

THE QUICKENING

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

Thomas Jefferson, awe-struck and gaping, found himself foot-loose for a time in the Marlboro rotunda while his father talked with a man who wanted to bargain for the entire output of the Paradise furnace by the year. The commercial transaction touched him lightly; but the moving groups, the imported bell-boys, the tessellated floors, frescoed ceiling and plush-covered furniture—these bit deeply. Could this be South Tredegar, the place that had hitherto figured chiefly to him as "court-day" town and the residence of his preacher uncle? It seemed hugely incredible.

After the conference with the iron buyer they crossed the street to the railway station; and again Thomas Jefferson was footloose while his father was closeted with some one in the manager's office.

An express train, with hissing airbrakes, Solomon-magnificent sleeping-cars, and a locomotive large enough to swallow whole the small affair that used to bring the once-a-day train from Atlanta, had just backed in, and the boy took its royal measure with eager and curious eyes, walking slowly up the side of it and down the other.

At the rear of the string of Pullmans was a private car, with a deep observation platform, much polished brass railing, and sundry other luxurious appointments, apparent even to the eye of unsophistication. Thomas Jefferson spelled the name in the meditation, "Psyche"—spelled it without trying to pronounce it—and then turned his attention to the people who were descending the rubber-carpeted steps and grouping themselves under the direction of a tall man who reminded Thomas Jefferson of his Uncle Silas with an indescribable something left out of his face.

"As I was about to say, General, this station building is one of the relics. You mustn't judge South Tredegar—our new South Tredegar—by this. Eh?—I beg your pardon, Mrs. Vanadam? Oh, the hotel? It is just across the street, and a very good house; remarkably good, indeed, all things considered. In fact, we're quite proud of the Marlboro."

One of the younger women smiled. "How enthusiastic you are, Mr. Farley. I thought we had outgrown all that—moderns."

"But, my dear Miss Elleroy, if you could know what we have to be enthusiastic about down here! Why, these mountains we've been passing through for the last six hours are simply so many vast treasure-houses; coal at the top, iron at the bottom, and enough of both to keep the world's industries going for ages! There's millions in them!"

Thomas Jefferson overheard without understanding, but his eyes served a better purpose. Away back in the line of the Scottish Gordons there must have been an ancestor with the seal's gift of insight, and some drop or two of his blood had come down to this sober-faced country boy searching the faces of the excursionists for his cue of fellowship or antipathy.

For the sweet-voiced, young woman called Miss Elleroy there was love at first sight. For a severe, bespoken Mrs. Vanadam there was awe. For the portly general with mutton-chop whiskers, overlooking eyes and the air of a dictator, there was awe, also, not unmingled with envy. For the tall man in the frock-coat, whose face reminded him of his Uncle Silas, there had been shrinking antagonism at the first glance—which kept first impressions was presently dulled and all but effaced by the enthusiasm, the suave tongue, and the benignant manner. Which proves that insight, like the film of a recording camera, should have the dark shutter snapped on it if the picture is to be preserved.

Thomas Jefferson made way when the party, marshaled by the enthusiast, prepared for its descent on the Marlboro. Afterward, the royalties having departed and a good-natured porter giving him leave, he was at liberty to examine the wheeled palace at near-hand, and even to climb into the vestibule for a peep inside.

There with, castles in the air began to rear themselves, tower on wall. Here was the very sky-reaching summit of all things desirable; to have one's own brass-bound hotel on wheels; to come and go at will; to give court orders to a respectful and unformed porter, as the awe-inspiring gentleman with the mutton-chop whiskers had done.

At the highest point on the hunched shoulder of the mountain Thomas Jefferson twisted himself in the buggy seat for a final backward look into the valley of new marvels. The summer day was graying to its twilight, and a light haze was stealing out of the wooded ravines and across the river. From the tall chimneys of a rolling-mill a dense column of smoke was ascending, and at the psychological moment the slag flare from an iron-furnace changed the overhanging cloud into a fiery aeolia.

