

THE MORNING SUMMONS.

When the mist is on the river, and the haze is on the hills,
And the promise of the springtime all the ample heaven fills;
When the shy things in the wood-haunts and the hardy on the plains
Catch up heart and feel a leaping life through winter sluggish veins;

Then the summons of the morning like a bugle moves the blood,
Then the soul of man grows larger, like a flower from the bud;
For the hope of high Endeavor is a cordial half divine,
And the banner cry of Onward calls the laggards into line.

There is glamour of the moonlight when the stars rain peace below,
But the stir and smell of morning is a better thing to know;
While the night is hushed and holden and translated by dreamy song,
Lo, the dawn brings dew and fire and the rapture of the strong.
—Atlantic.

IN TIME OF STORM.

AND if it was the last word I'd ever be speakin', I couldn't make it different. It's not that I'll be keepin' you from her, Larry Dugan, but you can't have us both, and that's the truth I'm tellin'."

"Now, Kitty, darlin', don't be wrongin' your pretty face with the hard words and cross temper. It's you I'm wantin' and no other. Sure can't a man be lookin' pleasant at another lass once in a while and still be true to the one he's promised?"

"Not you, Larry Dugan, when you're promised to me. It's either the one or the other, and from the looks o' the case I'm thinkin' it's the other. I bid you good-day, Mr. Dugan, and good luck to you and Rosie Martin. Good-day, Mr. Dugan, I wish you well."

Kitty swept away with a fine swirl of her skirts and left her lover in a condition of open-mouth wonder.

"Well, I'll be—!" he did not finish his sentence, for Kitty was still within hearing and turned back to flaunt in his face, "suit yourself, Mr. Dugan."

She was gone like a flash before Larry could gather his wits for the

being so sure of himself he could not compass that she might doubt him. The other had whispered in Kitty's ear sentences filled with poison. He did not say as much as he looked when he coupled Larry's and Rosie's names together, but he made her feel that he thought her an object of pity, and this was bitter to a girl like Kitty.

And so it came about that she flashed out her wrath at Larry, and, without giving him time to choose, turned him over to Rosie. Then no sooner was she out of his sight than tears blinded her eyes until she could hardly tell where she was going. And Larry, in the cab of his engine, with his hand on its throttle, felt a dull ache at his heart that goaded him to desperation. He did not care whether he lived or died. He would go straight to destruction as fast as his engine could take him, were it not for those he held in his care. The sweetest, most lovable girl in the world, for all of her tempers, was his no longer, and what was the use of living without Kitty?

Here were two young people making themselves miserable over nothing, and feeling that the world had come to an end because they had quarreled. The one could not be content without the other, because so far as they were concerned they were the only ones living who really counted. Kitty had told him to go to Rosie, but he intended to go to the devil instead, or some other place equally disastrous.

Kitty, in her turn, found many reasons for self-pity, and wept oceans of tears at the visions she conjured. Larry, guiding his engine along the track past the door of Kitty's cottage, kept his eyes turned sternly away and the whistle of his engine silent. What was the use of his usual greeting? The cottage presented a blank front with no Kitty at the door or window. How was he to know that she was hidden behind a window curtain, an hour before it was time for his coming, watching and listening for the distant roar of his train?

The days sped by until they numbered three, which to the parted lovers seemed like years of estrangement. Larry avoided going where Rosie was, and, manlike, felt that he hated her as the cause of his trouble. Kitty, in public, was careless and gay. When she was alone it was another story. Neither were turning toward recovery, and the very weather itself was in accord with their misery. Two of the three days since they had quarreled were dark and threatened a storm. It was a time of lowering skies, and in the wind there sounded moaning voices. The third day the storm broke early in the morning, drenching the earth with a cold rain that fell in torrents.

"It's a bad time for the railroad," Kitty's father said when he started out in the evening on his duties of inspection. "I'm feeling bad myself, wid the fever and a head that's splittin' wid aching, but I must watch, this night."

"Let me go, father," Kitty entreated. "You're too sick to go out in the storm. Let me go in your place."

"And for why?" returned her father. "It's not woman's work I'm doing. Kape to the house, girl, wid a light in the window for me and Larry. It's the boy's run to-night, wid a big train-load of people. It's an excursion he's bringing back, bad luck to the night and the rain that's going to do harm. Do you mind the culvert, girl, just below? I'm thinking it's there we'll have trouble wid the rising water and the soft ground underneath. It's there I'll be watchin'."



SHE RAN ON AND ON.

words which should calm her. Shaking his head gloomily, he continued to stare at the place where Kitty had been, trying to adjust his mind to the lightning-like change of conditions.

Kitty's moods and tempers were as flashes of powder and just about as lasting. Larry, slow Larry, was steady and unchanging, and he could not follow the way that Kitty led through the maze of her caprices. They had quarreled before, at least Kitty had quarreled, but never like this. Never before had she left him in anger. With her it was a quick word and as quick a contrition which craved forgiveness and was passionately repentant. Larry thought he had learned to understand her, but this was something of which he had never dreamed.

