NORTHWESTERN LOUP CITY, NEBRASKA.

WEB OF STEEL By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY FATHER AND SON

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CHAPTER XIX-Continued. -12-

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to its owner.

fight."

"I doubt if you can recognize any- and on what they had to do to look distance," said Rodney, after he had focused it and taken a look himself. pines at its feet. "Yet if he were there, he certainly would be in the thick of it. He's that other. kind. You look, Dick."

turn. "But what a fight they are mak- woman's heart. ing to save that dam."

"Will it hold?" asked the woman. "Impossible," said Rodney.

handing over the glass.

other, after another look. "See for yourself, Miss Illingworth."

tators of a great battle, witnesses of going was bad enough, but it was noth- would fail. a terrible contest, in which herculean ing compared to what they had passed of continuous and frenzied endeavor. valley from the ravine. The spirit of reckless continuance had diers at Winchester, though shot in the after. There Winters joined her. heart, actually struggled after Sherimon horse may so be imbued with watch the dam for his paper." blind intensity of determination that he gallops on until he drops dead. down. The men halted at the very so these men gave their all in unmatch- narrowest part of the hogback. They

"They'd better get off that dam," said on the ground behind them. One man Rodney. "When it once fails it'll go bent over it, evidently opening it. fall against the rocks, slippery and Murphy and Funaro reached him and with a rush and then it'll be too late." Another man swung the shovel viciousto get off," said Winters. "They're ters had been too far removed from en- such a fall would be. He would center their wet faces, evidencing their ex-"em !" he shouted, throwing up his was toward. They could only watch of detonators in his pocket, the pack- the faster, Meade took the two tripod arms in exuitation over manhood and and wonder. courage and determination.

"Perhaps you had better go back, Miss Illingworth," said Rodney, thinking of the horror she might witness at any moment.

"I wouldn't be elsewhere for the world," said the brave girl, white but higher grade men knew it also. The pened to be one of the explosive force, enough for five cartridges." with firm lips-she was made of the spillway was entirely inadequate, but those whose duty it was to do the same stuff as the fighting men, it suddenly flashed into his mind, with blasting. In his practical way he knew what to do. Murphy had often seen

He pointed down through the cens

joined in, and even Helen Illingworth 12 22.3 Est city in keeping their foot- and by see his hopes justified by suc- joining in his triumphant shout. "Now, still, the rain diminished, it ceased, the "I don't see him. He's not there," found herself screaming. The three ing on the brozen, rocky bottom. cess, his happiness would be complete. another hole right there," he pointed to she said at last, handing the glass back men below were not more than five or When they reached the other side, six hundred feet away, but evidently Meade shouted above the storm:

"If he were there, you'd see him all they could not possibly hear in that "Murphy, bring your pick and shov- successful or not, men would tell about right," said Winters enthusiastically, tumult of nature. No voices would e: ; take that iron range-pole, too. his endeavor. She would hear. It sor?" asked Mike Murphy, seizing his "because he'd be in the thick of the carry through any such rain and wind. Here, Funaro, you take your shovel came to him afterward, when he pick, They were too intent on their paths and these."

As he spoke he ran into the office one, even through the glass, at such a upward. They rounded the shoulder shack and wrecked a transfit tripod, felt her presence, not a presence imof the mesa and disappeared in the ruthlessly separating the legs from one pelling him to look up, but a presence The three on the top looked at each two of them into the little Italian's off his long coat and threw it aside assistance in preparing the cartridge. outstretched arms.

