

A Thankful Heart.

Thou art not rich, thou art not poor,
Thy fortune keeps the middle way;
No ill thy strength cannot endure,
Apporportioned to the passing day.
Thou art not young, thou art not old,
Yet, calm thou seest thy years depart;
And joys are thine, a thousandfold—
Because thou hast the thankful heart.

A thankful heart for life alone—
For beauty in the earth and skies,
(And for such share as thou dost own
By happy gift of seeing eyes).
For human love's endearing bond,
Where staunchly thou dost bear thy part—
For solace here, and hope beyond—
For all thou hast the thankful heart.

So, to this day of crowning cheer,
By easy course thy steps did tend,
Since with each day of all the year
Some grateful heaven thou didst blend,
No chance thy prize from thee can wrest;
While life shall last thou shalt not part
With that good gift (of all the best),
The treasure of a thankful heart.
—Edith M. Thomas in Harper's Bazar.

Realism vs. Romanticism.

BY F. H. LANCASTER.
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They were sitting on the gallery in the twilight and the discussion began by the Woman Who Wrote taking exception to the extravagant praise bestowed upon a modern book.

"It is not true; not possible. If a human woman had attempted to live through such a series of sensations she would have died of heart failure in a week; or, been sent to an asylum for the insane."
The Newspaper Man cut in dryly: "Realism will never appreciate romanticism."
"I wish to goodness that I could understand what is meant by realism and romanticism," announced the Green Girl.

"Why, the difference is just this," responded the Woman Who Wrote. "Realism deals with what would probably happen—every-day flesh and blood. Romanticism with impossible creations of nerve and fury. For instance:—

"Once upon a time there was a man and a woman in a gaudy little garden and life looked glad. But as the sun hastened to its setting the glow of their gladness began to dim, for to the man sunset meant return to camp, and to the woman, making hot biscuit for supper. So they watched the setting sun and their words were fewer as their eyes grew wistful. For this is ever so in life, novelist to the contrary, notwithstanding. A full heart makes not a ready tongue.
"Then into the garden came the maiden aunt of the woman, and she made obeisance to the man and said to him in pleasant, every-day, ungrammatical talk, that she would be much pleased to have him make a third at their teatable. Let any man who has learned to prize the presence of one woman above all others say what was in the heart of the man as he followed the old maid and the woman into the dining-room that smelled of new bread and sad salmon.
"We will not bother about biscuit to-night, Polly. If you will slice some cold bread," spake the aunt. But the man interferred, declaring himself to be familiar with the weapons, and laying hold upon the bread knife, attacked the loaf valorously. Whereupon the old maid went to the pantry for the tea. The door latch clicked in closing and the bread-knife was in the left hand of the man and his right arm was about the shoulders of the woman. His breath raised her hair, and then that happened which will always happen when any ordinary man and woman whose hearts have gone into each other's keeping, chance to find themselves alone together and safe from the eyes of others. For the

When the house was still, she carried the knife to her room and covered its handle with tears and kisses. Trouble not yourself with idle questions, whether the man came back from the wars or no; for when a man has won such love from a woman that she kisses handles for his sake, he has seen his Austerlitz; let him beware lest he live too long and so look upon his Waterloo."
"That's realism."
"In all save one particular," commented the Newspaper Man.
The Woman Who Wrote spoke hurriedly. "Now for romanticism:
"It was a wild, dark night, dark as death. The rain poured down in ceaseless torrents; the wind tore the thousand-year-old monarchs from the forest and lashed the sea into a raging mass of inky waters. Against it all, in the very teeth of the storm, the man held on his way. Heedless of the howl and roar, heedless of the jagged lightning that leaped from the lowering heavens. Deaf, blind, lost to consciousness of aught save the sting of wounded pride and the fierce resentment of an outraged love. None save gods or devils would have braved such a night, but he— What was beat of rain and lash of wind? What was this wild storm without, compared to the fiercer one raging within? The rage of passion that sent the blood seething through his veins, and beat in his brain like hammers.
"The crimson curtains with their satin fringes swept to the floor, shutting out the storm and the night. They could not shut out the wind that howled and shrieked like a thousand fiends in torment. Genevieve Treval-

come many hundreds of times more.
At last they said good-night in the moonlight. And if there be any among you who have not counted the moments by the delicious quiver of a heart beat against your own, I shall not strive to picture to you that pleasant parting, for no words could make it plain; and if there be those among you who have, neither will I expend energy upon useless endeavor, for you know that no words may do it justice.
So for the sunshine. The shadow came next day with his letter. "My own dear Polly, The Indians are up