Having no symbolism save that of Holy Writ, Thomas Jefferson's mind seized instantly on the figure, building far better than it knew. It was a new Exodus, with its pillar of cloud by day and its pillar of fire by night. And its Moses—though this, who may suppose, was beyond a boy's imagining—was the frenzied, ruthless spirit of commercialism, named otherwise, by the multitude, Modern Progress.

CHAPTER IV.

If you have never had the pleasure of meeting a Southern gentleman of the patriarchal school, I despair of bringing you well acquainted with Major Caspar Dabney until you have summered and wintered him. But the Dabneys of Deer Trace figure so large-

ly in Thomas Jefferson's boyhood and youth as to be well-nigh elemental in these retrospective glimpses.

It was about the time when Thomas Jefferson was beginning to reconsider his ideals, with a leaning toward brass-bound palaces on wheels and dictatorial authority over unformed lackeys and other of his fellow creatures, that fate dealt the Major its final stab and prepared to pour wine and oil into the wound—though of the balm-pouring, none could guess at the moment of wounding. It was not in Caspar Dabney to be patient under a blow, and for a time his ragings threatened to shake even Mammy Juliet's loyalty—than which nothing more convincing can be said.

"Mistuh Scipio," she would say, "Tae jus' erbout w'e'd out! I done been knowin' Mawstuh Caspah ebb'er sence I was Ol' Mist'ah tiah-ooman, and I ain't nev' seen him so fractious ez he been sence dat letter come tellin' him come get dat po' ll' gal-child o' Mawstuh Louis's. Seems lak he jus' gwine 'r'ar round twel he hu't somebody!"

Scipio, the Major's body-servant, had grown gray in the Dabney service, and he was well used to the master's storm periods.

"Doan' you trouble yo'se'f none er-bout dat, Mis' Juliet. Mawstuh Majuh tekkin' hit mighty hawd 'cause Mawstuh Louis done daid. But bimeby you gwine see him climb on his haws an' ride up yondeh to whah de big steam-boats comes in an' fo'ch dat ll' gal-child home; an' den; uck—uh-h! look out, niggabs; dar ain't gwine be nuttin' on de top side dishyer yearth good enough for ll' Missy. You watch what I done tol' yer erbout dat, now!"

Scipio's prophecy, or as much of it as related to the bringing of the orphaned Ardea to Deer Trace Manor, wrought itself out speedily, as a matter of course. At the close of the war, Captain Louis, the Major's only son, had become, like many another hot-hearted young Confederate, a self-expatriated exile. On the eve of his departure for France he had married the Virginia maiden who had nursed him alive after Chancellorsville. Major Caspar had given the bride away—the war had spared no kinsman of hers to stand in this breach—and when the God-speeds were said, had himself turned back to the weed-grown fields of Deer Trace Manor, embittered and hostile, swearing never to set foot outside of his home acres again while the Union should stand.

For more than twenty years he kept this vow almost literally. A few of the older negroes, a mere handful of the six score slaves of the old patriarchal days, cast in their lot with their former master, and with these the Major made shift thriftyly, farming a little, stock-raising a little, and, unlike most of the war-broken plantation owners, clinging tenaciously to every rood of land covered by the original Dabney title-deeds.

In this celibitic interval, if you wanted a Dabney colt or a Dabney cow, you went, or sent, to Deer Trace Manor on your own initiative, and you, or your deputy, never met the Major: your business was transacted with lean, lantern-jawed Japheth Pettigrass, the Major's stock-and-farm foreman. And although the Dabney stock was pedigreed, you kept your wits about you; else Pettigrass got much the better of you in the trade, like the shrewd, calculating Alabama Yankee that he was.

Ardea was born in Paris in the twelfth year of the exile; and the Virginia mother, pining always for the home land, died in the fifteenth year. Afterward Captain Louis fought a long-drawn, losing battle, figuring bravely in his infrequent letters to his father as a rising miniature painter. He had his little girl back and forth between his lodgings and the studio where he painted pictures that nobody would buy, and eking out a miserable existence by giving lessons in English when he was happy enough to find a pupil.