"The dam still holds," said Rodney, "I can't see him," said Winters in quite unsuspecting what was in the plied with his directions. In a huge at his watch, he did not stop for any- struck the match, and this time, since Even as he spoke, Helen Illingworth spur of the mesa which overhung the spent hours in that mad scramble over turned away. She ran heavily in her east end of the dam the explosives the water-covered rocks. He heaved a waited a second to see that it had sodden garments along the broken were stored. The dynamite was kept deep breath of relief when he rounded "I give it one hour," said Winters, mesa top past the house to the upper in oilskin bags, the detonating caps in the mesa and struck the trail. Bad as edge. There below her were the three waterproof boxes. There were six- was the going, it was nothing to what and waited. Nothing happened. A few "Not more than that," assented the men just emerging from the fringe of teen sticks or cartridges in each bag. they had passed over. trees. Rounding the end of the mesa, Each stick was an inch and a half in Presently he broke out into the open

From where they stood, high up on Helen Illingworth could see them bagful should be ample. Indeed, if rounded curve of the hogback, to gain the roof of the world, they were spec- through the pines on the old trail. The that did not do the work, the attempt which he had risked so much. Were

"Rodney sent me to look after you; "Look," said Helen, pointing far

ration when being carried. knew how perilous was the undertak- he made his instant plan. were clustered together. The bag lay

carried by the other men. The little Italian shook his head as about fifteen feet apart. Meade knew that they were fighting he noted these preparations. He hapa losing battle. Every one of the

should at the very top of it. Winters there are plunging forward through their fellow-men. If he could only by And there were thoughts personal as the foot of the bank. "Drive it in well as general. If he died, whether slanting and it will do the job."

learned how she had looked down upon

him as he ran, that he had somehow hurry.' another by main force and pitching driving him on. He lost his hat, he tore ready. Funaro, indeed, came to his as he plunged on with his precious bag Presently all was completed. Reject-Without a question, both men com- in his hand. He did not dare to look ing the pleas of both men. Meade

they had at last struck firmer ground. diameter and eight inches long. One slope and there before him was the they in time? Yes, the water in the The men waited while Meade select- lake was not flowing, it was only riseffort, desperate courage, human will, over and presently they burst out of ed a bag of dynamite, a box of detona- ing. Evidently the dam still held. He all exerted to the limit, finally de- the woods and ran along the greasy, tors, and a package of fuses. It was a ran along it till he reached the nargenerated into blind, mechanical habit well-rounded hogback that divided the cardinal rule that dynamite cartridges rowest part of it, twenty feet wide and detonating caps should never be between water-covered valley and The woman had no idea what was carried by the same person, because sharply descending ravine. The shortgot into them and moved them to the toward, what was their purpose. She the combination so greatly increased est separation between Picket Wire impossible. As men in a battle charge could only stare and stare at the rap- the risk of premature explosion. and the Kicking Horse! The water in go on even with wounds enough to kill idly moving far-off figure indomitably The fulminate of mercury in the the lake was within three feet of the them in ordinary circumstances, as sol- in the lead, and the others following detonators was very volatile, highly ex- crest. The rain was coming down plosive and immensely destructive, con- steadily. He could realize by the wasidering its size. One such cap could ter level where he stood that it must dan until they fell, or even us a com- he feels that he must stay back and blow off a man's hand, or even his be lapping the top of the dam now, head, and in its explosion might deto- or a little above it. He had five minnate the dynamite. Hence the sepa- utes-ten at most. He was still in time. The thoughts came to him as he Meade decided to take that risk. He ran. And as he saw the place again

ing, how liable he was in his hurry to He laid the dynamite down just as half submerged in that pouring rain. stood panting, their heavy breathing, "Look at them. They're not going ly, the third grabbed the pick. Win- Ke knew what the consequences of the sweat mingling with the rain in gineering even yet to figure out what all risks in himself. He thrust the box haustion. From Murphy, who had been age of fuses inside his flannel shirt, legs, stout oak staves about an inch

> hand. He would need his free hand to points. He jammed them down into of the care they had taken, it had got protect himself, so all the tools were the ground about five feet from the wet. It would not work. The precious

> > "Holes, there," he shouted, "deep rain,

Funaro nodded. He knew exactly Meade desperately. seemed-"even if he were there, fight- that consciousness of the hopelessness a great deal about the properties and the explosive gang at work. He was the arms. They all knew the tremening that great battle, I should wait to of the struggle, that perhaps there was possibilities of usefulness of the dyna- quick-witted and he had only to follow dous risk in a nearer approach. The