The door burst open, Genevieve Trevalion sprang to her feet.
"Do not condemn him for breaking it so rudely. His heart was hurting him too badly to think of finesse. It is ever so with an ordinary man, pain makes him impatient.
Well, the woman felt troubled; because she missed him, and because all at once she could think of him only as of a still, white face upturned to the moon. She went to the machine and made a couple of shirt waists with tucked fronts and insertion as per order, then she read the newspaper to keep from going into the garden. She did not care to talk about it—sympathy upsets one's self-control. But the hurt in her heart grew worse as the day died and when the time came for tea, she felt as though the food was choking her beforehand.
The eyes of the woman grew warm with tears as she looked upon the bread knife and thought of those great, clumsy slices, but she assented as a matter of course. Her fingers closed over the horn-handle and that haunting, upturned face left her. She saw him again beneath the hanging lamp, his eyes aglow with mixed up love and mischief. Ah! how good to be able to think of him once more as her dear old boy.
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space of a moment, heaven hung over the breadboard, then a loose plank squeaked and the woman began to lay places for six and the man cut slices of a thickness to beat the band.
The man's hand touched the woman's intentionally as he passed plate and platter. Marvel not, ye mortals of mundane flesh and blood, at the tea drank that night was a nectar compared to which the ambrosia of the gods was but as milk and water. For all that I have told is very true and has come to pass many hundreds of times, and if the world holds will

Non crouched over her fire, her great, violet eyes staring in dense terror at the flames. For hours she had sat there covering under a sense of impending doom; suffering the agony of a hundred deaths. No torture devised by man so intense so agonizing as that of undefined fear. She clenched her hand until the blood sprang from her tender palm and dyed her perfect nails; low moanings broke from her pallid lips. He would not come, he would not come, and to-morrow would be too late, too late. Oh, God; the bitterness of a luxury that defeats love.

"The man fought on, not knowing that he fought. Over rage and resentment a desire had come to him, more blinding than the blue flare of the lightning. The desire to be with her, to breathe the intoxicating perfume of her hair, to feel the wild beating of her heart on his, to crush her lips beneath kisses strong as eternity, eager as life. His foot sunk into deepening water and a stream of heaven's blue fire showed him the bridge—a mass of broken timbers heaped upon the farther shore. Before him, wild, wicked water, but not hell a-gape, would have stopped him now. Into the raging water, beating against it defying it, his magnificent muscles strained like whipcords, his face blanched, his lips numb.
"The door burst open, Genevieve Trevalion sprang to her feet. The man stood before her. His grand eyes, black and passionate as the night, burned into hers. His breath came in hoarse, gasping sobs. Pallid, spent, unkept as the storm, he stood before her. Wet as a drowned rat!"
"Ah, how outrageous!"
"But he was wet," she protested.
"Bother; if we cannot escape prosaic details let's have tea."
As the woman Who Wrote arose to follow the others, the Newspaper Man stopped her.

"Did you really kiss that knife's handle?"
"What knife?"
"The one I cut ham with that night."
"Why, you crank, you and I have never been anything to each other."
"Don't be too sure of that. Remember the damage I did to your mother's china. If you hadn't been as cold as an iceberg you would have been better posted on realism. When your own heart is going like a buzz-saw you can't feel the beat of another against it. See? This is realism."
An Effervescent Maharajah.
On the first consignment of seidlitz powders to the Maharajah of Singpur that monarch was deeply interested in the accounts of the refreshing box. A box was brought to the potentate in full court, and the interpreter explained to his majesty how it should be used. Into a goblet he put the twelve blue papers, and, having added water, the king drank it off. This was the alkali, and the Royal countenance expressed no sign of satisfaction.
It was then explained that in the combination of the two powders lay the luxury, and the twelve white powders were quickly dissolved in water, and as eagerly swallowed by his majesty.
With a shriek that will be remembered while Singpur lasts the monarch rose, stared, exploded, and, in his full agonies, screamed: "Hold me down!" Then, rushing from the throne, fell prostrate on the floor. There he lay during the long-continued effervescence of the compound, groaning as surely monarch never groaned before, and believing himself in the agonies of death—a melancholy and humiliating proof that kings are mortal.