The brave letters imposed on the Major, as they were meant to do; and Ardea, the loyal, happening on one of them in her first Deer Trace summer, read it through with childish sobs and never thereafter opened her lips on the story of those distressful Paris days. Later she understood her father's motive better; for he would not be a charge on an old man rich in nothing but ruin; and the memory of the pinched childhood became a thing sacred.

How the Major, a second Rip Van Winkle, found his way to New York, and to the pier of the incoming French Line steamer, must always remain a mystery. But he was there, with the fierce old eyes quenched and swimming and the passionate Dabny lips trembling strangely under the great moustaches, when the black-frocked little waif from the Old World ran down the landing stage and into his arms. Small wonder that they clung to each other, these two at the further extremes of three generations; or that the child opened a door in the heart of the fierce old partisan which was locked and doubly barred against all others.

It was all new and very strange to a child whose only outlook on life had been urban and banal. She had never seen a mountain, and nothing more nearly approaching a forest than the parked groves of the Bois de Boulogne. Would it be permitted that she should sometimes walk in the woods of the first Dabney, she asked, with the quaint French twisting of the phrases that she was never able fully to overcome. It would certainly be permitted; more, the Major would make her a deed to as many of the forest acres as she would care to include in her promenade.

now the French-born child flitted to the haphazard household at Deer Trace Manor, with what struggles she came through the inevitable attack of homesickness, and how Mammy Juliet and every one else petted and indulged her, are matters which need not be dwelt on. But we shall gladly believe that she was too sensible, even at the early and tender age of 10, to be easily spoiled.

She never forgot a summer day soon after her arrival when she first saw her grandfather transformed into a frenzied madman. He was sitting on the wide portico directing Japheth Pettigrass, who was training the great crimson-rambler rose that ran well up to the eaves. Arden, herself, was on the lawn, playing with her grandfather's latest gift, a huge, solemn-eyed Great Dane, so she did not see the man who had dismounted at the gate and walked up the driveway until he was handing his card to her grandfather.

When she did see him, she looked twice at him; not because he was trigly clad in brown duck and tightly-buttoned service leggings, but because he wore his beard trimmed to a point, after the manner of the students in the Latin Quarter, and so was reminiscent of things freshly forsaken. Her grandfather was on his feet, towering above the visitor as if he were about to fall on and crush him.

"Bring youh Yankee railroad through my fields and pastchusa, suh? Foul the pure al-ah of this peaceful Gyarden of Eden with youh dust-flingin', smokepot locomotives? Not a rod, suh! not a foot or an inch oveh the Dabney lands! Do I make it plain to you, suh?"

"But Major Dabney—one moment; this is purely a matter of business; there is nothing personal about it. Our company is able and willing to pay liberally for its right of way; and you must remember that the coming of the railroad will treble and quadruple your land values. I am only asking you to consider the matter in a business way, and to name your own price."

"Not anotheh word, suh, or you'll make me lose my tempah! You add insult to injury, suh, when you offeh me youh contemptible Yankee gold. When I desiah to sell my birthright for youh beggahly mess of pottage, I'll send a black boy in town to infam you, suh!"

It is conceivable that the locating engineer of the Great Southwestern Railway Company was younger than he looked; or, at all events, that his experience hitherto had not brought him in contact with fire-eating gentlemen of the old school. Else he would hardly have said what he did.

"Of course, it is optional with you Major Dabney, whether you sell us our right of way peaceably or compel us to acquire it by condemnation proceedings in the courts. As for the rest—is it possible that you don't know the war is over?"

With a roar like that of a maddened lion the Major bowed himself, caught his man in a mighty wrestler's grip and flung him broadcast into the coleus bed. The words that went with the fierce attack made Ardea crouch and shiver and take refuge behind the great dog. Japheth Pettigrass jumped down from his step-ladder and went to help the engineer out of the flower bed.

