

toiling struggling mass of men and teams below. A hundred times the scenes of the night had passed before him as he stood that day trimming down the slope of the cut with his pick. He had told himself, over and over, as he worked, the awful story of his crime. His mind dwelt feverishly on every ghastly particular. He shrunk from it all as he would have shrunk from a corpse—as he would have shrunk from *that* corpse that he knew was lying so deep under the embankment of the Big Fill; and yet he saw a dead man's face in every stone that he sent whirling down the slope; he noted every load of rock that was unloaded where he knew he had laid the body. He could almost feel the weight of the embankment on his own heart. The thought stifled him. "Oh, my God, I can think of nothing else, nothing else!"

It had been a hot day in the Big Cut. All day the yellow sun had glared through the cloud of yellow dust that hung over the weary teamsters as they followed their loads of broken rock in and out, in and out, from the Big Cut to the Big Fill. The dust dropped in a yellow stream from the wheels. It worked its way into the hubs and set every wheel to creaking. It filled the unkept beards of the men and hung from their eye-brows. Everybody, everything, it changed to the same monotonous yellow. The mules moved aimlessly along, unmindful of the profanity of their drivers. The driver of the plow team had sworn himself hoarse at the string of fourteen mules that he drove. The dust seemed to deaden every sound, save the monotonous creak of the wheels, and the persistent dint, dint, of the drill in the end of the cut. "It will be a big shot to-night," muttered Olof, turning to his work.

He cursed himself for his cowardice. Was not the body safe? The dead man had been almost a stranger to the rest of the camp. No one would ever discover the murder. No one would ever know of it but himself. Ay, that was the horror of it. He had killed men before, but not secretly.

Others had known of it; others had thought of it. But this! No one knew it. No one would ever know it. It was his secret, his alone. The thought was sickening.

And it had all been so easy! As easy as in a dream. He had expected a fierce struggle for life, but the man had fallen lifeless at the merest touch of the pick handle. He had expected curses, but the man had lain so still and calm! The peaceful face of the dead man haunted him. He could see it wherever he looked. It was in the sky. It was in the setting sun. It smiled back at him from the face of the cut. He clasped his hands over his eyes. In vain! The face was before him clearer than ever.

The sun was sinking behind the top of the Big Cut. The foreman's cheery cry of "All out," mingled with the discordant braying of the mules comes up to him from below. He works on. The merry chime from the great triangle in front of the cook's tent is calling the men to supper, but still he works on. The cry of "Fire" arouses him. He sees the men that have waited to light the fuses running for shelter from the rocks that the explosion will soon send screaming through the air. He crawls down among the fuses, that are sending up little spurts of blue flame. Their light flickers upon his face as he kneels among them. It is drawn and set as if he were facing a strong wind.

"That shot," observes the foreman as the roar dies away in the distance, "that shot ought to give us enough material to complete the Big Fill." D. N. LEHMER.

The Awkward Squad.

The chief argument in favor of drill, in an educational institution, is, that a few years of military training will give exercise to those who would otherwise have none, and gracefulness to many who have exchanged the plough handle for the cane. This is a good ground upon which to base an arbitrary rule, requiring drill. If any are inclined to doubt the truth of this assertion, let them take a look at the awkward squad, and forever after hold their peace. One careful observation of a company of new recruits will settle all doubts as to their need of exercise and of gracefulness. There is no amusement more conducive to good nature, than to watch the future protec-