Kitty and Larry, both children of Erin, belonged to the railroad which made the small town through which it passed. Kitty was the daughter of one of the track men whose duty it was to keep watch over a section of the railway. Larry was an engineer, lately promoted to a passenger engine, and planning to be married soon because of the increase in his salary. Rosie, the Rosie who seemed to be making trouble, was a waitress at the lunch counter in the railway station. She was a dashing, handsome Rosie, with black hair and eyes and a brilliant color and flashing white teeth, which she loved to display in smiles, bestowed impartially on all mankind that came near her, but she had not thought of harming Kitty when she talked to Larry and served him his wedges of pie, washed down with great gulps of coffee. And Larry would not have been human if he had not responded in kind and exchanged jest for jest with the smiles thrown in for good nature.

Probably no harm would have come of all this, had there not been another who wanted Kitty. She was the prettiest girl in the town, and combined with her prettiness were a ready wit and a whimsical turn of mind that made her say and do the unexpected. Beside all these charms there was no better housewife in the whole village. Kitty and her father lived together in a box of a cottage, sweet and shining with cleanliness.

The other who wanted Kitty was not a man like Larry—big, slow, good-looking, honest Larry, who would have given his heart to Kitty's tread, and

Within the silent house the clock ticked and clucked loudly in the lulls of the storm. It was almost time for her father to be making his return trip over the section. Kitty wrapped herself in a shawl and went to the door, gazing out through the darkness. There was nothing abroad but the storm, and that was in a wild fury. The rain drove around her; the wind caught at her shawl, almost snatching it away from her hold.

Where was her father? Where was Larry? It was nearly the hour for his train. Excursions were usually belated and it was impossible to tell exactly when Larry's train would pass. What was it her father had said about the culvert? Why didn't he return? The next moment her question was answered. She saw him come staggering out of the blackness of the night, struggling toward home, falling on his knees, rising again with an effort, and moving unsteadily with uncertain feet that seemed beyond his control. She rushed to meet him and almost dragged him into the house, where, overcome by weakness, he collapsed, a wet heap on the floor.

"I'm done, girl," he gasped. "There ain't another move in me. The lantern broke. I had to get home for another. The culvert, girl!" he cried; "it's under water—there's danger. Help me to get back. For God's sake, girl, help me to get back!"

He struggled to rise. His limbs refused to fill their office and he fell in a heap again. "I'm done," he muttered with a shuddering sigh, and was silent.

Kitty, torn between fear for her father, and fear for Larry, for a moment was distraught.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" she moaned, wringing her hands.

Then her reason returned. There were more to be considered than Larry and her father. She dragged the unconscious man close to the fire, and covered him warmly. "Stay there, father," she crooned, as to a little child. "Stay there and be warm. I'll not be long gone, father. Don't worry; I'll run to the culvert."

While she was talking she made her preparations. She slipped off her long skirts and put on a short one. She covered her shoulders with a warm, rough jacket and protected her feet and ankles with a pair of rubber boots she wore in wet weather. Her head she left bare. "My hair can't blow off," she said to herself, "and anything else would."

She found a lantern, and lighting it, sped out into the night, running like a deer down the track toward the endangered culvert.

"Please God, let me be in time," she prayed with sobbing breath. "It's others beside Larry. God, it isn't him alone I'd be saving," she implored, feeling vaguely that she must impress the Deity that her motives were not all selfish.

"Please, God," she entreated; "please, God, let me get there in time."

She could feel the rails vibrating under the weight of the distant train. Breasting the storm with the wind pitting its force against her, she ran on and on, stumbling and almost falling, but always pressing onward until but a short distance lay between her and the flooded culvert. The water was sweeping in a swift current across the track. She stopped at the edge of the flood and stood there waving a danger signal with the lantern. The train was near enough for her to hear its roar and rumble. The great headlight shone like a large eye of fire, ever growing bigger and brighter.

She felt so little and helpless out there in the blackness. Would Larry see her? Would he stop in time? The eye of fire showed no sign of halting. Perhaps she was too little for him to see. Perhaps she was not waving the lantern at all. She looked at her arm which she had kept in rotary motion until it was growing numb. The lantern was describing a circle in the air, helping her to save Larry. She heard a crash like the piling together of iron wheels. She heard the loud hiss of escaping steam, then she could hear nothing more. Her lantern was still describing a circle in the air. She felt as if she must go on swinging it forever. She heard voices shouting. She heard the thud of running feet. Other lanterns than hers began to spangle the night. They were on the other side of the flood, but some one was making his way cautiously toward her. She could hear the splash of water as he moved, and above all she could hear the engine panting like some wild thing spent from flight.