"The old firebrand!" the engineer was muttering under his breath when Pettigrass reached him; but the foreman cut him short.

"You got mighty little sense, looks like, to me. Stove up any?"

"Nothing to hurt, I guess."

"Well, your haws is waitin' for y, down yonder at the gate, and I don't b'lieve the Major is allowin' to ask you to stay to supper."

When the engineer had mounted and ridden away down the pike, the foreman straightened himself and faced about. The Major had dropped into his big arm-chair. His hands shook. Pettigrass moved nearer and spoke so that the child should not hear. "If you run me off the place the nex' minute, I'm goin' to tell you ort to be tolerably shamed of yours'f, Maje' Dabney. That po' little gal is scared out of a year's growin', right now."

"I know, Japheth; I know. I'm an old heathen! For, insulthin' as he was, the man was for the time bein' my guest, suh—my guest!"

"I'm talkin' about the little one—not that railroader. So far as I know, he earned what he got. I allowed they'd make some sort of a swap with you, so I didn't say anything when they was layin' out their lines throo' the haws-lot and across the lower corn-field this mornin'—easy, now; no more 'rarin' and 'arin' with that thar little gal not a-knowin' which side o' the earth's goin' to cave in next!"

"Laid out theyh lines—across my property? Japheth, faveh me by ridin' down to the furnace and askin' Caleb Gordon if he will do me the honor to come up hear—this evenin', if he can. I—it's twenty years and mo' sence I've troubled the law cou'ts of ouh po', Yankee-ridden country with any at'allah of mine; and now—well, I don't know," with a deponent shake of the lionine head.

(To be continued.)

Oh, Man! Man!

Maud—Jack swears that he would traverse seas just to look into my eyes.

Ethel—He called on you last night, as usual?

Maud—Not last night; he telephoned me that it was raining too hard.—Boston Transcript.

An Artist, Anyway.

Rival—What a color Miss Smythe has to-night. I wonder if she paints? Adoror (turning his wistful eyes toward the central figure of an admiring circle)—I don't know. She certainly draws well.—Tit-Bits.

Bachelors Take Warning!

Hoggs—Alienists say that single men are much more liable to insanity than married.

Dobbs—Sure they are! Single men are always in danger of going crazy over some woman.—Boston Transcript.

It is a good thing to have good friends, but not to be dominated too much or too long by their example.—Rev. Wm. Dickie.

No man can be brave who considers pain to be the greatest evil of life; nor temperate who considers pleasure the highest good.—Cicero.

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CHAPTER II.

Thomas Jefferson's twelfth summer fell in the year 1888; a year memorable in the annals of the Lebanon Iron and coal region as the first of an epoch, and as the year of the great flood. But the herald of change had not yet blown his trumpet in Paradise Valley; and the world of sunset and green and limestone white, spreading itself before the eyes of the boy sitting with his hands locked over his knees on the top step of the porch, was the Gordon homestead, with the same world which, with dusk seasonal variations, had been his world from the beginning.

It was a hot July afternoon, a full month after the revival, and Thomas Jefferson was at that perilous pass where Satan is said to lurk for the purpose of providing employment for the idle. He was wondering if the shade of the hill oaks would be worth the trouble it would take to reach it, when his mother came to the open window of the living-room; a small, fair, well-preserved woman, this mother of the boy of 12, with light brown hair graying a little at the temples, and eyes reminding of vigils, of fervent beseeching, of mighty wrestlings against principalities and powers and the rulers of the darkness of this world.

"You, Thomas Jefferson," she said, gently, but speaking as one having authority, "you'd better be studying your Sunday lesson than sitting there doing nothing."

"Yes'm," said the boy, but he made no move other than to hug his knees a little closer. He wished his mother would stop calling him "Thomas Jefferson." To be sure, it was his name, or at least two-thirds of it; but he liked the "Buddy" of his father, or the "Tom-Jeff" of other people a vast deal better.