He had cut off a shorter length of | ically, perhaps, but less resolute, less fuse for a torch, the better to carry the spiritually consecrated, less divinely fire from one blast to another. As it obsessed, dropped out of the rank that sputtered into flame, he touched the pitted itself in furious, futile, but subfirst fuse, then the second, and turned lime fury against the wavering wall. and ran for his life after Murphy and Some of them fell backward and lay Funaro. They had just got a safe dis-istill. Some had fainted and some of tance away when with a muffled roar them were half dead. A few here and the two blasts went off nearly together. there sank down on the trampled, mud-When they ran back they saw that dy embankment and buried their heads two-thirds of the hillock on that side in their hands, sobbing hysterically. of the ravine had gone. A wall of But most still blind, mad, sublime, earth through which water was already held on. And the palisade did not fall. trickling rose between the great gap It did not bend back any further. they had blown out and the lake, the The throb that told of the tremenupper level of which was much higher dous pressure of the waves, the quiver than the bottom of the great crater that experience could feel the prelude to failure, began to die away, to stop.

the rift they saw dimly one great peak

"Here," said Vandeventer.

of mighty range. What had happened?

How white he looked, how haggard,

streaks of gray in his black hair that

had not been there before, but his eyes

were blazing. He was still the indom-

itable chief of the Spartan band. The

nearest men gave him a hand. He

clambered up to his former vantage

point on top of the highest log of the

stockade and stared down. The rise

not believe it, yet it was true. The

rain had ceased again, but by every

natural law the drainage from the hills

would continue for some time in full

volume. Yes, by all rights the dam

was doomed. The water still trickled

through the palisades in many small

streams. That had been a gallant ef-

fort they had made, even if a vain one.

For ten minutes he stood silent, ex-

hausted. Then he saw. The water

was not rising. No, it was falling;

only a trifle, but enough. Presently it

had stopped filtering through the re-

vetment. He looked back. Not a drop

ran on the other side of the palisade.

Vandeventer knew that the water must

be discharging somewhere. The lake

must have broken through somewhere.

He only needed that hint to recall the

hogback, and then Meade. He saw it

"We've won, the dam's saved," he

cried greatly to the men who stood

back of the palisade staring at him.

"Roberts has blown up the hogback.

The water's falling. See for your-

Every man sprang up the palisa e.

Someone laughed and then someone

raised a cheer, and those mud-covered,

sodden, worn-out men, who had been

about to die, saluted in heroic acclaim

him who had led them to victory and

by implication him who had made that

they had opened. "Hurrah," yelled Meade, the others What did it mean? The thunder grew clouds broke. Some great hand, as of God, swiftly tore the black vault of the heavens apart. Faint light began

"Will the dam be after holdin' ylt, to glow over the sodden land. Through

"I hope so, but, for God's sake,

With two men working, the last hole was completed before Meade was crevice, almost a small cave, in the thing, but it seemed that he must have there was but one blast to be fired, he touched it directly to the fuse and of the water had stopped! He could caught and ran as before.

At a safe distance they drew back seconds dragged on. They saw no sign



triumph possible. (TO BE CONTINUED.) HIGH COST OF A SOLDIER

all now.

selves."

It Requires \$1,000 a Year to Keep Him, and Much More to Kill Him.

Measured by their debts, it has cost England, France and Germany about \$1,000 a year for every soldier and sail or on duty during the war, "Girard"

writes in the Philadelphia Ledger. French writers say that Russia has

The Reason for **Toll Charges**

Less than one-fourth of the telephone subscribers make threefourths of all the long distance telephone calls.

The long distance lines are used only occasionally by the large majority of telephone subscribers.

For this reason a charge is made for each long distance call instead of meeting the expense of providing this service by increasing the local telephone rates.

If we gave free long distance service it would mean that all telephone subscribers would pay the cost of maintaining the long distance lines which are used generally by only a few.



Stenographer Too Radiant.

The elder Swift, founder of one of the great Chicago beef concerns, hated to see women working in bright clothes, according to a man who once labored for the Swift concern. There happened to be a stenographer at the works, however, who bought all the loud raiment she could, and looked like a combination of a merry-go-round and a rainbow when she walked through the yards.