Some one big and strong and protecting was close beside her, taking the lantern from her hand. It was Larry, and it was Larry's arms that were around her, holding her close.

"It's a big thing you've done, my girl!" he murmured huskily, "it's a mighty big thing."

Out there in the night, with the rain beating upon them, with the wind rioting around them, with a crowd of excited people exclaiming at the averted danger, Larry and Kitty, without reproach or explanation, came again to love and understanding.

"Sure and I'm not caring for Rosie, now," Kitty whispered.—Toledo Blade.

LIVED FIFTY-SIX DAYS ON RAFT.



ADRIFT IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

Extract from log of the British trading schooner, Alice, Sept. 2—At 9:30 a. m. in 2 degrees, 18 minutes S., 169 degrees, 7 minutes, sighted raft. Boat in charge of Mate Bolger lowered. Rescued boy, raving from thirst and hunger.

Behind the official record of that rescue in the middle of the south Pacific ocean there is hidden one of the strangest stories of adventures and rescue ever recorded.

The boy who was picked up on the raft in the middle of the ocean sixty miles to the northward of Enderburg Island, in the Polynesian Pacific, was Hernando Geldargo, a Spanish cabin boy, the only survivor of the Spanish barkentine Valdora; the only person left alive of the thirty-seven of the crew and passengers.

The story told by the youth—not yet

16 years old—when he recovered consciousness on board the British trading schooner is one of the wildest ever poured into the ears of sailors, and yet there is no reason to disbelieve his tale, and, indeed, it is strongly supported by the evidence.

The Valdora, according to the story of Geldargo, capsized in a terrific hurricane on July 8 and for fifty-six days the boy lived on the frail raft and for fifty-three of those days utterly alone, knowing not where he was, yet living on and hoping day by day that he would reach land or be picked up by some passing vessel.

The tale of his sufferings, of the horror of being alone in the center of the greatest body of water in the world, the horrors of thirst, the pangs of hunger, the torture from heat, the fevers, the chills, the ravings are worthy of the pen of some Dante.

PAN-AMERICAN RAILWAY.

Projected Line to Run from Frozen North to Faraway Argentina.

The great railway scheme for uniting all the republics in the three Americas, first proposed by H. R. Helfer, is again being urged, and in view of the vast development of America and the extension of our railway systems in all directions the scheme seems not chimerical or quixotic.

As to whether such a system, projected to unite the capital of the United States with that of the Argentine Republic, not to say Alaska and Patagonia, will be a profitable undertaking depends upon the interpretation of the term. There is little doubt that its excessive length of more than 10,000 miles would "break its back" in many places unless traffic were diverted to various points along the way, say, at Cartagena, Colon and Tehuantepec, connecting with lines of steamers for Tampa, New York or New Orleans on the Atlantic coast and from several points on the Pacific for Californian ports. But as to the ultimate benefit of such a line to the republics of Cen-

Above all, the influence exerted by the United States, the largest of these sister republics, will be immeasurably enhanced, for the projection of an all rail route from the capital of the United States to and through all the capitals of the southern republics will tend toward a unification of sentiment and methods, with the great northern republic always dominant. As a quietus upon incipient "revolutions," and as a means making for a desirable homogeneity of the American republics the projected railroad will prove of infinite value to the world at large and worth all it will cost. Estimating its total length at rather more than 10,000 miles, nearly one-half the system regarded as a whole is already built, for one may travel by rail from any large city of the United States to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, a distance of about 3,400 miles, and another thousand miles are already in existence in various parts of South America. Roughly speaking, there remain 5,500 miles to build, and the estimated cost of the system is put at \$210,000,000.

Forty years have elapsed since the scheme was initiated and thirteen since



PROPOSED PAN-AMERICAN RAILROAD AND ITS BRANCHES.

tral and South America there can be scarcely a doubt. Commercially considered, with an eye to direct returns from traffic and freight, the scheme is chimerical; but sentimentally viewed the conception is a noble one and worthy of adoption. Incalculable results will flow from the development of interior countries at present cut off from the world, such as the coffee, rubber, cabinet wood and mineral regions of the Andean slopes; from the stimulus which it will give to local and international trade, and from the welding together of scattered communities. Revolutions will decrease as people are brought together through the competition of commerce, for they nearly always start in the sparsely settled districts of Central and South America and work their way to the centers of population, swelling as they go.

It was enthusiastically adopted by the international conference at Washington. The surveys were long ago completed, and a large map in relief drawn to a scale was on exhibition at the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893. Men have risked their lives and health in explorations, engineers have filed their reports, and it is now known that the project is not only feasible, but ultimately likely to be realized. Two great railway systems, the Mexican Central and the National, cross the border of Mexico and extend far down into that republic, connecting at the City of Mexico with a Mexican road for Oaxaca, 343 miles, which is soon to be joined to another line to the Mexico-Guatemala boundary.

One sign that a woman is behind the times: When she goes "calling."