

THE HEART OF NIGHT WIND A STORY OF THE GREAT NORTH WEST By VINGIE E. ROE ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

CHAPTER XXIX-Continued.

"You would have followed me across the world upon your knees, and you served me like a slave. And I repaid you with a white man's coin! I left you to break your heart among the dusky people who were kinder than I. . . But the Winds of God blew upon my conscience and my heart and I returned. Your face and your faithful eyes, waiting, waiting, brought me back from the far cities—only to see you die in the lodge of Kolaawmie with my babe on your breast! Or—you say I but dreamed, Kahawanna?"

"With falling sight the speaker tried to pierce the mystery, gazing at Silets. "Did I dream of death and retribution—and of Kolaawmie, who—bent above the babe to put that sign upon her face? I struck his hand away when it had set but a fraction of the fatal bar—the sign that said you were wild, that forbade you to the shallow cities, that made you a white man's toy! You—you—Kahawanna—ah, I have forgot. What is it I would remember?"

"The eagerness left the Preacher's eyes, they became suddenly calm and mild. With a cry that cut high above the steady sounds of the wind and the fires Silets sprang up, a hand hung to her lips, where the sign of the Silets stood out—broken in its inception! "My father!" she cried pitifully, "oh, my father!"

Sandry was breathing heavily, a mist in his eyes and a sadness upon his heart. His victory over Hampden had lost its savor. But the past with its pitiful shadows had drifted away from the Preacher forever and the look of gentle tenderness had returned. "My daughter," he said softly, "why do you weep? Ah—the night closes down and it is dark. I have lost my way. What is the path?"

His fingers groped blindly for the futa. "What is the way out of the labyrinth of youth—and sin—and primroses? Ah, I have forgot!"

With a sudden inspiration Sandry stopped and picked up the instrument. He had placed a bit at college. Softly, silverly, the joyous notes began, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," to go on to that ancient plea of trusting faith. "Other refuge have I none, hangs my helpless soul on thee, a strange voice of glory amid the death and danger, the sin and stress of the moment."

A holy peace spread on the white features. "Why, certainly!" whispered the traveler of the hills, "how could I forget! That is the way out."

And then, "Hush! The murmur of many wings. Ah, it is God's hand! I go—de profundis! Gloria in excelsis!"

With that last whispered word the wandering player of hymns, the preacher to the irresponsibles and the lover of humanity tumbled stiffly at his habit's skirt. Sandry knelt, found a deep pocket, felt therein and brought out a small Bible of a long-past day. Its edges were thin and frayed and greatly worn. Its stiff back, with the age-black, raised lettering, had long since lost its corner. He knew it instantly for the counterpart of that one on Silets' stand in the little south room. It had many openings of its own, and it fell apart, first at the gables and then at a passage whose beginning caught his eye as he placed it in the loving hands that made to grasp its familiar bulk—and failed. The stately words whose solemn forecast had struck him once when he sought for some clue to the Preacher's identity now seemed to ring in his ears, a stupendous requiem for the nameless, high-souled, drift-er-from-the-ways-of-men who had spent his blameless life in fanciful atonement for a shadowy wrong.

ing nothing but the tall ferns gathered an armful which he spread over the body. Then he faced Hampden in deadly quiet.

"I had meant prison," he said, "now I mean the electric chair." The other laughed. "Mean an' be damned!" he said indolently, "you'll never send me there."

His burning eyes were covering the clump of ferns that held his gun, but Sandry went over and picked it up. He stood a moment considering. A hot wind was whipping up the dips on every side and Black Bolt was stopping uneasily, pointing anxious ears this way and that. Coosnah had crawled to where Silets knelt, weeping with her hands over her face.

He crouched low to the ground and laid his heavy muscle against her boot, whining dolorously. Suddenly, in the momentary silence, Poppy Ordway spoke. Her face was flushed like an April dawn. Chance and the courage of the last throw lent it the last touch of ravishing charm.