Further, the thought of studying Sunday lessons begot rebellion. At times, as during those soul-stirring revival weeks, now seemingly receding into a far-away past, he had moments of yearning to be wholly sanctified. But the miracle of transformation which he had confidently expected as the result of his "coming through" was still unworked. When John Bates or Simon Cantrell undertook to bully him, as aforesaid, there was the same intoxicating experience of all the visible world going blood-red before his eyes—the same sinful desire to slay them, one or both.

He stole a glance at the open window of the living-room. His mother had gone about her housework, and he could hear her singing softly, as befitted the still, warm day. All hymns were beginning to have that effect, and this one in particular always renewed the conflict between the yearning for sanctity and a desire to do something desperately wicked; the only middle course lay in flight. Hence, the battle being fairly on, he stole another glance at the window, sprang afoot, and ran silently around the house and through the peach orchard to clamber over the low stone wall which was the only barrier on that side between the wilderness and the sown.

Men spoke of Paradise as "the valley," though it was rather a sheltered cove with Mount Lebanon for its background and a semicircular range of oak-grown hills for its other rampart. Spitting it endwise ran the white streak of the pike, macadamized from the hill quarry which, a full quarter of a century before the Civil War, had furnished the stone for the Dabney manor-house; and paralleling the road unevenly lay a ribbon of silver, known to less poetic souls than Thomas Jefferson as Turkey Creek, but loved best by him under its almost forgotten Indian name of Chlawassee.

Beyond the valley and its inclosing hills rose the "other mountain," blue in the sunlight and royal purple in the shadows—the Cumberland; source and birthplace of the cooling west wind that was whispering softly to the cedars on high Lebanon. Thomas Jefferson called the loftiest of the purple distances Pisgah, picturing it as the mountain from which Moses had looked over into the Promised Land. Sometimes he would go and climb it and feast his eyes on the sight of the Canaan beyond; yes, he might even go down and possess the good land, if so the Lord should not hold him back as He had held Moses.

That was a high thought, quite in keeping with the sense of overlordship bred of the upper stillnesses. To company with it, the home valley straightway began to idealize itself from the uplifted point of view on the mount of vision. The Paradise fields were delicately-outlined squares of vivid green or golden yellow, or the warm red brown of the upturned earth in the fallow places. The old negro quarters on the Dabney grounds, many years gone to the ruin of disuse, were vine-grown and invisible save as a spot of summer verdure; and the manor-house itself, gray, grim and forbidding to a small boy scurrying past it in the deepening twilight, was now, no more than a great square roof with the cheerful sunlight playing on it.

Farther down the valley, near the place where the white pike twisted itself between two of the rampart hills to escape into the great valley of Tennessee, the split-angled roof under which Thomas Jefferson had eaten and slept since the earliest beginning of memories became also a part of the high-mountain harmony; and the ragged, red iron-ore beds on the slope above the furnace were softened into a blur of joyous color.

The iron furnace, with its alternating smoke puff and dull red flare, struck the one jarring note in a symphony blown otherwise on great nature's organ-pipes; but to Thomas Jefferson the furnace was as much a

part of the immutable scheme as the hills or the forests or the creek which furnished the motive power for its atmosphere. More, it stood for him as the summary of the world's industry, as the white pike was the world's great highway, and Major Dabney its chief citizen.

He was knocking his bare heels together and thinking idly of Major Dabney and certain disquieting rumors lately come to Paradise, when the tinkling drip of the spring into the pool at the foot of his perch was interrupted by a sudden splash. By shifting a little to the right he could see the spring. A girl of about his own age, barefooted, and with only her tangled mat of dark hair for a head covering, was filling her bucket in the pool. He broke a dry twig from the nearest cedar and dropped it on her.

"You better quit that, Tom-Jeff Gordon. I taken sight o' you up there," said the girl, ignoring him otherwise. "That's my spring, Nan Bryerson," he warned her dictatorially.