Age Limit and Hair Dye.
For a long time there has been close to complete cessation in the manufacture of hair dye, but for the past year or so a boom has developed in that branch of industry. The general establishment of an age limit in the employment of men in commercial and mechanical pursuits is said to be responsible for this unexpected revival. An official of the American Federation of Labor says he knows for a fact of many men who are using dyes to hide their gray hairs and hosts of others who shave constantly to look young enough to be able to hold their positions. Statistics prove that it is every day becoming more difficult for a man past the prime of life to secure employment. The skilled mechanic engineer or employe who wants a job in any service must have youth as well as ability. If he doesn't possess it he must counterfeit it. Presumably the elderly man with a bald head must wear a wig in order to cover his years.

Repairing Longfellow's Home.
The repairs on the outside of the old Longfellow home, Portland, Me., have begun. The house is to have a new roof and the woodwork and blinds are to be painted. The floor in the vestibule, from the street, is to be restored to its original appearance, and the old stone front doorstep, which has been covered up for many years, is to be raised and used again, as formerly. Over this old step the family have gone from the beginning of the house. On it stood Zilpah Longfellow, in 1798, the mother of the poet Longfellow, and presented a standard to the Portland federal volunteers, the first uniformed military company in Maine. This company was reorganized as the Portland light infantry, and next year the members are anticipating a centennial celebration.—Boston Transcript.

Don't sit up late or be late to meals. Both are unsanitary.

A WARRIOR BOLD.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE,
Author of "Little M & Millions," "The Spider's Web," "Dr. Jack's W. Dow," "Miss Caprice," etc.
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CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)
"We must have another deal, that's all. Perhaps a better and more generous lover will appear the next time—one who will appreciate little favors at their true value. You can consider yourself dismissed," with a wave of the hand that should have struck dumb terror into the heart of the other, but which, on the contrary, only excited his secret mirth.
"Thanks, but I shall take my discharge only from the proper authority, and in this case that does not happen to be—ahem!—Capt. Brand."
"Very good. Remember, I am her father, and the rightful custodian of our family honor. Perhaps I may resort to other and more drastic measures should you continue to force your unwelcome attentions upon my daughter."
"You would find me ready and willing to give you back as good as you send, sir."
"Why, you young scamp, I could break every bone in your body, if I chose," almost frothing at the mouth with rage.
"Better not try it, captain. In New York state they electrocute for murder, and it's a worse fate than hanging, which you know has terror enough never to be forgotten."
Charlie, acting upon the spur of the moment, could not help giving him this little thrust.
It was a keen one.
The other's jaw dropped, his eyes momentarily rolled in a spasm of agony, and the sweat seemed to break out upon his brow.
Charlie saw and was satisfied. He had given the conscienceless wretch a body-blow in return for his vile threats.
Capt. Brand's spasm lasted but a brief space of time, and then he recovered his self-possession.
There was a peculiarity about the captain that seemed very marked—when in a rage his eyes became quite bloodshot, and glowed like the orbs of a hyena upon the deserts of which he loved to stalk.
And just now they were fiery, indeed.
The look he gave Stuart had murder in it, though Charlie showed no sign of alarm.
Here, in this public place, the man would never dare assault him. Besides, Charlie possessed the idea that he could hold his own at any time against the fellow. True, he was smaller than the captain, but a life devoted to occasional dissipation must have sapped some of the astonishing powers which a generous nature had originally bestowed upon the worthy man of many faces.
But Capt. Brand restrained himself—reason had not quite deserted him. He smiled grimly, and there was a world of meaning in his sardonic look.
"Very good, my hearty! You have chosen to throw down the glove, and from this hour it's war to the knife between us. You may live to rue the day you made an enemy out of one who held out the olive branch. Depend upon it, Arline Brand is not for you. A fond parent must guard the interests of his sweet child. Go your way, young sir; and when next we meet it will be as foes to the death. I wash my hands of you."