"Kismet!" she said, "I am the only one who wins in this game! Hampden, you're right. I've bought you with your own coin. And let me tell you Hampden, that you were disgustingly easy."

The timberman winced at the brutal words. His fabled face darkened with rage. "Ah, yes! So you won his love with your pretty detective work! You'll marry him an' settle down."

Thus was the crucial moment presented to Poppy Ordway all suddenly, and she recognized it instantly. It sent a chill to her daring heart, then fired it with that love of chance, that ability to cast great stakes on a single throw, which in a better nature would have made her great.

She felt with a flash of her genius the drama of the situation, the tense readiness of the moment for wild, fantastic things, and accepted it at once. "Yes!" she cried, "yes! I offer Sandry you—and myself!"

With a beautiful gesture she stepped toward Sandry and held out both hands, her golden head up, her slumbersome blue eyes sensuous and black with excitement, her whole exquisite body a love with the mighty abandon of her passion and her reckless gift.

"Walter," she said tremulously, "I have said there is no law for a genius I say it again. I can save your future—and I give you myself along with it, because I love you! Oh, you can never know how I love you!"

Her golden voice rose with the force of the emotion that shook her, broke and failed, and she stood panting. "Will you not take my hands, Walter?" she almost wailed, "I have done it all for love of you!"

Sandry, his eyes upon her face, as if in fascination, did not move. It was as if he could not though every fiber in his faded body answered to her call. "For love!" breathed Poppy Ordway, "for great love!"

Across her words there cut a shrill cry

an American vessel in the first naval battle of the revolution, which was fought near Machias, Me., June 12, 1775. Some little time before an English schooner, the Margranetto, was at Machias and a number of the people of the town, led by Jeremiah O'Brien and Benjamin Foster, conspired to capture her. The attempt was successful, and with O'Brien in command, the Margranetto made a voyage to the Bay of Fundy. An English schooner and tender were sent out to look for the Margranetto, and when O'Brien returned to Machias he found them awaiting him. The first naval battle of the United States was fought then and there, and O'Brien and his men added the schooner and tender to their prizes.

"She's hot!" Silets had sprang to her feet, both hands feeling wildly in her empty blouse. Miss Ordway swung heavily toward her. "Hush!" she said warningly. She slipped a hand inside her own gown and showed a corner of the soiled packet of proofs that Silets had guarded for so many days, the packet that she knew instinctively meant harm to Sandry, that must never go east!

It was then that Sandry was to behold the iron in this creature of softness, of faithfulness and of service. With a cry that chilled his blood in its savage wildness, the girl leaped across the silent form in the shabby habit, tore Sandry's gun from his hand and fired twice before he could seize her and wrest the weapon from her. Both shots went wild.

"What would you do?" he cried aghast. Silets fought for the gun like a wild thing. Then, as he held it high above her head, she fell on her knees, clasping his limbs, her face upturned and transfigured with the lust for blood.

"Kill them!" she panted desperately, "kill them both! Blood for Preacher and she would ruin you! Shoot them, Sandry, shoot them—or give me the gun!"

Shuddering, Sandry covered her savage eyes with his hand. His reversion sickened him. But she shook him loose, crying for death. "Kill them both, for they will ruin you if they go free! She's got the packet. Kill her and get the packet!"

"What's this?" he cried hoarsely. "Things she has written about you—a letter to a man by the name of Musesidorn!"

Slowly Sandry's face went white beneath its grime as he raised his eyes and looked at Poppy Ordway. She returned his gaze.

"Then—" "True," she said, "that's why I went east. I cannot lose you, Walter. There was danger from that wild creature there, though you did not know it, and I was determined to make sure. Fair means or foul—I must win. And there's no law for a genius. I know and you know that you are—"

"Guilty!" he said, throwing up his head. Then Sandry dropped his eyes to Silets and spoke as if he obeyed some compelling power, some urge to justify himself before her.