"Shucks! it ain't your spring any more'n it's mine!" she retorted. "Hit's on Maje' Dabney's land."

"Well, don't you muddly it none," said Thomas Jefferson, with threatening emphasis.

For answer to this she put one brown foot deep into the pool and wriggled her toes in the sandy bottom. Things began to turn red for Thomas Jefferson, and a high, buzzing note, like the tinnin of the bees, sang in his ears.

"Take your foot out of that spring! Don't you mad me, Nan Bryerson!" he cried.

She laughed at him and flung him a taunt. "You don't darst to get mad, Tommy-Jeff; you've got religion."

It is a terrible thing to be angry in shackles. There are smiles—pent volcanoes, overcharged boilers and the like—but they are all inadequate. Thomas Jefferson searched for missiles more deadly than dry twigs, found none, and fell headlong—not from the rock, but from grace. The girl laughed mockingly and took her foot from the pool, not in deference to his outburst, but because the water was icy cold and gave her a cramp.

"Now you've done it," she remarked. "The devil 'll' shore get ye for sayin' that word, Tom-Jeff."

There was no reply, and she stepped back to see what had become of him. He was prone, writhing in agony. She knew the way to the top of the rock, and was presently crouching beside him.

"Don't take on like that!" she pleaded. "Times I can't he'p bein' mean; looks like I was made thataway. Get up and slap me, if you want to. I won't slap back."

But Thomas Jefferson only ground his face deeper into the thick mat of cedar needles and begged to be let alone.

"Go away; I don't want you to talk to me!" he groaned. "You're always making me s'n! You're awfully wicked."

"Cause I don't believe all that about the woman and the snake and the apple and the man?"

"You'll go to hell when you die, and then I guess you'll believe," said Thomas Jefferson, still more definitely.

She took a red apple from the pocket of her ragged frock and gave it to him.

"What's that for?" he asked, suspiciously.

"You eat it; it's the kind you like—off 'n the tree right back of Jim Stone's barn lot," she answered.

"You stole it, Nan Bryerson!"

"Well, what if I did? You didn't!"

"He bit into it, and she held him in talk till it was eaten to the core."

"Have you heard tell anything new about the new railroad?" she asked.

Thomas Jefferson shook his head. "I heard Squire Bates and Major Dabney naming it one day last week."

"Well, it's shore comin'—right throo' Paradise. I heard tell how it was goin' to cut the old Maje's grass patch plumb in two, and run right smack throo' you-uns' peach orchard."

A far-away cry, long-drawn and penetrating, rose on the still air of the lower slope and was blown on the breeze to the summit of the great rock.

"That's maw, hollerin' for me to get back home with that bucket o' water," said the girl; and, as she was descending the tree ladder: "You didn't s'picion why I give you that apple, did you, Tommy-Jeff?"

"Cause you didn't want it yourself, I reckon," said the second Adam.

"No; it was 'cause you said I was goin' to hell and I wanted comp'ny. That apple was stole and you knowed it!"

Thomas Jefferson flung the core far over the tree-tops and shut his eyes till he could see without seeing height. Then he rose to the serene red he had yet attained and said, "I forgive you, you wicked, wicked girl!"

Her laugh was a screaming taunt. "And you've eat the apple!" she cried; "and if you wasn't scared of goin' to hell, you'd cuss me—you know you would! Lemme tell you, Tom-Jeff, if the preacher had dipped me in the creek like he did you, I'd be a mighty 't'ny would."

And now anger came to its own again.

"You don't anger what you're talking about, Nan Bryerson! You're nothing but a—miserable little heathen; my mother said you was!" he cried out after her.

But a back-flung grimace was all the answer he had.

CHAPTER III.

It has been said that nothing comes suddenly; that the unexpected is merely the overlooked. For weeks Thom-

as Jefferson had been awaiting a visit from his father. Once he had stumbled on the new railroad. Another day he came home late from a fishing party to the upper pool to find the stranger shut in the sitting-room and the talk was of iron and coal and "New South," whatever that meant, and of wonderful changes in the air which his father was exhorting him to bring about.