One day the elder Swift caught sight of her. He called his assistant.

"Who is that?" he asked. "Why, that's Mr. Blank's stenogra-

pher. "How much does she get?" "Twenty-five a week."

"Dock her." "I'm afraid she'll leave."

Star.

Swift shot a glance at his assistant

before he answered: "If she don't," he said, "dock her again."-Earl Godwin, in Washington

WATCH YOUR SKIN IMPROVE

When You Use Cuticura-The Soap to Purify and Ointment to Heal.

On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Continue this treatment for ten days and note the change in your skin. No better toilet preparations exist.

Free sample each by mail with Book, Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L. Boston. Sold everywhere .- Adv.

Helping the Laundress.

"I declare to goodness, I have got the backache so today I just can't lift that tub," said the laundress, as she looked at it on the bench in the laundry. "Why lift it?" asked John. "And how do you suppose I am going to get it emptied?" asked the laundress, sarcastically.

He Was as One Dead. and carried the dynamite bag in his and a half thick, with sharp metal of life in the fuse, no light. In spite

lying battered under a rain of smaller

excitement on the crest of the hill.

"he's done it. He's saved the dam:

"Don't you know him?" screamed

"He's dead," she cried high and

"The nearest way," screamed the

. . .

Winters caught her by the arm.

"Faint! I'm going to him."

Helen Illingworth in his ear.

that's a man!"

"No."

"Meade !"

"How?"

We aren't beat yet."

ley?

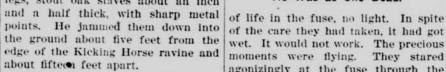
stones and earth, he was as one dead.

"By heavens!" cried Winters in great

agonizingly at the fuse through the

another way to discharge the flood. mite. Meade's purpose was obvious, the Italian's actions. The work was fuse might be alight still. At any sec-"We're not the only people in this The same idea might have come to even to Murphy, who was only a la- simple. Seizing their spades, the two ond the flame might flash to the detowilderness. Look yonder!" cried Win- any other of the more intelligent of the borer, though where he proposed to men cut into the sod, using the pick nator and then- Yet Meade had to men from Vandeventer down if they work neither man had any idea at all. to dislodge small bowlders and break go. That charge had to be exploded if

appeal.



"I'll have to take a look at it," said

tise Fat 12:04 hog the wit der tive which to leap. These three were mov- mind.

7.1 Art Jan lot Wr Jar

Ira

who had thrown his rubber coat down ing. And he was the man to seize such good-sized oilskin bag. He was the They noticed how carefully he sough: to protect the bag. When he slipped or seemed about to fall, he always thrust it frantically away from the rock with outstretched arm.

V int the three men would be at of course no one knew. It was obvious that they were in a desperate hurry and that the thing in the bag must be carefully carried. Naturally the watchers connected the men with the dam builders. They were dressed as the men engaged in such labor would be dressed. The pick, the spades and the pole and stakes bore out that conclu-

"What's in the bag?" asked the woman.

"He carries it as though it might be gold or diamonds," said Winters. Rodney shook his head. Suddenly he divined the reason for the extreme care with which the bag was carried. The men were immediately below the three watchers now. He could make out pretty well what was the size and shape of the objects that bulged the waterproof bag.

"I have it," he shouted. "Dynamite!" "What for?"

Rodney shook his head again. The man in front was in plain view. He was a tall figure, his face was heavily

and bearing of a man under ordinary without a moment's hesitation. conditions which sometimes betray She pressed her hand to the wet gar- derstand.