"I answer to the Right Law. I obeyed the ancient Right Law, little Silets, and I have no regrets." "I know!" cried Silets, "I know!" the smoke was so dense that the actors in this drama could scarcely see each other's faces, but they took no note of it. The climbing roar had shut them apart in a sound-made silence and they did not know it. Only Hampden, edging sideways, was alive to the possibilities of the moment.

He saw the gun hanging in Sandry's hand, forgotten. He saw Silets' blazing eyes of passion. He saw his moment and took it. With one great bound he flung himself high in the air, leaped the space between and came down with his great weight upon the shoulders of the other man, clutching for back and throat, drawing the one to him in a grip of iron, pushing the other away. Sandry went down like a reed, and as his knees buckled under him there was an ominous snap. The bone of his right leg, newly healed and fragile, gave way under the strain.

As the two men fell, both guns, the one in Sandry's hand and the one in his trousers band, tumbled loosely apart. Silets, clinging still to Sandry's knees, was borne down with them. As they rolled over she tore herself from under them and with two sweeps of her outspread arms gathered the guns. Then she sprang up, drawing back a pace, her eyes like fire, and deliberately sought for a chance to kill Hampden.

"Sandry," she cried, "lie flat! Lie flat!" From under Hampden's arm that was choking the breath from his lungs the owner saw that slim figure of doom and strove to cry out. At last he got his voice for a moment.

"Silets!" he rasped, "don't shoot. I command you, don't kill—" But the bark of the gun drowned his words. She was firing around them. With the first shot Hampden, remembering the guns that he had failed to get, felt his flesh rise on his body and he loosed his hold, shook off Sandry and got to his feet, panting, fighting mad, his eyes red and awful.

With the courage of the raging bull he made straight for Silets, who fired point blank at him. He took the ball in his shoulder and spun half round. The girl pulled the trigger again, got an empty snap, threw the weapon away and raised the other. "Silets!" shrieked Sandry from the ground, "for my sake stop!"

It was a command, a cry of ownership, and it went straight to that part of her nature which had obeyed for generations. She hesitated, holding the man across the barrel,

which the statement occurs that "small samples" were worth two or three shillings a dozen, but that the best fruit could be bought at 12 shillings a dozen. Think of paying a quarter for a single peach! But there were some shops that cut the price, and that would sell you a peach for three pence—six cents.—Youth's Companion.

Be Generous in Praise. There are occasions when speech is golden, rather than silence, and when an encouraging word would be of more value than the richest material gift. Some persons are far too much afraid of the effect of a little generous and well-timed praise. They would keep all their powers in an icehouse. Letting a little sunshine upon them at times would not be amiss.—Lr. A. Thomson.

As for Hampden, he stood, swaying drunkenly, chuckling in his throat, a thing of horror in his malice. "Well," he rasped dryly, "I guess it's just as well. I'll leave you to your pleasant dream. I sail for Panama—Hawaii—the Yukon. I'm done."

He turned on his heel, to stride away into the pall of smoke toward the north. In one moment he came rushing back to run down to the west. For the first time the three people left together remembered the fires, saw the thickened smoke, heard the roar that had made them scream their tragic words, unconsciously, for the last half hour.

It was all around them, that pouring mass of smoke, and it was black, as if the fires were near. Hampden's huge figure tore past them toward the narrow point of the ridge, then came lumbering back, a long red streamer staining his bedraggled shirt.

"My God!" he shouted hoarsely. "We're hemmed in! It's on every side! We'll burn like rats!"

He flung a tragic arm to the dusky heavens. Poppy Ordway found her voice. She darted forward and



"Who Wins Now?" He Said. "Brains —Brains!"

pounced upon him, again with that subtle suggestion of the feline race, gripping his arm with fingers of steel. "What do you mean?" she cried. "I mean that we've been playin' our own little game out to its conclusion like fools, while a bigger one has been playin' itself out. We're in a cup—waitin'."