CHAPTER XIII.
The Fateful Hour.
Charlie looked after the retreating figure of Capt. Brand, and was in doubt whether to take him seriously or consider his threat a huge joke. He soon resolved to dismiss from his mind Capt. Brand and all he typified, and seek repose.
He gained the sanctity of his room, and, lighting the gas, sat down to have a last deliberation ere retiring. All seemed capable of running in a smooth groove, but "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-gley," Bobby Burns tells us, and who has not found it true in his own experience?
Charlie retired. Whether he slept soundly or not concerns us little, but under the circumstances it is hardly probable that his slumber was very refreshing.
There was too great a load on his mind.
He felt very much as a man might who stands upon the brink of a precipice.
Success or failure—his whole future depended upon one little word—was balanced in the hollow of a girl's hand.
Charlie's previous bitter experience had caused him to feel more or less caution, with a shade of distrust toward the gentle sex, and against this he had to fight.
Could he have known what lay before him, under what fearful conditions he was fated to win his sweetheart, even his bold warrior spirit might have quailed a little.
It is just as well perhaps, that these things are mercifully hidden from our view—just as well that we need only grapple with each difficulty as it appears in view, instead of crossing bridges before we come to them.
The day dawned.
There was more or less of a bustle in the air.
New York contains more sons of Erin than probably any Irish city outside of Dublin.
And these patriotic exiles never neglect to fittingly celebrate St. Pat-

rick's day, no matter what the weather may be.
Charlie felt he must have something to distract his attention. Artemus was not in sight, the daily paper had been exhausted, and as a last resort he sauntered out to watch the crowds.
Never once did he wander far from the hotel, which fact, later on, he was inclined to believe was a special dispensation of Providence.
The magnet was there that held him.
He smoked and walked, and so the time dragged by until the hour of fate arrived.
Charlie, the better to see and be out of the anticipated jam, had mounted a convenient carriage-stone standing in front of a dwelling house half a block from the hotel.
Great as was the excitement around him, it seemed to be doubly intensified further along the line of march, especially in front of the hotel.
He saw the procession break at this point—melt away as it were.
Men ran toward the hotel in squads, waving their arms wildly.
Was it an opportunity to quench the thirst that frequently burns Irish throats on this glorious holiday?
Charlie knew of yore all about the battle of the Boyne, and how an orange flag arouses the hatred of a St. Patrick's day parader even as the red flag stirs the maddened bull to frenzy.
Had some bold and incautious soul dared to invite immolation by thus flaunting in their faces the color they despised?
He supposed this must be the case. To his surprise, however, the excitement spread—the crowd pressed madly forward, mounted officers came galloping back, shouting out something that at first he could not catch.
Never to his dying day would Charlie Stuart forget the intense anxiety of that moment when he seemed to feel as though the fate of empires was at stake—and then he heard distinctly above the roar the stentorian voice of a leathern-lunged officer:
"Turn out! The avenue is impassable! The Windsor hotel is on fire! Turn out!"
Doubtless that stentorian shout sent a shuddering chill to many a heart when those who heard it glanced up at the massive pile and comprehended the hundreds of precious lives that were endangered.
To none could it appeal with more irresistible force than to Charlie Stuart.
All his hopes and ambitions on earth were centered there—the girl he loved with heart and soul was far up in the doomed structure, perhaps asleep, under the influence of an opiate, after a wakeful night with an exciting brow.
At first his blood seemed congealed into ice.
Then it leaped through his veins like boiling lava, fresh from the throat of Vesuvius.
Charlie did not waste time in reflection.
Time was worth more than money now, worth all the world to him.
He had leaped to the pavement like a deerhound, and dashed toward the hotel in great bounds.
Some men would have lost their wits, but it seemed that the greater the emergency the keener became his mind.
Even as he ran and elbowed his way through the excited crowd with irresistible force, he was mapping out a plan of campaign.
Really there seems no limit to the human mind—its capacity is astonishing—it rises to meet the emergency regardless of what is needed.
Now, even when thus fighting his way through the crowd, Charlie saw the hopelessness of attempting to reach the main entrance on the avenue.
The space for half a block was densely packed with a whooping mass of humanity, partly imbued with the eager curiosity that always distinguishes crowds the world over, and at the same time a chivalrous desire to be of use somehow.
If he desired to reach that door he must perforce walk over the heads of the packed crowd.
A better plan suggested itself.
He remembered a side entrance which would admit him much more easily.
Now he was at the corner.
He took one look up and around.
The picture was impressed upon the tablets of his memory forever.
No longer were handkerchiefs and green ribbons waving from the numerous windows of the hotel—instead, panic-stricken girls threw out their arms appealingly and shrieked in terror.
The wand of an evil magician had touched the scene, and transformed it in a twinkling.
Smoke already oozed from several openings, proving to Charlie that his hopes of the fire being trifling were groundless.
It was most serious.
The holocaust of the Parisian Charlie Bazar was about to be repeated in New York; and that St. Patrick's day would be marked as the most gruesome Gotham had ever known.
Charlie now had a better chance to push ahead.
Already he feared he had delayed too long.
There were many people and much excitement in the side street, but it was of course not to be compared with the avenue where the crowds had gathered to witness the parade.
Straight to the door Charlie dashed.
A man stood there endeavoring to keep out those who had no business inside, for it is well known that daring thieves will take advantage of such occasions to ply their nefarious