ments over her heart and stared. Suddenly in never the advantage this gained I somet hotman and, Octond 1. Aten. Michael Alexiell. Will recently ; my where us its minimum . - - uppersuitings and is some and only uses where

had taken a moment for reflection. If less rain toward the lower edge of the they had not been so frantically, so said Funaro impressively. mesa. There, far pelow him, were frightfully engrossed in their present three sodden figures. The water in the puny but gallant efforts to save the hurrying his preparations, "but it's our excavation about two feet deep, they lake had flooded the slope of the hill. dam, they certainly would have remem- only chance." and on that side it was lapping the bered. That the possibility came to base of the cliff. The trail had, of Meade rather than to any of the others ian gallantly. course, been covered, and there was no was perhaps due to the fact that he way of progress except by taking ad- had noted the situation later and had cantage of the broken rock at the foot studied the conditions more recently. of the cliff, which here and there still Those solitary cambles of his, those stood above the water. It was a place careful inspections of the terrain of sprang at what was left of the trail. They made these holes about four feet where men could only pass by carefully the valley, had been made long after and the two men gallantly followed deep below the excavation, driving in choosing their way and calculating the the original surveys and the results of him. The hogback at which he was and twisting and churning the stakes istance of the next point toward his observations were still fresh in his aiming was perhaps a little more than

CHAPTER XX.

The Victors.

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water, hurling themselves from since the cloudburst and he saw the he could have managed it in fifteen rock to rock, falling against the wall, inevitableness of the failure so clearly minutes; as it was, they made it in clutching a tree or shrub, slipping into that he did not dare to waste time to thirty. The extreme possibility of the the lake, saving themselves from look up Vandeventer, tell him his plan, life of the dam seemed to Meade not price of complacent fortune, which was of the utmost value. When the and by his direction the others kept they were trying to the utmost limit, thought came, he acted instantly. He some distance behind him, One man carried a miner's pick, a was in the position of the commander

legs of a tripod. The bareheaded man, didly daring and unforeseen undertak- complied with his direction, in the readish-yellow water, carried a a possibility and make the most of it. sary to keep the two men back. They



His Soul Was Rising and His Heart Was Beating-

ognize him, nor was he in his frantic a big, burly Irishman and a stout little quences to him, he was bound to save

him to those who know him well. Nor should as he left the gang. "Murphy of all the business enterprises of the fexplosion if possible. could Helen Illingworth with her and Funaro, come with me. Keep it town, the weight of the great viaduct trembling hands forus the glass, which up; I think I know a way to help," he of steel, the weight of the huge dam blantly. she took from Rodney before the strug- yelled back through the rain as he itself, was on his shoulders as he ran. gling adventurers had passed; and yet scrambled off the dam up the rocks to He carried the burden lightly, as Atlas tending his hand, there was something in the figure be- the spillway. It was not his fault that might have upborne the world with

over her heart and solve and spillway about knee deep, and the tempt grandly and dare greatly for in striking a match.

"Dynamita no work in zis weather."

"No. I'll take both." "It ees danger." "Yes. but come on."

Meade, wasting no more words,

two miles from the dam. On the ordi-

spade and a surveyor's range pole, the of a small force to whom is suddenly there's no need of all three of us be-

Indeed a stern command was neces

detonators might go off at any time- length in each case, and, keeping it nwo.

might be set off against the loss of the

tion and haste, he had in his heart the

up the earth. The soil was light and he detonated it by hand, he thought porous, and it had been well soaked desperately, and he had not come so "Probably not." answered Meade, by the rain. After they had made an far and worked so hard to fail now.

laid aside their shovels, and with the "Give me ze caps," urged the Ital- iron range pole as a starter and the bigger tripod stakes to follow, they made two deep holes in the ground, forcing the pole and then the stake

into the earth, which the continuing rain tended to soften more and more. by main strength.

They could by no means have accoming like madmen, splashing through The water was rising so rapidly nary trail and prepared for the run. plished this save for the softening assistance of the rain and the furious energy they applied. They had been working since four in the morning at the dam, they had made that difficult drowning apparently only by the ca- and get his permission. Every second much greater. He went in the lead, run at headlong speed, yet they labored like men possessed. They even wasted

breath to call challengingly and pro-"If I fall and explode this dynamite, vokingly and to set forth their progress each to the other. In almost less time other another spade and two long presented the bare possibility of wrest- ing blown up," he had said, and it was than it takes to tell it, they had comstakes which looked like the separate ing victory from defeat by some splen- no reflection on their courage that they pleted the holes and so informed the engineer triumphantly.