There was something sinister about that last word. "When this damned wind sucks up a little harder I'll draw th' fires to gether an' we'll roast alive."

He ceased, panting, moistening his lips. Then presently a hideous grin distorted his features. "Who wins now?" he said. "Brains—brains! An' executive ability—an' cunning! I guess I win at last!"

From somewhere up behind the lowering canopy a rumbling thunder drowned his words, as if all the rocks of the tortured hills were split asunder in the heat. When it had died away he turned to Sandry where he sat, pale under his grime, a prey to a thousand feelings.

"I've hated you like poison ever since I first clapped eyes on you Johnny Eastern face. You thought you had me beat—and so did she," he jerked his head at Poppy, "but I'm too great a force for both of you. She's the greatest woman in all th' world an' I'm glad I seen her like—that I loved her."

There was infinite pathos in his heavy voice for the moment. "But th' play's over. Th' curtain'll drop in thirty minutes—forty or fifty at most—an' I'm the winner at last! You'll never marry her! But how I had you on th' hip—eastern lawyers an' all!"

"An' old Fraser—clumsy fool! Found your East Belt deed unrecorded, didn't you? Laid it to him. Why didn't you lay it to Hampden, who had th' brains an' the power of the whole country? It was recorded all right, but I owned th' recorder same as I owned th' commissioner. Fools, fools, all of you! An' I win at last!"

It was again the East and the West that Sandry saw with aching eyes in the two women who took Hampden's news of their fate. Miss Ordway raised palsied hands and let them drop while she stared with eyes of frightful horror. Silets moved never a muscle.

"I told you to go back!" she cried, "that big things were about to happen, and you would not. Now I shall pay you for all things—for what you would do to Sandry. Also I pay him—for that." She pointed to the still form under the ferns.

"There is a way out—the secret trail which only I know and which we take."

She sprang and caught Black Bolt's bridle, dragging him with one motion

to Sandry's side. She bent to him with arms of loving service, exerting all her strength. "Climb!" she commanded, "climb quick! We can make it yet!"

But Sandry looked into her blazing dark face that was like the peaks in storm, so wild was it, so thrilling, so beyond comprehension, and shook his head. "What would you do?" he asked.

"Do? Go down the trail across the hog back. There is room for a horse, if he is sure-footed, and Black Bolt will go where I put him. Come! He's jaded a bit but he'll carry us both."

"And—they?" "She flamed from brow to throat with unholy joy. "Leave them!" she cried savagely, "leave them to burn with their profits and their schemes and their wickedness! It is the right law!"

"No," he said, "it cannot be. If there is a way you must go—you are a woman—and you must take her with you."

"What?" cried Silets in anguish. "That is the way of the outside world, Little Silets—the way of honor." He saw the first leap and flicker in her eyes, felt the tension of her hands upon her arms. Here was a force as wild and erratic as the great fires in the forest, and he knew not how to handle it. Then came the words of the Preacher like a way out of his difficulty.

"The three bars—of Bontage, of Faithfulness and of Service." "You are my woman," said the young man sternly, "is it not so?"

"Yes," answered the girl simply, "I am your woman." "Then I command you to go—and take her with you."

The girl dropped his shoulders and arose. "I will obey," she said. A change was working in her. The singing in her ears was growing fainter. She was coming into the open country where Sandry lived his life, even as he had gone for a moment into the fastnesses where hers was laid.

"Come," she said to the staring woman, "there is a way out. You need not die." As the words forced themselves into the aching brain of the other they stripped her of every rag of civilization. With a shriek she threw herself forward, caught at the saddle, clawed at its trappings like one determined.

But Silets flung her back. "A gift for a gift," she cried, "I give you your wicked life. Give me the packet."