trade, even if they do not at times even create the opportunity.
Ten men could not have kept our Charlie from pushing in.
He shouted that he was a guest, and then rushed inside; nor did the man, after one look at his haggard face, attempt to say him nay.
Charlie avoided the office, where men swarmed, and orders were shouted that could never be obeyed.
His business was aloft.
She was there exposed to a frightful death, and he felt that he lived but to save her!
So up he bounded, three steps at a time.
One thing he must remember—the Windsor was famous as a canvansary where a stranger might easily lose himself in the many passages.
To do so now would be indeed fatal to all his hopes.
He found smoke everywhere, and even fancied he could hear the crackling of flames, though the whole place was in such a turmoil that one could not be sure of this.
He also met numerous persons, flying this way and that, maddened with fear.
Some hardly knew whither they went, and appealed frantically to this cool-headed man beseeching him, for heaven's sake, to tell them where the stairs could be found.
Nor did he fail to direct them, every one, even while he pushed on to the next flight.
Up, up, he went, still finding smoke circling along the halls, through which women staggered, shrieking their appalling distress.
It was a terrifying picture.
There were comical elements injected into it, of course, but no one had the heart to laugh.
Charlie knew in his heart a dreadful calamity was impending—nothing short of a miracle could save the great structure now, and the days of miracles appear to be past.
Perhaps scores of human lives would be sacrificed to the demon of fire—mostly helpless women, employes or guests, who had been viewing the parade from the upper windows.
The mere fact that such a draught passed through the halls from these open windows would hasten the total demolition of the whole structure and make it more certain.
Had Charlie no sacred duty of his own to perform, he would have gladly devoted all of his time toward effecting the rescue of these terrified girls. As it was, he could only think of Arline.
Her lovely face was before his eyes and seemed to plead with him to make haste.
The smoke was growing ever more dense, and he had to push close to the doors to distinguish the numbers, in order to make sure that he was on the right floor.
At last this knowledge came to him.
The opportunity was in his grasp.
Here the same conditions seemed to abound—there was smoke in plenty, frenzied maids and flying figures darting through it all like specters.
Charlie was somewhat out of breath as a result of his steady climb, but otherwise in good physical condition.
He had the number of Arline's rooms well in his mind—the house had been crowded, and these were the best at her service, though the clerk had promised her a suite near the McKinleys after that day.
What if he could have made a mistake in any way? The wretched consequences almost paralyzed him to even think of it.
Eagerly he had scanned each flying or crouching female figure he met, in the hope that he might thus discover the one he sought.
But as yet he had not found her.
Even in that smoke-laden atmosphere he knew he could not mistake her figure, while one note from her voice must have thrilled him through and through.
(To be continued.)

The Talk of Children.
It has been said that children speak the best English in the world in that their idea is expressed in the fewest words and to the point.
Mr. Andrew Simonds, of Charleston, is convinced that their powers of vernacular are superior to his talent for intelligible description.
He was one day trying to interest his little girl, nearly 3 years old, by telling her stories of the circus. She loved horses and was particularly impressed by the feats of the bare-back riders.
"Now," he said, taking a chair by way of illustration, "this is a horse. A man comes in on him and rides him all round the ring standing up with out any saddle or bridle. Then directly another horse comes in bare back (putting another chair by the first), and the man rides him, too, just in the same way, until at last there are four horses, and he rides them all round the ring at the same time. And a row of four chairs represent the four horses. Now, wasn't that fine?"
The little one looked up, very grave, her eyes full of the doubt and credulity that so often puzzle us—
"Yes—he had many legs—that man."
"And I had to go all over that story again, said Mr. Simonds.

True Greatness.
True greatness, first of all, is a thing of the heart. It is all alive with robust and generous sympathies. It is neither behind its age nor too far before it. It is up with its age, and ahead of it only just so far as to be able to lead its march. It cannot slumber, for activity is a necessity of its existence. It is no reservoir, but a fountain.—Roswell D. Hitchcock.

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