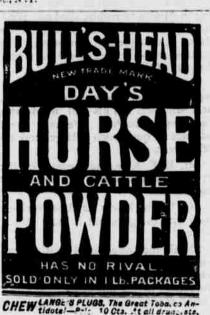
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