The woman tore the papers from her breast, thrusting them in frenzy at the girl and again tried uselessly to mount Black Bolt. Hampden came forward, lifted her gently in his strong arms and set her upon the horse. She leaned down and snatched at the reins, but Silets held them away.

"Quick!" screamed Poppy Ordway, "do you want me to burn, you squaw?" In silence the girl snapped her fingers to Coosnah and the mammoth mongrel crept to her feet. She tied the end of the long reins securely to his collar. Then she turned to Hampden.

"Go," she said, "get up. He will carry you both and you must hurry. Coosnah knows the secret trail. Urge the horse and he will take it. Don't look down; and hold her, or she will surely go over. Go now."

Sandry, raised on his one knee, beheld this thing aghast. "Silets!" he cried, "you disobey?" She shook her black head. "I send her out. I stay. It is my great privilege." She laid slim fingers against the broken sign beneath her lips. "A woman serves and is faithful—if she loves," she said softly, "and I am your woman."

THREE CONTRACTS LET FOR ROADS

State Highway Department Accepts Bids For Work in Delaware and Chester Counties.

Harrisburg— Three contracts for road building in Delaware and Chester counties were let at the State Highway Department and award on one contract withheld until investigation can be made into the prices bid. Bids were asked on one section of the road in the south-eastern part of the State, but none were received, this being the first time that such a thing has happened in the history of the State Highway Department.

The contracts awarded were as follows: Juniata Company, of Philadelphia, for 2.76 miles of reinforced concrete 16 feet wide on section 4 of State highway route 131, in Birmingham Township, Delaware county, at \$47,566.14.

Paul J. Snyder & Co., of Philadelphia, 0.83 miles of bituminous pavement, asphalt, in Whitmarsh Township, Montgomery county, at \$15,502.53. Sutton & Corson Company, of Ocean City, N. J., four miles of 16-foot pavement, reinforced concrete on section 9 of State highway route 131, in East Nottingham and West Nottingham Townships, Chester county, at \$61,049.15.

J. G. McGuire Company, New Brighton, for one mile of vitrified block pavement, in Rochester Township, Beaver county, at \$28,744.05.

Auditor General Shifts Nine Clerks.

Auditor General A. W. Powell accepted the resignation of Hale Hill, of Tarentum, Allegheny county, as chief of the Corporation Bureau, and changed the status of nine persons connected with his department. He also hired two new men.

W. Bingham Kay, of McKeesport, was promoted to fill Hill's place from the chief clerkship at \$3,500, and O. H. Graf, Pittsburgh, advanced from chief of accounts, at \$3,000, to chief clerk.

J. A. Kennedy, Philadelphia, was made chief of accounts with a raise. Frank H. Lehman, Lebanon, was made special corporation assistant at \$2,000, an advance of \$500. F. H. Him, Williamsport; S. Robert Pealer, Berwick; W. R. Kimball, Dunbar, and John C. Heagle, Philadelphia, got raises in salary of \$200 each, and Bess R. Wellier, Middletown, was given a promotion to a \$1,800 post.

W. B. McCorry, Pittsburgh, was appointed a special assistant at a salary not fixed, and John Frenie, Harrisburg, appointed clerk.

N. J.-Pa. Bridge Boards.

Members of the Pennsylvania and New Jersey State Commissions to consider means to eliminate toll bridges spanning the Delaware River between New Jersey and Pennsylvania held their first meeting at the State Capitol and designated Willis Whitely, engineer of bridges of the State Highway Department, to co-operate with an engineer to be named by the New Jersey Commission in ascertaining the value of the sixteen bridges. The reports will be made at a joint meeting to be held later in the summer.

The Pennsylvania Commissioners are Governor Brumbaugh, who was elected chairman; State Treasurer Young and Auditor General Powell, and the New Jersey commissioners, James A. Campbell, who was elected vice-chairman; Frank Thompson and R. W. Darnell, who was chosen secretary. The Pennsylvania officials constitute the Board of Public Grounds and Buildings.