Mende, as usual, had reserved to that man had created tear earth from himself the more dangerous, if less ar-He had endeared himself to some of had caught something of the gallant duous task. Covering himself with earth, and ever widen and deepen the most hurried of the three. He ran the men and the respect in which he spirit of the engineer, and the big big Murphy's discarded slicker, which opening as it crashed in a foaming, tersome distance in front of the others, was held by Vandeventer was shared Irishman and the little Italian were as fell over him like a shelter tent as he rible, red cataract through the outlet, striking down great trees, roaring, eager as he. Helped by a few hasty knelt down, he opened the box of boiling wildly to the bottom of the words as they ran, they had both of detonators, selected one, and attached gorge far below? them learned what he would be at. the fuse in position carefully. Then They both realized that they were the he unfolded the paper about one of the forlorn hope, that if they could not cartridges and placed the detonator, thrown upward by the explosion and save the dam nobody and nothing wrapping the paper around it therehad struck him on the breast, and

could. And there was a trace of the after. He prepared two cartridges age-long rivalry between the Celt and this way with the greatest care. the Roman. The scion of the legionary The men rapidly but carefully cut and the son of the barbarian who had slits in the covering of the cartridges. fought together in the dawn of history and lowered four cartridges down each vied with each other then, Again and hole, forcing them gently into place again Meade had to order them back. with the butt ends of the tripod stakes He was keenly sensible of his danger, and compressing them so that they He knew that if he fell, if the dyna- filled the holes completely. Then mite struck the ground violently, it Meade placed his two prepared sticks might explode. He knew that the un- with the detonators on top of the other stable fulminate of mercury in the four. He cut the fuse to the proper

perhaps that was the greater danger- carefully covered with the raincoat, he shrill, "but he saved the dam and the bridge and the town. He's made atonebut he never checked his pace or hesi- held it while the others filled in the tated in a leap or sought an easy way holes and the excavations and carement." for a second. His soul was rising and fully tamped down the earth. All that "Yes, yes; don't faint," cried Winhis heart was beating as they had remained was the lighting of the fuse. ters. never risen or beaten in his life. And And then? Would the dynamite go the hearts of his men beat with his off? With fuses it was uncertain in its

action at best, and although these He knew, of course, if the dam went | fuses were supposed to be so prepared out the railroad, the bridge, the town, as to be independent of weather conthe citizens, the women and children, ditions, more often than not rain only the haray could reach the lower if you don't." Previously Socrates had and everything and everybody would spoiled a blast. If this blast failed it level. go. If he could save them, his act was good-by dam-good-by everything.

Meade drew out from the pocket of bearded. From the angle at which by the others. When he called two International. But whether that were his flannel shirt a box of matches. He they saw him it was impossible to rec- of the most capable of the workmen, true or not, whatever the conse- had to light the farther cartridge fuse. then run fifteen feet and light the progress assuming the usual attitude Italian, to follow him, they did it them. The weight of every man, the nearer one, and then make his escape. weight of every woman, the weight of He had made the nearer fuse a little "The rest of you keep on here," he every child in the valley, the weight shorter so as to secure a simultaneous instantly he had spoken. "Keep it home is perhaps it's best product.

Tony Funaro now interposed gal-

"Giva me da light," he demanded, ex-

"G'wan wid ye," shouted the big languages from the polyglot mob of low that made her heart beat faster. they could not hear and could not un-laughter. For, despite his determina-linghter. For, despite his determina-linghter. For, despite his determina-"Stand back, both of you," cried been turned into heroes because they The water was rushing through the great joy that comes when men at-Meade, succeeding after some trouble had fought by the side of men. Here works hard an' gits what you was try-

still 6,000,000 good soldiers to equip. The United States could equip and maintain in the field half that force, or 3,000,000 Russian troops, for a year

"Don't go," cried Murphy. at an expense of \$3,000,000,060. "It ees danger," shouted Funaro,