But these were only the generalings and crackings of the great monetary of the real earthquake which came on a day of days when Thomas Jefferson recited the eighty-third Psalm in memory, he was permitted to sit in town with his father. Behind his dangle his feet—uncomfortable because they were stockinged and shod from the high luggy saddle—was a laziness of horses ambled over shafts up the white pike and over the hunched shoulder of Mount Lebanon. This in the morning of the day of the revival.

In spite of the promises of the blings, the true earthquake of Thomas Jefferson totally unprepared. He had been to town often before and had a clear memory picture of the "Tredegar"—the prelatian South. There was a single store, deep in mud in the rain, vaguely in the open square, building the venerable corner of brick and stucco-pillared porch. There were the shops—only two Jefferson and all his kind called "store"—one-storied, three, the ones on with lying faces from the mean little gables; the brick honest in face, but sadly crumbling and dingy with age and weather.

Also, on the banks of the creek was the antiquated iron-furnace long before the war, had taken town its pretentious name. Adjoining, there was the Calhoun—the dreariest and most inhospitable of its kind; and across the middle from it the great echoing tower, ridiculously out of proportion to other building in the town, the once-a-day train that wheezed clanked into and out of it.

Thomas Jefferson had seen it time and again; and this he remembered, that each time the dead, er-worn, milky or dusty drizzle had crept into his soul, sending back to the freshness of the Paradise fields and forests at eventful grateful gladness in his heart.

But now all this was to be forgotten, or to be remembered only in dream. On the day of revival the earlier picture was effaced, faded out, obliterated; and it came to him with a pang that he should be able to recall it again in his old age. For the genius of modern progress is contemptuous of old landmarks, impatient of delays. And with a race is elsewhere, it is only a part of the South which has been "industrial" that it came as a clap, with all the intermediate accelerated steps taken at a bound, spoke of it as "the boom." It was that. It was merely that the part of modernity had discovered a overlooked corner of the old world made haste to occupy it.

So in South Tredegar, before the wondering eyes of Thomas Jefferson. The muddy street vanished to give place to a black roadway, as spring water as a forest path, and as a deep pike after a sweeping summit. The shops, with their false fronts, shabby lean-to awnings, were gone, and in their room were vastnesses in brick and cut stone rising, by their own might, as it seem, out of disorderly mountain building material.

Street-cars, propelled as yet by patient mud, tinkled their bells smartly. Smart vehicles of every strange to Paradise eyes rolled listlessly in and out among the structures. Bustling through possession of the sidewalks, who gave you lemonade in a glass, some people washed their faces; it; of the rotunda of the Marlboro mammoth hotel which had grown on the site of the old Calhoun, distressing crowds and multitudes of people everywhere.

(To be continued.)

Feeds Hungry Children.

Four years ago the government of London were providing 6,000 school children with their dinners breakfasts a week, an exchange of £7,700 a year through various means, while numbers of people on the average, £1,500 during the year for providing food for the school children of London.

Five years ago there were over 5,000 children needing food, their parents could not supply. There are 47,000 children in London, each receiving about five pence a week.

For years the public of London subscribed nearly £10,000 a year provide food for the children. The money is no longer forthcoming; the growth in the army of the poor children of London during the four years has been so great that now six times £10,000 is now needed to keep nearly 50,000 London children from being starved to death.

Underground Rivers.

Subterranean streams of water have been detected by sound by an instrument known as the "geophone," with which the Belgian Geology, Paleontology and Hydrology is said to have made extensive experiments.

Write your name in kindness and mercy on the hearts of those you come in contact with; for you, you will never be forgotten. Good deeds will shine as the stars in heaven.—Chalmers.

The truest help we can render afflicted men is not to talk down from him, but to call out his energy, that he may be able to bear the burden.—Phillip Brooks.