Franklin Man Game Warden.

Herbert L. Dearty, of Franklin, was appointed a State game warden to succeed E. E. Tirk, resigned. Frank A. Myers was appointed alderman of the Third Ward of Oil City.

W. Curtis Truxal, first lieutenant of Company G, Tenth Infantry, Somerset, was appointed captain and assigned to that company, to succeed Captain Bert F. Landis, transferred to supernumerary list, and Charles J. Harrison, Jr., second lieutenant, was advanced to first lieutenant and assigned to the same company.

The Governor also re-appointed Marvin P. Scaife, Pittsburgh, and O. D. Bleakley, Franklin, trustees of the State Institution for Feeble-minded at Polk.

Dye Shortage Causes Chocolate Tags.

Chocolate brown has been selected by the State Highway Department as the color for the 1917 automobile license tags and the same size and style will be used as now, the figures being in white. The selection was made because of reports that there might be a shortage of reds, greens, blues and yellows as a result of the dye situation. The chocolate colored tags are in use in New Jersey.

STATE NEWS BRIEFLY TOLD

The Latest Gleanings From All Over the State.

TOLD IN SHORT PARAGRAPHS

On a mountain top, a suburb of Shenandoah, there will be established a new town as the result of an order issued by Judge M. H. Wilhelm of the Schuylkill Orphans' Court. It grants permission to the trustees of the Girard estate to sell fifty-three acres, comprising the McNeal Cope and Jackson tracts. Under the will of Stephen Girard, it was impossible to permanently dispose of any property, only five-year leases being provided for. The order of Court just handed down disposes of this handicap. The new town is guaranteed by options on the released ground already given.

Miss Bertha Steckel, aged eighteen, of Easton, is in St. Luke's Hospital, South Bethlehem, in a critical condition. Miss Steckel was a main witness in the case of Ray Doncker, of Easton, who was charged with shooting Miss Rachael Syver, of Easton, on the night of March 31 last. Miss Steckel was with the Syver girl at the time of the shooting. Doncker was tried and sent to a reformatory.

Maggie Slowitsky, ten years old, was run down on the Reading tracks at Shenandoah and both hands so badly crushed they probably will have to be amputated. The mother, Mrs. Joseph Slowitsky, ran to save her child, and was also run down, one car passing over her right arm, which had to be amputated. Her condition is critical.

After five hours' deliberation, a jury at Reading returned a verdict of guilty with recommendation of mercy in the case of John A. Smith, of Seyfers Station, charged with involuntary manslaughter in causing the death of Mrs. Kate Geis, fifty-one years old, of West Reading, by running her down with his automobile. The woman was dead.

A charter was approved by Governor Brumbaugh for the McConnellsburg & Fort Loudon Railroad Company, which when constructed will be the first steam railroad in Fulton county, the only county in Pennsylvania without a railroad. The company was originally projected as a trolley line, but the character of the country is understood to have required a change in plans.

One man was killed and two others hurt when the wheel of an automobile collapsed at Allegheny Furnace. The dead man is Samuel Stonerock, fifty, blacksmith, of Woodbury. The injured, Jesse Settle, fifty-five, right arm broken in two places, some virtually torn off and other face lacerations; Howard Prosser, forty-three, cuts and bruises.

James M. Boyd, aged seventy, one of the best known Odd Fellows in the State, was killed at Centerville when a Pennsylvania passenger train crashed into his carriage. He was a member of the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry during the Civil War and was prominent in political circles in Crawford county for many years.

Just \$3,750 per finger was demanded of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company by George E. Fornwalt, a former employe, in an action for damages filed at Harrisburg. Fornwalt says two of his fingers were crushed at No. 2 Roundhouse while he was oiling a drill press on June 14, 1914, and he wants \$7,500 damages.