And that \$3,000,000,000 would not But Meade shook them off and bade more than equal the sum which the them keep back. What was his dan-United States has already made out of ger compared to the issue involved? this war. That last charge had to be exploded. Lincoln called for 75,000 troops to

He stepped quickly toward it, and as suppress what was then thought to he did so he threw his eyes up toward be a modest Civil war, and 300,000 volthe gray, rain-filled heaven in one last unteered in a day. That rate of volunteering now would

Did he hear the blind roar, did he bring a million and a half men under see the upbursting masses of sodden the flag immediately. earth, was he conscious of the fact A few years ago a French military

that the whole side of the hillock had critic said it cost \$20,000 to kill one been blown away, that the last explosoldier in war sion had completed the shattering work

It has cost the allies about \$23,000 of the first--that they had succeeded? to kill one of their foes in the pres-Did he mark the whirling water, drivent war. en backward at first by the violence of

These estimates take no account of the explosion, returning and rolling in the wounded and prisoners who go into vast mass through the great opening, the bloody scales for excess measure. did he see it plunging down the slope, It cost England nearly \$40,000 to through the trees and bushes, and kill an American soldier during the

pour thunderously into the bed of the Kevolution. ravine? Did he see the tremendous rush of the water from the great lake

Cost of a Cough. A patient German statistician has

calculated that a patient who coughs once every quarter of an hour for ten hours expends energy equivalent to two hundred and fifty units of heat, which may be translated as equivalent to the nourishment contained in No, he saw nothing. Broken, beaten three eggs or two glasses of milk. In down by a huge bowlder that had been

normal respiration the air is expelled from the chest at the rate of four feet per second, whereas in violent coughing it may attain a velocity of three hundred feet. This waste of energy is especially important, because it occurs, for the most part, in persons whose assimilative functions are already working under difficulties; consequently the ingestion of the corresponding quantity of nourishment by

no means compensates for the exertion. It follows that persistent cough is per se a cause of emaciation, though there are many other factors which tend in the same direction; hence the desirability of restraining cough within safe limits, especially when it is due to irritative reflexes, such as are excited by lasyngitis and pharyngitis .---From the Medical Critic and Globe.

Marriage.

George Ade said of it, "You'll re voman, letting herself down over the gret it if you do and you'll regret it cliff wall to the broken rocks, by which said, somewhat to wit, "Young man, whether you do or not, you'll be sorry What of the dam below in the val- for it." The conservative nature is shy of it, unwilling to take a chance. The element of chance in it is what "Hold it, men, hold it; for God's sake, hold it," shouted Vandeventer, beguiles others. It has, however, rising from his crouching position wholly admirable aspects. The very against the palisade to resume it useful and excellent sentiment of up. If it goes down, let's go down with Summing up briefly the whole history it. Hang on-hang on! We'll hold it. of human experience, we feel moved to say of marriage, "It is well. Let it

Broken words, oaths, protestations, continue." (It continues.) curses, cheers, expletives in strange Excellent Definition of Luck. "Luck," said Uncle Eben, "is what you talks about when somebody else and there a man not weaker phys- in' to grab offhand,"

"Siphon it out," said John,

Then he went to a closet where odds and ends were kept, found a piece of rubber tubing, filled it with water, and then, holding both ends, placed one in the tub and trailed the other off to the sewer opening in the floor. In a moment the water was running out nicely, while the laundress stood with her mouth open, watching how easy it was.

Off With the Old Love.

A photographer had taken a portrait of a young woman. After an examination she took a dozen of them. A few days later the same young woman entered the photographer's studio with the dozen cabinet photos that had been made of her about a week before.

"What !" exclaimed the photographer in dismay. "Bring them all back? Why, I thought they were very successful."

"Oh, yes," she said, with a smile, "they are successful. I only want you to touch out the ring. I have a new young man.'

Not That Far Along as Yet.

"How do you exterminate potate bugs?

"I don't know. I haven't studied up on the atrocities of war-gardening."

If a man would know how much he is appreciated he should pose as defendant in a breach of promise suit.