The annual reunion of the Veteran Employees' Association of the Middle Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad brought railroad men to Harrisburg from points between that city and Altoona. Superintendent N. W. Smith presided over the business session and was toastmaster at a banquet at night.

To prevent running down a woman, Charles Overly, of Lafayette Hill, ran his automobile into a trolley car. The machine was wrecked and the car slightly damaged. Overly and his son escaped injury. Overly was en route to the hospital to see his wife who is undergoing treatment.

John Doster, aged 29 years, former turnkey of the Northampton county jail, committed suicide by shooting himself in the head. Prior to the shooting Doster appeared to be in the best of health and joked with friends.

Edward Stutsman, of Reading, was injured fatally, in an elevator shaft at the Bethlehem Steel plant. The elevator operator ran past the first floor underneath which Stutsman was working on a ladder. Both his arms and legs were shattered, and he was injured internally.

J. M. Boyd, aged sixty-nine years, of Centerville, a rural delivery carrier, was killed by a Pennsylvania Railroad passenger train. He drove in front of the train.

David C. Frederick, well-to-do poultry fancier and former assessor of Douglas Township, killed himself with a shotgun, operating the trigger with a stick. He had been in ill health. His wife also is ill.

The Pennsylvania State Red Men's convention closed at Mahanoy City with the selection of Altoona over Lancaster as the place of meeting in 1917. John M. Coombe, of Mahanoy City, elevated to great sashmen, was presented with a diamond ring by the Mahanoy City tribe.

Beauty and Brains. A pretty girl need not necessarily be brainless, but somehow the combination persists. Did you young fellows ever stop to analyze any of your conversations with that wide-eyed little blonde who always wears pink silk blouses? No of course you didn't—you hardly knew what you were saying yourself. Trouble with you is that you haven't imagination enough to conceive of a pretty girl who could bring up a more interesting talk topic than her own sweet self. You sort of concede that a peach of a girl is three-quarters mush, with a heart of stone. Of course there is such a thing as the pretty girl with brains, but she's either married or else in love with some cuss that doesn't appreciate her.

Our First Naval Hero. The first naval hero of the United States—now almost forgotten—was Jeremiah O'Brien, a Maine man whose racial descent is clearly indicated by his name. He commanded

Try This. If you will take a pavement that is clear, and walk briskly in the center, you will find that before you have gone 50 yards you have unconsciously veered very much to one side. To make this test accurate you must not use any effort to keep in the center. If you think of something else and endeavor to walk naturally, you will find that you are not able to keep going in a straight line. In the same way a person lost in a wide expanse of level country will describe a complete circle as he keeps walking on and on. The explanation of this lies in the propensity of one foot to walk faster than the other, or to take a longer stride than the other, causing you to veer to one side or the other.

Air for the Human House. Your body is a human house, the place in which you live. Food alone cannot make this house a healthy place. The lungs, the ventilators of the house, must be filled and refilled many times each minute with pure, fresh air. The air breathed deep into the tiny

cells of the lungs, meets and purifies the blood which has been sent there by the heart, the great pump in your human house. This pump is kept busy every moment. It must gather the waste-laden blood from every part of the body and send it to the lungs, then it must take the purified blood back to the farthest point of the human house. Sometimes invisible enemies, the microbes, creep into the human house and try to steal our health away. Nothing can do more in the way of driving these little enemies out than our ventilators, the lungs, when they are allowed an abundance of fresh air.

To Drill Earthenware. To drill earthenware, use a steel drill, ground at the cutting end into a triangular-based pyramid. Turn the tool rapidly, and aid the action by the application of a solution of camphor in turpentine. If no such drill can be obtained make one out of an old three-cornered file by softening it, filing up until the edges are sharp, and then tempering. The extreme tip may advantageously be made with a great angle.

Daily Thought. Physical courage, which dispels all danger, will make a man brave in one way; and moral courage, which defies all opinion, will make a man brave in another.—Cotton.